THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON;

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

Three Poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpris'd,
The next in dignity, in both the last,
The force of nature could no farther go
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

DRYDEN.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JONES & COMPANY
8, ACTON PLACE, KINGSLAND ROAD.
1824.
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THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.

FROM a family and town of his name in Oxfordshire, our author derived his descent; but he was born at London, in the year 1608. His father, John Milton, by profession a scrivener, lived in a reputable manner on a competent estate, entirely his own acquisition, having been early distinguished by his parents for rousing the communion of the church of Rome, to which they were zealously devoted.

Our author was the favourite of his father's hopes, who, to cultivate the great genius which early displayed itself, was at the expense of a domestic tutor; whose care and capacity his pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent Latin elegy. At his initiation he is said to have applied himself to letters with such indefatigable industry, that he rarely was prevailed upon to quit his studies before midnights; which not only made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head, but likewise occasioned that weakness in his eyes, which terminated in a total privation of sight. From a domestic education he was removed to St. Paul's School, to complete his acquaintance with the classics, under the care of Dr. Gill; and after a short stay there, was transplanted to Christ College in Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in all kinds of academical exercises. Of this society he continued a member till he commenced Master of Arts: and then, leaving the university, he returned to his father, who had quit the town and lived at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where he pursued his studies with unparalleled assiduity and success.

After some years spent in this studious retirement, his mother died, and then he prevailed with his father to gratify an inclination he had long entertained of seeing foreign countries. Sir Henry Wotton, at that time provost of Eton College, gave him a letter of advice for the direction of his travels. Having employed his curiosity about two years in France and Italy, on the news of a civil war breaking out in England, he returned, without taking a survey of Greece and Sicily, as at his setting out the scheme was projected. At Paris the Lord Viscount Scudamore, ambassador from King Charles I. at the court of France, introduced him to the acquaintance of Grotest, who at that time was honored with the same character there by Christiasa, Queen of Sweden. In Rome, Genoa, Florence, and other cities of Italy, he contracted a familiarity with those who were of highest reputation for wit and learning, several of whom gave him very obliging testimonies of their friendship and esteem.

Returning from his travels, he found England on the point of being involved in blood and confusion. He retired to lodgings provided for him in the city; which being commodious for the reception of his sister's son, and some other young gentlemen, he undertook their education.

In this philosophical course he continued, without a wife, till the year 1645; when he married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powel, of Forest-hill in Oxfordshire, a gentleman of estate and reputation in that county, and of principles so very opposite to his son-in-law, that the marriage is more to be wondered at, than the separation which ensued, in little more than a month after she had cohabited with him in London. Her desertion provoked him both to write several treatises concerning the doctrine and discipline of divorce, and also to pay his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty; but before he had engaged her affections to conclude the marriage treaty, in a visit at one of his relations, he found his wife prostrate before him, imploring forgiveness and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him; and perhaps the impressions it made on his imagination, contributed much to the painting of that pathetic scene in Paradise Lost, in which Eve addresses herself to Adam for pardon and peace. At the intercession of his friends, who were present, after a short reluctance, he generously sacrificed all his resentment to her tears.

"Soon his heart relented Towards her, his life so late and sole delight, Now at his feet submissive in distress."

And after this re-unions, so far was he from retaining any unkind memory of the provocations which he had received from her ill conduct, that when the king's cause was entirely suppressed, his father, who had been active in his loyalty, was exposed to sequestrations. Milton received both him and his family to protection, and free entertainment, in hi

* Book X.
own house, till their affairs were accommodated by his interest in the victorious faction.

A commission to constitute him Adjutant General to Sir William Waller, was promised, but soon superseded, by Waller's being laid aside, when his masters thought it proper to new-model their army. However, the keenness of his pen had so effectually recommended him to Cromwell's esteem, that when he took the reins of government into his own hand, he advanced him to be Latin Secretary, both to himself and the Parliament; the former of these preferments he enjoyed both under the usurper and his son, the other until King Charles II. was restored. For some time he had an apartment for his family at Whitehall: but his health requiring a freer accession of air, he was obliged to remove thence to lodgings which opened into St. James' Park. Not long after his settlement there his wife died in childbirth, and much about the time of her death, a guinea census, which had for several years been gradually increasing, totally extinguished his sight. In this melancholy condition, he was easily prevailed with to embark of taking another wife, whom he married, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney; and she too, in less than a year after their marriage, died in the same unfortunate manner as the former had done; and in his twenty-third sonnet he does honour to her memory.

Being a second time a widower, he employed his friend Dr. Paget to make choice of a third consort, on whose recommendation he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Minshull, a Cheshire gentleman, by whom he had no issue. Three daughters, by his first wife, were then living; the two elder of whom are said to have been very serviceable to him in his studies: for having been instructed to pronounce not only the modern, but also the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, they read in their respective originals, whatever authors he wanted to consult, though they understood none but their mother-tongue.

We come now to take a survey of him in that point of view, in which he will be looked upon by all succeeding ages with equal delight and admiration. An interval of about twenty years had elapsed since he wrote the Mask of Comus, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas, all in such an exquisite strain, that, though he had left no other monuments of his genius behind him, his name had been immortal; but neither the infirmities of age and constitution, nor the vicissitudes of fortune, could depress the vigour of his mind, or divert it from executing a design he had long conceived of writing a heroic poem. The fall of man was a subject that he had some years before fixed on for a tragedy, which he intended to form by the models of antiquity; and some, not without probability, say, the play opened with that speech in the fourth book of Paradise Lost, line 52, which is addressed by Satan to the sun. Were it material, I believe I could produce other passages, which more plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene: but whatever truth there may be in this report, it is certain that he did not begin to mould his subject, in the form which it bears now, before he had concluded his controversy with Salmastus and More, when he had wholly lost the use of his eyes, and was forced to employ, in the office of an amanuensis, any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet, under all these discouragements and various intermissions, in the year 1669 he published his Paradise Lost, the noblest poem (next to those of Homer and Virgil) that ever the wit of man produced in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its inestimable worth, than that the finest geniuses who have succeeded him have ever esteemed it a merit to relish and illustrate its beauties?

And now perhaps it may pass for a fiction, what with great veracity I affirm to be fact, that Milton, after having with much difficulty prevailed to have this divine poem licensed for the press, could sell the copy for no more than fifteen pounds; the payment of which, as valuable consideration, depended upon the sale of three numerous impressions. So unreasonably may personal prejudice affect the most excellent performances!

About two years after, he published Paradise Regained; but, Oh! what a falling off was there!—of which I will say no more, than that there is scarcely a more remarkable instance of the frailty of human reason, than our author gave in preferring this poem to Paradise Lost.

And thus having attended him to the sixty-ninth year of his age, as closely as such imperious lights, as men of letters and retirement usually leave to guide our enquiries, would allow, it now only remains to be recorded, that in the year 1674, the poet put a period to his life, at Bunhill, near London; from whence his body was conveyed to St. Giles' church, by Cripplegate, where it lies interred in the chancel; and a new monument has lately been erected to perpetuate his memory.

In his youth he is said to have been extremely handsome. The colour of his hair was a light brown, the symmetry of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy. His stature (as we find it measured by himself) did not exceed the middle size, his person neither lean nor corpulent; his limbs well proportioned, nervous, and active, serviceable in all respects to his exercising the sword, in which he much delighted; and wanted neither skill nor courage to resist an assault from men of the most athletic constitutions. In his diet he was abstemious; not delicate in the choice of his dishes; and strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion. His deportment was erect, open, affable; his conversation easy, cheerful, instructive; his wit on all occasions as commended, facetious, grave, or satirical, as the subject required. His judgment, when disengaged from religious and political speculations was just and penetrating, his apprehension quick, his memory tenacious of what
LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.

he read, his reading only not so extensive as his genius, for that was universal. And having treasured up such immense store of science, perhaps the faculties of his soul grew more vigorous after he was deprived of sight; and his imagination (naturally sublime and enlarged by reading romances, of which he was much enamoured in his youth,) when it was wholly abstracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make such amazing excursions into the ideal world, when, in composing his divine work, he was tempted to range

"Beyond the visible diurnal sphere."

With so many accomplishments, not to have had some faults and misfortunes to be laid in the balance with the fame and felicity of writing Paradise Lost, would have been too great a portion for humanity.

ELIJAH FENTON.

ON

PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold;
Messian crown’d, God’s recondite decree,
Rebellious angels, the forbidden tree,
Heavens, hell, earth, chaos, all! the argument
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent;
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths of fable, and old song;
So Sarmoc grasp’d the temple’s post in spite,
The world overwhelming, to revenge his sight.

Yet, as I read, soon growing less severe,
I like his project, the success did charm;
Through that wide field how he his way should find,
Our which tame faith leads understanding blind,
Lest he perplex’d the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or, if a work so infinite he spen’d,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
Such as disquiet always what is well,
And ill imitating would excel;
Might hence presume the whole creation’s day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My casuall, yet no impious surmise.
But I am now convinc’d, and some will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thus best not mind’d one thought that could be fit
And all that was improper dost omit.

So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance, or theft.

That majesty which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane
And things divine thou treat’st in such wise
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us sate,
Thou sing’st with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft;
The bird nam’d from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?
Just heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well mightst thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;
While the Town-bay writes all the while and spells,
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells;
Their fancies like our busy points appear,
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I, too, transported by the mode commend,
And while I mean to praise thee must offend.
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme—

ANDREW MARVELL.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first book proposes first, in brief, the whole subject, man’s disobedience, and the loss througihn of Paradise wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of all, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolted from God, and creeping to his side many legions of angels, rose up in the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the power hands into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as one), but in a place of utter darkness, fitst called Chaos; Here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-storm and lightning, after a certain space remiss, as from compassion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they suffer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all the crew; they break the staff till then in the same manner confused; they raise; their numbers, array of battle, their chief loaders named, according to the wise known among the Arians, and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven; but tells them lastly of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created; according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven: (for these angels were long before the visible creation, rose the opinion of many ancient fathers.) To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

OF man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly Muse! that on the secret top
Of Erech, or of Sinel, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavans and earth
Rose out of Chaos. Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Eblis’s brook that flow’d
By the command of God; I chance
Invoke thy aid to my adventuous song;
The same thine East and West, and all
Above th’ Aonian mount, while it purrs
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all temples th’ upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowingst: thou from the first
Wasst present, and, with mighty wings outspread, 20
Flew like a swift brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what is me in dark,
Illumine! what is low, raise and support!
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, (for heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell) say first what cause
Our great parents fell in, that happy state
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will.
For one restraint, loads of the world beside? 30
Who first seduced them to that fatal revolt?
The infernal serpent! he it was, whose eyes
Stirred up with sin and revenge, deceiv’d
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself to glory have his power,
He trusted to have equal’d the Most High,
If he opposed: and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Himself impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty power

Had hurl’d headlong flaming from th’ aetherial sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition: there to dwell
In desolate chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th’ omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish’d rolling in the fiery gulf,
Condemned though immortal! But his doom
Reserv’d him to more wrath: for now the thought
Blest of all happy and existing, and lasting pain,
Commems him. Rent he his heavenly eyes,
That witness’d huge affliction and dismay.
Mixt with olden yoke, and lasting death,
At once, as far as angels’ ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrid, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flam’d: yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Rev’d only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow! doleful shades where peace
And rest can never dwell! hope never comes,
That comes to all: but torture without end.
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum’d,
Such place eternal justice had prepar’d
Yet those rebellions: here their prison ordain’d,
In utter darkness; and their portion set
As far removed from God, and light of heaven,
As from the centre thence to th’ utmost pole,
O how unlike the place from whence they fell! 75
There the companions of his fall, ow’rwhelm’d
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discern’s: and walking by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and mankind
Besiegh’d: To whom th’ arch-enemy
(And thence in heaven call’d Satan) with bad words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began:

"If thou best he—but O how fail’d! how chang’d
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth’d with transcendent brightness, didst out
Myriads though bright: if he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
PARADISE LOST

[Book I]

Ad beneath in the glorious universa,
Judean spirits, gathered together, joined
In equal rane: into what part of heaven
From what height fallen? so much the stronger
He with his thunder: and of them, who knew
The path of exultation, to the other world
Now what the potent Victor in his rage
Can the elect inherit, do I present, or change
Though chusing an outward Honesty, that I might
And high disdain from cause of iniquity more:
That with the Nightingale ruled me to contend
And to the former conclusion brought along
Immaculate face of spiritual arm;
That diversis did to each: and me preferre:
His utmost power with adverse power opposed:
In distress battle on the scenes of heaven,
And doth his theme. What the be fagg beat is?
All is lost: it's unconquerable
And steady revenge, incalculable hate,
And courage never to relent or yield;
And what is not to be conceived:
That glory never shall, his wrath or might
Exert from me, to love and war for grace
With the most eminent and deadly power, who
From the terror of this arm or hate
Involved his empire. That were low indeed:
That war is insomuch and shameless
That damnation: since (by hate) the strength of gods,
This power is in his arm, to make his
Burse through experience of this great event,
In that I hope with so much affect, and care
We may, with more successful hope, observe
To wage by force or gain external war,
Now he triumphs, and in the success of joy
Bרקש the tyranny of heaven.

As spoil'd the apostle angel, though in peace: 125
Vain dissemble, while he wights destruction
And him then surrender neat his hold captive.

"O Prince! O chief of many thousand powers,
That led the illustrious company of heaven
To war against subversive and rebellious sin
Forbear, and let the Emperor reign. A King
And what he commands must be observed. Whether
Understand or by choice, or chance, or fate,
You well I saw and ran the dire events.
That with and overthrow and fell down.
Hast lost your heaven: and all this mighty
In most ungodly and heinous actions.
As far as gods, and heavenly seated ones,
Can prevail: for the mind and spirit remains
Immutable, and vigour none return,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state,
Hath not to its overthrow and fall
But what if he doth compute (as I now of force believe Almighty, since he has)
That he must not to pervert that end.
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
And might and power of so much worth once had:
That we may so sufficient vengeance try,
To do him mightier service, as his thralls
By him recovered, and mightier he.
Here is the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or he is arched in the gloomy deep.
What can it now avail, though yet we feel
Strength and courage of our enemies, or eternal homes;
To undergo eternal punishment?

Wherefore to speedy words the arch-dean replied:"

"Witten Cherub! to be weak is miserable,
Dying or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight.
As flight our power, as life our love;
Where we resist. If then his providence
Out of evil seek to bring forth good
Our heart must be no pervert that end.
And out of good still to find means of evil:
What we do for good, as we do not for our good:
Shall give him, (if I fall not) and disturb
His utmost counsel from their desert an arm.
But before that time may not so much,
His ministers of vengeance and punish.
Revive even in the blood of Adam.

When all our heart, and half our soul shall after us in storm, or blown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the practice
Of grace our ungodly and impious rage,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175
Perhaps both Spain's shafts, and cause now

To believe through the vast and limitless deep,
Let me not think, the native domain
Or antique soil, yield it from our eye.
Shall these fair country, so fine and wide,
The name of descent, and of light,
How what the glimmering of these reticent frames
Can from the name of these watery veins?
These most, if any most can harden them; 165
Cannot by how much barrenness most offend
Our enemy: our own have more interests.
How overcome this time calamity?
What enmity we may gain from hope?
If not, what manyfaced wind blows the:
That standing talk to his constant mate,
With head up-lift above the waves, and eyes
That sparkling bluid: his other parts besides
Front on the face, steadfast and long and large,
Let floating many a wood: as both huge.
As within the vast names, of immortal:
Tithon, or Earth-born, that went on Jove,
Brems, or Typhon, whom the son
By mean of Acco's, in honor to the other
Lerivarch, which God of the worlds
Caused longest that swashes (or sea streams
Then, hope; descending on the Norway floor,
The point of some small wind; might descend

O wind; 185
With solid anchor in thy steady tied,
Of clear and noble strength: is any chance?
Has rise, or heard his head, but that the wind
And performing every design. 189
Let him be large to his own dark designs:
That with universal storms he might
Harden him from his wrath might
Evil on others; and careful might he,
What? who is not to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On many by whom lament, but on himself
Trouble confused bliss, and vengeance spread.
Fortieth with high heatar from off the pool
His might, and cause the flames
Drivers backward deeps their singing spires, and
In lattices, leave it for a mortal vale.

Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Alike, inconsequent on the deadly air
Yet on thy head or thy land
He lights, if it was head that ever bound'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire.
And each appears in him, as when the force

Of subterraneous wind transports a hill

Young man with all his side
Of dispensing Jove, whose contentious
And each environsÍs consuming fire
Lifeless, and the wind with dire confusion.
And leave a stung bottom all involved:
With such a showing, that might have known
Of earth's ideal: him follow'd his next mate,
Both gazing to have wasp'd the fiery flood,
And, as god, was delivered of might:
Not by the suffrance of universal power.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime.
"Said then the lost ascendant "this the seat,
That we must change for heaven? this meanful
Of celestial light? he it is so: since he
Who now is sovereign can dispose, and deth;
What shall be right: farthest from him is best;
Whom reason hath squander'd, force hath made sub.
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields, (peace
Where joy for ever dwells): hail, hail, hail; 250
Infinal world; and then profound hell
Receive thy new possession: One, who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own, and in itself
Can make heaven or hell, a hell of heaven. 255
What matter where, if he still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whether he has been made greater? Here at least
We shall be free: th Almighty hath not built

Here we may reign secure; and in my choice.
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better is the everlasting delights in heaven
But wheresoe'er we then our faithful friends.
PARADISE LOST

Lea the assailed, th' old ensign, pool;
And call not them to share with us their part.
In this unhappy mansion: or once more
And let the bearmen stand where stood
Regard'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?" $70

But Satan spake, and he zealeth:
Thus answered: ' Leader of those armies bright,
That heaven's aspect, but one now, and none could have fail'd;
If once they hear that voice, that wise, wise pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, stand so oft
In worst extremities, and on the precipice edge
Of battle when it rage, in all assaults;
Their sweet signal, they will soon assume
New courage, and revive, through how they now lie
Crawling and prostate on your lake of fire.

As we awhile, to answer, and to hear;
No wonder, such fallen, such a height!'

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fleet
Was moving towards the shore: his尊严's from shield,
But their bow, their banner, heavy and renowned.

Behind him cast: the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist view
At evening from the top of Pisone;
Or in Valletta, to descrie new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
He perceives, and doth equal the Quartile
Heown on Norwegian hills, to be the most
Of some great admiral, were but a wond;
His signet, his ensign were his steed:
Over the burning masts not like those steps
On heavens burning cloud; bright above,
Smote on him some besides, vaunted with fire.

No less he so endure, till on the beach
That fasten'd his feet welded, proud and high.
His legs, angel-forms, who by entrance,
This as a sacred leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd in widow; or scattered ledge
Alone, when with fierce winds Orien guard
Hath rest'd the Red-Seb coast, whose waves over
Pompeia's and her burning walls doth throw
While with perils hasted, thus they pass'd
The squartures of Ghulieh, who behold.

From the close shad their fleeting caravans,
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrwn,
Abate and lasted, covering the flood,
Under Annihilate's their hidous change.
He call'd to lead, that all the hollow deep,
Of hell resum'd: 'Prince, Potonato,
Warriors, the flower of heaven! once yours, now,
And such astonishment as this can wax,
Eternal spirits: or have ye chosen this place.

After the toil of battle to repose
You once your eye find,
To slumber here, as in the vale of heaven?
Or do this, that ye may have your preem,
And allure the conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,
Wax upon their forehead and ensign: till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates descry
The bounding cloud they descend:
Thus descending: or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf,
A wide, a dark, and chimney they fall,
For the same red track
Of Adam's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Whose right hand, with eagle plume and plait
In which they were, or the fierce faces not to feed,
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd,
Indemnified: I am a wretch for the most red

Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Whose right hand, with eagle plume and plait
In which they were, or the fierce faces not to feed,
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PARADISE LOST.

4

By that usurping, whose heart, though large,
Bequ’ld to fair dowries, fell
To idios fouls. Thanatouc came next behind,
Lost those whom Adam, and Leah among, fell
To the Syrian damas, to lament his fate
In his comers, as the mother’s day
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supped with blood
Of Thanatouc yearly warched: the lover
Infected Sion’s daughters with like heat;
Whose wildness passions in the sacred perch
Eneas saw, when, by the vision led,
His eyes surveyed the dark idolatries
Of allentched Jehova.
Next came one cast
Who crowned in earnest, when the captive ark
Man’s brave image bear, hand and hands suppris’d
In his own tears, to the green, green cage.
Where he fell flat, and shammed his wacklings;
Became his name, as a monster upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
From 1st in Acherusia, to the through the coast
Of Palestine, in 1st, and 4th
And Aegon, and Gaja’s frontier bound.
Hades to the sea, he could not bear:
Fell fair Damascus, on the fertile hanks
Adonis, and Phaethor, foamy streams:
He or imprecated, by the blood of God was
A leper once he lost, and gain’t a king
Abud, or his sottish conqueror, whose now
God’s altar to despare, and dispense,
For all of Sisyphus, whereon to turn
His odious offring’s, and more the godly arms, to go
Whom he vanquish’d. After these appear’d
A great cloud of them, mighty exalted
Ovis, Iris, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries about.
Fainting and staggering, with their prime, to see
They wailing gods disguis’d in brutish form,
Hasten than the rest, nor did Israel’s sense.
Th’ infection, when their borrowed gold compone’d
The self, and the rebellion:
Doubled that sin in Bethul, and in Dan,
Licking his Maker to the grassed or
Jacob, who could not bear, who could pass’d
From Egypt marching, equal’d with one stroke
In her first-born and all her blessing gods.
Beith was last, when time a spirit more level
Fell not from heaven, or more grace to love:
Flax self to spend, to tempest still,
Or alter smock’d; yet who more off than he
Temple, and at at, when the priests
Turns, as did Elia, who, old and was
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reign’d,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot and song about their lowest tower;
(Or all but darkness) and on night
Darkness the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of light, who, with covert, and with not at their
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
Expos’d a master, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime, in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far remove’d,
To the scene; their issue beeld the war
Gods, yet confess’d latter than heaven and earth,
Their boastid parents. (Titus, Heaven’s first-born.)
With his enormous brood, and bright right steed.
By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove,
(And a son of Heaven, as you may construe found.)
No more usurping: these first in order,
And Ida known; thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus sathe the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian diff,
And Dodona, and through all the bounds.
Of Durie land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Asia to the Hesperian fields,
And bare against the house of the unites.

All these and more came flocking, but with looks
Downcast and dapp’d; yet such wherein appear’d
Observe some glimpse of joy, to have found their

Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In them itself; each on his countr’s cause cast
Like doubtful hue: but he whose wonted pride
Soon reconecting, with high words, that bore
Sore and bitter rays of the竞赛 rive’s
t heir fainting courage, and dispell their fears.
These straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud, and clashing spear;

His mighty standard: that proud honour claim’d
Asze’s as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forth with from the glittering staff ardent
To imperious head, whereof the highest, Stone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
Solemn and grovelling dimly his embers,
Spurious and apotheosis: and all the while
Sorcerer’s metal blowing military sounds;
At which the unlock’d hosts up sent
A shout that tore hell’s concave; and beyond
Pierced the noiss of Chaos and Old night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving; with rose
A forest huge of spears; and throning helms
Appeard, and servide shields in thick array,
Of eddmac and maim’d: anon they move
To perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and soft recorders; as such as rain’d
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arring to battle; and instead of rage
With solemn touches, troubled thought, and chaos
Again, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain.
From the ideale phrase, to the barb’d
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov’d in silence to soft pipes, that charm’d
Their painful steps o’er the burnt soil: and now
Advanc’d in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and most powerful arms, in gose
Of warriors old with o’erwear’d spear and shield
Sitting what scarce the mightd and known.
Hast to impose them: he through the armed files
Hurt his experience’s eye, and soon traverse
The wide grove of battle, and in order ride.
Their visage and stature as of gods;
But the lighter sound, as of the trumpets:
Now he heard them:就说 dispent.
Diest with pride, and harding in his strength
Glories: for never since created, man
Meet such emboldened hosts, nor such with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Wore on by courses: though all the giant breed.
Of Phlegra with th’ heroic race were join’d,
That sought in Thespe and Thoon, on each side
With auxilary gods: and what resounds
In fable or romance of Other’s son
With Lestes able; who first o’er reigned:
And all who since, baptizt or initiates,
Counted in Aperant, or Montalbal,
Duranus, or Morocco, or Treboulon.
Or whom Hisenta sent from Africa shore,
When Chaersoun with all his proffered taw,
By Forstasabia. Thus far they extend.
Compared of meaner prowess, yet observe’d
Their dread command, he: above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent.
Steel like a tower, in form yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear’d
Less than an archangel, and all the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun ris’d
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Their beams of heaven, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight shade
On the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs: darken’d so, yet shone
Above them all the arch’d: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had instend, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of sunnines courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather.
(For other once behold in bliss) condemn’d
For ever now to have their lot in pain
Millions of spirits, for his fault answer’d
Of heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his mortal voice, and in the sages lie:
Their glory with’d: as when heaven’s fire
Hath seck’d the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With their tops their stup’d growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar’d
To speak, wherewith their diabol’d ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them rose.
Their eye’s on him, and in the spirit of science
Tours, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwoven with signs found out thereby

"1) myriads of immortal spirits! 2) powers
Matchless; but with th’ Almighty, all that strife

"
Was not formidable, though th' event was dire, 635
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Harmful to what power of mind, Ereneasing, or pressaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd, How such a force could be brought on?
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For in inaction, though after loss,
That all these present leagues, whose exile
Hath sumptuous heaven, shall fail to reascend, Selves, and re-possess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of heaven, 635
If clemats different, or danger shunn'd,
By me, he've lost our hopes: but he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till them as one secure
Set on his throne, upheld by old repute, Consent, or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conspire,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.

Henceforth hearken we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd. Our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effect not: for he no less
Length from man, who overcomes By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife 650
There went a fame in heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create; and therein plant
A species, in his choice regard Shoul'd favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Though, I know, it were perhaps,
Our first creation,stitial or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Cerberus, nor th' alysh long under darkness cover.—But these thoughts
Full of passion must mature; Peace is desired, sure
For who can think submission? War then, war
Open or understood, must be resolve'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of myriads of cherubim: the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with armed arms
Chas'd them on their sounding shields the din of war,
Harming defense towards the vault of heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose girt top
Boch'd fire and roiling smoke: the rest entire
Shone with a glosy scurf; (unfeuded sign
That his word was hid writt legible,
The work of paynay'thunder wing'd with speed
A numeous brigale hasten'd: as when boys
Of pinneters, in their sports and pileace auff.
Former the royal camp, to trench a field, Or cast a rampart of stones let them so,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven: for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more
615 Th' archer of heaven's agreement, toลอ
Than ought divine or holy else, enjoy'd
In visions benefic: by him first,
Marched, and the suggestion taught,
Rouse'd the convolutions by insuspirable
Rid the howels of the earth from foreign treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd an 'tis of gold. (Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious ban. And here let close
Who boast in mortality, and wond'ring all
Of Baal, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And skill, and art, are easily outdone
By spirits resolute, and in an hour,
What in an age they with incessant toil,
And hand innumerable, scarce perform,
Night on the plain in many cabb'cal path,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Stirring from their second multitude
With wanders arm's founded the monev ore;
Sewing each kind, and scenm'med the bull's dress
A third as soon within the ground
Of such a form'd within the ground
A various mould; and from the boiling calls
By many a fire fille each hollow knob:
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-heard breathes.
Amot out of the earth a faithful fire

End of Book First.

A 3

Book II.

Row like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet,
Built like an organ, whose pillars round
Were set, and Doric pillars, overlaid
With golden architrave: nor did there want 715
Covers, whereon the sculpture flower'd on;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great tides, or spacious fountains, Equal'd in all their glories, to insinuate
Zeus, or Serapis, their gods; or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood firm his stately height: and straight the
Opr'ring their broken folds, discover wide,
Doors within her ample spaces over the smooth
725
And level pavement: from the arch'd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing crescents, fed
With Naphtha and Aepheus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admir'd it, and took some praise.

And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a towed structure high,
Where aiglecapped angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
735 Exalted above the true dominion.
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright:
Nor was his name unhonour'd, or unknown,
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Memnon: and how he fell
He was by those who were well affected
Sheer over the crystal battenments; from morn
To noon he kept the glory's side.
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Drop'd from the summer, as a falling star,
745 Lest they should rise again; thus they relate
In their sepulchral songs,
Singing: for he with this rebellious rout
So long before, nor could he now
'Th' have built in heaven high towers; nor did he so
'Lope,
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Meanwhile the winged heralds by command
Of soveign power, with a solemn ceremony
And trumpet sound, throughout the host proclaim'd
A solemn council forth to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd,
From every band and squared regiment,
By place or choice the worthiest, they anon
With hundreds, and with thousands, trooping came
Attend'd: all access was prevented, the gates
794
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Went ride in arm'd, and at theSoldain's chair
Defend the best of Pandim chivalry
765
Mortals, or spirits, with sword or lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground, and in the air,
Brush'd with the hirs of rustling wings. As bees
In spring return, when the sun with Taurus riseth,
Four forth their populous youth about the hive
780
In clusters, or in flocks, the bees and wasps
Fly to and fro, or on the smooth placed,
The suburb of their straw-built celdad,

With roost, and garnish; expand and confer
Their state-affairs: so thick the airy crowd
785
Swarm'd and, yet straiten'd; till the signal
given:
Behold a wonder: they but now who seem'd
In insignia to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numbering, like that pygmy race
750
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elv's,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees; while over-head the moon
Sit's arisvelopes, and sleeps on the ground earth
785
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and mirth
Intend, with found music charm their ear.
(dance
At once with mirth and fear his heart reounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their human soul; and were at large,
790
Though without number still, amidst the hall
791
Of that infernal court. But far within
And in the very dimmest, most obscure recesses,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim,
In conclave with the great demi-gods, met;
795
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full: After short silence then,
And some a second course read, the great counsel began.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven; some think it, others no; at length a third proposal is preferred; and before Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creatures, equals, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubts who shall be sent on this different search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage: he is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan returns. He goes on his journey to hell; first finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven; with what difficulty he passest through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, so the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind;
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised.
To that bad eminence: and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond high hope: insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heaven; and by success untaught.
His proud imaginings thus display'd:

"Let us as there is the fixed law of heaven
First create your leaders; next, free choice;
With what beside, in council or in fight
Have been achieved of merit: yet this is lost
Thrice as far at least from merit, this much more
Establish'd in a safe unwieldy throne,
Vindict with full assurance. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might be,
Entire from every inferior: but who here
Will envy this? his place excels
Former to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your babblers: and condemn to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction: for some wise will claim in bell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, with that ambitious mind
Will court more: with this advantage this
To union, and arm faith, and arm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Sureer to prosper than prosperous.
Could have ascert'd: and by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise may speak."

He cast out; and next him Moloch, scourg'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be doom'd
In strength, and rather than be less,
Cared not to be all: with that care lost
Went all his fear of God, or hell, or worse.

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Constrive who need; or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest
Millions that stand in arms, and long to wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark oppression den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fiery, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistance way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer: when to meet the noise
Of his triumphant engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder: and for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels: and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartaros sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments—that perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upward step against a higher foe—
Let such beseech him, (if the sleepy drench,
Of that forgetful lake benumbed not still)
That in our proper mood we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is inverse: Who but of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rearguard
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep;
With what repulsion, and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may reach
To our destruction: (if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd.) What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, con-

demn'd.

In this abhorred deep to utter woe!
Where pain of unendurable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolisht, and expire.
What fear we then? what doth not we to increase
His utmost ire? which to the height emerg'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
PARADISE LOST.

7

on this side nothing: and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disport his heaven,
And with perpetual imons to alarm,
That he might conceive he was not
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.”

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PARADISE LOST.

To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Secure, with regard
Of what we are, and were; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war.

Thous hast such measure, as my trust, and mine,
In thy counsel, with regard,
Of what we are, and were; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war.

The sound of blustering winds, which all night
Had rout the sea, now with howse cadence hall
Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnae, anchors in a craggly bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advancing peace. For, such another fold
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder, and the sword of Michael,
Wrought still within them: and no less desire
To find this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy, and long process of time,
In simulation opposite to heaven.

When which Beelzebub persuad'd (thou whom,
Satan and in part propound'd for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring)
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mix and involve, done all to spite:
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory augment. The bold design
Plead'd highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
The wrath of the Lord thus returns:

"Well have ye judged, well ended debate,
Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd: which from the lowest deep
Will come to more life, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of that great continuance, whence with beneficence
And opportune excusation, we may chance [arms,
Re-enter heaven: or else, in some mild zone
We shall not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
Purge of this gloomy, so soft delicious air,
To heal the sore of these corrusive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we
In a search of new worlds begin to find
Sufficient? Who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unheavenly, infinite abyss?
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way; or spread his airy flight,
Upheld with inadaptable wings
Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive
The man renowned for might, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentinels, and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection; and we now no less
/
Choice of man, on whom we send, 415
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who should appear
To second or oppose, our ancient
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts:
And in other's countenance read his own dismay, each
Atonish'd! None, among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-born, or in the dispensations
Of fate, one would be found so hardy and brave
So hardy, as to prof er, or accept
Alone, the dreadful voyage: till at last
Satan, who now tradition an instant glory pair'd
Above his fellows, with monarchial pride
('Conatus of highest worth') unmoved thus spake:

"O progeny of heaven, empyreal princes!
With reason, deep in solemn council, and
Sent us, though undiscus'd: long is the way,
And hard the path, that leads to high
Our prison strong; this huge convev of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant
Bar'd over us, prohibit all escape.
These pass'd (if any pass) the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping! and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If then he escape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, that remains him near
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers!
And this imperial sovereignty enjoy
With splendour, arm'd with power, thought propound'd
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty, or danger, could deter.
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as does the like
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
The puny habitants: or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surmise
Common revenge, and trans trempt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance: when his darling sons,
Hard's health to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss:
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires."Thus Beezebub
Plead'd his dev'ry counsel, first dev'ry'd
By Satan, and in part propound'd for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mix and involve, done all to spite:
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory augment. The bold design
Plead'd highly those infernal states, and joy
Spark'd in all their eyes: with full assent
The wrath of the Lord thus returns:

"Thrones, and imperial powers, offering of
Ethereal virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, he call'd
For the populous rock? whom shall we find
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A city, as when he dream, 515
And know not that the King of heaven hath doom'd
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Reveng'd: but thus: we must remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under 'infferable curb, reserve'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height, or depth, still first and last will reign
For his Eternity, nor on whom we send, 325
By our revolt; but over end extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War both, the desolation, and so endure
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vexatious; or sought: for what peace will be given
To us enslav'd, but custody secure,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Of heroes, whose arms shou'd represent
Men sit? 335
But, to our power hostility and hate,
Uneavit'ry revenge, and rebellion: though slow,
How the conqueror learns; what of the
Irreparable evils, and the arrogance
Of some new race call'd Man; about this time
To be created like us, though less
In size and substance, but far more
Of him who rules above: so was his will
Proclaim'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confir'd
'Vether let us bring to our thoughts to learn,
Wha creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how ended, and what their power,
Or weakness, how they are, how they consent,
By force, or subtilty. Though heaven be shut,
As we have, in the manner of eloquence
In his own strength, this place may lie expose'd
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence: hold it; here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieve'd
By the rest, either with fire or water
To waste his whole creation; or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
PARADISE LOST.

Book II.

High-soured slate! So therefore, mighty powers! A Terror of heaven, though falling I intend at home. (While here shall be our home) what best may ease This meantime let us render hell. More soothing: if there be cure, or charm, To rescipe, or deceive, or slack the pain Of this ill state, let no watch be Against a wakeful face, while I abroad, To the most destruction, seek Deliverances for all: this enterprise: None shall partake with me. Thus saying, rose Prudent, lest, from his resolution rais'd, Others among the chief might offer now (Certain to be refusal) what erst they feared; And so refusal, might in opinion stand: His ring, without an end, in wandering they Which he through hazard must huge; but first, But Drewed not more than 'twas adventure, than his voice; Forbiding: and at once with him they rose: Their riding all at once was as the sound Of the harshest storm. To ends they bend With awful reverence prone; and as a god Excel him equal to the highest in heaven; Nor fail'd they to express how much they prized, That for the general safety he despi'd His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast Their special deeds on earth, which every where excites; Or close ambition variab'lier o'er with zeal. Thus they their devoted consultations dark Enjoy'd, while solacing the matchless chief. As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds Assemble, while Acheron's and Sleep, o'er-speed Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element: 490 Sobs over the darker isle of landscape snow, or shower; If chance, or chance, the waves of fire inflame with rage. Extended his evening beam, the fields revive, The burning name revives, and burning herbs Assert their joy, that hill and valley ring. 500 O shame to mix with devil with devil damn'd Firm consent hold, men only disagree Of creatures rational, though under hope Of God's forgiving grace, yet live to hatred, enmity, and strife. Amongst themselves, and levy cruel wars, Wanting the earth, each other to destroy: As if (which might induce us to accord) More than with woe and distress God bless'd, That day and night, for his destruction wait. 505

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth In order came the grand immortal peers: 'All call to the guard of the paramount, alone th' antagonist of heaven, nor less Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme, And godlike imitated state. Him round 510 A gloire of seraphim inclose'd, With hosts of joy, and nearest arms. Then, of their session ended, they bid cry With trumpets regal sound the great result: 515 They pass, and four speedily church as they pass to reach Put to their mouths the sounding solemnly, to the holy abyss, Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell, With deading shout returning to them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers Disobed, and wand'ring, each his several way Puruses, as inclination or choice Leads him perplex'd, where he may likewise find The main conclusion, and the chief goal. 520 The irksome hours, till his great chief return. Part on the plain, or in the air sublime

Upon the wing, or in swift race content: As at th' Olympic games, or Pythian fields: 530 Part for evil goals, or for evil goal With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form. As when, to unwork proud cities, war appears Unites the sky, and armies rush To battle in the clouds: before each van 535 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears Till tallest legions close; with feats of arms From either end of heaven the wall break. Others, with vast Topyrace ramp, more fell Bend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540 To the wild ascent, to the wild upwar.

As when Aelides from (Echia) crown'd 545 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd rose, and tore through pain up by the roots the cassiian pines; And Lichas from the top of Oba threw Into th' Euboean Sea. Others more mild, Retreated in a silent valley, sing With notes angular to the hill: 550 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall By dooms of battle: and complain that fate Should stand, or charm to the waves their choice, or chance Their song was partial: but the harmony What could it less when spire and singing? Suspended hell, and took with ravishment The throbbing audience. In discourse moreover, (For eloquence the soul, long charms the same) 560 (Others apart sat on a hill retir'd, In thoughts more elevated, and reason'd high, Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate; First fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute; And foreknowledge free, when with the laws of God, and evil, much they argued then, Of happiness, and of future good. 570 Passion, and agony, and glory, and shame: 580 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy Yet with a pleasing charm they discours'd Pain for a while, or anguish; and excite Piteous hope, or arm th' abstruse heart With stubborn patience, as with triple seal. Another part, in squadrions and gross bands, On bold adventure to essay and wide. That dismal world (if any clime perhaps Yet might afford them e'er easier habituation: bend 590 Four ways their flying march, along the banks Of four infernal rivers, that disagree. 595 Far off from these a slow and silent stream, The river of blue, cold, and drawing west. Beyond this flood a frozen continent Space dark, and wild; but perpetually storms Of whirlwind, and dire hail wall: which on firm land Where nature new, but gather'd deep, and rain seems 600 Of ancient pile; all else, deep snow and ice; A gulf profound! as that Sarmatian bog Might with a viewless, or mortal foot, pass. Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air Burns from, and cold performs th' effect of fire. Thither by harpy-footed furies hail'd, At certain revolutions, all the damn'd Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change Of fierce extremity, extroynor by change more fierce! 610 Press beds of raging fire to scarce in fire Their soft ethereal warmth, and to pine Immovable, invidia, and frozen round, Periods in dire torment, and tired back to fire. They fryer over this Lethamean sound Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment. 620 And wait, and struggle, till they pass to reach The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose In sweet fruition, the sweet, and wise, All in one moment, and so near the brink: First fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 630 Medusa with Cyprian terror guard the ford, and of itself the water flies All taste of living might: as once it fed The lip of Tantalus. Thus rolling on In confus'd march forward th' adventur'd hands, With shrilling horror pangs, and eyes agast, 635 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found No rest; through many a dart and dreary vale They pass'd, and many a region dolorous, Many a frozen, many a fiery Alp. 650 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, deeps, and shades of A universe of death; which God by curse (death; Creased earth, and heaven, to bring back to fire. Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, Abominable, insupportable: and worse Than fables yet have felt, or fear conceiv'd, Gorgons, and Hydra, and Chimaeras dire. Meanwhile the adversary of God and man 670 Satin, with thought inflamed of highest design. 680 Pain on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell Explores his solitary flight: he sometimes The right-hand coast, sometimes the left: Now shaves with level wing the deep: then soars Up to the skie concave towering high.
PARADISE LOST.  [Book IV.

As when far off at sea a fleet descends,
Heav'n, or the和其他道路 windy winds
Close sailing from Bengal, or the Isles
Of Oenomaus, and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their specie. The trading wind in Basin 650
Through the wide Aythia, to the Cape
Of the Western world, and thence at once, with signal
Inheritance, to the Pole of the West—so come'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high-reaching to the horrid roof;
And thence three thousand the gates: three sides were
Brass.

Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet uncommon'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair; 650
But ended foul in many a scalyield,
Voluminous and vast: a serpent armed
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A vast, thick, club-like body, so as none
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and
Rung.

A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And smother them: there yet there still bark'd, and
Howl'd.

White, unseen. Far less abhor'd than these
Ver'd Scylla, baying in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacian shore:
Nor was he cal'd, when, with a mortal blow,
In secret, riding through the air she comes
Lest we should of infant-blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'dring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape
660
If not so large, yet far more hideous:
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or it might be call'd that shape seem'd
For each seem'd either: bluck it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furious, terrible as hell,
And monstrous as they were, in the head,
The likeness of a kingly crow had on.

Rosan with this, and, at his hand, and from this
The monster moving, onward came as fast
670
With horrid strides: he trembled as he strode,
'Tw'undained fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd: God and his Son except,
Created the first height, yet his, and so
And with disdainful look thus first began:

"Whence, and what, and what on! execrable shape!
That darst, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy incensed step from that way, my way.
To render gates: through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee.
680
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Heav'n-born: not to contend with spirits of heav'n."

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd:
"Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
That from the brass of heaven, and Satan,
690
In proud rebellious arms, was cast down,
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To wander here, and be a woe to souls and sown.
And reckonst thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
Hark! who is coming to thine ears that howl and scorn,
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king, and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings: 700
Lost with a whirl of scorpions I pursue
Thy ranging: and every way thy way.
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfeith before."

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
(So speaking, and so threat'ning) grew tenfold
705
Most dreadful, desolate, and disconsolate:
Incom'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterry'd; and like a comet burn'd,
That first the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the stygic sky, and from his horrid hair
710
Shake the earth, and all the infancy of earth,
With his dread vote crumble, come rattling on 715
Over my son head from to head,
Howling a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air;
So great a storm they on this, that hell
Tire darker at their frown: so match'd they stood:
720
Yet but once more was either like.

To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Hast in the old achieved, where of all had past,
And had not the snares of the snares that sat
Past by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
725
But now, and at this time, rush'd to the brain.

"O father! what intend'st thy hand," she cry'd,
"Against only thy son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? And knowest for whom;
For him who sits above, and rules the while 731
At thee, ordains thy drudge, to execute
Whatever his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!"

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
Forbore: then these to Sis'satan return'd it:

"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Then I propound, that my sudden hand
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intend'st: till first I know of thee,
740
What art thou, name of form'd thing; and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou cal'st
Me father; and what call'st my son? I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
So sight more detestable than him and thee."

T' whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd:
"Hast thou forgot me? For, lo, I seem
New in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In heav'n when at the assembly, and in sight
All the seraphim, with the three combin'd
750
In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King,
All in ten consorts, and each no whit
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swam
In darkness; while thy head, as thick and fast
For forth, till on the side opposite wide,
755
Lost to these in shape, and constell'nce bright,
Thus slaying heavenly fire, and a goddess arm'd:
Out of thy hand I spring: amazement wait'd
All at first of heaven: back they recrug'd, afraid
At first, and call'd me Sis; and for a sign
770
Perturb'd held me: but familiar grown,
I pleased; and with a warm attachment win:
The most amuse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in us thy perfect image viewing,
Con'aut inaudably, and such joy then took
775
With me in secret, that my watch conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in heav'n: wherefore remain'd
(For what could else?) in our slumberly foe
Clear victory; to our part less, and rest.
780
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Down headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
The deities: when thus this powerful key
Into my hand was given, with change in keep
785
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my presence. Here, you see, I am
Above, but long I sat, till my wound
Propagated us, and we the excessive grow,
Plagious motion felt, and rueful thorns;
790
At last this off-spring offering whom you seek;
Three of them begotten, and the fourth violent way
Tire through my entrails: that with fear and pain
Disint'rest, all my matter shape thus graze
Transferred. But he, my bond'ring enemy
795
Pier'ed me, branding his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out, Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous noise, and sight
Shake all her caves, and sink renewed, leath
I fled, but he pursue'd (though more, it seems),
900
Inviol'd with just as rage and, swifter far!

I enervate, my mother, all dross'y
And in enemies forcibl'e, and with a rate
905
Exceeding, with me, of that rage begot
These yelling monsters: thus with ceaseless cry
Screed me, as thou sa'st; hourly convul'se,
And hourly burn, with Avow'ning fire."

Me overtook, my mother, all dross'y
To me! For, when they list, into the womb
That hand that profit'st from me, and wound, and gnaw
My bowels: their repent; then bursting forth, 800

A fresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest, or intermission none I find:
Before mine eyes in opposition sit
Grим Desires, who, seeing the scene on, 805
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
810
His end to mind in this his living trade, and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morse, and his bane
Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounc'd."

"This is my son; this my daughter; this" she said;
"This is my son; this my daughter; this" she said;
"This is my son; this my daughter; this" she said;
"This is my son; this my daughter; this" she said;
"This is my son; this my daughter; this" she said;
"This is my son; this my daughter; this" she said;
But thee, O father! I forewarn thee, shun
That deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
That mark the tempest's heavy volley; for that pale dart
Save who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth:

"Dear daughter! since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me (the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joy)
Then sweet, now sod to mention, thou'rt dire change
Belies us, unform'd, unknown'd of thou know'st
I come no enemy, but to set thee free.

From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both bliss and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of spirits that (in our just pretences arm'd,
Fed with us on a high from thee) from this
to this uncurling path, and soon for one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
'T was unguarded deep, and through the void im-
memes
To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold
Should be, and by consent of love new
Created, vast and round: a place of blue
Lushness of heaven, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room: though more removed,
Less steepd with point and multitude
Might have to move new broils. Be this, or ought
Thrice-told task, my soul-designed I haste.
To know; and this once known, shall soon re-
turn
And bring into the place where thou, and Death,
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wander as in the luxuriant, gleaming land
With odours: there ye shall be fed, and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and smil'd
Grind'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd; and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespeak his sire:

"The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep; by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Despist'd, this bound stands: in this train
Fearless to be cermatch'd by living might.

But what owe I to his commands above?
We behold her down the deep gallows, down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
This habitation of sin, this dark and deep
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly-born,
Here in perpetual agony, and pain,
With terrors, and with clamours compass'd round,
Of mine own breed, that on my bowels feed?
Three art more, thou, my son, than thou
My being gain'st me: whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To light and bliss, and immortality.
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as seizes
Thy daughter, and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe she took
And thunders the great chariot train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew;
Which but herself, not all the stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns
'Tw intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of those vast gates with might and main
Unfasten on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound.

The gods in her prison gate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom
Of earth may not to us present
Excel'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
 Spread as if but to bear swift flight through
With horse, and chariot, rank'd in loose array,
So vast, and noise so confounded
Cast forth resounding smoke, and muddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the honey deep; a dark

Invisible cause, without bound.
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time, and space are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold

Eternal anarchy, and amongst the names
Of endless chains, and by confusion stand:
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champion's force.
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they round the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd, heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barce, or Cyrene's toread soil,
Levy'd with warring winds, and pulse
Their lights, and raising, to whom these most share,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision overwhelms the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high alitier
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
(From the warm shades of whose smile)
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all those in their progeny nam'd
Coldly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless 'tis Almighty Make them kinder
His dark mantle, and create the world.
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd with white
Ponding his voyage; (for no narrow flesh
He had to cross) our was shines less po'd
With mines that laugh, and ravish, (too to compare
Great things with small) then when Bellona storms,
With all her charging engines hurls to war
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of heavens were falling, and these elements
In madd'ness from her axis torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad home
Vanes for light, and on the burning smoke
Uplifted spurs the ground: theirs many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, mowning rides
Avaricious; but that soon are falling mists
A vast void; all answerers
Electrifying his monstrous hand doth sound, by drops
Ten thousand fathom deep: and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
As when a gale storms through the wilderness
With winged course o'er hill, or moody dale,
Peruses the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his father's custody purloin'd
The guarded guard: so eagerly the fiend
In race, with bag and serpent, with staff, rough, or
With hand, heads, wings, or feet, pursues his way
And swills, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal babble wild
Of straining sounds, and wailing confus'd,
Born through the hollow dense assails his ear
With louds vehement: thither NI plebe
Unattended to meet there what he power,
Or spirit, of the nethermost abyss,
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,
Bordering on light: when stark behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthron'd
Sat sabre-armed Night, cittern'd things.
The consort of his reign: and by them stood
Oracles, and Aes, and the dreaded name
Of Besocgorgon; Rumeur seat, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand treacherous marks,
T' whom Satyrs turning bally bad, thus: "Ye powers,
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos, and ancient Night, I come no spy
With purpose to explore, or to disturb
The secrets of your reality, but by constraint
Whatsthat this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
To the sun, and where I meet thee, I seek"
What roadless path leads where your gloomy boundaries
Clothes with their own, or else their native
From your dominion won, th' eternal king
Possess'd lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound: direct me on.
PARADISE LOST.

Book II.

Though Boschara, betwixt the justing rocks:
Through Ulysses on the larboard shorn'd
Charybdis, and by th'other whirlpool steer'd. 1070
So he, with difficulty, and labors hard
Moved on; with difficulty and labour he:
But he once past, soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration. Sin, and Death, sev'n
Following his track. (such was the will of Heaven)
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tame ly endured a bridge of wood how long,
From hell continued, reaching th' atmospher.
Of this frail world, by which the spirits perverse
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoos far into the bosom of him night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her earnest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outlet works a broken eye,
With tempest less, and with less hostile din;
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
With the rainer wave by doliugious light;
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, though shrubs and tackle torn:
Or in the tempest waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
For off th' empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round:
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, (once his native seat)
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendant world, in ligheas as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.

He cease'd, and Satan staid not to reply. 1070
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire.
List to the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides sound 1075
Flatter'd, wins his way: harder bent,
And more embarras'd, than when Ape pass'd.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then wisely created; shows him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in deceiving mankind; claims his own justice and wisdom from all impudence, having created man free, and able enough to have withheld his temple; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he felt not of his own will, as did Satan, but by him induced. The Son of God renders praise to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majority of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offences, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, promises his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all his angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan slights upon the bare coast of this world's undermost orb, where wandering he first finds a place, since called the fields of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thereto; how comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the nature of the flaming furrows which lay in his passage thence to the orb of the sun: he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb: but first changes himself into the shape of a manner angel: and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation and Man whom God had placed there, inspires him of the place of his habitation, and is directed; might first on mount Niphates.

HAIL Holy Light, offspring of heaven first-born! Of th' eternal co-eternal beams! May I express thee unblam'd, since God is light, And never in unapproach'd light Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee, Bright effulgence of bright essence increase! Or beardest thou rather pure eternal stream, Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun, Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest The rising world of waters dark and deep, From the void and formless infinite. Thou wearest now with holier wings, Escap'd thy Stygian pool, though long detain'd In them the treacherous, while in my sight Through utter and through middle darkness home, With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre, A range of China, and eternal Night: Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down The dark descent, and up to reason, Though hard, and rare! Thee I revisit safe, And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou Revisit'st not these eyes, nor sit at vain To find thy piercing ray, and find no dew: So thick a drop severe hath quench'd their orbs, Or dim suffusion well? Yet not the more Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill, Smiling with the love of sacred song; but chief There, Nicon, and the flower-y brooks breaketh, That wash their halcyon feet, and warbling flow, Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget Those other two equal'd with me in fate, (So were I equal'd with them in renown) Blind Thamyris, and blind Mænaden; And Tiresias and Phœbus, prophets old. Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird Sings darling, and in shade's covert hid, Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year Seasons return; but not to me returns Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn, Or sight of variegated, or sumptuous rose,
PARADISE LOST.

[Book III.]

On desperate revenge, that shall redound
55 On Jesse's head: And thus quite be lost,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his
Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,
With desperate powers, thought forfeit, and lost.
And man there plac'd; with purpose to assail
90 His name, his destroy, or, with sole command,
By some false guile pervert: and shall pervert;
For man to be slain by his glorious lies,
And by the sole command:

Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fail,
He, and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate! he had of me,
All he could have: I made him just and right;
Sufficiency, and strength, to bear me safe.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers,
100 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who

fail'd:
Freely they stood whom, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they need not do, appeared;
Not, what they would? What praise could they receive?
What pleasure from such obedience paid.
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both dispo'd;
Maid pastire both, had serv'd necessity.
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So wisely, justly, and as near wise
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate;
All were not done.
Their will, dispute by absolute decree,
115 Or high foreknowledge. They themselves descried
Not I: if foreknowledge, Foreknowledge had.
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fruit,
Which past had it to provide certain unfruitful,
So without least impulse, or shadow of fate,
Orought by me irrevocably,
Their own selves; for, if one foreknew,
Then they themselves in all, what they judge, and what they choose; for so
I will not, and Foe, and Foe must remain,
Till they inform themselves; I else must change.
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
126 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd.
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd all their;
The first son by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: man falls, deceiv'd.
By th' other first man: shall man therefore find grace.
They, the other none. In mercy' and justice both,
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory exalt:
But mercy, first and last, shall brightnest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
130 All heaven, and in the blessed spirits eclip'd
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the lion of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine visibleness appear'd, and in
Love without end, and without measure grace;
With uttering thus, he to his Father spake:
Of Father' gracious was that word which clav'd
Thy mercifully; that man, who should found
For which both heaven and earth shall exult
140 His praise, above all tongue and language.
Of hymns and sacred songs, when with thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound then ever bless'd.
For should man finally be lost, should man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvent by fraud; thou should be jointed
With his own folly? That be from thee far,
That far from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things good, and justly only right.

Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thee? shall he fail
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught;
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet, with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
150 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By his corrupting: to be justly thyself
Abomine thy creation, and unmake;
For, what for thy glory thou hast made
So shouldst thou think, as in me that should
Is question'd, and blasph'me'd without defence
To whom the great Creator thus replied:

"O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
And with whom every tear the endless sea
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might!
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.

At me only do I not set my face;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd: once more I will renew
175 His highest powers, though forfeit, and lost.
By sin to fall exorbitant desires:
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe:
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fallen condition is, and to me cure
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest: so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and be warned;
Their sinful state, and to appease testifies
Th' ascended Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray, repentance, and obedience due,
Though endavour'd with sincere intent,
And to that end my long sufferance, and my day of grace.
They who neglect and scorn shall never taste;
But hard but harden'd, blind be blind'd more;
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall as
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet, I will not, nor I am not dissembling,
Disobey breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heaven,
Afflicting God, and so doing,
To expiate his treason hath naught left,
It to destruction and destruction devours.
He with his whole posterity must die;
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Foe can one be spared, and as willing,
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Some, by, him, by nature, death there shall we find much
Which ye will be mortal to releas,
190 Men's mortal crime, and just, 'tis unjust to save,

Dwells in all heaven charity as dear
He ask'd, but all the heavenly choir stood mute,
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf
Pardon, or intercessor none appear'd
Much less that bear upon his own head draw
The deadly fulness, and the same set.
And now, without devotion, all mankind
Must have been lost, adjur'd to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd:

"Father, thy word is pass'd: man shall find grace:
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The son and savior of mankind.
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unaverted, unexpected, unseek'd.
Happy for man, so coming! he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Consent for himself, or offering meet
(Indescrib'd, and undescrib'd) hath none to bring.
Behold this life, and every life for life I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man: for I for sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased, to appease all the world's rage
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever: by thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am due
215 All that, by sweetest grace, death that debt paid
Thou wilt not leave me in the last home grave
His prey, nor suffer my unexpected soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My voluntary and wretched soul;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and
Illustrious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I chronicle the simple air to triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell! and show
230 The power of darkness abroad. Thus at the sight
Plead, out of heaven shall look down and smile;
While by these tales I ruin all my foes,
Nor shall by earth her cursed glut the grave:
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
240 Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns, in worth, immortal and gold;
Imortal amaranth: a flower which never
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom, but soon for man’s offence
To heaven remov’d, where first it grew, there
And flowers aloof, shading the front of life; (grow, and
And where the river of the world’s midks of life,
Rolls o’er Egypt, flowers her amber stream:
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwrought with
Now in low oaks, swift vast thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of Jasper shone,
Impurred with celestial rose small’d
Then crown’d again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun’d, that, glittering by their side,
Like waters run, and like dumb rambling
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and, then, then rays ever high;
No voice exempt; no voice but well might join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

“Thy, Father,” first they sung, “omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,”
Eternal King; they, Author of all being,
Fountain of lights, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious heavens where thou sitst
Thron’d inaccessible, but when thou shalt
Dwell in thy temple, and with thy own dear life.
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.”
So spake they, when the Father’s voice creation first,
Begotten Son, divine similite!
In whose conspicuous countenance, without closed
Mantle, and with the Almighty Father’s word
Whom else no creature can behold: on these
Thee, O Lord, the only living Word,
Transmit to thee his whole Spirit rests.
He heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein,
By thee created, and by thee thou dost
Thine aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father’s dreadful thunder did not spend,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven’s everlasting frame, while over the seas
Then drov’st of warring angels disarray’d.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thine only light, of thy Father’s might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
Not so on man: him thou didst not spare,
Father of mercy and grace! thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity incline,
Nor thy wrath, nor all the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern’d;
A second to thee, offered himself to die
For man’s offence. O unexampled love!
Love no where to be found less than divine!
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
Dwell in the hearts of them that love thee;
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father’s praise desist.”

Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning out.
Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, ensconce’d
From Chaos, and th’ inordn of darkness old,
Satan allighted walks. A globe far off
It seem’d, now seems a boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frowns of night
Stirres expov’d, and ever-threat’ning storms
Of Chaos bustling round, inclemency sky:
That then they’re on earth which fit the wall of heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glistening air, less vord with tempest loud:
Hast walk’d at large in spacious field;
As when a vulture, on Imaeus bred
Whose snowy ridge the forest margin bounds,
Dissolvg from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs, or yeasting kids,
On hills where bowers are, and th’vords the springs
Of Ganages, or Hydaspe, Indian streams;
Best in his way, set to the barren plains
Of Bericania, where Cichicas drive
With sails and wind their eazy waggons light.
PARADISE LOST.

By which, to visit of those happy tribes,
On high beheld his angels to and fro
Poster comfort, and his eye unclouded with choice regard,
From Panas, the feast of Jordan's flood,
Beneath the Holy Land,
Beside the Egyptian and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Stern from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scatt'rd by steps of gold to heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden waver
Of all this world at once.
As when a voyag.
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn;
Obtain the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which his eye discovers unseen.
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renowned metropolice,
With glittering spires and pinacles arched,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seizes, such severe surprise,
The spirit malign; but much more envy seizes
At last in view this wondrous scene, though wonder,
Round he surveys (and well might where he stood
High above the circling canopy) of
Of eastern land, to the fleecy star, that bear
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas;
Beyond th' horizon: then from pole to pole.
He views in breadth: and without longer pause
Down he glides into the world's first region
Sky, and wind's eye, and the even snow;
Where the girdle of all heaven, and last clasps
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the work of Dominie,
Or in Psalms, think to pass disguised.
They pass the planets seven, and pass the first,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weight
The translation talk'd, and that first mov'd:
And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
To wait his keys, and now at foot
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo:
A violent cross wind flings from either coast
Bows them transverse, ten thousand leagues away
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cows, hogs, and habits, with their weaver, too,
And dined'ter in rags: then relieves, beds,
Indulgences, dispensary, halls, bulls,
The sport of wind: all these, up-whirl'd aloft,
For 'i' r' valetudinary of the world far off,
Into a Lombo large and broad, since car'd
Into the Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after: now unoccupied, and untried,
All this dark globe the field he found as pass'd,
And long he wander'd till at last he found
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
His travel's steps: far distant he describes,
Accordingly the angels magnify,
Up to the wall of heaven, a structure high,
At so great a distance, the eye can appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond, and gold
Embellish'd: thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shine, immittate on earth,
By model, or by shining pencil drawn.
The sti'n were such as wherein Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Emma field
To Paddan-aram, in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by the river under the open sky,
And waking cried, 'This is the gate of heaven.'
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn to hew sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of Jasper, as of glass of all the sea;
As of a sea of glass by fire.
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,
Wallow'd by angels, or flew over the lake
Weary'd in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The door by easy enough, or to ascend,
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just over the blissful seat of Paradise;
A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than the way of after dire escape
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Prom'land lead to God so dear,

[Book II]

By which, to visit of those happy tribes,
On high beheld his angels to and fro
Poster comfort, and his eye unclouded with choice regard,
From Panas, the feast of Jordan's flood,
Beneath the Holy Land,
Beside the Egyptian and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Stern from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scatt'rd by steps of gold to heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden waver
Of all this world at once.
As when a voyag.
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn;
Obtain the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which his eye discovers unseen.
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renowned metropolice,
With glittering spires and pinacles arched,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seizes, such severe surprise,
The spirit malign; but much more envy seizes
At last in view this wondrous scene, though wonder,
Round he surveys (and well might where he stood
High above the circling canopy) of
Of eastern land, to the fleecy star, that bear
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas;
Beyond th' horizon: then from pole to pole.
He views in breadth: and without longer pause
Down he glides into the world's first region
Sky, and wind's eye, and the even snow;
Where the girdle of all heaven, and last clasps
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the work of Dominie,
Or in Psalms, think to pass disguised.
They pass the planets seven, and pass the first,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weight
The translation talk'd, and that first mov'd:
And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
To wait his keys, and now at foot
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo:
A violent cross wind flings from either coast
Bows them transverse, ten thousand leagues away
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cows, hogs, and habits, with their weaver, too,
And dined'ter in rags: then relieves, beds,
Indulgences, dispensary, halls, bulls,
The sport of wind: all these, up-whirl'd aloft,
For 'i' r' valetudinary of the world far off,
Into a Lombo large and broad, since car'd
Into the Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after: now unoccupied, and untried,
All this dark globe the field he found as pass'd,
And long he wander'd till at last he found
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
His travel's steps: far distant he describes,
Accordingly the angels magnify,
Up to the wall of heaven, a structure high,
At so great a distance, the eye can appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond, and gold
Embellish'd: thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shine, immittate on earth,
By model, or by shining pencil drawn.
The sti'n were such as wherein Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Emma field
To Paddan-aram, in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by the river under the open sky,
And waking cried, 'This is the gate of heaven.'
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There always, but drawn to hew sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of Jasper, as of glass of all the sea;
As of a sea of glass by fire.
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,
Wallow'd by angels, or flew over the lake
Weary'd in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
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Direct against which open'd from beneath,
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A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than the way of after dire escape
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Prom'land lead to God so dear,
PARADISE LOST.

Book III.

The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sun rays a golden star 615
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
Lay waving round; on some great charge employed
He seem'd, or first in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impu're, as new in hope
To find who might direct his wandering light
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning was.
But first he cast to change his proper shape,
Which else might work his danger or delay: 625
And now a smiling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth amid celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he girded:
Under a crown his flowing hair
In ears on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed sanctified, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unhear'd; the angel bright,
Are he draw near, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear; and straight was known
The archangel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stood ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all: the heavens, or down to
Bear his swift errands ever moist and dry, [carm
Over sea and land: him Satan thus accosts:

"Uriel! for thou of these seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art went his great authentic will
To purify and rear his heavenly hou'ning,
Where all his angels embassy attend;
And here art likewise by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unsound now and quaking earth and globe,
All those his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour; him, for whom
All his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the choirs of chemin
Above this wat'ring: Bright Angel! tell
In which of all these shining orbs man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration, him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestowed
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That look in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell; and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways," 580

So spoke the false demnisher unpervad'd;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hyprocity, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
And off though with a save, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems; which now the world began;
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest sight and might of all in heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor feel,
In his uprightness answer thus return'd:

"Fair angel! thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Hat in remembrance always with delight:
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, cau'ed to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their several quarters haste them
The cumbersome elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
And this ethereal quinsilest of heavens
Thus upward, withgnad's joint force and form,
That roll'd artific'd, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move,
Their place appointed, and their course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe,
Girdling earth and sky, and east, and west, and globe,
Gird or other side
With light from hence, thor' but reflected, shines:
That piece is Earth, the seat of man; that light
His day, which else, as 'th other hemisphere,
Night would invade: but there the neighboring
(As call that company artide her aid)
Moon Temply interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance illum'd" 720
Hence falls and empties to enlighten th' earth,
And in herpace divinice discerns the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower: 734
Thy way thence not guide, the mine requires.

Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
Throw'd his steep flight in many an airy wheel,
Nor staid, till on Niphates' top he light.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Elisha, now in prospect of Eden, and sighs the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and various passions, fear, envy, and despair: but at length confesses himself as evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, variesthe bounds, sets in the shade of a forest on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described: Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve: his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, hence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death: and therefore intends to find his temptation, by inducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to bring forward of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending upon a sus- bborn, manish Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his space, in the shade of a great angel, down to Paradise, discovered after by his famous gestures in the moon. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discover of going to their rest: their lower description; their coming worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of light-width, to within the round of Paradise, appeals to strong angels to Adam's lower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping: there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though warning, to Gabriel: by whom questioned, he sorrowfully answers, professes resistance, but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
'Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!' that now
While time was, our first parents had warned;
The coming of their secret foe, and scamp'd,
Haply so scamp'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter, erst th' accuser of mankind,
By wond'ring in innocent frail man's loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell,
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Fearing to lose the hope that pays, at once
Begins his dire attempt; which night the birth
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself: horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him: for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That sinners'd: waking the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse: of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes tow'rs Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd soul he fix's sad;
Sometimes tow'rs heaven, and the full blazing sun,
Which now set high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs begins:

"Th' o'er hail that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'd from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hid their resplendent heads; to these I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
For fun! to tell thee how I hate thy name,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell; how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Wants that wanton sin, and after wants,
Ah, wherefore! be deserv'd no such return [Kings:

From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraid'd none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How dare! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
That I, as in the same, and in a moment quit
Seek me highest, yet still pay'st, still to owe;
For I forget what I engaged before;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By its ow'ry fruit to God pays, at once
Indebted and discharge'd: what burden them?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Happy; no unbounded hope had ruin'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me, this man,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fall not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Had this then the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hast: whom hast thou then or what? t'ae
But heaven's free love dealt equally to all? [case,
He then his love accord'd, since love or hate, To me alike, it deals eternal wo.
Ne'er could I be; since against thy will
Chose freely, what is now so justly rue
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the least deep a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, open wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven:
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other wants, and other wants
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Ormond;" Ay me, they little knew How deep I smoked, or how vast my toil, Under what torment inwardly I groan. What's to the heart of man, but a spot Of deadly glee and secret high advance'd, The lower still, and, for some I may see In charity; but say I could repent and could obtain Bygones past, and none within, how soon Would height recall high thoughts, how soon un- 50 

What fear of submission swore ease would recant Vows made in vain, as violent and void. For never can true recreants e'er know Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep. Which would but lead me to a worse relief, And heavier fall : so should I purchase not, Shorter instruction bought with double smart. This knows what passion; therefore as far as From granting thee, as from beginning past. All hope excluded thus, behold, instead Of an, exist, exist, his, new his delight. Mankind created, and for him this world. So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear, Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost. Evil be thee my good: by thee at least 110 Divided empire with heavenly King I hold, By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign: As man ere lane, and this new world shall know. 115

Thru while beak each passion dimm'd his Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair: Which would his gaze, his visage, and betray'd Him counterfeited, if any eye be aware. For heavenly minds from such distempers foul And such a fate, with such a care, the unutterable smooth'd with outward calm, 150 Adorn'd of fraud! And was the first That prudence, under men, show Deep malice to conceal, cough'd with revenge. Yet was enough, that had practis'd, to deceive 194 Urch once warm'd; whose eye pursued him down The way he went, and on th' Asyrian mount Now him desig'n'd, and slow, solitar'y show Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone, As he supposed, all unobser'd, unseen. 130 P. o. on heaven: and to the border comes Of Eden, where delicious Paradise Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green As with a rural, loud, and mighty head Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides With thickets overgrown, grotesque and wild, Access denied: and overhead up-grew Incomparably height of loftiest shade, Carried on his approach; and with a gleam, A sylvan scene! And, as the rains ascent, 140 His wild theatre, a woody theatre Of staitest lines; yet with their tops The verdurous wall of Paradise up-springs: Bound round the vale, and with a view into his nether empire, neighboring round. 145 And higher than that wall a circling row Of scentedInline, with fair artistic Blossoms, and Fruits at once of golden hue, Array'd in their beauty, and seem'd to Well the sunmore glad impress'd his beams. Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow, 150 When God bath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd That landscape: and of pure now purer air Mixes his approach; and with a gleam, Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales, Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole Thriving sports, as when to them who sail Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160 Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow Skimming the shelf from the spicy shore Of Arabia the blest: with such delay [league Why mark this morn, their course, and may a Cheers! with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles: So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend, 165 Who through with such, and with such a leg More Amos oblique with the fishy flame [piece'd Than the sphere: the sun, from the sphere of Tophet's son, and with a vengeance sent 170 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound. 175

Now to the ascen't of that steep savage hill Satan had journey'd on, and now and slow. But farther way round found, o' wise Neptune, As on one continent, the under earth: 179 Of shrubs and trailing bushes had pervaid'd His face, and path of path that mark'd the way. One gate there only was, and that look'd east On th' other side; which when th'arch-felon saw Dee, such as chance and fortune might contain, At one slight bound high overslid all bound On hill, or hillside height; none within, how soon Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf, Whom hunger drives to seek new haunts for prey, Watching where shepherds pen their flocks as ever In hurled cotes amid the field secure, 185 Leap o'er the surface of the earth with boldness: As or a thief, bet to unheard the cash Of some rich burglar, whose substantial dooms, Cross-hatch'd and lost fast, fear no assault, 190 In at the window clumbs, or o'er the tiles: So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold; So they who hunt, but not on the virtue thought, Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd 195 Not like a cornerman; yet not true life 190 For prospect, what woe 'twas not the pleasing Of immortality. So little knows 201 Any, but God alone, to value right The good before him, but purser's best things To worst abuse, or to their meanest use, Bestow himself, with new wellbeing him, Now he views, To all delight of human sense expos'd 205 In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth you more, A heaven on earth: for Paradise Of God the garden was, by him in the east Eden planted; Holy Ghost, the face of his life. From Ascan toward is to the royal towers Of great Cecilia, built by Zacchaeus kings, Where those sons of Eden lost their home, Dwelt in Tarsus. In this pleasant soil His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd. 210 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow All trees of richest kind, for sight, smell, taste: And all amid them stood the tree of life, High emin'd, blooming ambrosial fruit Of vegetable gold: and next to life, Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by: Knowledge of good brought th'error by knowing ill: Southward through Eden went a river large, Nor chang'd his course, but through the slilly hill Past under ground inequalities; and had thrown 225 That mountain as his garden mount, high raised Upon the rapid current, which through veins Of paradise, earth, with kindly thirst up draw, Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a roll Water'd the garden: thence united fell Down the steep glacie, and met the neither flood, Which from his darksome passage now appears: And now divided into four main streams, Run diversely, wending many a famous realm And country, whereof we must account large: 230 But rather to tell how, if art could tell How from that saffire found the creosped rocks Rolling on the pebbles, and sand's grains Of gold, with many under pendent sides Rain drench, rolling on the earth, and fell. Flowers worthy of paradise, which not nice art In beds and curious knots, but Nature born Form'd form profuse on hill, and daie, and plain, Both where the morn sun first warmly smote The open field, and where the uprose shade Imbrow'n the moon-side bowers. Thus was this A happy rural seat of various views: Place, woods whose rich trees wept odorous gales and balm: Others whose fruit, bourn'd with golden rind. Hung sapable: Hesperus fills true, 240 If true, here only, and of delicious taste Betimes these laws, or lavish'd, and bleak. Grazing the tender herb, were intert'd; The more, the more, with what might form the map Of some irishulous valley spread her store; 255 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose But another side, ungrovest, and fruitful. Of cool roses, over which the mantling vine Sprung forth from her purple grape, and petty cree. Luxuriant: meanwhile nourrying water-fall 260 Down the slope hills, disper'd, or in a lake, That to the fringed bank with myriad crow'd Her crystal rior flows, unites their streams. The birds their choir apply: airy, vernal airs,
Breathing the small of field and grove, attire
Of fruits, where Prospero gathering flowers, 270
Woo'd by the suit, by his father's tongue; earth-born perhaps, 365
To seek her th' world: nor that sweet
Of Diana by Orpheus, and the sweet
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
To this Asyrian garden, where the fiend
Of living creatures new to sight and strange
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Goddesses, with man's structure blend:
In nature's works, honour disconsolate;
And worthy seeming: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker show'd;
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Beauties, but in the idle fable seen.
Whose true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
Fractions compleatly, for him who was voided,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
For skill, that was for God to pity him,
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule: and heavenly line
Round as his parted forchick many hung
Chastising, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
Sire, as a well, down to the patient wait
Her unformed golden trees wore
In wanton rings world
As the vine curts her tendrils, that implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Vindicated, it denotes, modeste pride,
And sweet sanction amenity of joy.
Not those mysterious parts were the conceit;
Then was no guilty shame, dishonour shame
Of Nature's works, honour disconsolate;
Sire, how ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming part,
And beauty had man's life his happiness
Simplicity and spotless innocence
So could they tamed on, nor denoted the sight
Of God or angel: only majesty thought on it:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the lovliest pair
That ever since in love embraces met;
Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve.
Under a cult of gods, that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side,
There set them down, and, after so many toll
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suff'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and make sense
Mere enemy, whose thumps thump, and appall
More grateful, to their super fruits they fell,
Name thee fruit, whose the corinial bongia
Yielded them, sideling as they are red:
On the soft down bank damask'd with flowers:
The savoury pulpy they chew, and in the rain
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
And thus, while they were ages and ages
Wished, nor youthful dalliance, as becometh
Fair couple, link'd in hapless marital league,
Above as they, About them frisking play'd
All beas of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase,
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Handed the kill; beasts, tigers, onions, pangs,
From them; the unwarily swept,
To make them mirth, 'twas all his might,
And little precious, and curse the serpent
Insatiable, wither'd with scorching bane
His bearded train, and of his fatal gulf
Gave proof unabased; others on the grass
Content, and, now fill'd with pasture, grazing sat,
Forewarn'd ruminaing: for the one
Declined was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean sides, and in th' ascending scale
Of heaven the stars thatither evening rose:
When Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length full'd speech recover'd sad:
"O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Not spirits; yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah, gentle pair! ye little think how high
Your change approaches; when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;

"None, we, the more your praise long of joy;
Happy; but for so happy ill sec'd
Long to continue; and this high seat your heaven,
Hi-thence; for heaven, to keep out such a foe
A new is entered; yet no purpose foe
To you, when I could thus thus forever
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual smit, so strict, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling happy may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, you sense: yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; hell shall unfold,
To every one two, her widest gates open,
And send forth all her kings: there will be room,
Yet not like these narrow limits binding you,
Your numerous offspring; for no better place,
Thank him who put me forth to this revenge
Other, and more cruel, for him who wrong'd,
And should at last my harmless innocence
Labor, (as I do,) yet public justice just,
Honour in empire with revenge anim'd,
To conquer this new world, compels me now
To punish, and to punish, and to punish more;
To punish, and to punish, and to punish more.

So make the fiend, and with necessity,
(Th' tyrant's plea,) exclaim'd his devilish deeds.
They from his lofty stand on that high tree,
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one.
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Near every form they tinged, and unspeak'd
To mark what of that state he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
Such a treat, to such a feast to fall.
Strait couches close, then rising changes off
His compeacher watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might secure seize them both,
Gripped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
This effect, now every, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him, all ears, to hear new utterance flow:
"Relax, and, sole part of all these joys!
Dearer signify than all; needs must the power
That made us all, in this new world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
A part, as a part, of his own,
That rain'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Havenacricity meriteth than disform.
Ought whereof he hath need: he who requires
From his own hands, its own food it must begin to seek
This one, this easy charge, 'Of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not taste the only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the life of life:
So near grows death to life: 'tis death is:
Some dreadful thing no doubt: for well thou know'st.
God hath promis'd: It death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left,
Among so many signs of power and rule,
Confer'd upon us; and dominion gives
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. The tree is not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
In this tree all power and all this close, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
Our God for so great a gracious, our favor's task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
Which were it token, yet with thee were sweet.
"To whom thus Eve replied: "O thou for whom,
Book IV.

PARADISE LOST.

And from whom, I was form'd; Flesh of thy flesh; And without whom am to no end: my guide 448 And head! what then must I do? I am justly and justly For to him indeed all praises owe, And daily thanks: I chiefly, who enjoy 449 So far the happier lot, enjoying these Pre-eminent by so much o'er all: while thou Like consort to thyself couldst nowhere find. That day I often remember, when from sleep I first awoke, and found myself1 myself 450 Under a shade of flowers; much wending where And what I was, whence thither brought, and how, Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound Of waters issued from a cave, and spread A liquid plain, than stood unmoveÂéd 455 For as the expense of heaven: I dale therein, With unsearch'd thoughts, and laid me down On the green bank, to look into the clear Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky. As I best went to look, just opposite, A shape within the watry glaund appear'd, Bending to look on me: I started back: It start'd back: but peace, I soon return'd: Pleas'd it return'd as soon, as answering looks Of sympathy and love: there I laid fast 460 Mine eyes till now, and plead with vain desire, Had not a voice thus wak'd me: What thou seem, And what there seemeth: Fair creatures, is this? By thee it came and gone: so follow me, And I will bring thee where no shadow stays Thy coming: Kneel, I beseech thee. Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy, Incorruptible, thine shall shall bear. Matidimes like thyself, and change be call'd The son of human race. What could I do But follow straightly thus led? Till I aspi'red, fair indeed, and tall, Under a placid: not, as thought, less fair, Less winning sweet, less annually mild. Than that smooth watry image: look I turn'd; 190 Then look'd I follow'd: Thine, fair love, Whom fittest thou? Whom thou fittest, of him thou Ha, his hope, to give thee being I lent art, Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart, Substantial life, to have thee by my side Homeward this individual sole alone: Part of my soul, I seek thee; and the claim, My other half? With that, thy gentle hand Sol'd mine; I yield'd; and from that time set How beauty is exitâ by manly grace, And wisdom, which alone is true frailty. 190 So spake our general mother; and with eyes Of conjugal attraction unapprov'd, And meek surrender, half embraces seem'd On her fair if her swelling breast. 245 Naked met his, under the flowing gold Of beauty and the mild delight. Both of her beauty and sublimine charms, Smil'd with superior love: as Jupiter On whom the impijes of the clouds, 600 That shed May flowers; and pres't her matron lip With kisses pure, said the Devil twixt For envy, yet with jealous leer malign Eyed them saucely; and to himself thus pleadeth 490 "Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two Thrice-fold'd in one another's arms. 550 (The happy Eden!) shall enjoy their nest Bliss on bliss: while I tell him thus, Where ne'er the joy our love, but force desiring, Against our other tumults not the least, Sight unfeel'd with pain of longing, Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd From their own mouths; all is yet theirs it seems: One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge calld, Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden! Spectacles, reasonings. Why should their Lord 315 Can it be death? And do they only stand In ignorance, Is that their happy state? The proof of their obedience and their faith? 599 Of fair Foundation laid whereon to build Their ruin? Hap'ly will excite their minds With more desire to know, and to reject Invincible commands, written with design 594 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt Equal with gods: aspiring to such, They taste not, and die: who like with them can ensue! But first, with narrow search I must walk round The sides of these, and, more or less, 600 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet Some wand'rering spirit of the heaven, by foundate side Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw With what thou hast said is justly right. Live while ye may, Yet happy pair! Enjoy, till I return, Short pleasures; the long ones are to succeed!" 555 Some say, his proud step be sorrowful turn'd, A path to the east more rugged than before. Throug'h wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his road Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heaven With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 560 Slowly descend'd; and with right aspect Against the eastern gate of Paradise So did his evening ray the rock of Sloabster, pile up to the clouds, Consum'd in fire: with one scent Accessible from earth, one entrance high: The rest was craggy cliff, that overhang Built as it rose, insupportable to climb. Behind these rocky pikes (Gabriel set, Chief of th' angelic guard, awaiting night: 565 About him exercised heroic games. The married youth of heaven; but night at hand) Celestial armours, shields, helms, and spears, Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold. Thither came Uriel, guiding through the even 565 On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star. In western th'awrthes the night, when vapours fir'd. Inpress the air, and shows the mariner From what point his course to beware Injeous winds: he thus began in haste: 560 "Gabriel! To thee thy course by lot hath been Charged, and strict watch, that to this happy place No evil approach, nor evil enter. This day, at height of noon, came to my sphere A set, next to me in throne, I know it. 565 More of th' Almighty's work; and chiefly man, God's latest image: I describ'd his way, Sent all on earth, and mark'd his tiny guilt. But, in the mount that lies from Eden north, Where first he lighted, soon discours'd his looks 570 Alien from heaven, with passions redoubt'd. Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew: I fear, hast ventured from the deep, to rise. New troubles: thy home must be to find." 575 To whom the winged warrior thus return'd: "Uriel! No wonder if thy perfect sight, Amid the sun's bright circle, where thou sta'st, See far and wide: in some pass The vigilance here placed, but such as come 580 Well known from heaven; and since meridian hour No creature comes or goeth in spirit of other sex. So minded, have oversp'red these earthly bounds. On purpose, here they were to exclude Spiritual substance with corporal body. But, if within the circuit of these walls, Were, shape, shape, but love, I, though Thou tell'st, by morrow sawing I shall know," So promis'd he: and Uriel to his charge [raith'd, Return'd, on that bright beam, whose joint now Bore him slope downward to the north, now he directeth, Beneath th' Asures: whither the primes orb, Incredible how swift, had thither nod Diurnal; or this less volatile earth. By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there, 590 Array'd with reflected purple and gold. The clouds that on his western throne attend. Now came still evening on, and twilight gray Had in her sober liveliness all things cait. Silence accompanied: for heat, and bird, 600 They to their grayly couch, those to their nests, Were done: all but the bees and hoverers, She all night long her amorous descant sung; Silence was pleas'd: new glowed the firmament. With living azure: Harpers, that bel, The starry host, rode brightest: till the moon, Rising in clouded majesty, at length, So'd her peerless light, and Over the dark her silver mantle threw. When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort! th'hour night, and all things now retir'd to rest 611 (Gabriel set) since God hath set Labour and rest, as day and night, to men Now, with more ease; and, when repose: Now falling with so strong's weight, inclines
PARADISE LOST.

Your military obedience to dissolve
Alliance to his acknowledg’d power supreme?
And thou, thy hypocrite! who now wouldst seem
Patriot of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn’d, and cring’d, and servilely ador’d
Heaven’s awful monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?

But mark what I intend thee now—Avant!
Fly, slither wheresoe thou fixest; if from this hour
Within these hallow’d limits thou appear,
Hark to th’ infernal pit I drag thee chain’d,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell too slightly bar’d."

So threaten’d he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but, wailing more in rage, replied:

"Than when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Prevaricatory cherub, but ere then
For hastier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though heaven’s king
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy companions
Unto the yoke, draw’st his triumphant wheels 975
In progress through the road of heaven-star-pav’d."

While thus he spake, th’ angelic squadron bright
Turn’d fiery red, sharp’ning in mounded horns
Their passion, and began to hem him round
With parted spears, as thick as when a field 980
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her hallowed groves of ears, which way the wind
Faw’s them. th’angry ploughman doubting stands,
Lost on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prey’d down. On th’ other side, Satan alarm’d, 985
Collecting all his might, dilated soul,
Like Terence’s Atlas, unremov’d:
His stature reach’d the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plac’d; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem’d both spear and shield. New dread-ful deeds
Might have ensu’d, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements.
A least had gone to wrack, disturbed, and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th’ Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hurl’d forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astra and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weight’d,
The pendulous round earth with balanc’d air 1000
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of light;
The latter quick up flew, and kick’d the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespoke the fiend: 1005

"Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know’st mine,
Neither can own, but given: what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine are more
Than heaven permits, nor mine, the doubled now
To trample thee as mine: for proof look up, 1010
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh’d, and shewn how light, bow weak.
If thou resist," The fiend look’d up, and knew
His mounted scale afloat: nor more; but fled 1014
Murm’ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

END OF BOOK FOURTH.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Monday approacheth, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her. They come into a 700-foot valley: in a clear spacious hall at the door of the mansion, in the midst of the room, is a large and exces- sive man, named Raphael; he proclaims himself to be Adam and Eve, whereunto, in obedience and of his free estate; of his enemy near at hand, and why his enemy; and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise: his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam after sitting at the door of his home; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruit of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof: how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Job; a scruple, who in argument discourses and opposes him, then forsakes him.

NOW Morn, her easy steps in the eastern shine Advancing, sov'reth the earth with orient pear, When Adam wak'ld, so custom'd, for his sleep Was airy-light, from pure digestion brod, And temp'rate vapours bland, which onl'y sound Of leaves and flowering trees, Aurora's fan, Lighdy dispersed, and the shrill main song Of birds on every bough, so much the more His wonder was to find unwak'd Eve With tender discomposure, and glowing cheek, As through unrest rest; he, on his side Leaning half reclined, with looks of cordial love, Hung over her enamour'd; and beheld Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep, Shone forth peculiar grace; then, with voice Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes, Her sweet soft touching, whisper'd thus: 'Awake, My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found, Heaven's best best gift, my ever new delight! Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh morn Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spire Out, here, it seems to blow from the golden seat, What drops the myrrh, and what the balmie reed, How nature paints her colours, how the bee Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet;'

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye On Adam, whose embraces, thus she spake:

"O sole, in whom my thoughts and all repose, My glory, my perfection! glad I see Thy face and near return'd; for this night, If dreamt, not, as I oft am wont, of thee, Works of day past, or morrow's next design, But of offence and trouble, which my mind Knew never till this lonesome night. Methought's Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk With gentle voice; I thought it thine, said Why should I be? Even now is the pleasant time, The cool, the silent, save where silence yields To the night-watching bird, that now awaketh; Tunes sweeter his love-laboured song; new reigns Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light Shadow'd the face of things; in vain, If some regard; heaven wakes with all his eyes, Whose to behold but thee, nature's desire? In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my way;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seemed,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day;
And, as I wonder'd look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heaven By us seen; his derry locks disting'd
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
And, 'Fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit nourish'd,
Dizens come to ease thy load and taste thy sweet
Nor God, nor man is knowledge so desir'd
Or envy, or what reserve, forbids to taste
Feral who will, non shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?'
This said he pass'd not, but with pious arm He pluck'd it, was tasted; the derry horror chill'd
At such bold words, you'd wish'd with a deep sob
But he thus, over by'd: 'O fruit divine,
Swell'd of thyself, but much more sweet thus crop't,
Forbidden henceforward to the gods and men
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundance grows
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more
Here, happy creature, fair angel Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, wert holier cannot be.
Take this, and be henceforth among the gods,
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savour fum'd
So quicken'd appetite, that I methought
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I came, and underneath beheld
The earth sustrench'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my light and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
But fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream.' Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd: so

"Best image of myself and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep Afflicts me equally; nor can I like
The evil that I fear; yet evil whence I thee can harbour none, Created pure. But know, that in the soul Are mysteries and secrets, which I dare not name. Reason as chief; among these Fancy next. Here doth occur all external things, Which the five watchful senses represent, She forms imaginations, airy shapes, Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames. All what we affirm or deny, and call Our knowledge, we mistake or mistrust. Into her private cell when nature rests. Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes To imitate her; but misjudging shapes, Wild work produces, and most in dreams, In manna's song, in animals' and man's tale. Such resemblances methink's I find Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream. But with addition strange: yet be not sad: Evil into the mind of God or man May come and go, so unexpect'd, and leave Not one or all of thee; which gives me hope That that in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, Waking thou never will consent to do. Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks, That were to more cheerful and agree. Take thee thy mornings' race, a work they handle on the world; And let us to our fresh employments rise. Among sweet dew and flowers; where every row Of quickened thought apparel thy courteous mind, And thee too far. That open now their choicest bosom's smells, Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store. So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd; But instantly a gentle tear fell From each eye, and wip'd them with her hair; Two other precious drops that ready stood In this her jewel, on her final edge, he tear fell Kindr'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remove And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. So all was clear'd, and to the hell they haste. But first, from under their daily arbour red Such as they were come to open sight Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up-rise, With wheels yet bowing over the ocean trim, Shoe parallel to th' earth his dewy ray, Throwing in wide landscape all the east Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains, Lovely they bowl'd smiling, and began Theirisons, each morning day paid. In various style; for neither variastic style Nor happy capture wanted they to praise Their Maker, in fit strains psalmist's or sung Unto him, so as they thought, so as they began: Fear'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse More tuneful than needful hope or harm To add much joy; and they thus (or thought) began: These are thy glorious works, Parent of God! Almighty: thine this universal frame, Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous thou! Think'st thou thyself the divinity above these seen? To be invisible, or dimly seen These thy lowest works; yet these declare Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine. Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, Angels: for ye behold him, and with songs Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains, Love they bowl'd smiling, and began Theirisons, each morning day paid. In various style; for neither variastic style Nor happy capture wanted they to praise Their Maker, in fit strains psalmist's or sung Unto him, so as they thought, so as they began: Fear'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse More tuneful than needful hope or harm To add much joy; and they thus (or thought) began: These are thy glorious works, Parent of God! Almighty: thine this universal frame, Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous thou! Think'st thou thyself the divinity above these seen? To be invisible, or dimly seen These thy lowest works; yet these declare Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine. 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PARADISE LOST

27

Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agaze.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not sweet,
Yet did a touch of kindness, and more meet;
As to its superior nature, bowing low.
Thus said: "Native of heaven! for other place
One case such as thine is known to botter shape contain;
Since, by descending from the throne above,
Their forms, their feet, their passions have been divested.
To want, and honour those, vouchsafed with us.
Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this manure
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.
Whom thus th' angelic virtue answer'd mild:
"Adam! I therefore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spirits of heaven,
To visit thee: lead on then thence how bower
Overshades; for these midsumers, till evening rise,
I have at will." So to the syren lobby
They came, that like Pomone's amber urn'd
With flowerets deck'd and fragrant smells; but Eve,
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair
Than wood-sympathizing, and fruitless feign'd
Of three that in mount Ian naked strove,
Stood to'ntertain her guest from heaven: no veil
She needed, for virtue proof; so thought infinite
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel 'Hal!' 385
Quotidian.-"Whence, darling, long since
Long after to'ntent'd Mary, second Eve.
"Hall, mother of mankind! whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the earth more numerous with thy sons
Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
Have heaped this table." Hail'd of gracious turf
Their table was, and many seats had round;
And on her ample square from side to side
All summer full, manifold, and mine here
Down'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold,
No fear last dinner cool; when thus began 396
Our author: "Heavenly stranger! I please to taste
These bounties, which our nourisher, from whom
All perfect, unvanish'd, on us out, descends
To us for food and for delight, had'st 401
Thy'rt earth to yield; unsavory food perhaps
To spiritual natures: only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all."
To whom the angel: "Therefore what he gives 416
Whose praise be ever sung? to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligent substances have
As doth the rational, and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of senses, whereby they must be, see, small, touch, taste;
Tasting concord, digest, dissimulate,
And corporal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs 419
To be sustained and fed; of elements,
The ground feeds: the earth supplies the earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Etherial, and, as lowest, first the moon;
Whose in her visage round, those spots unpur'd
Vapours not yet into her substance tur'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imports all, receives
From all his aliment recomposes
In humid exhalations: and at even 425
Hops with the ocean. Though in heaven the trees
Of life amphibal fruitage best, and vines
Yield nectar; tho' from off the boughs each morn
We bruise the precious drops, and find in ground
Cover'd with partly grain: yet God hath here 430
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nise." So down they sat,
And to this made: "No more for these to taste.
The angel, nor in mist, the common goss
Of theologians, but with what may catch
Of real hunger, and connective hope
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transgress
Through the watery, with more wunder, if by fire
Of asy chict, the empirical alchemists
Can turn, or how they have to turn
Metals of dresses ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
Mister'd naked, and their loving caps
PARADISE LOST.

[Book V.]

With pleasant lips crown'd. O innocence! 445
Deserving Paradise! If ever then,
Even here, that godly man have been
Emmanuel at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unambitious reign'd, nor jealousy
Was an infecting bane. 450
Thus when with meats and drinks they had feast'd,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind apace. 455
In Adam, not to let 'th occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to know
Of things above this world, and of their being.
Who dwelt in heaven, where excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high power so far
Fanc'd and understanding, whose very speech
Thus to 'th empyreal minister he fram'd:

"Inhabitant with God! now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whose bow the deified earth branch'd.
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what compar'se?

To whom the winged hierarch reply'd:
"O Adam, I solemnly am, from whom I am
All things proceed, and up to him return,
I God's, created all.
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Boundless with various forms various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life,
But more refined, more spiritual, and pure,
As nearer to him plainer, or reverberating,
Each in their several active spheres assigned,
Body to body in sport, in bonds
Sense to sense, from the root
Springs lighter the green stack, from thence the
More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirituous odours breathes: flowers and their fruit
Mand nourishment, by gradual scale inclusive,
The vital spirits aspire, to animal.
To intellectual: give both life and sense,
Moreover, shews, and, in some degree, the soul.
Reason receives, and reason is being,
Discourse, or intuitive; discourse
In frequent yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but little, of kind the same.
Wherefore not, when, what God for you saw good.
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance: time may come, when men,
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor light fare:
And from these corporeal nutritions perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Impart it to your children, and ascend
Eternity, as we, or at choice
Be from the body Paradise dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Insuberv'lly firm his love entire.
Meanwhile enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more."

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd:
"O favourable spirit, propitious guest! 495
Well hast thou taught the way that may direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference, whereas
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God:
But say,
What meant that caution join'd, 'If ye be found
Obdient? can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here,
For us to the best of our condition.
Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the angel: "Son of heaven and earth,
Attend! That man art happy, owe to God;
Thus thou art, owe to thyself.
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was the reason given that he advis'd,
God made thee perfect, not immutable:
And good he made thee, but to persevere
By nature, not overw't by fate
Inscrutable, or spirit necessity.
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts be free in what they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
God, and all th' angels meet that stand
In sight of God thron'd, our happy state
Hope, as you array, while our obedience holds.
On other surety none: freely we serve,
Because we freely love as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall;
And sense are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
And so from heaven to deepest hell: O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe
To whom our great progenitor: "Thy words
Attire, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Oracular songs by night from neighboring hills
Aerial music send; nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him, whose command
Single is yet as just, my constant thoughts
Assist me; and still assure: the what thou teach'st
Hath pased in heaven, some doubt within himself,
But more desire to hear, if thou commest.
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Has passed his setting: leave, and hear his word:
His other half in the great zone of heaven."

Thus Adam made request; and Raphael,
After short pause assembling, thus began:

"High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prince of men.
Seal task and hard; for how shall I relate
The sense invisible, and out of reach;
Of warriour spirits, how, without remorse,
The ruin of so many, from the world once,
And perfect while they stood: how, last, unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall to thee, as now,
By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,
As may express them best: though what if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein,
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

"As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth
Now rests
Upon her centre'rd: when, on a day,
For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable.
By present, past, and future on such day
[boat
By heaven's great year goeth forth, 'th upper
Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,
The thrones, the principalities, the powers,
The sublimest of Almighty's throne
Forth with all the seeds of heaven appear'd
Under their hierarchies in orders bright:
Them they assigned, things high advanced,
Standards and gnomons 'twixt van and rear,
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glitering tresses shew embrazer
Holy memorials, acts of soul and love
Recorded eminent. Thus, when in orbs
Of circuit inerseas they stand,
Or within, or, the Father's infinite,
By whom in bliss imbus'd at the Sun,
Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:

"Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, principalities, virtues, powers!
Hear the voice of God let us hear and be silent.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by my self I have exalted him:
All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord,
Under his great viceregent reign abide
United as one individual
For ever happy. Him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, and must needs in this world stand,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
() (eternal) without redemption, without end."

Winter, 1970-1971

Paradise Lost

Book V.

So spake thy Omnimity, and with his words
Able was not all sempiternal might, to stand;
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance around the carle hill;
Mystical dances; which yonder starry sphere
Of planets and of fixed in all their wheels
Incomparably outstript:
Eccentric, irregular, yet regular
Then most, where most the immortal shape seems;
And in their motions harmoniously divine.
Smoothes his charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd
For we have also our evening and our morn,
Weours for change delectable, not need.
Far with from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desire; all in circles as they stood,
Table are set, and a sudden end
With angels food, and rubbed nectar flows
In pear, in diamond, and marble gold;
Plants of delicious vine, the growth of heaven.
On flowers repose, and with fresh flowers crown'd,
They see, and hear, and converse with some
Quaff immortality, and secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess, before all beneficent King, who show'd
With conscious joy, rejoicing in their joy.
Now, when aspherical nights with clouds exhale
From that high mount of God, where light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had chang'd
To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there 445
In darker cell) and rosseth dogs disposed
All but the unseeing eyes of God to rest;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this glorious earth in plain outspread,
There should be the court so fair.
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend (51)
By living streams among the trees of life,
Favonious sunbeams, and sudden ears
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept.
Couch'd with cool woods, saw those in who's the
Melodious hymns about the sovereign throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan (so call him now, his former name
It heard no more in heaven; he of the first,
If not the first archangel, great in power,
In favour, at last, yet rich and true
With envy against the son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaimed
Messiah, King Anointed, could not bear,
Three' prize that sight, and thought himself
In heaven's munificence, and disdain'd, (54)
Soas it might with him of the ducal hope
Friendless to sleep, and silence, he retir'd
With all his legions to Melchisedec, and leave
Unworship'd, under'd the throne supreme,
Controlling all, and to his next subordinate
Awaking, this to him in secret spake:
"Sleep'st thou, companion dear: what sleep
Thy eyes li'e? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips
Of wisdom, that call'd thee to my thoughts
Want went, I mine to thee was sent t' import
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep so deep, and laws thou hast impio'd?
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may
Take in us who serve, new counsels to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
That question is not: I'll enter on the story
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief:
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under her banners wage
Danes, shall have their course possess.
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
For days of length to receive our King,
The great Messiah, and his new command,
Who specifically through all the hierarchies
Informs their end; and to give law."
"So spake the false archangel, andnotif'd
Bad infortune in th' unanswerak'st
Of his associate: he together calls,
Better counsel to powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That day, that and now ere night
Nor ere dim night had discomfirmed heaven, 500
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and cause between
Ambitious laws and just, and that to them,
Or taint integrity. But all obey'd
Of their great potentate: for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heaven:
Heaven's ordinances, he raised; and stars that follow,
The starry flocks, allur'd them, and with lies
With them the third part of heavenly host.
Meanwhile his eternal eye, these nights discern
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw, without their light,
Rebellion rising; saw, in whom, how spread
Among the sons of men, what multiplies
Were banded to oppose his high decrees;
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said:
"Son: thou in whom my glory I behold
In full repulsion, Heart of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our effects, while to the earth we come
We mean to hold what ancients we claim
Of deity or empire: such a foe
Is raising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so comely his powers of light to try
In battle, what our power is, or, our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed: for if his force be left, and all employ
In our defence, lest unwares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.
"To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear
Eyed on the hand of his chosen
Made answer: "Nigh Father! show thy feet
345
In them who shall hand in hand climb
Laught at their vain designs and tumults vain;
Matter to me of glory, whom their haste
Illus, when they shall seek their power
Given to me their pride, and in event
Know when to come to the man who Bears
Thy rebel, or he was the found in the heaven."
Paradise Lost

790 Natives and sons of heaven, posseâd before By none, and if not equal all, yet free, Equally free; for orders and degrees jar not with liberty, but well consist. Who can in reason, in toll, or reason Monarchy over such as live by right. His equals, if in power and splendor less, 795 In freedom equal? Or can introduce Law and edict on us, who without law Err not? much less for this to be our Lord, As look for adoration, to be abuse Of those imperial titles, which assert Our being subject to governors, not to serve?"

"Thus far he bold discourse without control Had audience; when among the seraphim 800 Abdiel, then whom none with more zeal ador'd Sat by the Deity, and divine commands obey'd, stood up, and in a flame of sear'd, The current of his fiery thus oppos'd:"

"O argument blameworthy, false and proud! Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven Expected, least of all from thee, in outrage, In place thyself so high above thy peers. Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn The just decrees of God, pronounc'd and sworn, That to his only Son, by right confus'd? 810 With regal sceptre, every soul in heaven Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st, Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free, And equal over equals to let reign. All over all with unassisted power. Shall thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute With him the points of liberty, who made Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of Such as he pleas'd, and commissioned their being? Yet, by experience taught, we know how good, 820 And of our good, and of our dignity How provident he is; how far from thought To make us free!--but rather to enslave Our happy state, under one head more near United. But to grant it thee unjust, That equal over equals monarch reign: Tharsis, though great and glorious, dost thou count, Or all angelic nature joint to nobly join? 825 Equal to him, begotten Son? by whom, As holy Word, the mighty Father made All things, even thee; and all the spirits of heaven By him created in their bright degrees. Crown'd them with glory, to their glory nam'd. Thrones, dominations, principors, virtues, power, Essential powers; nor by his reign uncur'd, 830 But more illustrious made; since he, the head, Once of our race, thus confus'd became; His laws our laws; all honour to him due Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage And tempt not these; but hasten to appease Thy incendiary Father, and thy incensed Son, While passion may be find, in time resolv'd."
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first sight described, Satan and his powers retire under night. He calls a council, sevene demons met him in the second day's fight put Michael and his company to woeful battle, but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the forces and machines of Satan. Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist him, to his own yoke of heaven, which opens, they leap over him, and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

"All night the dreadless angel, unpursued, Through heaven's wide champain held his way: till morn. Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand Unbar'd the gates of light. There is a cave Within the mount of God, flat by his throne, Where light and darkness in perpetual round Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Grateful visiblitude, like day and night; [heaven Light issues forth, and as the other dawn Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour [well To veil the heaven, though darkness there might. Seems twilight here; and now went forth the man, Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold Exemplar, from before her vanishing night, Shot they'v with orient beams; when all the plain, Cover'd with thick embattled squadron's bright, Charites, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds, Reflecting blazes on blazes, first met his view, War he perceived, in war in product, and found, Already known, what he for news had thought To have reported: gladly then he mind'd Among these friendly powers, who him receiv'd With joy and acclamations loud, that one, That of so many friends fallen, yet one. Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill They led him high applan'd, and present Before the seat suprime: from whence a voice. From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard:"

"Servant of God! well done, well hast thou fought."

"The better sight, who single hast maintain'd Against revolting multitudes the cause Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms; And for the testimony of truth hast borne Universal reproach, for worse to bear Than violence; for this was all thy care."

To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds Judg'd thee perverse, at the faster quire now Remains thou, aided by this host of friends, Back on thy foes more glorious to return, Than scorn'd then did depart, and to subsists By force, who reason for their law refuse, Right reason for their fate, for their king Messiah, who by right of merited reigns. Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince, And thine, in military prowess next."

Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons Invincible; lead forth my armed saints, By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight, Equal in number to that godless crew Rebellious: them with fire and hostile arms Fearless assault, and to the brow of heaven Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss Into their place of punishment, the gulf Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide His fiery Chaos to receive their fall."
PARADISE LOST. [Book VI.]

High in the midst, exalted as a god,
That is of man in his bright splendour sat,
Idol of many deities, adored
When war was fought for arms and shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for new
Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadly long, and from front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides, advance'd,
Coming now, arm'd in adamantine.
Adibiel that sight endure not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:

"Oh heaven! that such resemblance of the highest
Should you remain, where faith and reality
Remain not: where should not strength and might
There fall the Virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight uncomperable? His
Discourse, standing in the Almigh'ty's aid
I mean, to try, whose reason I have tried
Unsound and false; nor is it out but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath was,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though bruitish that contest and soul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcomes."

"So pondering, and from his arm's peer
From earth, on high, down sprang, without delay:
His daring foe, at this prevention mov'd,
Incensed, and thus securely him defined:

"Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of god unassailed, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think what vain
Against thy Omnipotence I rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unmiss'd could fin'd these, and wher'at
Thy legions under darkness. But thou seest
All are not of thy train: there be who faith
Prefers, and plente to God, though them
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in the world, erroneous to dissent
From all: my seeing thou seest: now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err."

"When the grand foe, with scornful eye menacing,
Thus answered: 'I'll for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for, then return'd
From battle, flight, solitude again, to reap
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right princely prove'd, since that tongue,
Inspire'd with contradiction, dare opposes.
A third part of the gods, in sync met
Thy legions, to see what were the feel:
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Conspicuous to have none. But wait with com'nt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this space between
(Usurper, last thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that liberty and heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one; but now I see
That most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministering spirits, train'd up in word and song; such hast thou arm'd, the misery of heaven.
Sternest decree in any age."

"As both their deeds compend this day shall prove,"

Yet lowly dart our ministering upbraid,
Sage in his heart, thy kingdom: let me serve
In heaven God even bless'd and his divine
Sceptre, and, with thy commands obey'd
Yet chains in hell, not render excellence:
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
True grasp the crown, and heaven receiv'd.

"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but as swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such rain intercept; ten paces huge
His back recould'd; the tenth on bended knee
His emissary spurn'd: as as else earth
Wounds under ground, or wat'ring forces way,
Slokong had wind'd a mountain from its root,
Sump whirl'd with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage te seeth short.
Thus with their might; ours still, and
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereas Michael bid sound
The archangel trumpet: through the vast of
It sounded, and the faithful arms arieg
Head to head, heart to heart:
The adverse legions, nor less hideous joint'd
The horrid shock. Now slaying fiery roar,
And clamor such as heard in heaven all now
Were never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrific discord, and the madding whole:
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head thunders tremul'd his
Of fiery darts in flaming valli's flew,
And flying, vaulted either host with force.
So under fiery cope together:
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And invincible rage, all heaven
Rencard'd, and had earth last then, all earth
Fir'd to her centre shock. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful confusion warring, and disturb
Though not destroy, their happy native seat:
Heal not their eternal Kings omnipotent
From his strong hold of heaven high o'erward
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd;
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the way
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
Nose of retreat, no unbecoming slain
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the name lay
Victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various, some times in fire
A standing fight, then, seeing on main wing,
Blew all the air; all seem'd then
Confiding fine. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prosperous power had shewn, and met in arms
In equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting sembl'd: com'nt at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fail'd
Squadrons at once: with huge two-handed sword,
Handclasp'd aiff, the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting: such destruction to withstand
He gaug'd, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of serif adamas, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great and strong, from his warlike tall
Succour'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intemperate war in heaven, th'arch-fae subjug'd,
Or captive (drag'd in chains, with hostile brew,
And visage all infam'd, first thus began:

"Author of evil, unknown till thy revol
Underm'd in heaven, now plentiful, as thou seest
These acts of hateful sin, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
And the sith that, and then disturb'd
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Myself and all."

Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
The malice into thousands, once uplifted
And faithful, now prov'd false? But think not here
To trouble holy rest: heaven casts thee out
From all her confines. Heaven the seat of bliss,
Though guiltless of thy violence and war:
Hence then, and evil with thee go along, 275
Thy outgoing, to the place of evil, hell;
The weaponed, with the mangled, thou dost wage: 280
Together, to the world's extremity, we go.

"So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary: "Nor think thou with wind
Of thy power, that thou art yet vine-dresser.
Thou canst not rest. Hast thou turn'd thee the less of these
To fight, or to fall, but that they rise 285
Unnumber'd, to engage thee with threats;
That thou shouldst hope, impetuous, and with
So much aid, that nothing can stand.
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this heaven itself into the
Thine abyss, here however to dwell free,
If it be at last so; mighty the universal
Arm that would join thee; Almighty aid.
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh." 295

"They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unpeaceable: for who, though with the tongue
Vexed, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth consciencious, that may lift
Thy mind in imagination, to such height.
Of godlike power; for if these gods they seem'd,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
To decide the fiery floods? or in the earth,
What would their fiery swords, and in the air
What their wings? they that display their shields:
Bur'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was the great fight, thy angels gone;
And left large fields, unsafe within the wind
Thee to discover, who, so as to set forth
Great things by small, if Nature's concord break'd,
Among the constellations war was sprung,
So mere planets mutiny from aspect malign.
Ofuertost opposition in mid-sk"y
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both with next Almighty arm 315
Uplifted eminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michael, from the armory of God,
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smile
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 325
But with swift return, down deep, entering shad;
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And turn'd him to his flight, and (for canvass) 330
The guiding sword with discontinuous wound
Did thrust him; but the ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream ofometuous humour issuing flaw'd 335
Receipt, such as can winds, spirits may bleed.
And all his armor stain'd ere while bright:
For with all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence, while others bore on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they laid
Unhurt among for anguish, and despite, and shame, 345
And so wound him, that he stopt with pain,
Humbled by such subdue, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
And silence on the eaves din of war: 350
Under her cloudless covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd. On the fought field 355
Michael and his angels prevalent
In war, and vanquish'd all, and for the victory
Sweat, from his head, there his chariot burns round.
Chariot waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellions disappear'd,
And his chariot broke, and, void of rest, 360
His potentates to council call'd by might:
And in the midst thus unready'd began.

"O now in danger tried, now known in arms
Not as overthrown, but as conqueror.
Found worthy not of liberty alone, 365
Too mean presence, but, we more affect
Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven's Lord had powerfull'st to send 370
Against man from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue to his will,
But proves not so: then fail'st, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage of fear't and pain, 375
Till now not known, but known, as soon contempt'd.
Since now we find this our imperious form
Incapable of mortal light,
Impossible, and, though pierc'd with wound, 380
Soothing, and, by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil they so small, as to be in vain
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, they next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 385
Or equal what between us made the odds,
As in nature there no cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Shedding, that endless sounding sound.

Mangled with gashly wounds thru' plate and mail.
Nor stood unarm'd Abel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 390
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Haman, his confederate, in a chum. 395
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternal here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contended with their fame in heaven.
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wonderous, and in acts of war,
Of renown less easy, yet by doom 400
Cancel'd from heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
Per strength, from truth divided and from just,
Hesitable, nought merit but disparage
And ignominy yet to be in aspire
Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncease pain, fell bleeding. On each wing
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanzin' and Adramelech and Amaelad, 405
Two more potent than all the gods in heaven.
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their
Mangled with gashly wounds thru' plate and mail.
Nor stood unarm'd Abel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 410
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Haman, his confederate, in a chum. 415
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Per strength, from truth divided and from just,
Hesitable, nought merit but disparage
And ignominy yet to be in aspire
Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

"And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swear'd
With many an iron gird; deformed rout
Over welk'd dust; and for all the ground
With shiver'd armour strewn, and on a heap
Chariots and charioter lay overthrow'd, 425
And broken foals: what Pity! what Pity!
Over-ward, through the thigh Satanic host
Extensive scare, or with pale fear surpried,
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain,
Fled ignomiously, to such evil brought
That day of doom; did heat and fiery blood
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far from earth, the thing so terrible
In cubic phosphor firm advanc'd entire,
Insensible, insensiblet arm'd;
Such high advantages the spirit own'd.
Gave them above their foes, not to have smir'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, uniomè'd to be pain'd
By wound, the from their place by violence mov'd.

"Now night her course began, and over heaven
Reducing darkness, grateful true trope'd,
And silence on the eaves din of war:
Under her cloudless covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd. On the fought field 430
Michael and his angels prevalent
In war, and vanquish'd all, and for the victory
Sweat, from his head, there his chariot burns round.
Chariot waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellions disappear'd,
And his chariot broke, and, void of rest, 435
His potentates to council call'd by might:
And in the midst thus unready'd began.

"O now in danger tried, now known in arms
Not as overthrown, but as conqueror.
Found worthy not of liberty alone, 440
Too mean presence, but, we more affect
Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven's Lord had powerfull'st to send 445
Against man from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue to his will,
But proves not so: then fail'st, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage of fear't and pain, 450
Till now not known, but known, as soon contempt'd.
Since now we find this our imperious form
Incapable of mortal light,
Impossible, and, though pierc'd with wound, 455
Soothing, and, by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil they so small, as to be in vain
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, they next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 460
Or equal what between us made the odds,
As in nature there no cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Shedding, that endless sounding sound.

"He sat; and in th' assembly next upstairs
**PARADISE LOST**

[Book VI]

Nisroch, of principalities the prime:
As he stood exalted from cruel light,
Sure tell'st, his riven arms to haveewn stern,
And closely is peep'd this anawning grace.  
Delivered from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pale,
Against unpious, impious; from which evil
Rain vast must needs come; for what awaits
Valent or strength, though matchless, quelled with
Which all iniquity and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life itself, and not permit
But live content, which is the calmest life:
For pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of all disaster overthrown.
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more feasible we may offer
Our yet unawed enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserve
Nor less than a deliverance what's done.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan replied:
Not uninvited, that, which thou wost
Believe so rival to our success, I bring
Which of us who behold the bright and pure
Of this other moon whereby we stand,
This conjusant of pious heaven, around
With plant, fruit, flower umbrosa, gems, and gold;
Whose eye so superciliously scans;
These things are not to miss from where they are:
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of existence and things, all touched
With heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth.
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light;
These in their dark native the deep
Shall yield us yearning with infernal flame;
Who in like low engine left the front
Thick-rumm'd, at the other bower with touch of
Dilated and infame, shall send forth
Flow from, with thrilling note, among our food
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and whet whet whet whet whet
Adverse, that they shall fear we have diurn'd
The Thumber of his only dreaded bolt.
So shall not long our labour; yet ere dawn
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive:
Altho' the sun and moon, and cause just end'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despaired.

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlightened, and their lengthen'd hope reviv'd.
Their touch, and each line in a flame, to rise,
To be th' invener mind; so easy it seemed
199 Once found, which yet unfulfill'd, most woe
Lamented; yet happy of thy race,
In future days, if mankind should abound,
Some one, immense, misch'd, or inforce,
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
Forsworn, but nor mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from counsel, to the work they flew;
None argued standing; inanition hand'd
Were ready; in a moment up they surged
305 While the celestial sail, and saw beneath
Each other's nature in their virtue
Swift Concepcion; salphecrous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
Concocted and adjusted, they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into stone convey'd
310 Part hidden veins dig'd up ther hath earth this
Entrails unlike of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their halls
Of mission rare; part enterprising need.
Mould, with porcelaine, with one touch to free.
So all one day-spring, under consumation night,
Secret they finish'd and in order set
With silent circumspect unespied.

Now when fair morn orient in heaven appear'd,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
555 The main trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden plate, refugious host.
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm'd

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where they would light, or if for right,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread guidance moving nigh, in slow
But fast susumptuous pace; in spacious sail
Zophiel, of dervish the rightest wing.

Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:

"'Arm, warriors, arm for right: the see at hand,
Whom fed we thought, will save us long pursuit.
This man is no less his might; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
So red salvation and secure; let each
His heart in peace, and all;
Fit well his helm, grip fast his orbed shield,
This arms or high; for this day will your down
If I command, so in deadly drenching shower,
But rattling storm of arrows bar'd with fire.'

So war'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment
In haste and exclamation took alarm,
And answer'd move embattled: when behold
No distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching, great and huge, in hollow case
Training his devilish engine, impal'd
And his vast three thousand equitable deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
555 Awhile; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:

"Vanguard, to right and left the front unroll;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Confusion, and with open breast,
Stand ready to receive them, if they like;
Our overtake, and turn not back pursuer.
But that when doubtful, and witness heaven,
Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge
Fifty thousand of our appointed sect,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we proposed, and loud all may hear.

So scorching in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended, when the bold right left the tryst
Divided, and to either flank retir'd
570 Which in our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
And wheels hollowed roads of oak or fir,
With branches laid, in wood or mountain fald)
575 Blue, red, stone mellow, had not their hands
With hideous Orfe's gaudy on us wise,
Portending hollow true: at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a rod
Stab waving tip with fire; while we susparse
550 Collected stock within our thoughts asaind
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Past forth, and to a narrow vest applied
With sweet touch, immediate in a flame,
But soon overspread with smoke, all heaven appear'd

There those deep-throned engines beheld,
Whose moving heaven with outrageous sight
And all her carisons tore, disgorge soul
Their secret, their dardant thunderbolts and hail
Of iron goblet; which on the victor host
90
90 Wild, with such immensurate song,
That when they light, none on their feet might stand,
Though smitten as swords, but down they fall
By thousands, angel on angelchell roll'd
The sooner for their arms; arm'd they might
Have every air of spirits in our nature
Swift Concepcion; salphecrous and nitrous foam
By quick contraction or remove; but new
Dissipation follow'd and forc'd them: nor
Nor serv'd it to relax their servile rites.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repute
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Dreadful, would render them yet more desp'rd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of sparaphes another row,
Posture to discharge their second fire
585 Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse sob'rd; Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

"O friends! why come not on these victors proud?
 Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we 610 To entrance them fair with open host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm'd

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where they would light, or if for right,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread guidance moving nigh, in slow
But fast susumptuous pace; in spacious sail

For joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose,
If our proposal once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result."
By sacred unclay, thy deserved right.
Gothen, then Mighty, in thy Father's might. 730
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shall break heavy, bear forth all my war.
My bow and thunder, my smiting arms
Girl on, and sword upon thy pleasant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out. 740
From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as like Guise, to despise
God, and Messiah his anointed King.

"He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Stone full; he all his Father full expresed
Ingrily into his face received;
And then the filial Godhead answering spoke:

"O Father, O supreme of heavenly throne,
First, highest, holiest, best! thou always seekst
To glorify thy only Son, the true,
As is most just; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That then in use, well pleased, declared thy will
Fulfil'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Scared and prevent, the given our assume,
And gladtier shall resign, when in the end
They shall be all in all, and in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lovest;
Bete whom thou hast not hate, and can put
On thy terror, as if thou wert fleshless.
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, the heat of heaven's rebell'd,
Fix in their prepared ill mansion driven down.
To chains of darkness, and the vandyng worm,
That from the grave, now only could revolv,' 770
Wherein to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy saints unmock'd, and from th'impure
Gloomy places, with their holy and unwrung lotus
Unsign'd babylonies to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chant.'

"So said he, over is sceptre bowing, rose
780
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through heaven: forth cast with whirl
Wind, immediate inspiration, to like arms.

The chariot of paternal Deity,
790
Flashing thick flames, wheels within wheel un
Drawn, itself insalubrious, but comely
By four cherubim shaped, four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with spokes the wheels
Of beryl, and causery fire between;
Gave their heads a crystal furnamental,
Wherein a sapphire throne latal with pure
Amber, and colours of the shawery arch.

In celestial splendour, and solemn might
Of radiant Urtin, work divinity wroug't,
Ascended; at his right hand victory
Made a bright eagle-wing high; beside him his bow
And quiver with three doulted thunder stord,
And from about him forces in addition red;
755
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparks dire;
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints
Heward came, and in his conquering shoes:
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen; 770
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in apphite throne,
Dumness far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great emulous of Messiah's word.

Alrod by angels borne, his sign in heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, crimson with the blood of the saints.
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him power divined his way prepur'd: 780
At his command th'ognited hills retired
Each to their place; they heard his voice, and went
On their accomplishment; heaven his bosom noted.
And with fresh flowers hill and valley smelt.
That saw his happy face, his holy old,
This his glory may be the more
And to rebellious sight ralied their powers
1000
Insems, hope conceiving from despair.
In heavenly spirits could such nervousness dwell,
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
For sensible, to lead them to relent, 790
They, harder more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy and aspiring to his height,
Stood ex-sbanatious force, by force or fraud
1050
Wrapping to prosper, and at length preval'd.
PARADISE LOST. [Book VI]

Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and To its final battle-drawn, dispelling flight,
Or faint retreat, when the great Son of God
To all his hosts on either hand thus spake:

"Eh! stand still in bright array, ye saints! Here
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest; Stand, Faithful hath been your warranty, and of God Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause; And as ye have receiv'd, so love ye done Earnestly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs:
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appeas'd
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only and behold God's indignation on these godless point'd
By me: not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet鳄d; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in heaven supreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertain,
Hath honour'd me according to his will. Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me In battle which the stronger prov'd; they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength They measure all, of other excellence Not eminent, nor care who them excels; Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe."

"So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd His countenance, too severe to be believ'd, And fail of wrath bent on his enemies. At once the four spread out their starry wings, With dreadful shade contiguous, and the voice Of his dear cherub call'd, as with the sound Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. He on his impious foes right onward drew, Glancing as night; up under his burning wheels The steadiest empery shock throughout, All but the throne itself of God. Full soon Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent Before him, such as in their souls infix'd Terrors; they, astounded, all resistance lost, All courage; down their side weapons dropp'd; Our shields, and helots, and helmet ends he rode Of divinity, and mighty scraphim prostrate, That wak'd in the mountains might be again Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire. Nor less on either side tempestuous fell His arrows, from the fourth-clad Four Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels Distinct alike with multitude of eyes; One spirit in them mov'd, and every eye Glad lighting, and shot forth merciless fire Among th' accords, that wither'd all their strength, And of their wound'd vigour left them drain'd, Even half his strength he put not forth, but check'd His thunder in mid valley; for he meant Ron to destroy, but root them out of heaven:

The overthrown he rais'd, and, as a herd Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd, Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd, With terrors and with furies, to the bounds And crystal wall of heaven; which opening wide Roll'd back, and a great deep gash disclosed Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight Struck them with horror backward, but far worse Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.

"Heard heart th' unutterable noise, bell saw Heaven rumbling from heaven, and would have fled Affrighted; but stile Fate had cast too deep Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. Those days they fall; confounded Chaos round, And fell tenfold confusion in their fall Through his wild anarchy, how huge a rout Becum'd him with ruin; hell at last Having receiv'd them whole, and on them close Heav'n, their fit habitation, fraught with fire Unsearchable, the house of was and pain. Disturbed heaven rebell'd, and soon repair'd Their mural breach, returning whence it fell."

"Soe victor, from th' expulsion of his foes, 828 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd; To meet him all his saints, who silent stood By witnesses of his almighty acts, With jubiles advance'd; and as they went, Shaded with branching palm, each order bright, Sang triumph, and him sung victorious King, Son, Heir, and Lord: to him dominion given, Worthy to reign: he celebrated rode Triumphant through the palace heavens; courts And temple of his mighty Father thrond On high; who into glory him receiv'd Where now he sitts at the right hard of bliss."

"Thus, measuring things in heaven by things on earth, At thy request, and that thou mayst beware By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd What might have else to human race been hid; The discord which befell, and war in heaven Among th' angelic powers, and the deep fall Of those his inhabitants who rebel'd With Satan; he who enjoin'd thy state, Who now is plotting how he may seduce Those also from obedience, that with him, Bereav'd of happiness, thou mayst partake His punishment, and misery, Which would be all his solace and revenge As a desperate done against the Most High, Those once to gain companion of his woe, But listen not to his temptations: warn Thy weaker; let it profit thee to hear By terrible example, the reward Of disobedience; firm they might have stood. Yet fail. Remember, and fear to transgress."

END OF BOOK SIXTH.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created, that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and how the same was prepared. Wherefore he sends then with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into heaven.

With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repaust.
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now He led on, yet stilly, with desire to know.
What hears might concern him: how this world
Of heaven and earth conscious first began,
When, and wherefore created, for what cause,
What within Eden, or without was done
Before his memory; as one whose drought,
Yet scarce an alleviation, still fixes the current stream,
Whose liquid annmarie heard new thirst excite.
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest:

"Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast revealed,
Divine interpreter, by favour sent,
Down from the empyrean to forewarn.
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not
For which to th' infinitely good we own: [touch
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
Insanitly his sovereign will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast announced
Severly for our instruction in impart
Things above, earthly thoughts which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Design to descend to earth, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail to known;
First how this began this heaven, which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Immeasurable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfused
Embracing round this uniform earth: what cause
Mov'd the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build
In Chaos, and, the work begun, how soon
Abow'd, if unforfeith this may't unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets, ask
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race to sleep; suspense in heaven,
Heard by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep, latching to thee, will watch;
Or we can hid his absence, till thy song
End, and damis thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;
And thus the godlike angel answered mild:

"This also thy request, with caution said,
Obtain; though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve"
Paradise Lost: [Book VII]

To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
They bearing such commission from above
To receive, to answer thy desire
Of gaining wisdom; beyond abstain
To ask, lest let thine own inventions hope
Things not revealed, which th’ invisible King,
Concerned with suppressed in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven:
Enough a left hand to search and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

"Know then, that after Lucifer from heaven (So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels than that star the stars among)
 fled with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return’d
Victorious with his saints, th’ omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beholden
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:

"At least our anxious for faith filled, who thought
All like him in error, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, unpossessed,
He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station; heaven yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Through wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministers due and solemn rite:
But lest he’s betrayed in him the harm
Already done, to have dispelled heaven,
My danger kindly deemed, I can repair
To let it be close to several
Self-last, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man’s race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, but by degrees of merit rais’d:
They open to themselves at length the way
Up farther, under long obedience tried,
And earth he hàng’d to heaven, and heaven to earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile lightlast, ye powers of heaven,
And thus my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thus, and he done:
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I sent along: rise forth, and tell the deep
Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth,
Rejoicing deep, because I see all things
Infinitude, nor vacancy the space.
Though I uncreating myself retire,
And set not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

"So spake th’ Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion; lost to human ear
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as partly motion can receive
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heaven,
When such was heard declared th’ Almighty will;
Glories they sang to the Most High, good-will
To future man, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven all th’ unholy from his sight,
And th’ habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain’d
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their various dwellings, and diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

"So sung the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear’d
With all due dispensation, with incense crownd
Of nasyg death; suppliance and love
Increase, and added his father in his shoe.
About his chariot numerions were pou’d
They to the utmost; but with warm
Prolific humour softening all her globe,
Parched mountains, and, without to conceive
Satiate with genial moisture: when God said,
‘ Behold how ye waters under heaven
Into one place, and appear:’
Immediately the mountains huge appear
And emerging from the heave above
Into the clouds, their tops second the sky.

"Silence, ye troubled waves, and then deep peace!
Said then th’ omnipal Word, ‘ye discord end’
Ned said, but, on the wings of cherubin
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
To mount your angry sons, the tempests roar;
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Follow’d in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then said the firdw wheels, and in his hand
He took the various tresses, prepared
In God’s eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he centred, and the other turned,
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far the rounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world!’

Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,
Matter uniform’d and void; darkness profound
Cover’d th’ abyss; but on the wat’ry calm
The endless wings the Spirit of God expanded,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth
Treasures in the firdw wheels, the tempests roar;
The black, tatter, coal, infernal drugs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then congeald
The firdw wheels, the rest to several
Departed, and between spout out the air:
And earth self-balanced on her centre hang.

"Let there be light!’ said God, and forthwith
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native cave
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Sphere’d in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Built on the circumscribed earth was small

Sejourn’d the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He named. Thus was the first day even and morn:
And there was evening and morrow:
By the celestial choral, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of heaven and earth! with joy and shout
The ballow universal orb they fill’d.

Their golden and touch, the holy and brightening power
God and his words; Creator they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, ‘Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: And God made
The firmament, expance of liquid, pure,
Transparent, element, air, diurnal
In circuit to the utmost convex
Of this great mass; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the word
Built on the circumscribed earth was calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud miracle
Of Chaos spangled, last force exalted
Contiguous might damper the whole frame.
And heaven he nam’d the firmament: so even
And morning of the second day.

The earth was form’d; but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryo immature, involv’d,
Appear’d not: ever all the face of earth
Main ocean spread, the wide, but with warm
Prolific humours softening all her globe,
Ferment’d to the utmost; but the earth to concord
Satiate with genial moisture: when God said,
‘Be’; immediately ye waters under heaven
Into one place, and appear:’
Immediately the mountains huge appear
And emerging from the heave above
Into the clouds, their tops second the sky.

"The earth was form’d; but in the womb as yet
PARADISE LOST.

So high as heaven's the timid soul, so low
Drowns sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
This, that her face, thine eyes—thinner thy face,
Stood with glad precipitance, speed'd
As drops on dast commingling from the dry,
First lost in mist; for haste, for haste;
In the swift steaming of the waters,
By the great command, speed'd
On the swift steaming of the waters.
Of trumpet (for of straws they hast been cast) set on fire,
Troop to their standard, so the warly throng,
When after all, where war, where war,
If sleep, with severest rapture; if through plain,
Self-scorn'd; nor witnessed them rock or fall; 300
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent-arm wrestling, found their way
Across the waste, and man to man the ground;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those basins, where rivers now 305
Season, and perpetual drifts, their humid trails.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of rivers, and the reflection of the skies.
And saw that it was good, and said, 4 Let the earth
Fut forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 510
And fatted for the greater part he took,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth:
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.
410
Then herbs of every leaf, that sadness ever,
Gardens of joy, and fountains of delight.
Her bosom smelling sweet; and these scarce blown,
Forth flourished that chastening the vesture, forth
The smelling cob, up stood the cox comb
Embraced, and in her slipper, shambled, shambled,
And bush with swiftlaid hair implicit; last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread 384
Their shade to rest, and flowers to feed.
Their blossoms; with high woods the hills were
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers; that earth now (Swell,
Sware, like to heaven, a sea where gods might
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 320
Her sacred studies; though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, or till the ground could see.
Noe was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth 335
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green men.
420
So even and morn recorded the third day.

"Again the Almighty spake: "Let there be light" High in the expanse of heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and cyclical years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain. Their office in the firmament of heaven,
To give light on the earth: and it was so.
And God made great lights, great for their use
To rule, the greater to have rule by day,
The lesser by sign, to divide the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heaven.
To illumine the earth, and rule the day
In their visibilite, and rule the night.
And light from darkness to divide.
"God said,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the sun,
A mighty sphere: he fram'd: unlighted first, 345
Though of etherial mould; then form'd the moon
Obloose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sowed with stars the heaven thick as a field.
"And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great balance now of light.
Roper, as to their occasion, with diminution
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the planets light and stars,
By incense or reflection they augment
Their usual peculiar, though, from human sight
So far remote, with dissimilitudes seen.
First in his cast the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and light of the world,
Invested with bright rays, bound to run
His longitude through heaven's high road:
By grey
And the Pleiades, and all the fixed heaven's fleeces
Shuddering sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
But opposite in lever'd west was set
His mirror, with full face bewitching her light
From him, for other light she needed none
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines
Revolve'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With them, with that which is their own.
With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared
Displaying the consummation. Then, first Adams,
With his bright beams tactual that set and rose, 345
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
"And God said, "Let the waters generate
Rejoice with swift abundant, living soul.
And let fly fly above the earth, with wings
Displayed on the open firmament of heaven 350
And God created the great whales, and each
Soil living, each that crept, which pleasantly
The waters generated by their kinds;
And every kind of wing after his kind:
And saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,
produce fruit, and multiply, and in the seas,
355
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill.
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth,
Forth with the sounds and seas, each creek and brook,
With flies immemorial swarm, and shoon
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, its sculls that oft
Bank the mid-seas; part single, or with mate,
The sea-seas, their pastures, and those groves
Of coral rock, or, resorting, with quick glances,
Fold to the earth green Ganges; and the deep drop'd
Or, in their peaty shells at ease, attend
To make meat, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins, play; part huge of hulk
Wallowing and gliding, and in their gait
Tempest the ocean.
There leviathan,
Hasten of living creatures, on the deep
Stretches like a promontory, or pass or swins,
And seems a moving land, and at his gils
Drives in, and at his trunk spouts a sea.
360
Meanwhile the leviathan's quarters, vast,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon
Rising with burning rapture, forth discou'd 391
Their callous bone, in their dull sound, their voice,
They assumed their plumes, and soaring 'bril air sublimes,
With clang despierd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliff and cataract top, and series build;
Fast leaving the rapid rumble, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure, wedged their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravans, high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Born the redundant crane 430
Her annual voyage, born on winds: the air
Floats, as the stars, unford'd with unnumber'd plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Spread their painted wings, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale" 395
Could warbling, but all night ram'd her soft lay;
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings meeting, proudly rows,
Her state with easy feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff penons, tower
The mild aerial sky.
Others on ground [sounds
Walk'd firm; the crest'd cock, whose' clarion
The silent honk, whose' sway-iron, whose' gay train
Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue 445
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish repentiard, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemn'd the fifth day.
"The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening stars and main; when God said, 450
"Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
Both man the beast he saw, his name he gave,
And the earth brought forth all sorts of them.
Opening her fertile womb, seem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455
Limb'd and jointed, out of the ground uprose.
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he was
In an all, until the day of their coming forth
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd.
The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460
Thither their convivial, which they desire
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds appeare.
The greasy cloes now calverd, now half appeard."

D 2
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unsatished, upreturn'd,
To stow the harvests of his high abode;
Tence to behold this new-cressewed world,
Adorn'd of his empire: how it shaw'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rold,
Followed with an accouch, till the sound
Symphonies of ten thousand harps that tun'd
Arcgie harmonies; the earth, the air
Repos'd, (then remember'd, for they heard it)
The heavens, and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station light'd stand,
While the bright pomp ascended splendid.

"Open, ye everlasting gates, ye sung,
Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd;
Magnificence his six days' work, a world,
Open, and henceforth dit: for God will deign
To visit off the dwellings of the suns.
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
That will send his winged messengers
On errands of imperial grace. So sung
The glorious train ascended: He through heaven,
That cloud wide spread with burning ports, but
To God's eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to these appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which when thou seest a circling mass went
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on.
Forerunning night; when at the holy mouth
Of heaven's high-seated throne, the imperial three
Of Godhead, first, for ever arm, and sure,
The Fital Power arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great six Monarch's hand also went.
Fair, and on his posterous tribes
Of communality; surmounting next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Defensively, and builds her wax cells
With honey store. The rest are numberless,
None of whose names we know, and scarce
Needless to these repeated; nor unknown names
The serpent, smallest beast of all the field,
Of hundred heads, and hundred wounds,
And hairy mane terrific, though to these
No nastious, but obedient at thy call.

"Now heaven in all her glory shone, and red
Her eastern Part, and with his other hand
He also went first wield their course; earth in her rich attire
Cousin'd the small; and, as earthwards, the small,
By force, fish, beast, was bow'd, was vanquish'd
was
walk'd.
Frequent, and in the sixth day yet remain'd; 310
There want'd yet the master work, the end
Of work, and rest, and joy, and peace:
And brute as other creatures, but enucleated
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright, from front spread,
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 320
Majesties to correspond with heaven;
But greatness to them set his good
Descent, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Discerning in devotion, to adore.
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore thr' Omnipotens
Eternal Father (for whose is not to
Present?) thus to his Son auditly spake:

"Let me now make Man in our image, Man in
us, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of seas and air,
Beast of the field, and of all the earth,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth;
Whence thou art created, for no plea
50
It yet distanced by some man, when God thus
knows,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Decerabed both to behold and trust:
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Liberally, and all the earth and variety
Without end; but of the tree,
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou mayst not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest;
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
In this thy appetite, let Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finisht he, and all that he had made
Wid, and behold, all was entirely good.
So order and accomplished the time day 550

END OF BOOK SEVENTH.
THE ARGUMENT.

Adam requires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhort to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his new creation, placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the angel therewith, who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE ANGEL ENDED, AND IN ADAM'S EAR
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still, stood fast to hear:
Then, as new wave'd, thus gratefully replied:

"What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Hostia! who thus largely hast alway'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouch'd in
This friendly consecration, to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard.
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator! Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I beheld this godlike frame, this world,
Of heaven and earth consisting, and compare
Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the tremendous compared.
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Space incomprehensible for such
Their distance argues and their swift return
(Eternal) merely to officiate light.
Bound round this opus earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night, in all their vast survey.
Useless besides, reasoning, I oft admire,
How Nature, wise and frugal, could contrive
Such dispositions, with imperious hand.
So many wonder'd bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For ought appears, and on their issue impose
Such restless revolution, day by day
Revolving on an endless, pouring earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Sway'd by more noble than herself, attains
Her and without least motion, and recovers.
As tribute, such a numeous journey brought
Of their swift motion, who both great and light!
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fail'd."

So spake our store, and by his count'nance seem'd
Enraptured on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, but and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprang,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole audience;
Her husband the relater she prefer'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digression, and solve high dispute
With conjugal cares; from his
Not words alone pleas'd her. (O! how meet now
Such pairs! of love and mutual honour join'd?)
With goddess-like demeanour she went,
Unmatch'd, for on her as queen.
A pomp of winning grace waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.

And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd
Beneficent and facile thus replied:

"To ask or search I blame thee not, for heaven
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his ways, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years;
This is Adams, whether move or earth,
Impera non ut scire velis: the rest
From man or angel the great Architect
Most wisely to conceal, and shall divulge
His secrets to be seen by them who ought
Rather admire: or if they list to try
Conjecture, be his fabric of the heavens
Left to their disputes, perhaps to more
His laughter at their quaint opinions wise
Hereafter, when they come to model heaven
And calculate the stars, how they will work
The mighty frame, how build, unbuid, contrive,
To save appearances, how gird the sphere
With centric and concentric sphereAlulate, e
Soile and ataphile, orb by orb;
Already by reasoning this I guess
What art to lead thy contemplation, and suppos't
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor heaven such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Of bright inferno excellency: the earth
Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,
Not glorifying, any of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that heaven shines,
Whose virtue or itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth. There, first received,
His beams, inactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, or to thee, earth's inhabitant
Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,
Not glorifying, any of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that heaven shines,
Whose virtue or itself works no effect,
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Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, or to thee, earth's inhabitant

And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence,
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far:
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill.
Laid in a small portion, and the rest
Ordain'd for use to his Lord best known
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though num'rous, to his omnipotence,
That to corporal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,
Who since the morning hearken set from heaven
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
By Eden; distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heavens, to show
It said that which thee to doubt it move'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To, those who hast thy dwelling here on earth,
To, remove his wrath, and to assign
Fav'd heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight
If it press, might not in things so high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars
By its attractive virtue and its own
Indeed, dance about him various round?
Their wandering course now high, now low, then
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seem; and what if seventh to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Innumably three different motions more? 130 Which else to several spheres thus must ascite, Man's voluntary with divers obliquities, Or save the sun his labour; and that swift Necessity which leads us to the centre of these. Inviolable else above all stars, the wheel Of day and night; which method not thy belie, If with his fulness, fight with fight itself, Travelling east, and with her part west From the sun's beam meet night, her other part Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140 Sent from her through the wide transcendent air To the terrestrial moon be as a star Enlightening her by day, as she by night This earth? recollinced, if land be there, Fields and inhabitants. Her spot thou seem'st As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce Fruits in her sere and soil, for sense to eat Allocated there; and other suns perhaps With their attendant moons thus will descry Communicating male and female light, Which two great sexes animate the world, So'd in each orb perhaps with some sense live; For each vast room in Nature unpossessed By living soul, and desert, and desolate, Only to shine, set scarce to contribute Each orb a glimpse of light convey'd so far Down to the habitable, which returns Light back to them, is obvious to dispute. But whether thus these things, which returns Not whether the sun predominant in heaven Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun; For he from his sounding bed begin, Or from the west her silent course advance, With insensible steps, and without noise, Stepping it on the edge, and on the thurible See'st her; by like steps she in like maner Sails on her soft axle, while she passes even, And bears thee soft with the smooth air along; Said he, pointing with motions his head, Leave them to God above, him serve and fear; Of other things, as to his place to descend, Wherever placeth, let him dispose: say thou 150 In what he giveth to thee, this Paradise And day for day; heaven is for thee too high To know what passes there; be lowly wise: That all in heaven is correct and true, 176 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there Live, in what state, condition, or age, Contested that thus far hath been reveal. Not of earth only, but of highest heaven.

To whom thus Adam, cleark'd of doubt, replied: 180 "How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure Intelligence of heaven, angel seraph! And, freed from intracies, taught to live, These things I mean! These are the thoughts To interrupt the sweet life, from which God hath hid us dwell far off all anxious care, And whatsoever, yea, all, that concern The rest of man, that is most concern Unpractic'd, unproceed, and still to seek. Therefore from this high pitch let us ascend A lower flight, and speak of things at hand Useful, whence happy mention may arise Of something not unseasonable to ask, By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deal'd: These I have heard relating what was done Ere my remembrance; now hear me relate My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard; 205 And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest How subtly to detach thee, intervene While we harrow while we relax, Fond, were it not in secret; simply: For while I sit with thee in seem in heaven, And earth is to my seat, 210 Than fruits of palm-tree, pensive to thirst And fruit, ne'er both, from labour, at the hear Of sweet Knechis, my solitude, and song, Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine Invok'd, the memory of my life serenely." 214 To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly speak: "Nor are thy lips ungracious to man! Nor tongue inequitable; for God on the

Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd, 220 Inward and outward both, his image fair: Breaks not the pure, inure covetous and grace And save the sun his labour; and that swift Necessity which leads us to the centre of these. Inviolable else above all stars, the wheel Of day and night; which method not thy belie, If with his fulness, fight with fight itself, Travelling east, and with her part west From the sun's beam meet night, her other part Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140 Sent from her through the wide transcendent air To the terrestrial moon be as a star Enlightening her by day, as she by night This earth? recollinced, if land be there, Fields and inhabitants. Her spot thou seem'st As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce Fruits in her sere and soil, for sense to eat Allocated there; and other suns perhaps With their attendant moons thus will descry Communicating male and female light, Which two great sexes animate the world, So'd in each orb perhaps with some sense live; For each vast room in Nature unpossessed By living soul, and desert, and desolate, Only to shine, set scarce to contribute Each orb a glimpse of light convey'd so far Down to the habitable, which returns Light back to them, is obvious to dispute. But whether thus these things, which returns Not whether the sun predominant in heaven Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun; For he from his sounding bed begin, Or from the west her silent course advance, With insensible steps, and without noise, Stepping it on the edge, and on the thurible See'st her; by like steps she in like maner Sails on her soft axle, while she passes even, And bears thee soft with the smooth air along; Said he, pointing with motions his head, Leave them to God above, him serve and fear; Of other things, as to his place to descend, Wherever placeth, let him dispose: say thou 150 In what he giveth to thee, this Paradise And day for day; heaven is for thee too high To know what passes there; be lowly wise: That all in heaven is correct and true, 176 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there Live, in what state, condition, or age, Contested that thus far hath been reveal. Not of earth only, but of highest heaven.

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PARADISE LOST.

Before mine eyes all seem as the dream
Had I where had never seeng
My wandering, bad not be, who was my guide,
My father, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine, Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Seduced, Adan, and to mislead you,
 Whom then you sought I am,

Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till, and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with good heart; fear here no death;
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and evil, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
And the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And the bitter consequence: for know
The day thou eatest thereof, thy soul shall die,
The serpent beguiled thee, cursed shalt thou be
From that day to eternity, and this happy state
Shall lose, expel'd from hence into a world
Of wo and sorrow: Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which reposed
Yet dreadful in mine ears, though in my choice
Not to incur: but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and graciously purpose this renew'd:

"Oh, only these shall beneat, but all the earth
To thee, and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and of the increase that therein
Or live in sea, or sky, beast, fish, and fowl,
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kind, I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fain
With the subject of the same
Of fish within their watry residence.
Not hither summated, since they cannot change
Their element, the water of the flying air.
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowering low
Of thistles and castelwicks, each nailed on his wing.

I saw them, as they paused, and understood
Their nature, with that knowledge God enuised
My Madness apprehension: but in these
I saw and saw with what compassion
And to the heavenly vision then presented

"Oh by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpassing for my meaning, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to man? for whose well-being
So sumpy, and with hands so liberal,
Thee hast provided all things: but with me
I thee not, or thy goodness.
In solitude,
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying find? Then I presumptuous
And the vision bright, as with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied

"What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth
With various animals, and the air
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? knowest thou not
Their language and their ways? they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule: thy realm is large.'

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering, I with leave of speech impard,
And humbly desir'd, thus repli'd

"Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me what I am,
And these inferior for beneath me set?
And thou such words as content thee?
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given not in duty,
The one immense, the other still remiss,
Conceited, but so grove
Tidless aliose: of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice
Ease or for over liomy with horses
So fitty in persons than phis past combind:
Much less can bird with heart, or fish with foul

But so well converse, nor with thee on yee:

"Whereas thou Art Almighty sparest, so deplast:
A nice and ample happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposeth, in the choice
Of the paradise which is thee,
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solatry.
What think it, thine of thee, and that thy state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possesed
Of happiness, or not? who are alone
From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
Here have I with whom to hold converse,
Saw with the animals which made thee, and these
to me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

"He caseth: I lovev answerd: 'To attain
The height and depth of thy own ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme
In thyself art perfect, and in these
Is so deficiency found? not so is man,
But in degree, the cause of his desires:
By conversation with his like, to help
Or solace his mind: No need hast thou
Should propagate, already infinite.
And through all man's knowledge, though one,
But not all is to mankind
His single imperfection, and begot
Like of his like, or of his kind,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deerly assist.
Then to each other; accordingly,
Best with thyself accompanied, seekst not
Social communication.
Canst raise thy creatures to what height thou wilt
Of union or conversation, daisel;'
I by converse and comparison
From prone, nor in their ways incomparable find.'
Thus spake the Angel, and I the same
Embroider'd upon, discad and Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice divine:

"Thus far to thee tryed, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find the knowing and the proof of thee
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, by thyself,
Exposing well the spirit within thee frees,
My image, not impaired to the brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And so he minded still: 1, ere thou spak'st,
Knit not it good for man to be alone,
And so such company as thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet.
What next I shall shew thee, he said,
Trylikeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
And the vision bright again,
"He ended, and I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heavenly outpowersd' height
Which it had long stood under, strait'd to my
In that celestial comparsion, quire
As with an object that excels the sense,
Desir'd and spmak'd, such sight the soul sought repair
Such sleep, which instantly fall on me, cured
By Nature as in aid, and cloud'd mine eyes.
Mines eye he closed, but open left the call
Of Fancy, my internal sight, by which
Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who, stooping, spack'd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh: wide was the
Bet suddenly with flesh (it'd up and hez'd)
The rib he form'd and fashioned with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd it to all the world, thou'd now
Mum, or in her sum'm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time mix'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfect before,
And into all things from her air spirit
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She dispar'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
And find love, but over day to day,
Her less, and other pleasures all abirr'd
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
PARADISE LOST.

[Book VIII.]

such as I saw her in my dream, adored
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
On her, she was led
By her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor unsignified
Of all the steps, heaven in her eye,
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
I overjoyed could not forbear aloud.

""This turn hath made amendes; thou hast fulfilled
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor easiest. I now see
Some of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me; Woman is her name, of man
Extruded: for she shall go free:
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul."

"She heard me thus, and, though divinely
Brought, yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be void, and not uneconomic be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd
The more excitable, or say all
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she tarried:
I found myself to me what the honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved.
My pleasance, To the nuptial bower I led her,
I led her, basking like the morn: all heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed on her grace, the earth Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Vesuvius and Etna fresh and green fireplace
Whisper'd it to the woods, and front their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub
Depiring till the luminous bird of night
Sung spousial, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

"Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the turn of earthly lilies
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delightful, but which, such
As, unfit or, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies [flowers,
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
For otherwise I transgress, I behold,
Transported touch, my passion first I felt,
Commotion strange in all enjoyments else
Superior and unoccupied, thereon I rest Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Of nature in its self, in some part not
Proof enough such object to sustain,
Or from my side subduction, took perhaps
More than enough on her least hopes
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime of
Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind
And in ward faculties, the parting meal
In outward also her resembling less
His image, unequal to express,
The character of that dominion given
Over other creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wise, virtuous, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with
Losses discount'n'd, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait.
As one intrenched first, as ever made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliness, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angel plac'd.

To whom the angel with contracted brow:
"Accuse her Damon, she hath done her part:
Do thou but thinke, and be not difffident
Of vision; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dianes not her, when most thou needest her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perswast."

For what admir'st thou, want transportus due to
As outsiders fair, do not, and worthy well
By charming, thy beholing, thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself.
Then value. Oft-dream'd no worth?" Thrice over
This self-asserted, grounded on just and right
Well meaning; of that skill the more thou knowst,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head.
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made to adorn for thy delight the more.
So awhit, raft with honour thou mayst love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seems such dear delight.
Beyond all other, think the same unsought:
To cattle and each beast: which would not be
To them made common and divul'g'd, if ought
Theman enjoy'd were worthy to subdue.
This soul of man, or passion in him move,
What higher in her society thou finds
Atractive, human, rational, love still.
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not; love affixes
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heavily love thou mayst ascend.
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half-abashed, Adam replied: 493
"Neither her outward form's so fair, nor ought
In proportion common to all kinds.
Though higher on the ground bed by far,
And with mysterious reverie I discern,
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those idle, and those carefree, that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with love
And sweet repugnancy, which neither declare,
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair.
More graceful than burns without sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
What inward sense I feel, not therefore follow,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing: yet still free,
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blamest me not, for love thou say'st
Leads us to heaven, is both the way and guide:
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask.
Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their love
Express they, by looks only: or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch.

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rose red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd: "Let it suffice thee that thou knowest
Us happy, and without love no happiness.
What purport is in the body of thine
(And pure thouwert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of members, joint or exclusive bars;
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restraint's conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now move more easily
Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant Isles
Keener seen sets, equal to the departs,
Be strong, live happy, and love; but first of all,
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command: take heed least passion sway
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
Would not admit; shine all of all thy sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware!
In thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the bless'd: stand fast; to stand or fall 640
Free in thine own arbitration it lies,
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction: "Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, venerated messenger,
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore;
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy conduct: and I shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory; thou art mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return."
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

No more of talk, where God or angel guest
With man, as with his friend familiar and
To sit indentant, and with him parteake
Rural feast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblazon'd: I now must change
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt
And disobedience: on the part of heaven,
New alienated, distance and distance,
Lager and just rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of wo,
Sin, and her shadow Death, and Misery
Death's harbing'rs. Sad task! yet argument
Net less, but more heroic than the wrath
Of heaven on earth, his fee pursuit,
Third fugitive, about Troy wall, or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia despoil'd,
Or Neoptolemus and the Greeks, or Jove's son
Peripat's the Greek and Cytherean son;
In showable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patron, who designs
Her nightly visitation unpastur'd,
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
Every unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleased me, long choosing, and beginning late;
Not seduced by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument;
Heroic deeds, chief master to disembark
With long and tedious have, fiendish knights
In battles fell'd; the better fortunes
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Escaping; or to describe races and games,
Or tiltting furniture, embellish'd shield,
Imprime a quill, his fee pursu'd,
Rises and divides, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament, then march'd
From feud or wanton, and tournament
First
Serv'd up in hali with sewer, and temesh;
The hall of arbiters, or office men,
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem. Me, of these
Nor skil'd so studious, higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Deprose'd; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Heesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short minute
Twixt day and night; and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had reach'd th' horizon round:
When Satam, who late deified before the throne
Of God's own right, out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's destruction, musing what might hap
Of heaven or himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From comparing the earth the past of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
His entrance, and from the diurnal
That kept their watch; thence, full of anguish driven,
The space of seven continued nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times crossed the car of night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast, averse
From entrance orCharleian watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the
change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Into a golf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life
It with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv'd in shining mist, then sought
Where to lie hid; so he had search'd, and land,
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Medit, up behind the nether O:
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
West from Orontes to the ocean bar'd
At Bani, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus, where he found
With narrow search, and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportunite might serve his will, and from
55
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Here, after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
PARADISE LOST.

(Book IX)

So saying, through each thickent, dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
90 His mightier steps, and each somet at last might
See the serpent: he fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-fold,
100 Not yet in horror shade or dismal den.
Not yet, not yet, but on the briny herb
Fearless, unbar'd he slept: in at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, his brutal sense,
In heart, or head, possessing, soon inspir'd
With act intellectual; but his sleep
110 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humbled flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that bade
From the earth's great alter send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrills fill
196 With grateful small, forth came the human pair;
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures waiting voice: that done, parake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs: 200
Then commune how that day they best may ply
To their intents, and to their work about
The hands despatch of two garnishing so wide,
And Eve first to her husband thus began:

"Adam! well may we labour still to dress
205 This garden, and our labour make us happy,
Our pleasant task enjoined, but till more hands
aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxuriant by restraint: a day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
210 The wilder shoots, and make with honest growth desists,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present;
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to tend
The roots, or form the branches: 215
The clipping ivery where to climb, while I,
In yonder spring of rose intermingle
With myrtle, find what to readies till noon:
For while so near each other thus all day
220 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervenes and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unera'd": 225

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd:

"Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear! [play'd,
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts em-
How we might then all the work shew'd where $300
God hast assu'd us, or me of shall pass
Unprais'd; for nothing leveller can be found
In woman, than to stroll household good
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet me ye shew not, how to your fruit,
Labour, as to dears we when need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; so smiles from reason flow,
To brute understood, and care of love the food.
240 Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toll, but to delight,
He made us, and delight to reason join'd;
[heels
These paths and bowers, doubt not but our Joint
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
245 Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
Thee aslate, to short absence I could yield;
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other dog was more species than our time

Reel back a little, from me: for thou know'st
What has been warm'd us, what malicious foe,
Envy our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us both undone.
By ill assaut, and sore, there at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
Embers, with which to stir:
Hopeless to circumvent us joint, where each
To other speedily all might lend or seek at need,

Chastise first, then know to withdraw,
Our frailty from God, or to disturb
Empyrean have, but on which perhaps no bliss.
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithf ul side.
That gaveth being, still shades thee and provest,

"14 " of earth, how like to heaven, if not prefer'd
More joy'd, seat worthier of gods, as built
With second time, returning what was old:
For what God after better woe would build?
Terrestrial heaven, such round by other heaven
That shine, yet bear their bright efficient lamps,
Light above light, for their same, as seems
In thee concentrating all their precious beams,
Of sacred influence! As God in heaven
Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
Contriving reced'st from all those orbs: in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtuous app'rs
Positivest in herb, plant, and woody birth
And creatures animate with gradual life
Growth, more than man can count, much more than man,
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round
If I could joy in joy, sweet interchange
13
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now band, now sea, and shores with breast crown'd,
Rocky corn, and earth, and herb, and all things,
Find thee or refuge: and the more I see
Pleasure in beauty, so much more I feel
30
Terror without name, as from the hated sig's
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Ramus, and in heaped order will be my state.
But neither here seek I, so nor in heaven,
To dwell, unless by myst'ring heaven's Suprême
Nor hope to be myself rais'd in immortality.
40
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me refund:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd
80 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, to him he lost in love or wo:
In so then; that destruction wide may range
50 To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marv'd,
What he Almighty sty'd, six nights and days
Continued making, who and knows how long
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night he'd
From servitude inglorious well half night
Thy angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his admires: all the work shew'd where $300
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at least
Are his creatur's, or to spite us more,
Deter'mine'd to enter our own round
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow
Excited from so base original,
With heavenly spirits, our spears, what he desir'd
He'd effect'd; man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
Subject'd to his service angel wings,
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthly charge. O these the vigilance
I dread, and to clue, thus wrap'd in mist
Of midnight vapors guide close over, and cry
In every leash and brake, where hap may fram
160 The serpent sleeping, in whose eyes hope
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring
O foul deceit! that I who erst contended
With gods to sit, the hag of now con
stray'd
Into a heart, and mind'd with blithe limbs,
This essence to incarnate and impute,
That to the height of Deity aspird:
But what will be ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspire, must down as low
As high he soar'd, and on what last or first
To hasten things, Revenge, at first though sleep,
Eater ore long, back we'll to'0 souls:
Let it; I seek the sight of well stray'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Promises me, this bat too far is
170 Of heaven, this man of clay, son of desire,
Whom as the more to spile his Maker raid
From daid. Spite then with spite is best repaid."
PARADISE LOST.

Book IX.

PARADISE LOST.

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
When one soul, and without any meets,
With sweet assurance compose thus replied:

"Of spring of heaven and earth, and all earth's
That such an enemy we have, who seeks [lord]
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As a shade males need not appear.
Past then return'd at shade of evening flowers.
But that shouldst thou desist from without doubt, that
We, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repent.
Their equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Came by, and with me in the highest heaven,
Thoughts which how found they harbour in thy
Adam, misthought of thee so dear?"

To whom with healing words Adam replied: $90
"Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve!
For such art thou, from sin and blame entire;
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade,
Nor shun from my sight, but to avoid
Thy attempt itself, interred by my foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least
The tempted with dishonour foul, support'd
Not in the strength of heaven's all-sufficiency.
Against temptation, thou thyself with scorn
An angled would resist the offer'd wrong.
Though instrument bound, mislead not them,
If much affect I labour to avert
Frain, or do us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me that assault shall light.
Not in the strength of heaven's all-sufficiency.

Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous other aids.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful. Hence, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking
Shame to be overcome or even reach'd,
Would utmost vigour raise, and rash'd unite.
Why shouldst thou not thus like sense in thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose,
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"

So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less he would return, and thus desir'd:
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd:

"If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Sons of sin, by sinning, with self;
Ringlet with like defence, wherever met
How are we happy, still in fear of harm,
But harm precedes not sin; only our foe
Temping affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity, his foul esteem.
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Proud on himself; then wherefrom shamed or feared
By us? who rather doubt his noble gain
Of our advantage, his mean estate.
Shall we ourselves confess to a forger or confound
Proud in our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd."

To whom thus Adam feervently replied:

"Of such a law, of such a law
With discretion, and with the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of such a law, or had, or ought that might
Secure himself, and with the will
The danger lies, yet lies within his power
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason is free, and reason he made right.
But bid her well beware, and still erer,
In his fair purpose, by some fair appeal,
She dictate false, and misinform the will.
To do what God expressly hath forbid,
To think in mistrust, lost tender love,
To deny me, or confine me of the will,
That I should mind thee off, and mind thou me.
For thus we subsist, yet possibly to survive,
Since reason not impossibility may.
Some specious object by the foe-informed,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as was so warned.
So not temptation them, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely from me
Thus never not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy approve
First thy obedience; 'th other who can know,
Not seeing those attempted, who attempt,
But if they think true, unsought may find
Us both severer than was thought don't seem,
For thy stay, not free, abstains thee more,
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For (told wise) thou hast done his part, de
Thine."

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Forsworn, yet subscribes, though last, replied:

"With thy permission then, and thus fore-wards
Chiefly by what thy owne last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps in such a preludeth,
The willing I go; nor much expect
So good, as soon my face to seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light,
Bred, or Drey in Delainian.
PARADISE LOST. [Book LX.

Spot more delicious than those gardens gay'd
Or of reviv'd Adam, or renew'd
So famous, host of Heav'n's local air,
Or that, not mystic, where the suppliant
Hold dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Such be the pleasure amidst, the persons adorn'd
As one who longs in populous city pent,
Forth haste on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adorn'd, from each thing most comestas delight,
The smell of grain, or seedless grass, or wine,
Or olives, or with balm, with ointment, sweet
Or chance with sympho-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing sound, for, her now please more,
She must, and in her looks see all delight;
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
She saw Eve, the fruit of her own hand
Thus early, thus alone; her heavenly fame;
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture, or least action, over-96
His malice, and with repetate wise
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the evil one abstracted stood
But it is God's own which he now doth demand
Stupidly good, of sanctity discern'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mild heaven, soon ended his delight,
And took him he now more, the more
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon
Eve then set in man's mind, I thought, and all thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:

"Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what sweet
Compunction, transportation to forget
What broughth us in: hate, not love, nor love
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
Thee is in love. Then set not love
Occasion which sound madness; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, (for I view far round,) not sigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun.
And strength, of courage enough, and of limb
Her race built, though of terrestrial mould,
Foe not inconsiderable, exempt from wound,
I, not; as much hath hell aboard, and pain;
Deceived me, to what I was in heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, art here for good;
Not terrible, though terror in love
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
Fulcher stronger, show of awe woe seif'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend."

So spoke the enemy of mankind, enclo'd
In serpent, innate bad, and toward Eve
As well of sight, not with indented wave,
Ora on the ground, as since: but on her rear,
Crumble folds, that sweet far,
Fold above fold, a surging mass, his head
Created aha, and carcase his eyes;
What brimstone rack of verdant gold
Crest amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Flushed redundant; pleasing was his shape,
And jolly: never since of serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in Iltis chand'd
Hermiones and Cadmus, or the god
In Epiphanus; nor to which transform'd
Ammolatius Jove, or Capitolius was seen.
He with Olympias, this with her love
Sculpi, the height of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought escape, but fear'd
To interrupt, side-long he works his way
When as a ship, by skillful steamers wrought,
Nigh river's mouth or farland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft to steer, and shifts her sail
So worked he, and of his tortuous train
Carried many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To bare her eye; she bared him the sound
Of colubrines, but misliked, as is said
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast more grueful at her call,
Than at Ossian call the herd dirgould;
He bolder more rude before her stood,
But as in gaze astirring: off he strayed
His turrett crest, and sleek enamell'd neck.
Fascinating, and the ground where she stood
His gentle dumb expansion turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play: he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
Organ'd, and with a measured sound:
500
His fraudulent temptation thus began:

"Wonder not, so reviv'd mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
Thy looks, the heaven of [99]kindness, with disdain.
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gazed
550
Hesitate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful grace, more awful thus retir'd
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things in all grace give, on all things
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
580
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admired; but here
In this enclosures wild, these beings among,
Rebukes rude, and, swallowing to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
585
Whose see thee? (and what is one?) who should
A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd
By angels numberless, thy daily train."

So glori'd the tempter, and his prowess tum'd,
Into the heart of Eve, his words made way
550
Though at the voice much marvelling: at length
Not sustain'd she thus in answer speak:

"What may this mean? language of man pro-

By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd.
The latter I deny, for, in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, of appears.
Then, servant, enchi'st all of the field
I knew, but not with human voice endors'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How camest thou to speak to men, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of heaven, and what we are in sight?
585
Say, for such wonder claims attention de.

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied:

"Empress of this fair world, exultant Eve!
Thou art it to them all
What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The tradition her, of alpht thoughts and love,
As was my food; our scanty lost diet ascend.
Or sea, and apprehended nothing high;
Till on a day, saving the field, I chance'd
A good forest for betake, beheld
Laden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Redd'd and gold: I was drawn to pass,
When from the boughs a savoury flower blung'd
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
Than sweet of swain's rose, or the teas
Of ews or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unusual taste, with which to fill their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
535
Not to defer: I hunger and thirst at once.
Powerful persuaders, quick'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
Abide the true now gone, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
550
I spurn'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, one long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward powers, and speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retair'd
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mine
Gazed on all things made, as is said
Or earth, or noble, all things fair and good:
605
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Benedictions, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
United I behold: no fair to thine
Importance, second, but well compar'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
560
All grace and all beauty, of right excell'd
Sorrown of creatures, universal dance."
PARADISE LOST.

Book IX.

To talk'd the sparrow's melodee; and Eve,
Yet more amaze'd, unwary thus replied:

'Spare me, dear Eve; from hence how
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To ease of death: choose thou the better choice.

At least a greater store of fruit untouched,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth.'

'To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad:

'To tempt thee, my ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrrhes, on a flat,
Past by a fountain, one small thistle pass'd
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee this thistle soon.'

'Lead them,' said Eve. He leading, swiftly
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight/bold
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire
Compact of envious vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs, kindled
Through agitation to a flame, while
When they say, some animal doth attend,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light.

Maketh him 'a mind to night-wander from his way,
Then set forth three pond or more; or
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far,
So do we ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the tempter guilefully replied:

'Indeed! hast God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air?'

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless:

'O of the fruit
Each of tree in the garden we may eat,
But of this fruit of this tree, amidst
The garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'

She scarce had said, though brief, when now
More bold,
The tempter, as he show of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
Lusts disturb'd, yet coyness and in art
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.
And so the enterprise she enter'd:

In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause ad
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Hic Jacet, each act, won audience are the tongue,
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his seal of right;
So sandling, moving, or to height up-grown,
The tempter, all impulsion'd, thus began:

'O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me, every sense doth spring
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of man, far, distant, however wide:
Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die:
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatner? look on me, Eve,
And consider what be fall'n to both life,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall I that he may subdue to thee the beauteous?
or will God Instinct his fire
Fell pow'r to blend by so fair a wise
Rather thy dauntless virtue, whose pain the Calvary
PARADISE LOST.

[Book IX.

50

Sitting through all her works, gave signs of way
That all was lost. Back to the thickest shrub
That gleam of light, and all might; for Eve, 755
Intend new whiteness on her taste, sought else.
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd
In fruit she never tasted, whether true,
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, worse, to me is black.
Greedy she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating death. Situate at length,
And brightness'd as with wine, juvel and Joan,
Thus to herself the pleasingly began:

"O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise, of operation blissful
To sapience, hitherto obscure'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit left hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my ear rare,
Not without song, each morning and due praise
Shall be thine, and the future burden ease
Of thy full branches, afford thee free to all;
Till dieth by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods who all things knew;
Though others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not hers
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe;
Best guide; not following thee I remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And givest access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret; heaven is high,
High, and from thence is knowledge distinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have my interest, and shall be thine make known
Our great forbearer, safe with all his spirits
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I shew him way, and guide him safe?
Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happy fruit, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without copartner, so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not without some distress
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well; but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confin'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."

But saying, from the tree her step she turh'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the power
That schwift within, whose presence had influ'd
Into the plant scientific sap, desir'd
From thee to me. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had vowed
Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
Her beauty, and as a mark of her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Gratitude to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet off his heart, divine of something ill,
May have the feeing measure felt,
And forth to meet her, the way she took
That morn when first they parted; by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass, there he met,
Scarce from the tree returning: in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted; in her face exuce
Came prolonge, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus addresst'd:

"Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Then I have minded, deep desir'd
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Must I to try, what rash untried I sought.
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
How heav'n, and wonder'd to thee hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening of divine effect,
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
And death ye would, and I fear,
Not restrain'd as we, or not obeying.
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
No longer and no longer, but henceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admittance, and with me
Permanently as prov'd, that I
Have been tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond; opener mine eyes,
Dim en't, dilated spirits, happier heart,
And growing up to Godhead; for which thee
Chiefly I sought, thou without canst despise.
For bliss there only taste, that equal love,
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Let thou, not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late discover
Defy thee, when fate will not permit."

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;
But in her chest distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trepasse done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonish'd and blank, while horror chill'd
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the gaudy wreathe'ry for Eve
Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed;
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence brooke:

"O fairest of creation, lost and last
Of all God's works, creature in whom endlas'
What can to sight or thought be form'd,
Huy, divine, good, amiable, of sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost!
Defil'd, deflower'd, and how to death devote'd?
Rather hast thou yield'd to temptation,
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden! sense cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, then, yet unknown
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
I must retain my resolution to die.
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly jointed,
To livin' in the world was forlorn.
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another sin affront, yet lose thee?
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The lust of nature drive me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad desety
Reconcil'd, and after thoughts distur'd,
Submitting to what seemed remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd:

"Hold deed thou hast provoc'd, advent'rous Eve,
And peri great provok'd, who thus hast darr'd,
To tempt me, in that only comfort I have
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much do I know, and more to teach.
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor Fate; yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not disable, perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now, forestated fruit,
Providence first by God's command, by him first
Made common and unshakably our taste;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives thou saidst, and gains to life unman,
Higher degree of life; indescent strong to us,
As likely tasting to attain
Proportional ascent, which cannot
But to be god, or angis demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fall,
Dependent made; so god shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be lost
Us to abolish, lest the adversary
Triumph'd, lest the adversary
Triumph over the state whom God
Might favour; who can please him long? If he first
Ruleth, shall he be helpful to, whom be next? &c
Matter of scorn, not to be given the face.
However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like thee; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So far as best I can, so far I live.
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for thou art mine;
Our souls cannot be parted, we are one,
One flesh to lose thee were to lose myself."
So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied:

"O glorious trial of exceeding love, Oldest and greatest instance of example highlyEngaging me to emulate, but short Of by perfection, how shall I attain, And how can I be used? I have seen, And gladly of our union hear they speak, Once both in sin and then of righteousness. This day affords, declaring thee royal, Rather than death, or ought than death more dread, Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, To undo me with one guilt, one crime, For, of tasting this fair fruit, Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds, Direct, or by occasion) hath presented This thy happy trial of thy love, which else So entirely never had been known. Wherefore would death demand such end This my attempt, I would sustain alone. The worse, and not persuade thee, rather die Deserted, than oblige thee with a fruit. Permissive to thy peace, chieflly our'd Required and worth my wish. So faithful love unequal'd: but I feel Far otherwise th' event, not death but life. Augment'd, open'd eyes, now hopes, now joys, Taste so divine, that what's of sweet before Hath touch'd my sense, fits seem to this, On an exact taste. How? how? How? death. And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy Tenderly wept, much woe that he his love Had so senseless, to incur Divine displeasure for her sake, or death In recompense for such compliance had Such recompenses best merith from the heath 963 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit With liberty to such as not to eat Against his better knowledge, not discover'd, But fain would overcome, with wretched charms. Earth trembled from her extremity, as 1000 In pangs, and Nature gave a second grace; Seem'd lower, weaker, more infantile, some slept At completing of the mortal sin [drops Original: while Adam took no thought, Eating his fill, nor Eve to licente 1065 Her former trespass forc'd, the more to sooth With her love, that now, As with new wine intoxicated both, They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel Divinity within them breathing wings Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit Far other operations first display'd; Clerical desire inflaming he on Eve Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him As willingly repaid; in last they burn."

"Tell Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance more:

"Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste, And drink of all in our own garden; Since to each meaning savour we apply, And pain call justice; I the praise 1090 Yields thee, so far, on this day thou hast pursu'd. Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd For fruit, nor known till now True relish, tasting: if such pleasure be In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd, 1095 For this one tree I have been shun'd too. But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play, As meet is, after such delicious fare: For never did thy beauty, since the day I saw thee first, and wadiled thee, afore With thee perform'd, so inflame my sense With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now Than ever, beauty of this virtuous tree."

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy Of any savour, taste, well understood, Of Eve, whose eyes darted contingent fire. Her heart was kind and to a shabby heart, Thick overarch'd with verdant roof imbrover'd, He led her, nothing loath: flowers were the couch, Pansies and asphodel, And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap. They list to every flower and perfume delight Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal, The solace of their sin, till due sleep Connected with their amorous play.

As seen the force of that fallacious fruit, That with exhilarating vapour bland

About their spirit's had play'd, and innocent powers Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep, brotherly fortunes, with conscious dreams Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose As from unrest, and, each the other viewing, 1051 How vide, how mad they were from knowledge of bliss, was gone. Just confidences, and native righteousness, 1056 And horror from about them, mixed left To guilty shame: he cover'd it, but his robe Uncovers more. So rose the DIamant strong, Herculean Sanson, from the hurl'd-lap Of Philetas Dalilah, and wak'd. Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare Of all their virtue; silent, and In face Confound'd, long they sat, as strucken mute, Till Adam, with more than Eve shamed, 1065 At length gave utterance to these words constricting:'

"O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear To that false worm, of whomsoever taught To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall, False in our present rising; since our eyes Open'd we find the taint; and we know Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got; Both fruit of knowledge, if this we to know Which leaves we take: to this, to this, and to this, Of innocence, of faith, of purity. Our wondrous omens of evil and of stain'd, And in our faces evident the sign's Of foul conception: whence evil store; Seen shares, the last of evils: of the first Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080 Of earth's first fruit of fear or anger, with joy And rapine so off beheld? those heavenly shapes Will dizzily now this earth with their blaze Insensibly: I might have been here."

In solitude live savage, in some grade Obscured, where highest woods, immemorable To see star or sun light, spread their unbrave broad And brown as evening. Cover me, ye pines, And speak not, I wish not to be heard. Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090 Let us set now, as in last plight, devise What best may for the present serve to hide The parts of each from that, which seem most To exclaim ourselves, and unseemly seem; I wish'd, Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together And guarded on our loans, may cover round Those middle parts, that this new cover, shame, There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."

- So counsel'd he, and both together went 1099 To seek the places of these events, whereat, In Malabar, or Decan spreads her arms, Branching so broad and long, that in the ground Beneath the painted, and dauntless man grew. About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade 1100 High overarch'd, and echoing walks between; They were of the India herdsman, shining bent, Shelters in cool, and tend his pasturing birds At loop-holes cut in thickest branches; Those leaves They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe, And with what skill they had, together woe'd, To gird their waist, wavin' covering to hide Their guilt and dreaded shame: O how unlike To that first naked glory! Such of late 1115 O Columbus found th' American, so girl With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild Among the trees on land and woody shore, [part Thus fence'd, and as they thought, their shame in Cover'd, but not at once or ease of mind. 1120 They sat them down to weep: not only tears Rais'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within Rise to high, passions, anger, hate, Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore Their wave of instinct, and wild, in rank ocean once 1125 And full of peace, now tossed and turbulent: For understanding ruled not, and the will Heard not her lore, both in submission now To sensual appetite, who from beneath, Unravelling of all their ill to claim. 1130 Superior sway: from this discontent'd breast, Adam estrang'd in look and alter'd style, Speech interrupted them to live renew'd.

"Would thou hast heard hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
PARADISE LOST.

With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering this unhappy morn, 1156
I knew not whence possesst thee; we had then
Remain'd still happy, not as now, despis'd
Of all our good, shame'd, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek 1161
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail."  

To whom, soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus
Eve:

"What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam, severe!
Incurst them that to my default, or will 1158
Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who know's
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discover'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake? 1160
No ground of jealousy between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm,
Wilt thou have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there since a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head, 1165
Command me absolutely not to go.
Going into such danger as thou saist?
Too facile then thou didst not much grieve,
Say didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hast thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent, 1170
Neither had I transgresst, nor thou with me."

To whom then first incensed, Adam replied:

"Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd 1175
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I;
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems in my restraint: what could I more? 1179
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon force hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure 1180
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue:
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman overtrust
Let's her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

END OF BOOK NINTH.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mary's transgression known, the guardian angels leave Paradise, and return up to heaven to oppose their vigilance, and are approved: God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who deserves and gives sentence accordingly: the sin and death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by Marvellous sympathy, feeling the success of Satan in his new world, and the sin by man thereby committed, resolved to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man. To make the way easier from hell to the world to men, they favour a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the truth that Satan first went there, preparing for earth, they multitudinous, and in terribleness, in vast dominion, all assembly联合, in full assembly united, with astonishing success against men: instead of appearing to entertain with a general bias by all his audience, triumphed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his own given in Paradise: then, detailed with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greatly raising to take of the fruit, they lost and blotted out. The proceedings of Sin and Death. God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the revealing of all things: but, for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adams, more and more prevailing his fallen condition, heavily bewails; rejects the condensation of Eve; she persists, and at length appares him, to spare the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proceeds to Adam, violent words, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, gets her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and everts her, with him, to seek peace with the offended deity by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despicable act Of Satan done in Paradise, and how His in the serpent had perverted Eve, Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit, Was known in heaven; for what can escape the eye Of God all-seen, or deceive his heart Omniscent? who, in all things wise and just, Finder'd not Satan to attempt the mind Of man with strength entire, and free-will arm'd, Complete to have discover'd and repaid, Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend, For still they knew, and ought to have still reined. The high injunction not to taste that fruit, Whose tempter, which they not obeying, Incurred (what could they less?) the penalty, And, manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall. Up into heaven from Paradise in haste Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad For man, for of his state by this they knew, Such wondering how the sibyls heard had sinn'd 20 Entrance unseen. Soon as to th' unwelcome view From earth arriv'd at heaven-gate, displeas'd All were who heard; dim shadows did not spare That time celestial visages, yet mix'd Willing, violated not their bliss, About the new-arrived, in multitudes The earth-born people ran, to hear and know How all believed: they towards the throne supreme Accurately haste to make appear With righteous face their utmost vigilance, And easily approv'd, when the Most High Eternal Father, from his secret cloud, Amidst in thunder uttered thus his voice: "Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd From unsuccess'd charge, be not dismay'd, Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth, Which your sincerest care could not prevent: Persever'd so lately what would come to pass When first this tempter crownd the gulf from hell. I told ye then he should prevail and speed On his bad enow, man should be seduced, And flatter'd out of all, believing lies Against his Maker; no decree of mine Concerning to necessitate his fall. Or touch with lightest moment of impulse His free-will, to her on which inclining In even scale. But fallen he is, and now What resta, but that the mortal sentence pass On his transgression, death denounce'd that day? Which he presum'd already was and said, Because not yet infected, as he feared, By some immediate stroke: but soon shall find Forbearance no acquittance ere day end. Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd: But when sent I to judge them? When must these, Vile serv'n? to thee I have transferr'd 56 All judgment, whether in heaven, on earth. Easy it may be seen that I intend Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee Man's friend, his mediator, his cens'rd, Both ransom and releaver voluntary, And deserv'd man himself to judge man fallen." So spake the Father, and unfolding bright Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son, Sant forth unclouded Deity; he saw 63 Resendent all his Father manifest Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild: "Father Eternal, thine is to decree, Mine both in heaven, and earth to do thy will Supreme, that thou in me thy Son behold'st May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st, Whether judg'd, the worst on me must light,
PARADISE LOST

Book X

When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I might mitigate their doom.
On me derided; yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustre most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appeased.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, wheresoe
And beseech thee to behold the outcast; but, the Japhy, the far
These two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Conviction by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory: him, thrones and powers,
Princes and dominions, ministrant,
Accompanied to heaven-gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Dawn he descended straight; the speed of gods
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the sun in western casemore low
From noon, and gentle air, due at their hour
To fan the earth, now war'd, and acher in
The evening mist, when he from wrath more cool
Came the mild judge and intercessor both.

To sentence read: the voice of God they heard,
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds heard,
Brought to their ears, while day declined: the
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam cried aloud:

"Where art thou, Adam, wost with joy to meet
My coming near off? I miss thee here.
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty ere while appeared unso'd;
Oh, come, and let me see you voluntarily,
Absents thee, or what change obtains? Come
He came, and with him Eve, more loath, tho' first
To offend, discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd;
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or looks, to God shall submit:
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, farfailing long, thus answer'd brief:

"I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
The gracious Judge without revile replied:
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still reject'd: how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou'rt nought naked,
Yet dost not even the bough of the tree touch, the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat."

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied:
"O heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life:
I fear for thee to remain, I should conceal,
And not expose to blame thy self; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lost on my head both sin and punishment,
However inapparent, be all
Devour'd: though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Would'st easily detect what I conceal.
This woman, wherein thou seest to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself
Did seem to thee to be the deed,
She gav'd me of the tree, and I did eat."

To whom the sov'reign Presence thus replied:
"As she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst assign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee' above her, made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection for excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adam.
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thee, yet didst with such care guard her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unwont to bear rule, which was thy part
And other gifts, and knowledge of thyself.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few: done?
"Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast
To whom said Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Hold or let not thy self: she replied
"The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

When which the Lord God heard, without-delay
To judgment he proceeded on th' accur'd
And to sentence to thee, thee, to thee,
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation: justly then accur'd,
As vittated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not man (since he no further knew) 170
Nor alien'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan, first in sin, his doom apply'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:
"Because thou hast done this, thou art accur'd
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon the dust thy soul shall go:
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."

So spake the oracle, then verified
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
New Satan fell like lightening down from heaven.
Prince of the air; then rising from his grave
To parly with the powers and princ'pals of the air,
Open show, and with ascension bright,
Captivateth, and destroys with light the air.
The realm itself of Satan long unpris'd,
When he shall tread at last under our feet; 190
Even he who now foundeth his fatal tryst.
And to the woman thus his sentence return'd:
'Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:
"Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy
And eaten of the tree, concerning which [wife,
I charged thee, saying, thou shalt not eat thereof:
Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat of all the days of thy life:
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Untold; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 200
Till thou return into the ground: for thou
Out of the ground was taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And the instant strake of death denounced,
That day Eternity's end, then pitying how they stood still
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Themselves with the form of ven'ture to assure
As when he wash'd his servants' feet, so new,
As a father of his family, he did the same,
Their cakedness with skins of beasts, or slate,
Or as the snake with youthful cost repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of cease, but inward nakedness, much more
Apparell'd, with his robe of righteousness,
Arraigned over from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascens't he up return'd,
Into his blissful house resum'd
In glory as of old: to him appear'd
All, though all-knowing, what had been with man
Reconciled, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sim'd and judg'd on earth
Within the hell of hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, but retaining outrageous flame.
Far into Chaos, since the flood pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus to Death began:

"O son, why sit we here each other viewing
Two, whilst another thrives in other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
That so much success attends upon; if mishap
Ere he this had return'd, with fiery driven
By his avengers, since his face like this
Can fetch his punishment or their revenge."
PARADISE LOST.

Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and motion given me large
To mount, and on whose top I scale
Seem'd to be soaring, when I wak'd me there.
But sympathy, or some common force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
Without concert, as without design,
By suucient conveyance. These, my shade
Lent me as much strength as it will change
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But lest the difficulty of passing back
Shall its unique part, its sprit take off,
Impeasurable, impervious, let us try
And hinder to the power and mine it safe.
Not unapproach'd, to find a path
Over this main from hell to that new world
Ways taken now are such as of wyze men
Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
Ere some new harvest for intercourse,
Or transmigratio, so their lot shall lead.
Nor can I move the way, so strongly drawn
By instinct.

When then the subtile Shadow answer'd seem'd:
"Go whither thee and faction strong ascending
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
Their way in seeking him, who was the architect
Of all the work they here do perform
Be wanting, but allow thee equal aid."

So saying, with delight he smil'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of sheep having many a long return
Against the day of battle, to a field
Went grazing now, under the yellow, iar'd
With scent of living carriages design'd
For death, the following day, in blood; light:
So saunter'd the grim Feature, and parted
His nostril wide into the mirky air,
Sighing noiseless, like so far.
Then both from out hell-gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
"Great"
Flourish, and with power their power was
Hovering upon the waters, what they met,
Solid or sily, as in raging sea.
To'd up and down, together crowded drove
From each side showing tow'rd the mouth of hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Greman sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imag'd way
Beyond Fen the eastern, to the rich
Cathaisan coast. The aggregated will
Death with his muse petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and 'tis as first
At Delfos brittle rising; the root his look
Bemock'd; and as in fury not to more:
And with Aspichalic slime, broad as the gate,
They gladder to the tower, the fathomless hall
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought
On the foaming high-auch'd, a bridge
Over the southern pond, joined to the wall
Immovable of this new fencless world
For though its mass upon the river black,
Smooth, easy, impassable, down to hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd
These, the eldest of these seven yoke
From Susa his Mammonian palace high
Came to the sea, and ever Holopetant
Bringing his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And sunder'd with many a stroke th' Indigent
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Promontifal of a pendent rock
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Oblivion rose, and did her work of light;
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space
The confines met of empyreal heavens
And of this world, and on the left hand hell
With their beings: three severe ways in sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to earth they had descried,
To Paradise first tending, when they behold
Satan in likeness of an angel bright
Resplend'nt his body, and with a close
Seating His seat, while the sun in Arise rest.
Disまれ'd he came, but those his children dear
Their parent seem discenc'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve wak'd, waken'd sunk
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guilty act
By Eve, though all unwept, seconded
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Their courage; but when conversing, saw descendent
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The voice, fearing guilt, present him
Might suddenly inflict: that past, return'd
By sight, and learning where the kingpins pale
Set in their sad discourse, and various plan.
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
No mutiny, but of future times, with joy
And tedium fraught, to hell he now return'd,
At the brink of Chaos, near the feet
Of this new wondrous pestis, ush'r'd by
Me, who to meet him came, his offering dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd,
Beyond his admiring stood, till Sin.
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:
"O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
They trophies, which thou view, as not thine own,
Not these art they the architect
For I am sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, by which a secret harmony
The earth the moon with thine, joint in connection sweet,
That those on earth hallow prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but I felt
Though distant from these worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy saw.
How could I no longer hold her in bounds,
Me this survey, this cure draw
Desist from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achieve'd our liberty, confind
Within hell-gates till now, thou too impower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlap
With this ground, and those of the dark abyss.
This now is all this world: thy virtue hath won
What thy hands build'd now, thy wisdom gain'd
With oaks what war hath lost, and fully awow'd
Our soul in heaven; here thou shall mourn thy reign.
There did not; let him still visit way,
As battle hath adjut'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And hundredth monarch with this divide
All things part'd by thy empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world.
Or try thee now dangerous to his throne."

Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad:
"Fair daughter, and thou toward grandchild both,
Blind proof ye now have given to be the race
Of Satan, (for I am the writer)
Antagonism of heaven's Almighty King
To thy infernal empire, that so near heaven's door
Triumphed with triumphal act have met
Mine with this glorious end, and made one realm
Heal and this world one realm, one continent
Through which may thousands of myriads wold;
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To associate you, they upon that
Many with this gracious success, and with them rejoice
With you this way, among these numerous orbs
Right, down right to Paradise descend;
Those dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
Dominated exercise, and in the air.
Chiefly on man, sole life till sin's declard,
Him first make sure thy shrill, and lastly kill
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Penitent on earth, of matchless might
Leaving from me: on your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends.
Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need fear; go and be strong."

So saying, he dismissed them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Descending earth, and on three several ways in sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to earth they had descried,
To Paradise first tending, when they behold
Satan in likeness of an angel bright
Resplend'nt his body, and with a close
Seating His seat, while the sun in Arise rest.
Disまれ'd he came, but those his children dear
Their parent seem discenc'd, though in disguise.
PARADISE LOST.

[Book I]

Appointed to sit there had left their charge
Down to the upper world; the rest were all
For shining his day, but he felt no cheer.

Of Fundamentals, city and pruned oat
Of Lucifer, as by atrocity seen,
Of serpent’s poison on the holy press passed.

There kept their watch the.textView, while the grand
Is more near, and see on whom the sign they stand,
Might intercept their conqueror sent; so be,
Departing, gave commandment, and they observed. 430
As when the Turtle from his RTEAN REE
To Aristocrates over the money plates
Bestow’d, the master of the house
Of Turkish crests, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Abundance, in his retreat
To Tartar, or Caspian: so these, the late
Heaven hundred’s best, left desert utmost hell
Many a thorny branch ringed their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search.
Of foreign scenes through the form of war,
In show plebeian angel militant [ marca’d, not, pass’d; and from the door
Of the temple wall, Invited
Announced his high throne, which under state
Of left of the saved host, was
Plac’d in regal state. Down while he sat, and round about him saw unseen:
At seven from a cloud, his fignet head,
And shape star-height appear’d, or brighter
With what permisive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All around
At that so sudden blaze, the skyman then
Best their aspect, and whom they wish’d beheld,
Their brightness magnetizing, nor the air around
Forth rush’d in haste the great consulting powers, 456
Raid from their dark divan, and with like joy Congratulated approach’d him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words, attention won:

"Thrones, dominions, principedoms, rituals, powers,
In for possession such, not muy of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, returned,
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accursed, the house of we,
And dangers of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure long
With peril great acquired.
Long were to tell the story,
What I have done, what suffer’d, with what pain
Voy’d the unavailing, vast, unbending doubt
Of horrible confusion, over which,
By sin and Death, a broad way now is pass’d
To expedite your glorious march: but first
Told out my unsmooth passage, forc’d to ride
The most alone, plac’d in the world of
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That passion’d thievish th’ offenders forc’d;
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme; hencehow he found the
The midnight passenger, which fish in heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
Of infinite an off’rings, to the table,
Plac’d in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduce’d
From his Creator, and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple! he therest
Offended, worth your labour, hath given up
Both his beloved man, and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our bastard, lust, or agra,
To range in, and to dwell, and ever man
To rule, as over all he should have rule.
True is, we also he hath judg’d, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape
Mess I decid’d: that which to me belongs
Is sanity, which he will put between
Me and mankind: I am to bruise his head;
His seed shall yet, shall bruise my head.
A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 490
Or triumphant gain pain? Ye have th’ account Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,—\nBut up and enter now into full bliss."

So having said, awhile he stood expecting Theirest high and imperial presence. 505
To till his ear; when, contrariwise, he hears
On all sides, from hommamable tongues, and
diamet universal hiss, the sound
Of grizzled ears, he wak’d, but not long
Had listened, wondering at himself: now more; 510
His arms chang’d to his visage: his legs retaining
Each other, still supplanted, down he fell
Infallible, to be his belly press incurred.
Rebellant, but as to voice; a greater power
One of the names, that she adduced: according to his desens. He would have spoke,
But has for his return’d with unspeakable tongue.
To terrify tongue, for now were all transmuted
Alike, to seryants all as accessories
With the rest: but, as the day
Of his rise through the thall, silk swelling new
With complicated numberos head and tail,
Scorpio, and rap, and seraphim divine,
Cerastes horn’d, hydra, and slops drear.
Rued with blood of Cymose, or the last
Ophiuchus: best greatest, be the midst,
Next, and greater: vast wings, vast man
Engender’d in the stygian vale on slime,
Huge Python, and his power now as he disturb’d Above the reeds to retire. They all
He turn’d, issuing forth to th’ open field,
Where all the gods were, vast host on vast host,
Heav’n-fallen, in station stood or just array,
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph long forth their glorious chief. They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugry sounds horrid, and fell,
And horrid sympathy: for what they saw
They felt themselves now changing; down their
Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
And the sight of that divinity, that catch’d by contiguity, like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was th’ appreience they
Turn’d to exploding noise, triumph to shame, 546
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A grove hard by, sprang up with this their change,
His will to reign above, to aggravate
Their pensance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550
Which grew in Paradise, the heart of Eve
Us’d by the tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes th’ finger’d, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now rian, to work them further wo or shame:
Yet parch’d with splashing thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they roll’d in heave’s, and up the trees Climbing, sat thicker than the snaaks locks
That cur’d Magara: greedily they push’d
The fruitage fair to sight, that those that grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom scen’d: 564
This more detest, not the touch, but taste
Deserving, they found it to allergy.
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew’d, with thirst to slake his thirst;
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay’d,
Hunger and thirst constraining, dragged as off,
With halfstarl’d desire, constrain’d their laws
With seat and cinders fill’d so; so they fell
Into the earth, and was seiz’d (place)Whom
Whom they triumph’d once lapsed. Thus were they
And worn with famine, long and censelsest his,
Till their last shame, permitted, they removed, 575
Cruelly enjoind, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number’d days
To dash their pride, and joy for man seduce’d.
However some tradition they dispens’d
A mong the heathen of their purchase, and
And failed the serpent, whom they call’d 580
Iphison, with Eurynome, the wide
Enormous Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of High Olympus, thence by Saturn driven,
And Up, ere yet Dictamin Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the heathen pair
Too soon arriv’d, the powerless beds,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell.
Habitus of their, how they the
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began: 598

"Second of Samat sprung, all-conquering Dante!
What abominable, how high thy empire
With travel difficult, not better far
Than still at hell’s dark threshold to have me
Unsmall, unbraced, and duped half-awak’d!"
Book X.

PARADISE LOST.

57

Whom thin the Sun-bom monster answer'd soon:

"To me, who with eternal flames gleam

Like be, or Paradise, or heaven,

That bless'd and saved, and granted I may meet;

Which here thou plentiful all too little seems.

600

To staff this maze, this vast unguide-bound corps.

"To whom th' incestuous mother thus replied:

"Thy taste those herbs, and unredeemable stanes,

Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,

No honeycombs, and whatsoever thing

The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared;

Till I sit man resting through the day,

His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infest,

And season them this last and sweetest prey.

"This said, they both betook them several ways,

Both beast, by nature, and immortal make,

All kinds, and for destruction to mature

Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,

From his transcendent seat the saints amongs,

To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice: 615

"See with what heat these dogs of hell advance

To waste and havoc yonder world, which I

So fair and good created, and had still

Kept in that state, had not the folly of man

Lost thee in these darkens, and all these harms,

620

Polly to me, so doth the prince of hell And his adherents, that with so much ease I suffer them to go, and possess

A place so heavenly, and conniving seem

To turn, as though with mortal and flesh,

That laugh, as if transported with some fit

Of passion, to I them had quitted all,

At random yielded up their miserable:

And know not that I call'd and draw them thither,

Most hell-bounds, to pick up the draft and thief

Which man's polluting sin with taint hath bred

On what were pure, till crammed and gorge'd, nigh

With such a glut and glutted onef, at one sitting [here]

Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,

Beast, and deer's, and yewing grass, at last,

Through Chaos hungrily, and sordidly in shade,

To sorrow abandon'd, but worse fret within,

And in a troubled sea of passion tossed,

That we should not have cried and complain

"O miserable happy! this is the end

Of this new glorious world, and me so late

The glory of that glory, who now become

Acrendiz of blessed, hide me from the face

Of God, whom to behold was then my height

Of happiness: yet well, if here would end

The misery: I would let the mouth of hell

For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.

Then heaven and earth renewal shall be made pure

To sanctify that shall receive no stain:

639

Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precede's

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud

Sang hallelujah, as the sound of seas,

Through multitude that sung: "Just are thy ways,

Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;

What can exalt thee?" Next to the Sun, 645

"Desist'd restorer of mankind, by whom

New heaven aneath to the ages rise, There

Or down from heaven descend." Such was their

While the Creator, calling forth by name

His might, and many the cherub's, scarce

As sort'd lest with present things. The sun had risen

First his pure light, so shine, as might

Affect the earth with cold and heat

Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call

Decrease winter, and the south to bring

Seas, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll

With terror through the dark aerial ball.

Some say he bid his angels turn askance

The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more

From the sun's axle; the earth laboured much 650

Oblique the central globe: some say the sun

Was bid turn from his path of equator from

Like distant breadth to Taurus with the earth.

Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins

Up to the Tropic sign; silence down among

By Leo and the Virgo and the Scapes,

As swift as Capricorn, to bring in change

Of seasons to each clime she had on the spring

Perpetual sufs on earth with verdant flowers,

Equally to every; sun to those

Beyond the polar circles; to them day

Unbeautified alone, with the low sun.

To recompose his distance, in their sight

Had rounded still his horizon, and not known

Or east or west, which had forbid the snow

Cold Erisil, so far the polar may meet;

Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit

The sun, as from Thyseus banner, turn'd his

Horizon intended; so now had the world

Inhabited, though sinless, more than now

Avoided pinching cold, and cleaving lowest heat.

These changes in the heavens, though slow, pro-

Like change on sea and land, sidereal blast, [dis'd]

Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,

Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north

935

Of Nornumbega, and the Scaped shore,

Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,

And snow and hail, and stormy gust and flame,

Boreas and Caelus, and Argus loud,

And Thrasius, rend the woods and seas upturn;

With advance from the south the south

Not and Acheron, with thrund'rous clouds

From Serralions; swath of these as fierce

Forth rush the Levant and the Leont wind,

Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,

Stir in their cell, and all the world

Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,

Daughter of him, among th' irritations

Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy: 709

Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,

And fish with fish, and grass the herbs all leaving,

Devour'd each other: nor stood much in awe

Of man, but fed him, or with countenance grim

Toad'd on him: these were from without,

The growing miseries, which Adam saw

751

Angrily in his inoffensive shade,

To sorrow abandon'd, but worse fret within,

And in a troubled sea of passion toss'd,

That we should not have cried and complain

Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling

The evil on him brought by me, will curse

My head! if sure our ancestors impure,

For this my sake? thou art Adam: aneath thy thanks

Shall be the exasperation; so besides

May the same arm on thee, who from me

Shall with a fierce refax on me redound,

On me, as on their natural centre, light

Heavy, though on their place of fleeting joys

Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!

Did I request thee, to throw this day

From me, to me? did I solicit thee

From darkness to promote me, or here place

In this delicious garden? As my will

Concur'd not to my being, it were but right

And equal to reduce me to my dust,

Destined to resign and render back

All I receiv'd, unable to perform

Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold

The good I sought not. To the loss of that,

Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added

The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable

Thy justice seems: yet to say truth, too late,

Thy sense correct: then should have been refund'd

These terms whatever, when they were proprest

Then didst accept them; with that enjoy the good,

Then cavil the conditions? And though God

Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son

Prove dishonour, and return, Wherefore didst thou benet me? I sought it not:

Woul'st thou admit this trap to be

That proud suicide? Yet him not thy election, But natural necessity begot,

God made thee without thy own, and of his own

To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,

Thy punishment from his own; his will.

Be it so, for I am; his doom is fair;

That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770

O splendid image of my own! why delays

His hand to execute what his decree

First on this day? Why do I overlive?
PARADISE LOST. [Book X]

Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet 775
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
In the dust, now glad I would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest
And sleep secure in happy slumber, and no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel and inordinate, may show
Pursue me still, lest all I cannot die,
Less that's breath of life, the spirit of man
Which God inspired, cannot together perish 785
With this corporeal clod: then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows.
But I shall die a living death? O thought
And have I no joy then? It was but breath
Of life that sin'd: what dyes but what had life? 790
And sin? The body property hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For whole is God, Lord of all be it known.
Is he wrath also? Be it, man is not so 795
But mortal duk'ns. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? that were to
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will be drawn out 800
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In proportion, to satisfy his righour
Satisfied never? That were to extend
His sentences beyond dust and Nature's law
805
But the contrary
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to the essence of their own sphere. But say
That death be sin; one sense I accept, suppose,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
810
From the sin of the first, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity; ay, me, that fear
Commit for our sin to God so revolting
On my defencless head; both Death and I
1 815
And found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor on my part single, in me all
Pevity stands cur: fair fatirmony
That none are able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820
So disheartened how would ye bless
Me, now your curse! Ah why should all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd, 825
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? How can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all disputes
On my elevation, all my reasonable
[fail
And reasonings, though through masses, lead me
Back to the earth of my original,
831
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might I use your sense; couldst thou support
That burden rather than the earth to bear, 835
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus what thou desirest,
And what thou fearest, sly to destroy all hope
Of refuge, and conclude thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future
840
To Satan only both like crime and doom.
O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And terrors has thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plugh'd?"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
845
Through the still night, not now, as ere man fell,
Wear'some and cold, and mild, but black with air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror: on the ground 850
Ouresthech'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Cried to his death, death as of a coward
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The of his offence. Why comes not death? 855
Said he, with one thence-acceptable sight
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine and his dispensed, but death
Comes not at all, justice divine
Mends nor her slow pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, billows, dales, and bowers
With other echo late I taught thy shades
860
To answer, and resound far other echo.

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed:
But her tears and his were thus replied:

"Out of my sight, thou serpent; that same best
Enrages thee with thou lovest, thyself as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like mine, and colour resembling, may show
Thy inward crime, to warn all creatures from
Henceforth lest that too heavenly form pretended
To belliack falsehood, snare them. But for thee
I had percelled happy, had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, least when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,
Though by the Devil himself, him overzealous
To over-reach, but with the serpent meeting
Food'd and beguiled, by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, nature, proof against all assails,
And understood not all was but a show
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
Crook'd by nature, bent, in now appears,
More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out as superfluous
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without femininum, or
Seek some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then began,
And more that shall befall, incomparable
Insults and outrages on earth through female mates,
And stratit conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out true mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perswasion, but shall we gain
By a false way, or if she love, withoath,
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock'd beyond
865
To a fall adversary, his late or shame:
Against whom I'll break the spirit of calamy,
And as I afterwards must shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turnd: but Eve,
Not so repul'd, with tears that cast not flowing
And cries all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her pleading:

"Pursue me not thus, Adam; withitine heaven
What love sincere, and heaven's presence in my heart 900
I bear thee, and unweaving have offended,
Unhappiest of all men, and worst
I beg, and clasp thy knees; beare me not,
Whereas I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
In this uttermost extremity I do distress
My only strength and stay: forordan thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where shall I hide?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in life, one sain't,
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
On me already lost, me myself
More miserable: I both have sim'd, but thee,
920
Against (God only), I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heaven, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
925
Me, me only, just object of his ire."

She ended weeping, and her lovely plight
Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault
Aknowledged, and desired, in Adam wrought
Commission: so soon his heart resisted
930
To withdraw, his life to ease and sole delight
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
His conscience more and more disinclined, his aid
As one disarmed, his anger all but lost,
940
And thus with peaceful words uplift'd her soon:

"Unways", and too dexters, as before,
So now of what thou hast not, who desir'st
PARADISE LOST

Book I

The punishment all on thine soul: alas! When thou on earth first, in thy sin, didst fall, What thou wast in the earth, so thou shalt be here, calling with loud voice, I suffer! till I see
Could her high decree, I to that place, Would speak before thee, and be leader hither, That on me should all might be visited, Tyrify and infamous sex forgiven, To be equal in the same, that we espouse, But rape, let us no more content, nor blame Each other, blush'nd enough elsewhere, but strive, In offices of love, how we may lighten Each other's burden, in our share of wo; Since this day's dispensation, if I sight thee Will prove no sudden, but a slow speed evil, A long day's dying to augment our pain, And to our seed (I hapless seed,) destroy'd.

To whom then Eve, recovering heart, replied: "Adam, by test I know not how, But I know not how, nor what; but thou to thee, How little weight my words with thee can find, Found so erroneous, thence by just event Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, known by those, as I am, to place Of new acceptance, hope to regain Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart, Little was it then, when I begg'd of thee, What thoughts in my soul, my heart and breast, Tending to some relief of our extremities, Or, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable, As in our evils, and of easier choice, Had our dearer persecutions as we must, which must be born to certain we, devoured By death at last; and miserable it is To be to others cause of misery. Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring Into this cursed world a woful race, That after wretched life must be at last Feast so foul a monster; in thy power It is, yet erewhile to prevent that race. The race unblest, to being yet unbegot, Childless then art, childless remainst: So Death Shall be desciv'd his gate, and with us two Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw. But if thou judge it hard and difficult, Cheering, looking, loving, to abstain From love's due fruit, unceas'd embraces, And with desire to languish without hope, Before the present object languishing With like desire, which would be misery And torment less than none of what we dread; Thus, both ourselves and seed at once to free From what we fear for both, let us make short, Let us seek Death, or be not found, supply With our own hands his office on our selves. Why stand we longer suffering under fears, That show no end but death, and have the power, Forsook this place of evil, 
Before destruction with destruction to destroy!"

She ended here, or vehement despair Brought off the rest; so much of death her thoughts Had entered with her deeds with pain. But Adam, with such counsel nothing say'd, To reason with him as2 he was, long say'd, He warn'd her, and, thus to Eve replied: "Eve, thy contemplation of life and pleasure seems To argue in thee something more sublime And excellent than what thy mind contemns: But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes That excellence thought in thee, and implies, Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret For loss of life and pleasure overv'rd. Or if thou covet death, as us'ed end Of misery, so thinking to evade The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God Hath finish'd it, and begg'd with tears To be forsworn'd: much more I fear lest death so unprov'd will not exempt us from the pain. We see by doom to pay; rather such acts

Of centurie' will provide the highest To make death in us live. Then let us seek Some safer resolution, which methinks I have in view, in this our profound seat, Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall break The serpent's head: prithee amend, unless He now, whom we enjoy, our noble gift, Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd Against us this to resist, or to slight his power Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost By death brought on ourselves, or childless days Resolv'd as their precedent; so our fire Shall save his punishment ordain'd, and we Instead shall double ours upon our heads. No more he mentioned then of violence Against ourselves, and willful barrenness, That cuts us off from hope, and savours only Retrace and pride, impatience and despite, Reflectance against God and his just yoke Laid on our heads. Remember with what mind And gracious temper he both heard and judge'd, Without wrath or reviling: we expected Immediate dissolution, which we thought Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee Only in child-bearing were foresworn, And bringing forth, soon recommend'd with joy, which of thy womb: on me the curse shall Glance on the ground; with labour I must earn Thy toil; what harm? idleness had been worse; My labour will sustaine us: and best could Our heart should injure us, his timely care Hath unsought providence, and his bands Clothe us unworthily, playing while he judged: How much more, if we pray him, will his ear Be open, and his heart to pity incline, And teach us further by what means to shun That inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow? Would he ever the sky with various face begin To show us in this mountain, while the winds Bore waste, and keep, wasting the grateful leaues Of those fair spreading trees; which bids us seek Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star Leave cold the night, how we, his gather'd theme, Reflect, may with matter serve honest, Or by collision of two be broken. The air attire to fire, as late the clouds Justing or push with winds rude in their shock Time the slant lightning, whose stony driven down, Knocks the plating bark of fire or pine, And sends a combustible heat from far, Which might supply the sun; such fire to fire, And what may else be readily or cure To wrack which our owns midsails have wrought, He will instruct us praying, and of grace Receiving him, so as were his wish, To pass commodiously this life, sustaine'd By firm with many combats, till we end In dust, our final rest and native home, What better we can do, than to the place Repairing where he judged us provoke fall Before him reverent, and there confess Humbly our faults, not panting with tears Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, to sign Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek? Unoverly he will relent and turn From his displeasure; in whose look sorrow, When angry most he seem'd and meet severe, What else but favour, grace, and mercy shine?" So spake our father peululent, nor Eve Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell Before him reverent, and both confessed Humbly their fault, and begg'd with tears Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, to sign Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek.

END OF BOOK TENTH.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise: sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispense them; but first to reveal to Adam his coming doom. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs: he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits. The Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

THUS they in lowest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that signs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
Inspired, and wing’d for heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their part
Not of mean senators, nor important less
Seem’d their petition, than when their ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
11 Deception and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown’d, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor lost’d by the way entwined
15 Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass’d
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar burn’d,
By their great intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father’s throne: them the glad Son
Present, thus to intercede began:

"See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man, these signs
And in this golden censer, mixed
With incense, I, thy priest, before thee bring;
20 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Borne with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute; for
30 Unapt with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; his all works on me,
Good or not good, ingrati, my merit shall
35 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live
Before thee reconcili’d, at least his days
Number’d, though sad, till death, his doom,(which I
40 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem’d may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one."

55 To whom the Father, without cloud, severe:
75 "All thy request for man, accepted; not,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
Not longer in that Paradise to dwell;
70 The law I gave to nature him forbid:
Those pure immortal elements that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture feel,
Eject him tainted now and purge him off
As a dissembler, gross to air gross;
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Dispensed all things, and of corrupt
Corrupted. I at first, with two fair gifts,
Created him endow’d, with happiness
And immortality; that finally lost,
This other end but to eternize us;
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refrains
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Ward the renewal of the just,
Resign him up with heaven and earth renewed.
But let us call to mind all the bless’d
Through heaven’s wide bounds; from them we will
not hide
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with innocent angels late they saw,
And in their state, though firm, stood once con
firmed."

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch’d; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Orcus since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more 75
75 And sawd at general doom. Th’ angelic blast
Fills all the regions: from their blissful bowers
Of Amarantin azure, shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, wherever they sat
In felicissimis of joy, the sons of light.
80 Hunted, according to the amansio high,
And took their seats: till from his throne supreme
Th’ Almighty thus pronounces his sovereign will:

"O sons, like one of as man it become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that delicious fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier had it suffi’d him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrow’s new, repent, and pray contends,
My motions in him: longer than they spend,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Let therefore his new holder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live.
For ever, to remove him I decree
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whose he was taken, fit for soil.
85 And Michael, this my bestest have thou in charge:
Take to thee from among the cherubim

86
Paradise Lost.

Goodnight of all the forest, heart and head.

Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their light. 190
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chasing
Up, and sought for, me to the Presence of God.

"O Eve! we shall further chance meet us by night,
Which heaven by these same signs in nature shows;
Perfunctory of his purpose, or to warn
Us, haply too soon, the better.
From purpose, because from death released,
Some days; how long, and what shall then our life,
Who knoweth? Or more than that, we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more? 360
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight permit't in th' air, and over the ground,
One way the south-west bear? Why in the east,
Departing in his mid-course, and morning light
More outset in you western closed, that doth
Over the blue disrenovate a radiant rose,
And showed, with something heavenly fraught?"

He could not, for by this the heavenly hands
Down from a sky of garter lighted new
In Paradise, and on a hill made bats;
A glorious apparition, had not doubts
And casual fear, that day divested Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels seat
Jacob in Machirain, where he say
The Saki pavilion'd with his guardians bright:
Nor that which on the flouncing mount appear'd
In Dathan, covered with a cloud of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, manessias like had bruised him;
Or we unproclaim'd. The prudently hierarch
In their bright stand there left his powers to sate
Possession of gardens, abodes, and places,
To find where Adam shoul'd, take his way,
Wrote with such the great antithesis, thus spoke:

"Eve! now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will unseen determine, or impress
New laws upon us, and I today
From yonder blazing cloud that voids the hill,
One of the heavenly host, and by his gait
None of the moment, some great pontiff,
Or of the thrones above; such majesty
Invenes him on high, by that no less
That I should fear, nor sociably smile,
As Raphael, that I should mance conde,
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thee retire."

He ended; and the archangel seem diew high,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
That meet to meet, and common speech
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Minoan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by aged
In time of truce; Iris had dip'd the woof
His starry helm unembroider'd and his price
In manhood, where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glittering sidory, hanging the sword,
Adam bow'd low; he kingly, from his state
Incited not, but his coming thus declar'd 250

"Adam! heaven's high breast no produce needs;
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
Then due by sentences when thou eldest transcends,
Defeated of his estate, many days
Given these of grace, whereat though may repose,
And one bad act with many deeds well does
May's cover'd, may when thy Lord, appear'd,
Requiem thee from quite death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to stand,
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden, till
The ground whose greenery, forever lie.

He added not, for Adam at the new
Heart-struck with chilling grips of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound: Eve, who unseen,
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? Thus last,
Thee, native soil of this and shames?
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day

PARADISE LOST.  [Book XI]

That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last.

All around, I loved us up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names;
What shade was fit, to all, when it comes.
Years, tribes, and water of th' ambrosial pool?

Thrice leafy, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd?

When wherewith a manner woman came from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild:

What first thou hast lost; i' the next art thou,
Thus ever-fed, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband: him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this from the cool sudden damp
Resuming, and his scurr'd spirits renewed,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd:

"Celestial! whether among the thrones, or soul'd
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Foremost above princes, gently hast thou said,
Thy message, which might else to telling would,
In performing say: what that besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tiding bring,
Deserture from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only conso'nation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhabituable, and desolate;
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if by prayer
Increase I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not come
To weary him with my madd'ning cries;
But Angels argue, no more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown still back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great hiding I submit;
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from the soul I shall be hurl'd,
My blessed conjunction; here I could frequent
With worship, place, by place, where he wou'd say
'Sence presence, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among those pieces his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd;" he said,
So many grateful arts I would rear
Of gracious turf, and pile up every stone
Of nature from the brook, in memory,
To mount the thrones
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers,
In every world whereon I might see
His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
To life and triumph, by the hand
I gladsly behold, though his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael with regard bestow'd:

"Adam! thou know'st heaven's his, and all the earth.
Not this rock only: his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and war'd:
All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despotic gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come.
From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate
And reverence their great progenitor.
But this pre-ordination thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet count not yet in valley and in plain
God's power will be found apace,
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Shall come in future days.
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.

Nor may'st thou for any reason be con而是d,
Eye thou from hence departure; know, I am sent
Thick sentinel, to keep thee in these days
To thee, and to thy offspring: good with bad
Expect to hear, supernatural grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And plains sorrow, equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shall thou lead
Saith thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy reasonable mind, and th' ways that he comes.
... Ascend this hill: let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight-walk'st;
As once thou slight, while Eve to life was form'd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd:

"Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide: the path
That lead'st me, and to the hand of heaven submit,
However chanting, to the errant thrus
My obvious strength, to return among
By suffering, and turn rest from labour won.
... So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill,
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Strength'st out to th' ampest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill, or wider looking round,
Whereon, for diff' rent cause, the tempter set
The second Adam in the wilderness.
To show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might trace thence everything of sound
In city of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the decla'd walls
Of Carthage, seat of Cathalan Can,
And Samarachand by Oux, Tenim's throne,
To Faes, and Faes, the Slat King's,
To Agra, and Labor, of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Cenomenes, or where
The Persian court was, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Czar
In Moscow, or the Sultan in Bizaarn,
Turksh-ground: could this eye net ken
Th' empire of Nebus, to his utmost port
Bersa, and the meanest countries:
Mombaza, and Qulla, and Melid,
And Safila, thought on, to the realm
Of Congress, and Angola farthest south,
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almeros, Fez, and Siss,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremissen;
To Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world; in spirit prays he also saw
Rich Mexico the seat of Montezuma,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabaquia, and yet unspeak'd
Uganda, whose great city Goyor's sons
Call Rio, Boma. But innumerable
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bread; then purify'd with eyewash and rue
The visual nerve, for he laid much to see;
And thence from the well of life three drops instill'd,
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
Even to his mortal spirit, to th' heart together.
That Adam, now enforc'd to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entr'acte;
But his soul and noble spirit
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd:

"Adam! now one thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought.
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd 416
Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspired,
Nor stimul'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds."

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Port arable and till'd, whereon were sheaves
New reap'd, the other part spelt, and opium fields;
'Th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood
Rustic, of grassy sod: thither men
A figure from his village brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,453
Unscald, as came to hand; a shepherds seat
Here made, came with the firstfruits of his flock
Cholesen and sent: then sacrificing, said
The invoc'd and the incense strong
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
His offerings soon pos sonrasında fire from heaven
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam
The other's not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat the + heard, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midst with a stone
That beat, and beat, till he fell, and did deadly pole
Groun'd his own soul with gushing blood effus'd.
Such at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to estrang'd cry'd
PARADISE LOST.

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"O teacher, some great mischief hath befallen
The others, and the wise have punished;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

To whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, replied:
"These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of the garden, for he hath been in vain,
For envy that his brother's offering found.
From heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd, and th'o' other's faith oppress
Loss of reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore." To which our sire

"Also, both for the deed, and for the cause!
But hast thou now seen death? Is this the way
You must return to native dust? O sight
Of which, that sight, ever keep me from,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"

To whom thus Michael: "Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as th' saws, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine; by intercourse more
In meals and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Incessant dire, of which a monstrous new
Before thee shall appear: that thou mayst know
What harm'st, and what'st in desolation,
Shall bring on men." Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, lonely, dark,
And stony-head, wherein it seemed dead.
Numbers of all disease, all maladies
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Corruptions, epidemics, fierce outbursts,
Intestine stone and ulcer, cholic pangs,
Demoniac phrensy, moying melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, piping atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropey's, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Fire was the toasting, deep the groans: despair
Tended the sick, utmost from couch to couch; despair
And over them triumphed Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to stroke, though oft invok'd
With vows, as that chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform'd what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold: Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born: compassion quail'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And scarce recovering words, his plaint renewed:

"O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state resul'd!
Better and here uniform. Why is life given
To love and weal us? Rather why Obedred
Us on our legs, and in our bonds, and look
Who we are life offered, or who we are, to live.
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismuss'd in peace. Can thus
Men die, who, having done best, so good
So gooly and erect, though faintly since,
That 'twas a precious sight, and his soul,
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deform'd be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?"

"Their Maker's image," answered Michael, "then
Persuadn them, when themselves they vilified
To serve unmonger'd spirits, and took
His image whom they scorn'd, a brutish vice,
Infrac'd, and vain to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so object his punishment,
Disquieting not God's likeness, but their own,
Ow'ring his likeness, by themselves defe'n.
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
The deathless cause, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves."

"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we must come
To our demesne, now with our mortal dust?"

"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from
Pleasure, and thus no more to mention light
Till many years over thy head return,

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not hastily pluck'd, for death mature;
This is old age; but then thou must outlive change,
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then
Pensive, all taste of pleasure is forgot,
To what thou hast; and for the sire of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A banish'd bloom of cold and dry
To weigh the spirits down, and last consume
The calm of life." To whom our ancestor:

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor will prolong
Life much; bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumb'rous charge,
Which I must bear, till I have another day
Of rending up, and patiently attend
My dissolution." Michael replied.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou
Live well, how long or short permit to heaven:
And now prepare thee for another sight."

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain,
Whereon were tens of various hue; but some were lord
Of cattle grazing: others, whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chimes:
Worship was heard a' round, and organ; and some cro'd
Their stops and chords were seen; his valiant teach
Mastered through all projects, low and high,
Proud and profound transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who at the forge,
Forging, ting, spurring, forging the iron and brass
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wassal woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, those silvery gleaming heat
To some cave's mouth, or whether w'd be by stream
From underground,) the liquid ore he draw'd with
Into fit moulds prepar'd: from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be
Pax or gnav in metal. After these, (wrested
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neigh'nng horses, which was their
Down to the plain descending; by their guise: some
Glad men they seem'd, and all their sable bent
To worship God, and know his work.
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gait and wanion dress; to 't harp they sang
That various dozzin' and in dances came on.
The men, tho' grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
Love without rival, till in the amorous net
Past caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
And now they flew, till 'd even the star,
Love's harbing, appeared; th'm all in heat
They light upon, the vapour cloud and his invoke.
Hymns, then first to marriage-rites involv'd,
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Each happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, gardans, flowers,
Faining eyewitness charm the heart's sweet
Of Adam, soon inclin'd t' submit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd:

"True opener of mine eyes, prime angel bless'd!
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends."

To whom thus Michael: "Judge not what is
By pleasure, though to nature seeming best,
Best created, as to th' eye, to noender,
Holy and purity in all, and least in last.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the seats
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Whose sire his brother: studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventions rare,
Incredible of their Maker, though his Spirit
Tught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a heautious dispilng shall beget;
So that fair tree might be sav'd, that seem'd
Of godliness, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, with hard concord.
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to slay, to dance
To dress, and toll the tongue, and roll the eye.

F 2
PARADISE LOST.

[Book XL.]

To these, that sober race of men, whose lives
Bought with the blood of God, new these what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment; 710
Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold."

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite
changed
The brazen trough of war had cease'd to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game;
To luxury and lust, free love and dance; 715
Marrying or prostituting, as befiel;
Rape or adultery, where passing fair.
All'd 'em; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of the homeوار則paces ii،ii،ii
And testified against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereas met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls.
In Christ's dispensment; 725
But all in vain: when which he saw, he ceased
Contending; and restor'd his tens fair off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk; 730
Measur'd his work, length, and breadth, and height,
Smeard round with pitch, and in the side a door
Constru'd; and of provision laid in large
For man and beast: when lo, a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small
 Came none, nor pair, and enter'd in, as taught
Their orders; last the sire, and his three sons,
With their four wives; and (God made that the floor.
Moreover the scions, and rose, and with black
wings
Wide bearing, all the clouds together drew
From her high hills to their supply swift 740
Vapour, and exhalation dust and mist,
Sett'ring therein, and now the thick'ning sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen; and the floating vessel aware
Upheld, and secure with beaked prow
Headed o'er the waves: all dwellers on earth
Fled overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water rallied; sea cover'd sea,
E'en without sea; 750
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous long.
All left, in one small bottom swam ramb'd.
How'd wish'd thou grieve them, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy persecution, end so sad,
Despoulation? these another flood,
Of lewes and savours! a flood thou also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; ill gently would
By th' angel, on thy feet thou wouldst a last,
No more, as when our father Moses 760
His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to th' angel utter'd thus thy plaint:
As visions till foreseen! better had I
Lived haunt of fruits; he had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear, that were dispens'd
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Aborting, to torment me evermore, their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold; what shall befell
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel,
Grievous to bear; but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn; those few escadr'y,
Famine and anguish will at last consume,
Wandering that wretched. I had heat
When violence was cease'd, and war on earth, 780
All would have then gone well, peace would have
crownd;
With length of happy days, the race of man:
But I was wrong: I was deceived:
Peace to corrupt no less than war to wage.
How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,
And with what time of life man shall end, 785
To whom thus Michael: "Those whom last
thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of sin and guilt,
And great exploits, but of true virtue void:
790
PARADISE LOST.

Paine in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Sorrows, and last, all wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship basile deeds in peace.
The conquest also, and enslav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose;
And fear of God, from whom their bliss spring'd,
In sharp comest of battle found me nigh.
Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal,
These forlorn shall practice how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their fates
Shall leave them to enjoy; for 'th' earth shall bow
More than enough, that temperance may be tried:
So shall all partisan, all depraved,
Justice and temperance, truth and faith forget;
One man except, the only son of light.
In a dark age, against example good,
Against alienation, custom, and a world
Offended; featur of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, by their wicked ways
Shall them overthrow, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace, announcing wrath to come
On their impudence; and shall return
Of them divided, but of God observed.
The one just men alive: by his command
Shall build a wand'rest ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household from midst
A world deviate to universal wrack.
No sooner he, with them of man and beast
Selected, shall in the ark be lodg'd,
And shelter'd round, but all the creatures
Of heaven, set spirit, and earth, shall fear
Rain, day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, shall have the ocean to surpase
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horrid flood,
With all his verdure spoli'd, and trees stripp'd,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and bare.
The haunts of seals, and orca, and sea-mon's clast:
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who thence frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840
Which now stole: for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen north wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkl'd the face of dewfl, as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass
Girt the flood, waves lengthy drew, 845
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb to flood,
With soft foot w'ards the deep, who now had stopp'd
His sinless, as the heaven his windows shut.
The ark no more now floated, but seen on ground,
Put on the tops of some high mountain fix'd,
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Footfood from out the ark a fresh flame:
And after him, the viler messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground wherein his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:
And dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his kind:
Thus with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to heaven, over his head beholds
A d'v'ry cloud, and in the cloud a bow,
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Blessing the peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejo'ed: and thus his joy broke forth:

"O them who future things cannot represent
As present, heavenly instructor, I inspire
At this last sight, ascertain'd that man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streams in heaven,
Distended as the brow of God appear'd,
Or swell'd as a flower in haste,
The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and shower the earth?"

To whom th' archangel: "Dext'rously thou art
So willingly our God must rise.
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all a fire
Corrupting every way; yet, those remov'd,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 850
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein or beast; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd bow, wherein to look,
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed-time, and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things
New, both heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell."
BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed: then, in the vision of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that soul of the woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall. His incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and reconciled by these relations and promises, descends the steps of the Mount, according to the law of God who all this while had walked and talked with him. He delivers these visions to the angel, who, all this while had walked and talked with him. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword moving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

AS one who in his journey batest at noon,
That best on sleep, and here the channel pass'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose;
Then wish transition sweet new speech resumes.

"Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Mach thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense.
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

"This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the duty,
With some regard to what is just and right,
Shall lead their lives, and multiply space,
Interseting the soil and seeding plentiful cows,
Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or flock,
Of exercising bullocks, bulls, or kine,
With large wares-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast
Shall spend their days in joy unbridled, and dwell
Long time in peace, to be families and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved.
Over his brethren, and quite displease
Counsel and law of nature from the earth.
Hunting and war, and war shall be his game.
With war and hostile enmity such as refuse
Submission to his empire tyrannous.
A mighty haunter thence he shall hastily
Before the Lord, as in despite of heaven,
Or from heaven claiming second sovereignty;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannies,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurgue
Bails out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven;
And get themselves a name, lest, far dispairs
In foreign lands, their memory be lost.
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit mans
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, and beholding so
Comes down to see their city, or the tower
Dread heaven-towers and in detestation seas
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rare
Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forwith a hideous gobbled gobbled sound
Among the builders: each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage.
As mock'd, they storm: great laughter wax'd
In heaven,
And looking down, to see the babble babble
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Wherefore thus Adam fatherly displeas'd:
"O execrable son, so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurped, from God not given:
He gave us only over heart, soul, bow.
Dominion absolute: that right we hold
By his donation; but man over man
He made not lord: such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his enchainment proud
Stay not on man: to God his tower shall
Singe and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thereto to sustain
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds shall stretch: his extrava grace,
And furnish him of breath, if not of bread.

To whom thus Michael: "Justly thou abhorrest
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original tape, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Tyr'nd, and far from hath no dividual being.
Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since he permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undiscerningly trample
His outward freedom: tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thought no excuse
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd
Deprieveth them of their outward liberty.
Their inward lost. Witness thir irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
Dome to his father heard his heavy curse,
Swallows him with his best, but lest they pass
At on dry land between two crystal walls,
Awe'd by the red of Moses to stand
Divided, till his removed six hundred, without share.
Such wondrous power God to his spirit will add;
Half of the sea, he shall lift up to height.
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
To guide them in, to be inviol'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring;
Behind them, while the ordinary king pursues.
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God, looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And cause their chariot-wheel: when by command,
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his red eves;
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war: the race elect,
Safe towards Canaan, from the shore advance
Through the sea, in the midst the oldest way
Lest entering on the Canaanitish alarm
War terrify them in sport, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Ingracious life with servitude; for life
To take his place, and to his calling;
Unimmured in areas, where death leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness, there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose
Through the stream, by laws unknown,
God from the midst of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall shun, he becoming, will himself
Through the road, thunder, and loud trumpter sound,
Obliterate laws; part such as appear
To civil justice, part religious law,
Of sacrifice, informing men, by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
Tantalized is in distress; they say:
That Moses might repent of his will,
And terror come: he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God he is access
Without meditating, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell;
By his protest a sanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, wherein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant, over all their sons
A mercy-seat of gold between the wings
Of two bright cherubim, of gold, that shelter
From God's presence;
His people from inquisition, they return
With glory and spoil back to their promised land,
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
beatem down with blindness and destructions; the sea
Blood stained the rivers must be turn'd;
Dead men, with fire, must seed the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours, not bark, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of confusion everywhere;
The river dragon shall at length submit;
To his governors depart, and beyond
Houses his host, but still, as it was
More harder after that, till in his rage
Passing where he late dismissed, the sea

"Servant of servants," of his chiefest men.
That which will latter, in the former world,
Still need from this word, save, till God at last,
Of his missandry, with his sheep.
His presence from amongst them, and avert
Him to his rough present, must it be known
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to select
From all that is to be-involved,
A nation from one faithful man to spring;
On his side Embraces yet residing.
But not in, in idol-worship; of such men
(Though thou believe) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch it, who could shed the flood,
As to forswake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work, in wood and stone
Pur gods? Yet him God the Most High vouchsafed
To call by vision from his father's house;
His kindred and false gods, into a land
Which he will show him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and anoint him king
His benediction as, that in his seed
All nations shall be bless'd; he straight obey's,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
I leave him to my brethren, and mine own to
Ut of Gilead, passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a curious train
Of wheels, and locks, and numerous vittals; but
Not wond'ring poor, but trusting all his woot.
With God he travel's, and to rest by laws unknown.
Canaan he now attains: I use his tents
Purch'd about Shechem, and the neighboring plain
Of lightnings; there he received
Gift to his progeny of all that land.
From Hannah northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unseen
From Haran east to the great western sea;
Mounts Immortals, each place beheld
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mounts Ganados, here the double-fountain stream
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to bear, that long ridge of hills.
This posture, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed; by that seed
I mean the great Deliverer, who shall bruise
Thy power, and rend thy arm, and must an
Painful shall be travail'd.
This patriarch bless'd,
Whose faithful Abraham die time shall call;
A son, and of his son a grandchild leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The same which with increase depart
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, digressing at seven mouths
Into the sea; to syrens in that land,
Their graces inviteth his younger son
In time of death; a son whose worthy deeds
But little can be made of what he did that day.
Of Pharaoh; there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation; and now grown
Subsequent, king's on throne to seek
To stop their evergrowth, as innate guests
The wickedness of nations, or generations make them
Inexhaustible, and kills their infant males: leaves
Till by two brethren [those two brethren call
Milk and honey from God's own claim
His people from inquisition, they return
With glory and spoil back to their promised land,
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
beatem down with blindness and destructions; the sea
Blood stained the rivers must be turn'd;
Dead men, with fire, must seed the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours, not bark, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of confusion everywhere;
The river dragon shall at length submit;
To his governors depart, and beyond
Houses his host, but still, as it was
More harder after that, till in his rage
Passing where he late dismissed, the sea

Here Adam interprets:
"O sea is from heaven, 270
Enlightener of these discovered things
Thus hast revel'd, those chiefly which concerns
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much ear'd.
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would be
Of tree and all mammal; but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be bless'd
Favor unmerited by me, who sought
Wrath of God by understanding means.
Yet this I apprehend not, why to these
A man whom God will dwell on earth,
So many and so various laws are given
So many laws argue so many sons
Among them; how can God with such residue?"
PARADISE LOST.

To whom thus Michael: 'Twas doubt not that my soul
Would reign among them, as of them were.
And therefore was law given them to enforce
Their natural power up:
Sin against law to right: that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiaticns, whose
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Sin, that no blood more precious must be paid for man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousnesses,
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace of conscience, which the law by ceremonies cannot apprehend, nor man the moral part.
Perform, and, not performing, cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and last but
With purpose to reign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, dispens'd,
For man's conversion, and his return to God.
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear.
To fill, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Vividly before, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead:
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus, call,
His High and holy office, what shall read
The adversary serpent, and bring back,
Through the world's wilderness, long wander'd man.
He was till eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan plac'd,
Long time they prosper'd, but when wise
National interrupt their public peace.
Proving God to raise them eminently.
It filled them with joy, and they to peace.
By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both under faith, his name
And pious deeds, a promise shall receive
Irreconcilable, that his royal throne
For ever shall be, the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock
Of David: (o name this king shall rise
A Son, the woman's seed to thee, shall trust
Foretell to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for all reign shall be so end.
But first a long succession must cause,
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wandering wall of his, and shall be seen.
Such follow him as shall be register'd
Part good, part bad; of all the lectioner's scroll,
Whose feud states, and other faults,
Hospitl to the popular sin, will so incense
to leave them, and expose their land.
Their city, his temple, and his holy art,
With all his sacred things, a song and pray
To that proud city, whose high walls then saw
Left in confusion, Babylons Pieace call'd.
For he let them dwell,
The space of seventy years, then brings them back,
Norman, and his covenant crown
To David, stablish'd as the days of heaven.
Return'd from Babylon, by leave of kings,
Of God disp distracting of the curse
They first re-established, and for a while
A month underdone, till groan
In wealth and multitude, fictions grow; but
First among the priests descension springs,
Who attendant, and should most
Endeavour peace; their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself; at last they seem
The sceptre, and regard not David's son.
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born.
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star
Unseen before in heaven, prophesies him come,
Aed all nations, who shall be blest.
His place, to offer innocent, and gold.
His place of birth, a sacred starts given,
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
They sing, and muse, he hears his carol song:
A virgin is his mother; just size
The child in God's Most High: he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign.
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the

He cread, deceiving Adam with such joy
Suckford's, as had, like grief, been deep't in tears.
Without the vent of words which these he breath'd:

"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope; i know I understand [rain;]
What oft my steadfast thoughts have search'd in
Why man, so dear, should be call'd
Of God Most High; so God with man unites
New birth; and make his capital
Expect with mortal pain: says where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's

"To whom thus Michael: 'Twas dream of theirs
As of a dust, or the local wounds [light:
Of head or heel; not therefore join the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to fall
Thy enemy; nor is over come
Writ' from the sullen, also by the deader's bruise:
Disabled to give thee the death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall receive,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be:
Of thou didst wish that thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impairs
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The pain to the transgression due
And due to theirs which out of time will grow:
Many can high justly be appeale.

Of God at least he shall fail
Both by obedience and love, through love
As one half, in thy punishment.
He shall endure by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful and cursed death,
To a life, which to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
According to the word, his faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated. be blasphemed,
Cut by the sword, for he and death condemned
A shameful and accursed, cast to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he calls thy enemies.

The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction: so he doeth
And soon revives; death over him no power
Shall long uare: ere the third dawning light
Return, and the stars of men shall see him rise
Out of his grave, as fresh as the dawning light
The reason paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace.
He is not void of works. This godlike act [God,
Annuls thy doom, the death. thou shouldest have
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,
Far deeper in the depth of his great distress
That temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel,
Or long life, that of death, even death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.

See after resurrection he shall stay
There earth the common times to appear
To his disciples, men who is life,
Dealing to him; to them shall he leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn
And his salvation, then who shall believe
Sending in the prudent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pere, and in mind prepar'd as so befall,
For death, like that with the Redeemer died.
All nations they shall teach: for from that day
Not only the sons of Abraham's life
Satisfaction shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith whatever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
Then to the heavens of heavens shall he ascend
With victory, triumphant through the sky.
Over his foes and things; there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Death, in his, and with him, all his fellows:
Then enter into glory, and receive
His seat at God's right hand, and exalted high.
Above all names in heaven; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
True glory and power to judge both quick and dead.
To judge all; and doth this faithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in heaven or earth, for then the earth
Book XII.

Paradise Lost

Shall all be Paradise, for happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

463

So spake the arvolume Michael, then saw,
As at the world's great period; and our size,
Repose with joy and wonder, thus replied:

"0 goodness infinite! goodness immense!
The Father's cause, the world's salvation;
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
That what we creation brought forth
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasion'd, or resist
475
Much more, that much more good thereof shall
To God more, more good-will to men (spring,
From God), and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven
Must recede, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful host,
Then, these enemies of God who then shall guide
His people, who defend, will they not do
480
Worse with his followers than with them they dealt?"

"Be sure they will," said th' angel; "but from heaven
485
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall swell
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith,
Working, through love, upon their hearts shall
To judge them works of God in heaven and earth,
490
With spiritual armours, able to resist
Satans, with his fiery darts;
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With undaunted constancy,
And oft supported so shall amaze
Their present and future care: for the Spirit
495
Pour'd first on th' Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Of hers, shall they with wonder and gods endure
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they then
Great numbers of each nation to receive (length,
With joy the tidings brought from heaven at
Their ministry performed, and now well run,
500
Their doctrine and their story written left,
Their prey; in all their relations, their works,
Scribes enough for teachers, gracious wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
505
In more and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taken,
Left only in these written records pure,
Though not but by the spirit understood.
Their sins shall fill themselves of names,
510
Places, and titles, and with these to lose
Secular power, though filling still to set
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, provid'ed alike and given
To all believers, as their present,
515
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
Upon every conscience: loves which now shall find
Left them sour'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall bear on the heart engrave. What will they
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and blast
520
His consort Liberty? What, but unbridled
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith not another's? for on earth
Who obtains Real satisfaction can be heard
Infallible? Yet many will presume;
525
Wives heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of spirit and truth; the rest far greater part,
Will deem them sects, ridiculous forms
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire
530
Beseech with stand'd vassals, and works of faith
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on.
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
With this, that not all men, till the day
Appearance of resurrection to the just
535
All respectable to the wicked, at return
Of so laud'd a spirit, from the ground
The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now with arvolume God, and th' Lord
540
Lost in the clouds from heaven to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his princes then raise
From the conf lagrant mass, pury'd and refin'd,
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,
545
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

He ended; and thus Adam last replied:

"How soon hath thy prediction, dear beloved!
Measurer of this transient world, the space of time,
Till then saved (as?) beyond in all ages,
550
Eternity, whose end no man can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain
Beyond which was my father's spirit.
555
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with four the only God, to walk
At his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Mortify ever all his works, with good
560
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things done with weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply teach; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest virtue,
565
And to the faithful death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bless'd."

To whom thus all th' angel last replied:

"This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the aim
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou know'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
566
In heaven, in earth, in air, in sea,
And all the riches of this world, enjoy'd,
570
And all the rules, customs, and laws of the
Deeds thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
And virtue, patience, tenacious, add love,
By name to call and know each other's soul.
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
575
To leave this Paradise, but shall possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend therefore from this top
Suggestion; for the hour precise
Exacting our parting hence; and see the guards
580
By me encamped on this hill, expect
Their motion, at whose from a flaunting wind,
In signal of remove, waves heretofore round
We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve;
585
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd,
Pertaining good, and all the spirits compact
To mock submission; then at season fit
Let her with these parakeet what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
590
The great deliverance by her seed to come
(Fair by the Woman's Seed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days.
Both in one faith unanimous though sat.
For everlast, ye must much more chear'd
595
With meditation on the happy end.""}

He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay; and there the Spirit was with her, and
And thus with words not sad she receiv'd:
600
"Whence thou return'st, and whither wentest I know"

For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with that heart a distress
Weareth, I fall asleep: but now lead on
605
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here: without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwill'd: thou to me
Art all things known: all places know;
Who for my wilt arbiter art usless here.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence: who knows what is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
610
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore."

So make our mother Eve, and Adam heard
614
Well pleas'd, but with one word too now too much
Th' archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The cherubim were descended from the ground
Gilding meteorous, as evening mist
618
Bisons from the earth with bison's heads,
And gashers ground fast at the labor's feet
Horr'd returning: high in front advanc'd
The translation's sword of girt behind them guard
Fiercely as a comet; which with toret heat,
623
And vapour as the Libyan air shoot,
PARADISE LOST.

Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direst, and down the cliff as fast
To the subdued plain; then disappear'd.

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces through'd and fiery arms;
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

They, hand in hand, with wond'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE END.
PARADISE REGAINED,

A Poem,

BY JOHN MILTON.
PARADISE LOST.

Began to perch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjugated plain; then disappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat;
With dreadful faces through'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them
soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and
slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE END.
PARADISE REGAINED,

A Poem,

BY JOHN MILTON.
INVENTION has been justly called the "very soul of poetry." That noble faculty first prompted man to become a poet, and inspired him with sentiments and language above the standard of ordinary life. It supplies in a great measure the deficiency of human knowledge, and contributes largely to our intellectual pleasures, by opening, as it were, a new creation, in which the imagination may expatiate and regale itself. When united with a sound judgment, and fed by those inexhaustible stores of solid information which are accessible only to the favourite sons of science, its productions are among the richest treasures of literature. Of this we have a memorable proof in the works of our immortal author, who, with an unparalleled felicity of invention and dignity of thought, has provided for his countrymen such fare as our successors in the scale of created intelligence might not disdain to taste, and thereby raised to himself a monument more durable than brass.

The Paradise Lost of Milton is, perhaps, the finest performance that ever dropped from the pen of an unsullied mortal man; and in the splendour of its fame his other admirable works have been eclipsed, and their beauties neglected. It will not, however, be too much to say that such a Poet could never write but in the true spirit of his art; especially on a subject so intimately connected with that grand effort of his genius as the Poem which is here reprinted. He would feel himself quite at home, for it is indeed the after-birth of that immense conception. His dramatic personae are chiefly those whose ancient exploits he had formerly recorded in celebral verse. He celebrates the same DIVINE HERO—encounters his old adversary. They would call forth all the energies of his mind on the principle of association of ideas; and indeed it is a striking proof how deeply he was enamoured with his subject, that after he had escaped with immortal honour from his first "adventurous flight," he should again try the strength of his plumes, and voluntarily incur the difficulties inevitable in constructing a Poem of such classical beauty. He thus proposes his theme:

I who erewhile the happy garden sung
By one man's lowbred feet, now rise again
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind.

And with the confidence of a veteran in sacred song he invokes the spirit of inspiration:

Inspire
As thou art sweet my prompted song, arise, mate,
And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds
With propitious wing, full summer'd to tell of deeds
Above heroic.

The narrative then commences with the narration of John the Baptist, and the Saviour's attendance on that significant rite. The solemn recognition of his Sonship, both by the Baptist, and the voice from heaven, is supposed to have informed Satan, who, roving still

About the world, at that assembly seemed
Would not be last—

The dignity of his person. "Astonished and appalled at the attestations given to him, and apprehensive that his own empire was on the eve of annihilation, he hastens to summon a council of his peers, to devise means of preventing the dreaded catastrophe. His speech at the opening of the conclave is a compound of hollow malice, envy, and trepanation; and finely supports the character which the Poet had assigned to him in the Paradise Lost. His infernal auditors, dismayed at the prospect of approaching ruin, eagerly accept his proposal to try the same wiles on the second Adam which had so awfully succeeded with the first.

Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thrilled

* In another respect it deserves high commendation. The fond is involved in doubt and ignorance (two most fruitful sources of misery;) not invested with that kind of omniscience which ignorant persons are apt to ascribe to him.
A CRITIQUE ON

In Adam's overthrow, and led their march, From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light. Rejoiced, and potentates, and kings, yes gods, Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.

Having received his commission, he is prompt to fulfill it. He repels to the coast of Jordan in search of the Redeemer. Meanwhile the Eternal Father, who sits on the throne of universal empire, superintending the vast concerns of his providence, and every event, informs the inhabitants of heaven of the machinations of Satan, and predicts his final confusion and overthrow.

The most important part of the action now draws on.—Intent on the great work of human redemption, and musing how he may best enter upon his public ministry, the Hope of Israel is led into the desert, as, by its deep solitude, according with the holy meditations of his mind. It would be difficult to find in the whole compass of poetry a more beautiful composition than the soliloquy which is here put into his mouth: it contains sentiments worthy of an incarnate God, and, with the exception of a line or two, exactly suits the character of the adorable Jesus as delineated in the sacred pages. With infinite simplicity he takes a review of the thoughts and actions of his childhood, all marking him out as more than man. Imagination cannot conceive of higher thoughts and more glorious designs than those which filled the bosom of the infant Saviour. He considers himself as born to promote all truth, to subdue and quell brute violence and tyranny over all the earth, till equity and justice were freed from restraint, and restored in their purity to the world; to instruct and guide the meek,—

By winning words to conquer willing hearts
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
To reclaim erring souls;—and to execute the most signal vengeance upon the incorrigible enemies of truth and righteousness.

In this delightful retrospect, and in reflecting on the late extraordinary apparition at his baptism, and the awful train of labours and sufferings which awaits him, he beguiles forty days and nights in the horrid shades of the pathless desert. The wild beasts know their Creator, and pay him homage.

They at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; his walk
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.

At length he hungered. Here is an opportunity for the adversary to inject his temptations by inducing a distrust in the providence of God, and he embraces it. By a happy device of the Poet, he is introduced in the garb of a peasant, who, from such simple subjects as might be supposed to interest a poor inhabitant of the confines of a desert, is artfully made to turn his conversation on the baptism of John; to recognize Jesus as the person to whom the magnificent ascription of Godhead was made by the venerable Baptist; and to demand the exertion of his almighty powers for the relief of his own wants, and those of his impoverished neighbours.

This artifice, however, is too weak to cover him from the omniscient eye of the Son of God. He is detected in his disguise. A conversation ensues, which manifests the wisdom, authority, and inflexible holiness of the Redeemer, and the hypocrisy, treachery, minstrelsy, and despair of the Tempter, and puts a period to the first book of Paradise Regained.

The second book introduces some of the disciples of Jesus, (afterwards his Apostles) who on the testimony of the Baptist, and the voice from heaven, had received him as the true Messiah. In the midst of their rejoicings that he who should redeem Israel had appeared, his sudden retirement into the wilderness gives a blow to their hopes, and rouses the maternal anxiety of his mother. A soliloquy of equal tenderness and beauty is put into the mouth of the latter. The prominent features of Mary's character appear to have been meekness, patience, and a thoughtful, ruminating turn of mind. They are all admirably copied and supported in this exquisite composition, which breathes heroic fortitude, implicit acquiescence in the will of Heaven, and a disposition calmly to wait the issue of those stupendous events which were yet in embryo, but which, with unruffled confidence in the divine veracity, she expected to see accomplished.

Meanwhile the adversary returns,
Up to the middle region of thick air;
Which the Poet, with excellent propriety, has made the seat of his empire,* to give his delicious report, to prepare his desperate coadjutors for the worst, and demand succours. The speech of Belial, and Satan's answer, transport us in imagination back to old Pandemonium: not because they are sterile copies, but as marked and highly finished originals of the effusions of the same personages in that memorable assembly. The former advises that objects calculated to raise sensual desires in the mind of the Redeemer should be set before him; but Satan, who by proof had learned that he was not to be taken with such a bait, proposes to try him with manlier objects, such as carry a show of worth, of honour, of glory, and popular applause, rocks whereon the greatest men have often been wrecked; or with such as seem to satisfy the lawful desires of nature. And as he now hangers in a place where no sustenance as to be found, he determines to improve an opportunity carved out exactly to his wishes. He selects a band of witty spirits, and after instructing each to play his part, if there should be any need of their services, he takes his flight back to the desert. There he finds

* See Eph. ii. 2.
the Redeemer consultant himself under the cravings of bodily appetite with a cheerful trust in the providence of God. At the approach of night he lays him down under the covert of some thick-woven trees. He sleeps—and dreams of the sweet refreshments which the exhausted state of his body requires. He imagines himself to be by the brook Cherith, and sees the ravens morning and evening bringing Elijah his food. He is then transported into the deserts, and sees the Prophet, how he slept under a juniper tree, then how he awakened, and was hidden by the angel to arise and eat. Now he partsake with the Prophet, and anon is a guest with Daniel at his pulse. But morning advances he rises from his grisy couch, and finds all but a dream. This is one of the most beautiful and truly poetical incidents in the whole Poem, and charmingly accommodates itself to the character of the Redeemer, making

His very dreams devout.

He now ascends a hill from whose top he might have a prospect of the surrounding country. A grove in a bottom strikes his attention. He bends his way thereto, determined to rest himself there at noon, when suddenly Satan appears before him, not as formerly, in a rustic habit, but attired as a citizen or courtier. He proffers to the Lord of Nature her choicest esculents, only requesting of him that he would deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream: for as his words had ended, Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld In ample space, under the broadest shade, A table richly spread, in regal state. With dishes gilded, and means of finest sort And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game, In pasty baps, or from the spit, or builded, Gris-umber strowed; all fish from sea or shore, Freshet, or purring brook, of shell or fin, And explicated name. —

And at a stately side-board, by the wine, That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood Tall cups of brightest, rich claret, of fairer hue Than Gynnimece or Hylas; distant more Under the trees now higher, now solemn stoad, Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades With fruits and flowers from Amathus's bough. And all the while harmonious airs were heard Of chisling strings, or charming pipes; and winds Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fan'd From their own soft wings, and Fiora's earliest scents.

B. II. line 537—557.

His services rejected as obtrusive, and unnecessary to him who is the Proprietor of the world and the fulness thereof,

Both table and provision vanish'd quite
With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard.

Finding the Saviour invincible here, he argues the impossibility of executing his high designs on the score of his poverty; and by a display of the influence of God, and fortune over the giddy multitude, tempts him to the love of riches and regal glory. Repulsed again, he shifts his ground; — he pours in his flattery, expresses his admiration of the wisdom of the Redeemer, details the advantages that would accrue to the world if possessed of such a living oracle, and urges the instability and inglorious nature of a retired life. He proposes the examples of Alexander, Cyrus, Scipio, and Pompey, who at his age had obtained their most celebrated victories, performed prodigies of valour, and made the world ring with their achievements. And as an argument of greater weight than all, he quotes the predictions of the Prophets, who had foretold the glory of his reign, and the universality of his empire. To his reasoning the Saviour objects that worldly pomp is a mere shadow; that his way to exaltation was to be through hardship, affliction, and suffering; and reminds the Tempter that his advancement would tend to his own everlasting confusion. This calls up in the mind of Satan feelings of despair.

I would be at the worst; worst is my part,
My harbour and my ultimate reposes.

His acute sense of his own irretrievable misery does not however divert him from his purpose of ruining the Saviour, and in him the whole human race. He takes him up into a high mountain, from whence he shows him the splendours of the four famous monarchies, particularly of the Roman, now establishing itself on the ruins of the other three; the sight of which he pretends will remedy the defect of his inexperience, inspire him with a love of military glory, and instruct him in all regal mysteries, so as to enable him to fill the throne of David, and wield his sceptre with honour. He offers to procure him the friendship of the Parthian monarch, to fortify him against the enormous power of Rome, and facilitate the return of the ten tribes from their long captivity; or even to supplant and out the old and insatiable Roman emperor. But, as the price of these transcendent favours, he demands that the Saviour shall fall down and do him homage, acknowledging that he held them of him as his superior lord. These impudent conditions rejected with disdain and abhorrence, he points to Athens, the seat of the Muses, and the very headquarters of philosophy; pronounces a splendid eulogium on Hebraean learning, and argues the necessity of it to him as the Messiah in his intercourse with the Gentile nations. The Saviour in answer asserts the superiority of the Hebrew scriptures to all the boasted productions of Greece; and exposes the capital defects of the Hebrew Philosophy and Morality. Finding him superior to all the ailments of wealth, learning, and pleasure, the Tempter has but one resource left. — He transports him back to the wilderness, where hungry and cold he lays him down to sleep. A dreadful storm ensues; — and intending to distract the mind of the Redeemer, and drive him to despair, the Adversary haunts his slumber with fearful apparitions, to increase the effect of the awful confusion of the elements. But morning brings a calm, and with it theAvext presence of the Tempter. He takes the Redeemer, places him on a pinnacle of the temple, and finishes the black catalogue of his wiles by urging him pressingly to appeal to an extraordinary Providence for the truth of his Sonship, by casting himself
A CRITIQUE ON PARADISE REGAINED.

The Poem is also chargeable with a defect of sentiment, or deviation from a capital doctrine of inspiration.

Amusing Miltonus, sed magis amica veritas.

Poetical license does not extend to the violation of divine truth. The proper Divinity of the Eternal Son, so unequivocally revealed in the Holy Scriptures, is kept entirely out of sight. Thus the Poet has injured himself no less than in excluding the scene of the crucifixion from the action of his Poem. He has torn the sun from the firmament; and, as when that luminary retires from the world every object loses its colour and beauty, so the absence of this stupendous doctrine casts a gloom over his work, and occasions incongruities which would disgrace an author far below the rank of Milton. He has thus deprived himself of a principle equal in energy to the famous one so well known to the ancients, and hinted at in the following precept of Horace.

Nec Deus intant, nisi dignus vindice nodus;
Incidit.

But we hasten through this part of our subject. We have no pleasure in exposing the defects of this Poem among poets; it is like uncovering the nakedness of a father.

To conclude our observations,—there is no opportunity here for the introduction of the splendid machinery which dazzles and delights us in Paradise Lost. There the Poet had ample room and verge enough.

He was relating events which could not possibly, in some cases, fall within the limits of human observation. He could launch out into infinite space, visit unknown regions, and converse with intelligences, whose nature, whose habits and powers are so interesting, that the bare mention of their names opens the ear of curiosity, and prepares it for a feast of delight. The reverence and sympathy of man for those elder parts of the creation are powerfully excited by obscure hints and notices of their operations in the Holy Scriptures. He is led to consider them as his guardians, his monitors, and his future companions in the world of bliss. Paradise Lost had anticipated what of this nature would have given lustre and interest to this performance, but whatever could embellish it as far as it goes, has been employed. The display of the Poet's geographical and mythological learning is truly surprising. Indeed, when we consider the difficulties he had to encounter in supplying so dignified a Hero as the Son of the Most High God with proper sentiments, and in giving variety to a long Poem, consisting almost wholly of dialogue, we cannot hesitate to pronounce it one of the most noble productions of the human mind.
PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

I WHO crewhile the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
For man's first obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the tempter fell'd
In all his wiles, defeated and reprièd,
And Eden ruin'd in the waste wilderness.

Then Spirit who best this glorious eremit
Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought his thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through height or depth of Nature's bound
With prosperous wing full sumn'ry, to tell of deeds
Above him, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy c' you not remain'd so long unseen.

Now had the great Proclaimour, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptiz'd: to his great baptiz'd flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph desc'nd'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
Unknown, unknown: but he the Baptist soon
Desired, finely wear'd, and witness bore
As to his worshiper, and would have resign'd
To him his heavenly office; nor was long
Blasphemy the dread: for he had baptiz'd
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descend'd, while the Father's voice
From heaven pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heart he addressed, who, roving still
About, could find no God, and, that not God's Son
Would not be last, and with the voice divine
High thunder-struck, th' exulting Man, to whom
Such high artizn was given, while survey'd
With wonder; then with easy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rest, but in mid air
To concours summon'd all his righteous peers,
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd:
A gloomy consistory: and them umfînd
With looks against and sad he then spake:

"O ancient powers of air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention air,
This our old conquest, than remember well,
Our latest habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and rule'd
In manner of our will in affairs of earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when infallible wound
Shall be inflect'd by the seed of Eve
Upon my head: long the decrease of heaven
Delay, for longest time to him is short:
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time has compass'd wherein we
Must hide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound
At last if so we can, and by the head
Iron we not intend all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air:
For this great news I bring to a woman's seed
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born:
His birth to our last fear gave no small cause,
But his growth new to youth's full flower, display
All virtue, grace, and wisdom, to achieve
Thy highst, greatest, multiply my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbing'er, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Friends to walk off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king: all come,
And he himself among them was baptiz'd;
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of heaven, that whom he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt.
I saw
The prophet de him reverence, on him rising
Out of the water, heaven above the clouds
Umbil'd her crystal crown, thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, what spirit meant.
And out of heaven the Sov'reign voice I heard,
This is my Son, beloved, in his arm placed;
His mother then is mortal, but his sire
He who obtains the monarchy of heaven,
And what will he do? advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his Spirit declare us to the deep:
Who is this we most learn, for man is seem
In all his linesments, though in his face
The glimpse of his Father's glory shine.
Ye see cut danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits so long debate
But must with something sudden be appar'd,
Not force, but well cou'd face, well waven
May
In the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
I, when no other dace, sole underfoot
The dismal expedition to find out
And rain Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Successfully: a caliber voyage now
Will waft me: and the was found prosperous more
Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much arrangement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief.
Unanimous they all concuit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him their great dictator, whose neglect
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From hell's deep-raiz'd den to dwell in light,
Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods:
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide
So to the coast of Jordan he directs

END OF BOOK I.
PARADISE REGAINED. [Book I. 78

His easy steps, girded with smoky wings, 120 Where he might likewise find this new decla'rd, Their glorious Son of God, whom Temptation and all guile on him to try; To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd! But contrary, unwitting he fulfill'd That pre-ordain'd and fix'd Of the Most High, who in full frequency bright Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake: "Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold. Thou and all angels converse on earth With man or man's affairs, how I begin To have a vine, that on her should come The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest Over-shadow her; this Man born, and now appeared To show him worthy of his birth divine And high pre-eminence, henceforth I expose The patriarch; hencefrom forthwready His utmost saliency, because he boasts, And vaunts of his great cunning to the strong 145 Of his apostacy; he might have learnt Less overweening since he faileth in job, Wherever we also sometimes overween, Whate'er his cruel malice could invent. He saw that God's plan was a Man 150 Of female seed, far able to resist All his solicitations, and at length All his vast force, and drive him back to hell, Winning by conquest what the first man lost, Ever a gainer, that if I may say so, 155 To exercise him in the wilderness: There shall he first lay down the rubiments Of his great warfare, ere he send him forth. To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes, By humiliation and strong suffrance; His weakness shall occasion Sinai strength, And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh That all the angels and ethereal powers, They now, and men hereafter, may discern From what consummate virtue I have chose 165 This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son, To earn salvation for the sons of men." So spake th' eternal Father, and all heaven Admiring stood a space, then into hymnsBurns forth, and in celestial measures mov'd 170 Circling the throne and singing, while the band stood Here with this the argument was brought. "Victory and triumph to the Son of God Now entering his great duel, not of arms, But disputing with wisdom holiness and 175 The Father knows the Son. therefore secure Ventures his vital virtue, though untried, And man's redemption, and the guilt of seduc, Allure, or terrify, or undermine. For God create all ye stranglings of hell, And devils come to contest." So they in heaven their odils and vigil train'd Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days Laid in Bethlehem, where John baptiz'd, Musing and mus'd revolving in his breast, How best the mighty work he might begin Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first Publish his godlike office now mature, One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading, And his deep thoughts, the better to converse With Similit, till far from track of men, Thoughts following thought, and step by step led on, His e'en now the bordering desert wild And with dark shades and rocks entwined round, Hardly meditations thus pursu'd. With dark shades and rocks entwined round 180 And hard shrubs and rocks entwined round. 36 "O what a multitude of thoughts at once Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider What from within I feel myself, and bear What from without comes often to my ears. I sort with my present state compar'd 200 With what I might have been, had I indulged my muse of delight. To me was pleasing; all my mind was set Serious to learn and know, and thence to do What might be holiest good: myself I thought Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205 All righteous things; therefore above my years, The law of God I read, and found it sweet, Made it my whole delight, and in it grew To such perfection, that ere yet my age Was made, a most respected saint, at our great feast 110 I went into the temple, there to bear The teachers of our law, and to propose What might improve my knowledge or their own; And was admi'red by all: yet this not all To which my spirit spur'd: victorious deeds 115 Plan'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke, Then to sublime and quell over all the earth Brute violence and proud tyrannous power, Till such were met, and equity restored last Yet hold it more humane, more heavenly, first, By winning words, to conquer willing hearts, And make Persuasion do the work of Fear, At least to try, and teach the erring soul Not will-nuding to quail nor beshrew; Mised; the stubborn only to subdue. These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiv'd By word at times cast forth, intly rejoic'd, And said to me apart,--High are thy thoughts, Let Sen. be call'd from there, and let them soar To what that height sacred virtue and true worth Can raise them, 'tis nigh above example high; By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire. For thou, then act two, and more than two men To learn with others; and keep the law of Gentiles, Thy Father is th'o' eternal King who rules All heaven, and all earth, and all the seas and men: A messenger from God foretold thy birth Could not be greater, nor sit on David's throne, And of thy kingdom there should be an end. 211 Art thy nativity a gift or a curse? Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung To shepherds watching at their folds by night, And to the angel now was born, Where they might see him, and to these they came, Directed to the manager where thou lay'st, Per in the inn was left no better room; A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing, Guided wise men thither from the east, To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold, By whose bright course thou on them they found the place, Affirming it thy star new given in heaven, By which they knew the King of Israel born. 215 Jesu Scrib and prophet, Aima warn'd By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake, Before the altar and the vested priest, Like things of thee to all that present stood. This having heard, straight I again advancing, The law and prophets, searching what was writ Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes 220 Knew not this, nor did they understand, who thus they spoke I am; this chaffly, that my way must lie Through many a hard assail, even to the death, See the promised King, who can attain, Or work redemption for mankind, whose soul might be transplanted upon my head, Yet neither thus disbeares nor disdain'd, The time preferr'd I waited, when behold The Baptist of whose birth oft I have heard, Not knew by sight now come, who was to come Before Messiah, and his way prepare. I as all others to his baptism came, Which I believed was from above; but he Straight know, me, and what useless voice proclaim'd 225 Me him, (for he was shown him so from heaven) Me him, whose hangering he was; and first Reapt on me his baptism to confer, As much his greater, and was hardly won, But as I rose out of the living stream, Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence The Spirit descend'd on me like a dove, And bat, the sum of all, my Father's voice, An holy voice, from heaven, proclaim'd his, Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 230 He was well pleased; by whom I knew the time Now full, that I no more should live casuallie, But openly begin, as best becomes The authority which I deriv'd from heaven. And now by some strong motion I am led Into this wilderness, to which I set out I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know: For what concerns my knowledge God reveal'd." So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And, looking round on every side, beheld
A pathless desert deck'd with horrid shades:
That level, wherein death mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he that on the road, but with such thoughts
That could not fail to come in man's desire.
Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend
The Son of God, to all who would attempt
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, macOS in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak:
Or cedar to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in sore case, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt.
Till these days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild beasts: They at his sight grew sad,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd: his walk
The serpent fled, and noxious worm;
The lion and fierce tiger gazed aloof.
But now an aged man, in rural woods,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against the cold, wind, snow, or rain, by proof.
To warn him, wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Fur'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake:
"Sir, what ill chance hast brought thee to this
So far from path or road of men, who pass
Tempo in troos or caravans? for single none
Persecuted, and drop'd not here
His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drouth.
"I wander'd in the woods of many a year;
For that to me thou seem'st the Man whom late
Our new baptiz'd Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan, and call'd thee Son
Of God. I saw and heard: for we sometimes,
Who dwell within, confounded, stand by cause come forth
To town or village nigh, (nighthest is far)
Wherein the years are to be hear'd,
What happens now: Fame also finds us out.
"To whom the Son of God: "Who brought me hither,
Will bring me hence: no other guide I seek.
"By miracle he may," replied the swain;
"What other way I know not: for we here
Live on tough roots and stule, to thirst inward
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wearied and sold our taste." $45
He ended, and the Son of God replied:
"This force in bread: Is it not written
(For I discourse not, other than thou seest)"
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Rahab the Canaanite, in the account
Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank;
And forty days without food.
Wander'd this barren waste, the same I now;
Whom dost thou then suggest to me distrust.
"We that answer'd th' arch-fend now undisguish'd:
"This true I aim that spirit unmans.
Whid, engag'd with him more, in cash revolt
Keep not my happy station, but was driven
With them from blee to the bottomless deep;
Yet to that hideous place not so confind
By figure uncoining, but that oft
Leaving my solemn prison I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth.
Nor in the cages of the prison, where
Hath excluded my resort sometime.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave us up into the hand of Uzziel Job
To prove him, and to display his high worth;
And when he was prepared
To draw the proud king Abah into fraud,
That he might fall in Hamoth, they despairing,
I once, and the treachery
Of all his flattering fowlers glid'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge;
For what he bid do, though I have last
Much lustre of my native brightness lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
Love, at least constant and admiring
What I see excellent in good, or fair.
Or virtuous; I should have so lost all sense.
Enam'd that can be less than desire.
To see thee and approach thee, whom I knew
I entered the lost society, to thy affer
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe.
To all mankind: why should I to thee
Never did wrong or violence: by them
I lost not what I lost; nor I by them.
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Co-partner in these regions of the world,
If not dispose; lend them off my aid.
Of my advice, by presages and sign,
And answer, points, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Bury they say excise me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be: but long since with we.
Who accept, from the West
A noble and dark
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man asclin'd: [man,
This wounds me most, (what can it less)
That Man fallen shall be restored, I never more."
To whom our Saviour sternly that replied:
"Deservedly, truly then griev'd, cow'd of his
From the beginning, and in lies wit end;
Who basing his lowly estate and means
Into the heaven of heavens: thou canst not ascend
As a poor miserable captive thine.
Saves to the place where he before had sat
Among the princes in assembl'd, now depô'd,
Risen, exalted, girded, vouchsaf'd, sharm'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of a spectacle
To all the host of heaven: the happy place
Imparti to live in his enjoyment.
Infernal flames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;
So never more in hell than in heaven.
But thou art servile to heaven's King.
With these impious 't obdurate what thy fear
Entertains, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What tax real me thou threats thine subdivision
Of eight hours. Job, thou dost truly to afflict him
With all inductions: but his patience won.
The other service was thine task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet that pretends at truth: all our
By thee are given, and what confounds: more true
Among the nations: that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what hot dark,
And with double, with double face, and song,
Which they who s'had have seldom understood.
And not will understood, who is not known?
Whoever consulting at thine shrine
Return'd the viler, or the more instruct
Te by or follow what concerns his heart,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare.
For (as hath justice given the nations up)
To thy delusions; justly, since they fall
Destructive: but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy
But from him, or his angels president
In every province: who themselves disdaining
To approach thy temple: I doth, hee in command
To what the smallest tithe thou shalt say
To thy alms, thou shouldest have truly fear.
Or, like a flattering parasite obey'st,
Then to thyself ascribe the merit forestall.
But this thy, and shall be soon retract'd
No more shalt thou by oracle abuse
The Gentiles, where such oracles are said,
And thou more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquired at Dulcebe or elsewhere;
That in vain, for they shall not find thee mote.
God hath now sent his living Oracle
Fell his wrath to teach his children will.
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwelt
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
That truth requisite for man, thou know'st.
So make our Saviour: but the subtile mind,
Though tily stung with anger and disdain,
PARADISE REGAINED. [Book I.

"Sharply thou hast insisted on release,
And urg’d me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me: where
Kasly canst thou find one miserable,
And not enforc’d oft-times to part from truth;
If it may stand him more in stead to be,
Ray and unseen, Singh, Flatter, or obscur’d,
But thou art plac’d above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and must submit endure
Check or repro’ and glad to escape so quit,
Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours’d, pleasing to the ear
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song;
What wonder then if I delight to bear
Her dictates from thy mouth? Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her laws: permit me
To bear these when I come (since no man comes)
And talk at least, though I despair’t attain.

Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,

Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf’d his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspir’d; disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour with unsalter’d brow:
"Thy coming bitter, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find’st
Permission from above; thou canst not more."

He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His grey dissimulacrum, disappear’d,
Into this air diffusion; for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were coach’d;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

END OF BOOK FIRST
MEANWHILE the new baptiz'd, who yet remained
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard to late expressly call'd
Jesus, Messiah, Son of God declared,
And as that high authority had believed,
And as the high kid, and with him lodged, (I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in holy writ not named,) Now missing him, their joy so truly found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days;
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be yet shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the mount, and missing long;
And the great Tabernacle, who on earth wheels
Rode up to heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young prophets then with care
Sought for Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethshan ; in Jericho,
The city of Palms, Zoon and Salem old,
Maschorus, and each town or city waist.
On this side the broad lake Genesaret,
On the other; but returned in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and lourers whispering play,
Faul fishermen, so greater men then call,
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unsavory load and plaints outbreathed ;

"Ask, from what high hope to what repose
Unison'd are we fallen : our eyes behold
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers : we have heard
His words, his wisdom, full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom shall to Israel be restored :" Thus we rejoiced; but soon our joy is turned
Into perplexity and new amaze ;
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath wrapp'd him from us ? will he now ride
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation ? God of Israel,
Surely the time this day is come : Behold
The signs of the earth how they appear
They chosen, to what height their power unseat
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee; arise, and vindicate Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his forerunner, and us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have convers'd,
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Joy on his Providence : he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Blind, wise with his blessed sight, then snatch him hence ;
So shall we see our hope, our joy, return."

Thus they out of theirplaints new hope resume
to find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none.
"Sure, Within her breast though calm, her breast, though
Mary was not present, and said (I told)
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sight thus
Hath highl'y favour'd, among women blest !
While I do scarce yet as much advanced,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bear,
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtur'd to shelter him or me
As from the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
A manager; yet soon ensu'd to fly
Though into Egypt, all the murderous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.
From Egypt home they return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemptible,
Little suspicion to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the baptiz'd, and in public shown,
Son'son from heaven by his Father's voice.
I look'd for some great change; to hearken ; no,
But trouble, as old Simon plain foresaid:
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce; This is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to affliction high;
Afflicted may I be, it seems, and blest.
I will not argue that, nor will repine,
But where delays he now ? some great intent
Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce saw
He lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself, but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I must,
Since understand; much more his absence now 100
Thus long to some great purpose he abracets,
But to wait with patience an inquir'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, pertaining strange events ;
Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalld what remarkably bad pass'd ;
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Mostly curst, swallowed the substantial;
The while her Son tracing the desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,
Into himself the time is come.
All his great work to come before him set
How to begin, how to accomplish last
His end of being on earth, and mission high;
For Satan with sly prelence to return
He left him ransack, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There, without sign of beast, or sign of joy,
Sollicitous and blank, he thus began;

"Princes, heaven's ancient sons, otheral throne,
Demonian spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reigns, higher call'd
Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
Without new trouble; such an enemy
It risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens the earth and rains down to hell ;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was improvis'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
For other labour to be undergone,
Then when I laid him, the first of men.
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fall,
However to this man infer the first.
If he be man by mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from heaven adorn'd,
PARADISE REGAINED. [Book II.]

Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
Of worthy actions, of those deeds which have most wroth;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;
And I know he hunger not where food is to be found, in the wide wilderness:
The rest shall pass, the last shall come;
Ne advantage, and his strength as of old.

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forth with him to take a chosen hand
Of spirits liked to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons; each to know his part;
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days' fasting had remained;
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:
"Where will this end? Four times ten days I've
Wandering this woeful maze, and man's food, pace;
Not tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
To virtuous I implore not, or count part
Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,
Or God support Nature without repast?
Though needling, what praise is it to endure;
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she eats; yet God
Can satisfy that needs some other way,
Though hunger still remain; so it is true:
Without this body's real substance. I consult me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
Man hungering more to do his Father's will."
It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 240
Commanded in silent way, then laid him down,
Under the hospitable covert high
Of that thick-woven; there he slept,
And dreamt, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meat and drink, Nature's refreshment sweet;
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood, 255
And saw the ravaers with their hungry beaks
Feast to Elijah bringing even and even, thought:
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
Saw the prophet how he fed 270
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was fed rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his table,
Thus wore out night; and now the herald bark
Of his ground round, crying to decry 280
The Son's approach, and greet her with his song:
As lightly from his garry couch up rose
Of Savio, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting walked:
Up to a hill, and he sate on the rock;
From whose high top to ken the prospect round;
Hesitation were in view, sheep-cote of herd;
But cattle, hea, or sleepy, none had:
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With much of tumulus and allied eminence; 290
Both he beth his way; determin't there
To rest at noon, and enter'son soon the shade
High roof, and walk beneath, and alms brown,
That opened in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seemed, (Nature taught Art,
And a supralentus eye the haunt 295
Of wood-gods, and wood-nymphs: he view'd it
When suddenly a man before him stood; round
Not rustic, as before, but see'nlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd:
"With granted leave officials I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild region should be present;
Of all things destitute, and well I know
Not without hunger. Others of some note;
So stand, I would love this wilderness:
The fugitive bond-woman with her son,
Outcast, who showed and here remain'd
By a providing angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
He made man's course? and that expost hold,
Native of Thebes, wandering here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
Book II.

PARADISE REGAINED.

Of these three forty days none hath regard. Forty and more desert here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus: "What conclu'd'st thou? They all had need, as I thinkest most have none."

"How heat thou hunger then?" Satan replied: Tell me if food were now before thee set. Wouldst thou not eat? I like the giver, answer'd Jesus. "Why should that cause thy refusal?" said the subtle fiend; "Dost not right to all created things owe not all creatures by just right to thee. Duty and service, not to stay till bad, but tend all their power: Nor mention I means by the law unclean, or offer'd first to thy damns, those young Daniel would refuse; Nor压迫'd by an enemy; though who would scruple what, with want oppress'd? Believest Nations subsist'd, or better to express, Tremblest, that thou shouldst hunger, hast prey'd upon When all the seraphim's here, and as her Lord He spake no speech; for as his words had end, Our joy, and dear delight, and all his eyes, beheld in ample space, under the broadest shade, A tabernacle richly spread, in royal mode, With dishes of noblest sort And seven, besots of chase, or fowl of game, In large, in small, in salt, in honest mine, Fortunes, in my hand, and Electra amber sweeten'd: all fish from sea or shore, Presant, or purring brook, of shell or fish, And exquisitest fruit, for which was drawn Fenny, and Lacrime bay, and Afric coast. Also! bow seas curv'd, was that crusty apple that diverted Eve! And at a stately side-board, by the wine, So many, so many, that stood tall Stripling youths, rich clad, of fairer hue Than Ganymede or Hyacinth: infant more Jupitor's, now solemn stood, Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naides With fruits and flowers from Amadon's horn. And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd Fairer than fairest of old, or fabled since Or, like those of God's great field, stood So many, that stood from their soft wings, and Flore's earliest sweets. Such was the feast, and the Emperor now Spent, his invitation earnestly renew'd."

"What doth the Son of God to sit and eat? These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict Deny the food; yet: by thy grace may these fruits pure: Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil, But life preserves, destroys life's enemy, How sweet a show, with delight we part All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs, They guide wise men, and direct fools, The food, and acknowledge thee their Lord: What dost thou, Son of God, to sit and eat?"

To whom thus Jesus temp'rate reply'd: "Shall I cast not that to all things I had right? And who withholdeth my right that thou mayest receive by gift what of my own, be my will, and I can command? I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou, Content'd in this wilderness, and all swift flight of angels ministering Angels? In glory on my camp attend: Why shouldst thou take no delight, no dilation, In vain, where no acceptance it can find? And with what my heart hast thou to do? To me answer: I contemplate, and count thy precious gifts no gifts, but gulleys."

To whom thus answer'd Satan malcontent: "That I have also power to give thou seest; But shepherding thee doth not accord to myself I might have bestowed on whom I pleas'd, And need'st thou to inspect my apparent need, Chose to impart to thy apparent need, Then under what my heart should not accept it? But I see

END OF BOOK SECOND.
PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
Aside, and confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted, and convinced;
Of his weak arguing, and falacious drift;
In length collecting all his serpent wits,
With soothing words renew’d, him thus accosts:

"I see thou knowest what is to be known,
What best to say cannot say, to do cannot do:
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance, thy heart
Contains good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consist,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urmi and Thummiun, those oracular gems
Of Aaron’s breast; or tongue of seers old,
Infallible: or worth thou soughtst deeds
That might require thy array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or endure
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wildness? wherefore despair
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself?
The fame and glory, glory the reward.
That seal excites to high attempts, the fame
Of most exalted spirits, most temp’ral pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dust.
And dignities and powers all but the highest; 50
Thy years are ripe, and ever-ripe: the son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose: young Sebcla had brought down
The Carthaginian pride: young Pompey gird’d
The tyrant, and in triumph had rode
Yet years, and to rive years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great princes, men in all the world admire,
The more he grows in years, the more inflamed
What God had given him, and he lived long;
Jovial, but thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:
"THOU needst not persuade me to seek wealth
For envy’s sake, nor urge me to affect
For glory’s sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people’s praise, if always praise would be?
And what the people but a herd confound,
A miscellaneous rabble, who excel
[praise] Things vulgar, and so weigh’d, scarce worth the
They praise, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other; 40
And what delight it be by such excell’d;
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disdain’d were no small praise?
His lot who darest be singularly good.
Thy intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais’d.
This is true glory and renown, when God,
Looking at those approved marks
The last man, and divineth him through heaven
To all his angels, who with true applause
Resound his praises: thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through heaven and earth,
As thou to thy reproach mayest well remember,
He said thee, ‘Hast thou seen my servant Job’;
Famous he was in heaven, on earth less known:
Where glory is false glory attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
Then err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peculiar nations, Murdering, robbing, raping,
Made captive, yet desiring freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who have behind,
Nothing but ruin wheresoe’er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice.
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform’d,
Vile and shameful deaths their due reward.
But if there be in glory sought of gold,
It may be means far different be attain’d,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent.
By patience, temperance: I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with solemn patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job? 95
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught, and suffered for so doing,
For truth’s sake suffering death unjust, lives
Now equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet, if for fame and glory ought to be done,
Ioughing, and in triumph had rode
His wasted country freed from Panic rage,
The dead becomes unsnared, the man at least,
Yet has the world’s old; but his reward,
The more he grew in years, the more inflamed
What God had given him, and he lived long;
Jovial, but thou yet art not too late."

To whom the Tempter murmur’d thus replied:
"Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resounding thy great Father? he seeks glory, 110
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs: nor can rest in heaven,
By all his angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exception; 115
Above all sacrifice, or hallow’d gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives.
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor execution hath declar’d;
From his as his face proclaim’d glory he exacts.”

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:
"And reason; since his word all things produced,
Though chaste not for glory as prime ear,
But to show forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul,
Freely; of honor that could be loss expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that, would direst render 130
Contempt instead, dishonour, oblivion
Hard recompense, unsuitable return"
PARADISE REGAINED. 85

(Book III.)

For so much good, so much beneficence,
Was a kind of shedding of a good
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs,
Behold, wisdom, insight, and shame:
Who, for so many benefactors receiv'd,
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
Of all that trust we should be crares:
Yet sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alike belongs:
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory not their own,
Then he himself to glory will advance.

So spoke the Son of God: and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself,
Insatiable of glory, had lost all,
Yet of another lies betook him soon.

"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "as do I;
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordained
To sit upon thy father David's throne:
By moral side thy father: though thy right
Now in power hath holden, yet will not part
Easily from possession won with arms:
Jesus now, and God doth possess:
This province under Roman yoke,
Other Times: ne is nor always ruleth
With temperate sway, of foul have they violated
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
Accusations rashly did once:
Antichrist: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?

So did not Macabees: he indeed
Retir'd into the desert, but with arms;
And e'er a mighty king so often prevail'd:
That by strong hand his family obtain'd, 165
Th' priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd.
With Medea and the arts once content:
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
Themselves rather are occasion best,
Zest of thy Father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude;
She shall then be best fulfilled, best verified.
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
The happier reign the sooner it begins:
Reign thou: what canst thou better do the while?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd:
"All things are best fulfill'd in their due time;
And time and place is for all things, truth hath said:
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told
That consider not that thou wilt alone:
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What reason that I should first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
By winds and waves?
Contempts and scorns, and snarls, and violence,
Suffering, abasing, quietly expecting,
With whom, let, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can instruct to best reign: who first
Walt hath obey'd: just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
Sollicitous, what movest thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly rack'd, replied:
"That coming forth is true: thy hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?"

For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If I can make worse, the expectation more,
Worse torment me than the feeling can.
I would be still with thee; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate reposal:
The end I would attain, my final good.
My soul and my crime;
For whatever it self condemn'd,
Away; for whom whether thou
Regain or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
Praise, and seek thy grace,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
PARADISE REGAINED.

Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
When perishing in his territory yet serve.

In Habur, and among the Medes despised;
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph last.
Thou long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
This offer seizes before they to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till them.
Then on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Ephraim and beyond:
Shall reign, and Rome or Caesar not need war.

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unsaid:
"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragil arms, much instrument of war.
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set and in my ear
Venture much policy, and projects deep.
Of snares, of lists, battles and leagues.
Plausible to the world, to me worth sought.
Menas I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict, and fall me of the throne.
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better fastest off) is not yet come;
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack.
On my part ought ensnaring, or so need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Lingage of war thons shows me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou canst't them, those ten tribes,
I must deliver if I mean to reign.
David's true heir, and his full sceptre away
To just extort over all Israel's sons;
But where to thee this seal, where was it then
For Israel or for David, of his throne,
When thou stoodst up his temporal to the pride
Of monarch Israel, which cost the lives
Of thousands and thousands Israelites.
By three days' possession such was thy real
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fall off
From God's worship, theunities
Of Egypt, Real next and Ashuratho,
And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathens crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their fathers; but so dealt
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship joined.
Should I of these the liberty regard
Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unconvert'd,
Healing would follow; and to their gods perhaps
Of Belial and of Damo's, let them serve
With their enemies who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length time to himself best known,
Bemost of Abrahams, by sense weakens call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing give 'em the savioy feast
While to their native land with joy they haste.
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he clift,
When the Pharaoh and their fathers pass'd
To his due time and providence I leave them.

So spake Israel's true King, and to the fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wile.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

END OF BOOK THIRD.
PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK IV.

FERPLEX'D and troubled at his bed's success.
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That deck'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, may lost; but Eve was Eve;
This far his over-march, who self denieth
And rash, beforehand had no better weight'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
Here to a man who had been rashless held
In cunning over-reach'd, where least he thought,
To save his credit, and for very spine,
Still will be tempting him who folly still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must be pour'd,
Best off, release as off with humming sound,
Or singing waves against a solid rock,
Though all to silvers death'd, th' ashen renew;
Vain batty, and in truth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Not ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet given not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursu'd.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but to breasts not wide,
Wash'd by the southern seas, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of 'th earth and seas of men
From cold sepulchral blasts, thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Five a sea ts'ad, and a mountain a temple;
Stations and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Grottoes and groves presented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interposed,
By what strange parallax, or optic skill
Of vision misty, or sense of air or glass
Of telescope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke:
"The city which thou seest no other deem
Troy, the seat of great and clemint Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the capitol thou seest
Above the rest lizing his stately head
On the Tarsian rock, her cliued
Impegnable; and there Mount Palantine,
Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far.
Tarrets and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods (so well I have dispos'd
My airy microscope,) then mayst behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Car'v'd work, the head of fam'd artificers
In doz'd and diadem'd; so mayst thou find
The streets the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What confusion issuing forth, or entering in;
Frances, praenomia in their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and roes, the yanks of their power,
Legions and cohorts, tars of horse and wings:
Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the plain do wander;
Or on th' Eumilian; some from farthest south,
Syre, and where the shadow both way falls,
More Nile's isle, and more to west.
The realm of Beccles to the Black-sea rose;
From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Cymenese,
And Israel's steed and Gog's holy place,
Dusk faces with white silken turbulents wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
Germans and Satyrians, and Sarthmanns north,
Beyond Des divisive to the Tyrric sea.
All nations new to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide dominions,
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Curity of manner, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly mayst prefer,
Before the Parthians; these two thrones except.
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Sar'd among petty kings too far removed.
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all,
The kingdom of the world, and all their glory.
This empire hath no son, and now is old,
And lascivious, and from Rome retir'd.
To Capra, an island small, but strong,
Or the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His brother issues, in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favorite
All public cause, and yet of him suspicion;
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,
End'd with regal virtues, as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st then expat this monster from his throne,
Now made a spy, and in his place ascending,
A victor people free from servile yoke,
And with my help thou mayst to me the power
Given, and by that right I give it thee.
And therefore at no less than all the world,
Aim at the highest; without the highest attain'd
Will be for thee no sitting, or no long.
Or David's throne, be prophesied what will.
To whom the Son of God unmove'd replied:
"'Tis not doth this grandeur, and majestic show
Of luxury, truth called magnificence.
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou shouldst add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts,
Of cities light and islands, and design'd
Of luxury, and all the nature of the air.
For I have also heard, perhaps have read,
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerno,
Coral, and crystal, and how they quaff in gold.
Crystal and myrrhine cups, imbroid with gems,
And steaks of pearl; to me should tell who thinks
And hunger still: then embassies thou show'st the
From nations far and high, what honour that.
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Allandish flattery. Then proceed to talk
Of' th' emperor, how easily sub'd,
How gloriously: I shall, then say, excel
A brash monster, what if I withal
Exalt a devil who first made him such?
Let his tormentor conspire him out;
For him I was not sent, nor yet to force
That people, victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassals, who once lust
Frigid and mild, and temp're, conquer'd well.
In governor the hundred cities Gore;
Peering their provinces, exhausted all.
By lust and rapine; for ambitious grown
A triumph, that insatiable;
Then cruel, by their spurs to blood impell'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to hostile export.
LUXURIOUS by their wealth, and greedier still, And from them daily some effeminate,
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves man's?
Oh, how many of their own kind are free? 145
Know therefore, when my season comes to seat
On earth; it shall be like the free,
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth;
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchs besides those that rule the world: 150
And of my kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this; but what the means,
is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter Impudently replied:
"I see all offers made by me how slight,
Thou valiest, because offered, and rejectest:
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict;
Or nothing more than still to mock the wise."
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to ask for nought;
All these, which in this moment beholdst,
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
Therefore, and pensive, sit thou and reason:

160
This shall thou hear and learn the secret power
Of learning in tongues and numbers high,
And voice, and man, and word, and name-
Eloquence, and wisdom to the wise:
Thine studious mind; these Illusors rolls
His whispering stream; within the walls then view
The schools of learning in whose hands who held,
Great Alexander to subdue the world;

175
Great Alexander to subdue the world;
Great Alexander to subdue the world;
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Great Alexander to subdue the world;
Great Alexander to subdu
PARADISE REGAINED.

From sloes and damsons of night his shelter's head,
But shelter'd slept in vines; for at his head
The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams
Beshrew'd his sleep, and either thing now come
'Gain thunder, and both ends of heaven, the clouds,
From whose many a horrid shairy, pour'st
Fierce rain with lightning mild, water with fire
In rain rejoined: not slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four corners of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdy oaks,
Boast their stiff necks, loaded with stormy breaths,
Or torn up sheer; ill wast thou shrouded then.
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken; nor yet stand'st the terror there:
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yiel'd, some
Shriek'd.

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Hast not untroubled in calm and universal
Past the night so soft, till morning fair
came forth with pilgrim steps in aspace gray,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chan'd the clouds, and laid the winds.
And grisly spectres, which before had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terror fire.
And new the sun with some effectual blessings
Had cheer'd the earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things new beheld now, grace and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To graduate the sweet return of morn.
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was found an abode, where all the nobleness,
The Prince of Darkness: glad would also seen
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with some device, they all very great;
Rather by this his last attempt resolve,
Rate in the rate of beauty, to best his style
And mad despite to be off repud'd. Him
Walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick shade,
Out of the wood he starts in wasted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said:

"Fair morning yet besides thee, Son of God,
After a drowsy night: I heard the wreck
As earth and sky would mingle: but myself
Was distant: and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillar's frame of heaven,
Or to the earth's dark analysed, are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a speck
To man's less luminous, and soon are gone away.
Yet as being oft times noctions where they light 400
Of men, beast, plant, and turbulent,
Like turbulences in th' affairs of men,
Over whose heads they rear, and seem to paint,
They oft forebode a threatening ill. This
Tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only the dross well hit.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destined seat, but will prolong
All to the path of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne me must know when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Shall be thou what then art ordain'd, no doubt:
For angels have prudently, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightest done,
Not when it risest, but when it may be best. 450
If then observe not this, be sure to find
What I foretold thee, many a hard away
Of dangers, and self-pains, and self-pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous sight that cloud lee rave, from
So many terror, voices, prophacies,
May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talk'd he while the Son of God went on,
And stand'y not, but is brief him answer'd thus:

"Me worse than yet thou find'st not; other harm,
Those terrets which thou speakest of did me none;
I never fear'd their foot, though housing none;
And threatening thing: what they can do as signs
Benocing, or idolizing, I concern
Faith feared not, nor set soul at all, but, they
Who knowing I shall reign past thy prevailing

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PARADISE Regained. [Book IV.]

With Jove's Alcides, and oft fell'd still rose, 565
Receiving from his mother-earth new strength,
Freshest frond, and fiercer grasp'd Jack'd
Throttled at length in thy air, expired and fell;
So after many a full the Tempter prov'd,
Renewing fresh assault, amidst his smile,
Fell whom he stood to see his vict'ry
And as that Thelian monster, that proposed
Her riddle; and him who so'd it not devour'd,
That once found out and solv'd; for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Læbanon steep; 575
So, struck with dread and anguish felt the fiend;
And to the credent consulting, brought
Joyless triumphs of his hop'd success,
Ruin and desperation, and dismay;
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumed vans receiv'd him soft
From consoling station, and uprose
As on a floating couch through the bilte air,
Then in a flowery valley set him down.
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink.
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd,
What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic choirs
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

"True image of the Father, whether thou
In the bosom of bliss and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from heaves, immov'd
In fluid subterranea, and human form,
Wandering the wilderness, whatever place,
Ecliptic, or state, or state, or modum, still expressing
The Son of God, with godlike force endued
Against thy attempt of thy Father's throne,
And theft of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst defile, and down from heaven cast
With all his army; now thou hast aver'd
Supplant'd Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regulat'd last Paradise
And frustrated the conquest fantas'd:
Be never more henceforth will dare set foot
t'h' earth again:
For though that seat of earthly bliss he's fail'd,
A farther Paradise is founded now.

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing
Of hypophris, here through the air sublime
Over the wilderness and over the plain;
Till underneath them fur Jerusalem,
Beneath the city, lifted high her tower,
And higher yet the glorious temple reard
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, top'd with golden spires:
There on the highest pinnacle
The Son of God, and o'er all th'seous was
350
"There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand
Upright
Will ask thee still; I to thy father's house [is best;
Have brought thee', and highest placed; him,
Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
Consider this, safely, if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone."

To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written, 500
Tempt not the Lord thy God;" he said, and stood;
But Satan, with most insinuance, fell.
At whom earth's son Antares (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Iram scarce

END OF PARADISE REGAINED.
A MASK.
PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1645,
BEFORE THE
EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,
THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

THE PERSONS.
The attendant Spirit, afterwards in
the habit of Thyrsis.
Come with his crew.
The Lady.

First Brother.
Second Brother.
Sabrias the Nymph.

The chief Persons who presented were,
The Lord Brooke.
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother.
The Lady Alice Egerton.

The first scene discovers a wild wood.
The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the stary threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspier'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confined, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being.
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true servants
Amongst the embonpoint gods onainted seats.
Yet some there be that due steps aspire
To lay their last hands on that golden key,
That opens the palace of eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not yield these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt Isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unabonded bower of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble peer of nickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd eke to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms;
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-instructed seer'e; but their way
Lie through the perplex'd paths of this dear wood
The nodding horror of whose shady boughs

Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovr'ign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard.
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in fable or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bow'r.
Rascon, that first from out the purple grape
Cruedh'd the sweet potion of muscad wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Covering the Tyrhenian shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fel: (Who knows not Circe)
The daughter of the Sun whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a growing vine.
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clinging locks,
With ivy-berries weathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son,
Much like his father, but his mother more;
Whom therefore, she brought up, and Convis
Who rife, and full of his full-grown age, (land'd,
Bearing the Colle and Dardian fields,
At last betakes him to this omnious wood,
And in black shad' of black shades imbower'd.
Exudes his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phebus, which as they issue

(For most do taste, through want incommunicate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
'Tis express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or sence, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul distempers,
But boast th' embonpoint more cunning than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
And give it false pretensions, lest the place
And my quaint habits be unknown,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for my sake's against my course,
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well placed words of gloating courtesy
Daunted with reason and likeness of a suppressible,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with wise word, soft pipe, and smooth-sounding sottage,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the wasting woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likewise, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the trend
Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand,
His glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters,
Headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise
Like men in civilized habit;
Their apparel glittering: they come in making a riotous and uncivil noise,
With torches in their hands.

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His spangled chariot bright:
Its sphere a brilliant stream,
And the slope suo his upward beam
Shines against the morning beam,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of its chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
Midnight shuot, and revelry,
Tumult, and tumult:
Brand ye locks with rose twine,
Drinking scorns, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Amuse with spirited head,
Briskly, and atmospherically.
With their graves sawd in lumber lie.
We that are of prouer
Imitate the stately coach;
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
Now to the isoen or wakening morn above;
And on the tawny sands and shingles
Trip the pref tables and the dapper elves.
By singlet brooks, and fountain brims,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
Their mystery wakens and poises steep:
What hath right to do with sleep?
Night hath better secrets to prove,
Venus now wakens, and waketh love.
Come let us to our rites begin,
The only day-light that dresses sin,
Which these dim shades will never report.
Hail goddess of nocturnal sport.
Dark-maid Cordelia, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That never art called, but when the dragon womb
Of Styrian darkness spills her thickest gloom,
And makes one lot of all the air,
Start at the entrance chair.
Wherein thou riest with Hecat, and befriend 135
Us thy would priests, till utmost end.
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out.
But the blazoning eastern crew.
The wise noon on thy Indian steep
From her cabin's loop-hole peep,
And to the tall-tale sun decency
Her comely solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
Is a light fantastic round.

The Measure.
Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrubs, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may afford: Some very bright
(For so I can distinguish by nose art)
Enlightened in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my witty trains; I shall ere long
Be well stocked with as fair a herd as gras'd
Abroad my restless Charge. Thus I burst
My dazzling spells into the springy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with boar illusion,

SONG.
Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen in
Within thy airy shell,
Thy silver Manner's margin green,
And in the violet-enbroiderd land,
Where the lover's nights are
Nightly to thee her sad song and unsearched love;
Caust thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That lovest thy Nordenia are?
O if thou hast
Hid them in some flowery grove.
Tell me but where,
Salome, if ever it be the daughter of the sphere,
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's har-}

Cows. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure some holy lodges in that breath,
And with these rapture moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden reside;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smile'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Anoint the floors of Eulalian Naiades
Calling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lay it in Eleusian; Scylla wept,
And chid her back wing waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis swayed her soft applause;
Yet they in pleasing slumber half their sense,
And in sweet madness rob'd it of itself;
But such a sacred, and beneficent delight,
Such sober certainty of wakening bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak her, 264
And she shall be my queen. Hall, foreign wond'rer,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed, unless
The goddess that in rural shrouds
Dwelt here with Fan, or Sivan by baleful song
Forbidding every unkindly eye
To reach the precious growth of this full wood.
Lady. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is that praise
That wanders ever, where the shade of high
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to remove every servile company,
Compell'd me to awake the country Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Com. Wherefore, good Lady, hath benefit you
thys?
Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.
Com. You speaketh more than you from heart-uttering guides?
Lady. They led me weary on a grossy surf, 282
Com. By falsehood, or discomposure, or why?
Lady. Nay, no falsehood, I'll to thy valley some cool friends
Com. And left your fair side all unguard'd, Lady!
Lady. They were but twigs, and purport quick return.
Com. Perchance foretelling night prevented them.
Lady. But fate is my fortune to hit it:
Com. Inquests their loss, beside the present need?
Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Com. Were they of many prime or youthful bloom?
Lady. As stately as Rebec's their unrival'd son.
Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In all his stealth the furrow came,
And the wind's hedge at his upper eat.
I saw them under a green mastling vine,
That hov'd in the various of sun-smart hill, 295
Flucting ripes clusters from the tender shoots;
Their pour'd their odours more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play 'th plighted clouds. I was awestruck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd: if those ye seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.

Ladies. Great number, 300
What mouldiest way would bring me to that place?
Com. This west it rises from this shrubry point.
Lady. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
I should answer the last hint.
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.
Com. I know each lane, and every valley green,
Dingle at bushy dui of this wild wood;
And every bony fear from side to side.
Com. I know this gentleman's whole
And if your stray-attendants be yet long'd for,
Or for a hint, I shall know
The more it rains, or the low-rooted bard
From that th'chast pallia rouse; if otherwise
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Lady. Shepherd I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly shed
With smoky rafters, than in towering halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 325
And yet is most pretend'd; In a place
Less warrantless than this, less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Tell me, kind Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion strength, my sword lead on.

The tree Brothers.

Kid. Bro. Unvisible, ye faint stars, and thou,
fair moon,
That wouldst love to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And dishevet his hair, that reigns here
In double night, the image of shades; 335
Or if thy influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentile taper,
Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
Of some day habitation, visit us
With thy loving rule of streaming light, 340
And thou shall be our star of Arcturus,
Or Tytyras Cassiope.

2. Bro. Or if our eye
Kid. Bro. Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
Or in these places, as the minute alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-deception?
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that godness loses ever,
As the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust it not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into musing sleep.

Kid. Bro. 'Tis most true
That raising meditation most affects
The sensitive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herbs,
And sits as safe as in the senate house;
For who would rob a haunt of his weeds,
His few books or his heads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unceasing eye.
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold inconsiderate,
You may as well spread out the unwieldy heaps
Of miner's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And sail it wise, as bid me hope
Danger wink on opportunity,
And let a simple helper quell pass
The mind in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness it reckes me not;
Fear the distant evening and desolate both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch the person
Of our unwonted Sitter.
Eld. Bro. 1. Do not, Brother
Incest: as I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy: Yet where an equal pose of hope and fear
Does not rise, 410
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And study matchless mode of th' inspired soul.

2. Bro. What hidden strength
There is an unclaimed strength, or, I mean that
Eld. Bro. I mean that too, yet but a hidden
Which if heaven gave it, may be termed her own,
Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity: That she that has it, is clad in complete steel,
And is her own, and in all the world, no more seen,
May trace huge forests, and unharboured beasts,
Infamous hills, and solemn picturesque views,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, haunts, or mountamaker.

Dee do not desolate her purity,
Yet there, where very desolation dwells
Begreets, and cavern shaggy with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblemished majesty.
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks in night,
In fog, or fire, by lake or mountason;
Blue, meagre bag, or shaderned as cloud.
That breaks his magic chains at counsel time.
No goblin, or swarm harpy of the mine,
Was burnt nor power over true virginity;
Do ye believe me well, or shall I call
Amoritides for the old schools of Greece.
To testify the arms of chastity:
Hence laid the brunette her dream bow,
False Nimrod quiver, for her hair of bronze,
Wherewith the tern the bridled roses
And scented mountain pears, but set at naught
The vernal bale of Cupid; gods and men's woods.
Fare she, and she was queen of thy
What was that smoky-hazed Terpsichore,
That Minerva was, unapproachable virgin,
Wherewith the front of her fies to condemned's stone,
Yet bright looks of chastity, and
And noble grasp that disdain'd bruite violence
With subdue adoration, and blunt awe?
So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liberated angels lovely her
Driving off each of them of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till other converse with heavenly inhabitants
Begin to cast a beam on earthward shape
The unpolluted tingle of the mind,
And all degrees to the soul's essence,
Till he all made immortal: but when lust,
By unmeet love, loose gestures, and talk too,
But most by love, and lavish act of sin,
Let us be entertained to the Warfare.
Till romance be engulfed and enclosed,
Imbibles, and imbutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of hers first being.
Such are their thick and glossy shadows deep
Of all in channel vaults and squarchins,
Lunging, and sitting by a new made grave,
As faith to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

Eld. Bro. 2. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of noahid sweets,
Wherein the partakers sit in sweet reigns.
Eld. Bro. Last, list, I hear
Some far-off halloo breaks the silent air.
Eld. Bro. Nathough so too; what should it be?
Eld. Bro. For certain
The house is run with nightly-throw'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or at worst, Scenery, and in his folio, I found the place.
Eld. Bro. Heaven keep my sister Agam, again, and
Best draw, and stand upon our ground.

If he be friendly, he comes well; If not, Defence is a good cause, and heaven be our
The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.
That halloo I should know, which are you? speak?
Come not too near, yet fall on iron stakes else.

Eld. Bro. What voice is that? my young lord?
Eld. Bro. Thy name? whose ardent strivings have
The huddling brook to hear his magdal, Gave him this, and I gave him this, and this, and this:
How cannot thou here, good swain? hast any rift
Slipp'd from the fold, or, young kid lost his dam? Or striving in some flung fork, 506
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
Eld. Bro. O my lord master's, and his next joy,
I cannot have such a trivial joy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth.
Of suffering soul, not all the treasure wealth
That doth enshroud these dishes, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
Eld. Bro. To tell thee silly, Shepherd, without blame,
or our neglects, we lost her as we came.
This is the navel of this hindered wood.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thrasy? Pythrae
Spire. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
Though it esteem'd by shallow ignorance:
That the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly muses,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
Of dirge and strain, and enchant'd tales.
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell; S23
For such there be, but unbelief's the blind.
Without the navel of this hindered wood.

And here to every thirsty wanderer.
Be its cry, to see the, his baseless cap,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The wings quite transport, that drinks
And the ignoble license of a beast.
355 Fuss instead, unmeaning reason's misgiving.
Character'd in the face: this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by th' nightly crofts.
That know the goats and lambs, and mightly night
He and his monstrous strength are heard to bow.

Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate,
In their observed hounds of mount hovers.
Yet have they many huts, and gutless spells,
To invade and invite th' unwary sense.
Of them that pass unawake by the way.
This evening late, by the shining torches,
Hast taken on her mirror on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass chew-lemons, and worse in fold,
I saw them over to watch upon a bank.
With thy example, and intercourse,
With horns of turkeys, and doves, and doves,
Wrapp'd in a pleasing fit of melancholy.
To meditate my returns, till
Till Emphu had her fill, but here a close
The worn out row was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with varouis dissoundings;
At which I cease'd, and listen'd whilst,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence.
Gave respite to the droves, flighted, beeled,
That draw the litter of close certain sleep.
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound.
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And sole on the air, that seem silent:
Was took she, she was warm, and whish she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be dissuaded. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the rife of death: but one did long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice.
Of my most honored Lady, your dear sister.
Around I stood, narrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deathly mire,
Then down the lane I ran with haste furthest,
Through paths and turbings often trod by day,
Still glowing, till mine ear sound the place.
Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew) he IRRE, ere my best speed could prevent,
The idlest incantation, his wish'd prey,
Who really sa'lt if he had seen such twit; 560
Surprising him some neighbour villagers,
Loiter I must not stay, but soon I quast'd
Ye were the two nimblest; with that I rung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.
And you a statue, or as Despina was
Root-bound, that Red Apollo.

Lady. Foul play.

You cannot touch the freedom of my mind 674
With all thy chains, O this corporation
Thou hast immancipated, while heaven sees good.

Com. Why are you vex'd, Lady? Why do ye rage?

[Here dwell no brawns, no anger; from these gross
sorts of anger flies the face. See here all the pleasures]

That fancy can get on youthful thoughts,

When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April wind in prynce's season.

And first behold this cordial joy here,
That smiles and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirit of youth, and fragrant syrups mixt.

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of These 686
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helen,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, so cool to the mind,
Why should you be so cruel to yourself?

And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For grace, usage, and soft delicacy,
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd as other terms, 693
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all natural faculty may subsist,
Refreshing after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repose,
And instantly wish'd you had not, but live, virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. Twice, I think,策划er,
Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast benish'd from thy tongue with

Was this the cottage, and the safe abode 700
That made me dream, that grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy baw'd enchantments, fool deceiv'r;
Hearts thou hast betray'd thy emulations
With vir'd falsehood, and base forgery.

And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With slippery baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for June when she banquet's,
I would not taste thy treasons offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good is not delightful
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Com. O biddings of men! that lend their ears To those budge droners of the Stoc' far, 716
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tab.

Praising the least and soiling all the same;
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwrithing hand,
Covering the earth with o'cours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spaw innuendine.

But all to please, and add the curios taste,
And set to work nations of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-said'd

To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of plenty, in her own limits.
She hutch'd th'o' art all worthier, and presence
To store her children with; if all the world [gener
Selled in a just fire, and set it on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but
stress.

Th'all-giver would be unthank'd, would be at
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd.
And we should serve him as a grinding master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastard, not her son.
Who would be quite sure of her own weight.

And stranglings of her waste fertility,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air d'air'd with
planes,
The herds worn out,multitude their lords,
The sea overcharged would swell, and th' unsought

Dismay'd

Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,

And so bested with stars, that they below
Would grow imard to lights, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

Lady, lady, be self-wise, take th' counsel
With that same vaunted name virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoard'd,
But must be current, and passeth thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unavoury in th' enjoyment thereof.

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities;
Where most men may wonder at the workmanship:
It is for human natures to keep home,
Try hard that their complexions are so composed
And cheeks of serry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's soul.

Love-darting eyes, or trusses like the men? 765
There was another meaning in these slighter ones,
Think what, and be advis'd, ye are but young yet.
Lady. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this shallow'd air, but that this juggler would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obeying false rules want'd in reason's gear. 771

I hate when voice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Imposer, do not change most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children be so rictous 773
With her abundance; she, good creature,
Means her prize only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of sparse temperance:
If every just man, that now pursues with want,
Had but a moderate and becoming shore
Of that which lowly passport'd luxury,
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispenc'd,
In unspurious even proportion. 785
And she no whit incensed'd with her store,
And then the glee would be better thank'd.
His praise due paid; for swinish glutony
Never looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with begotted base ingratitude
Crams and blaspheoms his feetst. Stab I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that stars,
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fools would I something say, yet to what end? 795
Than hast nor ear nor soul to apprehend,
Than glee high mystery,
That must be advis'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity,
And then art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
End not with all this wit, and joy metteastes,
That faith so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself confirm'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontroul'd worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That such things would be rov'd to sympathize,
And the delicate earth would lend her nerves and shoke,
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps over the false head.
Com. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a god should'ring dwe
Dips me all over, as when the wrath of Jove
Speeds those sacribes, and the chains of Elysium
To some of Satan's crew. I must assemble
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is more moral bale, and direct
Against the common laws of our constitution;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the less
And settlings of a melancholy blood.
This but will cure all straight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits and delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, reverst his glass
out of his hand, and knock it against the ground; his root makes sign of resentment, but are all driven in: The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spirit. What, have you let the false enchanter escape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
Aurora turn'd watch-dog of despairing power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
380
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless
Yet stay, be not disturbed; now I behold thee,
Some other means I have which may be used.
With permission of Methusalem old, I leaved
The sourest shepherd that ever piëd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
To move her might curb away the smooth Severn stream.

Sabrina is by the bank, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,

That had the sceptre from his father Bruns.
Said, quitless damsel, flying the maid pursuit
Of her enraged step-relations.
Commenced her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with a circuitous course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom played,
390
Hold up their peary visors and took her in,
To spring her from the bank's extremity.
Who, pusses of her woes, read'd her lack head,
And gave her to his daughters to enshackle
In nectar'd laves swear'd with aspideoli.
And through the porches and inlet of each senset
Drop'd in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immaterial change.
Made goddes of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve,
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Keeping all ardent basins, and hill-tuck signs.
That shew'd her meditating delights to make,
Which she with precious offices beguiles heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pannys, pins, and gaudy daffoldils.
And, as the old man said, she can unlock
The clasping charms, and thaw the napping spell.
If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself.
In hard besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

S O N G .

Sabra faur, Sabra,
Listen, here thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, transparent wave,
In twisted braid's of lilies knitting
The base train of the amber-dropping hair;
I listen, for dear honour's sake,
Sabella, Goddess of the silver lake.
Listen, and save.
Listen, and appear to us
In time of great dearth and want,
By the earth-shaking Nepuine's voice,
And Tryx's grave magick pace,
By heary Sereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian's wizard's hook,
By storie Tatros' winding shell,
And old southing Glaucus' spell,
By Logosbeh's lovely bands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Theirs' timel-slipper'd feet,
And the stonys of Sereus' hearst.

By dead Farthepere's torb's tomb,
And the sing of Sereus' herst.
By dead Earthper's torb's tomb,
395
And the ring of Sereus' hearst.

By dead Earthper's torb's tomb,
And the ring of Sereus' hearst.

By dead Farthepere's torb's tomb,
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And the ring of Sereus' hearst.

By dead Farthepere's torb's tomb,
And the ring of Sereus' hearst.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious rare
Thrice upon thy fingers tip
Thrice upon thy raised lip;
Next this marble vessel seat,
Spread with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
Now the spell hath lost its hold;
And I must haste as morning hour
To wait in Amphitryon's bower.

Sabinia descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Spirits, Virgins, daughter of Lactans,
Spring of old Anchise's line,
May thy trimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That mumble down the snowy hills;
Summer drouth, or saged air,
Never search thy terraced sea,
Nor west October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal hill with mud;
May thy billows roll adown
The herly, and the golden ore;
May thy left lead be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
And hence and there thy banks upon
With graves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this glorious place,
Lest the saccar us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your true guide
Through this glossy covert wide,
And no man journey thence
To your Father's residence,
Where this right was met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wassail's presence, and beside
All the swains that near at side,
With jigs, and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our golden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night shall monarch yet in the mid-sky.

The same changes, presenting Loudon town and the President's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the attendant Spirits, with the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spirits, Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday.
Here without deck or rod
Other trickings to be trod
Cherish you, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise.

With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the lawes.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought you new delight,
Here behold so readily grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely trended their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard essays
With a crown of deathless praise.
To triumph in victorious dance
Our sensual folly, and inanimosity.

The dance ends, the Spirits epilogue.

Spirits, To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardner's fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree
Along the crisp'd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and succent Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy bounteous Hours
Bless all their bounties bring:
That there eternal Summer dwells
And wasps with morning wings
About the cedar allies flight
Nord and Cassius' balmy smile.
It is there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purify scarfs can show.
And drenches with Elysian dew
The mild and young aspects new.
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis often views
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Body sits thy Assassin queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Capitol her fam'd seat adorned,
Holds his dear Pygme sweet incaran'd,
After her wand'ring labours long
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair impostured side
Two blissful twins are to be born.
Youth and Joy: so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow's with sallow doth bend,
And from thence can soar ascent
To the confines of the moon.
Mortal that would follow me,
Love virtue (1) the stone is free,
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphere chime.
Or if virtue foolish were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

END OF THE MASK.
SAMSON AGONISTES,*

A DRAMATIC POEM.

THE PERSONS.

Samson.
Menashe, the Father of
Samson.
Doli, his Wife.

Hephaestus of Oath.
Public Officer.
Messenger.
Chorus of Dauntless.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and in the prison of Gaza, to labor as is a common work-horse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth with open air. To a placid flame, somewhat venerated, there to sit awhile andハンをcondition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and eneys of his tribe, which make the Chorus, to avenge the wrongs they once 

been by his old father, Menashe, who endeavors the like, and virtuous to preserve his liberty against; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Menashe then proceeds to prosecute his endeavor with the Philistia lords for Samson’s redemption; who in the meanwhile is visited by another persons; and lastly, by a public officer to require his allegiance to the lord before the lords and people, to play and show his strength in their presence; and at first refuses, dissimulating the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatening to fetch him. the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Menashe returns full of joyful hope, to procure ordaining his son’s deliverance: in the midst of which discourses a Hebrew comes in hastily, confiding at first, and afterwards were distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; whereas with the tragedy ends.

Samson.

A LITTLE coward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little farther on;
For under bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else impend’d; 5
Where I a prisoner chain’d, scarce freely draw
The air imprison’d also, close and damp,
Uneasome draught; but here I feel amends,
The breath of heaven fresh breathing, pure and sweet. 10
With day-spring born; here leave me to inspire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave 15
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets ar’d, no sooner found alone, 20
But rush upon me thorough, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn’d,
As in a fiery column charioting 25
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal’d to Abraham’s race?
Why was my breeding order’d and prescrib’d
As of a person separate to God,
Design’d for great exploits; if I must die
Betray’d, captiv’d, my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze; 30
Then with this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength

Pet to the labour of a beast, debard’d
Lower than bondman! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistine yoke deliver:
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find 40
Eyesless in Gaia at the mill with slaves,
Himself a bond under Philistine yoke;
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prophecies; what if all foretold
Had been fulfilled but through mine own default 45
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg’d, how easily benefit found
Under the seal of silence could not keep, 50
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
Outcome with importunity and tears;
O impotence of mind, in holy strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom, vast, wise, hardy, scarcely,
Strongly sure, yet liable to fall 55
By weakest subtilities, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisest bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hunger’d in my hair,
By peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
Of highest dispensation, which hereby
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is mine,
And moves the scourge of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wait, but chief of all, 65
O loss of sight, of thee, most complainant
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dagon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to him is extinct;
And all her various objects of delight
Ambush’d, which might in part my grief have eas’d.
Inferior to the viest now become
To man or woman, the viest that here excel me;
They creep, yet say, I dare in light expound 70
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
By how much from the top of wandrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of affright fortune thus art falld.
For him no thought not in highest state
When long descent of pitch
Or the sphere of fortune fallen
But those whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the earth,
Universally revered with highest praises
Sons. I hear the sound of words, their sense the Disunited except are they reach my ear.
Chor. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might.
The glory late of Israel, now the grief:
We come thy friends and neigbours not unknown
From Eshda and Zara's fruitful vale
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Save to the sacred season not to waste
The terrors of a troubled mind.
And are as balm to foster'd wounds.
Sons. Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn.
Now of my own recovery not told.
How counterfeit a coin they are whose friends
Bore in their supercurrence, (of the worst
I would be understood) in prosperous days
They swear, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought, ye see, O friends.
How many evils have enclo'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confound with shame.
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who in a faithful pilot have my vessel
My vessel trusted to me above,
Gloriously riding on the sea, or a year,
Fool, have I divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
Am I not stung, abused for a fool
In every street? do they not say, how well
Art come upon him by his deserts?
Why, is it
Inmeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more, have pain'd,
This with the other should, at least, have part'd,
These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.
Chor. That is, this divine dispensation wise men know.
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd
And shall again, pretend they were so wise.
Distinct not there so overwhelm'd,
Who boast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard from wonder $15
Why should thou stand when Philistian women rather
Than of thy own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as able.
Sons. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd me,
Not my parent, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an inful, they knew not
That what I mov'd was of God, I knew
Was intimate immolate, and therefore urged
The marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin and in what course my name
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife
(0 that I never had too late)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dailla,
That especial occasion I am compleat'd since.
150
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end: still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
She was not the prince cause but I myself,
Who submiss'd with a good of words (0 weakness?)
Gave up my feet of silence to a woman.
Chor. In seeking just occasion to perceive
The Philistin, thy country's enemy,
Thou never want advice, I bear thee witness.
Yet inward still serves with all his soul
Sons. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governour, and heads of tribes,
Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledg'd: now should I well consider'd:
Deliverance offer'd: I on the other side
uld no ambition to command my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the door;
But they persuad'd me to go, and would not see
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their brats the Philistines with gather'd powers
m 36
Sons. And bring me to the rock of Ethan was retir'd,
Not flying, but so far from the place
To set upon them, what advantage
I 2
SAMSON AGONIZING.

Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The hazards of their land, beat me round; I willingly on some conditions came
And they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey
I am no sinner with redoubted heart as I was the
Touched with the flame: on their whole hot I was
Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon fell
This was the lesson of their foolish pride
Who died with this sword, in whose hand, that died me happy?
Who would now be a father in my stead?
Of wherefore did God grant me my request, and the whole army of the
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then given with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind me?
For this did the angel twice descend? for this
Or else be parts of my numerous locks?
Select, and sacred, glorious for awhile
The miracle of men; then in a hour
Inward, assaulted, overcome, led bound
Thy foes' decision, captive, poor, and blind,
No longer need I work with slaves?
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To workdest deeds, if the through feeble arm,
He should not so overwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to such foul indignities,
By far for heaven's sake of former deeds?

Sons.  Anport not heavenly disposition, father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author i, sole cause: if might seem wise,
Yet evermore be mindful, ye, that have professed,
The mystery of God given me under pledge
Or now, have betrayed it to a warning,
A Cassandra, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,
For what of the world was done, did not she?
Of Times first betray me, and reveal
The secret, wrought from me in her bright
Of mortal love profound, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
And ran my course. In justifiable
More faith, who also in her pride of love,
Avaunced, with worth, with gold,
Though offered only, by the sent conveyed
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Three times she sawd with fasting prayers and sighs,
And numerous reproaches, to win me from
A captive secret, in what part my strength
Lay staid, in what part sum'd, that she might know?

Tirice I deluded, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How open, and with what impudence
She propos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Than unseem'de dress) with what contempt
She sought to make me turtle to myself;
Yet the fourth time, when musterling all her wives,
With blin'd with a, perverts, female assaults,
Tongue-butteries, she succeed'd not day nor night
To draw me, over-watch'd, and wearied out,
Out of her house with malice and desire,
I yielded, and unclasp'd her all my heart.
Who with a grain of reasonable soul,
Might easily have shook off all her pains;
But foul effeminacy held me down;
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmannerly, inhuman, infamous,
The slavery, and that blindness some to this,
That saw not now derogately I surrender.
Men. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, son,
Rather approve them not; but thou didst plead
Divine Impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to inflame our fames.
I note not that: this I am sure, corsairs
Forsen soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph; then the somer
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the secret trust of clemency,
Departed within thee, which I have kept
True, was in thy power; true; and thou hast
The courage, and the merit of that faith;
Ritter hast thou paid, and still art paying
That right score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrates in Gaza; and proclaim
Tomb, and sacrifice, and cries loud
Te Dagon, as the god who hath delivered,
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
One man of those, who slew them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,

In moral strength! and eh what not in man
Decayed and vain? Nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our wo, our bane?
Pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach: I gain'd a son,
Or now, and the love, and the bane of
Their thoughts with her; and she whom I loved?
Who would be now a father in my stead?
Of wherefore did God grant me my request, and the whole army of the
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Our earnest prayers, then given with solemn hand
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Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
One man of those, who slew them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
Of fairful lookup, wainaus, dran. 
Sd'slent with pleasure and voluphsious life; 
I lay on my bed and barked and wended 554 
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap 
Of a maid so beautiful, so conscientious; 
Like a tame weber, of my precious fince, 
Then turned me out ridiculous, despised. 
Cher. Desire of wine and all delicous drinks, 
Which many a famous sinner has transgressed. 
Then could reason, nor did the dancing ruby, 
Sparkling, pour'd the flavour or the smell, 
Or taste that cheers the hearts of gods and men. 
Affare thee from the cool crystalline stream. 564 
Some. Wherever fountain or fresh current 
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure, 
With touch other of heaven's fiery rod, 
I drank, from the clear milky juce allaying 560 
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the hope 
Whose heads are tarantul light fill'd with flames. 
Cher. O madness, to think of use of strong wine 
And strongless drinks our chief support of health, 
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear 
His mighty spounion, strong above compare, 
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook. 565 
Some. But what avail'd this temporan, not complete 
Against another object more enticing 
At one gate to make the desh the desh, 
And at another to let in the foe, 
Effeminates, the more vaque'sh, which means, 
Now blind, deaf, dumb, shaman, shendoush. 566 
To what can I be usefl, wherein serve [qually, 
My name and the glory of the wondrous supped, 570 
But to sit idle on the household hearth, 
A woman's druse, to visitants a groat. 
Or pitied object, these redundant locks 
Reductions to no purpose clauspring down, 
Varied measurement of light, 
Oblige, annihilation of length of years 
And sedentary num Danish my limbs 
To switch, 
But in all that age obscure, 
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread, 
Till vermill or the draft of service food 
Consumes me, and oft-invocated death 
Hasten the welcome end of all my pain. 
Some. With this then serve the Summeres with this gift: 
Which was expressly given these to suborn them? 
Better at home lie bed-ridd, not only idle; 
Inunction, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580 
That God who can only communicate at thy prayer 
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirt' a lay 
After the burn of battle, can as easy 
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; 
Christ beneath the cross, so high, 
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks? 
His might continue in thee for nought, 
Nor shail his wondrous gifts, to be frustrate thls. 
Some. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend, 
That dark deeds on no small treat with light, 
Nor other' life of light continue long. 
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand: 
Some. It is a woe that I cannot drop, 
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems 
In all that, fear was my name, 
My race of glory run, and race of shame, 
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.
Samson.

That so bedeck'd, onrude, and gay,
Comes this way calling
Like a sately hill.

Of Taurus, bound for th' Isles
Of heaven or hell.

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails full, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that list them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a dainty train behind;
Some rich Philadelphian matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes these twice
About to have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower surging'd with dew, she weeps,
And words she'd seem scarce into tears dissolved,
Wetting the borders of her silent veil:
Now again she makes address to speak.
But with doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, all dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have ended, without excess,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if thou
May expunge (though the fairest eye drew tears
In the perverse event than I forewast) my
Patience hath not slack'd, though my pardon
Ne wayward, my coy conjugal affection
Prevailing o'er fear, and timorous doubt,
Lost him in desire to behold
Once more the face, and know of thy estate,
Though oft in my ability may serve
To lighten the storm, and appease
Thy mind with what omend'ss in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recom pense
My rash but more unfortunate mooded.

Sama. Oat, out hyena; these are thy victims,
And arts of every woman false like this,
I fear.
To break all faith, all vow, deceive, betray,
Then as repressant to submit beneath,
And reasonable move with Japhet's remorse,
Confess, and promise wonder; in her change,
Not truly present, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bear,
His virtue or weakness which way to seal:
Then with more caution and instructed skill
Again tranquillize, and again submit:
That wiser and best men fall oft benumbing,
With goodwill principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Imprison'd with a painful bellow pipe,
If e'er by quiet destruction seen cut off
As by thee, ages an example.

God, I'll hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
So far to pluck my enemies from thee external despair.
That on th' other side if it be weighing
By itself, with argument not surcog'd,
Or else with just allowance counterfeiting,
I may, if possible, thy passion find
The easiness to thee, nor thy hatred less.

That granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, in highest respect for thee,
Carrying, iniquitous, important
So secret, than with like infirmity
To publish them, both with common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for novelty,
Wherein consist all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way,
But I so conveys repeat, and should not.
Nor shouldest thou have trusted that
to woman's weakness.

Thee to thee, thus to thine self cast down.
Let weakness then with weakness come to perforce
So near relation, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that man may censure thine
The genius, the woman as exact nor
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret at hate, 790
The jealousy, powerful of way
In human hearts, nor less in mine toward thee,
Could not I know what I did? I am these my chaste
Of fancy, fear'd last one day thou wouldst leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to increase, and desirous to be the firmer:
No better way I saw than by importing
The key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then revealed? I was awak'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'ed
But thee, safe custody, and both.
That need's me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
With those who seek to rob and slay thee.
Wasting thy absence in my widow's bed;
Here I should enjoy thee by the light of day
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistine,
Who, to himself unharmed abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
Though false pretences, and wanton whims, I pass'd
And love hath bath, well meant, brought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not suetere
As thou art strong, indestructible as steel.
If I sought in strength all mortal pain exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.
Saw me. How cunningly the sorrows displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine?
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears, I gave, thou say'st, 'th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take it to wicked deed; which when thou seest
Imperious, self-exert, must thy self-respect
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it wrong'd; weakness is in cause,
And I believe it, weakness to resist
Philistine gold: if weakness may excuse,
What will trasnlate, participle,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
Wickedness all, what pleas there therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
But love constraint d thee; call it furious rage
To bring me to my feet, in public shame, in snare
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What snares girt me round, ere I conserved
Which might have w'd the best resolv'd of men,
Confess'd with defeat of my self without blame.
It was not gold, so to my charge thou layst,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the mistakes.
And princes of my country came in person,
Renounced, commiss'd, threatn'd, fear'd,
A'djur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, pr'eard how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious to intrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such main, as could have seiz'd my priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how mertiorious with the gods
I would be victorious in invasions
Honour of Dagon: what had I
Then, oppose powerful elements?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combatted in silence all these reasons
With hard content: at length that grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wise men, that to the public good,
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd:
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enduring,
Saw me. I thought where all thy circling wits
In fag'd religion, smooth hypocry.
But had thy love, so diliogently pretended,
Be as it ought, thine, yet it hath taught thee
Far other reasons, brought forth other deeds.
I, before all thy turn'd thy treach'rous visage,
And of my nation, chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou know'st,
To love, not to my country's wrong,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd
By thy requirings, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband
To live, and bear a country's prosperity,
Being once a wife, for me thou wait to leave
I frangible and feeble subject,
Nor under their destiny, but my own.
I thou mine not theirs: if fought against my life

SAMSON AGGROW/SER.

The country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nation?
No more can I bear, but less than a common crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than beastly deeds, and taking away ends.
For which our country is a name so dear?
Nor therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee
To please thy gods there didst thou enabled;
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes.
By Unguided deeds: the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
Less therefore be pleas'd, obey'd, or feared.
These false pretences and varnish'd colours falling,
Base in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?
In argument with men a woman ever
Go'd by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Saw me. For want of words no doubt, or lack in
Witness when I was worry'd with thy pleas.
Gave. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
Afford me place to show what recompense
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdoubt,
Misdoubted any what remains past cure
Bear not too severely, nor still insist
To efficit myself in vain: though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many salaces, enjoy'd.
Where other senses want not their delights,
At home, in leisure and domestic ease,
Envy's from many a care and chance to which
Re-sight exposes daily men abroad.
I, the lords will interweave, and delighting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
Upon this lustsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my reduced love can care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
Ere I grew to heed, or think'd to have old age.
With all things grateful cherish'd, and so supplied,
That what by me thou hast lost thou shalt find.

Saw me. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It doth not; thou and I long since are twins;
Nor think me so unwary or accur'd.
To bring my feet from thee, in public shame, in snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains
Though desir'ry to my cost, thy gains, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warming charmes
No more on me have power, their force is naught,
So much of my lover's wisdom have I learn'd
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, feared me, thou alone couldst hate
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forget me;
How would thou use me now, blind, and thereb
Deceiv'd, in most things as a child
Helpless, thoughtless, and accurs'd;
And last neglected? How would thou insult,
When I must live uxorios to thy will
In perfect trances, again and again
Bearing my words and doings to the lords.
To place upon my censuring, or smile or?
This jail I count the best of liberty.
Here, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Saw me. I approach so at least, and touch thy hand.
Saw me. Nor thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee more memorable.
Among illustrious and well-disposed wives,
Cherish'd by hasted widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Saw me. I thought thou art imachable, more dear
To prayers, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length: to shore
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rage,
External tempestues, that disturb the
Why do I humble myself, and suing
For peace, reap nothing but reproach and hate?
Bid go with evil omens and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounce'd?
To mix with its odious company, I desire
None but love's kinder souls, the unenvious,
Henceforth, nor so much disapprov'd myself.
Saw me. If not disapprov'd, I the well-disposed
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
SAMSON AGONIZING.

Beasts greatest names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the crowned.
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
My name may stand for ever.
With mendicacy mention'd, and the blot
Of detection must cause me ungodly trouble.
But in my country, where I must desire,
In Sera, Gaza, Ashkelon, and Gath,
I shall be named among the renowned.
Of women, sang at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock's hand, my tomb
With odours visit'd, and annual flowers.
Not less renown'd than in mant Quirinus
Jae, who with inquisitive guilt
Susten Suera sleeping thro' the temples mild.
Not shall I count it behoves to enjoy
This public's more honour and reward.
Confess'd upon me, for the piece
Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown,
At this who ever revives or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and I like my own.
Our Sheela, and our manifest serpent by her ling
Discovered in the end, till now conceal'd.
Some. So let her go, God sent her to deluge me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
For such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety and my life.
Chor. You may be thought injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once posses'd, nor can easily
Repent'd, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of dangerous remorse.
Some. Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock's intractable instigating fire.
Chor. It is not virtuous, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or swiftest merit
That were your love; it was love's own win or long inherit;
But what it is, is hard to say,
Harder to hit.
(Which way sever men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Seven, thou wouldst make me say.
If any of these or all, the Tumid bride
Had not so soon pretend
Thy panaramy, worthless to thee compare'd
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so lovely disparity
Their nuptials, not this so treacherously
Had there the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavishly'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were but? She haste unfledged judgment scant,
Capacity not rival to apprehend
Or value what is best.
In choice, or to affect the wrong a
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of soundness too inflex'd, that either they love nothing, or not long?
Whatever it be to wiser men and best
Suck'd at from birth all heavenly under Virgin reel
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once joint, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Istisone, far within defensive arms
A delicious mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him away involv'd
With lusts, and his soul deprav'd
'To folly' and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What gibe so expert but need must woe
Embark'd with such a decorum at the helm?
Favourite of Heaven who finds
One virtue rarely found,
That in domestic good combines,
Happy that house 's his way to peace smooth.
But virtue which breaks thou all opposition, 1650
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines and must is acceptable above.
Therefore God's universal law
Give to the man despotic power
Over his female in this case
Not from that right so apt an hour,
Smile she or she be loath
So shall he beset confusion draw
On his whole life, not way'd
By female usurpation, or disarm'd.
But had we rest, I see a storm

Samson. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.
(Feign'd at thy birth was given thee in thy hair)
Where strength alone remain'd, though all thy hair
Wore bristles rang'd like those that riddle the back
Gall'd with serpents, that, in idle pursuance.
Some. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts:
My trust is in the living God, who gave me
My nativity, my strength, distinction,
No less through all my strenw, joints and bones,
To descent on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
Come nearer, part not hence so slight in mine;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.  
1350
Hear, O Saxon, chide not my song or say thou
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?
Thou dost not weigh nor know how to
Fear I incurable; bring up thy ran.
My bea is bettered, but my fust is free.
1355
Hear, This judgment of an kind answer fits.
Sons. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay that structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down.
1370
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd side.
Hear, By Ataroth are long then shalt lament
Those brave men in furs lenden on thee.
Chor. His shipwight is gone somewhat Merrily,
Stalking with less insensible strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry clane.
Sons. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.
Chor. He will directly to the roads, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other, and not further inflict thee.
Sons. He must alledge some cause, and offer'd
Will not dare mention, lest a question arise
Whether he durst accept of offer or not.
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more, I fear, than at present he will.
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours,
And work them many a day, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
1395
But come what will, my headlong will I prove,
My speddest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it will not out because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin and set the state.
Chor. O how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Faith, invincible might
To quell the pride of earth, th'o' oppressor,
The brute and bold'st force of violent men
Hardly and industrious to support.
Tyrannical power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats.
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial virgin arm'd,
Their armours and magazines contents,
Readers their enemies
With wing'd expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on his threat, who surpris'd
Lost their defence distracted and am'rd.
But patience and a bold self-sufficiency
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor of his own soul.
That tyranny or fortune can inflict,
Either of these is in thy lot.
Saxon, with might indeed
Above the sons of men; but slight berserv'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.
This idio's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy misery.
More than the working day thy hands,
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I desery this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A desperate or quiescent state,
His message on a man, speed in his look.
By his habits I discern him now.
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.
Off! Herod, the prophet Saxon here I seek.
Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.
Off! Saxon, to the head he bids me.
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and gain.<br>glory,
Where their strength they know humbled race,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great foreign assembly.
Rise therefore with all speed and come along.
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
To appear as due before th'o' illustrious lords.
SAMSON AGONistes.

Some. Thou know'st I am a Hebrew, therefore
Our law forbids at their religious rites
1320 My presence, for that cause I cannot come.
Qf. This shall be, saith God, will not content them.
Some. Have they not wood-players, and every sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners, 1344 Jugglers and dancers, anteat, mummers, minstrels,
But they must pick me out with shackles tied:
And over this thy virtuous city set thee free.
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more.
1350 Or make of a game of my calamities?
Return them. Then, if they will come,
Qf. I shall defend myself, this will offend them highly.
Some. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debauch'd?
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will content to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their foot or ladder,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief.
To show them feats, and play before their god.
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
1341 Qf. My message was impost'd on me with speed,
So great was the desire, so vast.
Some. So take it with so speed thy message needs.
1345 Qf. I am an alarm of what this strontys will produce.
Some. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow.
Chor. Consider, Samson; matters now are strait'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break;
What knows he how my report may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Some. Shall I abuse this conscripted gift?
Qf. Of strength, which all is returned, yet now and then
1355 After my great transgression, so requisite
Favor reserved, and add a greater measure
By prostituting holy things to idols;
Some. In place unbecoming, unbecome.
Vainest my strength in honor to their Dagon?
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous.
What act more exceedingly unclean, profane?
Chor. Yet with this strength thou servest the Philistines,
Idolatrous, unbecoming, unclean.
Some. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
Honorable land to it in public good.
1366 Of those who have me in their civil power.
Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts
 detract not.
Some. Where outward force constrains the sen-
1369 But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistine lords command.
Nevertheless, say who is returning with them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
And yet, I have more reverence Dagon and his priests,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
1375 Shall never, unexpected, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.
Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts
my reach.
1380 Some. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rising motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may disannihilate
1385 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be ought of pressage in the mind,
This day will be marvellous in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.
Qf. In time thus hast resist'st, the man returns.
Qf. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive public null our desires,
And dart'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay.
1395 Or shall we find such engines as to assail
And hang'rs thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou were the most familiar friend to a root.
Some. I could be well content to try their arm
Which is no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many
1401 Because ye shall not trust me through the breach
Of a wild beast, I am content to go,
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
1405 Such as such owls themselves on their assumption.
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(No mutable are all the lines of men).
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.
Qf. I praise thy resolution: doff these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
1411 To favour, and permit to set thee free.
Some. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy.
So eared one, the lords new congratulate them
I knew not: lords are fondlines in their wine;
And the well-built priest then sooner find
1420 With zeal, if ought religion seems concern'd.
No less the people on their holy-days
Impecculated, innumerable.
Happy may, of me I expect to hear
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself.
1435 The last of me or I cannot warrant.
Chor. Soo, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide.
Be it so! I will not send to thee
Qf. No unusual things, that may impair,
Measure of strength so great to inward soul,
As thy words and pleasures hath been seen.
Be they therefore come old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much lighter even while
He appeaseth here to find his son,
Of him bringing to us some good news? now.
Peace with you, brethren; my influence
1445 Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence.
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock, I had no will.
1450 Yet I should see him for'd these things uneasily,
But that which now my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.
Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to par-
1455 These take.
With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.
1458 Man. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.
1460 Some more willing, some I found so hardy
Contemptuous proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverence Dagon and his priests;
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both god and state
1465 They easily would set to sale; a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduced
Their foes to misery beneath their fears.
The rest was magnanimity to return,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
Could without light or guide;
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.
Chor. Doubtless the struggle shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them.
1470 Or at some proof before strength then shown.
Man. His ransom, of my whole inheritance
May consist, shall willingly be paid.
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
1475 And be as he that is most of least.
No, I am far'd not to part hence without him.
For his redress, and take my full remembrance.
If need be, I am ready for forego,
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.
Chor. Others are to lay for the sake of his son
Then for thy son art bent to lay out all.
1488 Some work'd in old age faster than a root.
Thou in old age can't how to nurse thy son
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that? Horribly loud, unlike the summer's voice. 1510 
Cheer. Noise calls you in universal grief. As if the whole inhabited world was in confusion! Blood, death, and dreadful deeds are in that noise. Ruin, destruction at the utmost point. Man. Of ruin indeed, methought I heard the noise. Oh it continues, they have slain my son. 
Cheer. Thy hope is not ill seen; thy son lives. Of his delivery, and Joy thereon. Lam. Conced't agreeable to a father's love, 1506 In both which we, as next participare, Man. I know your friendly minds—and-O what is the worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated To floor him hence, I can't live free. Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge. What windy joy this day had I conceived? Hopeful of him I was impressed. 1578 Abrupt as the first-born bloom of spring. 1578 Merry with the being somewhere about! Yet ere I give the reins to grief, my first, How died he? death to life is crown or shame. All by him fell then as would, by whom fell be, 1580 What glorious hand gave Samson his death wound? Man. Uprooted of one, what as he fell. Man. Wept with slaughter them or how?—explain. Man. By his own hands. Man. Self-violence? what cause? 1585 Brought him so soon at variance with himself Among his foes? Man. Inevitable cause At once both to slay and be destroyed. The edifice, where all was met to see him Upon their heads and on his own he piled. 1592 Man. O lately over-thyself! A dreadful way thou look'dst to fly revenge. More than enough we know; but while things yet are in conclusion, give us if then cast, By-witness of what first or last was done. 1596 Relation more particular and distant. Man. Occasions drew me early to this city, And as the gates I entered with sure rise, The morning trumpet festival proclaimed. 1596 When all abroad was ramorous this day 1601 Samson should be brought forth, to show the people of his mighty strength in feats and games; I sorrow'd at his capt'vate state, but minded Not to be absent at that spectacle. The building was a spacious theatre Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high, With seats whereon all the lords of each degree Of sort, might sit in order to behold; The other side was open, where the strong 1610 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand; Among these aloof obscurely stood. The fruit and noon grew high, and sacrifice Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately Was Samson as a public servant brought, 1616 In their state lively clad; before him pipes And timbrels, on each side west armed guards, Both horse and foot, before him and behind Archers, and slingers, charioteers and spears. 1650 At sight of him the people with a shout Riffled the air, cleaving courage against courage, Who'had made their dreadful enemy their thrall. He patient beats with his strength they led him. Came to the place, and what was set before him, Which without help of eye was many a yard. 1650 To heave, to pull, to break, still perform'd All with incredible, stupendous force, None daring to stay, by fear. 1650 At length for intermission sake they led him 1650 Between the pillars; he his guide requested (For so much we heard) he stood as over-third to let him a while With both his arms on two immense pillars, That to the arched roof gave main support. 1650 He unsuspic'd him led; when Samson Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd, And eyes fast fix'd as stood, as one who pray'd, Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd: At last with head erect thus cried aloud, Hithero, lords, what your commands impose I have perform'd, as ensnaring against them, Not without wonder or delight beheld; Now of my own accord I would I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater; As with amaze shall strike all who behold. 1664 This utter, straining all his forces, be loud, With the force of winds and waters pent, When mountains tremble, two or many pillars With horrid convulsion to end fro, 1665 He tug'd, he shook; till down came they and drew The whole race over them, with burst of thunder Upon the heads of all who sat beneath, Lords, ladies, ladies, in every county, or priests. Their choice nobility and flower, not only Of this but each Philistian city round, Not at all to scarce to perish of his feet. Samson, with these limbs'd, inevitably Purs'd down the same destruction on himself,
SAMSON AGONISTES.

The vulgar only scap'li who stood without. 1650
Chor. O deap'ly-bought revenge, yet gracious!
Living or dying then hast fulfilled
The work for which thou wast forsworn
To Israel, and now least victorious.
Among thy staid self-lil'd, 1666
Not willingly, but hanged in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death contains
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.
Sneaker. While their hearts were joy'd and drunk with licories, drunk with wine, 1689
laughing.
And fat regard of bulls and goats,
Clamour thy idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Sih's bright sanctuary:
Among them for a spirit of pleasure sent
Who vant their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They only set on sport and play
Unwittingly impendent
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them:
So fond are mortal men
Fallen into wrath divine
At their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Excommunic'd, or at some reproach,
And with blindness internal struck.
Sneaker. But he that blind of sight,
Desp't and thought exulting'd quite,
With inward eye illuminated,
His fiery virtue re-un'd
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perished roads,
And nests in order rang'd
Of some woman's fiev't, but an eagle
His cloudless thunder boileth on their heads.
So virtuous given for lost,
To deare'st, and overthrow'd, as seem'd,
Like that self-agonised bird
In early Asian woods inhab'ed,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay even while a holocaust,
From out her swiftly worm now term'd,
The darts, refraction, then vigorous most
When most unactive deject'd.
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

Nor much more can; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heaviest hath finish'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning;
And lamentations in the sons of Caphtor.
Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let lest them
And courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal farms;
And which is bent and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared, 1730
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is hasted, nothing to wait
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no content,
Dispair or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Seek'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The cloathed gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in sight, to say a nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent respequey and funeral train
Home to his father's house, there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching pales,
With all his trophies hung, and acts hallowed
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
This shall be all the valiant youth rewarded
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on pleasant days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunated in his choice.
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.
Chor. All is best, though we all doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Or highest wisdom brings about,
And cloath'd found in the clime.
Oh he seems to hide his face,
But unnecessarily marks it
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Here without gloriously; whence Gaza neers.
And all that Israel can to resist
His invincible intent;
His servants he with new acquit
Of true experience, from this great event.
With peace and consolation hath dismissing,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.
POEMS.

L'ALLEGRO.*

TENENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midsummer's night,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
Mourning black shapes, and shrieks, and sighs.

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where vanity compasses her banishment,
And the night-aven sing:
(Wings,
There under shone shadow, and bow'ld brow'd rocks,
And sang as thy locks,
In dark Chalcidian desert ever dwell.

Blessed be the hoary pine tree,
In heaved yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-aecing Mirth,
To sleep on boughs of yew at a birth,
With two sister Graces more
To barbwire and plumes more;
or whether (as some say sing)
The fuscous wind that breathes the spring,
Lapeth, with avarice playing,
As he met her once at a Meeting;
The third a dry and blunt blue,
Kirsten, blush and dcconsoire.
blashe. thy, and bring with the jest and youthful jolly,
Quips, and cracks, and wanton wiles.
Nods and becks, and wrinkled smiles,
Such as hang on Hebel's cheek;
And love to live in dis ease:
Sport that wrinkled Care cherishes,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in the right-hand lend with thee,
The garland of sweet Liberty;
If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admiral of all thy crew,
To live with thee, and live with thee,
In unprepossessed offence free;
To bear to the dark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn rise ruce;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And kill the bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-tender, or the vine,
Or, the water-drowned soul;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkness thit,
And to thee, or the barn door,
Stormy struts his bones before;
Over the thornbushes and horn
Cheerily sweeps the humming Morn,
From the side of some dark hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row arum, or hollygreen,
Right against the eastern gale,
Where the great Sun begins to state,
Rises in fumes, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liversis light,
While the ploughman morn at hand
Whistles over the hurdle-wind
And the milk-rind diggeth butte,
And the mower wets the dewy sod,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Usurms the character in the dale,
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures;
Rosset lawns, and follow grey,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Moreover, in these barley beasts
The latticing clouds do often rest,
Meadows rain with daisies pie,
Shallow brook, and rivers wide.

* L'Allegro is the cheerful, merry man; and in this poem he describes the course of mirth in the country and in the city from morning to noon, and from noon till night.
POEMS.

IL PENSEROSSO.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft have my retreat,
With thrice-great Hermes, or august
The spirit of Plato to unbind
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleeting sock
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Or the tale of Troy divine
Or what (though rare) of later age
But, O, and Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Mercury from his lower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
From whom the Jovian's crew long lay
In cesspit's pall some swooning sleep;
Presenting Theseus' or Petre's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine
Or what (though rare) of later age

With that same husband's love,
That o'er the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wordless horse of bronze,
On which the Tartar king did ride
And if such gentle hands beside
And solmization tunes have sung,
Of turners and of trophies hung,
Of caskets and of instruments dower,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-sated Morn appear
Not tried and frome'd as she was wont
With the bright orb to sport
But kens'cined in a comedy cloud
While rocking winds are plying loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still
When the just hath blown his fill
Ending all the ruthe, Peace, and Quiet,
Spire Fast, that oft with gods doth die,
And hears the Muse in a ring
Eye round about Jove's silver ring
And add to these retired Leisure
That rare grandeur takes his pleasure
But first and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that you sours on golden wing,
Catching the Nymphs that dance
The cherub Contemplation
And the music that is ever along
Less Phoebus will degire a song
In her sweetest, sublimest flight
Secondly the brave noon of Night
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently the prudent look ask
Sweet bird, that shunn't the noise of falls,
Most musical, most melancholy
These, innumerable, the words among
I too, to hear thy evening-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green
To behold the waning noon,
Riding near her highest scene
Like one that had been stray
Through the heavens' wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she'd bow,
Steeping through a fleeting cloud.
Of on a pist of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Gore with some modest store,
Swinging bow with solemn roar
Or if the air will not permit,
Sound still removed pace will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
To the lady's chamber doth command
Far from all resort of night,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or at last charity,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

* Il Penseroso is the thoughtful, melancholy man; and this poem, both in its model and principal circumstances, is taken from a song in praise of melancholy, in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, called The Rose Venus, or Passionate Maid.
POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, DYING OF A COUGH.*

I.

O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft stiles primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if then heath's last-tasted
Blast Winter's force that made thy blossom dry:
For he being amorous on that lonely dyes
That did thy cheek evermore, thought to kiss,
But killed, alas, and then bewilders his fatal blises.

II.

For since grim Aquis his chariot
By beas middle rage the Aethian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fairbe holded not,
Thereafter to wipe away th' infamous fumes
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mooght the wanton gods a feast reproach was held;

III.

So, mounting up in key-pierled car,
Through middle winter's eating the freezing air,
He wandered long, till he spied from far;
Thereenda he couch, as if to feed his cares:
Down he descended from his snow-such seat,
But all unares with his cold-kind embrace,
Unheard thy virgin soul from her fair biding kept.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unwasting hand,
Whilest did slay his dearly loved mates,
Young Hysael born on Euprates' strand,
Young Hysael the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Aleck that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade my heart to dare,
Or that thy corsets enrich in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
His hand in the world in a new delved tomb;
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?
Oh, not for something, his face did shine
Above mortality, that show'd thou was divinity.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
[If so be that thou these plaints dost hear]
Tell me, bright Spirit, where thou wast innocent,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elytian fields (if such there were)
O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst time take flight?

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of skad's temple by mischance didst fail?
Which careful Love in nature's true behoof
'Took up, and in its place didst reinstall?
Or didst of late earth's son beseege the wall
Of shewy Heaven, and thou, some Goddess died,
Amongst us here below this thy cheery head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth;
And canst again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that coward matron sage white-robed Truth?

* Composed in 1685, the 17th year of Milton's age. This infant was the author's niece, a daughter of his sister Philips, and probably her first child.
POEMS.

Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wand’ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way;
Then know’st’t it must be now thy only bent.
To keep in compass’ thy predication:
The holy host, by purblind business come,
That to the next I may assign my room.

Then Ena is represented as Father of the Predicaments his two Sons, whereof the eldest stood for Justice with his Cannon, which Ena thus speaking explains.

Good luck befriended thee, Sun; for at thy birth
The fair ladies danced upon the hearth.
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy.
Come creeping to the room where thou didst lie.
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thee shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible.
Yet there is something that doth force my fear.
For once was it the dismal hap to bear
A Sibyl’s aid, howdent with crooked age.
That far events fully wise could presage.
And in the time’s long and dark perspectives.
Foretell what future days should bring to pass:
Your son, said she, none can yet prevent
Should subject be to so many accidents.
O’er all his brethren he shall reign as king.
Yet not one eye shall mark him undertong.
And those that cannot live from him sanser
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.
Yet worth and excellence shall outgo them,
Yet being above him, he shall be below them;
From others she shall stand in need of nothing.
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall dull him in her lowery lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
To souring War shall never cease to rear.
Yet shall it be his natural property
To harbor those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can lose this Guidian lost?

The next Quantity and Quality spake in Prose; then Relation was called by his Name.

Rivers, arise; whether thou be the son
Of winter’s tears, or guiltv Sun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along thy indicated meads;
Or solemn Mole, that runneth underneath;
Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens’ death;
Or rocky Aven, or of sedgy Lee;
Or coalv Tine, or ancient hallow’d Dee;
Or Number loud, that keeps the Scythian’s name;
Or Medway smooth, or royal towered Thames.

[The rest was Prose.]

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST’S NATIVITY.

Composed in 1629.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven’s eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and Virgin-Mother born.
Our great redemption from above did bring:
For so the holy sage once did sing,
That glad day God’s people might in due time
And with his Father work as a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming bliss of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven’s high council-table
To sit at midst of all the business of the Trinity-Unity,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heaven by the sun’s team untrod
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrongs bright?

IV.

See how far on upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet:
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch’d with hallow’d fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All mealy rapt in the rude manger lies.
Nature in awe to him
Had doff’d her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only, with speeches fair,
She woods her heart to bear
To hide her guilty front with Innocent snow;
And on her naked shoulders
To confer the skins of hides,
To cover her with shroud and sack,
Pollute with sinful blame.

The kindly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker’s eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

Bat he her fears to cease
Sent down the meet-ey Peace;
She, crown’d with olive green, came softly-siding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrrite wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle’s sound
Was heard the world around:
The heaves and aches were high up hung;
The hooped chariot stood
Unauthorized with hostile blood;
The trumpet spoke not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with wavy eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

V

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His rest of peace upon the earth began:
The wind, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss’d,
Whispering new joy to the mild ocean;
Who now hast quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in heaven above the earth began:
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light.
Or Lucifer that often warn’d them thence;
But in the glistening light did glow.

VII.

Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed, 80
As bid his head for shame; 80
As his inferiors flame
The new splendour'd world no more should need;
He saw the greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning asterisms, could bear.

VIII.
The shepherds on the lawn, 85
Or are the point of dawn; 85
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below; 90
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.
When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger stroke; 95
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stripted notes,
As all their souls in blissful transport took: 100
The air, such pleasures bath to lose,
With thousand echoes still proclaims each heavenly close.

X.
Nature that heard such sound,
Blessed the human round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Was almost won
To that alliance was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling; 105
She knew each harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

XI.
At last surrounds the sight
A globe of serenest light, 110
That with long beams the shame-face'd night arraigns;
The helmed Cherubim, 110
[ray'd; 115
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
With impassive notes, to Heaven's now-born

XII.
Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sang,
While the Creator great
His constellation set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark from heaven's deep,
And bid the well-ripen'd voices join the key.

XIII.
Ring out, ye crystal spheres, 193
O'er bless the human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chimes
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with some sweet voice, 193
[day;
And bid the well-ripen'd voices join the key.

XIV.
For such holy song
Lay near our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And such a vaulted Pan
Will soon and die,
And leprosy Sin will melt from earthly molot;
And let the sweet in sound subside, 200
And let her dolorous musick to the peaceing

XV.
Yes, Truth and Justice then,
Will down return to men,
Or'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Might still sit in celestial sheen;
Throng'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steer-
At last the festival, deep;
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.
But wisest Pates say so,
This must not yet be so,
POEMS.

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye;
Nor all the gods beside,
A4
Longer dare abide.

Nor Typhon huge ending in amary twine;
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true;
Crow.
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned

XXVI.
So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Perils his chin upon an orient wave,
The flossing shadows pale
Troup to th' infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost alights to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted rays
Fly after the night-steads, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.
But see, the Virgin-bless'd
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
.time, is, our tedious song should here have end
Heaven's youngest-leamed star
Had fix'd her polished car;
[ing]
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend;
And all about the truly stable
Bright-barnes'd angels sit in order serviceable.

THE PASSION.

I.
EREWHILE of music, and eternal mirth,
Wheresoe'er the stage of air and earth did ring,
And crowned newsy Heavenly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angeles did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solitude like the short'd light night.
Soon swallow'd up in dark, and long out-living.

II.
For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seire ere long,
Danger, and snare, and wrong, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human sight!

III.
He, sovereign Priest, stooping his regal head,
That dropp'd with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor feebly tabernacle entered,
His starry from low-rood beneath the skies:
O, what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly fast by his brethren's side.

IV.
These latest scenes confine my roving verse;
To this horizon is my Phoebus bound:
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, other where are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
My softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute or viol softly more apt, for mellow things.

V.
Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief;
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heaven and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
Now morrow, and, if and share with thee to meet
Your firey essence can distil no tear,
Burn in thy sighs, and burrow
Sms swept out from deep sorrow
He, who with all Heaven's goodness thine,
Embr'd the world, now lend us to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sit
Sure death begins
His infancy to select
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us fructify

VI.
See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit seem transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood:

* This poem appears to have been composed soon after the Ode on the Nativity.

There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.
Mine eye hath found that and sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store;
And here thou grief my feeble hands up lock
Yet on the soiled quart th' I would score
My pointing verse as lively as before:
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fully fill in order'd characters.

VIII.
Or should I hence hurry on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unison all their echoes mild;
And I (for I did think
Might think th' infection of my sorrows lost)
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
Call on the lazy, leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummets pace;
And couldst thou imagine with what thy bomb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And truly mortal dress;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.

When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heaviest guided soul shall climb;
Then, all this earthy groans quit.
And joy'd with sure, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee
O Time!

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE fearing Powers, and winged Warrior Bright,
That erst with music, and triumphat song,
First heard by happy, watchful shepherds ear,
So sweetly sang your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night;
Now morn; and, if and share with us to bear
Your firey essence can distil no tear,
Burn in thy sighs, and burrow
Sms swept out from deep sorrow
He, who with all Heaven's goodness thine,
Embr'd the world, now lend us to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sit
Sure death begins
His infancy to select
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us fructify

* In these poems where no date is prefixed, and no circumstances direct to ascertain the time when they were composed, the order of Milton's own editions is followed. Before this copy of verses, it appears from the author's manuscript, that he had written, To be set on a clock-case.
POEMS.

Emptied his glory, even to nakedness; And that great covenant which we still transgress Easily sealed.

And the full wrath beside Of God's love, and more for our excess; And seals obedience first, with wounding smart, 35 This day! but O, ere long, Heavens are near and God's awn; Will pierce more near his heart.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST is pair of Syrens, pledges of Heaven's joy, Soft and loud, harmonious sister, Voice and Voice; Yet as the sweet sounds, and mixed power employ Dead things with mortals' sense able to please; And as this high-ta'ed phantasy present, That unsullied song of pure consent, Are sung before the supple-coloured throne, To him that sit thereon.

With softly shout, and solemn jubilee, Where the bright Syrinx, in echoing row, 10 Their loud, up-lifted angel-trumpets blow; And the celestials, in thousand quires, Touch their immortal harps of golden wires, With these last Spirit that wear victorious plumes.

Here begins, and here ends the celebrated hymns Singing reverently.

That on earth, with unceasing voice, May rightly answer that melodious note; As once we did: till disproportion'd sin Jus'ly doth, as yon chimneys, and with hard din, Broke the fair music that all creatures made To their great Lord, whose loveeth their motion ever In perfect diapason, whilst they stood In first obedience, and their state of good.

O, may we soon again renew that song, And keep in tune with Heaven, till God, ere long, To his celestial concert as unite, To live with him, and sing in unceasing more of light!

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.*

THIS rich marble doth inter The honour'd wife of Winchester, A Viscount's daughter, in Earl's heir, Besides what her virtues fair Added to her noble birth, More than she could own from earth. Warriors three times eight save one She had lost, alas! too soon. After so short time of breadth, To house with darkness, and with death. Yet had the number of her days Been as complete as was her praise, Nature and Fate had left no strife In giving fruit to her days. Her high birth, and her graces sweet, Quickly found a lover meet; The virgin spake for her request The God that sits at marriage feast; He at their involving came, But was a native well-lighted dame; And in his garland, as he stood, Ye might discern a cypress bud. Once had the early matrons ran To greet her of a lovely son, And now with second hope she sees, And calls Lucina to her throes; But, whether by mischance or chance, Atropos for Lavinia came; And, with remorseless cruelty, Spelt at once both fruit and tree: 30

* This Lady was Jane, daughter of Thomas Lord Vis. Savage of Rock-Savage, Cheshire, who by marriage became the wife of Lord Darcy, Earl of Rivers, and was the wife of John Marquis of Winchester, and the mother of Charles first Duke of Bolton. She died in childbirth of a second son in the 252 year of her age; and Milton made these verses at Cambridge, as appears by the sequel.

The hapless babe, before his birth, Had burial, yet not laid in earth; And the anguish of mothers wond'ring Was not long a living tomb. So have some seem tender, slight, 35 Save with care from winter's up, The pride of her carnation train Pined up by some unheeded wind, Who only thought to crop the flower New shot up from vermi' shower; But the fair blossom hangs the head Side-ways, as on a dying bed, And those pearls of her, she wears, Prove to be prunings sweet, Which the sad mourn had let fall On her hast'ning funeral.

Gentle Lady, may thy grave Peace and quiet ever have; After this thy travel sore Sweet rest sanctise thee evermore, That to give the world increase, Shortens thst hard own life's lease. Len, hast, and in the way desire, That thy noble house doth bring, Here he bears of perfect morn, Reft'ed in thy famous name; While those, bright Saints, high sit in glory, Next her, much lie to thee in story, That fair Syrian shepherds, Who, after years of barreness, The highl'v favour'd Joseph bore To him that serv'd for her before, And at her next birth, much like thee Through panic led to febling, Far within the bosom bright of blasing Majesty and Light; Wept for thee in Helicon; too much conceiving, Like fortunes may her soul acquit, With thee there cloth in radiant sheet, No Marchioness, but now a queen.

SONG.—ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright Morning-star, day's harbinger, Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her The flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose, Hail, bounteous May, thou dost inspire Mirth, and youth, and warm desire; Woods, and groves are of thy dressing, Hill, and dale, both thee thy blessing. There we sat in the shade with our early song, And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

ON SHAKSPEARE. 1620.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd The labour of an age in piled stones? [bones, Or that his hallow'd relics should be laid Under a star-stemming pyramid? Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name? Then in our wonder and astonishment That built itself a live-long monument, For while 'tis lived, 'tis now-endearing art, Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book, Those Delphic lines with deep impression took; Then thou, our fancy of itself belying, Dost make thee sweet, and sweetly song; And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie, That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy; being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague."  

HERS lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt, And here, alas! he laid him in the dust;  

* We have the following account of this extraordinary man in the Spectator, No. 509. Mr. Tobias
Phoebe.

Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one, He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.

16

"Was such a slusher, that, if truth were known, 5
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had, any time this ten years felt,
Dodge'd with him, between Cambridg and the Hall.
And surely Death could never have procur'd,
Had he not weekly cause of carriage fail'd; 10
That lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking how his journey's end was come,
And that he had taken up his latest inn;
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
15
Pall'd off his looks, and took away the light;
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
"Hobson has supply'd, and's newly went to bed."

Another on the same.

Here leath one who did most truly prove
That he was never more, while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rise
While his bright soul still jog on and keep his trec
Make of sphero-metal, never to decay
5
Until his resolution was at stay;
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime)
Gainst old truth motion number'd out his time;
And, like an engine mov'd with wind and weight,
His principles being cease, he end'd straight.
10
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirms,
Too long vacillating hasting on his term.
Mere to drive the time away he sickened,
15
Painted, and died, nor would with be he quicken'd.
"No, no," quoth his master on his mournful bed-stretcher'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll never be fetch'd.
But now, though the cross doctors all stood lea'er,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
20
Ewe was his chief disease; and, to judge right,
He died for hearness that its curst went light;
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath, (there that say's)
As he prov'd to death, he cried. More
25
But, had his doings hatch'd as they were, (weight
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedience he'd bestow'd on his master's date,
In course reciprocable, and had his face
Link'd to the instant fostering of the sense.
His master's mind was as his increase;
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remaining this superscription.

Hobson was a carrier, and the first man in this island
who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cam-
bridge; and observing that the scholars rid hard,
his產業 was, to keep a large stable of horses,
with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentle-
men at once, without going from college to college
to borrow, as they have done since the death of this
worthy man: I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of
forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling;
but when a man came for a horse, he was led into
the stable, where there was great choice; but he
obliged him to take the horse which stood next to
the stable-door, so that every customer was alike
well served, according to his choice, and every horse
laden with the same justice. From whence it
became a general custom, when what ought to be
your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice."

This man stands drawn in four horses at an
ins (which he used) in Bishops-gate-street, with
a hundred pound bar under his arm, with this
inscription upon the said bag.

The fruitful mother of a hundred more."

Arcades.

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess
Donnington, at Newmarket Hall, by some noble
sons of her family, who appear on the scene in
personal habit, moving toward the seat of state,
with this song.

I. Song.

LOOK, Nymphs and Shepards, look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too daring to be mistaken?
This, this is she
To whom we raise and wish to lend;
Here our solemn search hath end
Fame, that, her high worth to raise,
Fond er'st to lavish and profuse;
We've just found her, who
Of distinction from her praise;
Less then we thought this flame had bold
Every bale conceal the rest.
Mark, what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne.
15
Shewing her bears like silver treads;
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright,
In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the tower'd Cybele
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dare not give her title;
Who has thought this flame had held
A deity so unparalleled?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood
appears, and turns towards them, spake.

Genius.

Stay, gentle Swains; for, though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of solemn Arrays ye are, and spring
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine a piece, who by sect or clime
Stole under sea's to meet his Arethusa;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Far, silver-banked Nymphs, as great and good;
I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of you principally shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;
And with all helpful service will supply,
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead, where ye might, more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amid these shades alone,
Have set to wonder at, and gaze upon.
For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power
Of this fair world, and live in oak-crown'd
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wore.
And all my pains I save from nightly ill,
Of noblest winds, and blasting vapours chill:

*This poem is only part of an Entertainment, or
Mask, the rest probably being of different nature,
or composed by a different hand. This Countess
Dowager of Derby, to whom it was presented, must
have been Alice, daughter of Sir John Spencer
of Attingham, Northamptonshire, and widow of Perdi-
mando Stanley, the fifth Earl of Derby. And as
Harefield is in Middlesex, and, according to Cam-
den, lieth a little to the north of Uxbridge, we may
conclude, that Milton made this poem while he
resided in that neighbourhood with his father at
Harefield near Uxbridge. It should seem too, that
it was made before the Mask at Ludlow, as it is a
more imperfect essay. And Frances, the second
daughter of this Countess-dowager of Derby, being
married to John Earl of Derby, which before
where was presented the Mask at Ludlow, we may
genervate in some conclusion here to secondly
and composed the same after the other. The alliance be-
tween the families naturally and easily accounts
for it: and in all probability, the Genius of the wood
in this poem, as well as the attendant Spirit in the
Mask, was Mr. Henry Lawes, who was the great
master music at that time, and taught most
of the young nobility.
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And shed the arms of shriv'ling thunder blue,
Or what the scaling planet smiles,
Or harmless worm withanker'd venom blue.
When evening grey both rise, I shall my round
O'er the meanest, and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Arose, leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout.
With pleasant words, and mummers made to bless:
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syrens' harmony
That sit in place of the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and Men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To call the daughters of Necessity.
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measure'd motion draw
And whatsoever none can hear
Of human croud with gross, unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to be钱财
The powerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds: yet, as we go,
Whatever the skill of lesser gods can do,
I shall, my worship, to her worth celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
With songs, and sounds of noble monition:
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's helm.

II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamello'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warble string
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.
Follow me;
I will bring you where the dits,
Clad in splendid, as belts
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilled banks;
On old Erymanthus, or Myrony hour,
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth's your loss deplore,
A better shall give you thanks.
From the stony Menealus
Hurling your factions, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.

The Muse herself, for understanding
Of Pan's minstrels were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
With a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

LYCIDAS.*

In this Monody, the author bewails a learned friend, un fortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the 17th of Decem ber, 1637; and by occasion foretels the danger of our corrupt clergy,烧 in their height.

VET once more, O ye friends, and once more
Ye myrtles bright, with ivy never-sore
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forc'd fingers rude,

* This poem was made upon the unfortunate and unnecessary death of my friend Mr. John King, Secretary for Ireland. I was with him at Chester, on the 17th of December, 1637, in the 25th year of his age. This poem was given by my friend Dr. Gifford, kind, as both Mr. King and Milton had been des- signed for holy orders and the pastoral care, which gives a peculiar propriety to several passages in it.
And question'd every gust of rugged winds,
That blow from every bent promontory;
They knew not of his story;
And says Hippodates their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his ducal screen:
The air was calm, and on the level brink
Seek Panope with all her sister play'd.
It was the time of perfumes back.
Built in th' eclipse, and ring'd with corses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of chiefe.
Next Carmus, reverend age, went footing slow,
His mandsle airy, and his bonnet sedge,
Journey'd with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath e'er (quoth he) in my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Gallisca late;
Two noisy king's beare of metals train,
(The golden opes, the iron shust maine)
He shook his nailed locks, and stern Look'd up:
How well could I have spare'd thee, young Swain,
Esch of such, as for their bellies sake
Crep, and trundle, and climb'd into the fold?
Of other cares they little reck'n'im making,
That hew to scramble at the showers feast,
And shew away the worthy hidden guest:
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
To hold.
A sheep-food, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful farmer's art belongs.
What rains, what tempests? What need they? They are
spent.
And, when the streams, their lean and flabby songs
Grate on their sensuous pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.
But, with the wind and the rain, the mist they draw,
Not inwardly, but outwardly spreading:
Besides what the ground by stealthy paw
Daily devours space, and nothing said:
But that two-hackled engine at the door
Starts ready to smite once, and snare no more.
Return, Alpheus, the Jared voice is past,
That abrut thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the tides, and bid them hither cast
Their hedges and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and guiding brooks,
On whose fresh lap the sweet-star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quyst enamel'd eyes.
That on the green turf such the promised showers,
And purple all the ground with snowy dews.
Bring the rai'st primrose that forsook dies,
The infix'd cow-tan, and pale jasmine,
The white pink, and the parry freak'd with vio's,
The glowing violet.
The sack-cloth, and the well attire'd woodbine,
With crowsills was that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that is so slenderly was:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shod,
And gladly fill their caps with tears,
To strow the Laurence horse where Lydias lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our good thoughts daily with false surprise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far, where thy bays are hur'd,
Which beyond the stormy Hestrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Vast'it the bottom of the ocean's world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows dened,
Sleep'st 'by the false of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount,
Looks to'ward Numanuns and Bayem's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and meet with ruth;
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, wolfish shepherds, weep no more.

For Lydias, your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repair his shew,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
So Lydias sunk low, but mounted high,
Waves, Through the dear might of Him that will'd the
Where other groves and other streams along.
With rector pure in this o'er locks he laces,
And bears th' unexpressive mutinous song,
In the bless'd kingdom mark of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In idemia troops, and sweet societies.
The singing, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

New, Lydias, the shepherds weep no more:
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In the large recompence, and shall be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus some smooth uncoak swain to the oaks and
Rills.
While still the storm went out with sandal gray,
He took his plow from the master steps of various quills,
With eager thought waiting his Deirc lay.
And now the saw had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and with'd his mantle blue
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

ON THE NEW FORGERS OF CONSCIENCE

UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate-Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widow's where Flurinty
From them whose lives entwined, not ached;
Dare ye for this abjure the civil sword
To save our consciences that Christ set free,
And rule us with a classic hierarchly,
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherfield?

Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
But now be named and pitied Heretics.
By shallow Edwards (and Scotch what eyes call?)
But do we hope to find out all your tricks,
Your pleas and packing worse than those of Tren,"
That which the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preserving shears,
Clyp your phylacteries, though halt your eyes,
And scourc our just fears,
When they shall rest this clear in thy charge.

' New Presbyter is but Old Priest with large.'

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, Lib. I.

Quis audito gravissi le puere in rosar, renowned almost
wood for word without rhyme, according to the
Latin measure, as near as the language will per-
mit.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid coeurs,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pythia? for whom hath thou
In wraiths thy gore?

Plain in the meanest O, how oft shall be
On faith and champeug gods complaine, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire,

Who now enjoys this prudent, sly god,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes there, of fluttering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou'nt unto seem'st fair! Me, in my
vow'd
Figure, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My daze and drooping woods
To the stern god of sea.

* This poem is supposed to have been made when the Directory was established, and disputes ran high between the Presbyterials and Independents, the latter pleading for a toleration, and the former against it.

† In the Presbyterian form of government there are congregational, classical, provincial, and national assemblies.

‡ It is not known who is meant by A. S., Mr. Samuel Rotherfield was Professor of Divinity at St. Andre's, and one of the Scotch commissioner to the Westminster assembly.

§ Mr. Thomas Edwards, as one of the Georgians.

¶ Mr. Alexander Henderson, or Mr. George Gillespie, both commissioners to the West-
minster assembly.
SONNETS.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on thy blosomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Then with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the joint' Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's hill
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
New time and song, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
As thee, from year to year, most sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Steal'd on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring so bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endur'd.
Yet he is less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even.
To that same lot, however mean or high,
I've sworn:
Toward which Time leads me, and the Will of Him
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in armes, [seize,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name over land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Left not thy spear against the Muse's bower;
That shinest in glassy columnes of hair
The house of Pindus, when temple and tower
West to the ground; and the repeated air
Of old Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

* In the manuscript after the title, is added 1641. It was in November that year that the King marched with his army as near as Brentford, and put the city in great consternation.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wholy hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few, or as fewly seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth;
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast: and they that last overflow,
And at thy growing virtues feat their spine.
No anger find in thee but pity and ruth.
Thy care is bid, and secretly attends
To fill thy sacred lamp with deeds of light.
And hope that reapeth not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom, with his fearful
Fames to kiss her, in the dark hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEV.

DAUGHTER, to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unvisited with gold or care,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Charles's, fatal to liberty,
Kild with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks, I see him living yet;
So well you words his rolle versus praise:
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honnour'd Margaret.

On the Detection which followed upon the writing
errors of those in Trust.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Petrachoorden.
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new; it walk'd the Town awhile.

* We have given the title which is in Milton's Manuscript, To the Lady Margaret Lev. She was the daughter of Sir James Lev, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law, till he came to be made Earl of Madenborough, and Lord High Treasurer, and the Lord President of the Court of King James I. He died in an advanced age, and Milton attributes his death to the breaking of the parliament; and it is true that the parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 1629, and he died on the 14th of the same month. He left one son and daughters; and the Lady Margaret, was married to Captain Hobson of the Isle of Wight. It appears from the accounts of Milton's life, that in the year 1646 he used frequently to visit this lady and her husband, and about that time we may suppose that this sonnet was composed.

† When Milton published his book of Diverse, he was greatly condemned by the Presbyterian ministers, whose advocate and champion he had
Sonnets.

Nam'ding good intellects; now seldom pord on,
Cries the stall reader, Bless us! what a word on? 5
A pretty thing this; and some in line,
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mitle- 10
End Greens. Why is it harder, sir, than Gordon,
(Chakor, or MacFonse, or Gallop?)
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow
Thick, that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp;
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek! 15
Heard not learning worse than toad or ass;
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Ed-
ward, Greek.

ON THE SAME.
I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, aces, ases and dogs:
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Ralph at Englands ease, 6
Which after held the sun and moon in fee:
But this is got by casting pearl to the shore,
(That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
For who can love what they cry liberty?)
For love that loves, must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rave we see.
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS, 1645.
HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just accent, and accent, not scan
With Midas ears, committing short and long;
Thy word and skill exempt thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
And after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth air could humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'd verse, and verse must lend her grace
To honour thee, the priest of Phoebus' quire, 10
That turn'd their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casals, whom he wou'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

On the religious memory of Mrs. Catharine Thom-
son, my Christian Friend,decathe16th of December,
1646.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee
Never had ripet'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Weekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life which us from life doth sever.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.*
FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings;
Thy firm, unshaken virtue, ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydras heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league, to imp her serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war but endless war still breed?) 15
Till truth and right from violence be freed.
And public faith clear of that shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth value bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.†
CROMWELL, our chief of men, who thru's cloud
Not of war only, but distractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd.
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Has rent God's trophies, and his work pursu'd,
While Derwen stream, with blood of Scots im-
brushed,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laurest wreathe. Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War; new arise
Threatning to bind our souls with severer chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Ofhireling wolves, whose gospel is their law.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.
VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator never held [pell'd
The helm of State, when crowns, not arms, re-
The fierce Epirot, and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to uphold
The drift of hollow States hard to be spell'd; 5
Then to advise how War may, best upheld,
Move by her two main neres, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of war and peace to thee owe;
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

counts of Milton's life, that when he was first made
Latin Secretary, he lodged at one Thomson's, next
door to the Raisin tavern at Charing-cross. This
Mrs. Thomson, therefore was, in all probabil-
ity, one of that family. *

* This sonnet appears, from the manuscript, to
have been addressed to James Fairfax, at the
gate of Colchester, which was carried on in the
summer, 1648.
† In the Author's manuscript is this inscription:
To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652. On
the proposals of certain ministers at the committee for
propagation of the Gospel.
SONNETS.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.
Even them who slept with death the truth
As pure as old.
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones.

Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Stain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant rocks. Their sacred
Moons.

The valle redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes soon
Over all its Italian fields, where still death sway
The triple Tyrian; that from these may grow
A new thorn, and the west the guilty way,
Resty may fly the Babylonian wo.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
To which one talent is so much devoted
Lost'd with me useless, though my soul more bright
To serve with my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he return, chide.
Both God exact day labour, light denied?
I fondly ask: but patience, to prevent
That marman, son replies, God doth not need:
Neither man's work, nor his own gift doth say.
Nor id willy wake, they serve him best; his state
Is nobly; thousands at his bidding speed.
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAURENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
For that the fields are dank, natu'res are rare,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sunny day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? time will ran
On smoother, till Father's re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily' and rose, that neither bow'd nor span.

What next report shall rise us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, wine wines which may rise 10
To hear the late well touch'd; or artful voice
With immortal notes, and Oceon graces?
If he who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose him, off is not wise.

*This persecution of the Protestants in Piedmont broke out in 1655. In May, that year, Cromwell wrote several letters to the Duke of Savoy, and other potentates and states, complaining of this persecution. Echard tells us, that he prevailed, and caused large contributions to be gathered for them in England; that he sent his agent to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and the next year, so engaged Cardinal Mazarin, and even terrified the Pope himself, without so much as doing any favor

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandsons, in the royal bench
Of British Thesms, with no mean applause
Promiscuously, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so oft wince;
To-day deep thoughts renew with me to draw
In mirth that, after, no repenting draws;
Let Bac'il rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intants, and what the French;
To measure life learn then betimes, and know
Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden leads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIAC, this three-years-day these eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Sorest of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of man, or moon, or star, throughout the year.
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor hate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still best up and steep
What right may, onward what is best may.

The cause, Friend, to have lost them ever
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vast
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

ON HIS DECREASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused aisle
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
When Jove's great son to his glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom I'd lost from spot of child-bed taint,
Paradise in th' old Lew did saw,
And such, as yet once to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vasted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was wealth'd; yet, to my fainted sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined So clear as in no face with more delight.
But O! as to embrace me she inclin'd
I wak'd she; and day brought back my night.

* Cyriac Skinner was the son de William Skinner, Esq., and grandson of Sir VINCENT Skinner, and his mother was daughter of the famous Lord Chief Justice Coke. Mr. Wood relates that he was one of Harrington's political clubs, and sometimes held the chair; and further adds, that he was a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman, and scholar to John Milton.

† This was his second wife, Catherine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hockney, who lived with him not above a year after their marriage, and died in child-bed of a daughter.
PSALMS.

PSALM I.  
[Done into verse, 1655.]
BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and 'tis 'way,
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat: but in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies, day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By wat'ry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fail,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fan'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand.
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Not sinners in 'th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.  
[Done August 8, 1655.]
Turolla.
WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast up from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: he, who in heaven doth
Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them; then
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce are troth Lyme: but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day: ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I thee bestow
The Heathen; and as thy conquest to be sway'd,
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring low
With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shivered so.
And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,
Be taught, ye judges of the earth: with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling: kiss the Son lest he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way;
If once his wrath take fire, like flint were.

PSALM III.  
[August 9, 1655.]
When he fled from Abadon.
LORD, how many are my foes!
How many those,
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they,
That of my life distressfully thus say;
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
Thee, through my story,
Thy exalter of my head I count;

Aloud I cried
Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,
And heard me for his holy mount.
I lay and slept: I wake again;
For my sustein
Was Lebanon, and many millens
The populous rout.
I fear not, though encompass round about,
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for thon
On the cheek-born, all my foes;
Of men ahorr'd
Hast broken the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV.  
[August 10, 1655.]
ANSWER me when I call, God of my righteousness;
In straits, and in distress,
Thou didst me dinstabl
And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
Great one, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn?
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity?
To love, to seek to prize
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Choose to the soul apart
The good and meek of heart; (For whom to choose he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear the voice of him that in me cry.
Be averted, and do not sin:
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within:
Offer the sacrifices:
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say,
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this world's bro'od:
But, Lord, thus let me pray;
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.
Take up me more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
Than when a year of glad
Their staves of gold over-cloy,
And from their plentifuls grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abound.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep;
For thou dost keep me safe wheresoever I lie;
As in a rocky cell
Thou, Lord, alone, in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V.  
[August 18, 1655.]
Jehovah: to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh;
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
PSALM VI.

[August 16, 1655.]
LORD, in thine anger do not respect me, Nor in thine wrath correct me.
Pity me, Lord, for I am a mere child, And very weak and faint; heal and comfort me.
For I am full of contempt for those who are contemptible.
I am troubled, yes my soul is troubled sore, And thou, O Lord, restore my soul.

My soul: O save me for thy goodness sake!
For in death, I remember thee; who in the grave can celebrate thy praises?
Worship me, Lord, when I come out of my bed; Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea; I spread my bed with the tears of my mourning.
Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath heard my prayer.
My application with acceptance find; The Lord will own, and have mercy on his keeping.
Mine enemies shall be all blank, and dash'd With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came, And in a moment shall be quite ashamed.

PSALM VII.

[August 14, 1655.]
[The words of Chaah, the Benjamite against Gibeon.]
LORD, my God, to thee I fly; Save me, and secure me under Thy protection, while I cry; God, as the lion, (and no wonder) He hates to tear my soul asunder, Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought Or done this; if wickedness Be in my hands; I have wrought
Over the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord
14 Return now, God of Hosts! look down
From heaven, thy seat divine;
Behold us, by thy commanding word,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet;
And visit this, thy vine.
All blesses is the field or forest meet; 20
15 Visit this wine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted long,
And the young branch thereof, that is thyself
And all that is in the earth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
Thou hast made firm and strong.
And glorious is thy Name through all the earth!
16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cast 'with axes' down;
They perish at thy dreadful fire,
And all the sons of men who rise to us.
And great is thy face on us to shine,
Then shall we be safe.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy 'good' hand be 'laid' upon
Strong for thyself hast made.
And shall call upon thy Name.
18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame;
Quicken us thou; these 'gladly' we
And all the sons of men who rise to us.
And great is thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
19 Return us, 'and thy grace divine,'
Lord God of Hosts! 'vouchsafe';
14 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy love 'Jacob's' seed;
Shine forth, 'and from their cloud give light,'
And on our foes thy dread.'
2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasseh's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and 'be seen'
To save us 'by thy might.'
3 Turn us, again: 'thy grace divine!'
'To us,' O God, 'vouchsafe;'
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
4 Lord God of Hosts! how long wilt thou
How long wilt thou declare
Thy 'smiting wrath,' and 'angry brow'
Against thy people's prayer!
5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears;
Their bread with tears they eat;
And mak'st them 'largely' drink the tears
Wherein their cheeks are wet.'
6 A strife thou mak'st us 'as a prey'
To every neighbour foe;
Among themselves they 'laugh,' they play,
And 'flouts' at us they throw.
7 Return us, 'and thy grace divine,'
O God of Hosts! 'vouchsafe;'
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy love 'Jacob's' seed;
And 'drought' out nations 'praise, and' and 'praised;'
To plant this 'lovely' vine.
9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast;
That it 'began to grow space,'
And 'fill'd the land 'at last.'
10 With her 'green' shade that cover'd all,
The hills were 'overspread,'
Her branches as 'high as' cedars tall
And 'advanc'd' their lofty head.'
11 Her branches 'on the western side'
Down to the sea she sent,
And 'warded' to that river 'wide'
Her other branches 'went.'
12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And break'd down her fence,
That all may 'pluck her, as they go,'
With rudest violence?
13 The 'caged' bird, out of the wood,
Up turn it by the roots;
Wild beast there were bruised, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.'

* Gnoera. † Geshaha. ‡ Shalish. § Jilngag.
PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD IN the * great * assembly stands
   Of kings and lordly states;
Among the gods on both his hands
He judges and debates.

2 How long wilt thou * pervert the right
With false and wrong;
Favouring the wicked, * by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong?

3 Regard * the weak * and fatherless,
Dispatch * the poor * man's cause,
And * raise the man in deep distress
By * just and equal laws.

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him * that help demands.

5 They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on;
The earth's foundations are all * moved
And * out of order gone.

6 I said that ye were gods; yea, all
The sons of God Most High;
But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes * die.*

7 Has, God; * judge thou the earth * in might,
Tid's * wicked earth redress;
For then art he that shall by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou silent * now at length,*
O God I hold not thy peace;
Sit thou not still! O God of * strength,*
We cry, and do not come.

2 For lo, thy * furious foes * now * swell
And * storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee * proud and self
Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy people they * contrive
Their * plots and counsels deep;
Then * to increase they chiefly strive,
Whom * thou dost hide and keep.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of hosts, how dear
The * pleasant * tabernacles are,
With whom thou dost dwell so near!

2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy combs, O Lord, to see,
My heart and flesh alone do cry,
O living God! for the

3 There even the sparrows * freed from wrong
Hath found a house of * rest;
The swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her * breeding nest.*

* Bagnadath-el. + Bekerev. Tishphathu gavnal.
† Shiphna. † Hazdikul. † Jammiot.
‡ Shih. ‡ Jehemal.
§+ Sargam. §§+ God. §§+ Yirahaqashnu gual.
¶+ Tepheusona.
PSALMS.

Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode;
And thou dost hide them from round the coast:
Toward thee, my King, my God!

Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thou doest ever praise;
Happy, whose strength in thee doth hide,
And in their hearts they way is.

They pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
That dry and barren ground;
As through a fruitful valley
Where springs and showers abound.

They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till at before our God's length
In Zion do appear.

Lord God of Hosts! hear my prayer,
O Jacob's God give ear;
Then, God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy appointed dear.

For me day in thy courts to be
Is better, and more bless'd,
Than 'in the joys of vanity'
A thousand days at best.

I, in the temple of my God,
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, 'and rich abode,'
With sin, 'for evermore.'

For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory 'bright'!
No good from then shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

Lord of Hosts! that reign'st on high!
That name is 'truly' bless'd,
Who 'only' on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 THY land to favour graciously
Then hast not, Lord, been slack;
Then hast from 'hard' captivity
Returned Jacob back.

2 Thy iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought' thy people woes;
And all their sins, 'that didst grieve,'
Hast hid 'where none shall know.'

3 Thine anger all thou hast removed,
And 'calmly' didst return
From thy » fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace!
Turn us, and us restore;
That indignation cause to cease
Towards us, 'and chide no more.'

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy bowing ire extend
From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not 'turn, and 'bear our voice,'
And us again 'revive,'
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserv'd alive?

7 Cease no to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew;
The saving health to us afford,
'And life in us renew.'

8 'And now,' what God the Lord will speak,
I will 'go straight and hear,'
For his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints 'full dear.'

To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to Babylon; last thousands;
'To trespass as before.'

9 Surely, to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand;
And glory shall 'ever long appear'
'To dwell within our land.'

10 Mercy and Truth 'that long were miss'd,'
Now 'joyfully' are met;
'Sweet Peace and Righteousness have bin,'
'And hand in hand are set.'

11 Truth from the earth, 'like to a flower,'
Shall bud and blossom 'then';
And Justice, from her heavenly lower,
Look down 'on mortal men.'

12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good;
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits, 'to be our food.'

13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbingers;
Then 'will be come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err.'

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 THY gracious ear, O Lord! incline,
O hear me, 'I thee pray';
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, 'and there is no decay.'

2 Preserve my soul; for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just,
Save thou thy servant, O my God!
Who 'still' in thee doth trust.

3 Thy me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; O make rejoice
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul! 'and voice.'

5 For thou art good, thou, Lord! art peace;
To pardon, then to all
Art full of mercy, thou 'alone';
To them that 'at thee call.'

6 Unto my supplication, Lord, Give ear, and to the cry
Of my 'incessant' prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

7 I, in the day of my distress,
Will call on thee 'for aid';
For thou wilt 'grant me' 'free access,'
'And answer 'what I pray'd.'

8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord; nor any works
'Of all that other gods have done'
Like to thy 'glorious' works.

9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, 'and all shall frame'
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy Name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done;
Thus, 'in thy everlasting seat,'
Renamest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way 'most right,'
I in thy truth will hide;
To fear thy name my heart unites,
'So shall in never slide.'

12 Thou wilt, I praise, O Lord my God!
'Thine honour adore'
With my whole heart, and blase abroad
Thy name for evermore.

* Hab. 'The burning heat of thy wrath.'
† Hab. 'Turn to quicken us.'
PRAYER.

15 For great thy mercy is toward me, And thou hast freed my soul, "Even from the lowest hell set free, 'From deepest darkness foul.'

14 O God, the proud against me rise, And violent men are met To seek my life, and in their eyes No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, set the God most mild, Readiest thy grace to shew, Slow to be angry, and 'art sty'd' Most merciful, most true.

16 O, turn to me 'thy face at length,' And me have mercy on; Unto thy servant and thy strength, And save thy handmaid's son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford, And let my foes 'then see, And be ashamed;' because thou, Lord, Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 AMONG the holy mountains 'high' Is his foundation fast; 'In his sanctuary,' His temple there is placed.'

2 Slon's 'fair gates the Lord loves more Than all the dwellings 'fair' Of Jacob's land, though there be store, 'And all within his care.'

3 City of God, most glorious things Of thee 'abroad' are spoke; I mention Egypt, 'where proud kings' Did 'our forefathers' yoke.'

I mention Babel to my friends, Philistia's 'full of corn, And Tyre with Ethiope's utmost ends,' Lo, this man there was born:

5 But 'twice that praise shall in our ear Be said of Solomon;' last; This, and this man was born in her; High God shall fix her fast.

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll That 'never shall be cut-worn, When he the nations doth scour, That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 'With sacred songs are there,' In thee' fresh pools, and soft streams glans, 'And, all my fountains' clear.'

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God! that dost me save and keep, All day to thee I cry; And all night long before thee weep, Before thee 'prostrate lie.'

2 Into thy presence let my prayer 'With sighs devout ascend,' And to my cries, 'that ceaseless are,' Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For, clay'd with woes and trouble sore, Sorechang'd my soul doth lie; My life,' at Death's uncheerful door; Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckless I am with them that pass Down to the 'dismal' pit; I am a 'man, but weak, alas!' And for my name, till.

5 From life discharge', and parted quite Among the dead 'sleeep:' And like the slain 'a bloody fight' That in the grave lies 'deep.'

When thou rememberest no more, Dost never more regard, Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er 'Death's hideous house hath beard.'

6 Those in the lowest pit 'profound,' Hast set me 'all forlorn,' Where thickest darkness 'hovers round,' In horrid deeps 'to mourn.'

7 Thy wrath, 'from which no shelter saves, Fair doth press upon me; Then 'break upon me all thy waves, 'And 'all thy waves break me.'

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange, And make me odious, Me to them odious, 'for they change,' And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great, Mine eye grows dim and dead: Lord! all the day I intreat, My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead? Shall the dead arise, A praise there 'from their last home bed.' 'With pale and hollow eyes'

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell On whom the grave 'hath hold? Or they, who in perdition dwell, 'Thy faithfulness' unfold?'

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand 'Or' wondrous acts be known? Thy justice in the 'glory,' land 'Of dark' oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord! do cry, 'Ere yet my life be spent; 'Up to thy bosom doth rise' Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake, And hide thy face from me, That already bruised, and 'shake With terror sent from thee?'

15 Bruised and afflicted, and 'so low' As ready to expire; While I thy truths undergo Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow; Thy threat'nings cut me through: All day they round about me, 'Glo' Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast removed, And sev'rd from me far; They 'fly me now,' whom I have lov'd, And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old. WHEN the bread seed of Terah's faithful sons, After long till, their liberty had won; And past'd from Pharan fields to Canaan land, Led by the strength of Almighty's hand; Jeboth's wonders were in Israel shown, His praise and glory was in Israel known: That saw the troubled sea, and, shivering, fled, And sought to hide his froth-beseeled head Low in the earth; jordon's clear streams recall, At a feast host that hath receiv'd the fold. The high huge-balled mountains skip, like rams amongst their eyes; the little hills, like lambs. Why fed the ocean? and why skip'd the mountains? Why turn'd Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?

* The Hebr. bears both.
† Hebr. Pro Concussions.
PSALMS.

Shake, earth; and at the presence he agast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last;
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

5

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies eye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us bless his name abroad,
Of gods he is the God.
For his, 4c.
0, let us his praise tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his, 4c.
Who, with his miracles, doth make
Amazed heaven and earth to shake.
For his, 4c.
Who, by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state.
For his, 4c.
Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain.
For his, 4c.
Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, 4c.
And caus'd the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run.
For his, 4c.
The hallowed moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, 4c.
He with his thunder-clapping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.
For his, 4c.
And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.
For his, 4c.

15 The rosy waves he clave in twain
Of the Erythrean main.
For his, 4c.
The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
For his, 4c.
But full soon they did devour
The saxy king with all his power.
For his, 4c.
His chosen people he did blest,
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his, 4c.
In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, 4c.
He fell'd bold Senn and his host,
That ru'd the Amorran coast.
For his, 4c.
And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, 4c.
And to his servant Israel,
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his, 4c.
He hath, with a pitious eye,
Beheld us in our misery.
For his, 4c.
And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, 4c.
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For his, 4c.
Let us therefore warble forth
His might, majesty and worth.
For his, 4c.
That his manstorm hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye,
For his mercies eye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

FINIS.
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PARADISE LOST.

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POEMS

BY

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

OF

THE INNER TEMPLE.

-----------------------------

Nicet omnes tremulam labris ubi lunam absenis
Sole repercussion, aut radiantis imagine lunae,
Omnia pervellitas late loca, jamque sub aura
Erigitur, summique fertis laquearti tacti.
Virg. Ene. viii.

So water, trembling in a polish'd vase,
Reflects the beam, that plays upon its face;
The sportive light, uncertain where it falls,
Now strikes the roof, now flashes on the walls.

-----------------------------

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JONES & COMPANY,
No. 3, WARWICK SQUARE.
1824.
WHEN an Author, by appearing in print, requests an audience of the Public, and is upon the point of speaking for himself, whoever presumes to step before him with a preface, and to say, 'Nay, but hear me first,' should have something worthy of attention to offer, or he will be justly deemed officious and impertinent. The judicious reader has probably, upon other occasions, been beforehand with me in this reflection; and I am not very willing it should now be applied to me, however I may seem to expose myself to the danger of it. But the thought of having my own name perpetuated in connexion with the name in the title-page is so pleasing and flattering to the feelings of my heart, that I am content to risk something for the gratification.

This Preface is not designed to commend the Poems to which it is prefixed. My testimony would be insufficient for those who are not qualified to judge properly for themselves, and unnecessary to those who are. Besides, the reasons which render it improper and unnecessary for a man to celebrate his own performances, or those of his nearest relatives, will have some influence in suppressing much of what might otherwise be said in favour of a friend, when that friend is indeed an alter ego, and excites almost the same emotions of sensibility and affection as he feels for himself.

It is very probable these Poems may come into the hands of some persons, in whom the sight of the Author's name will awaken a recollection of incidents and scenes, which through length of time they had almost forgotten. They will be reminded of one, who was once the companion of their chosen hours, and who set out in early life in the paths which lead to literary honours, to influence and affluence, with equal prospects of success. But he was suddenly and powerfully withdrawn from those pursuits, and he left them without regret; yet not till he had sufficient opportunity of counting the cost, and of knowing the value of what he gave up. If happiness could have been found in classical attainments, in an elegant taste, in the exertions of wit, fancy, and genius, and in the esteem and converse of such persons, as in these respects were most congenial with himself, he would have been happy: but he was not. He wondered (as thousands in a similar situation still do) that he should continue dissatisfied, with all the means apparently conducive to satisfaction within his reach; but in due time the cause of his disappointment was discovered to him—He had lived without God in the world. In a memorable hour the wisdom which is from above visited his heart. Then he felt himself a wanderer, and then he found a guide. Upon this change of views, a change of plan and conduct followed of course. When he saw the busy and the gay world in its true light, he left it with as little reluctance as a prisoner, when called to liberty, leaves his dungeon. Not that he became a Cynic or an Ascetic—A heart filled with love to God will assuredly breathe benevolence to men. But the turn of his temper inclining him to rural life, he indulged it, and the providence of God evidently preparing his way and marking out his retreat, he retired into the country. By these steps the good hand of God, unknown to me, was providing for me one of the principal blessings of my life; a friend and a counsellor, in whose company for almost seven years, though we were seldom seven successive waking hours separated, I always found new delight. A friend was not only a comfort to myself, but a blessing to the affectionate poor people, among whom I then lived.

Some time after inclination had thus removed him from the hurry and bustle of life, he was still more secluded by a long indisposition, and my pleasure was succeeded by a proportionable degree of anxiety and concern. But a hope that the God whom he served would support him under his affliction, and at length vouchsafe him a happy deliverance, never forsook me. The desirable crisis, I trust, is now nearly approaching. The dawn, the presage of returning day, is already arrived. He is again enabled to resume his pen, and some of the first fruits of his recovery are here presented to the public. In his principal subjects the same acumen which distinguished him in the early period of life is happily employed in illustrating and enforcing the truths, of which he received such deep and unalterable impressions in his maturing years. His satire, if it may be called so, is benevolent (like the operations of the skilful and humane surgeon, who wounds only to heal), dic-
 PREFACE.

rous by a just regard for the honour of God, and ignominious grief excited by the profanity of the age, and a tender compassion for the souls of men.

His favorite topics are least insisted on in the piece entitled 'Table Talk,' which therefore, with some regard to the prevailing taste, and that those, who are governed by it, may not be discouraged at the very threshold from proceeding farther, is placed first. In most of the larger Poems which follow, his leading design is more explicitly avowed and pursued. He aims to communicate his own perceptions of the truth, beauty, and influence of the religion of the Bible—a religion, which, however discredited by the misconduct of many, who have not renounced the Christian name, proves itself, when rightly understood, and cordially embraced, to be the grand desideratum, which alone can relieve the mind of man from painful and unavoidable anxieties, inspire it with stable peace and solid hope, and furnish those motives and prospects, which, in the present state of things, are absolutely necessary to produce a conduct worthy of a rational creature, distinguisheth by a vastness of capacity, which no assemblage of earthly good can satisfy, and by a principle and pre-eminence of immortality.

At a time when hypothesis and conjecture in philosophy are so justly exploded, and little considered as deserving the name of knowledge, which will not stand the test of experiment, the very use of the term experimental in religious concernments is by too many unhappily rejected with disgust. But we well know, that they, who affect to despise the inward feelings which religious persons speak of, and to treat them as enthusiasm and folly, have inward feelings of their own, which, though they would, they cannot suppress. We have been too long in the secret ourselves, to account the proud, the ambitious, or the voluptuous, happy. We must lose the remembrance of what we once were, before we can believe that a man is satisfied with himself, merely because he endeavours to appear so. A smile upon the face is often but a mask worn occasionally, and in company, to prevent, if possible, a suspicion of what at the same time is passing in the heart. We know that there are people who seldom smile when they are alone, who therefore are glad to hide themselves in a throng from the violence of their own reflections, and who, while by their looks and their language they wish to persuade us they are happy, would be glad to change their conditions with a dog. But in defiance of all their efforts, they continue to think, forebode, and tremble. This we know, for it has been our own state, and therefore we know how to commiserate it in others.

—from this state the Bible relieved us: when we were led to read it with attention, we found ourselves described. We learned the causes of our inquietude—we were directed to a method of relief.

—wrought, and we were not disappointed.

Deus nobis hae estia fecit.

We are now certain, that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. It has reconciled us to God, and to our selves, to our duty, and our situation. It is the balm and cordial of the present life, and a sovereign antidote against the fear of death. Sed haec res hae. Some smaller pieces upon less important subjects close the volume. Not one of them, I believe, was written with a view to publication, but I was unwilling they should be omitted.

JOHN NEWTON.

Charles Square, Boston,
February 18, 1782.
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TABLE TALK.

Si te forte meum gravis uet circina chartas,
Abhicep—
Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 15.

A. You told me, I remember, glory, built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt;
The deeds, that men admire as half divine,
Start naught, because corrupt in their designs.
Strange doctrine that, without scruple bears
The laurel, that so lightning sparres
Brings down the warrior’s trophy to the dust,
And eats into his bloody sword like rust.

B. I grant that, men contending what they are,
Pierced by a courage of unshaken root,
In honour’s field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in her cause.

A. He is to the virtues such men, man owes
His portion in the good that Heaven bestows;
And when recording history displays
Peals of renown, though wrought in ancient days,
Tells of a few stout hearts, that fought and died
Where duty placed them, at their country’s side;
The man that is not moved with what he reads,
That takes not fire at his heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

B. But let eternal infancy pursue
The wretch, to nought but his ambition true,
Who, for the sale of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.
Think ye, yourself stationed on a towering neck,
To see a people scattered like a flock,
Some royal mastiff panting at their heels,
With all the savage sting a tiger feels;
Then view him self-precipitated in a Gazette,
Confess that misfortune has plagued the nations yet;
The globe and sceptre in each hand misplaced,
These emblems of dominion, how disgraced!
The glass that bids man mark the fleeting hour,
And death’s own son would better speak his

Then grace the body phantom in their stead
With the king’s shoulder-knot and gey cockade;
Clothe the twin brethren in each other’s dress,
The same their occupation and success.

A. To your belief the world was made for man.
Kings do but reason on the self-same plan;
Maintaining yours, you cannot their condemn,
Who think, or seem to think, man made for them.

B. Seldom, alas! the power of logic reigns
With such sufficiency in royal brains;
Such reasoning fails like an inverted cone,
Wanting limbs to stand upon.
Man made for kings! those optics are but dim
That tell you so—say, rather, they are for him.
That were indeed a king-embowering thought,
Could they, or would they, reason as they ought.

Let every project lined
To catch renown by ruining mankind,
Let each avaritious thought possess the store,
Just what the toy will sell for, and no more.
Oh! bright occasions of dispensing good,
Perpetual interests stood:
To pour in virtue’s lap her just reward,
Keep vice restrained behind a double guard;

To quell the faction that affronts the throne,
To snatch manhood from the tyrant’s hand;
To nurse with tender care the thriving arts,
Watch every scent philosophy imports;
To give religious calm to all the cares,
Nor judge by statute a believer’s hope;
With close scrutiny and liberal hand,
To keep the matrimonial bond unstem’d;
Conscious only of a virtuous praise;
To teach the sword with conscientious awe,
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;
To sheathe it in the peace-restoring close
With joy beyond what victory bestows;
Blessed country, where these happy glories shine;
Rejoice, England, if this happiness be thine:
A. Guard what you say; the patriotic tale
Will anger and charge you with a blin.
B. The worth of his three kingdoms I defy,
To lare me to the baseness of a lie.
And, of all lies, (lie that one poet’s boast)
The lie that flatters I abhor the most.
Those arts be theirs, who bear his gentle reign,
But be that loves him has no need to reign.
A. Your smooth eulogy to one crown addressed
Seems to imply a censor on the rent.
B. Quavoedo, as he tells his sober tale,
And, when (in hell, to see the royal jail)
Approved their method in all other things,
But where, good Sir, do you confine your kings?
There—said his guide—the ground is full in view.
Indeed!—replied the Son—there are but few.
His black interpreter the charge disclaim’d.
Few, fellow!—There are all that ever reign’d—
With undaunted spirit, is it to strike
The guilty and not guilty both alike.
I grant the scream is too severe,
And we can readily refute it here;
While Alfred’s name, the father of his age,
And the Sixth Edward’s, grace the historic page.
B. Kings then at last have lost the lot of all.
By their own conduct they must stand or fall.
B. True. While they live the curtly laurel pays
His quirent ode, his peppercorn of praise.
And many a dunci, whose fingers itch to write,
Adds, as he can, his tributary note:
A subject’s faults a subject may proclaim,
A monarch’s errors are forbidden game!
Thus free from censure, over-awed by fear,
And praised for virtues that they seem to wear,
The fleeting forms of majesty, each
Respect, while strolling for life’s narrow stage;
Then leave their crimes for history to scan,
And ask with busy interest, the man—
I pity kings whom worship waits upon,
Consol’d from the cradle to the throne;
Before whose infant eyes the flatterer bows,
And binds a wreath about their baby brows;
When education stifles the man, and
Death awakens from that dream too late.
Oh! if servility with supremacy,
Whose trade it is to smile, to crouch, to please;
If smooth dissimulation, skill’d to grace
A devil’s part with an angel’s face;
If smiling perverses, and simpering peers,
Encompassing his throne a few short years;
COWPER'S POEMS.

Patient of constitutional control,
He bears it with meek manners of soul;
But, if anger grow in reason, wo!
To him that treads upon his free-born toe;
One more he bears, and stoops not down, to
Fire him at once in freedom's glorious cause.
Thus, proud prescriptive, not much severe
Is from the rest of mortals set apart and heard;
And in his cage, like parrot fine and gay,
Is kept, to strut, to look big, and talk away.

Born in a climate softer far than ours,
Not form'd like us, with such Hercules powers,
The Free-born man, and bane,
Give him his laws, his fiddle, and his frisk,
Is always happy, when whoever may,
And laughs the sense of misery far away,
He drinks his simple beverage with a gust;
And, feasting on an onion and a crust,
We never feel the acracy and joy
When he shou'd step with propriety.
Fine le Ro,
Ful'd with as much true merit and glee,
As if he heard his king say—Slave, be free.
This happiness depends, as nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.
Weigh the load of all that load us men,
Kind Providence attends with gracious aid,
This equity throughout his works prevail,
And weight the nation in an even scale.
He can encourage slavery to a smile,
And fill his bosom with a British tile.
A. Freeman and slave then, if the case be such.
Stand on a level for you; you prove too much;
If all men indiscriminately share
The fruits of slavery, to found a system of care,
As well be yoked by despotism's hand,
As dwell at large in Britain's charitable land.
B. No, Freedom, has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, as we're contented, never knew.
The mind attains, beneath her happy might,
The growth that Nature meant she should attain;
The varied fields of science, ever new,
Opening, and wider opening on her view,
She advances onward with a steady force,
While no base fear impedes her in her course.
Religion, richest favour of the skies,
Stands must reveal'd before the freeman's eyes;
No shades of superstition blot the day,
Liberty chases all that gloom away.
The soul, unburthened, unconfined,
Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,
Learn much; and to a thousand listening minds
Communicates by joy the good she finds;
Change in arm, and ever prompt to show
His ready foremost to the service of God.
Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
His spirit acts in charity;
Guards well what arts and industry have won,
And freedom claims him for her first-born son.
Slaves that may in better years aspire,
May those who win, when freedom, understand.
The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway;
But they, who fight for freedom, understand.
The noble cause mankind can have at stake;
Religious, virtue, truth, what' er we call blessing—Freedom is the pledge of all.
Oh liberty: the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passions, and his theme;
Genius is thing, and thou art fancy's saviour;
Lost without thee, thou ennobling powers of verse;
Herald song from thy free touch acquires.
In clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.
Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if liberty be there,
And I will sing at liberty's dear seat,
In Africa's tempests, or India's fierce heat.
A. Sing where you please; in such a cause I
An English poet's privilege to run;
grant
But is not freedom—at least is not ours
Too apt to play the wanton with her powers,
Grow fresh, and show her being every sound,
Spread anarchy and terror all around.
B. Agreed. But would you sell or slay
For bowling and cursing in his course?
Or, if, when hidden with a fatal rain,
He break awake, and seek the distant plain?
No. His high mistletoe, under god's care,
Gives him an Olympic speed, and shows him to the goal.
Let magistrates employ their wholesome arts;
Let magistrates alert perform their parts;
Not shrill or put on a prudential mask,
As if their duty were a desperate task;
Let active laws apply the needful curb,
To guard the peace, that riot would disturb;
And, keep it steady, would the wild excess,
Shall raise no funds for armies to suppress.
When tumult lately burst his prison door,
And see him blend in chains of iron;
When he usur'd authority's just place,
And dared to look his master in the face;
When the rude rabbler's watchword was—destroy,
And blazing London seemed a second Troy;
Liberty death, and hang her drooping head,
Behold their progress with the deepest dread;
Hush'd, that effects like these she should produce,
Worse than the deeds of galley-slaves broke loose.
She loses in such storms her very name,
And forces licensements should bear the blame.
Indescribable glee; thy worth untold,
Cheap, thou hast trod the cooling-bough, and shewn away
When add;
May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend
Betray thee, while professing to defend;
Prize it, ye minstrels; ye mourners, spare;
Ye virgins, guard it with a martyr's care.
A. Patrick, alas! the few that have been fore'd,
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The hawks are hallowed by its每月 supplied
And last the left scene, when Chalum died.
B. Not in the virtuous still adorn us age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Darnemontes was heard again;
Liberty Attila's stern strain;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke in his voice, and shook his laws.
His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
And all his country bearing in his face,
He did as the timorous hand
Would strive to make a fan or Tully stand;
No syrphon or slave, that dared oppose
Her grace, with all her force, she driv'n.
And every vocal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crush'd at the first word he spoke.
Such men are raised to station and command,
By Providence means mercy to a land;
He uprises, and to the throne they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address, to seize with power
The crisis of a dark decisive hour;
So Gideon earn'd a victory not his own;
Subserviency his plea, and that alone.
Foe English! thou art a devoted deer,
Beast with every ill but that of fear.
These nations hunt; all mart thee for a prey;
They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at bay,
Unmindful of the wearied and perplex'd;
Once Chalum saved thee; but who saves the next?
Alas! the side of pleasure sweeps along
All that should be the boast of British song.
'Tis not the wreath that once adorned thy brow,
The price of happier times, will serve thee now.
Our country's song,
Patterns of every virtue, every grace.
Confined a God; they kneel'd before they fought.
And prix'd the victors he wrought.
Now from the dust of ancient days bring forth
Their sober real, integrity, and worth;
Courage, ungraced by ease, afflicts the skies,
But the fire without the sacrifice.
The stream, that feeds the weltering of the heart,
Not more invigorates life's noblest part,
Than virtue quickens, with a warmth divine,
The powers, that sin hath brought to a decline.
A. Tho' inestimable estimate of Brown
Base as a chariot and chaste the town;
But measures, plan'd and executed well,
Shifted the wind that rais'd it, and it fell.
He stood the ground he well could stand,
And victory refused all he said.
And we do not frame amid.
In error, if it err'd, was merely this—
He sought the dying hour already come,
And a complete recovery struck him dumb.
But that effeminacy, folly, but,
Bravado, and need not must;
And that a nation shamefully debased,
Will be despised and trampled on at last,
Unless sweet firmness once more reawake,
Is truth, if history itself be true.
There is a time when justice marks the date,
For long-fainting clemency to wait;
That hour elapsed, th' obtrusive rovet
Is申被, and down comes the thunderbolt.
If mercy then put by the threatening blow,
Must she perform the same kind office now?
And, if she shall, even she will
Accessible, and prayer prevail, she will.
To thee, however, insolence and noise,
That KarSing in the presence of thy voice.
Nor is it yet despondence and dismay
Will win her visits or engage thy state.
Prayer only, and the penitential year,
Can call her smiling down, and fix her here.
But when a country (one that I could name)
In perspiration sinks the sense of shame;
When infamous vanity, grown bold,
Writes on his bosom, To be let or sold;
When perfidy, that Heaven-defying vice,
Sails oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,
Stampa God's own name upon a lie just made,
To gain a penny in the course of trade.
When avarece thrives (and never hides his face)
Two or three millions of the human race,
And not a tongue in minis, how, where, or when,
Though conscience will have twinges now and
When profanation of the sacred cause
In all its parts, times, ministry, and laws,
Speaks a hand, once Christian, fall'n and lost,
In all, that wars against that title most;
What bloody victories, set cities of great name,
And regions, long since desolate, proclaim.
Necess, Babylon, and ancient Rome;
Speak to the present times, and times to come;
They cry aloud, in every careless ear,
O Lord! how dost thou suffer, in thy mad career,
O learn from our example and our fate,
Learn wisdom and repentance, ere too late.
Not only vengeance chases
The mind that stumbls sweetly in her starse,
As steep in tyranny's unur'd command,
And bend her helmet to his hand;
A dire effect, by one of nature's laws,
(Dispassion connected with its cause),
But Providence himself will intervene
To throw his dark displeasure o'er the scene.
All are his instruments, in such a form of war;
What burns at home, or threatens from afar,
Nature in arms, her elements at strife,
The storms that overset the joys of life,
Are but his rods to scourge a guilty land,
And waste it in the biding of his hand.
He gives the word, and sudden wide reefs
In all her gates, and shakes her distant shores;
The standards of all nations are unshar'd;
She has one foe, and that one foe the world.
And, if he shows that people with arown,
And mark them with a seal of wrath proud'st decree,
Dilatory takes place; call, call, and touch,
The repudiated race grows judgment-proof;
Earth shakes beneath them, and heaven raves above;
But nothing scares them from the course they love.
To the lascivious, scendi's sons,
That charm down fear, they frolic it along,
With mad rapidity and unconcern,
Down to the full, from which no return.
They trust in navies, and their navies fail—
God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail!
They trust in armies, and their courage dies.
In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies;
But they find it is too late to it;
When He commands, in whom they place no trust,
Vengeance at last pours down upon their coast,
A long despised, but now victorious host;
Tyraan sends the chain, that must abridge
The noblest privilege of all;
Gives liberty the last, the mortal shock;
Slips the slaves collider, and snare to lock.
A. Such lofty strains embellish what you teach;
Mean you to prophesy, or but to preach?
B. I know the people feel indeed the fire
The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
As with a force, and kindred with a flame.
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human were her soft attention claim,
A tender ardor and amans frame;
She pours a sensibility divine.
Along the surge of every feeling line.
But if a deed, not tamed to be borne,
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings which such a power, so loud,
The storm of music shaks th' astonish'd crowd.
In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart
Had ta'en, poetry was not an art;
Language above all teaching, or, if taught,
Only by gratitude, and thought through,
Elegant as simplicity, and warm
As ecstasy, unembarrassed by form,
Nor persecuted, as in our degenerate days,
By low ambition and the thirst of praise;
Nor natural as in the flowing stream,
And yet magnificent—A God the theme!
That theme on earth exhausted, though above
To found as everlasting as his love,
Man lavished all his thoughts on human things—
The fruits of heroes, and the wrath of kings.
But still, while virtue kindled his delight,
The song was moral, and so far was right;
Vain thus, till luxury seceded the mind
To joys less innocent, as less refined;
Then gentle manners, then the sacred
The brimming goblet, stung the tyrant, bound
His brows with ivy, rush'd into the field
Of wild imagination, and truth round,
The victim of his own lascivious fires
write;
And, like the Orontes, grooped in the sacred
Anacreon, Horace, play'd in Greece and Rome.
This beaming part; and others nearer home
When Grouville fought for power, and while he reign'd
The proud protector of the power he gai'n'd,
Religion, harsh, intolerant, artless,
Preceded manners like herself severe,
Drew a vengeful curse from the Christian floor;
Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace;
The bark and sunk beneath a thousand fire.
Jest, in the finest mould of fancy cast,
Was tender in an age so void of taste.
But when the second Charles assumed the sway,
And arts revived beneath a sober sky,
Then, a bow low forced into a curve,
The mind, released from too constrain'd a servile
Flew to its first position with a spring.
That made the vaulted roofs of pleasure ring.
It court, the disdaining and hateful school
Of waning years, whose light was bought by rule,
Swarm'd with a scribbling herd, as deep mas'nd
With brutal lust as ever Cynicus made.
From these a long succession, in the rage
Of frank obscurity, debauch'd their age
Nor ceased, but year after year was to release
The abuses of her sacred charge, the press,
The cause instructed a well-narrow'd train,
Of author votaries to cleanse the state,
And claim the palm for purity of song.
That likeness had usual, and were too long.
Then decent pleasantry and stenting sense,
That might not lead to crime, nor shatter offence,
Wipped out of sight, with sattire just and keen,
The puppy pack, that had defied the cow,
In front of these same Addison, in him
Humour in holiday and nightly urn,
Sebileon and Grubbs, a short and trivial,
To polish, furnish, and divert the mind.
Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,
In verse, as declaimed, exemplify'd,
Give virtue and morality a grace,
That, quite outstripping his painted face,
Levied a tax of wonder and applause,
Even on the gods that banish'd on their laws.
But this musical fitness was such
So rare his ear, so delicate his touch
Made poetry a sacred moral art,
And every verb has his hue by heart.
Nature importing her native gift,
Her serious mind to Joclin and Swift,
With dwell sobriety they raised a smile.
At fully's cast, themselves arm'd the while.
That constellation set, the world in vain
Must hope to look upon their like again.

A. oh! we then a decade
Not wholly in the dark
Whit now and then, street smartly, shows a spark
Sufficient to redeem the modern race
From total night and absolute disgrace.
While sentry knock and tentative push
Confine the million in the beaten track.
Perhaps some, who else disdain'd the road
Snuff'd up the wind, and folds himself abroad.
Contemporaries all surpass'd, see one
Short career, but short we command
Churchill; himself unconscious of his powers,
In pensamy consumed his idle hours;
TABLE TALK.

And, like a scattered seed at random sown,
Wassail'd to spring by vigour of his own.
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in luxury's soft lap,
And, too, too often, there his easy nap.
If brighter beams then all he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.
Surely, and slowly, and bold, and course,
'Twas proof for art, and trusting in more force,
Spent him alike of money, and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit.
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
The laurel seem'd to wait on his command,
He match'd it rudely from the muse's hand.
Nature, exciting an unwonted power.
Forsake, spare, and give scant to every flower;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the fields, and leads
The dancing Nymphs through the dewy meads;
She fills profuse ten thousand little threats
With music, modulating all their notes;
And charms the woodland scenes, and wild
unknown,
With artless airs and concert of her own:
But seldoom (as if fearful of expense)
Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence—
Fervency, freedom, lucidity of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
Fancy, that, from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colours dip'd in heaven, that never die;
A soul exalted above earth, a mind
Bred in the characters that form mankind;
And, as the sun, in rising beauty dress'd,
Looks to the westward from the lapidated east,
And marks, whenever clouds may feritise,
Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close;
An eye like his to catch the distant goal;
Or, are the wheels of sense begin to roll,
Like his to shed illuminating rays
On every scene and subject it surveys;
Thus graced, the man asserts a poet's name,
And the world cheerfully admits the claim.

Her religion has so seldom found
A skillful guide into poetic ground;
The lower sense it spurs wherever she delign'd to
sex,ry,
And every muse attend her to her way.
Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend;
And many a compliment politely poised;
But, not content to that, becomes yet
Beggar weaves for her, and half undress'd,

Stands in the desert, shivering and forlorn.
A sinner figure, like a wither'd thorn.
The shelves are full, all other themes are sped;
Hacketty'd and worn to the last tatty thread,
Satire has long since done his best; and cursed
And haphazard ribaldry has done his work;
Fancy has sported all her powers away
In tales, in tritides, and in children's play;
And his the task complaint, and almost true,
What'er we write we bring forth nothing new.
Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire.
Took'd with a coal from heaven, assume the lyre.
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That He who died below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.
For, after all, if merely to beguile;
By bowling numbers and a flowery style,
The tideman that the lazy rich endure,
Which now and then sweet poetry may grace;
Or, if to see the name of idle soft
Stump'd on the well-bound quarto, grace the shelf.
To float a bubble on the breath of fame,
Promp't his endeavours, and engage his aim,
Devised to serve purposes of pride.
How are the powers of genius unsupplied!
The gift whose office is the Giver's praise,
To trace him in his word, his works, his way!
Then spread the rich discovery, and invite
Mankind to share in the divine delight.
Detest'd from its use and just design,
To make the平原 possessor shine,
To purchase, at the foot-frequented fair
Of vanity, a wreath for self to wear,
A profession of the basest kind
Proof of a trifling and a worthless mind.
A. Hail, Stormhold, them; and Hopkins, hail
B. Amen.
If battery, folly, that, employ the pen;
If Actiminy, slander, and abuse,
Give it a change to blazon and traduce;
Though Butler's wit, Pope's numbers, Prior's case,
With all that Fancy can invent to please,
Adorn the poetical periods as they fall.
One madrigal of theirs is worth them all.
A. 'Twould thin the ranks of the poetic tribe,
To dash the pen through all that you prescribe.
B. No matter—we could shift when they were not.
And should, no doubt, if they were all forget.
SING, muse, (if such a theme, so dark, so long,
May find a muse to grace it with a song),
Of the urgent and unceasing pain
The serpent error sways round human hearts;
Till where she lurks, beneath what flower shades,
That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,
The poisonous, black, inflaming warm
Successfully conceals her loathsome form.
Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine!
Truth, that the theorist could not reach,
And observation taught me, I would teach.
Not all, whose eloquence the fancy fills,
Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,
Can trace her many steps to their end;
Discern the fraud beneath the specious lure,
Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure.
The clear barrenness, and cold as it is clear,
Falls soporific on the listless ear,
Like quicksilver, the rhetoric they display
Shines as it rises, but quickly slips away.
Placed for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to manning age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse;
Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
Say to what amenability were man?
With nought in charge, he could betray no trust;
And, if he fell, would fall because he must;
If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,
His recompense in both utmost alike.
Divine authority within his breast
Brings in very thought, word, action, to the test,
Warns him, or prompts, approves, or re
As reason, or as passion, takes the reins.
Heaven from above, and conscience from within,
Clouds—Abraham from six.
The world around solicits his desire,
And kindles in his soul a torchless fire;
While, all his purposes and steps to guard,
Peace follows virtue as its sure reward;
And pleasure as surely in her train
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain.
Man, thus ensnared with an elective voice,
Must be supplied with objects of his choice:
Whether he turns, enjoyment and delight,
or, present, or in prospect, meet his sight;
Those open on the spot their honey'd store;
These call him loudly to pursuit of more.
His unexhausted mine the sordid vice
Varies shows, and virtue is the price.
Her various motives his ambition raise—
Power, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of
There beauty wows him with expanded arms;
Even bacchanalian madness has its charm.
Nor these alone, whose pleasures less refined
 Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
Seek to supplant his inherenciated youth,
Or, from the paths of right, his devious
Hourly allurements on his passions press,
Sed in themselves, but dangerous to th' excess.
Hark! how itfloats upon the dewy air!
O, what a dying, dying tone was there!
Can never hear that solemn sound ever more
Sweet harmony, that soothes the midnight hour.
Long ere the charioteer of day had run
His morning course, th' enchantment was begun;
And he shall grid ye mountain's height again,
Ere yet the pleasing toll becomes a pain.
Is the truest receipt of the turn as sweet?
That virtue points to? Can a life thus spent
Lead to the bliss she promises the wise,
Seeked alone from avarice, and speed her to the skies?
Ye devotees of purely colored empires,
Enthusiasts, drunk with an unrefined joy,
Love makes the music of the bless'd above
Heaven's harmony is universal love;
And earthly sounds, though sweet and well combined,
And brimful as soft opiates to the mind,
Leave vice and folly unalloyed behind.
Gray dawn appears, the spectator and his train
Speckle the bosom of the distant plain;
'Tis he the Nimrod of the neighbouring hills;
Save that his scent is less acute than theirs.
For persevering chase, and headlong leaps,
True beagle to the scoundrel hound he keeps.
Charged with the full of his life's and scene,
He takes offence, and wonders what you mean;
The joy the dashing and the toil cowards;
'Tis exercise, and health, and length of days.
Again imperious to the field he flies;
Leaps every fence but one, there falls and dies;
Like a slain deer, the tumbler brings him home,
Unmolested but by his dogs and by his game.
Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,
Lights of the world, and stars of human race;
But if eccentric ye forsake your sphere,
Frigidly solemn, and void of sweet.
The comet's benefic influence is a dream;
Years real and peregrinations in th' extreme.
What then?—are apprehensions and bounds laid down
With the same ease that man puts on his gown?
Will avow and concurrence give place,
Chains by the sounds—You Heave, or Yield Grace?
No. But his own engagement binds him fast;
Or, if it does not, brands him to the last.
What auburn call him—a designing brave,
A man of crooked feature, hypocrize, and alive.
Oh, laugh or mourn with me the useless jest,
A caustic, cold, and a stinging jest!—
He from Italian songsters takes his cue;
Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too.
He takes the field, the master of the pack,
Cries—'Well done saint!' and clays him on the back.
Is this the path of sanctity? Is this
To stand a way-mark in the road to bliss?
Himself a wanderer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray?
Go, cast your orders at your bishop's feet,
Send your disownments down to Monmouth-street.
The sacred function in your hands is noble—
Sad sacrience: to function, but a trade
Occumts is a pastor of renown,
When he has prayed and preached the sabbath.
With wire and cagius he concludes the day,
Owning a pertinent and saving care away.
The full concert swells upon your ear;
All echoes shake. Look in, and you would swear
The shrill complaint of genius.
Had summitted them to serve his golden god.
So well that thought th' employment seems to suit,
Pastry and sack, dummage, and flute.
Proceeds of Error. 7.

That pleasure, therefore, or what such we call,
Are hurtful, is a truth confessed by all.
And some that seem to threaten virtue less
Still hurtful in their essence are.

Is man then only for his torment placed
The centre of delights he may not taste?
Like fabled birds, condemned to bear
The precious stream still purling in his ear,
Ly-ly deep in what he longs for, and yet cursed
With prohibition, and perpetual thirst?

No, wrangles—disturbing of shame and sense,
The preceple that enjoins him abstinence,
Forbids him none but the licentious joy.
Whose fruit, though fair, temper only to destroy.
Removes, the fatal egg by pleasure laid
In every bosom where his nest is made,
Handful by the handful, deduces him rest,
And prove a raging scorpion in his breast.

No pleasure? Are domestic comforts dead?
Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled?
Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,
Good sense, good heart, good conscience, and
Good fame?

All these belong to virtue, and all prove
That virtue has a title to your love:
Have you no touch of pity, that the poor
Stand starved at your inhospitable door?
Or if yourself, too, scantily supplied,
Need help, let honest industry provide.
Our tears, if you want; if you abridge, import.
These both are pleasures to the feeling heart.

Are sweet philosophy's enjoyments run
On the dry and dead alone? And hide in silence none.
Brutes capable would tell you 'tis a lie,
And judge you from the kernel and the sty.

Are sweet philosophy's enjoyments run
On the dry and dead alone? And hide in silence none.
Brutes capable would tell you 'tis a lie,
And judge you from the kernel and the sty.

Do all the wise please their dearest lord?
Do all the wise please their dearest lord?

Pleasure admitted in undone degrees
Enables the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

'Tis not alone the grapes, the pomegranate juicy
Unmerits the moral powers, and mars their use;
Adulthood, age, and the lust of fame.
And woman, lovely woman, does the same.
The heart, surrender'd to the ruling power
Of sense ungovern'd passion every hour
Finds by degrees the truths, that once bore sway,
And all their deep impressions, wear away.

So coin grows smooth, in traffic current pleased,
Till Caesar's image is effaced at last.
The brain, though small, at first, soon opening wide
In rushes fully, with a fully-made tide;
Then welcome errors, of whatever size,
To justify it by a thousand lies.

As creeping fins to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon.
So philosophy's clear streams are drenched
Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.

Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,
First wish to be imposed on, and then are.
And, lest the fulsome artifice should fail,
Themselves will hide its coarseness with a veil.

Not more industrious are the just and true.
To give to virtue, what virtue's due—

The praise of wisdom, of conscience, and worth,
And call her charms to public notice forth—
Than vice's mean and disingenuous race,
To hide the shocking features of her face.
Her form with dress and toilet they repair;
Then kiss them in the face, and kiss her fair.

The sacred implement I now employ
Might prove a mischief, or at best a toy;
A griffe if it move but to amuse;

But, if to wrong the judgment and abuse,
Worse than a puny in the best hand
It stabs at once the morals of a land.

Ye writers of what none with safety reads,
Forcing it in the dance that fancy leads;
Ye novelists, who, what none would read,
Edifying and short, and simple Kemp?
Whose corresponding misfiats fill the realm
With sentimental frigidity, and dreams.

That which, the wanton good?—

By some lord earl, or rake-hall baronet.
Cowper's Poems.

Whether increased momentum, and the force
From which my spirit gains its upward course,
[As in a sort sometimes kindled as they go]
Chased him, and brought dull nature to a glow.
Or whether clearer skies and softer air,
That make the Italian flow sweet and fair,
Fascinating his lazy spirits as he ran,
Unfolded genially and spread the man;
Returning, he proclaims by many a grace,
Syphons and strange corruptions of his face,
How much a distance that has been sent to sea,
Exceeds a dance that has been kept at home.
Accomplishments have taken various place,
And wisdom fails before exterior grace;
We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish its rough coat alone.

A just deportment, manners graced with ease,
Rigour picturesque, and figure form'd to please,
Are qualities that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend;
Hence an unformed'd and a listless mind,
Though try'd, tiring; empty though refined;
Hence all that interferes, and dares to clash
With indolence and luxury, is trash:
While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,
Seems verging fast towards the female side.

Learning itself, received into a mind
By nature weak, or vicious inclined,
Seems to lead Philosophers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way
And arts of letters and pure sciences,
To cheat themselves and gain the world's esteem,
The worse is—Scripture warp'd from its intent.
The charge against them, and all are pleads.

If I am sober, and the wheels well pressed;
But if I have no core, I am too fast.
Let out his linchpin, or forget his tar,
It suffers interruption and delay,
And receives the wind in the smoothest way.
When some hypothesis, absurd and vain,
His head with all its lines a critic's brain,
The text that sorts with not his darling whim,
Though plain to others, is obscure to him.
The will made subject to a fantasy,
All it irregular and out of course;
And judgment, crowning, is trided to lose his way,
Winds hard, and talks of darkness at noonday.

A critic on the sacred book should be
Candid and learned, dispassionate and free:
Free from the wayward bias bigot feel,
From fancy's influence, and brutish prevaile.
A learned interpreter is never just.
How shall I speak then of any power address,
Thus god of our idolatry, the press?
By their religion, liberty, and laws,
Sects are found to advance their cause.
By their venge plagues than Pharaoh's land befall,
Divers from earth the Koran's brain,
Then fountain, at which drink the good and wise;
Thus ever-leaping spring of endless lies;
And the Pilgrim's creed, the pious pair,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.
No will enthusiast ever yet could rest,
Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.

Philosophers, who darken and put out
Eternal truth by everlasting doubt;
Church quicks, with passions under no command,"
She fill the world with doctrines contrived,
Discoverers of things not what, confused
Within no bounds—the blind that lead the blind;
Streams of popular opinion drawn,
Depoil in those shallowness all their power.
The wriggling fry soon fill the crevices around,
Pokering the waters with all their swarms abroad.

Scorn'd by the robber tenants of the flood,
Mannes, and gulping gorgo' th'unwholesome
The propagated myths sprout so fast, [foot.
Even Lewenbeck himself would stand aghast,
Employ'd to calculate the monstrous suns,
And over his crab-computing power o'ercome.
Is this a hyperbole? The dissembler well knows,
Your sober thoughts will hardly fix it one.

Fresh confidence the speculator takes
From every hair-brain prevaricating he reads,
And therefore prints. Himself but half deceived,
Till others have the soothing tale believed.

Hence comment after comment, spun as fine
At blasted spiders draw the filmy line;
PROGRESS OF ERROR.

Hence the same word, that bids our lusts obey,
Is misapplied to sanctify their sway.
If scholars Greek refine to be his friend,
Hebrew or Syrac shall be forced to bend;
If languages and copies all vary, No
Somebody proved 15 centuries ago.
Like trust pursued, the critic in despair
Durst to the maid, and finds his safety there.
Woman, whom custom has forbid to fly
The scholar's pitch, (the scholar best knows why)
With all the simple and unletter'd poor,
Admire his learning, and almost adore.
Whoe'er err, the priest can never be wrong.
With such fine words familiar to his tongue.
Ye ladies! (for indifferent in your case,
I should deserve to reflect all praise.)
Whatever shocks, or gives the least offence
To virtue, delicacy, truth, or sense,
(Try the criterion, 'tis a faithful guide.)
Nor has, nor can have, Scripture on its side.
None but an author knows an author's cure,
Or Pandy's fustiness for the child she bears.
Commit her once into the public arms,
The baby seems to smile with added charms.
Like something precious ventured far from shore,
'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more.
He views it with complacency supreme,
Salutes kind attention to his brow;
And daily more enmanour of the chest,
Kneels and asks Heaven to bless the dear deceit.
So one whose story serves at least to show
Men loved their own productions long ago,
Would an enfolding statue for his wife;
Nor rested till the gods had given it life.
If some more drollerie such the sagard fib,
One that still his leading-string and rib,
And praise his genius, he is soon repaid
In praise applied to the same part—his head—
For 'tis a rule, that holds for ever true,
Grant it discourse, and I grant it you.
Patient child, Affable, humble, dillient, and mild;
Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke.
Your blanderer is as sturdy as a rock.
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
A taunter's the man to set him right.
First appeite enlists him truth's sworn foe,
Then dismisses if it counterfeit him so.
Tell him he wanders; that his error leads
To fatal ill; that, though the path he trods
Be trying, and he see no cause of fear,
Death and the pains of hell attend him there;
In vain; to the sense of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side.
His still refused dashes he still repeats;
New missed objections with new quibbles meets;
Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies of the contest ends.
But not the mishiefs; they, still left behind,
Like thistle-seeds, are sown by every wind.
Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill;
Send the straight rule to their own crooked
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.

Halting on crutches of unequal size.
One leg by truth supported, one by lies;
They able to the goal with awkward pace.
Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.
Faults in the life breed errors in the brain;
And these reproachfully those again.
The mystic and conduct mutually impart
And stamp their image in each other's mind.
Each, size and dam, of an infernal race.
Purposing and accomplishing all that's ban.
None sends his arrow to the mark in vain,
Whose hand is fickle, or his aim unwise.
For though, ere yet the shaft is on the wing.
Or when it first forsakes th' elastic string,
It cre but little from till intended line,
It falls not far wide of his design.
So he, who seeks a mansion in the sky,
Must watch his purpose with a jealous eye;
That prize belongs none to but the sincere.
The least obliquity is fatal here.

With caution taste the sweet Sirens cup:
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.
Cal'd to the temple of impure delight,
He that obtains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.
But, if you pass the threshold, you are caught;
On then, if power almighty save you not.
There hardening by degrees, till death itself,
Take leave of nature's God, and God reveal'd;
Then laugh at all you trembled at before;
And, joining the free-thinkers' brutal roar,
Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense—
Thick, Scripture lies, and blasphemy is tasty.
If censure revoluted by abuse
Be dastardly to give to ignorance about excuse.
Some dream that they can silence, when they
The storm of public, and say, Peace, he still;
But Thus fair and so furthier, when address'd
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Imply the swiftness that were liest.
That never ought to be the lot of man.
But, none, forbear; long rights forebode a fall;
Strike on the deep-toned chord the sound of all.
Hear the just law—the judgment of the skies.
He that hates truth must be the prey of lies;
And he that will be cheated to the last,
Delusions strong as hell shall bind him fast.
But if the wummer his mistake discover,
Judge his own ways, and sigh for a return.
Bewildered once, must he bewail his los.
For ever and for ever?—No the cross!
There, and there only (though the deceit rave,
And atheits, if earth bear no slave;)
There, and there only, is the power to save.
That assertive hope lifeless doth impair.
No mockery meets you, no deception there.
The spells and charms, that blinded ye before,
All vanish there, and fascinate no more.
I am no preacher, let this hint suffice—
The cross once seen is death to every vice.
Else He that hung there suff'rd all his pain,
Burd, ground, and agonized, and died, in vain!
MAN, on the dubious waves of error toss'd,
His ship half-sunk, and his compass lost,
Sacrific'd, as hast'n Mountebank, may command,
A sleeping frog, and finishes it dry land:
Spreads all his canvas, every shrow'd sail;
Pants for air, aims at it, enters, and dies,
Then farewell all self-satisfying schemes,
His well-bilth'd systems, philosophical dreams,
Deciduous vices, of future bliss void;
He reads his sentence on the flames of hell,
Hard as a stone—to toil for the reward
Of virtue, and yet lose it! Wherefore hard—?
He that would win the race must guide his horse,
Correct his custom of the course;
Else, though unequal'd to the goal he flies,
A measurer than himself shall gain the prize.
Grace leads the right way; if you choose the wrong,
Take it and perish; but restrain your tongue;
Characters from light sufficient, and left feet,
Your wild suicide on God's decree.
Oh, how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unremunerated plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornament to clog the pleat;
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the coralline arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Described above the portal, from afar
Compassions as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-stirring words—believe and live.
Too many, should'd at what should charm them
Despite the plain directions, and are lost; [note,
Heaven on such terms! (they cry with proud disdain),
Incredible, monstrous, vain, and vain—
Relief, because 'tis easy to obey;
Amuse, for its own sake, the gracious way.
These are the sober, in whose colder brains
Some thought of immortality remains;
Their disdains too may they wait.
On the sad theme, their everlasting state,
Sport for a day, and perish in a night,
The foam upon the waters not so light.

Who judged the Pharisees? What odious cause
Excited him to the vengeance of the laws?
Had he seduced a virgin, wrong'd a friend,
Or stabb'd a man to serve some private end?
Was blasphemy his sin? Or did he stray
From the strict duties of the sacred day?
Not long and late at the entertaining board;
(Such were the sins with which he charged his Lord.)

No—the moral powers were exact; what then?
"Twas his ambition to be seen of men;
His virtues were his pride; and that one vice
Made all his virtues goe-gauce of no price;
He were them as fine trappings for a show,
A playing, synagogue-frequenting beau,
The self-applauding bird, the peacock, sae-
Mark with a suspicious eye,
Meridian sun-beams tempt him to undo
His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold;
He treats as it, some solemn music rent,
His measured step were goven'd by his ear:
And seems to subdue the Ve roncean fowl, give place,
I am all splendor, dignity, and grace!
Not to the pleasan't on his charming presence,
Though he too has a glory in his plumes.
He, Christian-like, retreats with modest mien
Tame, with the meadow-bird's green.

The plea of works, as arrogant and vain,
Heaven turns from with abhorrence and disdain;
Not nurtur'd by the greatest neglect,
Than by the mere dissembler's fitter respect.
What is a righteousness that men devise?
What—hath a world bargain for the skies?
But Christ as soon would abdicate his own,
Ascend from heaven to sell the proud a throne.
His dwelling a recess in some rude rock,
Books, beads, and maple-dish, his measur'd stock;
In shirt of hair, and woods of canvas dress'd;
Girt with a bell-rope that the pope has bliss'd!
Just with stripes told out for every crime,
And corseted his outward covering times;
His prayer prefer'd to saints that cannot aid;
His praise posterned, and never to be paid:
Seek the sage hermit, by mantling admired,
With all that bigotry adopts inspired,
Wearing out life in his religious while,
Till his religious whimsey wears out him.
His works, his abstinence, his zeal allow'd,
You think him humble—God accounts him proud.
High in demand, though lowly in presence,
Of all his conduct this the genuine sense—
My penitential strips, my streaming blood,
Have purchased heaven, and prove my life good.
Turn eastward now, and fancy shall apply
At your weak sight her telescopic eye
The Roman slain on his own bare head
The sacred fire—self-tormenting his trade
His voluntary pains, severe and long,
Would give a barbarian air to British song;
No grand inquisitor could worse invent,
Than he who strived to suffer, well content.

Whi's the sainiplier worthy of the two?
Fast all dispute, you get to the sense.
Your sentence and mine differ. What's a name?
Is the Roman's fate the master's claim?

Heuferigio, Scriptura nemo recoguntur,
Devise by self to answer selfish ends,
Give sandalbush, but all everyone much agree.
Ten starv'ling hermits suffer less than he.
The truth is if the truth may suit your ear,
And prejudice have left a passage clear.

Pride has attain'd its most luxuriant growth,
And paid every wrong to the laws both.
May be perambulate while the flesh grows lean;
Hun'ly may clothe an English dean;
That grace was low'yers—his, confirmed by all—
Though placed in golden Durham's second stall.
Not all the piety of a bishop's breast,
His palace, and his laqueurs, and "My lord,"
More worthier pride, that descending vice,
Than abstinence, and begeary, and lice;
It thrives in misery, and abundant groves;
In misery foc'd upon themselves impose.

But why before us Protagonists, produce
An Indian mystic, or a French rogue?
Their sin is plain; but what have we to fear,
Return'd and well instructed? You shall bear.
You ancient prude, whose wither'd frowns
She might be young some forty years ago,
Show her elows pin'd cease upon her hips,
Her head erect, her visage on her lips,
Her eye-brows arched, her eyes both gone astray
To watch you anomous couple in their play,
With bony and unchamber'd neck defies.
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
And add with jacket-head and muffing aim
Duty at chint of bell to morning prayers.

"Must it be trust, and paradise is thus visits,
She yet allows herself that boy behind;"
The scouring urchin, bending as he goes,
With slipshod heels, and devil in his soul,
His overcoat's cost advanced to wear,
Which future pages yet are doomed to share.
Carries her Bible tucked beneath her arm,
And hides his fingers warm.
She, half an angel in her own account,
Deals not elsewhere with the saints to mount,
Appears on earth on strictest search,
That but the facts, and, deem, goes to church.
Concerning her, conscious of her soul,
She reveals her youth and tells,
And tells, not always with an eye to truth,
Who guarded her want, and who, where'er he came.
Scratch'd upon glass Ainsi Bridget's lovely name;
Who stole her slipper, told it with toil,
And drank the little bumper every day.
Of temper as envenom'd as a snake,
Conspiring her every trap;
In faithful memory she records the crimes,
Or real, or fictitious, of the times.
Laughter at the reputations she has torn,
And holds them dangerous at arm's length in scorn.
Such are the fruits of unscrupulous pride.
Of realis'd feet white flesh is mortisht.
True path, the public interest of all our prayers.
Where hermits and where Banimns meet with theirs;
Your portion is with them—Nay, never known,
But, if you please, some fables born lower down.
And, whilst their sprightly brushes are gone,
Produce them—take the chair—now draw a saint.
Oh sorrowful and sad! the streamings tears
From the King of Saints in view?
—Why falls the gospel like a gracious dew?
That shatters the world with justice new?
Will sweep, and leave a peaceful groan
For others' sins, but smiles upon her own.
Why stands he there, the King of Saints in view?
—Is this a saint? Throw tints and all away—
There, and let them gather round who dare.
On the sheet, and by the prostrate groan
Of the child, who has a tenfold deart.
Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved.
From servile fear, or be the more enslaved?
To hoose the links that gall'd mankind before,
Or bind them faster on, and add still more?
When nought but evil all the world can prove,
Or, if a chain, the golden one of love.
No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,
What fear he feels, his gratitude inspires.
Shall all the gifts of earth be freely wrought,
Distrance ill? He trembles at the thought.
In his Master's interest and his own combined,
Throng every movement of his heart and mind,
Obedient, loyal, and devoted.
In thought, and word, and deed, his liberty evince,
His freedom is the freedom of a prince.
Not for the slightest gratuity at all,
In his life, should prove that he perceives his force;
Great is the man who can resist the small.
The principle and motive all in all.
You have two servants—Tun, an arch, of rage,
From his tale, so many tedious, tedious.
Genius in figure, easy in address,
Darling without, and as an express,
Repaits a message with a pleasing grace
Expert in all the duties of his place;
So, his orders are effective, not in fear.
What is the value of this man's sense?
Has he a world of gratitude and love?
No, not a spark—its all mere sparrow's play.
He likes your house, your household, and your
Reduce his wages, or get rid of her.
This quips you with, your most obedient, Sir.
The dinner served, Charles takes his usual seat,
Watches his eye, anticipates command,
Sighs, if perhaps your appetite should fail;
And if he but suspects a frown, turns pale.
Comfort in all his cares and unending ease.
Richly rewarded if he can but please.
And proud to make his firm attachment known,
To save your life would nobly risk his own.
Now which stands highest in your serious
And pleased at heart because on holy ground
Sometimes a calling hypocrite is found.
Reap what you sowed with his single fail,
And cast his filthy raiment on them all.
Attend —an apt similitude shall show
When vanity springs up, and oftens offsets you so.
See where it smokes along the sounding plains.
Blown all abased, a driving, flashing rain.
Foul upon each soul breathing all the ground.
Shakes it again and faster to the ground;
Now flashing wide, now glancing as in play,
Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart away.
And yet it came the traveller urged his steel,
And hurried but with unsuccessful speed.
Now drenched throughout, and hopeless of his case.
He drops the reins, and leaves him to his pace.
Suppose, unknot'd for in a secure so rude,
Long hid by interposing hill or wood.
Some mechanics, want and elegancy dress'd,
By some kind hospital heart possess'd.
Offer him warm food, share and rest,
Think with what pleasure, safe and at his ease,
He hears the tempest howling in the trees.
What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ.
While danger past is turn'd to present joy,
So tares it with the sinners, when he feels
A glowing drest of vengeance at his breast:
His conscience, like a guilty lake before,
Lash'd into foaming waves, begins to rear.
The law grown clamorous, though silent long.
Arranges him in chains, with every wrong.
Assures the rights of his offended Lord.
And death or restitution is the word.
The last imperial, he says the Nile appears!
And having well deserved, expects the worst.
Then welcome refuge, even the painful ease.
Or for a shelter from the wrath to come!
Crush me, ye rocks! ye falling mountains, hide
Or turn me over in your anger.
The scrutiny of those all-seeing eye
I dare not—neither can I extend the hand.
And he replies:
The remedy you want I freely give.
The book shall teach you—read, believe, and live.
'Tis thus—the raging storm is heard no more.
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore.
And justice, guardian of the dread command.
Brings the reign of peace, chains and hatred.
A soul redeem'd does a life of praise.
Hence the completion of his future days.
Hence a demerit holy and unexpe'd
And the world's bulk'd, as its effect.
Some lead a life unblam'd and just.
Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust.
They never sin—nor if (as all offend).
Some trivial slips their daily walk attend.
The poor are near at hand, the charge is small.
Job quites you with, your most obedient, Sir.
He has no bays on where his horsemore foot.
And he that never doubted of his state.
He may perhaps—perhaps he may—too late.
The path to bliss abounds, with many a shade.
Learning is one, but, wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, first in literary fame.
(mention him if you please. Vaille).—The same.
With spirits, genius, eloquence, supplied.
Lived long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died.
writing the livelong day.
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.
COWPER’S POEMS.

She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such
She renders homage to her Maker’s touch;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
How much more than her heart can conceive.
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

Cows!’ Oh how hard!—
His the more mean, the more the rich reward;
No jest for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
In errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicities of her.
Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
In a fair peace of heavenly ground.
And is not a mortifying thought.

The poor should gain it, and the rich should not?
No—tho’ the voluptuary, no lover of the.
One pleasure lost, lose heaven without regret;
Regret would cause them, and give birth to prayer;
Prayer would add faith, and faith would fix them there.

Not that a corner of us all, in this,
Or ought he does, is governed by caprice;
The supposition is repulse with sin,
And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt in.
Not—so—the silver trumpet’s heavenly call
Shall never reach the poor, but sound alike for all:
Kings are invited, and would kings o'er,
No slaves on earth more welcome were than they:
In holiness, and state,
Are such a dead, preponderating weight,
The light they wade by, kindled from above,
Shows them the shortest way to life and love:
They, strangers to the controversial field,
Where Beasts, always fail’d, yet scorn to yield,
And never check’d by what impedes the wise,
Believe, rush forward, and possess the prize.

Every, ye great, the dull, unletter’d small:
Ye have much cause for envy—but not all.
We boast some rich ones whom the gospel away,
Our praise of gentle, of a careful train
Like gleanings of an olive-tree they show,
Like the one upon the most bough.
How needy upon the gospel plain.

That question has its answer—What is man?
Remember all感官—a sense a wretch.
An instrument, whose chords upon the stretch,
You yield to the last second that he can bear,
Yield only discern in his Maker’s ear.
Once the bless’d residence of truth divine,
Its bloom as Sol’s jewel, so lost—she cries,
Fallen from her glory, and too weak to rise?

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No slaves on earth more welcome were than they:
In holiness, and state,
Are such a dead, preponderating weight,
The light they wade by, kindled from above,
Shows them the shortest way to life and love:
They, strangers to the controversial field,
Where Beasts, always fail’d, yet scorn to yield,
And never check’d by what impedes the wise,
Believe, rush forward, and possess the prize.

Every, ye great, the dull, unletter’d small:
Ye have much cause for envy—but not all.
We boast some rich ones whom the gospel away,
Our praise of gentle, of a careful train
Like gleanings of an olive-tree they show,
Like the one upon the most bough.
How needy upon the gospel plain.

That question has its answer—What is man?
Remember all感官—a sense a wretch.
An instrument, whose chords upon the stretch,
You yield to the last second that he can bear,
Yield only discern in his Maker’s ear.
Once the bless’d residence of truth divine,
Its bloom as Sol’s jewel, so lost—she cries,
Fallen from her glory, and too weak to rise?

Cows!’ Oh how hard!—
His the more mean, the more the rich reward;
No jest for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
In errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicities of her.
Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
In a fair peace of heavenly ground.
And is not a mortifying thought.

The poor should gain it, and the rich should not?
No—tho’ the voluptuary, no lover of the.
One pleasure lost, lose heaven without regret;
Regret would cause them, and give birth to prayer;
Prayer would add faith, and faith would fix them there.

Not that a corner of us all, in this,
Or ought he does, is governed by caprice;
The supposition is repulse with sin,
And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt in.
Not—so—the silver trumpet’s heavenly call
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TRUTH.

Th' atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought,
Is not for sin—the righteous need it not.
Seest thou yon harlot, woeing all the meet;
The worm-eaten nuisance of the public streets,
Herself from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own adherence, and as much your scorn;
The gracious shower, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when Heaven deals it thus,
Of all that wisdom dictates, this the drift,
That man is dead in sin, and life a gift.

Is virtue, then, unless of Christian growth,
More falsity, or baldness, or both?
Ten thousand sages lost in endless we,
For ignorance of what they could not know?
That speech betrays at once a bigot's tongue,
Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong.
Truly not I—the partial light men have,
My creed pervades me, well employed, may save:
While he that conscions noonday beam, perverse,
Shall find the blessing, unimproved, a curse.
Let heathen worships, whose exalted mind
Left sensuality and dress behind,
Posse for me their undisputed lot,
And make, unmoved, the reward they sought,
But still in virtue of a Saviour's plea,
Nor blind by choice, but destined not to see.

Their futility and wisdom were a flame
Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,
Derived from the same source of light and grace,
That guides the Christian in his swifter race;
Their Judge was conscience, and her rule their law,
That rule, pursued with reverence and with awe,
Led them, however faltering, faint, and slow,
From what they knew, to what they wished to know.

But let not him, that shares a brighter day,
Prefer the twilight of a darker time,
And deem his base stupidity no crime.
The wretch, who slighted the bounty of the skies,
And sick, while favour'd with the means to rise,
Shall find them rated at their full amount;—
The good he scorn'd all carried to account.

Marshalling all his terror as he came,
Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,
From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,
Life for obedience, death for every flaw.
When the great Sovereign would his will express,
He gives a perfect rule; what can he less?
And threat it with a sanction so severe:
As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear:
His own glorious rights he would disclaim,
And man might safely trifle with his name.
He bids him glow with unenlightening love
To all on earth, and in himself above:
Judges th's injurious deed, the sinnerous,
The thought that mediates a brother's wrong
Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,
His conduct, to the test, but tries his heart.

Hark! universal nature shook and groan'd,
The last trumpet—see the Judge enthroned.
Rouse all your courage at your utmost need,
Now summon every virtue, stand and plead.
What! silent? Is your hearing heart no more?
That self-pronouncing wisdom, learnt before,
Had shed immortal glory on your brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchase now.
All joy to the believer! He can speak—
Trembling, yet happy, confident, yet meek.
Since the dear hour that brought me to thy feet,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped, but in thy righteousness divine.
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
However perform'd, it was their brightest part,
That they proceed'd from a grateful heart;
Cleaned in thine own all-purifying blood.
Forbear their evil, and accept their good;
I take them at thy feet—my only plea.
If what it was, dependence upon thee,
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now.
Angelic gratitude rends the skies,
Pride falls unprized, never more to rise.
Bumality is crow'd, and faith receives the prize.
Tantiis, tam patiens, nullo certamine tolli dura femea?

Virg.

Long time Assyria bound them in her chain,  
Till gentleness had purged the public stain,  
And Cyrus, with relenting pity moved,  
Attir'd them happy to the land they lov'd;  
The good against murd'ring, all beside  
They sov'ried the test of her ensigning smile,  
And had the grace in scenes of peace to show  
The virtue they had learn'd in scenes of wo.  
But man is frail, and can but ill sustain  
A long human train of grief and pain;  
And after all the joys that piety leads,  
With tip-toe step vice silently succeeds.  
When he that ruled them with a shepherd's rod,  
In form a man, in dignity a God,  
Came, not expect'd, in that unimage guise,  
To seek and search them with unerring eyes,  
He found, conceal'd beneath a fair exterior,  
The fitch of rottenness, and worm of pride;  
Their ploys a system of deceit,  
Softly employ'd to seduce the cheat;  
The Pharaoh the dupe of his own art,  
Self-deceived, and yet a knave at heart.  
When nations are to perish in their sin,  
To the church the leprosy begins;  
The priest, whose office is with zeal sincere  
To watch the fountain, and preserve it clear,  
Cardinally rods and dews upon the brick,  
While others poise what the stock must drink,  
Or, waking at the call of lust alone,  
Lises lies and errors of his own;  
His unsuspecting sheep believe it pure;  
And, tainted by the very means of cure,  
Catch from each other a contagion spot,  
The foul forsworn of a general rot.  
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EXPOSTULATION.

The temple and its holy rites preserved;
The names that dwell in it dissipated;
Uprooted hands, that at convenient times
Of state or exaction and the worst of crimes,
Wash'd with the fume of venum and wine,
And free from every tint but that of vice.
Judgment, however tardy, tends her pace
When obstinacy once has conquer'd grace.
They saw distemper heal'd, and life restored
In answer to the last of his word;
Confused the wonder, and with daring tongue
Blasphemed now, and in it set them wrong.
They knew by sure prognostics seen on high,
The future tone and temper of the sky.
But, grave dissemblers! could not understand
That sin let loose spoils punishment at hand.
As, and call up evidence from every age;
Display with busy and laborious hand
The blessings of the most indebted land;
What nation will you find whose annals prove
Sorcer's self, the Israel, without
Where dwell they now, where dwell in ancient day
A people planted, water'd, blest as they?
Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes proclaim
The favours pour'd upon the Jewish name;
Their freedom summaized for the rest of cost
All their hard oppressors valued most;
Their title to a country not their own,
Make sure are proclivities till the unknown;
For them the states they left, made waste and
For them the states to which they went, destroy'd;
A cloud to measure out their march by day,
By fire to aierce the gloomy way;
That moving signal summoning, when best,
To earth the more, and when it stay'd, to rest.
For them the rocks dissolved into a flood,
The sands condensed into angelic flood,
The very ground under its feet did yield,
And time forbid to touch them as they flew:
Streams, swell'd above the bank, enjoin'd to stand;
Whence as they pass'd through to their appointed land;
Their leader arm'd with meekness, zeal, and love,
And grace with clear credentials from above;
Themselves secured beneath the Almighty wing;
Their God their captain, a lawyer, and king;
Crown'd with a thousand victories, and at last
Lords of the conquer'd soil, there rooted fast,
In peace possessing what they won by war.
Their name far published, and revered as far;
Where will you find a race like theirs, endow'd
With all that man e'er wish'd or Heaven bestow'd?
They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
Became the transcript of the eternal mind;
Were trust'd with his own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of his cause;
Their sires were white, their priests the curial call,
And theirs by birth the Saviour of us all.
In war the nations, that had seen them rise
With fierce and envious yet admiring eyes,
Had sought to crush them, guarded as they were
By every firm that could avail err.
Had they maintain'd allegiance firm and sure,
And kept the faith immaculate and pure,
Then the proud eagles of all-conquering Rome
Had found a prey not to be accomplished;
And the twelve standards of the tribes unfurled
Had bid defiance to the warring world.
But grace abuses brings forth the smallest deeds,
At richest soil the most luxuriant meal:
Cursed of the golden calves, their fathers' sin,
Their teeth set in dizziness:
View'd a Deliverer with disdain and hate,
Who left them still a tributary state.
Seized fast his hand, he hold out them free
From a worse yoke, and nail'd it to the tree:
The psalm, the psalm, the psalm of praise,
The flower of Israel's infancy full blown;
Thence date their sad declension and their fall,
Their brother's grief, their mother's woe, their date from them all.
Thus fell the best instructed in her day,
An example, that we must take for our use.
Philosophy indeed on Grecian eyes
Had pour'd the day, and clear'd the Roman
In other climes perhaps creative art,
With power surpassing theirs, perform'd her part.

Might give more life to marble or might fill
The beginning with the soul's immortal fire.
Might shine in fable, and grace idle themes
With all the embroidery of poetical dreams.
To abridge the course, a tale's in a plan,
That truth and mercy had reveal'd to man;
And the world beside the plan unknown,
Devised useless wood, or senseless stone.
They breathed in faith their well-directed prayers,
And the true god, the god of truth, was theirs.
Their glory faded, and their race dispersed,
The last of nations now, though once the first;
They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn.

Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn:
If we escaped not, if Heaven spared not us,
Past, distant, or near, remain'd them thus;
If vice received her retribution due.
When they were visited, what hope for you?
When God arises with an awful frown
To punish lust, or pluck presumption down;
When gate is closed, or not daily prized,
Pleasure o'ershadow'd, and his grace despis'd,
Provoke the vengeance of his righteous hand,
To pour down wrath upon a thankless land;
He will be found impartially severe,
Too just to wink, or spare unfortunately clear.

Oh Israel, of all nations most undone!
Thy diadem displaced, thy sceptre gone,
Thy temple, thy city, house of prayer,
And thou a worshipper even when thou may'st;
Rudeness services, once holy spot,
Mere shadows now, their ancient pomp forgot;
Thy Levites, once a consecrated host,
No longer Levites, and their lineage lost,
And thou thyself over every country town,
With none of those whom once did shine alone;
Cry aloud, that sinner in the dust,
Cry to the ground, the crust, and unjust;
Knock at the gate a thousand times and yet now hear;
Say wrath is coming, and the storm appears;
But raise thy hallow'd Cæsar in British ears.

What all the rest, and what the wave that roar,
And fling their foam against thy chalky shore?
Mistress, at least while Providence shall please,
And trident-bearing queen of the wave sea—
Why, having kept good faith, and often shown
Friendship and trust to others, find'st thou none?
Thou that hast set the persecuted free,
None interposest now to succour thee.
Countries indebted to thy power, that shine
With light derived from thee, would another

Thy children watch for thy disgrace—
A lawless brood, and curses thee to thy face.
Thy rulers load thy credit, year by year,
With some Peruvian mines could never clear;
As if, like anchor'd ships with cables sear'd,
The more were press'd the firmer it would stand.
The cry in all the same, Speed us away to battle and to fame.
Thy mariners explore the wild expanses,
Intent to discover the fangs of放出.
But, though they fight as Greeks have ever fought,
Return abashed without the wealth they sought.
Thy senate is a scene of civil war,
Clash of contrarieties at war;
Where sharp and solid, phlegmatic and light,
Discordant storms meet, ferment, and fight;
Where obliquity takes his sturdy stand,
To disconnect what policy has plan'd;
Where policy is bust all night long
In setting right what faction has set wrong:
Where flails of oratory throw the floor,
That yields them chaff and dust, and nothing more.

Thy rank inhabitants repine, complain,
To'll fill the bowl of libation sweats in vain;
War lays a burden on the reeling state,
And peace does nothing to relieve the weight;
Successive lews succeeding troth impose
And singing innocents the close.
In adverse providence thou wonder'dst well,
So dilly wrd, or difficult to spell,
Thou cannot read with readiness and ease
Providence adverse in events like these?
Know then that heavenly wisdom on this ball
Cleans, gives birth to, giveth, and assummates;
That, while laborious and quick-temper'd men
Stuff up the praise of what he seems to plan,
He first conceives, then perfects his design,
As a mere instrument in hands divine.
Blind to the workings of that secret power,
That rules the patterns of every hour,
The busy trifler dreams himself alone.
Frames many a purpose, and God works His own.
States there is more wax and water,
Even as his will and his decree ordain;
What virtue, vice, power, bear away.
They flourish; and as these decline, decay.
In just resentment of his injured laws,
He pours contempt on them, and on their cause;
Strikes the rough thread of error right about.
The web of every scheme they have at heart;
Rids rottenness invade and bring to dust
The pillars of support in which they trust,
And do his errand of fragrance and shame
On the chief glory and strength of the frame.
Nor ever yet unscathed when he wroth.
Nor bore him out from his most secret thought;
Darkness stillbefore his eye is light,
Casts the worst that laid his benediction's waste.
Stand now and judge thyself—Hast thou heard
His anger, who can wade with thee a word?
Who poises and proportions sea and land,
Weighing them in the hollow of his hand?
And can that which is not all nature seen,
As great a hop as dust, a drop, a dream?
Hast thou (a sacrifice his soul abhors)
Claim'd all the glory of thy prosperous wars?
Proof of thy fleets and armies, shot't the gun
Of his pride, to ravish it on them?
Hast thou not heard, what thou art often told,
It will be still the mouse's ambition of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?
That courage is in its create, and discretion
The post that at his bidding speeded away,
The glory in the heart, and the thundering tongue
With dastard humour and bad press hang, press,
To quell the valour of the stoutest heart,
And teach the coward to shun his seat;
That he bides thousands fly when once pursue,
Has not a man a head, or a few to despise the rest.
And claims for ever, as his royal right;
'Twas avarice and care, not the light.

Hast thou, though mucked at fair freedom's breast,
Exported thine to the conquest's East,
Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,
And raised thyself, a greater in their stead;
Gone thither armed and hungry, return'd full,
Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
A deep wells with power abounding by wealth,
And that obtained by rapine and by stealth.
With audience vices stowed thy mind,
But left their virtues and thine own behind;
And, having truck'd thy soul, brought home the

To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee?
Hast thou by statute imposed from its design
That, his own bloodstained sword and prime,
And made the symbols of monotheism
As an office, key to a place,
That infidels may prove their title good
By an oath dip'd in sacrificial blood;
And that is still a blot, in spite of
Of all those grave apologists may cite:
And men enough tell thee what is stain,
His wipers and scour the silver cup in vain.
And hast thou sworn on every slight pretence;
'Till perfections are common as peace,
While thousands, careless of the daining sin,
Kiss the book's outside, who're not look'd within.

Hast thou, when Heaven has clothed thee with
Disgrace,
And, long-provoked, repaid thee to thy face?
(For here hast known eclipses, and endured
Dissensions and storms, by thy error landed,
When sin has shah dishonour on thy brow;
And never of a savior than now hast
Hast thou, with heart pensive and conscience

Depriving, o'erwhelmed, still perswaded,
And, having chosen evil, sound'd the voice
That cried, Repent,—and gloried in thy choice?
They, when calamity at last,
Suggests the expediency of a yearly fast,
Where? West they?
Canst thou dream there is a
In lighter diet at a later hour,

To charm to sleep the threatening of the skies
And hope for years from all future woes in human view,
The fast that wins deliverance, and suspends
The stroke that a vengeful God intend.

Is to renounce hypocrisy: to draw
The life upon the pattern of the law;
To war with pleasure, idolized before:
To vanquish lust, and wear its yoke no more,
To last, whatever he may
Is moving mercy by renewed offence.
For then will become, that in old time,
Brought fire from heaven, the soil-consuming crime,
Those horrid perpetuation stamps disgrace,
Abominations are free from, upon human race;
Think on the fruitful and well-water'd spot,
That fed the flocks and herds of wealthy Lee,
Where Paradise seem'd still watchful on earth,
And search'd it into perpetual death.
Or, in his words, what dethron'd the base desire,
Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire;
Then nature injured, scandalized, defiled.
And who, with joy the lovely scene defaced,
Who, with the thorns that laid her Blessed waste.
Far be the thought from any vice of mine,
And farther still the form'd and fixed design,
To thrust the charge of gods, that I detailed,
Against an innocent, unconscious breast:
Not to be pierced in play, or in the dark;
But public censure speaks a public fear,
Unless for virtue guides the blow.
The priestly brotherhood, devout, sincere,
From on high shouting, "Abomination of old;
Their hope in Heaven, sensitivity their scorn,
Prompt to persuade, expostulate, and war,
That virtue which they purchase and refuse.
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From on high shouting, "Abomination of old;
Their hope in Heaven, sensitivity their scorn,
Prompt to persuade, expostulate, and war,
That virtue which they purchase and refuse.

Except a few with Eli's spirit bend,
And Phineas' pride with few to describe the rest.
Where shall a teacher look, in days like these,
For ears and hearts, that can hope to please?
Look to the poor—the simple and the plain
Will hear perhaps thy solitary strain:
Humbly in gentle, uplifted, learn,
Speak but the word, will listen and return.
Ah! no; he of toil the poorest is
And proud, and set their faces as a rock;
Denying that earthly opulence they choose,
God's better gift they want and refuse.
The rich, the produce of a nobler stem,
Are more intelligent at least; try them
On want inquiry! they without remorse
Are altogether gone a devilish course;
Where becoming pleasure leads them,
Have burnt the bands, and cast the yoke away.
Now borne upon the wings of truth sublime,
Before their titles original and wise.
This island, spot of unchangeable rude earth,
The cradle that raised thee at thy birth,
Was couched by many a rough Norwegian blast,
And Danish howlings scared thee as they pass'd;
For them that were born on the din of arms,
And suck'd a breast that pant'd with alarms.
While yet a man was a gory swelling, raging
Thy bones not fashioned, thy joints not knit,
The Roman taught thy stubborn knee to bow,
Though twice a Caesar could not bend thee now.
His victory was of that little time,
When the sun's shafts dispense the gloom of night.
Thy language at this distant moment shows
How much the country to the conqueror owes.

Expensive, energetic, and refined,
It sparkles with the gems he left behind;
He brought thy land a blessing when he came,
He found thee savage, and he left thee tame;
Taught thee to clothe thy jocund and painted bride,
And grace thy figure with a soldier's pride;
He sow'd the seeds of order where he went,
Improved then fat empire on his own hands,
And, while he ruled thee by the sword alone,
Made thee last a warrior's like his own;
Whiges, if in heaven, in truth's attire,
Needs only to be seen to be admired;
No thing, so near as with the right of the night,
Was formed to harden hearts and shock the sight;
The Druids struck the wench-long harps they bore
With flying words that deeply crept in human gore;
And, while the victim slowly bled to death,
Upon the rolling harps ran out his dying breath.
Who brought the lamp, that with awaking beams
Beams from the soul's own depths, and broke away thy dreams,
Tradition, now decep't and worn out,
Risen from those once so dear to thee, from those dear thoughts?
Fain would I learn a lesson: [thine,
But still light reach'd thee; and those gods of
Woden and Thor, each outshining in his shining,
Fell broken and dimmed at his own feet,
As Dagon in Philistia long before.
But as the mists and Annie wand
Soon raised a cloud, that darkness every land;
And thine was another in theisten and sig
Of Tiber's memories and the pagan god.
Then priests with bulls and bricke, and slain the
And gripping fists, and unreeling frowns,
Legends and delegates with power from hell,
Though heavenly in pretension flourished thee well;
And to this hour to keep it fresh in mind,
Excitant a group of ideas are left behind.
Thy holiness, the poet's veil unopened pack,
We're train'd beneath his lash, and knew the
And, when he laid them on the scent of blood,
Wound him a Saracen through fire and blood.
If thou didst sooth the hungry heart,
That proved a mint of wealth, a mine to Rome,
They left their losses beneath untold skies,
His worthless absolution all the pride.
Some wast the earliest slave in days of yore,
That ever dragged a chain or tugged an oar;
Thy menahs, arbitrary, fierce, unjust,
To drive the veil of mystery or lust.
Dread'd thy counsels, only in distress
Found thee a goodly sponsor for power to press.
Thy name, of many a petty fee,
Passed the bounds of honest love,
If the sovereign they were conveigh to please;
What'er was asked, too timely to resist.
Complied with, and were gaudily disdained;
And if some quarter seal a doubtful expressive,
And, bustling at the tammers of the rest,
Dared to suppose the subject had a choice,
He was a traitor by the general voice.
Oh slave! with powers thou didst not dare exert,
Yetis sistera, how low thou dost go,
It wags the sides of splendid disdain.
Thou self-satisfied ruler of the main,
The slope in these thee to the day when thou seest,
That clips thy shores, had so much charms for thee,
When other nations flew from coast to coast,
And thou hast neither feet nor flag to boast.
And on his power, and his only obelisk,
When thou art bound to serve him, and to prove,
Thee heav'n after by thy grace,
Oh, woe befall'd thee, and the favored land,
For ages aye beneath his sheltering hand,
God's providence was lengthened out,
And charged hostility and hate to rear.
Where else do thou would, but upon thy shore,
His power secured thee, when presumptuous Spain
Replied her fleet Invincible in vain;
Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resigned,
To every pang that marks an anxious mind,
Ask'd of the waves, that broke upon his coast;
What tidings? And the surge replied—All lost!
Then when the Stuart landed on the Scott,
Then too much fear'd, and too too much forgot,
Fierc's to the very centre of the main,
And helped to seize his unchristian helm.
But to proceed how quickly with a frown,
That he had raise thee could have prov'd the end.
Toward the reader, by thee possessed,
Thee dost enshrine, thy land at rest;
Thy thunders travel over earth and seas,
And all at home is pleasure, health, and ease.
To this, extending his tempestuous arm,
Thy Maker fills the nations with alarm.
While his own heaven surveys the troubled scene,
And feels no change, unchanged and serene.
Freedom, in other lands scarce known to shine,
Rises from out a million of honest thine
Thou best as bright an interest in her rays
As ever Roman had in Rome's best days.
True freedom there is where no restraint is known.
That Scripture, justice, and good sense discern;
Where only vice and injury are tried,
And all from shores to shore is free beside.
Such freedom is—and Windsor's heavy towers
Stood trembling at the boldness of thy powers.
That was a nymph on that immortal plain,
Like her the failed Pallas won'd in vain:
He found the laurel only—happier you,
To singing laud's, and the virgin too.
New think, if pleasure have a thought to spare;
If God himself be not beneath her care;
If business, purchasing of time,
Can pause an hour to read a serious rhyme.
If the new mail thy merchandise now receive,
Or expectation of the next three leave;
Oh! think, if chargeable with deep aear,
For such indulgence gilding all thy years,
Much thought, though long neglected, shining yet,
The beams of heavenly truth have swell'd the debt.
When persevering zeal made royal sport
With tortured innocence in Mary's court,
And Dissente, like as shepherd at a wake,
Enjoy'd the show, andどんな about the stage.
The sacred book, its value understood,
Received the seal of respect and blood.
Those holy men, so full of truth and grace,
Saw to reflection of a different race.
Meets, mocked, remonstrated, else, is sincere
In such a cause they could not dare to fear.
They could not purchase cars with such a prize,
Or spare a life too short to reach the skies.
From them to thee conveyed along the tale died;
Their streaming hearts pour'd freely when they
Those truths, which neither use nor years impair,
Into thee, was thou, to the blue they share.
What dosage wilt not vanity maintain?
What web too weak to catch a modern brain?
The mice and sheeps in full assembly find.
On special search, the keen-eyed eagle blind.
And did they dream, and art thou wiser now?
Pray—try it—if better, I submit and bow.
Wisdom and goodness are twin-born, one heart
Many hold in odium, never seen apart.
So then—as darkness overspread the deep,
Ere nature rose from her eternal sleep.
And this delightful earth, and that fair sky,
Lept out of nothing, call'd by the Most High.
By such a change thy darkness is made light.
Thy chaos order, and thy weakness might.
And it, whose being, and in the dewy light,
Who found thee nothing, form'd thee for his praise.
To praise him is to serve him, and fulfill,
Dealing and uniting, his unspeakable bless.
'Tis to believe what men inspired of old,
What else is this, and is worth the while,
Candid and just, with no false slime in view,
To seek for truth what cannot but be true;
To learn in God's own school the Christian part,
And bind the task ascribed thee to thine heart:
Happy the man who seeks and there found;
Happy the nation where such men abound.
How shall a verse impress thee? by what name
Shall I adjure thee not to court thy shame?
By theirs, whose bright example uninspeck'd
Directs thee to that excellence they reach'd.
Heroes and worthies of days past, thy sires;
Or His, who touch'd their hearts with hollow'd
Their names, alas! in vain reproach an age.
Whom all the arts could not engage
And His, that satia's trophied at, is hut
Disgrac'dly on every tilter's tongue,
Or serves the champion in formal war.
To flourish and parade with at the bar.
Pleasure herself perhaps inclin'd to a plea,
If interest move thee, to persuade ere thee;
By every charm, that smiles upon her face,
By jays pow'rful, and they that hold in chase,
If dear society be worth a thought,
And if the feast of freedom sky thee not,

* Alluding to the grant of Magna Charta, which was extended from King John by the Banns at
Ranuncy, near Windsor.
COWPER'S POEMS.

Were all collected in thy single arm,
And thou couldst laugh away the fear of harm,
That strength would fall, opposed against the push.
And feeble cease of a pigmy rush.
Say not (and if the thought of such defence
Should spring within the bosom, drive it hence)
What nation amongst all my foes is free
From crimes as base as any charged on me?
Their measure fill'd, they too shall pay the debt,
Which God, though long forborne, will not forget.
But know that wrath divine, when most severe,
Makes justice still the guide of his career,
And will not punish, in one mingled crowd,
Them without light, and thee without a cloud.

Muse, hang this harp upon your aged beech,
Still murmuring with the solemn truths I teach;
And while at intervals a cold blast sings
Thro' the dry leaves, and pants upon the strings;
My soul shall sigh in secret, and lament
A nation scourged, yet tardy to repent.
I know the warning song is sung in vain;
That few will hear, and fewer heed the strain.
But if a sweeter voice, and one design'd
A blessing to my country and mankind,
Reclaim the wandering thousands, and bring home
A flock so scatter'd and so wont to roam,
Then place it once again between my knees;
The sound of truth will then be sure to please:
And truth alone, where'er my life be cast,
In scenes of plenty or the pining waste,
Shall be my chosen theme, my glory to the last.
HOPE.

... deus iter et sacra ostia pandas... Virg. En. 6.

ASK what is human life—the cage reveals,
With disappointment bowing in his eyes,
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
Some of the pangs and heartafflictions,
Closing at last in darkness and despair.
The poor, trained to cruelty and distress,
Acit without aim, think little, and feel less.
And no where, but in sung'd Arcadian scenes,
Sweet happiness, or know what pleasure means.
Riddles are piled away from hand to hand.
As fortune, vice, or folly may command;
As in a day's the pair that take the lead
Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,
So shifting and uncertain is the plan.
By which Heaven raises the mixed affairs of man:
Viciosissitudeo wheels round the motley crowd.
The good poor, the poor become praise-proud.
Business is labour, and man's weakness such,
Pressure is labour too, and tires as much.
The very sense of it forges to use,
By repetition pall'd by age obsolete.
Youth lost in dissipation we deplore,
Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore.
Our years, a fruitless race without a prize,
Too many, yet too few to make us wise.
Dangering his cage about, and taming small,
Lothario cries, What philosophic stuff,
Questions and weak—whose useless brain
Once thought of nothing, and now thinks vain;
Whose eye reverted weeps o'er all the past,
Whose prospect shews thee disheartening waste;
Would age in thee resign his wintry reign,
And youth ingratiate that frame again.
Benow'd desire would grace with other speech
Down every prate, where placed within our reach.
For lift thy hand, bend, shake off the gloom;
The shadow of the earth is the residant of the tomb.
See nature gay as when she first began,
With smiles alluring her admirer, man;
She turns the recumbent over eastern hills,
Earth glitters with the drops the night distils;
The fresher call, appears,
To bring his glories o'er the toil she wears;
From flowers roses, crocusses, and tulips grow,
Banks dotted with flowers, groves fill'd with rose.

Thy yellow diet, green meads, rocks, rising grounds,
Flowers edged with silver, glittering every fold,
Where'er they flow, now seen and now concealed;
From the blue tin, where skies and mountains bowers to the very tusk beneath thy feet, (must,
Ten thousand charms, that only fools despise,
Or pride can look at with indifferent eyes.
All speak one language, all with one sweet voice
Cry to her universal reign, Rejoice!
Man feels the spur of passions and desires,
And she gives largely more than he requires;
Not that his hours devoted all to care,
A showered almanac, and lean despair,
The wretch may pine, while to his small taste, slight.

She holds a paradise of rich delight,
First godly to make his awkward fear,
To prove that she, she gives alms;
To banish hatred and proclain
Man's way to her, her only aim.
The grave philosophy's abundant dream,
That Heaven's intentions are not what they seem;
The earthy stars dispensed below,
And earth has no reality but wo.
Thus things terrestrial wear a different hue,
As youth or age persuade us; and neither true.
No flora's breath through colour'd crystal seen,
The rose or lily appears blue or green,

But still th' impromptu Ethics are those alone
The medium represents, and not their own.
To rise at noon, sit sleepless and undressed,
To read the news, or fiddle; as seems best,
Till half the dull, immovable sitting at his desk,
To fill the dull vacancy till night.

And just when evening turns the blue vault gray,
To spend two hours in dressing for the day:
To make the sun a hankering without use,
Save for the first in his only business procure
Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought.
Who bids him shine, or if he shine not;
Through mere necessity to close his eyes.

Just when the tides and when the shepherds rise
It is such a life, as told in the same,
So void of all utility or aim.
That poor Janquill, with almost every breath,
Sight for his call, vulgar'd his death:
For he, with all his follies, has a mind
Not yet so blank, or fashionably blind,
But now and then, perhaps, a feeble ray
Of distant wisdom shoots across his way,
By which he reads, that life without a plan,
As useless as the moment it began,
Serves merely as a soil for discontent
To thrive in; in an encumbrance era half spent.
Oh weakness beyond what assets feel,
That tried the circuit of the catalyst wheel
A dull rotation, never at a stay,
Yesterday's face twain-image of to-day;
While conversation, an extinguished stock,
Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock.
No need, he cries, of gravity, stuff'd out
With academic dignity devout,
To read wise lectures, vanity the text
Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next;
For truth, self-evident, with pomp improved,
Is vanity surfeited, from its due scope,
That remedy, that remedy is hope.
Life is His gift, from whom whatever life needs,
With every good and perfect gift proceeds;
Bestow'd on man, like all that we partake,
Ridiculously, freely, for his benefit.
Transcend indeed, is as the fleeting hour,
And yet the seed of an immortal flower,
Designed in honour of his endless love,
To fill with fragrance his abode above;
No pride, howsoever short it seem,
And, however shadowy, no dream;
Its value, what no thought can ascertain.
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain,
Men deal with life as children with their play.
Who first misses, then cast their toys away;
Live to no sober purpose, and contend
That their Creator hath the cross and end.
When wood and man are opposite in view.
Man's disappointment must of course ensue.
The just Creator condescends to write,
In beams of inextinguishable light.
His names of wisdom, goodness, power, and love,
On all that blooms before, or shines above;
To catch the wandering notice of mankind,
And teach them, if not pernicious blind,
His gracious attributes, and prove the share,
His offspring hold in his paternal care.
It led from earth to earth the holy fire,
His creature twarted not his august design,
Then praise is heard instead of reasoning praise,
And captions cast and complaint subsides.
Nature, employ'd in her allotted place,
In handmaid to the purposes of grace.
COWPER'S POEMS.

To men of pedigree, their noble race.
Emanation from the nobles' seats.
To any throne, except the throne of grace.
Let cottagers and village children swarm.
Resort on Sundays to the house of prayer.
They, in their kind, bless us all.
Themselves, perhaps, when weary they retreat.
Enjoy cool nature in a country seat.
To the gulf a thousand waves,
For clumps, and lawns, and temples, and castles.
May now and then their velvet cushions take,
And seem to pray for good example's sake;
Judging, in charity no doubt, the town.
Plous enough, and having need of none.
To this or that high manly temperate grace
What they themselves, without remorse, despise.
Nor hope have they, nor fear ofught to come.
As well for them had prophecy been dumb.
They could have held the conduct they pursue
The Chastity and discipline that dear.
And truth, proposed to reasoners wise as they,
Is a pearl cast—completely cast away.
They die—Death lends them, pleased, and as to
All the grim honours of his ghastly court. [sport.
For other paintings grace the chamber now;
Where late we saw the mimic landscape glow.
The busy heralds hang the sable scene.
With dark, deep, dim lamps be
Proclaim their titles to the crowd around,
But they that wore them more not at the sound;
The cornets placed indeed in their head,
Adds nothing now to the degraded dead.
And even the star, the weathers,20000000000000000
Can only say—Noobility lies here.
Peace to all such—were pity to offend
By cruel care, when we cannot mend;
Life without hope can close but in despair.
Twice we have found them, and must leave them there.
As when two pilgrims in a forest stray,
Both may be lost, yet each in his own way;
So fars it with the multitudes beguiled
In vain coin's waste and dangerous wild.
Ten thousand reave the brakes and thorns among.
Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong
But here also: the fatal difference lies.
Each man's belief is right in his own eyes.
And he thatblaseth what he has blindly chose.
Awearns remembrance for the love he shows.
Say, botanist, within whose province falls
The noodle, and the hyacinth on the wall.
Of all that deck the lanes, the fields, the bowers,
What parts the kindred tribes of weeds and flowers?
Sweet scent, or lowly form, or both combined,
Distinguished by every child.
The want of both denotes a meager breed.
And the child from her godhead picks the weed.
Thus hope of every sort, whatever sect
Exempt them, sew them, rear them, and protect.
If with nature engage not, she not found.
Gethsemane! in thy deep, hollow ground,
That could bear him in the tide of Scripture's wrath.
Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight.
Nor animates the soul to Christian deeds.
[Oh cast them from thee!] are weeks, arrest weeks.
Etheldreda's house, the centre of six wars.
Diverging each from each, like equal rays.
Himself as luminous as April rain.
Lord paramount of the surrounding plains.
Would give relief of bed and board to none.
But guests that sought it in the appointed one;
And they might enter at his open door.
Even till his speechless ball would hold no more.
He sent a servant forth by every road,
To sound his horn, and publish it abroad.
[low.
That all might mark—mourn, mental, high, and
At entrance it concern'd them much to know.
If after, some heeadstrong, hasty soul,
Would disobey, though sure to be shut out.
Could he wish for nourishment at hiscost.
Himself sole author of his own disgrace?
Ne! the decree was just and without flaw.
And he, that made, had right to make the law.
His sovereign good and pleasure unnoticed.
The wrong was his who wrongfully complain'd.
Yet had mankind maintain a chivalrous strik
With his heart, his thoughts, his soul.
Because the deed, by which his love confirms
The largess he bestows, prescribes the terms.
HOPE.

Compliance with his will your lot ensure,
Accept it only, and the boon is yours:
And meekly it is a thing good to take his grace and give,
As with a frenzied to do, o, this, and live.
Love is not a perilous trampney bought and sold:
He will glad wise, if his will be heard;
His soul abhors a meaner thought,
And in the name of all he abhors it not.
He stipulates indeed, but meekly this,
That man will freely take an unthought bliss,
Will trust him for a faithful, generous part,
Nor set a price upon a willing heart.
Of all the ways that seem to promise fair,
To place you where his saints his presence share,
This only can: for this plain cause, expressed
In terms as plain, Himself has shut the rest.
But oh the strife, the bickering, and debate,
The risings of an unbridled heart create!
The furtive fan, the bridle, and the toil,
All speakers, yet all language at a loss.
From factotum walls smart arguments rebound;
And beams, adapt in every thing profound.
Of lies, of death, of chance, or what of all the sound.
Such is the clamour of noughts, daws, and kites,
And his exclamation, 'You talk in the glide,
And oaks coeval speech a mournful shade.'
The screaming nations, howling in mid air,
Low in the sand the wanderer's freedom shone there,
And seem to warn him never to repeat his love, his dark retreat.
Adieu, Via mariae, ere ye sit on him,
A man's address to his lady, Adieu to all mortality! if grace.
Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
The Christian beam, the disciple, draw the cork...
If I mistake not, Blackhead! with a fork!—
No good works, whatever some may boast,
Made my soul sit, your touch, and in the glories sound.
My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
That Heaven will weigh many virtues and his crimes.
With nice attention, in a righteous scale,
My name is writ among the these or these prevail,
I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
And silence every fear with—god is just.
But if pernicious on some day, dazzling day
A thought intrude, that, or seems to say,
To think, to dream, is to be tried,
Suppose the beam should drop on the wrong side;
I soon recover from these needful frights;
And—God is merciful—sets all to rights.
Thus, between justice, as my prince support,
At mercy, the adorning of the lot rest,
I glide and steal along with heaven in view,
And—shades of glory round, with whom to stand.
I never will believe, the colonial cries,
The imaginary schemes that some devise,
Who make the greatest Creator on their plant
A being of less equity than man.
If mount, or sit, or roll up upon a post,
Which men comply with, even because they must,
Be passant'd with petition, who is pure,
As he is in the best, as well as mine, is sure.
If sentence of eternal pain belong
To me for the sake of right and reason wrong,
Then Heaven enjoin the fallible and frail,
A hopeless trust, and threaten them if they fail.
My creed whatever some concealed ones mean
By Athanasian sense, or Nicene,—
My creed is, he is safe that does his best,
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.
Right, says an eminence; and forught I see,
Tosshalls and tides, the sea is already.
The best of every man's performances here
Is to discharge the duties of his sphere,
A lawyer's dealsings should be just and fair,
Honesty shines with great advantage there.
Hasting to use skill well up upon a priest,
A decent caution and reserve at least.
A soldier's best is courage in the fight.
With nothing here that wants to be concealed.
Many department, gallant, easy, gay;
A land as liberal as the light of day.
The soldier thus endowed, who never shrinks,
Nor chooses thought, whatever be his think's,
Who seems to do an injury by stealth,
Must go to heaven—and I must drink his health.
Sir Sang, he cries, for lowest at the heart,
Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord, his shoulders witness'd, by a string a string.
How much his feelings suffer'd, sir Sang.)

Your office is to winnow false from true;
Come, prophet, drink, and tell us, what think you?
Your mission is to be a thing of peace,
Which they that wot prettier ranks irk pass,
Fulfill man, the church-brained youth replies,
In utmost sound of music, without voice:
And differing judgmen's serve but to declare,
True truth that be where somewhere, if we knew but where,
Of all it ever was but to read;
On creation now alive, or long since dead,
The book of all the world that charmed me most,
Was—well, a day! the title page was lost;
The writer well remarks, a heart that knows
To take with gratitude what Heaven bestows,
With prudence always ready at our call,
To guide our use of it, is all in all.
Doubtless it is,—To which, of my own store,
I superadd a few essential more;
But these, excuse the liberty I take,
I verse just now, for conversation's sake.
Spoke like an oracle, they all exclam);
And add Right Honour to Emu's honour'd
And yet our lots given us in a land,
Where busy arts are never at a stand;
Where science points her telescopic eye,
With familiar with the wonders of the sky:
Where field encroach, div'ring out of sight,
Brings many a reason peace to all truth to light,
Where thought eludes the persevering quest,
In chasing fashion, the senseless beggar.
But, above all, in her own light array'd,
See mercy's grand speculum displayed!
The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,
Bound in the letters of an unknown tongue;
You speak a language which, by reason, art could never read,
What simplest minds can scarce comprehend.
God gives the word, the preachers bring around,
By his word, and the trumpet of his heart sound.
That sound bequests salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-resounding day;
The heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulf of her division rains.
And still it sounds. See Germany send forth
Her sons, to pour it on the farthest north:
Freed with a zeal peculiar, they defy:
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Station's rose
In icy plains, and in eternal snows.
O blessed within th'o' enclosure of your rock,
Nay, here's have ye to boast, on bleeding rocks;
No fortifications your fields divide,
That show reversed the viles on their side.
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird.
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard.
And vacant gratitude provides the nod.
Of those, that walk at evening when ye dwell;
But winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown, unkept your throne.
Put up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
In the soft and desolate frost sound fast.
Begins the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;
For the soft, a compact between ice and
And snows to share it with the distant sun.
My truth is yours, remote, the proving lice!
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of letter's ignorance, that binds
In chains of error a reformed mind's,
That decks, with all the splendor of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature, indeed, Avouch'd for our delight
The sweet vivacities of day and night.
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here.
But brighter beams, than his who first the skies,
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shot into your darkest cavern the day,
From which our nicer optics turn away.
Here see the encouragement grace gives to vice,
The dire correction, of the world at most.
What were they? what some fools are made by
They were by nature, atheists, head and heart.
The gross idolatry blind hearthens touch
Was too determined for them, their head and heart.
Not even the glorious sun, though men revere
The monarch most, that seldom will appear,

* The Moravian missionaries in Georgia.
Vide Krantz.

C T.
Cowper's Poems.

And though his beams, that quicken where they shine
May claim some right to be esteemed divine,
Not even the sun, desirable as rare,
Could vie with that divinity of air;
They were, what true credibility believes
True Christians are, dissentients, dreamers, thieves.

The full-gorged savage, at his incense feast,
Says half the darkness, and stouts out the rest;
Was one whom justice, on an equal plan,
Declaring death upon the sins of man,
Might almost have indulged with an escape,
Chargable only with a human shape.

There are no new rivers, majestic any space
Her grave concern, her kind suspicions there; there;
The watch who once sang wildly, danced, and laughed.

And mark'd in dizzy madness with his draughts,
Was sent a silent flow, reversed his ways,
Is sober, mourn, beneficent, and pray,
Feeds sparingly, communicates his store.
Alters the craft he boasted of before.
And he that stole has learned to steal no more.
Well speake the subject, Let the deart sing,
Where spring the fluren, the spire for shall spring,
And where unfaithfully and rank thistles grew,
Shall grow the myrtle and laureat yew.

Go now, and with important tone demand,
Of that foundation virtue is the base,
If self-crafting claims he marc'd in virtue,
And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift;
The poor reclined on the habitant, his eyes,
Uliristing at once with pity and surprise,
A broken heart, that obscure the sight
Of one whose birth was in a land of light,
Shall answer, hope, sweet hope has set me free,
And made me rouses more wise to see.
These, amiable scenes as waste as I deemed
That darkness that waits on silence all,
Wild as nature there, void of all good.

Fug's only gambol in a frantic mood,
(Vet charge not heartenously, I shall have
Plan's
plashing word, unworthy of his hand;)
Of grace, the secret evil parts
In all we touch, stamp'd plainly on his words;
Deem life a blessing with its innocuous woes,
Nor spurn away a gift a God bestows.

Hard task, indeed, our heroic seas to roam;
Is hope exotic? grows it not at home?
Yes, but an object, bright as orient mom,
May press the eye too closely to be borne;
A distant virtue can we all console,
If in our pride, and moves over our easy, less
Leanoceum (though well sounding Greek
I sur a name a poet must not speak)
Stand patient on infancy's high stage,
And bore the pestering storms of half an ege;
The very lust of slander, and the nick
For every dart that matizes ever should.
The man that mention'd Are at once disowned;
All vary, from lip and hand, and soul and heart;
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And peculage spread as wide as all were;
His aim was mischief, and his real presence,
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A thrall, when tried on honesty's plain rule;
And when by that of reason, a mere fool;
The world's best comfort was his doom was passed;
Died where he might, he must be damn'd at last.

True, perform, time's office; wait awhile
The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride,
Real (the man is dead) to wondering eyes
This man, a master in his present guise;
He loved the world that hated him: the tear
That drop'd upon his Bible was sincere;
Assail'd he was a scoundrel and the tangle of sin
His only answer was a blindless life;
Progress that forger, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Now soul, and steadfastly divin'd.
Were coped close in him, and well transcribed.
He follow'd Paul; his zeal a kindling flame,
His apostolic character the same.
Like him, cross'd o'erfully tempestuous seas,
Forking country with a thousand friends, and so
Like him he laboured, and like him content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.
Wrote and wrote upon his earth;

And often he cut at no man's pain.

Thy deep reposeance of thy thousand tires,
Which, aim'd at him, have pierced th'st offended skies.
And say, But cut my sin, confound, deplored,
Against those images, to thy saint, O Lord!
No blinder legue, I maintain it still,
Than he who must have pleasure, come what may.

He laughs, whatever weapon truth may draw,
And dousing his sharp artillery thereby.
Scripture indeed is plain; but God seeth
On Scripture ground are sure to disagree.
Some where rule must teach him toiere to live,
Than this his Maker has seen fit to give;
Supple and flexible as Indian ears,
To take the bend his appoints ordain;
Contrived to suit frail nature's curious case,
And reconcile his lusts with saving grace.

By this, with nice precision of design,
He draws upon his map a sagging line,
That shows how far's safe to follow aim,
And where his danger and God's wrath begin.
By this be forms, as pleased he sports along,
His well-poised estimate of right and wrong;
The wild and finds the mind the more easy aim.
Though loose, as harmless as an infant's play.
Build by whatever plan caprice directs,
With what materials, on what ground was placed;
Your hope shall stand unmolested, perhaps as
If not that hope the Scripture has rejected, under
The strange conceits, vain projects, and wild
dreams,

With which hypocrisy for ever swarms,
(Though other follies strike the public eye,
And so much more the more comely,
Benevolent)
But if, unashamed in words and thought,
A male arise, a man where God has taught,
With all His dignity of soul and sense;
And all the love of the beloved John,
To storm the cities they build in aim, and
And smite it unimpered with wa; to death to spare.
To sweep away allrefuge of lies,
And place, instead of quarks themselves derive,
Laud sabachtain before their eyes;
To prove, that without Christ all gain is lost,
All hopes are vain, that shews itself on his cross:
Except the few he God may have impressed,
A tempest freezes all the rest.
Throughout mankind, the Christian kind at heart.

There dwell a consciousness in every breast,
That folly ends where gentine hope begins,
And he that finds his heaven must lose his fire;
Nature opposes with her utmost force
This lively mock, this ultimate divorce;
And while religion seems to be her view.
Hates with a deep sincerity the true;
For man of all the ever-influenced men,
Since Akel wordemade', or the world began,
This man, and lust, admits no plea,
But makes him, if at all, completely free;

Sounds forth the signal, as she mounts her car.

Of an enemy,

Rejects all treaty, penetrates all wires;
Invisible.

Seems with the same indifference froms and
Journeys through the rest of sin, where ride
And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels;
Hence all that is in man, pride, passion, air,
Power of the mind, and feelings of the heart.
Invisible of truth's Almighty chariot,
Scars at her first approach, and scorns to aim;
While bigotry, with well-dismayed fears,
His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,
Mighty to part and push by God's word,
With senseless noise, his argument the sawd.
Proceeds for godliness and grace,
And spires abundance in the Christian's face.

Pamphlet of hope and trul y truth; make known
Thy depthless w rongs, and wide open all time own;
The silent propagation of thy power is such,
The means so feeble, and despised so much,
That before that heart could be wrought,
And none can teach them, but when they hast
ought.
O see me sworn to serve thee, and command
A painter's skill into a poet's hand,
That, while I trembling trace a work divine,
Fancy may stand aloof from the designs,
And light, and shade, and every stroke be done.
If ever she then set not a mother's pain,
If ever when she sighs last sigh'd again,
If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear,
That pity had engender'd, drop one here,
This man was happy—hail the world's good word,
And with it every joy it can afford;
Friendship and love seem'd tenderly at strife,
Which must should sweeten his untrodden life;
Painlessly t'is said, and of a gentle race,
Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
And whether at the toilet of the fair,
He laugh'd and trifled, made him welcome there,
or if in masculine debate he shared,
Ensured him mute attention and regard.

Also love changed! Expressive of his mind,
His eyes were sunk, arms folded, head inclined;
These awful syllables, Hail, death, and sin,
Though whisper'd, plainly tell what works within;
That conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a disconsolate sentence on his heart;
For all, and forsaken of all friends,
He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends;

Hard task! for one who lately knew no care,
And harder still as learned beneath despair;
His hours no longer pass unnoticed away,
A dark importance sadness every day;
He hears the noise of the clock, pitter-patter,
And cries, Perhaps eternity strikes next;
Sweet music is no longer music here,
And laughter sounds like madness in his ear;
His grief the world of all her power disarms,
Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms.

God's holy word, once trialled in his view,

Now by the voice of his experience true,
Souds, as it is, the fountain whence alone
Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.
Now let the bright perimeter be known ayround,
Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.

As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly condign for some atrocious cause,
Expect in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
The shameful close of all his rash spent years;
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
Epic his dungeon walls the lightning play.
The thunder seems to summon him away.
The warden at the door his boy applies,
She shears back the bolt, and all his courage dies:
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his letters and his fear:
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks. 
And the first thankful tears below his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The abundance of a few poor added days;
Invade, possess, and overwhelm the soul
Of him whose hope has with a touch made whole.

To heaven, all heaven descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the King of kings;
'Tis more—'Tis God diffused through every part,
The god himself triumphant in his heart.
Oh! welcome now the sun's once hasted light.
His morning beams were never half so bright.
No timid minds alone are call'd to employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy;

Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Dutifully 
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his
Those are thy glorious works, eternal truth,
The scowl of wither'd age and heartless youth;
These move the censures and illiberal grin
Of fools, that hate thee and delight in sin:
But these shall last when night has quench'd the
And heaven is all departed as a scroll;
And, when, as justice has long since decreed,
The earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,
Then these thy glorious works, and they who share
That hope, which can alone exclude despair;
Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,
The brightest wonders of an endless day.
Happy the hard, (if that fair name belong
To him that blends no fable with his song.)
Those lines uniting, by an honest art,
The faithful monitor's and poor's part.
Seek to delight, that they may melt mankind,
And, while they captivate, inform the mind.

Still happier, if thine a thankful soil,
And fruit reward his insurable toil;
But happier far, who comfort those that wait
To hear plain truth at Judah's hallowed gate:
Their language simple, as their manners mild;
No shining ornaments have they to seek;
Nor labour they, nor time nor talents waste,
In settling flowers to suit a fickle taste;
But while they spend the wisdom of the skies,
Which art can disguise,

The abundant harvest, recompense divine,
Repays their work—the pleasing only mine.
CHARITY.

Quo nihil majus melodies terris
Fatam donare, bonique dilvi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis reductam in aurum
Tempora praeceam. Hor. Libr. IV. Ode 2.

FAIEST and foremost of the train, that wait
On man's most dignified and happy state,
Whether we name thee charity of love,
Chief grace below, and all in all on high.
(Prosper if I press thee with a powerful plea)
A task I venture on, impell'd by thee:
G, never seen but in the blood of kings,
Or felt but in the soul that Heaven selects;
Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known
To other hearts, must have thee in his own.
Come, prompt me with benevolent desires,
These to kindle at the sacred fires,
And, though disgraced and slighted, to redeem
A poet's name, by making thee the theme.

God, working ever in a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man:
He made at first, though free and unconfined,
One man the common father of the kind;
That every tribe, though placed as he was best,
Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,
Differing in language, manners, or in face,
Might feel themselves allied to all the race.
When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just
As ever mingled with heroic dust,
Stern'd Britain's oar into a world unknown,
And in his country's glory sought his own,
Wherever he found man, to nature true,
The rights of man were sacred in his view;
He scorned with gifts, and grieved with a smile,
The simple native of the new-found isle;
He spurred the wretch, that slighted or withstood,
The tenderest blood of their own kind; but
Nor would endure, that any should control
His freed-born brethren of the southern pole.

No one nobler minds a law respect,
That none shall with impunity neglect,
The human voice shall have its sweet;
To wust its influence, and its end defeat.
While Cook is loved for savage lives he saved,
See Omai's praise for a world enshrined!
Where wast thou then, sweet charity? where thou,
That noblest friend of helpless man,
Wast thou in mornish calls and mournings found,
Or building hospitals on English ground?
No—Mannion makes the world his legatee
Through fear, not love; and Heaven abhors the see
Whereover found, (and all men need thy care,)—
Nor age nor infancy could find thee there.
The band that slew till it could slay no more,
Was gilded to the sword hit with Indian gore.
Then prince, as justly seated on his throne
As was imperial Philip on his own
Trick'd out of all his royalty by art,
That stripped him bare, and broke his honest heart,
Died by the sentence of a shaven priest,
For some thing that they taught him to detect.
How dark the veil, that intercepts the blaze
Of Heaven's mysterious purposes and ways;
God stood not, though he seem'd to stand, aid;
And at this hour the conqueror feels the proof
The wrath he would draw down an instant cease.
The fretting plague is in the public purse,
The canker'd spot corrodes the peace internal,
Starred by that indiscipline their mines create.
Oh could their ancient Irons rise again,
How would they take up Israel's burning staff!

Art thou too fallen, Iberia! Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thou, that hast wasted earth, and dared despise
The wrath and mercy of the skies.
Thy prey is up in the grave, the glory laid
Low in the pits thy avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest,
To see th' oppressor in his turn oppress'd.
Art thou the god, the thunder of whose hand
Rolled over all our desolated land;
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the mountains tremble at his frown?
The sword shall light upon thy boasted powers,
And waste them, as the sword has wasted suns.
'Tis thus Omniscence his law fulfils,
And vengeance executes what justice wills.
Again—The band of commerce was design'd
To associate all the branches of mankind,
And if a boundless plenty be the rule,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
Wise to preven whatever end he meant,
God opens fruitful nature's various stores,
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use;
No land but learns to the common call,
And in return supplies from all.
This mutial intercourse, and mutual aid,
 Cheers what were else a universal spleen.
Calls nature from her (IvanFINITY) den,
And softens human rock-work into men.
Ingenious art, with her expressive face,
Steps to the point, though with less ease;
Not only fills necessity's demand,
But overcarries her capacious hand.
Capricious taste itself can have no more
Than she supplies from her abundant store;
She strikes out all that is necessary can ask,
And gains new vigour at her endless task.
Here is the spacious arched, the simply spare,
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lay;
From her the canvas borrows light and shade,
And life, from nature, from that same side.
She guides the linger o'er the dancing key,
Gives different all the grace of ease,
And pours a torrent of sweet notes around.
Fast as the thristing ear can drink the sound.
These are the gifts of art, and art thrives most
Where commerce has enrich'd the busy coast;
He catches all improvements in his flight,
Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight,
Imports what others have invented well,
And steers his own to match them, or excel.
'Tis thus reciprocating, each with each
Alternately the nations learn and teach.
While Providence enjoins to every soul
A union with the vast terraqueous whole.
Heaven speed the enterprise, gallantly unfurled
To furnish and accommodate a world.
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And skill th' unoculated climates into one.
Soft airs and gentle heaven of the wave
Impede the man whose errand is to save
To succour wasted regions, and replace
The smile of opulence in sorrow's face.
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen
Impede the bark that ploughs the deep serene,
Charged with a freight transcending in its worth
The gains of India, nature's rarest birth,
CHARITY.

That.files. the Gabriel on his Lord’s commandements,  
And show the world that sins in pagan lands.  
But ah! what wish can prosper, or what prayer,  
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,  
And who, with trade so active, and so gain,  
And buy the muskets and the bones of man.  
That wish, was, let your father, husband, friends,  
All bonds of nature in that moment end;  
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,  
A stroke as fatal as the nile of death.  
The sable warrior, frantic with regret  
Of her loves, and never can forgive  
Losses in tears the far receding shore,  
But not the thought, that they must meet no more;  
Deprived of her and freedom at a blow,  
What has he left that he can yet forget?  
Yes, to deep sadness suddenly resign’d,  
He feels his body’s bondage in his mind;  
Fits off his generous nature; and, to suit  
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.  
O most degrading of all ills that wait  
On charity, how it degrades!  
All other sorrows virtue may endure,  
And find submission more than half a cure;  
Grief is itself a medicine, and bestow’d  
To improve the fortitude that bears the load,  
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace;  
But slavery: virtue dreads it as her grave:  
Past hope, or expectation, than a dagger’s slay.  
Or if the will and sovereignty of God  
Submits it awhile, and kisses the rod,  
What shall I suffer, O my happy day!  
And snap the chain the moment when you may,  
That has a heart and life in it. Be free:  
The beasts are chariots—neither age nor force  
Can quell the love of freedom in a soul;  
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,  
And conscious of an unerring back,  
Swaps up the morning air, forgets the rain  
Loose fly his foibles and his ample mane;  
Gladly he-man, and brave he is as he rose;  
Nor stops, till, overleaping all delays,  
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.  
Canst thou, and honour’d with a Christian name.  
Buy what a woman-born, and feel no shame.  
Trade in the blood of innocence, and glee  
Experience as a warrant for the deed.  
So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold  
To quit the forest and invade the fold:  
So may the ruffian who, with ghostly glide,  
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side;  
Not he, but his emergent force forced the door,  
He found it inconvenient to be poor.  
Has God then given its sweetness to the same,  
Unless his laws—just, wise, and just—can train?  
Built a brave world, which cannot yet subsist,  
Unless his right to rule be dismissed.  
Impudent blasphemy! so calmly plead,  
And, avow being judge, with ease succeed,  
A nation in her stranger, and her best friends,  
That man make man his prey because he must,  
Built there is room for more to flatter,  
And soothe the sorrows of so wise a state.  
A sotion knows, or if he knows it not,  
The scruple within his mind, he ought,  
That souls have no discriminating hue,  
Alike important in their Maker’s view;  
That men are free from blameless since the fall,  
And love divine has paid one price for all.  
That with all wealth, and without relief,  
Has one that notices his silent grief.  
He from whose hands alone all power proceeds,  
Under its sacred influence, and beastly deeds,  
Considers all injustice with a frown;  
But grants them, as the multitudes do now.  
Behave—the whip and bell in that hard hand  
Are hateful ensigns of usur’d command.  
Not Mephisto in his purchase hangs a claim  
To scourge him, Warren his only blame.  
Remembering what is human in the real,  
To emit the poor is treason against God.  
Trouble is gradually and hardly brok’n,  
While titles are over-look’d:  
We wander o’er a sun-burnt, thirsty soil.  
Musing whether of our daily toil  
Forget to enjoy the pine-trees offer’d shade,  
Or taste the bounties in the neighbouring glade.  
The man who has the power to improve  
The occasion of transmuting fear to love?

Q to a godlike privilege to save  
And be the master of his slave.  
Would form his heart, and melt his chains away.  
Beauty for attain’d, life, and grace, and gain,  
And slaves, by truth enlarged, are doubly freed.  
That would be said, submission at thy feet.  
While gratitude and love made service sweet,  
My dear deliverer out of hopeless night,  
Whose beauty bought me but to give me light,  
I was a bondman on my native plain,  
His flocks, and ignorance made fast the chain:  
Thy lips have shed instruction as the dew,  
Taught me what path to shun, and what pursue;  
Farewell my former joys! I sigh no more.  
For Africa’s once-loved, benighted shore:  
Serving a benefactor I am not.  
At my best home, if not exiled from thee.  
Some men make gill a fountain, whence proceed  
A stream of liberal and heroic deeds;  
The swell of pity, not to be confined  
Would I could in such a case arise and fly;  
Disarms the bank, and throws the golden sands  
A rich deposit, on the bordering lands:  
These have an ear for his paternal call,  
Who makes some such for the supply of all.  
A gods gift, for his own praise it may give away;  
And Thornton is familiar with the joy.  
O could I worship aught beneath the skies,  
That earth may claim, heaven deny a slave.  
Thine altar, sacred liberty, shall stand.  
Built by no mercenary, ruin’d hand,  
With a foundation that is wide and far,  
As ever dress’d a bank, or scented summer air.  
Fits, as ever was the more a height of sea;  
The peak of morning shead a dawning light,  
Again, when evening, in her sober vest,  
Gray curtain of the fading west:  
My soul should yield thee willing and thanks  
For the child’s blessings of my fairest days;  
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,  
His whose gifts are given, and proven thee mine  
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly  
A captive bird into the boundless sky,  
This triple realm adorns thee—thou art come  
From Sparta hither, and art here at home.  
We feel thy force still active, at this hour  
Enjoy immortality from priestly power,  
While conscience, happier than in ancient years,  
Ows no superior but the God she fears.  
Propitious spirit! yet convoy a wrong  
Thy rights have suffered, and our land, too long.  
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts, that share  
The fears and hopes of a commercial care.  
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built  
To bird the lawless, and to punish guilt:  
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,  
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood:  
And honest man stands on slippery ground,  
Where covert guile and artifice abound.  
Let just restraint, for public peace demand  
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind.  
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,  
But let innocent innocence go free today.  
Patron of thee the most despis’d of men,  
Accept the tribute of a stranger’s pen;  
The scriptor, like a faithful tortoise,  
Should be the guardian of a noble deed;  
I may alarm thee, but I bear the shame  
Charity chosen as my theme and aim.  
I must incur, forgetting God’s name.  
Blew with what wind, and without seed, to resign  
Joy’s doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,  
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes besow,  
To seek a plainer and a more elevating home,  
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring  
Not the poor pennance in his grasse or house,  
But knowledge such as only dungeons teach.  
And only sympathy like thine could reach;  
That grief, inseparable from the public stage,  
Might smooth her features, and enjoy her cage;  
Spake a divinity, and as a real,  
The boldlest patriot might be proud to feel.  
O that the voice of clamour and debate,  
That plenteous for peace till it disturb us the state.  
Were bane’d in favour of thy generous plea,  
The poor thy citizen, and not thy sordid toil.  
Philosophy, that does not dream or stray,  
Walks firm in arm with nature all his way;  
Onward, great hearted, divines to aspire,  
Whatever steep inquiry recommends.
COWPER'S POEMS.

Sees planetary wonders smoothly roll
Across the skies, and feels a pang for all,
Drinks wisdom at the milky streams of light,
That cheers the silent journey of the night;
And with a smile of hope, and hope of gain,
The suns and system, and the system's reign.
With rich instruction, and a soul enlarged.
He draws his breath to the grave no more;
That Heaven spreads wide before the view of man,
All prompt his pleasant pursuit, and to pursue
Still prompt him, with a pleasure always new;
He too has a soul, and draws
Man to the centre of the common cause,
Adding a dubious and deficient sight
With a new medium and a purer light.
All truth is precious, if not all divine;
And what aliases the powers must needs refine.
He sends the skins, and watching every change,
Provides the faculties an ample range;
And various marks, as his artist's will,
A provider station on the general scale.
He sees, and still, unless divinely taught,
Whatever she leaves, leaves nothing as she ought;
The lamp of revelation only shews,
What grace has made for man and cause,
That man, in nature's richest mantle clad,
And graced with all philosophy can add,
Through fair without, and luminous within,
Is still the progeny and heir of sin.
True taught, and heaven fails the plumeage of his pride;
He feels his need of an unerring guide,
And knows that falling he shall rise no more,
Unmindful ever that he stood in his Master's care.
This is indeed philosophy; this known,
Majesty wisdom, in the circuit wide.
And, without this, whatever he discusses;
Whether the space between the stars and us;
When he or measure earth, compute the sea,
Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or sift a sea;
The seas of heaven itself,
With his boasted, Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still!
Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes
Grew dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.
Self-knowledge truly learned of, course implies
The rich possession of a nobler prize:
For self to self, and God to man reveal'd,
(For themes to nature's eye for ever seal'd)2
Are taught by rays, that fly with equal pace
From the same centre of enlightening grace.
He stays thy foot; how copious, and how clear,
Thy soul shall in charity spring up here!
Hark! 'tis the music of a thousand hills,
Some through the groves, some down the sloping hills,
Winding a secret or an open course,
And all supplied from an eternal source.
The seas of nature do but feebly bind,
And seems altogether a partial, a mistaken
Philosophy, without his heavenly guide,
Mollereur, a self-conceited, and morbid pride.
But while his presence is the reason past,
Has still a veil of midnight on his heart;
The soul exalted above earth,
Gives charity her being and her birth,
Suppose (when thoughts is warm, and fancy flows,
What will henceforth remain sometimes unripe?)3
An idea possessed of creatures of our kind,
Engaged with him, yet by nature
Let supplication lend her aid once more,
And some grand option on the shore:
He claps his hand, if they may see,
Close to the part where vision ought to be;
But finds that though his tubes assist the sight,
They cannot give it, or make darkness light.
He reads wise lectures, and describes aloud
A sense they know not, to the wondering crowd;
He talks of light and the prismatic hues,
As men of depth in emulation raise,
But all he gains for his garlands is—Well—
What monstrous lies some travelers will tell!
'Tis, whose gloomy purse can buy the news,
Take the glad abundance of the good she views;
As diamonds, strip'd of their opal disguises,
Reflect the noontide glory of the skies.
She speaks to her author, passionate, friend,
Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,
In language pure as all that love inspires,
And in the glow of her intense desires,
Faints to communicate her noble fires.
She sees a world dark to what employs
Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys;
Though wisdom ball them, heedless of her call,
False are some, and finds a pang for all,
Herself as weak as her support is strong,
She feels that frailty she disdained so long;
And from a knowledge of her own disease,
Learn to compassionate the sick she sees.
Here sees, acquired of all the vain presence,
The reign of genuine charity commence.
Though sorrows repay her sympathetic tear,
She still is kind, and still she perseveres;
The truth she loves a sightless world abhors,
'Tis childish dosage, a delusive dream;
The danger they discern not, they deem
Laugh at their only remedy, and die.
But still a soul this touch'd can never cease,
Whoever threatens war to speak of peace,
Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child;
She makes excuses where she might condemn,
Revises within herself, her wishes, her fears for them;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast.
The worst suggested, she believes the best;
Not soon provoked, however strong and tested,
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased;
She sees, her wills and her dispute with right,
And, injured, makes forgiveness her delight.
Sach was the portrait an apostle drew,
The bright original was one he knew;
Heaven held his hand the likeness must be
When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has fill'd his urn where those pure waters rise,
And makes more minds with us meaner things,
'Tis even as an angel shook his wings;
Immortal flame, the lamp of the circuit wise.
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spice shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled
In some haven of the western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.
Some sort, with lay, quantity consents,
Has its
To haul the painful melody with ails; [qualis]
But charity, not feigned, intends along
Another's good—boths centres in their own;
And, too-short-lived to reach the realms of peace,
Must cease for ever when the hour shall cease.
Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
Is rather careless of her sister's fame;
Her equity, she find'st spring up supplies.
But, if she touch'd a character, it dies,
The seeming virtue weight'd against the vice,
She deems all safe, for she has paid the price:
No charity but ails aught values she,
Except in porcelain on her marble tree.
How many deeds, with which the world has ring'd,
From pride, in its conscience, ignorance have sprung,
But God o'errules all human follies still,
And bends the tough materials to his will.
A conflagration, or a virgin's fire,
Has left some hundreds without home or food;
Extraction and a drudge she shall subscribe,
While fame and self-complacency are the bire.
The brief protracted, it lasts every year,
But first the quarter, a comfitment: but die:
With slow deliberation he unites.
His glowing purse can buy the whole of eyes,
And, while the clerk just puzzles out the psalm,
Slides guineas behind guinea in his palm;
Till finding, what he might have found before,
A smaller piece amidst the precious store,
Pinc'hood close between his finger and his thumb,
He half exhibits, and then drops the sum.
Gold to be sum — Throughout the town 'tis told,
How the good sober gains never less than gold.
From motives such as his, though not the best,
Springs in due time supply for the distressed:
Not less effectual than what love bestows,
Except that office clips it as it goes.
But I see them in array against a friend,
And wound the grace I mean to recommend,
Though view devised with a just design
Implies no trope (against love divine),
Once more I would adopt the grinder style—
A teacher should be, full of grace of his smile.
Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame;
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own effaces, and strips others bare;
Afflicted is a most humane concern.
That men, if gently tuto'd, will not learn,
CHARITY.

That multith lode not to be reclaimed.
By other methods, must be made ashamed;
But (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)
That often rains to gratify his spleen.
Most statesmen are indeed a public scourge;
Their malicious phrases, a Tartar's purge;
Their accursed tempers, as soon as ari'd,
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
By lean despair upon an empty pulse,
The wild ass's issue into the street,
Prepared to pounce whomsoever they meet.
No skill in wordmanship, however just,
Can be secure against a madman's thrust;
And even virtue, so unfairly match'd,
Although immortal, may be prick'd of scratch'd.
When scandal has his new minted an old lie,
Or tard invention for a fresh supply,
'Tis called a satire, and the world appears
Gathering round it, with erect'd ears;
A thousand names are tossed into the crowd;
Some whisper'd softly, and some twang'd aloud;
Just as the apoplexy of an author's brain
Suggests it safe or dangerous to be plain.
Strange! how the frequent interjected dash
Quickens a market, and helps off the trash;
To important letters, that include the rest,
Serve as a key to those that are suppress'd;
Conjecture giveth the victim in his paw,
The world is char'd, and Scibbfd smokes the law.
So, when the cold damp shades of night prevail,
Worms may be caught by either head or tail;
Possibly drawn from many a close recess,
They meet with little pity, no revives;
Plung'd in the stream, they ledge upon the mud,
Food for the famish'd ravenous of the flood.
All that gives offence
To peace and charity, is mere pretence;
A bold remark, but which if well applied,
Would humble many a tooting poet's pride.
Perhaps the man was in a sporting fit,
And had no place for his wit;
Perhaps, enchanted with the love of fame,
He sought the jewel in his neighbor's Shame;
Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,
The same of virtue could not be his view.
At every stroke wit flashes in our eyes:
The fumes are quick, the polished points surprise,
But sincere and transcendent charms,
That, while they please, possess us with alarms:
So have I seen, (and hasten'd to the sight
On all the wings of bidding delight,
Where stands that monument of ancient power,
Nam'd, with emphatic dignity, the Tower,
Ons, halberts, swords, and pistols, great and small
In stony forms disposed upon the wall; [small,
We wonder, as we going stand below,
That brass and metal should make so fine a show;
But wonder not, trust in the genius's skill,
Accept them implements of mischief still.
No works shall find acceptance in that day,
When all disguises shall be rent away,
That space not truly with the Scripture plan,
Not sprung from love to God, or love to man.
As Noah's ark in their birth
To be resolved into their parent earth;
As Adam will seek superior orbs,
Whatever this world produces, it abounds;
So self-same nothing, but what tends space
Home to the goal, where it began the race.

Such as our motive is, our aim must be:
If this be servile, that can never be free:
If self employ us, whatever is wrought,
We glorify that self, not him we sought;
Such virtues had must prove their own reward,
The Judge shall alone own them no regard.
True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enlivens its unfading green.
Exhilarant is the shadow it upbraids,
Its fruits on earth, its growth above the skies.
To look at Him who formed us and redeemed,
So glorious now, though once disaffected,
To see a foot stretch forth his human hand,
To uphold the boundless scenes of his command;
To redound, that, in a form like ours,
He brushed beneath his feet the infernal powers,
Captivity led captive, rose to claim.
The wreath he won so deeply in our name;
That, thrown above all height, be consecrated
To call the few that trust in him his friends;
That, in the heaven of heavens, that space he
Too scanty for the exaltation of his honours.

And thine, as if impatient to bestow
Life and a kingdom upon worms below;
That sight imparts a never-dying flame,
Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.
Like him the soul, thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her arms of universal love;
And, still enlarged as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace.
Behold a Christian—and without the fires
The founder of that race above inspires
Though all accomplishment, all knowledge meet,
To make the shining prodigy complete.
Whoever bearest, who behalf a cheat!
Were love, in these the world's last dwelling years,
As frequent to the want of it as scars.
The churches warm'd, they could no longer hold
Such frozen figures, still as they are cold:
Relenting forms would lose their power, or cease;
And even the dipp'd and sprinkled live in peace.
Each heart would quit its prison in the breast,
And flow in free communion with the rest.
The statesman, skil'd in projects dark and deep,
Might burn his useless Machiavel, and sleep;
His budget often fill'd, yet always poor,
Might swing in ease but to the study door.
No longer prey upon our mutual none,
Or scare the nation with its big contents.
Disbanded legions freely might depart,
And slaying man would cease to be an art.

No learned disputants would take the field,
Sure not to conquer, and sure not to yield.
Both sides deceived, if rightly understood,
Petting each other for the public good.
Did charity prevail, the press would prove
A vehicle of high design'ers skill,
And I might spare myself the pains to show
What few can learn, and all suppose they knew.

You have I sought to grace a serious line
With many a wild, indeed, but flowery sprig,
In hopes to gain, what else I must have lost,
The attention, pleasure as much engag'd,
But if, unhappily deceived, I dream,
And prove to show for so divine a theme,
Let charity forgive me a mistake,
That real, not vanity, has changed to make,
And spare the poet for his subject's sake.
CONVERSATION.

THOUGH nature weigh our talents, and dispense
to every man his modicum of sense,
and conversation, in its better part,
not as he esteemed a gift, and not an art,
yet much depends, as in the tiler’s tile,
its culture, and the sowing of the soil.
Words heard by rote a parrot may redden,
but talking is not always to converse;
not more distinct from harmony than love,
the constant croaking of a country sign.
As alphabets in Specimen.
Hour after hour, the yet unletter’d boy,
scoring and puzzling with a deal of glee.
Those seeds of science called his A B C;
so language in the mouths of the adult,
when they believe it to be theirs.
Too often proves an implement of play,
A toy to amuse, and pass time away.
Collect at evening what the day brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,
and, if it weigh its importance of a fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie.
Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of every word,
Who dare disdain to degrade the tongue,
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at a market-price;
Who vote for him, or point it with lampoon,
The dear-bought placemen, and the cheap-baftain.

There is a prudence in the speech of some,
Wheth’st say him, or else God would strike them.
His wise forbearance has their end in view, (dearst)
They fill their measure, and receive their due.
The heathen lawyers of ancient days,
With a certain gravity of a Christian’s praise,
Would drive them forth from the resort of men,
And shut up every sary in his den.
For, in a wise and noiseless art,
Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth!
Infectious and pernicious, your blighting power,
Taunts in their rudiments the promised flower.
In short period’d, and its charming hue,
Grows languid, and, because of you.
Not even the vigorous and headlong rage
Of adolescence, or a former age,
Afflicts a plea allowable or just.
For making speech the panipiter of just;
But when the breath of age commits the fault,
’Tis monstrous as the vapour of a vault.
So with’st thou stumps disgrace the syren scene,
No longer fruitful, and no longer green;
The expiis wood, diverted of the hark,
Grows foppish, and takes fire at every spark.
Casts terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
Some men have subtly then a peaceful life;
Whatever subject occupy discourse,
The feats of Vestrins, or the naval force,
Absurdities in your face,
Makes contradiction such a hopeless case:
In every tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known, or such as no man ever knew,
They fix attention heedless of your pain,
With oaths like roots forced into the brows;
And even when sober truth prevails throughout,
They swear it, till affinerness breeds a doubt.

Friendship in the innumerable of the ear,
Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
With adjurations every word suspect,

Supposed the man a bishop, or at least,
God’s name so much upon his lips, a priest;
Bow’d at the close with all his graceful airs,
And keep’d an increase in his frequent prayers.
Go, quit the rank to which ye stood prefer’d,
Hereinforth associate in one common band;
Religion, virtue, reason, common sense,
Prescoue your human form a false pretence;
A rare disguise, in which a devil lurks,
Who yet betrays his secret by his works.
Ye powers who rule the universe, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A devil in the form of a demon.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
More than the mortal thrust of rival swords.
Decide no question with their tedious length.
For opposition gives opinion strength,
Devert the champions prodigious of boasted,
And put the peacable disposed to death.
O that we not sit bohy, at every turn,
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern;
Though syllabics hang not on my tongue,
I am, sincerely, always in the wrong.
’Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Not that all freedom of dissent I blinse;
No—there I grant the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man’s ground;
Row where you please, ‘tis common all around.

A discourse may want an animated—No,
To brush the surface, and to make it low;
But still remember, you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark at which my jazies aim I take,
In commendation for its open door sale.
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
Kneel and impendements make something hitch;
Adapt your fancy, ‘tis not ye who wear it;
Your thread of argument is snapp’d again;
The argument, milder than accord with you,
Will judge himself excused, and prove it too.
Vedderian logic kills me quite,
A noiseless song is always welcome to the right;
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair.
He on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunderers are all out,
Reply doubtless—’To be sure—so burnt! Dubs is such a scrupulous good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assent the note upon his face own own;—
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—pressures—It may be so.
His evidence, if he were called by law,
To swear to some enormity be saw,
For what of morose and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;—
Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not;
What he remembers, seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, what so’er befal,
Centring at last in having none at all.
Yet, though he beseech and bate your listening ear,
He makes one useful point exceeding clear;
How, or ingenious on his part, this delight that is.
A sceptic in philosophy may seem,
Reduced to practice, his beloved role
Would only prove him a consummate fool.
CONVERSATION.

Unless in him alike both brain and speech, 
Face having placed all truth above his reach, 
His words to us will seem like dreams; 
He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.

What is your view on this issue? How would you describe his approach to the topic?

The positive presence without display; [way], 
Their want of light and intellect supplied 
By their art, and their taste, and their courage, 
Without the means of knowing right from wrong, 
They are always dictating, clear, and strong; 
Where others toil with philosophic force.

Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course; 
Plat is at his head conscience, and a lump, 
And gains remote conclusions at a jump; 
Their own defect, invisible to them, 
Seen in another, at once confessed; 
And, though self-possessed in every case, 
Having none, and none, and none, 
Their cause is plain, and not to be denied, 
The proud are always most provoked by pride; 
Few competitions but beggarly spin, 
And those the most, where neither has a right.

To teach good manners, and to curb abuse; 
Admit it true, the consequence is clear, 
Our politest manners are a mere wear, 
And, at the bottom, barbarous and rude, 
We sit in silence, indeed, not without subsiding. 
The very remedy, however sure, 
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure, 
And, what can the people be, to defend, 
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears. 
'Tis hard, indeed, if not impossible 
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end; 
That now and then a hero must decease, 
The stage may live in peace. 
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show 
The practice of insolence, and mean, and low; 
That men engage in it complac'd by force, 
And, not so, not so, is its proper source; 
The Thracian siren, the roar of the sea, 
Last hope may censure us, and fools should sneer.

At least, to trample on our Makers laws, 
And hazard life for any or no cause, 
To rush into a fiend eternal fate 
Out of the wilderness of hate and rage, 
Or send another shivering to the bar. 
With all the guilt of such unnatural way, 
Whatever use may urge, or honour plead, 
On reason's verdict is a madman's deed.

Am I to set my life upon a throw, 
Because a bear is rude and surly? No: 
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man 
Will call me affronted; and no other can.

Were I to endeavour to regulate the lists, 
They should encounter with well-aimed fists; 
A Trojan combat would be something new, 
Let Derris beat Indrapas black and blue; 
That stage of life may live in peace. 
In honourable bumps his rich amends, 
And carry, in consideration, this stall, 
A satisfactory receipt in full.

A story, in which native humour reigns, 
Is delightful and entertaining; 
A graver fact, enlisted on your side, 
May furnish illustration, well applied; 
But sedentary weavers of long tales 
Give me the sketches, and my patience fails.

To hear them tell of parentage and birth, 
And echo conversations, dull and do so. 
Embodied with—h'd said, and so said I. 
At every interview their route the same, 
The repartee mine, and the repartee theirs.

We bustle up with unsuccessful speed, 
And in the saddest part cry—Dread indeed! 
This part of narrative, 
Still making probability your slave: 
On this side, and on that side, 
And let these guide you to a decent end.

Of all ambitions may enthrall us, 
The worst, the very worst, is to wake a sickly brain, 
Is that which angles hourly for surprise, 
And bases it on a profusion of lies and lies. 
Overlook, vanity, or age as weak, 
Are fittest authors for such seed, 
Who to please may wring themselves disgrace, 
Yet please not, but affront you to your face.

A great relief, without the savor, 
Having undone, and made many stare, 
Can this be true?—an arch observer cries, 
Yes, (rather moved), I saw it with these eyes; 
Sir! I believe it on that ground alone; 
I could not, had I seen it with my own. 
This tale should have been judicious, clear, and sound; 
The language plain, and incidents well linked; 
Not as in novels, where everything is news, 
And, new or old, still hasten to a close; 
That centering in a focus round and near, 
Let all your rays of information sweep. 
What neither yields us profit nor delight 
As a young lady's lullaby to the sight, 
Hey Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanor, 
Or giant-riding Jack, would please me more. 
The pipe, with seeming interposing pause, 
Makes half a sentence at a time enough; 
The dashing sages drop the downy strain, 
Then pause, and—stop, and speak and pause again. 
Such often, like the tube they so admire, 
Important tiders have more smoke than fire. 
Persecuted! whose scent the fair anoints, 
Unfriendly to society's chief joy. 
The worst effect is banishment for hours 
The sex, whose presence civilizes ours: 
Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants, 
To poison vermin that infest his plants; 
But are we so to vill and beauty bind, 
As to despise the glory of our kind, 
And show the lowest minds and fairest form 
As little mercy as the grubs and worms? 
They dare not visit the riotous, 
The third-creating storms at length produce, 
When wise has given independent language birth, 
And forced the flagellates of licentious mirth; 
For seaborne Venus her face shows, 
Still to that element from which she rose, 
And with a quiet, which no tumult disturbs, 
Sus mors infelix artis, in a minute hour. 
Th' emphatic speaker deely loves to oppose 
In contact inconvenient to the sense, 
As if the garnish on his neighbour's fish, 
Touch'd with the magnet, had attracted his 
Whisper'd theme, thus at large, thus at large; 
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge, 
An extract of his diary—no more.

At least, to trample on our Maker's laws, 
And hazard life for any or no cause, 
To rush into a fiend eternal fate 
Out of the wilderness of hate and rage, 
Or send another shivering to the bar. 
With all the guilt of such unnatural way, 
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Who to please may wring themselves disgrace, 
Yet please not, but affront you to your face.

A great relief, without the savor, 
Having undone, and made many stare, 
Can this be true?—an arch observer cries, 
Yes, (rather moved), I saw it with these eyes;
Some freefoul tempest wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much,
You ask his hopes to enwrapt—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fail at once into a lower key,
That freefoul pipe of a humbled bee.
The southern sash attains too strong a light,
Your southern sash—now it's quite right.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With soal—that's just the sort he does not
Take what he has at pretense to be lost, [wash,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;—
Yet still, overclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
His heart would work that would we can—
Also! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is—to be displeased.
Pity beastly men, who feel no pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of harmless blushing and disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Mischief to our tongues were loose—
But, being honest, we are ordain'd
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.
Our inquiry may descry too
Self-searching with an interrogated eye,
Conviction or an unsuspected sin,
The vainest corner of our own vain heart:
For ever aiming at the world's esteem,
Our grade has been their own scheme;
In other eyes our talents rarely shown,
Become at length so splendid in our own,
We dare not risk them into public view,
Lest they miscarry of what seems their due.
This make men honest, a wide-crown'd cause,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeint blind, and scours through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed to appear.
Humility, the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produced and nursed.
The circle form'd, we sit in silent state,
Like moons on the dial plate;
Yes ma'am, and no ma'am, udderly soft, show
Every five minutes how the minutes go;
And find a changd clipe a happy source
Of the best of all-world's discourse.
We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like aSlide through the public breach,
Of epidemic thoes, if such there are.
[tharth.
And coughs, and rheumtes, and phthisis, and ca-
That menschman, a wide-crown'd cause,
Plung'd up at last with interesting news,
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed:
But fear to call a more important cause,
As if 'tweren't treason against English laws,
The visit paid, with easoy we come,
As from a seven years transportation, home,
And there reumtes an unmention'd brow.
Recovering what we lost we know not how.
The facilities, that seem'd reduced to nothing,
Expression and the privilege of thought.
The reek, roaring horrid of the clane,
I give him the case of a desperate case,
Physicians write in hopes to work a cure,
Nor how he groans, and how he pours.
And though the fox he follows may be tamed,
A mere fox-follower never is reclaim'd.
Some freetsms, and where is his grovner course,
Whose only fit companion is his horse;
Of a bloody countenance.
The noble beast judge otherwise, his grooms
Yet even the rogue that serves him, he stand,
To take his honour's orders, cap in hand,
Presents his fellow-grooms with much good sense,
Their skill, a truth, his master's a pretence.
If neither horse nor groom affect the space,
Where can at last his jockeyship retire?
O to the club, the scene of savage joys,
The school of coarse good fellowship and noise;
There, in the sweet society of those,
Whose health from his boyish days he chose.
Let him improve his talent if he can,
Till now but hearts acknowledge him a man.
His heart had been impenetrably seal'd,
Like those that clear the flood or grave the field,
Had not his Maker's all-besting hand
Given him a soul, and bade him understand;
The reasoning power conquer'd of course infer'd
The power to clothe that reason with his cloth
For all is perfect that God works on earth,
And he is an accomplished, as the earth,
If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood,
What use of his boon the giver would.
The mild, despis'd upon her busy fell,
[soil;
Should range where Providence has blessed the
Veil on every labour meet,
And gathering all her treasures sweet by sweet,
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,
And in that way blending on the lips,
That good diffused may more abundantly grow,
And speech may praise the power that bids it flow;
Will their sweet utterance of the live-long night
That fills the listening lover with delight,
For his harmony, with a twinkle in his eye
To learn the twitting of a master bird?
Or make the parent's ministry his choice,
That elegant libel on a human voice?
No—nature, unsophisticate by man,
Stars not guide from her Creator's plan;
The melody that was first design'd
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,
In near note deliver'd in our ears,
In the last scene of her six thousand years;
Yet (ah! how often has the artful rove,
Whom man, for his own hurt, permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And mock'd to move in beauty to an age,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a targe'd dominion o'er his tongue;
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tune, and the prissage,
And when accomplished, in her wayward race,
Calls gentlemen whom she has made a fool.
'Tis an unutterable, fit to decease,
That noise could cease or satisfy but she,
That heaven and hell, and righteousness and sin,
Seem'd in his path, and foes that lurk within,
God and his attributes (a field of day
Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray,
Fruits of his love and wonders of his might,
Be never turned in ears esteemed so poetic.
That he who dare, when she sends for the grave,
Shall stand prostate, a madman or a knave,
A class design'd to be believ'd,
Or, if excuse that charge, at least deceived.
Oh falsely worthy of the nurse's lap,
Give the breast, or stop its mouth with pap
Is it incredible, or can it seem
A dream, a shadow, or a dream that dream.
That man should love his Maker, and God fire,
Warning his heart, should at his lips tranpire.
Knowing, and not let fall your eyes,
And tell your daring crest that blades the skies;
That air of insolence affronts your foot,
You need your pardon, and prick his rod.
Now, in a posture that becomes you more
Than all the proudest face of man,
Know, your arrows with every hour encase,
For mercy shown, while wrath is justly due.
The time is short, and there are souls on earth,
Though future pain may serve for present mirth,
Accompanied with the woe that she has hourly
By fashion taught, forbade them once to name,
And, having left the pangs you deem a jest,
Have proved them truth too hot to be express'd.
To seek on revelation's hollow ground,
Sure to succeed, the truth they found,
[stake,
Touched by that power that you have dared to
That makes sense sensible, and dissolves the rock,
Your heart shall yield a life-saving stream.
That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream.
It happen'd on a solemn even
Soon after that was our Surrey died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,
The scene of all those moves left behol'd,
CONVERSATION.

A Christian's wit is inoffensive, light,
Bean their aids, but never graver the sight;
Vigorous in age as in the youth,
Th' always active on the side of truth;
Temperance and peace to the healthful state,
And make it brighter at its latest date,
I have seen (as hope perhaps in vain,
En life go down, to see in truth again)
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Grave without dunsness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though keen-eyed;
A man that would have failed at their own play,
A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
He rich materials, and regale your ear
With stories it was a privilege to hear;
Ye, above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the gospel theme;
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seemed there at home,
Abstractions not to shine or excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well.
It leaves me more perhaps than falsely oft,
When some great head, as void of wit as thought,
Suppose themselves monopolists of sense,
And write mere abstruse aphorisms.
Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold;
Their fragments memory will mantlet his tomb,
Eschulin'd for ever in its own perfumes;
And sooth truth, though in its early prime,
And when unmask'd with lesser cloaks;
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of the temples arise.
And virtue with peculiar charm appears,
Crowned with the garlands of the blooming years,
Yet age, by long experience well-inform'd,
Well-read, well-temper'd, with religion warm'd,
That fire abated, which once raged reborn.
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,
As time improves the taste in flowery juices,
Melows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a reverence in its shortening day,
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.
The fruits of age, less fair, are yet more sound,
Than those a brighter season pours around;
And, like the stores annual sum nature,
Through winter rigours unpimp'd endure;
What is fanatic frenzy, scorn'd as much,
And dreaded more than a contemptuous touch?
Trust dangerous, and approve your fear,
That fire is caressing if yon draw too near;
But sage observers oft mistake the flame,
And give true praise that adjorns the name.
To tremble (as the creature of an hour
Ought at the view of an allmighty power)
Before his presence, whose awful throne
All tremble in all worlds, except our own,
To supplicate his mercies in his way,
And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or praise.
Though common sense, allowed a casting voice,
And free from other, approved the choice
Consists a man fanatic in 'th' extreme,
And wild as madness in the world's esteem.
But that disease, when soberly defined,
Is the false fire of an errant mind;
It views the truth with a distorted eye,
And either wagers or lays it useless by;
Its narrow, selfish, sordid, and draws
Its sad sustenance from man's applause;
And while at heart six unrelent'd Elys,
Prescribes itself chief favourite of the skies,
'Tis such a light as potrification breeds,
In fly-blowed dust, whereon the maggot feeds,
Shines in the dark, but, usher'd into day,
The stench remains, the lustre dies away.
True hiss, if man may wak'd convulsions
Of hearts in union mutually disclosed,
And farewell all the exclusive rights delight,
These hearts should be redeem'd, renew'd, up;
Bad men, professing friendship's hollow'd name,
Ferm, in its stead, a covetous shame.
A dark confederacy against the laws
Of virtue, and religion's all-destructive cause;
They build each other up with dreadful skill,
At bastions set point blank against God's will;
Exalted and fortune the throne descends,
Deeply resolved to shut a Sunjer out
Call legions up from hell to back the deed; And, cursed with conquest, finally succeed. Tell her, again, the plain exchange upon her face: Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range, She is戴上 their name and character, make known The sorrowful sympathy ensues to own, Daily derive increas'd light and force From such contemplation. and while, without course; Feel less the journey's roughness and its length; Meet their opposites with united strength; And, in love, in interest, and design, Gird up each other to the race divine. Bat conversation, choose what theme we may, And chiefly when religion leads the way, Should flow, like waters after summer showers, Not, nor by mere mechanical powers. The Christian, in whose soul, though new dis- tracted, Lives the dear thought of joys he once possessed, When all his glowing language issued forth With God's deep stamp upon its earnest worth, Will speak without disguise, and must impart, Sad as it is, his undissembling heart; Ahhors-constraint, and darts not feign a zeal, Or seem to boast a fire he does not feel. The song of Zion is a masterpiece, Unless, when rising on a joyful wing, The soul can mix with the celestial bands, And give the strain the compass it demands. Strange tidings those to tell a world, who treat But little of their own experience as well Will they believe, thought credible enough Upon a race more weak and poor than he, That there are bless'd inhabitants of earth, Particularly a never earthly birth, Their desires, and purposes estranged From things terrestrial, and divinely changed; Their very language of a kind that speaks The soul's sure Interest in the good she seeks; Who deal with Scripture, its importance felt, And with philosophy once dead; And in the silent watches of the night, And through the sources of tell-telling light, The social walk, or solitary ride, Keep still the dear companion at their side? No-shame upon a self-dragging age, God's work may serve an ape upon a stage Such a work can do a blind and gilded One certain invisibles as shrived as he; But veneration or respect finds none, Save from the subjects of that work alone. The world grown old her deep discernment shews, Cold spectacles on her sagacious mind, Persists closely the true Christian's face, And finds a mere mask of dirty grinace! Faced not Old's office, lies her honest brow bare, And finds hypocrisy close lurking there; And good herself through mere construe, Concludes his ungodly love of him a fact. And yet, God knows, look human nature through, (But this the world shall know it too,) That since the flowers of Eden felt the blast, They are savagely afraid to mind all waste. Sincerity towards the heart-searching God Has made the new-born creature her abode, Never energetic in unregenerate souls, Till the last fire burn all between the poles. Simplicity! Why this his only pride, Weak and imperfect in all grace beside, He knows that it demands his heart entire, And gives him all his just demands require. Without it his pretensions were as vain, As having it he dozes the world's disdain; That the God, defect would cast him not alone Man's favouruable judgment, but his own; His birthright shaker, and no longer clear, Than while his conduct proves his heart sincere. Retort the change, and let the world be told She beheld the world he does not hold; That, conscious of her crimes, she feels instead A godly misgiving, and a killing dread; That, while in health, the ground of her support Is ready to forget that life is short, That she shall live, knowing she must die, Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie; That while she lives, she sees, and dreams that she be likeable. She mocks her Maker, and herself deceives, Her soul's affections, all her natural sense, The doctrines warry'd to what they never mean; That she can't hear the sound of a bell, And useless as a candle in a soul, And all her love of God a groundless claim, A trick upon the canvas, painted flame. Tell her again, the plain exchange upon her face; And all her censures of the work of grace, Are insinuators, meant entirely to conceal A dread she would not, yet is forced to feel: That in her heart the Christian she revives, And while she counts him, only for her own. A poet does not work by square or line, Assimilates and joins perfect a design; At least we modern, our attention lies, Beyond the gentle forms of our sires direges, And claim a right to scanners and run wide, Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide. The world and I fortuitously met; She did me wrong, I recomposed the deed, And, having struck the balance, now proceed. Perhaps, however, as some years have pass'd, Since she and I conversed together last, And I have lived recluse in rural shades, Which seldom a distinct report pervades, Great changes and new manners have occurred, And bias'd reforms that I have never heard, And she may now be as discreet and wise, As once absurd in all discerning eyes. Scarcity perhaps may now be found, Where the instruction press'd the ground; The subtle and injurious may be just, And he grown chaste that was the slave of lust; A true one or another, how do I state? Charity may relax the miser's fist; The generous may find their woes away, Forgotten to care, and even to pray. Has it indeed been told me (with what weight, How credible a tale, to me to state) That fables old, that seemd for ever mute, Are breath'd into fresh repute; And gods and goddessies, discared song Like useless thunder, or a stroller's song, Are leading with their heathen train, And Jupiter bids fair to rule again, That certain beads are instituted once more, Where Venus hears the lover's tender vow; That all Olympos through the country roves, To consecrate our few remaining groves, And echo learns politely to repeat The finery names of age's obsolete: That having proved the weakness, it should seem, Of revelation's ineffectual team, To bring the passions under sober sway, And give the moral springs their proper play, They seem to try what may at last be done, By most substantial gods of wood and stone, And whether Roman rites may not produce the virtues of old Rome's worship for English use, May such success attend the pious plan, May Mercury once more enchant a man, Grace him again with long-forgotten arts, Reclaim his taste, and brighten up his parts, Make his athletes, as in days of old, Learn'd at the bar, in the palestra bold, Divine the rugged secret of male attire, And teach the softer not to copy theirs: The change shall please, nor shall it matter aught When the wonder, if it be but wrought. 'Tis time, however, if the case stand thus, For as plain folks, and all who side with us, To build our altar, confidant and bold, And say, as stern Elizah said of old, The strife now stands upon a fair award, If Israel's Lord be God, then serve the Lord: If he be silent, faith is all a bold, Then Base be the God, and worship him. Derision is so much in modern use, Thought so rare, and fancy so profuse, Some never seem so wide of their intent As when returning to the theme they meant: As mention new, whose meaning is so close, Make every parish but their own home. Though we proceed, and still now continue zigzag in a look, Such drunken feelings, have an awkward look, And I had rather creep to what is true Than advance and stagger with our mark in view; Yet to consult a little, seemed no crime, The Gruchke humour of the present time: But now to gather up what seems dispersed, And touch the subject I design'd at first, Though much bequeath'd, the rules of art, Best for the public, and my wisest part, And first, let truth increase me that I must tell To clothe in sable every social scene,
And give good company a face severe,
As if they met around a father's hear;
For tell some men that pleasure, all their best,
And laughter, all their work, is life mispent,
Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,
Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry.
To find the medium aids some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.
But though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
Whose glory, with a light that never fades,
Shoots between scattered rocks and opening shades;
And, while it shows the land the soul desires,
The language of the land she seeks inspires.
Thus touch'd, the tongue receives a sacred cure
Of all that was absurd, profane, impure;
Held within modest bounds, the title of speech
Furses the course that truth and nature teach;

No longer labors merely to produce
The pomp of sound, or tinkle without use;
Where'er it finds, the salutary stream,
Sprightly and fresh, enriches every scene,
While all the happy man possessed before;
The gift of nature, or the classic store,
It made subservient to the grand design,
For which Heaven formed the faculty divine.
So, should an idler, while at large he strays,
Find the sweet lyre on which an artist ples,
With rash and awkward force the chorus he shakes,
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes;
But let the wise and well-instructed hand
Once take the shell beneath his just command,
Its gentle sounds it seems as it complained
Of the rude injuries it late sustain'd,
 Till tuned at length to some immortal song;
 It sounds Jehovah's name, and pours his praise along.
RETIREMENT.

studia flores ignobilis eti.

Virg. Geor. Lib. IV.

HACKNEY'D in business, wearied at that ear,
While works, ends, and uninterrupt'd repose,
But, which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego:
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Funds for the refund of some rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forget
Aim'd the charms of a sequential spire,
Or recollect'd only to gild o'er,
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the rent of his wasted span,
And, having lived a trifler, die a man.

Thus conscience pleads her cause within the breast.

Though long rebellion against, not yet suppress'd,
And calls a creature form'd for God alone,
For Heaven's high purposes, and not his own;
Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
From what debilitates and what refining,
From cities humming with a restless crowd,
Sore'd as active, ignorant as loud,
Whose highest praise is that they live in vain.

The duple of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
Where works of man are cluster'd close around,
And works of God are hardly to be found,
To regions where, in spine of sin and woe,
Traces of Helen are still seen below;
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's power and love.
'Tis well if, lock'd for at so late a day,
In the last scene of such a senseless play,
True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
And grace his action as the curtain fall.

The time is long despised their heavenly birth,
In which they rise all preoccupied with earth,
From where they must return to the final bed,
In catching smoke and feeding upon air,
Conversant only with the ways of smoke,
Rarity redressing the shore resembling ten.
Invisibly habits chase its unfurled heart,
That lives upon its tenderness of part,
And, draining its nutritious powers to feed
Their anxious growth, starve every better seed.

The life of days—but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
Sick of the service of a world that feasts
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can escape from custom's idiot sway.

Though sweet to raise upon his skill display'd
(Finissima skill) in all that he has trade,
To trace in nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of power divine,
Confrivence intricate, express'd with ease,
Where unseen slight no beauty seats,
Shape of limbs and interaction first,
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work who speaks it is done;
Th' invisible in things scarce seen reveals,
Th' whereon an atom is ample light;
To render insect forms,
These hatch'd, and these resuscitated warm,
New life arched and brighter scenery to share;
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air,
Whose shape would make them, had they bulk and size
More hideous foes than fancy can devise,
With helmet-heads and dragon-scales adorn'd,
'Tis mighty myriads, now securely scorn'd,

Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,
Despise with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch away,
Ten thousand rivers, pour'd at his command,
Froin urs that never fail, through every land;
These a deceiver with a patient force,
Those winding modesty a silent course;
The cloud-surranging Alps, the fruitful vales;
Sons, on which every nation spreads her sail;
The sun, a world whence other worlds drink light,
The crowded mean, the dimens of light;
Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchor'd in the deep abyss of space;
At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own excision,
These are the glorious works, thus some of good,
How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
Things, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
Thy power divine, and beauty beyond thought,
Adored and praised in all that thou hast wrought.
Absorb'd in that immensity I see,
I shrink abashed, and yet aspire to thee;
Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day,
Thy words more clearly than thy works display,
That, while thy truths my großer thoughts rejoin,
I may resemble thee, and call thee mine.

0 blest deficiency! surpassing all
That man erroneously their glory call,
The inconspicuous that arts or arms can yield,
The bar, the senate, or the tribunal field.

Compared with this sublime life below,
Your kings and rulers, what have courts to show?
Thus studied, used, and consecrated thus,
On earth what is, seems form'd indeed for us;
Not as the playing of a careless child,
Pleasant unless diverted and beguiled,
Such leis to feed and the fami fill,
Thick, not to the branch's tendermost part,
Of pride, ambition, or impure desires,
But as a scale, by which the soul ascends
From nothing, or from to more important ends,
Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,
Mountains from inferior beings up to God,
And seas, by no fallacious light or dim,
Earth made for man, and man himself for him.

Not that I mean to appear, or wish to enforce,
A superstition and monastic course;
Truth is not local, God alike pervades
And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
And may be feared amidst the basest scenes
Or scor'd where business never intercedes.
But this not easy with a mind like ours,
Conscious of weakness in its utmost powers,
And in a world where, otherills appear,
The loving eye nimbles the careless heart,
To limit thought, by nature prone to stray
Whenever freakish fancy points the way;
To hit the pleasure, and leave the woe still.
Realize our own and seek our Makers will:
To spread the page of Scripture, and compare
Our conduct with the laws engraved there.
To measure all that pass in the breast,
Faithfully, faithfully, by that sacred test;
To drive into the secret deeps within,
To spare no passion and no favourite sin,
And search the treasures, important above all,
Curseless and our recovery from our fall.
But long silence, and a mind released
From anxious thoughts, how wealth may be in

How to secure, in some propitious hour,
The point of interest or the post of power,
A soul serene, and equally retired
From objects too much dreaded or desired,
Soothed by the musing of a muse dispossess'd,
All fear and doubt, all the passions thus dispose'd,
At least are friendly to the great pursuit.

Opening the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little house for man;
Terrestrial's unknown expenses appear,
Circling secondly the solitary power.

The busy race examine, and explore
Each creek and covey of the dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excite,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;
Thus laden, given that they are sick and great,
Happiest he that grows beneath his weight.

The waves o'er take them in their serious play,
And every wave sweeps tumultuous away,
They stagger and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.

A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes,
Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize,
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
So sweet 'tis with his signet when they serve and love.

Sear'd by the red, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state.

And unregretted are so manich'd away
From grief, a guest into glorious day.

Nor these alone prefer a life recluse,
Who seek retirement for its proper use;
The love of change, that lives in every broad,
Genius, and temper, and desire of rest,
Discover its scope, and in the name of rest,
And each inclines its votary to retire.

Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult, and the world endures.
The lure of variety, or the pompous phase,
That confounds the senses; their allurements anxious eye,
The fruits that hang on pleasure's flowery stem,
Whenever enchant them, are no more to them.

To these the song of hasty groves,
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,
The clear, the still, the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herd,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare,
That lures our chief favorite.

With eager step, and carelessly array'd,
For such a cause the poet seeks the shade.
From all he sees he catches new delight,
Pleased fancy claps her pinions at the sight;
The rising or the setting day of light,
The clouds that fly, or slowly float away,
Not always to the same green hues,
In various shapes she wanders,
Prewning in storms, or breathing gentle airs;
The snowy robe her whit'ry state adorns,
Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes;
All, all alike transport the glowing head,
Assess in thyme his glory and reward.

O nature! where a stroke did not disclose
His bright perfections, at whose word they rose,
Next he who could pursue them therest and sustain,
He then the great inspirer of my strain.
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand,
Our muse, with smile sheed, and stumps the unseen hand,
That I may catch a few but rarely known,
Givings to know them, or the least I should make renown,
And poring on thy page, whose every line
Hearts proof of an insolence divine,
Mystify'd by that which pays,
That builds its glory on its Maker's praise.
We to the man, whose wit discloses its use,
Glittering in vain, or only to seduce;
Who studies nature with a wanton eye,
Admits the work, but slips the lessons by;
His hours of leisure and ease employs
In drawing pictures of forgotten joys,
Returns to blazon his own worthless name,
Or shoot the careless with a sever aim.
The gentle too are charms,
Tender indicat of absent charms,
Saints offer nothing in their warmest prayers,
That he denote not with a zeal like theirs;
In consecration of his heart, soul, time,
And thought, that wanders is a crime.
In sight he wearies his supreme folly,
And when he expostulates in despair;
Adores a creature, and, devout in vain,
When in return an answer of disdain.
As a wild plant within her reach,
Reighn eth, or smooth-grain'd ash, or glass
In the trunk, and lays lilies
Her golden tasseled on the leafy stylis,
But does a muschel while the tenders a grace,
Straining its growth by such a strict embrace,

So love, that clings among the nobles minds,
Forbids th advancement of the soul he binds;
Forbs those who sin that weep in flames,
And forms it to the taste of her he loves.

Teaches the eye a language, and no less
Records what in their eyes is spoken address;
But farewell promises of happy fruits,
Blindly sicken'd, and learning's grave pursuits;
Girl with a chain he cannot wish to break,
His only bliss is sorrow for her sake;
Who will stay post for glory and excels,
Her smile his aim, all higher aims farewell!

Thyric. Alas, or whatever name
She least offend against so pure a flame,
Though sage advice of friends the most sincere
Sensibly heard in so decent an ear,
And lovers, of all creatures tame or wild,
Can least brest management, however mild;
Yet let a poet say, not in a servile stance
The fairest animals with magic charms.
Risk an incursion on thy pensive mood,
And woo and win thee to thy proper good.
Pastoral images and still retreats,
Unhurried walks and solitary seats,
Sweet birds in concert with harmonious streams,
Soft silks, and on the feathers gay,
Are all enchantments in a case like thine,
Complains against thy peace with one design,
Sooth'd by the hope to make thee but a sister piece.
And feel the fire that wastes thy powers away,
Is more than this, a war's wife, even a war's wife,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue;
CRIES thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself, the war.
Woman indeed, a gift she would bestow;
Wishes he die when he must die,
The richest earths be his hands afford,
Deserves to be beloved, but not adored.
To novelty to more active scenes,
Collect the scattered truths that study gleams,
And, with the war's wife, war's peace,
No longer give an image all three hearts;
Its captive is not hers, nor is it thine,
Thy child's but claim, presumptive views.
Virtuous and faithful Stehenden! whose skill
Attempt no greater things,
Gives unexpectedly up to nature's care,
And sends the passion into yarrow's air.
Look where he comes—in this embower'd alcove
Stand close concealed, and see a statue move;
Life, hope, and even skill, that falling slow,
Arms hanging down, bands clasped below,
Interpret to the marking eye distress,
Such as its symptoms can alone express.
That tongue is silent now; that silent tongue
Could argue once, could jest, or in the song,
Would give advice, or command, or converse;
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
Rencountred with its office and its asset,
Its brisker and its graver strains full sheet;
Both fail beneath a fever's secret awe,
And compass the same, in the same pace away.
This is a sight for pity to peruse,
Till she redoubts and their views,
Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Fierce with the woe that laments in vain.
That of all men's life, most
Claims most compassion, and receives the least;
Job felt it, when he ground beneath the red
And the burnish armed of a fencing Freud;
And such encomiums as his friends could spare.
Friends such as his for modern Job prepared.
Bless'd, rather cured, with hearts that never feel;
Knew who in casuists of close harmony's close;
With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,
And minds, that deem desolate a plain,
With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire.
And will that puppet-prominent might inspire,
Their sovereign sanction is a cunning show
On pangs enforced with God's severest strokes.
But with a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, a heart of sorrow is a secret thing.
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at his indiscretion, or his excuse;
He that has not usurped the name of man,
Does all, and does as little as he can,
For to such as woe his favored part,
And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart.

'Tis not, as these, that needs the capacious
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp whose chords elate the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed against.
COWPER’S POEMS.

The trees reversed (a task which, if he please, God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand thousand things at once to lose;
Lost, till the last; all their power, all their grace.
Then neither heath nor wild, nor scenes as fair
As ever respirant eyes could scan:
Nor soft cedaries with tumbled hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
Feather’d with diamonds, pencils of green:
Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,
Nor gates that catch the scent of blooming groves,
And waft it to the moaner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded face.
That knowledge all he sees unheeded by:
No sounds like those a wounded spirit feels
No cure for such, till God, who makes them, hearken,
And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father’s frown, and kiss his chastening hand.
To see the dayspring, and the blaze of noon,
The purple evening and resplendent moon,
The stars, that, sprinkled o’er the vault of night,
Beaming along in a shower of light.
Shine not, or undesired and hated shine,
Seem through the medium of a cloud like thine:
Yet seek him, in his favour life is found.
Then heaven, eclipsed so long, and this dull earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth;
Nor may, nor may not, and hence the pain
Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
Shall be despised and overlook’d no more,
Shall all the while delight his vacant hour before.
Impart to things inanimate a voice,
And bid th’ idolatrous hills rejoice;
The sound shall run along the winding vales,
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

Ye verse at the stern of nature clears,
Sick of a thousand disappointed aims,
My measure and my pride,
Beneath your shades your gray possessor hide,
Receive me languishing for that repose,
The serve of the public never knows.
Ye saw me once, (as those regretted days,
When birds of love were not all my praise)
Hour after hour delightfully alit.
To studies then familiar, since forget,
And cultivate a taste for ancient song,
Catching its armour as I pass along;
No sudden, as precipices heav’n might send,
What once I valued, and could boast; a friend;
Were witness how cordially I press’d
His unsucessing virtue to my breast;
Receive me now, not incorrupt as then,
Nor guiltless of continuing other ways
But vers’d in arts, that, while they seem to stay
A failing empire, hasten its decay.
To the fair native home,
The week of what I was, fatigued I come;
For once I gave up my paternal home,
And make the course he recommends my choice:
We meet at last in one sincere desire,
Hush’d in both prompt me to retire.
To dine—he stops into the welcome chase,
Lulls at his ease his mind four handsome boys,
That whir away from business and debate
The disconsol’d Atlas of the state.
Ask not the boy, who, when the breeze of morn
First shaves the glittering drops from every thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under form or head.
Sites linking cherry-stones, or platting rush,
How fair is freedom—he was always free:
To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
To make the mole, or with ill-fashion’d hook
To draw the insatiable string from the brook,
Are life’s prime pleasures in his simple view.
He stops the chief concern he ever knew;
She shews but little in his heedless eyes.
The good we never miss we rarely prize;
Rude, noble drudge in state affairs,
Escaped from all and its constant cares,
What charms he sees in freedom’s smile express’d
In his robust, and long repose’d.
The tongue whose strains were cogent as confederate at home, and felt in foreign lands,
He could have himself a stammerer in that cause,
Or plead its silence as its best applause,
He died, whether drooping or rude,
Wild without art, or artfully subdued,
Nature in every form inspires delight,
Never must’d her with so just a sight.
Her hedge-row shrubs, a variegated cove,
With woodbine and wild roses mantled o’er;
Green fields and far-distant lanes; the sun in the
Transquil vale, the warbling birds, the dewy meads: (spread)
Dews, that almost escape th’ inquiring eye,
That meet not the passerby; the winds of spring
Beauties he lately sighted as he pass’d,
Seem all created since he travel’d last.
Maser of the songs he design’d,
No rough annoyance ranking in his mind,
What early, philosophic hours he keeps,
Govern his meads, how sound he sleeps;
Not sounder he than on the monarch’s head,
While crowning kindles with a windy red.
Begins a long look-out for distant land,
Not quits till evening watch his giddy stand,
Then swift descending, with a season’s haste,
Sips to his hammerock, and forgets the blast.
He chooses company, but not the sources,
Whose wit is rudeness, whose good-breeding tears
Nor the part of man who could study more,
Obsequious when abroad, though proud at home:
Nor can he much affect the neighbouring peer,
Whose toe of emulation tends too near,
But wisely seeks a more convenient friend,
With whom, discussing forms, he may recond:
A man whose marks of condescending grace
Teach, while they flatter him, his proper place;
Who owns when he calls, and at a word draws
Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause;
Some praise murmurs, without precision.
To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence;
On whom he rests well-pleased his weary powers,
And sends away his humor, with a laugh and joy.
The tide of life, swift always in its course,
May raise the engine by day by day.
But no where with a current so severe,
Or half so clear, as in the rural scene.
Yet how foamingly, as lightly as
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss;
Some pleasures live a month, and sound a year.
But short the date of all we gather here,
No happiness is except the true,
That does not charm the more for being rare;
This observation, as it chanced, not made;
Or if it were, not daily weigh’d,
He sighs—for after all by slow degrees
The spot he loved has lost the power to please.
To cross his ambly pony day by day.
Seems at the best but dimming life away:
The prospect, such as might enchant despair.
He views not, or sees beauty there;
With aching heart, and disconsol’d looks.
Returns at noon to bullion or to books.
But feels, while grasping at his failed joys,
A secret spring of his renounced enjoy.
He chides the naivety of every post,
Pants to be told of battles won or lost.
Harms his own observ’d, though late,
‘Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
F Iss to keep the pulse of grace, and credit
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.
Suburban hills, highway-side retreats, streets,
That lead to the monument of our growing
Tight boxes neatly sav’d, and in a blaze
With many a July sars collected ray,
Delight the citizen, who gasping there,
Breathe clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
A sweet retirement! who could ha’ thought
That could afford retirement, or could not?
’Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,
The seal and milestone from the garden gate.
A step if fair, and if a shower approach,
You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.
There, pron’d in a parfum snug and small,
Like bottled wasses upon a southern wall.
The man of business, the friend comprais’d,
Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;
But still ’tis rural trees are to be seen.
From every window, and the fields are great
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could such a scene see more?
A sense of elegance we rarely find.
The poet is decorous, though grave,
And ignorance of better things makes man,
Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can.
And that descent in that state wise-bless’d,
In contemplation of a turnpike-road,
Is occupied, enlivens his hours
As wisely, and as much improves his powers,
As he that summers in pavilion-rooms
With all the charms of an accomplish’d taste.
RENTMENT.

Yet hence, alas! insensibilities; and hence
The unpitied victim of ill-judged expense,
From all his variegated stores

despair.

Shakes hands with business, and retirees indeed.
Your youngest grand-marmans, ye modern hebes,
May court with Trafalgar, and Trafalgar's-"yer,
When health required it would consent to roam,
Else more attach'd to pleasures found at home.
But now alive, gayly, merrily, and mirthful,
Incessant to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, carriages, and soys,
Fly to the court for daily, nightly joys,
And all, impudent of dirty land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea.

Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
 Much of the power and majesty of God.
Be swallows about the swelling of the deep,
That drives and rests as infants smile and sleep;
As in its, it answers as it flows.
The breathings of the lightest air that blows;
Clouds and whites of live all over the waste,
The rising waves obey the increasing blast,
Ablaze and hurled as the tempest tears,
Thunder and flash upon the thunderous storm.
Tell he that rides the whirling wind, checks the rain,
Then all the world of waters sleeps again.

Renee or Trudy, as the fashion leads,
Now in the floods, now pouncing in the mind,
Vapours of pleyian still, where er the winds,
Near barren rocks, in palaces, or cells,
Or future schemes.

( A poet field of nature, and your friend)
Her slighted works to your admiring view,
Her justest acts, who fashion'd you.
Wear, when wending in your morning rise,
Wear, when wending in your evening rise,
Wear, when wending in your day and night.
When wear, when wending in your day and night.


A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
The veteran steed, excused his task at length,
The kind companion of his failing strength,
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The kind companion of his failing strength,
COWPER'S POEMS.

Skilful alike to seem devout and just,
And stab religion with a side-swear.
Nor those of leafr'd philologists, who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark.
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark;
But such as learning without false presence,
The friend of truth, th' associate of sound sense,
And such as, in the soul of good design,
Strung judgment labouring in the Scripture mine,
All such as many and great souls produce,
Worthy to live, and of eternal use;
Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.
Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,
And while she paddles, perverts the taste;
Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors bear at length one general cry—
Tickle and entertain us, or we die.
The lead demand, from year to year the same,
Bedgears invention, and makes fancy lame;
Till force itself, most mornfully jêuese,
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune;
And novelt S (witness every month's review)
Belike their name, and offer nothing new.
Th' mind, relaxing into thoughtful play,
Should turn to writers of an honest sort,
Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.
Friends, for I cannot stint, as some have done,
Too rigid in my view, that name to one:
Though one, I grant it, in the generous breed
Will stand advanced a step above the rest.
For mercy is that name diversely we call,
But one, the rise, the regent of them all—
Friends, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,
But chosen with a nice discerning taste,
Well-born, well-disciplined, who, placed apart
To regulate the hours mild at heart,
And, though the world may think th' ingredients old,
The love of friendship, and the fear of God!
Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed
A temper rude as the life we lead,
And keep the polish of the manners clean,
As theirs who bustle in the busiest scene;
For solitude, however some may say,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,
A sepulchre, in which the living lie,
Where all our qualities grow sick and die.
I praise the Frenchman; his remark was shrewd—
How sweet, how piquingly, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.
Yet neither these delights, nor what beside,
That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,
Can save a tedious day,
Or shine the dullness of still life away:

* Brumere.

Divine communion, carefully enjoyed,
Or sought with energy must fill the void.
O sacred art, to which alone life owes
To happier seasons, and a peaceful close,
Sound'd in a world, indebted to that sound.
For evil daily felt and hardly borne,
Yet knowing thee, we reap with blessing hands
Flowers of most colour upon thymsa lands,
And, while experience cautions us in pain,
Grasp seeming happiness, and find it pain,
Dependence, self-deserted in her grief,
Lost by abandoning her own relief,
Murmuring and ungrateful discontent,
That scorns afflictions mercifully meant,
Those humours, tars as wires upon the first,
Whose patience and strength we slight;
Those, and a thousand plagues that hasten the
End of the phantom of an earthly rest, [break.
Divine communion chase, as the day
Drives to their doom th' obedient beasts of prey.
See Judah's promised king, bereft of all,
Driven out an exile from the face of Saul,
To distant caves the lonely wanderer flies,
To seek that peace a tyrant's tovindens.
Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,
Hear him, 'O Hierusalem with sorrow yet rejoice;
No weeping, nor waiting grief's part,
No, not a moment, in his royal heart;
The manly voice, such as masters make,
Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake.
His soul exults, hope animates his lay,
The sense of mercy kindles into praise,
And aid, familiar with a lion's roar.
Ring with ecstatic sounds unheard before.
To love the life that can alone defeat
The flies of man, or make a desert sweet.
Religion does not censure or exclude
Union th't pleasure harmoniously pursued;
To study culture, and with arduous toil
To meditate and tame the stubborn soul,
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, or herb, or plant that each demands.
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create;
To mark the matchless workings of the power
That shews within its seed the future flower,
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and odour delightful swell,
Sends nature forth the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes;
To teach the canvas innocent to sleek,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet.
There are the painter's, without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of time.
My poetry (or rather notes that aim
Forth and vanish at poetic fame
Employ'd, shut out from more important views,
Fat by the banks of the slow winding fuse
Content if thus sequester'd I may raise
A monitor's, though not a poet's praise,
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own.
THE TASK,

IN

SIX BOOKS.
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep Of lazy nurse, who sores the sick man dead. Nor his, who would not, but, at midnight hour, To slumber in the carriage more secure; Nor silent sleep, or sleep of those in earth, Or of that slumber, as it falls. Nor yet the doings of the clerk, are sweet, Compared with the repose the Sage yields.

O may I love the stream, and whilst I live
Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene
From pompous artifices, that deface the toe
Of libertine excess. The Sage suits
The guoty limb, 'tis true, but guoty limb,
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel:
For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy green, close crowned by delicious sheep,
And stript thick with intersecture firm
Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
Over hills, through valleys, and by stivers' brink,
Ever since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds,
The Sage is on the road, and the Sage is there;
And still remember, nor without regret
Of hours, that sorrow since has much endured.

Oh! how oft have I felt as if I were
The bumble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hand fate: but such as joyish appetite
Disdaining not; nor the palate, unpraised
Perverts, or arrant nose-comforters.

No Sofa then waited my return;
Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
If we have been a little derided, till then unknown.
Incurring short fatigue; and, though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year was life, but pillars as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep
A youth or a man, and art partner of him now.
Their length and colour from the locks they spare;
The classic spring of an unwonted beauty.
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence.
That play of lungs, inflating and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or slow ascent so to me,
Mine have not failed yet, nor yet impaired
In the youth of the prospect; scenes the Sage smiles
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
Still sooking, and of power to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walk,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast loco'd on mine, with pleasure as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-visit'd, virtuous, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that has last'd doubled life.

Then know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
Our pleasures are not confined to art;
To serve occasions of poetic hour,
Nor genuine, nor a friend of them all.
How oft upon you eminence our race
Has slacked to a pause, and we have borne
The rushing wind, the rain, the danger close.
Thence, with what pleasure have we just discer'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
The holly tree, that swerved not from the
The sturdy swain din'd him to a bed of
track,
Here One, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er.
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Dightened. There bas rooted in their tank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite eims,
That screen the herdsman's solitary seat,
While far beyond, and everwhile the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
Transcend the land in remote regions; not
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of bays—now beauteous rambling, now square tow.
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bust
Just undulates upon the listening ear.
The pipes, that seem to dance upon the remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view.
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long known, and the scrutiny of years;
Prise justly due to those that I describe.

The Sage is on the road, and the Sage is there.
Though not quite unweet, yet rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirits, and restore
The gales—by rampart of tangled wood
Nature's mighty winds, that sweep the
Skirt of some far-spread green
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And fill the spirit while the dill they fill;

Unnumber'd branches waving in the bost,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor could one compass walk or run
Upon that peace, that soars the idea.
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of nature's home, the home, or of life that slip
Through the clift rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon those pebbles, love themselves at length
In midst nautre grass, that with a livell green
Betray the secret of their silent course.
Nature incanting empires sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night; nor these alone, whose notes
Nature-other wise to muses sweet.

That hills the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sober beneath our roofs, and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, pleased highly for their sake.

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought
Devised the weather-house, that useful toy:
Fearless of human air and gaudy rains,
But caving roofs, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud.
The joy, the joy, and ever the looking up,
That hills the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sober beneath our roofs, and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, pleased highly for their sake.

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought
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The joy, the joy, and ever the looking up,
That hills the rising moon, have charms for me.
And sleep not; see him sweating o’er his bread
Before he eats it. To the primal curse
But softened into mercy; make the piece
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By crossing action all his limbs;
Constant rotation of his unweary wheel,
That nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She then breathes
An instant’s pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own sovereignty upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitation the air,
And stir the loapt element for use,
Else no ocean, no sea, nor lakes, nor streams.
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation, even the oak.

Thrice by the rude conclusion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud disdain.
Frowning, as if in his uncomposing arm
He held the thunder. The universal power
Owes his firm stability to what he seems,
More far below, the more distrust abroad.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from his subjugated state.
From innumerable toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sidereal stretch their lazy length
While custom binder, bent to confinement find.
For none they need — theargsy eye, the cheek
Deserted of its thorn, of its thorn, its thorn,
And wither’d, and the rapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he consecrated the two hours he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Meaner life
By true worth, the comfort it affords,
And therein alone seems worth the name.
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs.
Enigma itself prevails in them.
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinklet fronted
The veteran shows, and, gracing a grey beard
With youthful mien, descends toward the grave
Sprightliness, and old amidst, with want decay.
Like a coy maiden, ease when courted most,
Forsooth retired... an idler, at whose chide
Who oftmost sacrifices are favour’d least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature’s dictate. Strange! there should be
Who, self-imprison’d in their proud saloons, [found
Reco’r the colours of the open field
For the unculti’ed fiction of the lawn;
Who, satisfied with only pencil’d scenes,
Refer to the performance of a God.
Th’ inferi’r wanders of an artist’s hand
Lovely indeed the mimic works of art;
But nature’s works for lover. I admire,
None more admirer, the painter’s magic skill,
Who shows of which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And draws those Italian light walls;
But insinuate strokes can do no more.
Than please the eye—sweet nature’s every sense.
The air caracумfens of her lofty hills.
The soothing fragrance of her dewy vales,
And auscult of her woods — no works of man
May rival these; these all bespeak a power
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;
’Tis free to all — ’tis every day renew’d;
Who scorn it starves discernedly at home.
He does not scorn it, who, imprisoned long
In some whituoso dungeon, and a prey
To shallow sickness of curtours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light:
His cheek revives; his eye is bright and clear;
His eye, resumes its extinguish’d fires;
He walks, he talks, and when he’s with joy,
And turns in the sweets of every breeze.
He does not scorn it, who has long endured
A fever’s agitations, and fuel on drugs.
Nor yet the martite, his blood inflamed
With acrid smoke, who has made the breathless,
To gaze at nature in her green array.
Upon the ship’s tall masts, stand’d, poss’d
With visions prompted by imaginative desire:
Fair fields appear below, as such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find.
He seeks them bending, and is seen no more.

**See the foregoing note.**
The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;  
The lowering eye, the petition, the brow,  
And sullen sadness, that o'ershades, diestort,  
And wastes the beauty, when the sadder, the pear.  
For such immeasurable woes appear,  
The breast's care, and both the soul and verse.  
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her  
It is the constant resolution, staid  
And least these repeated joys,  
That pales and satiates, and makes insipid life  
A tedious task, that bows the heavier down.  
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb: the heart  
Recalls from its own choice—at the full feast  
It furnish'd scorns to music in the song.  
No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.  
Who would still desire to journey on,  
Though half, and weary of the path they tread.  
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,  
But cannot shuffle, that now her hand  
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort  
Her mingled cards and sequences; and sits,  
Spectators both and spectator, a sad  
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.  
Others are drawn to the reading room  
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,  
Through downright inability to rise,  
Till the stout barriers lift the corpse again.  
These speak a loud monotony. Yet even these  
Can crowd clean away the cold they touch,  
Conveying worthless dust into its place;  
'Lo! when they beg, dumb only when they steal.  
To conjure clean away the cold they touch,  
In human mould, should brutalize by choice  
He natured, and thought the capable of arts.  
By which the world might profit, and himself,  
Selfish not from society, prefer  
Such epochal block to homely tull!  
Yet even those, though feigning sickness oft,  
They震动 the fonder, aiding their lamping limbs  
And vest their flesh with artificial sauce.  
Can change their white into a mournful note,  
When safe occasion offers; and with dance,  
And music of the blunder and the bag,  
Regale their woes, and make the woods resound.  
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy  
The houseless rovers of the byssan world;  
And, breathing, wholsom air, and wandering much,  
Need other physic none to heal the effeas  
Of hardy heart, frigid, labor, and cold.  
Bless'd be, though undisguish'd from the  
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,  
Where man, by nature fence, has laid aside  
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,  
The manners and the arts of civil life.  
His heart is indeed more generous, but supply  
Is obvious, placed within the easy reach  
Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.  
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil;  
Not rude and squalid, and beset with thorns,  
And vulnerable to sight, but when she springs  
(If ever she spring spontaneous) in pristine  
And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,  
And strength is lord of all: but gentle, kind,  
By culture, nobly, by freedom refin'd,  
And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.  
Wor and the chase engross the savage whole:  
What follow'd for revenge, or to supplant  
The envious tenure of some happier spot;  
The chase for sustenance, precious trust!  
His hard condition with severe constraining  
Bind all his faculties, forbids all growth  
Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns  
By circumvallation, undeviating fate.  
Mean self-attachment, and scarce might beside.  
Then fare the subdued inhabitants of the north,  
And thus the rangers of the western world.  
Where it advances far into the deep,  
Toward the Arctic. Even the fowler's trade  
So lately found, although the constant sun  
Closed all their seasons with a grateful smile,  
Clouds all little virtue; and inert  
Through plenty, in misrule what they gain  
In mannerly toils, and idle, so ease.  
These therefore I pity, placed remote  
From all that science traces, arts invent,  
Or inspiration teach, and extend soul  
In boundless oceans, never to be pass'd  
By navigators unfor'd, as they  
By good fortune, or by British bark again.  
But far beyond the rest, and with most case
Thee, gentle savage, whom no love of thee
Or thee, nor the barest hope of delight,
Or ease vain glory, prompted us to draw
From thy native bowers, to show thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and suspend life.
The dream is past; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoa and bananas, palms and yams.
And homestead thatch'd with leaves. But hast
Thou found
Their former charms? And, having seen our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports
And heard our music: are thy simple friends,
Thy simple face, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Lost nothing by comparison with ours?
Rude as we are, (for we return'd thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of the surge, that bathes thy foot,
If ever it wash'd our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his country, thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and subject state,
From which no power of thine can raise her up.
Thou fanciest thee there, and, though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.
She tells thee, too, that duty every hour
Thost climb; the mountain top, with eager eye
Exploring far and wide the watery waste
For sight of ship from England. Every speck
Seen in the dim horizon, turns thee pale
With conflict of conflicting hopes and fears.
But thou'st not in doubt and winking eye,
And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepared
To dress all out of what the sky denied.
Alas! expect it not. We found no boat
To tempt us to thy country. Doing good,
Distracted good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
And must be brought to comprehend again
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.
But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft: In proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most nostrum sewer,
The drags, and mire, of every land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begats its likeness. Rarck abundance breeds
In gross and pampered cities, sloth, and lust,
And wantonness, and glutinous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease.
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can never triumph there.
Beyond the achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurseries of the arts,
Which they flourish most; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of those who see their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaimed
The fairest capital of all the world,
Rejoice and inconstancy the worst.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A luminous mirror, in which nature seen
All her retracted features. Bacoon there

Given more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The powers of sculpture, but the style as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms see'er she will,
The richest scenery and the lovliest forms.
Where finds philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at your burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts its spots?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and row.
Measures an atom, and now girls a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so distress'd, and so supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing, London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than she,
A more accomplished world's chief glory now.
She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two,
That so much beauty would do well to purge
And show this queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul; so witty, yet not wise.
It is not scans, not good report,
That she is slack in discipline; more prompt
To ave than to prevent the breach of law;
That she is right in demising death
On petty rubbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and often honours too,
The perpetrators of the law to-day.
That thieves at home must hang; but he, that puts
Into his sovereign and boasted purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profound dissimulation,
Of holy writ, she has presumed to annul
And abrogate, as readily as the may
The total ordinance and will of God.
Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
And covering all authority in mists
And customs of her own, till sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms.
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorced.
God made the country, and man made the

What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who are here,
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of leisure, and taste no scenes
But such as art centres, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at moon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer utensils. Your song confounds
Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
Scared, and th'offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public voice in your mouth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Traced with a sword, and writher of a fans,
Has made, what credit, spirit, or have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.
THE TASK.

BOOK II.

THE TIME-PIECE.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book.—Peace among the nations recommended, on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow.—Prodigies enumerated.—Subterranean earthquakes.—Men rendered speechless by the sight of things that stop at secondary causes reproved.—Our own late misadventures accounted for.—Statistical notices taken of our trips to Fontainebleau.—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation.—The bard to the pulpit.—To the good preacher.—Picture of a theological clerical coxcomb.—Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved.—Apostrophe to popular applause.—Retailers of ancient philosophy punished.—An apostrophe to men, and a hint to the effects of sacrifice in exciting mirth. Their folly and extravagance.—The mischief of profusion.—Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, enacted, as to its principal causes, to the want of discipline in the universities.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness, Some boundless solitude of shade, Where rumour of oppression and deceit, Of unaccountable or successful war, Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd, My soul is sick, with every day's report Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd. There is no flesh in man's cultivated heart, It does not feel for man: the natural bond Of brotherhood is sever'd as the snow, That falls unsaw'd at the touch of fire. He bids his fellow guilty of a skin Not colour'd like his own; and having power To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey. Lands intersected by a narrow strait Aber each other. Mountains interposed Make enemies of nations, who had else Like kindred drops been coloquied late one. Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys: And, worse than all, and must be blasphe'd As human nature's broadest, fullest life, Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart Wipes, when the seen inflict on a heart. Then who is man? And what man, seeing this, And having human feelings, does not blush, And hang his head, to think himself a man? I would not have a slave to till my ground, To ear it, to fam my while I sleep, And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth That slaves bought and sold have ever earned. No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's Just estimation prized above all prices, I had much rather be myself, the slave, And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him. We have no slaves at home—then why abroad? And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave That parts us, are humbly and low-bred, 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 bequests a nation proud And progeny of the blessing. Spread it then, and let it circulate through every vein Of all our empire; that, where Britain's power Is full, manhood may feel her every wave. Sure there is need of social intercourse, Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid, Between the nations in a world that seems To tell the death-bell of its own decay, And by the voice of all its elements

To break the general dooms.

When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy? When did the waves so heartily overtop Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry? Fears from beneath, and meteors from above, Fortunate, unexampled, unexplained,

Woe! we! kindred beacons in the skies; and the old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits More frequent, and forgotten her usual rest. It is a time to wrangle, when the props And pillars of our planet seem to fall, And nature! with a dim and sickly eye
To want the close of all? But grant her end More distant, and that prophecy demands A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet; Still they are bawling signals, and deep groans Displeasure in His breast, who smites the earth Or breaks it, makes it languish or rejoice. And it is but soon, that, where all desire And stand expost'd by common pecuniary To what no law have felt, there should be peace, And brethren in calamity should love. Howars for Sicily! rude fragments now Like ashes, where the great high column stood. Her palaces are dust. In all her streets The voices of singing and the spoiltly chanted Are silent. Receiv'd, and dance, and show, Suffer a syncope and solemn pause; While God perform his upon the trembling stage Of his own works his dreadful part alone. How does the earth receive him?—with what signs Of gratulation and delight his reign? Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad, Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums, Disposing paradise where'er he trends? She quotes at his approach. Her hollow words, Conceiving thunder, through a thousand deeps And fiery caverns, rains beneath his foot. The hills move lightly, and the mountainssmoke, For he has touch'd them. From th' extremest Of elevation down into the depths, [point His wrath is duty, and his brow is felt. The rocks fall howling, and the valleys rise, The rivers rush forth their offensive floods, And, charged with putrid vesture, breaths a groan And mortal radiance into all the air. What solid was, by transformation change.
Crows fluid: and the first and rooted earth, 
Tormened into hollows, heaves and swells, 
Or wind and voiceless wind, 
Sucks down its prey insatiable. 
Insaneness 
The terrors and the overthrow, the pausing 
And agens of brute 
Multitudes, fugitive on every side, 
And fugitive in vain. 
The gives scope 
Migrates uplifted; and with all its soil 
Ailng in far distant fields, finds out 
A new possessor, and survives the change. 
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought 
To an enmity and forbidding height, 
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice 
Which winds and waves ove, invades the shore, 
Penetrates. 
Never such a sudden flood, 
Uplifted so high, and sent on such a charge, 
Fixes there the same. 
We are now the dazng 
That precedes the beach, and, hasty to depart, 
Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone, 
Gone with the swelling wave into the deep. 
A prince with half his people! Ancient towers, 
Ancient cities, 
Shall melt! The deep, 
Where beauty and letter'd worth consume 
Life in the unproducorc shades of death, 
Endurance 
Hanging on their ruin. 
And, happy in their unforeseen release 
From the charm of restraint, enjoy 
The terrors of the day, that sent them free; 
[fast, 
Flee, 
Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee 
Except at his own wish; 
That even a judgment, making way for thee, 
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake? 
And the silent 
Such does it; 
Kneels in heaven, that it turns down to earth, 
An act of God's will. 
On God's behalf, lays waste his fiendish works. 
The very elements, though each be instant, 
The inhabitants that serve his wrath. 
Conspire against him. 
With his breath he draws 
A line, and cannot use 
Life's necessary means, but he must die. 
Surmise rise to overwhelm him: or, if stormy winds 
Rise, and sue for better 
And, needing none assistance of the storm, 
Shall fill themselves abode, and reach him there. 
The earth shall make him out of all his holds. 
Or make his house his grave; for content, 
Shall conquer all the actions of the soul. 
And drown him in his dry and dusty gulf. 
What then? 
Was there the wicked above all; 
And we the righteous, whose fast-anchor'd's he 
Moved not, 
Wherein there was clock'd, like a light skiff, 
The heart of man, 
No; 
None are clear, 
And more than we more guilty. 
But, where all stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts 
Of wrath and woe, God may choose his mark. 
May perish if he please, the less, to warn; 
That his real and proper, 
This whole nation, 
And manifest results, into the will 
And arbitration wise of the suprême. 
But not this, or any thing, and 
The heart of our concerns (since from the least 
The greatest of origination); could change 
Find place in his dominion, or dispose 
one lawless particle to thwart his plan; 
Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen 
Contingence might alien him, and disturb 
The mark of the course of his affairs. 
This truth philosophy, though eagle-eyed 
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooked; 
And having more future, forgets, 
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still, 
Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims 
His hot displeasure against foolish men, 
That live an abominable life; involves the heaven 
In dark and ghastly gray upon the winds, 
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague 
Kinsmen throw the skin, 
And pesters the breadth of blooming health. 
He calls for famine, and the meagre food 
Beneath this heaped-up earth, 
And stains the golden ear. 
He springs his miasmas, 
Fitch steps the wisely philosophic, and tells 
Of hemorrhage and discant springs 
And principles; of cause, how they work 

By necessary laws their sure effects: 
Of action, and re-action: he has found 
The source of the disease that nature seizes, 
And bids the world take heart and banish fear 
Thou fool! wilt thy discovery of the cause 
Solve the secret of effect, or heal it? 
Has not God 
Still wrought by means since first he made the 

And did he not of old employ his means 
To drown it? What is his creation less 
Than a capacious reservoir of means? 
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will? 
Lo, dress thine eyes with eye-salve: 
ask of him, 
Or set of whomsoever he has taught; 
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all. 
England, with all thy faults, I love thee still; 
My country: and, while yet a sock is left, 
Where England's minds and manners may be found, 
Shall be continued in love thou. 
Though thy 
Be sickly, and thy year most part deform'd; 
[clime 
With dripping rains, or with'd by a frost, 
I would not yet exchange thy hollow skies, 
And feel not a flower, for warmer France 
With all her vines; nor for Austen's groves. 
Of golden fruitless, and her myrtle bowers. 
To shake thy senses, and the heights sublime 
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire 
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task: 
But I can feel their fortunes, and partake 
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart 
As any dweller on the land I can feel 
Thy sufferings; and with a just disdain 
Frowns on at effeminates, whose very looks 
Enchanted darkness; on the face I love. 
Now, in the name of soldiership and sense, 
Shall England do? as when it makes such things, 
And tender as a girl, all enamoured 
Smoth 
With colours, and as prateful as sweet; 
To sell their soldier for a nightly wreath, 
[those 
And love when they should fight; when such as 
Presume to say they will bind the sunk 
Of her magnificent and awful cause? 
Time was when it was praise and boast enough 
In every clime and land (and, if we might, 
That we were born her children. 
Truant unseen 
To fill the ambition of a private man, 
That Chatham's language was his brother tongue, 
And Wolfe's great name companion with his own. 
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them 
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen 
Each in his field of glory, one in arms, 
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap 
Of smiling victory that moment won, 
And Chatham heart-sack of his country's shame! 
They made as many soldiers. Chatham, still 
Consulting England's happiness alone, 
Secured it by an unforgiving crown. 
If any wronged her, Wolfe, whom she bought 
But so much of his heart and mind were spent, 
That his example had a magnetic force, 
And all were sworn to follow whom all loved. 
These sons are set, the rest of England's such! 
Or all that we have left is empty talk 
Of old achievements, now so very, 
Now boast the sail, and let the streamers float 
Upon the wan breeze. 
Sieve the deck with 
And lavender and sprinkle liquid scents; 
That no rude savour maritime invade 
The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft 
Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes; 
That winds and waters, herald ye 
May bear us safely to the shade above! 
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass. 
True, we may thank the poetry of France, 
That picked the jewel out of England's crown, 
With all the cunning of an ensign shrew, 
And let that taste, which is our pick of taste! 
A brave man knows no malice, but at ease 
Forgets in peace the injuries of war, 
And gives his direz for a friend's embrace. 
And, dammed as we have been, to the very beard 
Bearded and defiled, and in our own sea poured 
Too weak for those decisive blows, that once 
Ensured us, we were to retain. 
Some small pre-enemies we joyously 
At least superior jocularity, and claim 
The honours of his shrill old lips, 
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek, 
And show how the share, ye here so general, in your 
In foreign eyes—be grown and win the plate, 
Where once your nother fathers won a crown! 
This generous to communicate your skill
To those that need it. Folly is soon learned: And under such preceptors who can fail? Whose praises in their praise they respect themselves. Which only poets know. The shifts and turns, The expedients of a poet's muse. To which the minds resort, in chase of terms. Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win— To arrest the careless, that mistake the film The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast, And force them still, till he has posessed it! A faithful likeness of the forms he views; Then to dispose his copies with such art, That each may find its most propitious light, And shine by situation, hardly less Than he by the labour and the skill it cost; Are occupations of the poet's mind. So pleasing, and that steal away the thought With such address, from sources of sad import, That, lost in his own musings, happy man! His foe is not so much as to rejoice, And will not learn. Their wooded entertainments, all retire. Such joys he has that sings. But ah! not such, Or seldom such, the hearers of his song. Festitious, or else listless, or perhaps Are nothing of something in a task They never understood, it little note His dangers or escapes, and haply find That scarce an audience where he found the most. But is amusement all? Studious of song, And yet ambitious not to sing in vain, I would not write merely, though the world Be loveliest in their praise who do no more. Yet what is greater glory or more gay? It may confess a folio, may chastize The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress, Reinstitch a sword-braid, or dispose a patch; But where are its subscriber trophies found? What voice has it subdued? whose heart reclamed By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform? Alas! Leathan is not so famed: Laugh'd at, he languish'd again; and stricken hard, Torn to his stroke his admitter scales, That fear no discipline of human hands. The pulpit, therefore (and I name it ill'd) With solemn awe, that bids me well beware With what I would in it a fair form. The pulpit (when the satirist has last, Scratching and vaporing in an empty school, Spent all his force, and made me no proselyte) I say the pulpit (in the sober use Of its legitimate and even and usual stand, Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall The most important and effectual guard, Support, and ornament of virtue's cause. There stands the messenger of truth: there stands The legate of the skies! his theme divine, His office sacred, his credentials clear. By him the high and low speak, In his thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet As angels use, the gospel whispers peace. The true, the strong, rests, Reclains the wanderer, binds the broken heart, And arr'd himself in panoply complete Of heavenly temper, furnish'd with arms Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule Of only misanthropes while they pretend, The sacramental host of God's elect! Are all such teachers?—Would to heaven all were! But hear—the doctor's voice—fast-vedged between Two empires he stands, and with swollen cheeks Inspects the news, his trumpet. Room for Than all involved is his holl harangue, While through that public organ of report He bears the story, and, defining shame, Announces to the world his own and theirs! He teaches those to read, whom schools disdain'd, And college, untainted; sells accret, tone, And embliss in score, and gives to prayer The ad in the decalogue, he bears. He grinds divinity of other days Done into modern use; transfers old print To sieve manuscript, and cheats the eye Of gallery critics by a thousand arts. Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware? O, name it not in Gath!—it cannot be. The most learned clerks should need such He doubts is in sport, and does but droll, Assuming thus a rank unknown before— Grand matter of the church! He鉴于 the man, whose heart is warm, Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose Coincident, exhibit this my proof [life, That he is honest in the sacred cause. To such I render more than mere respect, Whose actions in their praise they respect themselves. But loose in morals, and in manners vain, In conversation extreme and at times facetious, Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse; Frequent in part with lady at his side, As if it is a scandal as he goes; But rare at home, and never at his books, Or with his teacher, till he has posessed it! Constant at routs, familiar with a round Of ladieships, a stranger to the poor; A mistress of precept for its gold, And well-prepared, by ignorance and sloth, By mediocrities from my side. To make God's work a scribbling; a slave To his own pleasures and his patron's pride: From such apostles, O ye mitred heads! Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands On any of her mysteries, and will not learn. Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul. Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own. Paul should himself direct, would he not teach His master-strokes, and draw from his design. I would express him simple, grave, sincere; In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain, And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste, And true, in all his works. Himself, as conscious of his awful charge, And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds May walk in the light of the Lord. May it yet be so, a spectacle in the Lord. And tender in address, as well becomes An exhorter to guiltless men. Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom? The things that mount the rostrum with a skip, And an example down, show an awkward pen. Cry—humble; and reading what they never wrote, Just to serve up what they never wrote. And with a well-bred whistle close the scene! In man or woman, but far most in man, And most in all in those who minister, And serve the altar, in my soul I hear All allusion. 'Tis my perfect scar: Object of my implacable disgust. What will a man play tricks, will he intrigue A silly fools conceit of his fair form. And just proportion, fashionable men, And pruy tie, in presence of his God? Or will he seek to dazzle me with toys, As with the diamond on his lily hand, And play his brilliant parts before my eyes, When I am hungry for the breadth of life? He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shame His noble office, and instead of truth, Disharging his own beauty, starves his flock. Therefore abhor all attitude, and extreme, And start threaten, practised at the glass! I took divine simplicity, When he handles things divine, and all besides, Though he could with labour, and though much ad He cannot establish a known ill estimates, And sure this declare, to this wise man<br>Te to me is odious as the usual tramps Heard at convents, who are worthy more Men indulged by custom, strain celestial themes Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-beautied, Some just requisitions while they pretend, That task perform'd, relapse into themselves; And, having spoken wisely, at the close Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye, Where'er he was edit'd, themselves were not. First comes the pocket mirror—First we strike An eyewash, next compose a straggling lock; Then with an air most gracefully perform'd Fall back into each ear, extend an arm, And lay it at its ease with gentle care, With his handkerchief in hand depending low: The better hand more busy gives the nose In beretum, or addid the indelible eye With opera glasses, to watch the moving scene, And recognize the slow-retiring fair. New this is false: and offends me more Than in a churchman slovenly neglect And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind May be indifferent to the house of grace; And sly the bough as beneath her care; He never speaks as a man so fine, and wise, And quaint, in its deportment and attitude, Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt. He that neglects the church too fast and too much, As God's ambassador, the grand concern That fills my soul with judgment and of mercy, should beware. Offensiveness in his speech. His pratt
Book II.

The Time of the Soul.

To court a grinn, when you should woo a soul.
To break a jest, when joy would inspire
Pain, and to address
The sithill fancy with facetious tales.
When sent with God's own commission, the heart!
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quiet
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote.
And I cannot understand your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fall.
So, he was serious in a serious case.
And understood too well the weighty terms,
That he had in 'em charge. He would not stoop
To keep up those by jocular exploits,
Whose truth and sobriety would all in vain.
O popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweets, seducing Charon?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their cunning in the greatest guise;
But awful into a gust—who then, alas!
With all his canvas set, and expert
Grace, knowledge, and wisdom disturb
The bliss of the purpose. How much more
Found forth by beauty, spirit, and polite
In language soft as admiration breaths?
Ah spare your idol! think him human still.
Choice, but he has failings too!
Done not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.
Ye truth in immortal source.
Of light divine.
But Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
Drew from the stream below. More favour'd we
Beauties, when we sit at the fountain-head.
To them is flow'd much mingled and divided
With harmless, pious, and dreams.
Bliss of philosophy, so called.
But falsely, Sages after sage's strain
In vain to gather draught
Pure from the least, which often more enhanced
The thirst that stated it, and not seldom bred
A vicious and licentious wild.
So in vain they push'd inquiry to the birth (man?)
In spring-time of the world; asked, Whence is
Why form'd at all? and wherefore is he?
Where must he find his Maker? with what rites
Of him? sorrow, and bliss?
Or does he sit regardless of his works?
Has man within him an immortal seed
Or does the tomb take all? if he survive
His ashes, where? and in what weal or woe?
Worse worthy of what, which alone
A Deputy could solve. Their answers, vague
And all in random, fabulous and dark.
Left them as darks themselves. Their rules of life,
Defective and unsatisf'y'd, proved too weak
To kind the signals, and lead
Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd.
"The revolution satisfies all circuits,
Explain all mysteries, except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life,
That th' holy man is still on more.
Now tell me, dignified and saintly Sir,
Has man of morals, nurtured in the shades
Of Academies, whom, in his needs
Grasps, and needs, and, though a sense is
Of their thirst, and of their cupidity too!

By nature, or by habit made up, taught
To grace, at his own pleasure, and to exalt
Abas'd, but deserving
Or uncriminal'd, and too proud to learn;
Or craven, apt to spate.
Pervert often, by the stream of lewd
And loose example, whom he should instruct;
Envy, and the thirst to broad disgust.
The noblest function, and discredits much
The trust, and makes it for ever seen.
For ghostly counsel; if it either fall
Below the exigence, or be not back'd
With show of love, at least with hopefull proof
Of some sincerity on the giver's part;
Or be disavow'd in the exterior form
And made a complete trick, as a move derision, or by foppish airs
And haustrious mannerism, that let down
The pulse to the level of the first stage.
Drops from the lips a disregarded thing.
The weak part of mankind, but not our taught,
While prejudice in men of stronger minds
Takes deeper root, confirmed by what they see.
A relaxation of religion's hold
Upon the roving and unsteady'd heart
Some phrase will smooth a weakness conscience snap'y,
The laity run wild.—But do they now?
Note their extravagance, and be convinced.

As nations, ignorant of God, constrain
A wooden one; so we, no longer taught
By ancient error, church supplies,
Now make our own. Posteriority will ask
(The power posterior see verse of mine)
Some fifty or a hundred intrussions hence,
What was a monitor in George's days?
My monitor there, is such an abnorm.
Of whom I needs must augur better things,
Since heaven would bare grow weary of a world
Productive of such a human.
A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin,
We wear it coarse, and dark, closely braced
And neatly fitted, it compresses hard
The prominent and most unobliging bases,
Ad-home, at the shoulder.
We prove its use
Sovereign and most effectual to secure
A form not to be touched with the left hand.
From rackets and distortion, also our lot.
But, thus admonish'd, we can erect
One closer in our bosom—our friend
Stick's cross, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
Our seats, still in the house of Laugliere wore,
And by caprice as multiplied as possible.
Just please us while the fashion is at full
Heard a cry of distress from The monster,
Who waits to dress us, arbitrates our date
Surveys his fair reversions with keen eye;
Finds one in ill襄mat'ion,
This fits not nicely, that is ill-conceived;
And, making price of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own.
Vanity the very spice of life.
That gives it all ouravour. We have run
Through every change, that fancy, at the loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
And, audacious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little used,
And strange disguise.
We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our funder lean; puts out our fires.
And introduces hunger, frost, and we,
Where space and hospitality reigns.
What man that lives, and thus knows how to live,
Would fall a victim at the public shows.
A farm as splendid as the proudest there,
Though appetite raise outcries at the cost.
A rent of the own dimes into, but sae enough,
With reasonable forecast and depth,
We acquire a side-luxury at half-price.
You think perhaps, so suitable his dress?
His daily fare as delicate. Alas,
He pick's clean teeth, and as he seems
With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet!
The man is folly's circle, which she draws
With simple wand. So potent is the spell.
The man, decay'd into that fatal ring,
Unblest by Baco's peculiar grace, escapes.
There we grow early gray, but never wise.
These forms connamations, but acquire no friend.
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second-rate talents. He who can't get the old age
To sports, which only childhood would excuse.
There they are happiest, who disseminate best
Their wares, and the most perfect view.
The squander time and treasure with a smile.
Though at the expense of their own destruction.
She asks her dear five hundred friends, contains them all.
And hates their coming. They (what can they less?)
Make just requisites: and, with strings and snares,
And bow obsequies, hide their hate of her.
All catch the fiery eye rivet'd from her face.
Whose flame's best flash against the morning skies.
And girl our chamber ceilings as they sail,
To her, who, frugal only that her thirst
May fast exceed she can ill afford,
Is hackney'd home unluckier'd; who, in haste
All day, on her rump in her own door;
And, at the watchman's lantern bowing light,
Pindaric ode, cold and bitter, alone
With a trifle, worse than a touch with a whip.
Till gowns at length are found more masquerade.
The tassel'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
In a world of spirit, that need of these
For gamblers, jockeys, brotheliers, impure
To the top of tops, and bootleggers, and
With balled waist and pointers at their heels,
In the bounds of duty? What was learnt,
If aught was learnt in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense, as plumes parents bine,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name,
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him, that last can create a link of
Ripper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd, vain world, that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition, thus acquired,
Where science and where virtue are profan'd?
That confusion is not his base, red, fast
His folly, but to spoil him is a task;
That bids defiance to the earth's powers
Of fashion, discretion, leisure, stew,
Now blame we most the nurseries or the nurse?
The covey cackled, as it cackled, and cackled,
Through want of care; or her, whose winking eye
And slumbering oculi mar the brood?
Rere numberless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
That it is dangerous sporting with the world,
With the same as a man's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.
All are not such. I had a brother once—
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too;
Of manly spirit, always ready,
When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles,
He graced a college, in which order yet
Was sacred; and was honour'd, loved, and wept,
By more than one, themselves conscious thence.
Yet, none seems to have been happy, or loud
With such ingredients of good sense, and taste
Of what is excellent in man, they thine
With such a zeal to be what they approved,
That no restraint can circumscribe them more
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.
Nor can example hurt them: what they see
Of vice in others, but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
If such escape contagion, and error
Pure from so foul a pest, to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents, and themselves,
Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth
Exposed their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an un-directed choice.
See them the quiver broken and decay'd,
In which are kept our arrows! Rusting there
In wild neglect, and lost, who know not
What wonder, if discharged into the world,
They shame their shooters with a random flight,
Their pipes obstinate, and fear the drunk wheel wise?
Well may the church wage unsuccessful war
With such artillery. Vice paves wide
Th' undreaded valley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.
Have we not track'd the felon home, and found
His birth-place and his dam? The country mainland,
Means, because every plague that can infest
Society, and that saps and woods the base
Of th' edifice, that policy has raised,
Swarms, in all guises: meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at every turn.
Profess to them, and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found;
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the nobest pedigrees: For let the 'scape
Stand up unconscious, and refuse the charge.
So when the Jewish leader stretch'd his arm,
And waved his rod divine, and clear obeyed
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Villating soils, fields, and plains,
Were cover'd with the pest; the streets were all
The craving nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
Worship, not sages' sages' sages;
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.

Benet's Coll. Cambridge.
THE TASK,

BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

ARGUMENT.

Self-recollection and reproof.—Address to domestic happiness.—Some account of myself.—The vanity of many of their pursuits who are reputed wise.—Jestification of my counsels.—Divine illumination necessary to the true expunction of passion.—What is truth?—escequences —Book's happiness addressed again.—Few lovers of the country.—My home here.—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden.—Pruning.—Framing.—Greenhouse.—Sowing of flower-seeds.—The country preferable to the city.—Reoperation of the last.—What a happiness it is described at that season.—Effects of gaming, and of excessive improvement.—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.

And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm Of novelty, her sickly, frail support: For they are meek and constant, hating change, And finding in the calm of truth-ful, tried love, Jew that her stern's captivity never yield From seeking thee, what that no power have made Of honour, dignity, and fair renown: That prostitution allows us sale In all our crowded streets; and seniles seem Convoced for purposes of empty loss. Then to release th' affluence from her bond. The adorers: what a theme for angry verse! What provocation to th' indulgent heart, That feels for injured love! but I disdain The nauseous task to paint her as she is, Cruel, abandon'd, grieving in her shame! No; let her pass, and charioted along, In guilty splendor, shake the public ways; The frequency of crimes has washed them white, And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch, Whose lustro of new of character maintained, And chase themselves, are not ashamed to own. Virtue and vice had bounded in old time, Not to be pass'd over: and she that had renowned Her eye's bashful was the hardihood of hers. By all that priz'd it; not for prudence's sake, But dignity, the essential of the wrong. The hand perhaps reign here and there a while, Desires to return, and not received: But was a wholesome rigour in the main, And taught th' ambition to preserve with care That purity, whose loss was loss of all. May too were nice in honour in those days, And judged offenders well. Then he that sharp'd, And pocketed a prize by fraud obtained, Was marked and shun'd as odious. He that said His country, or was lack when she required His eye's nerve in action and at stretch, Paid with the blood that he had barely spared, The price of his default. But now—yes, now We are become so candid and so fair, So liberal in construction, and so rich In Christian charity, (good natured age!) That they are safe, thieves of either. Transgress what laws they may. Well dreamest, well bred, Well equipped, he's ticked good enough To pass us readily through every door. Hypocrisy, deserve her as we may. (And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet) May claim this merit still—that she admits The worth of what she mimics with such care,
COWPER'S POEMS. [Test]

much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh, and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.

how then should I and any man that lives
Be scourged and tormented? Peace! let your wrath
Take of the crimson stream meandering there,
And catechise it well; apply thy glass,
Search it, and grave ever if it be not blind.
Congenial with thine own: and, if it be,
What edge of sublithy contum thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound thee to the kind?

true; I am no proficent, I confess,
In arts like yours; I cannot call the swift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath;
I cannot analyze the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder luminous point,
This half of all that moves in the immensae agens:
Such powers I boast not—neither can I rest
A silent witness of the heeding rage,
Or heedless folly, by which thousands die,
Bene of my bone, and kindled souls to ruin.

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom, in his works,
Though the mind, and heart, and hands, and soul
Of heroes little known: and call the rant,
A history: describe the man of whom
It was in him to take but little note.
And paint his person, character, and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
The distinguishing then appeared, and we learn,
In which obscurity has wrapt'd them up,
The threads of polite and shrewd design,
That run through all his purposes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,
Of the heart, the dark chambers, and reveal
Our nature, overlooks her author more.

From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscover'd but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives him his praise, and forsooth not her own.
Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of vanity, that soles all below.
The man who reprobate finds a tomb,
And we that worship him, ignoble graves.

All is bright, all is gleam, all is glory fades
Like the fair flower dierwell'd in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

The man who reprobate finds a tomb,
And we that worship him, ignoble graves.

And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing little games, with such a light,
To distant worlds, and trilling in their own
Lascivious songs: that tickling the conscious truth,
And truth disclaiming both.
And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing little games, with such a light,
To distant worlds, and trilling in their own
Lascivious songs: that tickling the conscious truth,
And truth disclaiming both.

As what is thus spent? and what are they
But frantic, who thus spend it? all for smoke—
Errantry for bubbles gone at last,
A senseless bargain.
When I see such games
Play'd by the creatures of a Power, who swears
That he will judge the earth, and call the foot
To a sharp reckoning, that has lived in vain;
And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,
And prove it in the infallible result
So hollow and so false—i love my heart.
But, let me account the learnt,
If this be learning, most of all deceived.

Great in the conscience, but void, and empty
Wherewithal man is plausibly amused.
Defend me therefore, common sense, say?
It stands the air, and the soil,
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And standing in drawing nothing at all.
Ture well, says one sage erudite, profound,
Terribly arch'd, and aquiline his nose,
And most profound, - the science, - the soil,
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And standing in drawing nothing at all.

But what is truth? Twas Plato's question put
To Truth itself, that dignified him so well,
And wherever? will not God impart his light
To them that ask it.—Freely— to his joy,
His grace, and not the burden of impart.
But to the proud, uncondemned, insincere,
Or neglecting inquirers, it is dark.

What's that, which brings contempt upon a book,
And ties who writes it, though the style be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes a minister in holy things
The joy of many, and the grief of all:
His name a theme for praise and for reproach?
That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
Degenerates and debases us in our own?
What pearl is it, that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up
But which the poor, and the despised of all, Seek and obtain, and often find unsought? To see thee—tremble, if it be true. O friendly to the best pursuits of man, Friendship to thought, to virtue, and to peace, Denies it we? Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets; Thousands, yet millions, have they, and much delight. To understand and choose thee for their own.

But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss, Even as his first progenitor, and quits, Though placed in Paradise, (for earth has still Some traces of her, and with beauty felt,) Substantial happiness for transient joy. Scenes form’d for contemplation, and to nurse The growing seeds of woe; that suggest, By every pleasing image they present, Ray scenes such as collateral joys, Compose the pasions, and exalt the mind; Such scenes as these 'tis his supreme delight To fill with riot and delight with blood.

Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes Were to annihilate the flowers, That draw the sportsman over hill and dale Fearless, and rapt away from all his cares; Should some nameless hand catch her eggs again, Nor balit hook deceiveth the fish's ear; Could pagentry and dance, and feast and song, Excel in all our summer-months' retreats; How many self-deluded nymphs and swains, Which have a taste for fields and groves,

Would find them hidden nurseries of the spleen, And crowd the roads, impeded for the town! They love the country, and none else, who seek For their own pleasure, and not his alone. Delights which who would leave, that has a heart Susceptible of pity, or a mind Cultured and capable of sober thought, For all the savage din of the swift pack, And clamours of the field. Despised sport, That owes its pleasures to another's pain; That feeds upon the souls and dying shrieks Of the bird, that was as lovely as the bud. With eloquence, that apostles inspire, Of silent tears and heart-distressing sighs; Vain tears, alas, and sighs that never find A corresponding tone in jovial souls! Well may the latter be the wise, for the former have Never heard the sanguinary yell Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.

Jealous partner of my peaceful home, Whom ten long years' experience of my care Has made at last familiar; she has lost Much of her vigour, instinctive dread, Not needful; her too tender love of life, Yes—thou mayst eat thy bread, and lick the hand That feeds thee; thou mayst frolic on the floor And lean on her with perfect security To thy thorny couch, and slumber unrested; Fear not more frighted than thy confidence, have pledged All that is human in me, to protect Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.

If I should, and, when I place thee in it, say ing, I can at least one hare that had a friend, How various his employments, whom the world Calls idle; and who justly in return Extends that busy world an idler!—Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen, Delightful industry enjoy'd at home, And Nature in her cultivated trim.

Drest'd to his taste, inviting him abroad— Can he want occupation, who has these? Will he be idle, who has much to enjoy? Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease, Not slothful, happy to resort to ease, Not waste it, and aware that human life Is a long and costly loan, and must be paid with care; When he shall call his debitors to account, From whom are all our blessings, business finds Even here; while sedentary I seek to improve. At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd, The moving spirit, though slack Too oft, and much impeded in its work. By causes not to be divulged in vain, To its just point— the service of mankind. He that attends to his interior self, That has a heart, and keeps it; has mind;

* Note see to the "Epitaph on a Hare."
The stable yields a steraceous heap, 
Ingleivered with quick fermenting Julia, 
And potent to resist the freezing blast.
For, ere the breech and sun have cast their leaf
Decision, when now November he admits no细化,
And which no can obviate. It were long,
Too long, to tell thee expediments and shifts,
Which his flintish arm on snow as severe
Devises, when he guards his tender trust;
And off at last in vain. The learned and wise
Sarcasm would exclaim, and judge the storm
Cold as its theme, and like its theme the fruit
Of too much labor, of too much worst when produced.
Who loves a garden, loves a green-house too.
Unconscious of a less propagating crime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle, and the snows descend.
The spicy myrtle with unweirding leaf
Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Parthenia and us her neophytes.
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
Peep through their polished foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
Th' amazement there with intermingling flowers
And flowers which hang their twigs. Geranium breasts
Her crimson honours; and the spangled beard
Froodies, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants, of every leaf, that can endure
The winter's brown, if screen'd from his shrived breast.
Live there, and prosper. Those Ansonia claims,
Leravinta regions these; th' Azores send
Their laurels, their Jasmine remote.
Canaries: foreigners from many lands,
They burn with one sunshade, as it current
By magic summons of th' Orphean lyre.
Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass
By master's hand, disposing well
The gay diversions of leaf and flower,
Must lend its air to illustrate all the charms,
And dress the regular yet various scene.
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van
The dwarfish; in the rear retired, but still
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand.
So ensambled rang'd the sons of ancient Rome.
A noble show! while Roscias trod the stage;
And so, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,
The sons of Albion; bearing each to lose
Some note of nature's music from his lips,
And coroyns of Shakespeare's beauty, seen
In every flower of his face-brightening eye.
Nor taste alone and well-courtred display
Suffice to give the murmuring fountains the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unseen, and many cares are yet behind.
And sweet immorality: creation which depends
Their vigour injured soon, not soon restored.
The stream must be removed, which often wash'd
Los' its treasure of salubrious salts,
And disappoints the roots: the slender roots
Close upon, where they meet the vane
Must smoothly be borne away; the sapless branch
Must before be cut, the withered limb
Must be lopped, and where it strew'd the floor
Swept with a woman's nestness, breathing else
Contact, and dissipated, from the second stalk's death.
Discharge but these kind offices, and who
Would spare, that loves them, offices like these? 
Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleasant.
The scent regaled, each odoriferous leaf
Each opening bloom, fresh breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.
So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
All healthful, are 'th employed of rural life,
Reiterated as the wheel of time
Roses round, still and beginning still.
Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,
That softly swell'd and gaily dress'd appears
A flowery island, from the dark-green lawn
Emerging, must be deemed a labour due
To master hand, and ask the touch of taste.
Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd
And sweetened essence (each giving each relief)
And by contrasted hues, this shining mage
Is needful. Strength may wield the ponderous
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost house;
In elevation, chief grace the garden shows,
And instinct with the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polliam's mind.
Within it, all is going upon
To which th' impud citizen resists.
Near yeader breath; where industry miened,
But proof of his smooth, ill-chosen task,
How high in heaven, with violets and suns
Of close-rum'd stones has charged th' encumber'd
And fairly laid the crozets in the dust.
BE, therefore, who would see his flowers disposed
Shine high and in the girt be given.
The bees the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecast the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceived display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Competing, may attest his bright design.
Nor even then, dismissing as performed
His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.
Few self-supported flowers endure the wind
Unjudged, but expect th' unfolding aid
Of the cruel frost, prop, and waste tied.
Are wedded thus, like beauty to age, old
For interest sake the living to the dead.
Some clothe the soil that feeds them, for diffused
And lovelv creeping, modest and yet fair,
Else as the thistle, alien with some seen;
Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
With claspine tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else wand'ring, with many a gay flower
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.
All hate the rank society of woods,
Nissens, and ever greedy to exhast,
The chaste blush; an overbearing race.
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
Descend in order, and degrade true worth.
O bliss'd condition to be free from a jarring world,
Which he, thus occupied, enjoy'd; Retreat
Could not, and therefore in solitude,
Lost innocence, or cancel follies past;
But in peace, and much secures the mind.
From all assaults of evil, proving still
A faithful barrier, not o'erwhelmed with ease
By violence customary.
Abroad, and desolating public life.
When fierce temperament, seconded within
By an ardent mind, is armed with darts.
Temper'd in hell, invades the breathing breast
To combat which may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us; but to fly is safe.
Had I the choice of solitary good,
When, & who is there, that I may no see?
Health, leisure, means to improve its friendship.
Peace.
No loose or wanton, though a wandering muse,
And constant occupation without care.
That bless'd I draw a picture of that bliss;
Hopeless, indeed, that dissipated minds,
And profligate aimers of a world
Created fair so much in vain for them.
Should seek the guiltless joys that I describe,
Adored by my heart, but not less by me,
That self-condemn'd they must neglect the prize,
And what they will not fast must yet approve.
What we admire we praise; and, when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that, on its worth
Acknowledged, it may countenance it too.
I therefore recommend, though at the risk
Of popular disapprobation and free
The cause of peace and sacred truth,
And virtue, and those scenes, which God ordain'd
Should be the nurse and comfort of man;
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
Forsook, or, if only gently enjoy'd,
Pure is the nymph, though nurs'd in her smile,
And chaste, though unconform'd, whom I exalt,
Much past the pride of sallow, she and beauty,
Valeglorious of her charms, his Virtus fair,
To grace the full pavilion. His design
Was but to boast his own peculiar good.
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My character is wiser, the same now:
And she that sweetens all my bitters too.
Nature, enchanting nature, in whose form
And lineaments I trace a pace
That err not, and find raptures still renew'd
To tree to all immortal prize.
Strange that so fair a creature should yet want
Admiration, and be destined to divide
With meaner objects even the few she finds!
Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flowers
She loses all her influence.
Cities then
Attract us, and neglected nature gains
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.
But are not wholesome airs, though perfumed
By roses; and clear suns, though scarcely felt;
And groves, if unhaunted, yet secure
Their charm, and those the silence charm's.
To be prefer'd to smoke, to the eclipse
That metropolitan volcanoes make,
When bespotted, grow'st a place to be despised
Day and darkness all day
And to the air of commerce, driving slow,
Leng:
And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels?
They would be, were not madness in the head,
And folly in the heart: were England now,
White England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
And understanding, but we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days,
And all their honest pleasures. Ministries once
Rave their own masters; and liberous hands,
Who had survived the father, served the son.
Now the country stars, and they that feed th' overcharged
Soldiers the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrouds, riper, ere it holds again.
Excites are landscapes, gazed upon a while.
Then advertised, and auction'd away.
The country stars, and they that feed th' overcharged
And surfeited long with her fair dews,
By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.
The wings that weft our riches out of sight,
Grew on the gauntlet's elbows, and th' airt
And nimble motion of those restless joints
That never tire, seem form'd for all away.
Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes!
'Ver uncivilized magician, blind, appears!
Down falls the venerable pine, th' abode
Of our forefathers—a grave whisht race,
Saxemaster, Spring, in its steps,
But in a distant spot; where more exposed
It may enjoy the advantage of the north,
And again east, till time shall have transform'd
Those naked acres to a sheltering grove.
He speaks. 'Tis like in front of a house;
Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise;
And streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the track of his directing wand.
Solitary, or, straight, now rapid and slow,
Winding off, as if it were a dreaming castle—
Even as he bids? 'T is unpru'dent owner smiles.
'Tis finish'd, and yet, finish'd as it seems,
Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,
A mine to satisfy th' envious cost,
Drain'd to the last poor cells of his wealth,
He sighs, departs, and leaves th' accomplish'd
prize.
That he has touch'd, retreat'd, many a long day,
Labeur'd, and many a night pursued in dreams,
'tis now his heart, and proves the
heaven.
He wanted, and the healthier to enjoy!
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come,
When, having no stake left, no pledge to endure
The errors, or that gives the sacred caution
A moment's operation on his love,
Her burns, when the bright fragrant seal,
To serve his country. Ministerial grace
Deals him out money from the public chest;
Or, if the most correct, in a purse
Supplies his need with a veryious loan,
To be refunded daily, when he votes.
Well managed shall have earn'd its worthy price.
O innocent, candid with arts like these,
Craving in return a friend, a betrayer,
The world of wandering knights and squires to
London ingraft them all!! The shark is there
And the shark's prey; the spendthrift, and the leech
That makes him: these the sophist, and he
Who, with bareheaded and bespectacled bows,
Begs a warm office, dooms'd to a cold jail.
And great per diem, if his patron frowns.
The levee swarms, as if in golden pomp
Were character'd on every statesman's door;
Battered and bankrupt, fortunes mended here.
These are the charms that silly and eclipse
The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe,
That lean, hard-handed poverty inflicts,
The hope of better things, the chance to win,
The wish to shine, the thirst to be amused,
That in the sound of winter's hoary wing
Unpeople all our countless of such herds
Of flatterers, lusting, cringing, begging, lose,
And wasting vagrants, as make London, vast
And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.
O thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
Check'd with all complections of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more than I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled face,
That pinnacled and yet shock'd me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can despise.
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee:
Ten righteousness would have saved a city once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else,
And therefore more odious, at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had power to be;
For whom God heard his Abraham plead in vain.
THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

ARGUMENT.

The post comes in.—The newspaper is read.—The world contemplated at a distance.—Address to winter.—The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones.—Address to Evening.—The stately rivers, &c.—The rural thief.—Public houses.—The multitude of them considered.—The farmer's daughter: what she was—what she is.—The simplicity of country manners almost lost.—Causes of the change.—Description of the country by the rich.—Reflections on education.—Reflections on bodies corporate.—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.
COWPER'S POEMS.

[29th.]

He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
The honey-maker on every side
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repeat for me.

I read his sheik, I read his book,
Ascend his topmost, 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 check,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

O Winter, ruler of the inured heart,
Thy scattering hair with short like ashes are,
Thy breath coagul'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Frilled with a beauteous white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrinkled in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A staff, that with a shudder bends to no power.
Bu'rged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unloved as thou art,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet unawaking east,
Shedding his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the roy west; but kindly still
Compenisating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive case,
And gathering, at short notice in the group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crowed as they kissed of intimate delights,
Fire side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And situations in the heart.

And un disturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, now.
No roar among the rocks or stoning tower
What seen delights him not; then coming home
Descends a flood, and he that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with brush in hand and palette spread,
With colours mixed for a different use,
Paint cards, and dots, and every idle thing,
That fancy finds in its exulting flight.

O Creature, one again, seasons of peace;
Return, sweet evening, and continue long,
Methinks I see thee in the cowry's eye
With matron step slow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy sleepless train; one hand employs
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day.
Not sumptuously adorm'd, not needing aid,
Like honeysweet featured, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just standing on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is bright
No less can shine indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grace in the purple zone,
Bespeckled less, but of an ample round.

Come then, and thou shalt find thy volatile, or may
Of thine own is thy gift
And, whether I devote my gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird, or smiling flower;
Or turning silken threads round very relics
When they command whom man was born to please;
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.
Thus when our drawing rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection magnified
From many a mirror, in which he of Gatha,
Gandah, might have seen his giant bark
Whose without stooping, towering crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
The growing hour may satisfy while
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadow to the ceiling, there by its
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
Not UNDULIGHTFUL is an hour to me
So spent in patronage, oh, no no no.
Suites well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contents where with some new Theseus
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.

Laugh ye, who boast your more mortal powers,
That never felt a shiver, never a gale,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless, a sed Winter breeze is not always thin.

Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Sooth'd with a waking dream of hope, twira,
Torns, churchs, and stranger visages, exposed
In the red cinders, while with puring eye

Call coniody, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces from the floor to the roof,
(As one man might construe 'em all) But as
Relax'd into a universal grin,
Seems a common-place there that speaks of joy,
Half seen through a haze, or so, and then as ears.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks,
That idleness has ever yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
To palliate dullness, and give time a shore.
Time, as he passes us, has a clever wing,
Unsoiled and swift, and of a silken sound;
But the world's time is time in masquerade;
Their, shiul, I should paint him, has his pinions fledged
With motley plumes; and, where the peacock shows
His azure eye, is tincbured black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Essences of rose, and traces of smile,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graces;
What should be, and what was an hourglass once,
 Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard-scene
Well does the work of his destructive Site.
Thus deck'd, he charms a world when fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleased when idle most;
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
Even misfits, at whose age their mothers were
The bearing and the birth, assume the dress
Of womanhood, fitt pupils in the school
Of curt-devoted time, and night by night
Placed an insight, some vacant corner of the board.
Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.
But treat with care, lest I have been
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
As he that travels far oft turns aside
To view some group of rocks or moldering tower
Which seen delights him not; then coming home
Deserts and it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with brush in hand and palette spread,
With colours mixed for a different use,
Paint cards, and dots, and every idle thing,
That fancy finds in its exulting flight.
The Winter Evening

I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amusing have I quenched watch'd
The sooty films, that play upon the bars
Andiamo, and crowds over the landmarks
Of superstition, propounding still—

Though still deceived, some stranger near ap
Ward told to his full strength, absorb'd and lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the boilter shudder, summons home
The recollected powers; and snapping short
The glassy threads, with which the fancy weaves
Her fictitious soil, restores me to myself.

'With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
Biosis in feeding, and piling each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless graves
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scars, inscribed rank of awe.

To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
What if he silently seemed outworn,
And slowly, and by most inefficient, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.

Farewell a season, where the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Announces winter's approach; Earth receives
Gladsly the thickening mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
Escapes unharmed beneath as warm a veil.

In such a world, so thirsty, and where none
Pores happiness or content exists,
Were some mildly shower at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and so bin
Against the law of love, to measure lets
With less distinguishable than ourselves; that thus
We may avoid the bear our moderate+ late,
And sympathize with others, suffering more.

Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The vain goes heavily, impeded now
Backward a wind, and driven to the south.
To the clog'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Northward is pointed, by the piercing cold.

The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by inspiration strong
Forces downcast look, and consolidates core.
Upon their jutting chest. He, bound to bear
The load of sin, and drink the poisonous night.
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the stormy, plots on.
Came, came, when with both
He brandishes his plant length of whip,
Riding on, and bravely bound for heaven.

The piercing cold, but feels it unanswered.
The learned finger never need explore
The vigorous pulse; and the unboasted east.
When glad, the east, and each, and every one
Of the inmates, is wholesome air to these.
Thy days roll on, except from household care
'Where wags thy wisest: and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro
Taking, if independent on thy care.
Ah treat them kindly! rule as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy; which the great
Will not bestow on him, provided he be from place to place.

Humane as they would seem, not always show,
The love, modest, quiet, neat.
Such claim companion in a night like this,
And have a friend at hand, to cheer the frail.

Warred, while it lasts, by labor, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at it,
Both horned, if the weather be foul.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scantly stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.

The few small embers she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outward hands,
Crowds, and ransacks, and tugs at the underlocks,
Rests, content to quake, so they be warm'd.

The men feel least, as more inured that she
To winter; and thus their lives repose
More briskly moved by his severer toil;
Yet he too knows in his toil,
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangel'd along the cold fingers' end.

Just when the day declin'd; and the brown leaf
Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
Of savoury pies, or butter, colder still;
Sleep seems their only refuge; for, alas,
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are few.
With all this they thrive not, All the care
Ingenious patience takes, but, just
Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
Skilful, and old carved chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without exerted aim.

From grudging hands: but other want have none,
To both their wealth. And such, to one leg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair.
For ye are worthy; choosing rather a
Dry and independent crust, hard crust,
And eaten more than to endure.
The rugged brown's and insolent rebuffs
Of knives in office, partial is the work
Of distribution liberal of our aid.

To clamorous importunity in rags,
But oftentimes to what work would who should
To wear a tattered garb however coarse.
Whom famine cannot reconcile to life:
These ask with painted prayers, and, refused
Because desiring, silently retire.
But be ye of good courage! Time itself
Shall such a scene. And we shall live in
And all your numerous progeny, well-trained.
And helpless, in five years shall find their hands,
And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, consequences of your virtues, we can spare,
Nor what a wealth beyond our means
I mean the man, who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.
But poverty with most, who whisper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted wo;
The effect of innumerable want.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much solitaria love
He may compensate for a day of dose
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
Wot to the gardener's pale the farmer's hedge,
Plain'd neatly, and secured with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy earth. Upstarts by strength,
Resists in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
An ass's burden, and, when hidden away,
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away,
And the hollow, empty gun that guards it.
The well-stock'd pike of riven log and root
From his permit's force. Nor will he leave
Unwieldy hands the door, however well secured.
Where chambermaid amidst this harem sleeps
Is unsuspecting. When twinkling from the ward,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wings,
To his various bag, struggling in vain,
And totally without a sudden change,
Nor this to feed his own.
'Twere some excuse,
But pity of their suffering worse side
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, or destitute.
But they
Nepotized not his name; the very things, as more
Exposed than others, with less supreme made
His victims, nobly of their defences all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
Of ruinous oblique that prompts
His every action, and he injures man.
O for a law to noose the villain's neck,
Whos starves his own; who persecutes the blest,
He gave them his child's clothing, and bates
And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love;
Past where we may, through city or through
Village or hamlet of this merry land,
'Through some obscure twelfth pace
Conducts the unpardoned one to such a while.
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the skies
This law had licensed, as it mark's temperament.
There sit, involved and lost in curtained clouds
Of Indian flame, and gazuing deep, the bower
The lackey, and the groom. The crafty man there
Takes a Leeward leave of all his toil
To pilot, porter, joiner, that they miss the shears,
And he that knowd the dough; all loud alike,
All he that knowd itial! The little-sweet singers
Planatice and piteous, as it went and wall’d
Its wasted men and harangue unheard.
Furche the whirligig, while she, Felli Dard, Aristides of such debate,
Pero’d on the sign-post, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
And smiles delighted with the eternal pulse,
Dive is the frequent curse, and its twin sound
The check-defending oath, not to be praised
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for fame!
Behold the schools, in which plebeian minds,
That see the sprig, the slender, descend,
Which some may practice with pocket grace,
But none with real skill—oh! here they learn
The road that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Sobered by the sense of the last
Shakes her encounter’d lap, and cysts them out.
But censure profits little: vain’t attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That, like the flit with which the peasant feeds
His humble privy, sits, and is of none.
’Tis excise is ever linked with the rich resident
Of all this riot: and ten thousand casks,
Per every dollar of his base contents,
Touch’d by the Midas finger of the state,
Blood paid for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad thou; ’tis your country’s sin:
Gloriously drain e’er thy important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your hearts—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
World I had fallen upon those happier days,
To learn from him, and see the golden days,
And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,
And Nixon, wrestler of poetic praise,
Nymphs were Diana then, and swains had hearts
That felt their virtues: innocence, it seems,
From every social circle, is the latest graces;
The footstools of simplicity, impres’d
Upon the yielding herbage, (so they say)
These were not all effaced; then speech profane,
And manners profane, were rarely found,
Obscured by profane, and soon retracted.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams
But the picture: and the poet’s hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Impose a gay delirium for a truth.
Graced it: I must own an age
That favour’d such a dream; in days like these
Impassable, when all social care,
That to suppose a scene where she presides,
Is transmontane, and stumbles all belief.
Nay, man were we now. The rural law,
Whose virgin modesty and grace,
Her modesty, in her retirée,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
I seem no more than half; the character is poor.
Her head, adorn’d with lappets plaited aloft,
And hair, in dreams of utter height, especially raised,
And magnified beyond all human size,
Inclined to some smart wig- weaver’s hand.
The times must be, I think, as it please:
Do he knows not what. The task that performs
That structure became the sergeant’s care,
Her paup’, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees,
Upright; and armed of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself.
Grows conscious of his change, and likes it well.
He stands erect, and becomes a walk;
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movements, is as smart above
As me and landed locks can make him; wears
His hat, or his plummed helmet, with grace.
And, his three years of horridhip expired,
Returns insistent to the slightest plaster.
He has the field, in white with no life or drive,
Attends him; drives his cattle to a march;
And signs for the smart commodies he has left.
This was when the pastoral retreat
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost
His ignorance and latrines manners too.
To sweeten; to eat, to drink; to show at home
By lewdey, idleness, and saulth break.
Hence professed, by some great knave, or fellow
To astonish and to grieve his gaging friends.
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart;
To be a pest where he was useful once;
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.

Man in society is like a flower
Blossomed in its native bed: 'Tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use
But man, associated and leagued with man.
By regal warrant, or self-imposed by bond.
For interest sake, or swarming into clans
Beneath one head, for purposes of war.
Like flowers selected from the root, and bound
And banded close to (all) sense crowded vase,
Fades rapidly, and, by compulsion, may fold.
Contracts defilement not to be endured;
Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagues
And boroughs, men incessant perhaps.
In all their private functions, once combined,
Become a louchebode, only fit
For dissolution, harmful to the main.
Hence merchandise, incapable of sin
Against the charades of domestic life.
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature: and, disclosing all regard
For money and the common right of man,
Built factories with blood, conducting trade
At the swords point, and tying the white robe
Of innocent commercial justice red.
Hence, too the field of glory, as the world
Misdeem'd it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all its majesty of languishing, pining,
Enchanting works, and immortal wreaths.
Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught
On principle, where fancy stories come.
For folly, gallantry for every vice.

But slighted as if, and by the great
Abandoned, and I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes.
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never framed a wish, or form'd a plan,
That daw'r'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But th'other was more. There early study'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful soul,
Sportive and active, as the state.
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned
To nature's praises. Heroes and their songs
Fattens me, never weary of the pipe
Of Thir, assuaging, as he sung,
The rustic throng beneath his favourite bough.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue,
To speak its excellence. I danced for joy.
I marv'd much, that, at so ripe an age
After so many spoils, his baviour had then first
Engaged my wonder; and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost, because not sooner found.
There too emnamour'd of the life I lived.
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determin'd, and possessing it at last
With transports, such as favour'd lovers feel,
I could not wish that I had known
Ingenious Cowley: and, though now reclaim'd
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobweb of the school.
I still return the country though refined!
Though stretch'd at ease in Charsley's elegant
borders,
Not unemploy'd: and finding rich amends

For a lost world in solitude and verse,
'Tis born with all: the love of nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Inspired at the creation of the kind.

And, though th' Almighty Maker has throughout
Discoursed such free, or very wise
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never bound
Twin at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can teach them: minds that have been formed
Andundry, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none improved.
It is a flame that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither beggarly, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life.
Whatever else she another of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like, a swarm of Indian, with his heit of heads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, bow they cheer
The citizen, and form his languid frame:
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden, in which nothing thrives, but charms
That sooths the rich possessor; much consol'd,
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the wall.
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That nature lives; that sight-refreshing green.
Is still the lively she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of th' exuberant whole.
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed.
The Frenchman's darling: "are they not all proofs,
That man, insmured in cities, still retains
His talents, inexhaustible thirst
Of rural ease, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most harmon'd with the means of life.
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds,
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct: over head
Suspect their crazy bones, planted thick.
There the picker stands: a fragment, and the spotless tamp there;
Sal witnesses how close-past men regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A sleep at nature, when he can so more.
Half, therefore, patroons of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,
And harmless pleasures, in the throne's abode
Of multitudes unknown; hail! rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or esteemment, or fame;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
To thwart his wishes, or his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fail.
Just in the niche he was destined to fill.
To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart
to feel, and comfort; and words of her wrongs;
To moulds dignify; to judges sense
To artists ingenuity and skill;
To me an unsuitable mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I wish'd.

* Mignonette.
THE TASK.

BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

ARGUMENT.

A frosty morning.—The foddering of cattle.—The woodman and his dog.—The poultry.—Whimsical effects of a frost at a water-fall.—The Empress of Russia’s palace of ice.—Assumptions of rhapsody.—War, one consequence of which is.—The delusion of despotic monarchies.—The evils of war.—The happiness of peace.—Concluded.

The Bastille, and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country.—Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The pernicious nature of the best human institutions.—Spiritual liberty not perishable.—The sleuth hound of man by nature.—Delight him, Deiot, if you can.—Grace must do it.—The respective merits of patriots and martrifes stated.—Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His relation of the words of God.—Address to the Creator.

TIS morning; and the sun, with ruby orb
Ascending, fits the horizon; while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the dark emerges mine,
Resemble mist some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And tingeing all with his own rose hue,
From every herb and every spry blade
Stretches a length of shadow over the field.
Mine, spiralling 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 advance
I view the musical proportion’d limb
Transform’d to a leal slank. The shapeless pul.
As they design’d to mock axe, at my side
Take step for step; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster’d wall,
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.
The vermic of the plane lies horrid deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the tents,
And corner grass, whispering o’er the rest,
Of late, the hawthorn, and whee, my shad—
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And dyed by frost, and superlub.
The cottage mound in corners, where the fence
Screen’d here, and seem half parished to sleep
In unencompassed woe. There they wait
Their wanted fodder; not like hanger men,
Foolish, unappoy’d; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain’s delay.
He from the stack carries out th’ accosted lamb,
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft;
His broad keen knife into the wild mind;
Smooth as a wall the uplifted remains stand,
With such undervailing and even force
He severs it away; no useless care,
Lost storms should overset the heaving pile
Decisious, or its own unbalanced weight.
Earth pass the woodman, leaving unconcern’d
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
From near to ev’ry solitary task.
Stagg’d, and lean, and shrew’d; with painted ears,
And tall crag’d head, half turched and half croft,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide scattering, matches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his ponderous coat, and herbs for joy.
Greedless of all his grunts, the sturdy chariot
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for anguish.

But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fuses beneath his nose; the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
New from the root, or from the neighbouring vale,
Where, delight to catch the first faint gleam
Of melting day, they coupl’d side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife’s well known call
The feather’d tribes domestique. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quik the sheltering caves,
To seize the fair occasion; well they eye
The scattered grain, and thoughtfully resolved
To escape th’ impending famine, often scared
As soft return, a pert, venesious kind,
Glass rambles quickly made, one may care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impetuous to the blast. Resign’d
To seek rest in the cock forge—
His wonted cit; and, wading at their head
With well-considered steps, seems to resent
His attender’s gait and stanchness—
He calleth their acquaintance, or what as if
How find the myriad, that in summer screen
The hills and valley; with their ceaseless song,
Dus autem, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them nought; th’ inspir’d worm
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie covered close; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigour of the year
Thins all their numerous floes. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested hole,
As instant prompts; self-buried ere they die.
The very rocks and sands forsake the fields,
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-root, now
Repays their labor more: and perish’d shall
By the wayside, or stalking in the path.
Lean penancers upon the traveller’s track.
Pick up their nests, and swallow, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse, or half digested grain.
The streams of ice and snow, the precipitation black
Overwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fro’; the snowy weight
Lies undiscovered; while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away.
Not so with the, the first of a check, it is.
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantsom in the pellly gulf below;}
Conspicuous of projectors wild and vain
Was the glory of it quite lost to light,
And smoky mist.
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide,
And dimmed, to it the embroidered banks
With forms so various, that no powers of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene;
Here in little givers they dance, unheeding high
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof.
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees.
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops
That trickled down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellicul length,
And prop the pile they but abdour before.
Here also the giant's seat defies
The sun-beam; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus grandeur works as its mock at art,
And in defiance of her rival powers;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur. So true,
Thy most magnificent and mighty front,
The wonder of the north. No forest fell,
When they would build; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls; but thou didst how the floods,
And make thy tints the glory of the glavy wave.
In such a palace Astarus found
Cyrene, where he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bee and mate eat'er
To such a palace poetry might place
The arrowy casket; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, first weapons, arrowy sleek,
Skil-pinching valley, bosom-brushing hail,
And far for the traveller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there:
So upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon congeal'd, nor other cement need'd.
Than water interposed to make them one.
Lamp presented was, affecting indoor taste,
In illuminated every side: a watery light
Seem'd beard't through the clear transparency,
That another moon new coin, or meteor fain.
From heaven to earth, of lambeast flame scene.
So stood the brittle prolong; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted ight within,
That royal residence might well helmet,
For grandeur or for use. Long weary wraiths
Of ev'ry shape, he had no enemy but warmth,
Bushed on the mullions. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous; but in order could
Display scen'd (sceen; what seem'd at least commodious seat) were
Soft no effort, pleasant, plan, too vast.
The same lucidity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch: a scene
Of luminous communication,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Also the manner of the building,
Of undisguised severity, that glanced
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
On human grandeur, and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
Twice during the lifetime of the possessor,
Seem'd Intrinsically precious; to the foot
Tremendous and false; it smiled, and it was cold.
Great princes have great playings. Some
have play'd
At building mountanous to and some
At building human wonders mountain-high.
Some have amused the dull, and years of life,
(Like as in India, and therefore seed)
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and masts so pomp.
Shall in loved themselves, to mortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tender field,
And in the manner of their sport.
But war's a game, which, were they their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To erect themselves from the pane hands
Of heroes, whose infant and baby minds
Are free; small, and who are so well
Because man suffer it, their toy, the world.
When Sabel was confounded, and the great
God drew amus, and assigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
In displaying there they were in fair
And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was a whilst their care; they plough'd and sowed.
And regard their plenty without grudge or strife.
But vidence can never longer sleep.
Than human passions please. In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Can had already shed a brother's blood:
The satire 'd was't out; but left unspeak'd
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon, by a righteous judgment, in the line
Of his descending progeny found
The first arifer of death; the shroud
Contrayer, who first sacrificed at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unhooled steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal made, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and fathcheon their inventor claim;
And the first smith was the first murderer's son.
His art survived the waters; and ere long
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These Meadows and that range of hills his own,
The taint was in his blood, and he degenerated.
Desire of more; and industry in some,
To improve and cultivate their just desamine,
And what they had they urged to higher
Thus war began on earth; these fought for spoil,
Thus war began; these taught them peace in arms at first
The onset, and irreligious.
At length
One omnifcient above the rest for strength,
For stratagems, for courage, for all.
Was chosen leader; him they served in war,
And him in peace, for sake of worldly deeds.
Reverenced no less. Who could with him compare?
Or who so worthy to control themselves
As he, whose prowess had subdu'd their foes?
All the world stood in awe of him;
Of war's, made one chief; whom times of peace,
Which have their exigencies too, and call
Per skill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear
With modesty and meekness; and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes, who set it on,
Was sure to intoxicate the brows it bound.
The subject property of less,
That, being prince of the common mass,
And destitute of means to raise themselves,
They sink, and settle lower than they seed.
They know not what it is to feel within
A comprehensive fastidiousness.
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields
Almost without thought, plans, too vast.
Per their conception, which they cannot move.
Consciously of impotence, they soon grow drunk
With gaining, when they see an able man.
Step forth to notice: and, besotted thus,
Build him a pestilential, and say, Stand there,
And be our admiration and our praise.
They roll themselves before him in the dust,
Even most deserving in their own account,
When most extravagant in his applause,
As serving him they raised themselves.
Thus, by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
And sober judgment, that he is but a man,
They defied and fane him so,
That in due season he forgets it too.
Eulogized and astrut with self-sacrifice,
Gulp's the windy diet; and, ere long,
Adapting their mistakes, professedly think
The world was made in vain, if not for him.
These forth they are his cattle; cradles, born
To bear his burdens, drink in his glass,
And sweating in his service, his caprice
Becomes the soul that animates them all
Strews a thousand or more hundred a thousand lives
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy renunciation, and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
Were burshe'd into heroes, and became
The abusers of this treacherous swamp
Such among works, that have but creak'd and died.
64. COWPER’S POEMS. [Cont.

Strange, that such folly, as love biased man
To entice fit only for a god,
Should ever drive out of human lips
Even in that strength weakness of the world!
Still stranger such, that when at length man-kind
Had reach’d the misery farthest of their youth,
And dared discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
Reduced to which the God avowed
For France, than all her losses and defeats,
Old or new as life, by sea, or land.
Her horror of bondage, worse than that of old
By barlings, which the God awed on
Th’ horizon, th” abode of broken hearts;
Ye germs, and ye counties of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music—such as suits their sovereign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men.
There’s not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen at last; to know
That even our enemies, so oft employed
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For fear we gained, and they stood untried.
Crushed, spared, and hopeless of escape.
There, like the visionary emblem
By hint of Babylon, life stands a stump
And, filleted about with loops of brass,
Still living all his pleasant bounds are gone,
To count the hour-belk, and expect no change;
And ever as the sensual sound is heard,
Sith to be restore, that, though a joyous note
To him whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand flowers did the world at large
Account it music: that it animates sense
To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball;
The werd who finds his bliss in a release
From labour; and the lover, who has child
Its long days, such every voice stressed
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—
To fly, for refuge from distracting thought,
To such amusements as triumphs wo
Contrive, half-shifting, and without her sweet
To read, engraven on the monody wall,
In stringing types, where senseless’—
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgrown
And blinded sinner, till the lampeder’s pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Powers of his own, and serves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numbering and to fre
The stult that thick emboss his iron door;
Some downward and then upward, then ascent
And then alternate; with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless tale
Some relish; till the sun, exactly found
In all directions, hours or an age—
On comfortless existence; hem’d round
With voes, which that sulfer would not meet.
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death.
Thus man may proudly lye on fellow-man,
Abnegate of his just and native rights,
Eradicate, bear him from his hold
Upon the burdens of domestic life
And social, nay his fruitfulness and use,
And do that for him, for perhaps a heavenless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears.
Moves indignation; makes the name of king
Of whom such bravery can please.
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through four, strong only to destroy.
’Tis liberty alone, that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeks without it. All constrain,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
In evil; hunts the faculties, impeded
Those processes in the read of science; blinds
The eyesight of discovery; and hepatic,
In that they suffer, a cordial mind,
Betial, a reape intellect, unfit.
To be the tenant of man’s noble form.
These therefore still, blind, under some thrall
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
Of freedom, is that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
The scars of danger, and united hearts;
The sum of the great world they sent.
Then shame to manhood, and opprobrium more
To France, than all her losses and defeats,
Old or new as life, by sea, or land.
Her horror of bondage, worse than that of old
By barlings, which the God avowed on
Th’ horizon, th’ abode of broken hearts;
Ye germs, and ye counties of despair,
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A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgrown
And blinded sinner, till the lampeder’s pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Powers of his own, and serves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numbering and to fre
The stult that thick emboss his iron door;
Some downward and then upward, then ascent
And then alternate; with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless tale
Some relish; till the sun, exactly found
In all directions, hours or an age—
On comfortless existence; hem’d round
With voes, which that sulfer would not meet.
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death.
Thus man may proudly lye on fellow-man,
Abnegate of his just and native rights,
Eradicate, bear him from his hold
Upon the burdens of domestic life
And social, nay his fruitfulness and use,
And do that for him, for perhaps a heavenless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears.
Moves indignation; makes the name of king
Of whom such bravery can please.
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through four, strong only to destroy.
’Tis liberty alone, that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeks without it. All constrain,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
In evil; hunts the faculties, impeded
Those processes in the read of science; blinds
The eyesight of discovery; and hepatic,
In that they suffer, a cordial mind,
Betial, a reape intellect, unfit.
To be the tenant of man’s noble form.
These therefore still, blind, under some thrall
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By charter, and that charter sanctified's are
By its unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear that infant stamp, then speaks him, his,
And are august; but this transcends them all.
His other works, and not so much.
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand, no doubt, and. worthy of the word,
That, finding an internecine space
Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,
And made so sparkling what was dark before.
But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Stilt with the beauty of so fair a scene,
Might well suppose an artificer divine.
Meant it eternal, had he not himself
Promenaded it transient, glorious as it is;
And, still designing a more glorious far,
Does it in insufficient for his praise.
These therefore are occasional, and pass;
Fer'vour for the congratulation of the fool,
Whose lying heart disputes against a God
That oflforeserved, they must be swept away.
Not so the labours of his love: they shine
In other heavens than those that we behold.
And fade not. There is Paradise that fears
No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
Large prebendal o'th saints to behold.
Of these the first in order, and the pledge
And confidence of the rest.
Is liberty: a flight into his arms,
And yet now more than the laws give way.
A clear escape from tyrannising lust,
And full immunity from penal wo.
Chains are the ports of honest men,
Stripes, and a dungeon; and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence he finds them all.
Piperrine his heart to toil, he is held
In silken snares, even as he was a slave.
Careless of their Creator, and that low
And worldly generation of the state.
To a vile clod doth draw him, with such force
Resistant from the centre he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,
A depth profound the eye did never see;
And still profounder, in the fathomless abyss.
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
But ere he gained the comforts repos
Seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
In heaven-amnonizing exile, the mutants—
What does he not, from incense opposed in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience? he foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity: the loss of all
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, unspeakable.
Far worse than all the plagues, with which his sins
Infect his hapless more than forebode.
Ages of hopeless misery. Future death,
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
Like that which sends him to the duty grave;
But unresisting, enduring death.
Scripture is a still a crucible, and he his fins:
What none can prove a forgery may be true;
What none but bad men with exploded must.
That scruple checks him. Rites is not loud,
Nor drunk enough, to drown it. In the midst
Of his 'hour, his companions are alone.
And he abhors the jest by which he shines
Remorse begins reform. His manner-hast
Fails first before his resolute resolve.
And seems dethroned and vanquish'd. Peace
Gains.

But furious and short-lived; the puny child
Of self-congratulating pride, begot
On fancied immortality of falls,
And fights again; but finds his best essay
A preface comprises everything still
In its own dishonour by a worse release;
Till nature, unavailing nature, fold,
So, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Stoops at her own performance. Reason now
Now far, and mortifies with the vain attempt.
Of the service of debach,
Covering his shame from his offended sight.
"Hail God! his hair is now with great ease
And stored the earth so plentifully with means,
To gratify the hurry of his wish;
And doth he even then, and will he be damns,

The Winter Morning Walk.
And history, so warm an easier theme,
Is cold on this. She encrates indeed
The sympathy most stunted to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferer little praise."

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And by an emphasis of interest his
That balance flux, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, as he sees it.
With as much ease as Ramsay his green withers.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers: his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with fill'd confidence inspired,
Can-like the tempestous eye,
And smiling say—'My Father made them all'?
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his?
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
As if on high, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unfurled love,
That plasm'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellion man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The labour of the sick, ye that have made
The heavens so much good
In senseless ruin; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of unspiral, and to no man's wrong,
Agriculture, for the good of the work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth.
Of London city: pleasure or the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With ships, his mistress may command.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeable life,
So manifest in cares, whose every day
Brings in its own evil with it, makes it less
For his has wings that beat the stormy chase, pain,
Nor memory can, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large.
'The opposer holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt.
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his emprise
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
Meal with the food of joy, with divine
'Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
In earth the mount, in song, the voices praising,
And eyes intent upon the sacred scenes
It yields them; or, recomposed on its brow,
Burns with a sense of presence
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man's praise, and admiration; but resists content
With what he views. The landscape has his
But not his Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well-pleased to find it, saith no more.
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from heaven,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashion it, he gives it praise,
Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him, or receives, sublim'd,
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More wisely the powers she o'er him deals.
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overflow'd,
A ray of heavenly light, guiding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;
The unclouded drop of the cloud,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing.
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with heaven, she often holds

* See Hans.
Book V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the akes nightly with silent pump,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which heaven rang, when every star, in
To gratinulate the new-created earth,... [blank]
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shooted for joy. — "Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If, from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this neither world, ye spy a race
Favor'd as ours; transgressors from the womb,
And hastening to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?
As one, who, long detained on foreign shores,
Pauses to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bless'd, and bated' rocks,
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beanny fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordained to guide th' embossed spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desire,
That give assurance of their own success.
And that infused from heaven, must thither tend." [blank]

So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whose sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemased in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
With means, that were not thine, till by thee employed,
Worlds, that had never been habit'd than in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong;
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy power
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not or read not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn
All with the bow giving talents for its use.
Till then art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell:
Yet, deem'd angelical, lure down to death.
The uninform'd and heathen souls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, censures to blind.
The glory of thy work; which yet appears
Perfect and unspeakable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and prove'd
Then skilful most when most severely judged.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st.
The providence forbids that fickle power
If power she be, that works but to confound;
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome gods that sleep,
Or disregard our falles; or that all
Amused spectators of this bustling stage.
These we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure.
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause,
For which we shun'd and hate thee before.
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of being,
A loud Hanover sent from all thy works;
Which he that hears it with a short repose.
And add's his name to the general praise.
In that blest moment, nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a simile
The Author of her beauties, who, returned
Behind his own creation, works amiss.
By the inspirt, and hears his powers excelled.
Thus art the source and centre of all souls,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word,
From thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee all is, that soothes the life of man
His high endeavour, and his glad increase.
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But (o, thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thus art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.
THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

ARGUMENT.

Balls at a distance.—Their effect.—A fine noon in winter.—A sheltered walk.—Mediation better than books.—Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is.—The transformation that Spring effects in a shrubbery described.—A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected.—God withholds the other half of the harvest. The day represented.—Amusement and exercise; the effects of both.—The happy, a delightful sight.—Origin of curiosity in animals.—That it is a great crime proved from Scripture.—A view of the different degrees of the existence of animal life.—Their good and useful properties insisted on.—Apology for encomium bestowed by the author on animals.— Instances of man's extraordinary praise of man.—The groves of the creation shall have an end.—A view through the sea of the typical commandment and its relation to all.—The great invitation of the God who shall bring it to pass.—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness.—Conclusion.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds, And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleased With melting airs or martial, brave or grave; Some chord in unison with what we hear It touch'd within us, and the heart replies. How soft the music of those village bells, Falling at intervals upon the ear In melody sweet, now dying all away, Now pealing loud again, and louder still Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on! With easy force it opens all the cells Where memory slept. Whenever I have heard A kindred melody, the scene recurs, And with it all its pleasures and its pains. Such comprehensive views the spirit takes, That in a few short moments I retreat (As in a map the voyager his course) The involutions of my way through many years. Short as it is in retrospect the journey seems. It seem'd not always short; the rugged path, And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn, Mov'd many a sigh at its disheartening length. Yet feeling present evil, while the past Faintly impress the mind, or not at all, How ready we with time spent regarded, That we might try the ground again, where once. (Through interpenetration, as we now perceive) We misd't that happiness we might have found! Some friend is gone, perhaps his isn't best friend, A father, whose authority, in show When most severe, and mistreating all its force, Was but the graver countenance of love; Whose favour, like the clouds of fancy, might lower, And utter new and then an awful voice, But had a blessing in its darkest token, Threatening at once and nourishing the plant. We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand That touch'd us. At a thoughts's age, allured By every gilded fayly, we pronounced His sheltering side, and wilfully forever That converse, which we now in vain regret. How gladly would the man recall to life The boys neglected are! a mother too, That softer friend, perhaps more gladly suit, Might be demand'd him in the gates of death. Sorrow has, since they went, abdted and tamed The playful humour; he could now endure ( Himself grown sober in the vale of tears) And feel a parent's presence no restraint. But to understand a treasure's worth, Till time has stolen away the slighted good, Is cause of half the poverty we feel, And makes the world the wilderness it is. The few that pray at all pray oft amiss, And, seeking grace to improve the prize they hold, Would urge a wiser suit than asking more. The night was winter in his roughest mood; The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon, Upon the southern side of the slant hills, And where the woods fence off the northern blast, The season smiles, reigning all its rage, And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue Without a cloud, and white without a speck. The dazzling splendor of the scene below. Again the harmony comes o'er the vale; And through the trees a view of the embattled tower, Whence all the music. I again perceive The soothing influence of the walled streets, And settle in soft musings as I tread The walk, still venturing, under oaks and elms, Whose outspread branches overarch the glade. The roof, though moveable through all its length. As the wind stirs it, has yet well supported, And, intercepting in their silent fall The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me. No noise is here, or none that hinder's thought. The refresh gases still, but is content With slender notes, and more than half suspended; Pleased with his solitude, and lifting light From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes From many a twig the pendent drops of ice, That tinkle in the with'er 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 a useful lesson to the head, And Learning wiser grow without his books. Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, Have oftimes no connection. Knowledge dwells In heads replenish'd with thoughts of other men Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge, a rule unprofitable mass, The more materials with which wisdom builds, Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place, Does but enframe where it seems to enrich. Knowledge is proud that he has learnt so much Wisdom is humble that he knows so more. Books are not seldom talismans and spells, By which the magic art of shriveller wins Heals an unthinking multitude enthralld To the fascination of a name Surrender judgment, hoodwink'd. Some the style Infatuated, and through labyrinths with
The winter walk at the moon;
And marshals all the order of the day;
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And hunts his thoughts, as is his case.
Ensnet and rude, floods up the tender germ,
Unimpetted, with intemperate art;
And, ere one flower whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep, whose operations with blessing tend,
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Poops through the moss, that clothes the Hawthorn root.

Deserve no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Notably, as in the worlds, and to be won
By slow solicitation, or at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.
What prodigies can power divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year.
And all this, with as much more, as
Familiar with th' effect we slight the cause.
And in the constancy of nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
Recommends itself to me.
Shall God again, as once in Gibbon, interrupt the race
Of the underling and panting sun,
How the undaunted race of man,
At whose sight to the remotest ages
An agency divine, to make him know
His task, when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, it arrests his course?
All we behold is miracle; but seen
So do the gods look up to heaven.
Where now the vital energy, that moved
While summer was, the pure and sublimate lymph,
Through the innumerable meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and th' icy touch
Of cold and darkness on the land.
A cold stagnation on th' intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. These naked shafts,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry moans; it is gone,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall be their beauty, and more than they have lost.
Then, each in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In strong gold; syringa, ivory pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
And of an humbler growth; the other tail,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom.
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her amaryllis, light as the foamy surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
These, these, various in array, new white,
Now angucinse, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Borne up in a larger immensity.
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all;
Copies of flowers the woodland, pale and wan,
But well contrasting with her sickly looks.
With never-dying colours, early and late;
Brewing, kindling, the eye.
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears; mezzanize too,
Though least, well attired, and thick beset
With blossoming wreaths, investing every spray;
Althea with the purple eye, the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets.
The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Marvellous complexion, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scattered stars.—
These have been, and these shall be in their day;
And with her willow-admiration she
Shall be dismanted of its fleecy load,
And dash into variety again.
From earth to plenty, and from death to life
Is nature's progress, when she lectures man
In his estranging, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A sea in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of wilderness are his,
That makes so gay the solitary place
Where he.Tracees, and as 'tis fairest shows
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way,

* The guelder-rose.
That source of evils not exhausted yet.
Worse piled with revolts of his from him.
Garden of God, how terrible the change.
Thy groan and cursed sound, my heart.
Each animal of every name, conceived,
A journey and an instinctive fear.
Considerations of some danger, sitter fed.
Precipitate the loudness abode of man.
Or growth in darkness, in each angry sort.
As taught him too to trembles in his turn.
Thus harmony and family accord.
Were driven from Paradise; and in that hour.
The seeds of cruelty, that since have spread.
To aspire to gigantic and enormous growth.
Worn in human nature's fruitful soil.
Hence date the persecution and the pain.
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds.
Regardless of their plants. To make him part.
To satisfy the frenzy of his worship.
Of his base gratuities, are causes good.
And just in his account, why bird and beast.
Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed.
With blood of their inhabitants empyred.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a vast.
Waged with despicable innocence, while he.
Not satisfied to prey on all around.
Fed on creatures like death by pangs.
Needless, and first torments are he devers.
Not any, that shall occupy the asses.
The most remote from his ambition's reach.
Where once, as delegate of God on earth.
Their food, and he his perfect image loved.
The wilderness is theirs, with all its caves.
In hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains.
They are fed by every kind of beast.
And howl and roar as they like, uncontrolled.
Their meat he leaves to number or to play.
We to the tyrant, if he dare invade.
Within the confines of their wild domain.
The lines tells him—I am monarch here—
And if he spare him, spares him on the terms.
The laws of money, and through generous scorn.
To send a victim trembling at his feet.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn.
Or by necessity, the first step is given.
Dependant upon man; those in his fields.
Those at his call, and some beneath his roof.
They prove too often at how dear a rate.
He sells protection—Witness at his foot.
The special dying to some venial fault.
Under suspicion of the knotted scourge.
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells.
Driven to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs.
To madness, while the savage at his heels.
Leaps at the frantic charger's spurs, spent.
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
Thus, death, the witness, noblest of the true.
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse.
With unsuspecting readiness he takes.
His rider on his back, and nod pulld m'd all a day.
With bleeding sides and flanks, that beave for life.
To his forehead, and his driver's breast.
So little mercy shows who needs so much:
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man.
Denounces none doth the delinquent? None.
He lives, and over his bounding beaver boasts.
As hour after hour, he with descent.
Th' ingenuous feet, and clamorous in praise.
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose.
The honour of his matchless horn his own.
But many a crime, deemed innocent on earth.
Is registered in heaven; and these no doubt.
Have each their record, with a curse attached.
Man may disdain compassion from his heart.
But he who has been grieved the few.
To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise.
The beard of exploring boy that saddled.
The sea and wind, against bird go fire.
Proved he not plainly, that his manner works.
Aye yet his care, and cause an interest all.
All, in the universal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind.
The charter secur'd, by which we hold.
The flesh of animals in sea, and claim.
Our all we feed on, our life and death.
But read the instrument, and mark it well.
To oppression of a tyrannous control.
As no warrant there. Feed them, and pact.
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through air.
Come on the air, and drive the living brute.
The Governor of all, himself all.
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear.
The winter walk at noon.

Ushered, and not now to be controlled,
Rushed to the cliff, and having reached it, stood.
At once the shock unseated him: he fell.
Shoemaker, gazing on the waves, exulted;
Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it, not,
The depth he had descended, nor death.
So God wrought double justice: made the feel
The victim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught the beast an un revengeable.
I would not enter on my list of friends
Though grace with polish'd manners and fine
Yet wanting sensibility the man,

Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the small,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity in his heart
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome in the sight,
And changed perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor unwilling, into scenes
Sealed to neatness and repose, th' above,
The chamber, or refectory, may diet.

A necessary act incurs no blame.
Grief, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their panting in the spacious field.
There they are privileged: and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disrupts the order of their germinal
Who, when formed, design'd them an abode.
Take care, for year by year, man's feet,
In safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
The they are strange to things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first.

But to see them move in harmony in the air.

Narrow and long, o'erlook the western wave,
Desert young Misagatt's; a scarlet he
Of God and goodness, atheist in osten,
Vicious in act, in temper savage-here.
In every cold day, as he went,
To join a traveller, of different note,
Gleek, for years.
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.
Once had not left the venerable man
As strange to the south, Whose face too was familiar to his view.
The way was on the margin of the land.
But the track was wide, in his station,
Whose base
Beats back the rearing range, scarce heard so high.
That night, his heart, was moved
At sight of the man-monster.

With a smile
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
He shone in his conversation.

And fantasies of dotards such as you,
Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
Need not such aids, as superstition lends.
Nay, would not ask, "are these signs from heaven?"

And dost thou dream, 'th' imperishable
Name, that the hallowed in the ages past
Be forever in the world,

And fantasies of dotards such as you,
Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
Need not such aids, as superstition lends.
Nay, would not ask, "are these signs from heaven?"

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Nay, would not ask, "are these signs from heaven?"

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And dost thou dream, 'th' imperishable
Name, that the hallowed in the ages past
Be forever in the world,
But to gratify an itching ear, and give the day to a musician's praise.

Bemused, that was not born
deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or, could he, the riddle of his age? Yes—We remember him; and while we praise,
A talent so divine, remember too
This book, from whom it came,
Was never meant, was never used before,
To lacquer out the memory of a man.
But hush!—the muse perhaps is too severe;
And with a gravity beyond the size
And measure of th' offence, rebukes a deed
Less Impious than absurd, and owing more
To the spirit of judgment than to wrong design,
So in the chapel of old Ely House,
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,
Had flod from William, and the news was fresh,
The simple old pipe, did announce,
And eve did rear right merily, two staves.
Sung to the praise and glory of King George—
Man praises man; and Garrick's memory next,
When time had somewhat mollified it, and made
The shock of our worship while he lived
The god of our idiosyncrasy more
Shall have its altar; and the world shall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.
The theatre too small shall suffice;
Its squeezed contents, and more than it admits
Nebuchadnezzar, and return
Untemplated. For there some noble lord
Shall stuff his shoulders with King Richard's bunch,
Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inked cloak,
And strut, and sulk, and stand, and stamp and stare,
To show the world how Garrick did not act.
For Garrick was a worshipper himself;
He drew the liturgy, and framed the rites
And sung a sonnet at eternal spring.
The garden fears no blight, and breaks no fence,
For there is more to cover, all are full.
The Ben, and the Ebbard, and the bear,
Graze with the harmless flock; all bask at noon
Under the shade of the tree, or beneath
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipodes 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 daily with the castor turn,
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own desires.
Beasts to see its thirty curse repudiated.
The virtues seasons woven into one,
And that unseen at eternal spring.
The garden fears no blight, and breaks no fence,
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The breath of heaven has chanced it. In the heart
No passion, no desire;
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is set: the pure and uncontaminated blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the fist of age.
One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb; and his shield for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-waves
From distant mountains catch the flying joy.
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hymn round,
Behold the measure of the promise still:
Saelem built, the heathen of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shone.

All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light: the glory of all lands
Flows into her gates: unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. They range there,
Nejad, and the fruits of Kedar* there;
The fountains of Oman, and the mine of Indi,
And Saba's spicy groves joy tribute there.
Praise in all her gates gies up; upon her walls
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. And Eastern Jaws there
Kneel with the native of the farthest west;
And Athlithia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships her report, and travel forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come.
To see the beauty, and to share thy joy.

* Nejadoth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Abissi. In the prophetic scripture they are alluded to, as being especially considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.
Book VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

O Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.

The world, deep in sleep and stupor, is doing all the things. For all were
Perfect, and must all be at length restored. [Once
So God has greatly purposed; who would else
In his dishonour, and himself endure
 Dishonour, and be wrong's without redress. Hence
Haste then, and work a shattering word. Ye slow revolving seasons! we would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
The world that does not dream and hate its laws!
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The unsublime is, and in the eye of the world.

How pleasant in itself what pleases him.
Here every drop of honey hides a sting;
There the green thistle thrusts into our sweetest flowers;
And even the joy, that haply some poor heart
Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is yelled in the stream, taking a faint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.

If death is chance,
As this is gross and selfish: over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That governs all things here, shrouding evil
The sneek and modest truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of man,
Unreproachable, far from the ways of men;
Where violence shall never lift the word,
Nor cunning or proud men wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears:
Where justice shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: where law shall speak
Selfishness, and as wisdom prompt;
And equity; not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide absence;
Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With loss of the work of love! Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
The lotus leaf, or, if thou hast no leaf,
By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth;
And after, by promise of the same since,
AndPeireus its value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts
Thy grace inJe
Dipped in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last advent, long desired,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills;
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.

The very spirit of the world is ailed
Of its own tainting question, aild so long;
Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?
Oh! it was a bolt from the blue;
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleams the blunted shafts that have recall'd,
And smites them at the shield of truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by pietist hands,
And by the scintillating lures of all eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith proposed,
Insulted and reduced, are cast aside.
As useless—to the moles and to the bats.
They now are deemed the faithful, and are praised,
Who, constant only in rejecting thee,
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quait their silence for their error's sake.
Blind, and in love with darkness: yet even these
Worthy, compared with sophists, who kneel,
The name adorning, and then preach thee ill
So fare thy church. But how thy church may fare
The world takes little thought. Who will may
And what they will. All pastors are alike
To pierce upon every other; stibborn, fierce,
Black-smirched, finding their own disgrace;
The prophets speak of such: and, noting down
The degenerate times, they elaborate
Exhibit every lineament of these.
Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet another on this beautiful,
Due to thy last and most effectual work,
Thy word fulfilled, the conquest of a world!

He is the happy man whose life, even now,
Shows somewhat of that happy life to come;
Who, doing all to his utmost, and truthful state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his own choice; whom peace,
The very, and whom virtue, true and stem
Prepare for happiness; bezpeak him one
Content indeed to enjoy what he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world outlooks him, in his busy search
Of subjects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though none sublimely, he overleaps the world.
She seems his pleasures, for she knows them not;
She seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He only claims the other world
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her ensuitable, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his tide,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slighted, not detested, and esteemed
As the innocent, as the useless. Stilled streams
Of water farseen, meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements immortal fame
He purports, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is with woe, unhappiness,
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights
And there obtains fresh triumphs over himself,
And ever-wondering worlds; confused with
Which the laurels that a lesser race are weeps.
Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,
Scorns deigning to notice him, or, if the see
Deems him a cipher in the world of God,
Receives advantage from his miserable hours,
Of which she knows, thou dost thyself to the
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And pleasant hours by which he makes
When, Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at even,
And thinks on her, not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou buster in concerns
Of little worth, an idol in the best,
If, author of no mischief, and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease.
Account him an encumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
His sphere though humkle, if this humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
The influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrows, and in soothing strife.
In aiding helpless indigence, in works,
From which at times it issues, we derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe;
Then let the supercilious great confound
His useful, and be not offended by his not,
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life.
Hold no ignoble, though a slighted, place.
The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
That, if his country stand not by his side,
At least his fellows have not withdrawn their help.
Petite retrenchment offers him in vain
Her golden tons, though securing a sensual word
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well.
The most conventional hides of man's humanity.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
Because that word adopts it. If it bear
Such stamp and impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He past it on, and descends with it.
Can wear it even as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
By the touch of sensibility, and a heart
Not soon deceived; aware that what isbare
The last criterion of the thing, and that vice,
Though well perfumed, and elegantly strung, like
An unburied carcass trick'd with fleurs,
Is but a garnish, and not the substance.
For cleanly richness, than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song; not woven with care,
Or sable'd with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glides my life away and is at last,
My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me then, that once, when call'd
To dress a sofa with the flowers of verse,
I play'd a while, obedient to the fair,
With that light task; but seem, to please her more,
When flowers alone I knew would little please,
Let fell th' unfinished wreath, and roved for fruit;
Roved far, and gathered much: some hard, 'tis true
Rack'd from the thorns and briers of repose,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful sown,
To patience that can taste immortal truth;
Inspired else, and sure to be despised.
But all is in His hand, whose praise I seek;
To raise the poet's songs, and the world hear,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And sile tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest grace,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.
TIROCINIUM;

or,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

Ксилаланов ой пасиаче олх етаф.  
Plato.  
Аχι τελικες епаге вив тера. 
Dag. Latrè.  

........................................................
TO THE

REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN,
RECTOR OF STOCK, IN ESSEX,
THE TUTOR OF HIS TWO SONS

THE FOLLOWING

Poem,

RECOMMENDING PRIVATE TUITION,

IN PREFERENCE TO

AN EDUCATION AT SCHOOL,

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

WILLIAM COWPER.

Olney, Nov. 6. 1794.
TIROCINIIUM;

or,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

It is not from his form,—in which we trace
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,—
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right to empire o'er all that lives
That form indeed, th' associate of a mind
Yon granite powers, enrich'd in its kind.
That form, the labour of Almighty skill,
Frame'd for the service of a free-born will,
And thine, with proper grace, and happy soul;
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
Here is the state, the splendor, and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
For her the memory situates her ample page
With truths year'd down from every distant age;
For her amasses an unnumbered store,
The wisdom of great nations, now so more:
Though laden, not incumber'd with her spoil;
Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil;
When copiously supplied, then most enangled;
Still to be fed, and not to be overcharged.
For her the fancy, soaring unconfined,
The present tense of every pensive mind.
Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue
To nature's scenes that nature ever knew.
At her command winds rise, and waters roar,
Again she lays them slumbering on the shore;
With flower and fruit the wilderness supplies,
Or bids the rocks in ruder form arise.
For her the judgment, empire in the strife,
That grace and nature have to wage through life,
Quick-sighted arbiter of good and ill,
And guide his course to the will,
Condemns, approves, and, with a faithful voice,
Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.
Why did the flat of a God give birth?
To you fair sons and his attendant earth?
And why to heaven, and why to sea,
And why to the realm he reigns the skies?
Why the tender sex, or to the mind's sense,
Whose scene feels through all his countless waves,
And owns her power on every shore he lays?
Why do the seasons still enrich the year,
Painful and yarning as in their first corner?
Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the tree,
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze;
Summer, in haste the thriving charge receives
Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
Till autumn's terror beams and pentemporal days
Dye them at last in all their glowing hues—
T'were wild profusion all, and bounties want,
Power unimploy'd, munificence misplaced,
Had not this Author dignify the plan,
And crown'd it with the majesty of man.
Thus form'd, thus placed, intelligent, and taught.
Look where he will, the wonders (he has wrought,
The works of his Almighty hand,
Finds in a sober moment time to pause,
To press th' important question on his heart,
"Why form'd at all, and wherefore as thou art?"
If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,
This hour the next to be in the grave,
Endued with reason only to despair
His crimes and follies, with an adding eye;
With passions, just that he may prove, with pain,
The force he spends against their fury vain;
And, even after having hurl'd, by turns,
With every lust, with which frail nature burns,
His being end, where death doth dissolve the head,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond;
Then he, of all that nature has brought forth,
Fed with self-important, the creature of least worth,
And, useless while he lives and when he dies,
Brogan into absurd the web of his skin.
Truths that the learned pursue with eager thought,
Are not important as deep-bought,
Praying at last, though told in pompous strains,
A childish waste of philosophic pains;
But truth on which depends our main concern,
That its our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread.
With such a mate, he that runs may read,
'Tis true that, if to trite life away,
Down to the secret of their latest day,
That perils on eternity's wide shore,
Like fleeting excursions, fixed no more,
Were all that Heaven acquired of human kind,
And all the plan their destiny designed,
What none could reverence all might chiefly be,
And man would breathe but for his Maker's blame.
But reason heard, and nature well perceived,
At once the dreaming mind is dismissed.
If all we possess earth, sea, air,
Reflect his attributes, who placed them there.
Fulfil the purpose, and appear designed,
Proofs of the wisdom of th' all-seeing mind,
'Tis plain the creature, whom he chose to invest
With kingship and dominion o'er the rest,
Receiv'd his noble nature, and was made
For the power in which he stands array'd;
That first, or last, hereafter, if not here,
He too might make his Author's wisdom clear,
Praise him on earth, or, obdurately dumb,
Suffer his justice in a world to expire.
This once believed, 'twere logic misplaced,
To prove a consequence by none denied.
That we are bound to cast the minds of youth
Betwixt the mists of a misshapen truth,
That taught of God they may indeed be wise,
Nor ignorantly wandering in the skies.
In early days the conscience has in most
A quickness, which in later life is lost:
Preserved from guilt by satyrical fears,
Or guilty soon retreating into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we sort with, or what books we
Our parents yet exert a prudent care,
To feed our infant minds with proper fare;
And wisely store the nursery by degrees
With wholesome learning, yet acquired with ease.
Nestle secured from being solid or torn
Beneath a bubble in translucent horn,
A book to please us at a tender age
To call a book, though but a single page
Presents the prayer the Saviour design'd to teach,
Which children see, and persons—when they
Lifting our eyes we dress to the next page
Through moral narrative, or sacred text;
And learn with wonder how this world began,
Who made, who marred, and who has ransomed,
Plain, Points, which, unless the Scripture made them
The wisest heads might agitate in vain.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winter's end,
That every art is more useful than law, or civil
That pedantry is all that schools impart.
To taverns teach the knowledge of the heart;
There true friendship is cultivated, says
Shall win his heart, and have his cradles praise,
His counselor and best friend shall prove,
Who gave the most correct and curious.
The young apostle sickens at the view,
And hates it with the malice of a Jew.
How weak the barrier of mere nature proves,
Opposed against the pleasures nature loves:
White self-sufficing, and willy-nilly madmen,
She longs to yield, her heart is heavier than woe.
Try new the merit of this blood exchange
Of modest truth for with's eccentric range.
Time was, he cherished, he began the day,
With decent duty, not ashamed to pray.
The practice was his, his, the world is good.
A pledge he gave for a consistent plan;
Nor could he dare pressuponly dispense
A power, conferred so lately on his knees,
New face well all legible legends,
The shadowy, by philosophy proved.
Prayer to the winds, and caution to the waves;
Sorrows make for the free from nature slaves.
Pray return not to that earth, you never saw.
Lest some one, renewed, and love,
Restor'd her powers, and spins the clumsy fraud;
And, coming back to the nature of the earth?
The mett of the gospel dies away.
Such triumphs our almighty discerning youth.
Learn not, nor partake, for they be profuse to seek.
And thus, well-tuned only while we share
A mother's lectures and a nurse's care;
And taught, schools much mythologic stuff,
But sound religion sufficiently enough,
Our early notices of truth, disgraced,
Soon lose their credit, and are all effect.
Would you your son should be a soldier
Lavish, headstrong, or all these at once;
That in good time the stripping's fain't taste
For loose expense, and fashionable waste,
Should prove your ruin, and your own at last;
The man in the shade, in the sun's shade,
Childish in mischief and in noise.
Else of a manly growth, and live ten
In inanity and lewdness.

* See 2 Chron. ch. xxv. ver. 19.† The author begs to explain that, without such knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor historians can be trusted, or indeed under- stand the passages in their own language; they are taken to instruct a schoolboy in the religion of Christ, but merely to neglect of Christian instruction which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.

In little books, or achievements strike
A kindred spark; they burn to do the like
In this, the first, a little exercise.
To show the peeping down on his chin
And, as maturity of years comes on,
Made jaws.'
To 'ere the perseverance of his course,
And give it as a proof of his success,
He has no fear of his projects.
Where neither struggle's charm, nor drinking
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.
Such youths of our time, and that spirit too,
Ye nursery of our boys, we owe to you:
Through from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For such schools the public folly feeds.
The slaves of custom and established mode,
With pack-horse constancy we keep the pace
And all the darins
Transport them, and are made their favorite themes.

In little books, or achievements strike
A kindred spark; they burn to do the like
In this, the first, a little exercise.
A friend, whatever he studies or neglects, Shall give him consequence, heal all defects. With a voice as interceding as the tones of prayer, There down the splendor of his future years: In that bright epoch quarter his protracted youth, Shall blend innocence, and to the glory rise. Your Lordship, and Your Grace! what school can

A rhetoric equal to those parts of speech?

What need of Homer's verse or Tully's prose, Sweet interjections? if the learn but these: Let reverend charity his ignorance subdue, Who starve on a dog's-worth Pentateuch, The parson knows enough, who knows a duke.

Regious purpose! wotfully begun In barbarous protestation of your son; His pardon'd on air part by means that would disgrace A scriveren's clerk or footman out of place, And ending, if at last its end be gained, In sacrilege, in God's own house profaned. It may succeed; and, if it should succeed, For more than common punishment, it shall: The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on earth Least qualified in honour, learning, worth, To occupy a sacred, awful post, In which the best and worthiest tremble most. The royal priests are a thing of course; A king, that would, might command his horse; And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice, As bound in duty, would confirm the choice. Behold your bishop! well he plays his part, Christian in name, and infidel in heart, Ghostly in office, and fleshly by nature. A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man, Dumb as a senator, and as a priest

Of mere church-work is he at best; To live estranged from God his total scope, And his end was the destruction of hope. But fair although and feasible it seems, Depend not much upon your golden dream; For Providences that seem to exempt

The hollow-odd bench from absolute contempt, In spite of all your place. Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace; And therefore 'tis, that though the night be rare, We sometimes see a Lawath or Bagon there. Besides, school-friendships are not always found, Though fair at first, and sweet, and sound and smart, The most disinterested and virtuous minds, In early years connected, time unminds; New situations give a different cast

Of habit, inclination, temper, taste; And he that secures our country at first, Soon shows the strong simultude reversed. Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm, Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown, (Known:) Whose scent and fineness rather. Thus are the dreams that such just he appears, But learns his error in mature years, When disposition, like a baby's will, Shows all its rents and patches to the world. If, therefore, even when honest in design, A boyish friendship may so decline,

Twere wiser sure to inspire a little heart With just about enough to bear a part Than set your son to work at a vile trade For wages so unlikely to be paid. Our public hives of pleasant, wise, That are of chief and most approved report, To such base hopes, in many a soulful, Owe their reputed in part but not the whole. A principle whose proud pretensions pass

Unthink'd of, though the jewel be but glass— That with a world, not often over-nice, Ranks in a virtue, and it is yet a vice; Or rather a gross compound, justly tried, Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride; Contributes little to advance their fame; And emulation is its splendid name. Boys, once on fire with that contentious seal, Feel the rage that female rivals feel; The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes Not brighter than in theirs the Scholar's prize. The spirit of it at competition burns With all variety on a fairest foot. Each variety magnifies his own success, Respects his fellow's, wishes he were less, Exults in his misfortune, if he fail, Deems his reward too great, if he prevail, And honors to surpass him day and day, Less for improvement than to soil his.
COWPER'S POEMS.

The spur is powerful, and I grant its force;
It strikes the steed, and makes him stretch his course.

It allows short time for play, and none for sleep;
And, as it arises by exaltation, advances both.

But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
The end, though plainest, not worth the means.

Weighty, it produces a presentiment Against a heart deprived and temper humb.

Hurt too perhaps for life; for early wrong,
Done to the nobler part, affects it long.

And you are staunch indeed in learning's cause, If you can discern a line, that draws
Such mischief after it, with much applause.

Connection forms for interest, and endear'd
By selfish views, thus contented and cashier'd;
And emulation, as engendering hate,
Don't hold a less ignominious fate;

The props of such proud seminaries fall,
The Jacob and the Boaz of them all.

Great schools rejected them, as those that swell
Beyond a size that can be managed well.

Shall you be the like, and by the same
And small academies win all the praise?

Force not my drift beyond its just intent, I pray
A praise a school as Pope a government.

So take my judgment in his language dress'd,
"What's here of first administer'd is best."

Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well,

Then ask not, whether linear or large?
But, Watch they strictly, or neglect their

If anxious only, that their boys may learn,
While morals languish, a despaired concern.

And small deserve one common blame,
Different in size, but in effect the same.

Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers lose,
Though motives of mere lucre sway the most;

Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
For these the same they seek is easiest found.

Though there, in spite of all that care can do,
Traps to catch youth are most abundant too.

If sheared, and of a well-constructed brain,
Keen in pursuit, and vigorous to retain,
Your sons come forth a prodigy of skill,
As, whensoever taught, so forward, he will;

The pedagogue, with self-composed air,
Claims more than half the praise as his due share.

But if, with all his genius, he betray,
Not more intelligent than lone and gay,
Such vicious habits, as disgrace his name,
Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame;

Though want of due restraint alone have bred
The symptoms, that you see with so much dread.

Unsound there, he may assist alone
Thus not the cause of his own undoing.

The young lost the fruit that was all his own.
O'st a sight to be with joy renew'd,
By all when sentiment has not abused;
Not wanton, but the blessèd grace
Of those who never feel in the right place;
A heart unequal to his own, is alone.

Though Venus on his leg still shine below,
A friend 's head with an inginuous soul,
Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
How long again to take long since forgot,
To the Lord; and how can I show
When 'Twas on his leg still shine below?
Not so:
He will not blench, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy.
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his toy.
Then why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your interest too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you?

Why hire a lodger in a house unknown
For one, whose tenderest thoughts all horror avoid.

This second wresting, needless as it is,
How does it locate both your heart and his?
Th' indented sick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smooth away,

Beats old along ere his dimellion comes.

With what intense desire he wants his home.
But, though the days he hopes beneath your roof
Bids fair enough to answer in the proof,

Harmless, and safe, and natural, as they are; A wish to copy what he must admire.

Such knowledge gain contentions, and which appear.

Though solid, not too weighty for his years, Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport.

When health demands it, of athletic sort.

World, what can he wish, when so lovely boys have been.

And more than some perhaps that I have seen—

An evidence and reprobation both

Of the more schoolboy's lean and tardy growth.
ART thon a man professionally tied,
With all his crafts and sciences applied,
Too busy to intend a meager care.
Than how to enrich thyself, and next thine heir;
Or art thou (as the proverb hath it) But poor in knowledge, having none to impart—
Beast, and thou art plainly clad;
His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad;
Of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men;
Nor jest, and yet lively in discourse,
He phrasè well chosen, clear, and full of force.
And his address, if not quite French in ease,
Nor English stiff, but frank, and form'd to please;
Low in the world, because he scarce its arts:
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;
Elegance and therefore stocks;
Wise for himself and his few friends alone—
In him thy well-appointed proxy see,
And 'tis for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepared by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form the man, to strike his genius forth;
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
The force of discipline, when back'd by love;
To show him in thy child, his mind inform'd,—
His morals unvitiated.
Vain under midnight, the bold shall show
No spots contracted among groves below,
Nor taint his speech with meannesses, design'd
To lower the dignity and refine.
There, in his commerce with the learned herd,
Varks the man, his chief to be for'd;
And, to a so perfect fashion dictats all who claim
A higher than a mere plebeian fame.
P'r'ce, that mischief may,
To entertain a thief or two in pay,
(And they that can afford th' expense of more,
Become an object, and some half a score.
Great cause occurs, to save him from a band
Sic diseases, and the grandeur of a hand;
A point secured, if once he be supplied
With some such Mentor always at his side.
Are men so free from the cumbrous
That no one could afford to bear?
Were occupation easier to be found,
Were education, else so rare to find,
Conducted on a manageable scale,
And schools, that have out-lived all just esteem,
Enriched for the public domestic scheme.
But, having found him, be thon duke or earl,
Show him has sense enough to prize the pearl,
And, as thou wouldest th' advancement of thine heir
In all good faculties, beneath his care,
Respect, as is but rational and just.
A man don't wield so dear a trust.
Despised by thee, what more can he expect
Proudly youthful far from the same neglect
A flat and fatal negative obtains.
That instant upon all his future pains;
His lessons, his, his mild rebuffs affix'd,
And all th' instructions of thy son's best friend
Are a stream check'd, or trickling to no end.
Bless him not. The man for study mad,
But recollect that he has sense; and feel;
And thus a soul reared,
An upright heart, and cultivated mind,
His post not mean, his talents not unknown,
He deems it hard to vegetate alone.
And, if admitted at thy heart he sit,
Accomits him no just mark for idle wit;
Culled not him, whose modesty restrains
From repartee, with jokes that he disdain;
Much less transfix his feelings with an oath;
Nor frown, unless he vanish with the cloth.—
And, trust me, his utility may reach
To bring him, as he is hired or lured to teach;—
Much Trash unutter'd, and some ifs undone,
Through never having the enemy's body.
But, if thy table be indeed unclean,
Pout with excess, and with diarrhoea abuse,
And then a wrath, when following her old plan
The world presents an honourable man,
Because, forsooth, thy courage has been tried,
And stood the test, perhaps on the wrong side;—
To preach lacks grace enough to prove
That any thing but vice could win thy love—
One well will rise in thine eye, and
Chain'd to the routes that she frequents for life;
Who, just when industry begins to move,
Flies, wing'd with joy, to some cock-crow'd door;
And thrice in every winter through thine own
With half thy gold and silver then in pawn,
Thyself meanwhile even shifting as thou mayst:
Not very sober, though very chaste;
Or watch the hour for thine high rank.
If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,
Then and at this are the hardest mood,
A trifler vain, and empty of all good;
Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none,
Hear nature pleas, show mercy to thy son.
Saved from his home, where every day brings
Some mischief fatal to his future worth,
And him a better in a distant spot,
Within some plats pasturage hunting cot,
Where e'en example (yours chiefly meant,
The none seducing, and the offends seen)
May never more be scanty'd upon his breast
Not yet perhaps incurably impress'd.
Where early rest makes early rising sure,
Pleasure or curses, or finds any cure,
Are censur'd by the meanest, andplain.
Or, if it enter, soon starv'd out again;
Where all th' attention of his faithful host,
Directly limited to two at most.
May raise such fruits, as shall reward his care,
And not at last evanish in air.
Where, stillness aiding, study, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclined,
Not occupied to day dreams, as at home,
Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,
If virions tales may terminate at last
In settled habit and decided life.
—But whom do I advise? the fashion-loc'd,
The incorrigibly young, my child, the dead,
Whom care and cool education hill,
Get better than spectacles a brave;
With whom, if their sons some bright union share,
Beautys is no great moment whose or where;
The proud to adopt the thoughts of one unknown
And much too gay to have any of their own.
But courage, man! 'midst the noise repress'd,
Moments are various, and the world is wise
The urchins, sills' of the feather'd kind,
And for'red of God' without a parent's mind.
Commits her sexes, incursions, to the dust.
Forgetful that the spot may crush the trust;
And, while on public they rely,
Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,
Irresistant in what they thus prefer
No few, that would seem wise, resemble her.
But all are not alike,
Thy warning voice
May here and there prevent erroneous choice;
And some perhaps, who, busy as they are,
Yet make their progeny their nearest care
(Whose hearts will ache, once told what ill may reach)
Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach,
Will need no stress of argument to enforce
The expedition into so avowed a course.
The rest will slight thy counsel, or condemn;
But they have human feelings—turn to them.
Thus, your sons, tenants of the middle state,
Securely placed between the small and great,
Whose character, your children, retains
Two-thirds of all the virtue that remains,
Who, wise yourselves, desire your son should

Your wisdom and your ways—to you I turn.
Look round you or a world perversely blind;
See what contempt is fallen on human-kind;
See wealth abused, and dignities misplaced.
Great titles, offices, and trusts disgraced;
Long lines of ancestry, renown'd of old,
Their noble qualities all quench'd and cold—
See Bedlam men—lers and clowns,
Surpriz'd in frenzy by the mad at large;
See great commanders making war a trade,
Great lawyers, lawyers without study made;
Churchmen, in whose esteem their best employ
Is olons, and their wages
Who, far enough from furnishing their shelves
With Gospel lore, turn thereon their eyes;
See womanhood despis'd, and manhood shamed
With infancy too meanly to be named,
Hops at all corners, large enough in men,
Civetted fellows, smell'd ere they are seen.
E'en coarse in what they wear, and, their tongue
On fire with curses, and with nonsense hung
Now finish'd with drunkenness, now with where
Their breath a sample of last night's regale.

REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

81.
YEARENLY DISTRESS, still

Verses addressed to a country clergyman complaining of the discouragements of the year annually appointed for receiving the dues at the parsonage.

COME, ponder well, for 'tis no jest,
To laugh it would be wrong.
The troubles of a worthy priest,
The burden of my song.

This priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of a year,
But oh! it cuts him like a stithe,
When tithing-time draws near.

He then is full of fright and fear,
Sits, as one in a place to die,
And long before the day appears
He hears up many a sigh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,
Along the main road;
Each heart as heavy as a log,
To make their payments good.

In sooth, the sorrow of such days
Is not to be expressed.
When he that takes, and he that pays
Are both alike distress'd.

Now, all unwelcome, at his gates
The clumsy awains slight,
With rueful faces and bald pates—
He trembles at the sight.

And well he may, for well he knows
Each bumpkin of the clan,
Instead of paying what he owes,
Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come—each makes his leg,
And flings his head before,
And looks as if he came to beg,
And not to quit a score.

"And how does mise and madam do," said he,
"And what dost thou, my boy?"
One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart,
Heav'n be with thee; may thy days be blest.

Oh, barstowls! wouldst thou with a groan be laid
Down under the earth—what ails thee? "

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,
One spits upon the floor,
Yet, not to give offence or grudge,
Hold up the cloth before.

The punch goes round, and they are dull,
And lumps of the poet fail,
Like barrells with their belies full,
They only weigh the heavier.

At length the busy time begins,
"Come, neighbours, we must wag—"
The money chinks, down drop their chins,
Each lodging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of frost,
One of storms and hail,
And one of pigs, that he has lost
By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, "A rarer man than you
In puissance shall bear,
But yet, methinks, to tell you true,
You sell it plaguy dear."
COWPER'S POEMS.

ON MRS. MONTAGU'S FEATHER-HANGINGS.

THE birds put off their every hue,
To dress a room for Montagu.
The peacock sends his heavenly eyes,
His ribands and his merry eyes.
The phoenix plumes, which round inflamed
Him, scattering snick with dewy gold;
The cock his arch'd tail's array'd show;
And, verily, the swan his snow.
All tribes beside of Indian names,
That glossy shine, or vivid flame,
Where rises, and where sets the watery,
Whatever they boast of rich and gay,
Contribute to the gorgeous plan,
Fond to advance it all they can.
This plumes, that neither dashing shower,
Nor blasts that shake the drooping bower,
Shall drench again, or discompose,
But, serenely, from every atom that blows,
It beams a splendor ever new,
Safe with protecting Montagu.
To the same patroness devoi,
Sure to of favour at her court,
Strong genius, from whose forge of thought
Forms rise, to quicken sense brought,
Which, though new born, with vigour more,
Like Fata's springs arising round of ev'ry
Imagination scattering round,
Wild roses over bow'sd ground,
Vice labours of his clouded dome,
And teach philosophy a smile.
Who flash'd on religious glory's side,
Whose fires, to sacred truth apply'd,
Sweet the gem, though luminous before,
 Erecture on human mind's floor,
Like sunbeams on the golden height
Of some tall temple playing bright—
Well-tutor'd learning, from his books
Displayed'd with grave, not haught'ry looks,
Their order on his shelves exact,
Not more harmonious or compact,
Than that, to which his keeps confined,
The various treasures of his mind—
All these to Montagu's repair,
Ambitions of a shelter there,
These genius, learning, fancy, wit,
Their sufficed pleasure calm retire,
(For stormy troubles loudest roar,
Around their flight who highest soar)
And in her eye, and by her side,
Shine safe without a fear to fade.
She then maintains subdued away,
With you bright repant of the day,
The plumes and poet both, we know,
Their taste to his in harmony; and
She or the works of Phoebus aiding,
Both poet sav'd and plume from fading.

VERSES

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms,
That sage's have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrid place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unconquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.
COWPER'S POEMS.

Society, friendship and love,
Divided bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrow I should might en-suite
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer’d by the salutes of youth.
Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly world!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sigh’d at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appear’d.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land, I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-bowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There’s mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives rest affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

ON THE PROMOTION
OF
EDWARD THURLOW, ESQ.

To the Chancellorship of England.

BOUND Thurlow’s head in early youth,
And in his sportive days,
Fair science pour’d the light of truth,
And genius shed his rays.

See! with united wonder, cried
Th’ experienced and the sage,
Ambition in a boy suppl’d
With all the skill of age!

Discernment, eloquence, and grace,
Proclaim him born to sway
The balance in the highest place,
And bear the palm away.

The praise bestow’d was just and wise;
He sprang impetuous forth,
Secure of conquest, where the prize
Attends superior worth.

So the best courser, on the plain,
Ere yet he starts, is known,
And does but at the goal obtain
What all had deem’d his own.

ODE TO PEACE.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return, and make thy downy nest.
Once more in this sad heart:

Nor riches nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not fear
Where with thee dwell, if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free,
And pleasures’ mild smile?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester’d shade,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I pantest, thee I prised,
For thee I gladly sacrificed
What’s err I loved before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear the say—
Farewell! we meet no more?

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irrevocable man;
The purpose of to-day
Worn with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already vain;
But passion rudest snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

’Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And danger little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But ears alone can never prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail
Or all the till is lost.

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

REBELLION is my theme all day;
I only wish ’twould come
(As who knows but perhaps it may?)
A little nearer home.

You roaring boys, who rave and fight
On y’other side th’ Atlantic,
I always held them in the right,
But most so when most frantic.

When avies more intim’ the court,
That man shall be my coast,
If breaking windows be the sport,
Who bravely breaks the most.

But O! for him my fancy calls
The choicest flowers she bears,
Who constitutionally pulls
Your house about your ears.

Succ’r civil ords are my delight,
Though some faints can’t endure them,
Who say the mob are mad outright,
And that a rope must cure them.
ON THE BURNING
OF
LORD MANSFIELD'S LIBRARY,
Together with his MS., by the Mob, in
the month of June, 1790.
SO then— the Vandals of our Isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw!
And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more,
The well-judged purchase, and the gift,
That graced his letter'd store.
Their pages mangled, burn'd, and torn
The loss was his alone;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of his own.

ON THE SAME.
WHEN wit and genius meet their doom
In all-devouring flame,
They tell us of the fate of Rome,
And bid us fear the same.
O'er Murray's loss the Muses wept,
They felt the rude alarm,
Yet bless'd the guardian care, that kept
His sacred head from harm.
There memory, like the bee, that's fed
From Florio's balmy store,
The quintessence of all he read,
Had treasured up before.
The lawless herd, with fury blind,
Have done him cruel wrong;
The flowers are gone—but still we find
The honey on his tongue.

THE
LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED;
or,
HYPOCRISY DETECTED.
THUS says the prophet of the Turk.
Good Mussulman, abstain from pork.
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest.
But for one piece they thought it bad;
From the whole hog to be detest'd;
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
These chose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;

* It may be proper to inform the reader, that this piece has already appeared in print, having found its way, though with some unnecessary additions by an unknown hand, into the Leeds Journal, without the author's privy.
COWPER'S POEMS.

While others at that doctrine rail,
And plume with pharisaic rail,
Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh at me, I see; the tale applied,
May make you laugh on other side.
Remember the world—the preacher cries.
We do—a multitude replies.

While one so innocent regards
A mug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;

Some love a concert, or a race;
And others shooting and the chase.
Reviled and louped, renounced, and follow'd,
Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallow'd;
Each thing he allele never makes too free,
Yet loves a slice as well as he:

With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to smoot 'tis eaten.

ON THE DEATH

OF

MRS. (now LADY) THROCKMORTON'S

BULFINCH.

YE nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red
With tears over hapless favourites shed,
O share Maria's grief!
Her favourer, even in his cage,
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
Assassin'd by a thief.

Where Rhesus strays his vines among,
The egg was laid from which he sprung,
And, though by nature wise,
Or only with a whistle bless'd,
Waltz'd in their hands express'd
Of flagioli or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the dullest mole,
His bosom of the true
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise,
To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house
Drye sikles of bird and mouse,
No cat had leave to dwell;
And Billy's cage supported stood
On props of smoothest shaven wood,
Large-built, and latticed well.

Well-latticed—but the grate, alas!
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
For Billy's plumage sake,
But smooth with wands from One's side,
With which, when neatly peel'd and driz'd
The swains their baskets make.

Night fell'd the pole: all seem'd secure:
When led by instinct sharp and sure,
Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth sail'd on the scent,
Long-back'd, long-tail'd, with whisker'd snout,
And badger-colourd' hide.

He, entering at the study door,
Its ample air 'gan explore;
And something in the wind
Conjectured, snuffing round and round,
Better than all the books he found,
Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate improv'd,
A dream disturb'd poor Billy's rest;
In sleep he seem'd to view
A rat, fast climging to the cage,
And, screaming at the sad passage,
Awake, and found it true.

For, sided both by ear and sense,
Right to his mark the monster went—
Ah, musk! forbear to speak
Mists the horrors that ensu'd;
His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—
He left poor Billy's beak.

O had he made that too his prey?
That beak, whence issued many a lay
Of such melodious tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wrot;
For alleviating so sweet a threat,
Fast stuck within his own.

Maria weeps—the Muse mourns.
So when, by Bacchanalian torches,
On Tuculanis Hecus' side
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,
His head alone remain'd to tell
The cruel death he died.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And wash'd down its beautiful head.
The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, until as it was
For a nosegay, so favour'd and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.
And such, I ejacul'd, is the pitiful part
Some act by a delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile,
And the tear, that is wipe'd with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

THE DOVES.

REASONING at every step he treasons,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus address'd her mate,
And coo'd the listening dove:
Our mutual bond of faith and truth
No time shall disengage;
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise,
And constancy sincere,
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
And mine can read them there,

Those ill's, that wait on all below,
Shall never be felt by me,
Or gently felt, and only so,
As being shared with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
Or kilos are hovering near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
And press thy wedded side,
Resolved a union form'd for life
Death never shall divide.
COWPER'S POEMS.

But oh! if faiths and unchaste,
Forgive a faithless thought,
Thou couldst become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot,
No need of lightnings from on high,
Or kites with cruel beak,
Denied th' endearments of thine eye,
This wido'ld heart would break.
Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,
Soft as the passing wind,
And I record what I heard,
A lesson for mankind.

A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast,
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And, on her wicker work mounted,
Her chickens prematurely count'd,
(A fault philosophers might blame
If quite exempted from the same,) Enjoys at ease the genial day; "This April, as the philosophers say,
The legislature calls it May.
But suddenly a wind as high,
As ever swept a winter sky,
Blew the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Rais'd the rude blast, and shew'd the mough
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears, were hush'd together:
And now, quoth poor, unthinking Ralph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe.
(For ravens, though as birds of omen
They teach both conquerors and old women,
To tell us what is to befall,
Can't prophesy themselves at all.)
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destined all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climb'd like a squirrel to his den,
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours
Safety consist not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape;
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangli'd by a hair.
Pate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftener in what least we dread;
Prowls in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

A COMPARISON.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
The silent pace with which they steal away
No wealth can bribe, nor prayers persuade to stay;
Alas! it is irrecoverable when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
Though each resemble each in every part,
A difference strikes at length the meaning heart.
Streams never flow in vain;
What streams abound?
How laughs the land, with various plenty crown'd!
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

ANOTHER.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET! stream, that winds through yonder glade,
A p't emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng;
With gentile, yet prevailing force,
Iant not upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and bless'd wherever she goes,
Pare-bosom'd, yet unseen by all,
And heaven reflected in her face.

THE POET'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT
TO
MRS. (now LADY) THROCKMORTON.

MARIA! I have every good
For thee wish'd many a time,
Both sad, and in a cheerful mood,
But never yet in thyme.
To wish thee fater is no need.
More prudent, or more slyghtly,
Or more ingenions, or more freed
From temper-flaws unright.
What favour then not yet possess'd
Can I for thee require,
In wedded love already bless'd,
To thy whole heart's desire?
None here is happy but in part:
Full bliss is bliss divine;
There dwells some wish in every heart,
And doubtless one a thine.
That wish, on some fair future day,
Which fate shall brightly glid,
('Tis blameless, be it what it may
I wish'd it all fulfill'd.

ODE TO APOLLO.

ON AN INKGLASS ALMOST DRIED IN THE SUN

PATRON of all those luckless brains,
That, to the wrong are asding,
Indite much metre with much pains,
And little or no meaning:
Ah! why, since oceans, rivers, streams
That water all the nations,
Pay tribute to thy glorious beam,
In constant exhalations—
Why, slopping from the noon of day,
Too covetous of drink,
Apollo, hast thou stolen away
A poet's drop of ink?
Upborne into the viewless air,
It floats a vapour now,
Impell'd through regions dense and rare,
By all the winds that blow.
Ordain'd perhaps, ere summer flies,
Combined with millions more,
To form an Iris in the skies,
Though black and foul before.
Illusive drop! and happy then
Beyond the happiest lot,
Of all that ever pass'd my pen,
So soon to be forgot!
Phoenix, if such be thy desig,
To place it in thy bow,
Give wit, that what is left may shine
With equal grace below.
PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rosseau,*
If birds confide in each or not;
I'm clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in table;
And ever the child, who knows no better,
Than to interpret by the letter,
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skill.

It chanced then, on a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, concocting a design
To forestal sweet St. Valentine;
In many an orchard, coope, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.

At length a Bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the rest,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And, silence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly thus his mind:

'Friends,' he cautious now to treat
The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet.

A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wings, and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who never had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied:

Machinics his gentleman, youth she,
Opposite in the apple-tree.
By all good-will would keep us single,
Till tender heaven and earth shall mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado:
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?

Bird hearted, and twiddling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, trotting, and sideling.
Attended, pined, his approbation
Of an immediate coagulation.
Their sentiments so well express'd
Influenced mightily the rest,
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on but quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.

The vine, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north;
Ease trees and shrubs but ill you know,
Could shelter them from wind and snow,
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were Edwarded, their eggs were golded,
Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other
Without the least respect,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

MISSES: the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not twain a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

THE DOG AND WATER-LILY.

NO FABLE.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
With a breach from literary cares,
I wander'd on his side.

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?

* Sir Robert Gunning's daughters.
COWPER'S POEMS.

For many a grave and learn'd clerk,
And many a gay unletter'd part,
With raptures contemplates, me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink
Says who would than one would think!
Thus life is spent (oh my upon't!) In being touch'd, and crying—Don't!
A poet, in his evening walk,
Overheard and check'd this idle talk.
And your fine sense, he said, and yours
Whatever evil it endures.

Deserves not, if so often offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Dispute, though short, are far too long.
Where both alike are in the wrong; Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.

You, in your grove-work enclosed,
Complain of being thus expos'd;
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat,
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from every ill beside.

And as for you, my Lady Squawish,
Who reckon every touch a semblance,
If all the plants, that can be found
Embellishing the scene around,
Should droop and wither where they grow
You would not feel at all—not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By sympathy and love.
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their own bounties divine.
His careless reck'd them as he dealt it,
And each by shrinking show'd he felt it.

THE SHRUBBERY.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION.

Oh, happy shades—to me unblest!
Friendly to peace; but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quivering to the breeze,
Might sooth a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fixed unsatiable care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness everywhere,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
While peace possess'd these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tend
This moss-grown alley, muting slow;
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not like me to nourish wo!

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Allike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrow yet to come.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

WHAT nature, alas! has denied
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is deck'd with a smile.

See, I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed
What favor sprinkles on the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets—
Where Piers is still in her prime,
A nest of roses weel nigh:
From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks and roses are fresh and gay,
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
The browns and falls of winter;
Seem grace'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of the world.

NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

THE lady thus addresses her spouse—
What a morrow dungeon this house!
By no means large enough; and was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
These hangings with their worn outgreater, Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overpower me with the queen.
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes a noise quite beside the mark.

No doubt, my dear, I must be come,
Engaged myself to be at home.
Then shall expect him at the door,
Fiecibly when the clock strikes four.

You are so deaf, the lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and rang her best); You are so sadly deaf, my dear;

What shall I do to make you hear?

Dismiss poor Harry: he replies;
Some people are more nice than wise.
For one slight trepan all this air;

What if he did ride, whip, and spur,
'Twas but a mile—your favourite horse
Will never look one hair the worse.

Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing:—
Child! I am rather hard of hearing,
Yes, truly; one must scream and hawl;
I tell you, you can't hear at all.
Then, with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or not.

Alas! and domestic strife,
That sorrow innumerable life,
A pangs so little to be bear'd,
As to be wanting incurred.

To gratify a faithful passion,
On every trivial provocation.
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forget;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

But if intemperies, that fall
In common to the lot of all.
A blench of a sense impaired,
Are crimes so little to be spumed;
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedged state;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that nerves life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from destruction,
Becomes not weary of attention;
But lives, when that exterior grace,
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To satisfy compassionate or listsed,
And will with sympathy endure.

These evils, it would gladly cure;—
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression.
Shows love to be a mere profession;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.
COWPER'S POEMS.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures, Afri¢'s coast I left forlorn; To increase a stranger's treasures, Our raging billows here; Man from England bought and sold me, Paid my price in paltry gold! But, though slave they have enroiled me, Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever, What are England's rights, I ask, Me from my delights to sever, Me to tortoise, me to task? Fleshy locks and black complexion Cannot forget nature's claim; Skins may differ, but affection Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating nature Make the plant for which we toil? Sugars must fain it, tears must water, Sweat of ours must dress the soil. Think, ye masters iron-hearted, Lolling at your jovial board; Think how many backs have smarted For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us, Is there one, who reigns on high? Has he bid you buy and sell us, Speaking from his throne, the sky? Ask him, if your knotted screws, Matches, blood-extorting screws, Arms of his will to use? Hark! Be answers—wild tornadoes, Sore war, with wrecks; Wasting towns, plantations, meadows, Are the voice with which he speaks, He, foreseeing what vexations Africa's sons should undergo, Fitted their tyrants' habitations Where his whirrings answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted, Ere our necks received the chain; By the miseries that we tasted, Crossing in your barks the main; By our suffering, since ye brought us To the man-degrading mart; All, sustained by patience, taught us Only by a broken heart: Deem our nation braves no longer, Till some reason ye shall find Worthier of regard, and stronger Than the colour of our kind. States of gold, so called dealings Tarnish all your boasted powers, For thus you use human feelings, Are you proud question ours?

PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

' Video melloria proboque, Deteriora sequor.'—

I OWN I am shock'd at the purchase of slaves, And fear those who buy them and sell them are knaves; What I hear of their hardships, their terrors and groans Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.

It pity them greatly, but I must be mun, For what use do we write out sugar and rum? Especially sugar so needful we see! What I give up our dearness, our coffee, and tea Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes, Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pangs; If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will, And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade, Much more in behalf of your wish might be said But, while they get riches by purchasing blacks, Fray tell me why we may not also go snatchs? Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind A story so pat, you may think it is cold, On purpose to answer you, out of my mind; But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A younger at school, more sedate than the rest, Had once his integrity put to the test; His comrades had plied an orchard to rob, And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd. Sir, like you, and answer'd—"Oh no!" What! rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread, Their child's of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave, But apples we want, and apples we'll have; If you will go with us, you shall have a share, If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—"I see they will Poor man! what a pity to injure him so! [go] Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could, But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me, [true] His apples might have all they drop'd from the But, since they will take them, I think I'll go too, He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus all seventeen, Tom felt more at ease, And went with his comrades the apples to see; He blamed and protested, but join'd in the plan: He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

THE MORNING DREAM.

'TWAS in the glad season of spring, Asleep at the dawn of the day, I dream'd what I cannot but sing. So pleasant it seem'd as I lay, I dream'd, that, on ocean astrest, For hence to the westward I said, While the billows high-lifted the boat, And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerrage a woman I saw, Such as at first she were, Whose beauty impress'd me with awe, Nor ta'en from by woman before. She sat, and a shield at her side Shed light like a sun on the waves, And, smiling divinely, she said—"I go to make freemens of slaves." Then raising her voice to a strain The sweetest that ear ever heard, She sung of the slave's broken chain, Wherever his glory appear'd. Some clouds which had o'er us hung, Fled, chased by her melody clear, And methought while she liberty sung, 'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood, To a slave-cultured island we came, Where a demon, her enemy, stood— Opposition his terrible name. In his hand, as the sign of his sway, A scourge hung with lashes be ore, And stood looking out for his prey From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land The godlike image we viewed, The scourge he let fall from his hand, With blood of his subjects imbrued.
COWPER'S POEMS.

I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expired,
Heard shouts, that ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspired.

Awaking, how could I but arise,
At what a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which served my weak thought for a guide—
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the wave
For the hatred she ever has shown
To the black-souled rulers of slaves;
Resolves to have none of her own.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had charm'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspend'd,
Nor yet when eventide was end'd,
Began to sing, as he might,
The keen demand of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He quaffed for all, upon the ground,
A soothing balm in the cave,
And knew not what was in his part;
So soaring down from hathorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Fled to the green grass, for it flew and groin.

Dare you admire my hue, quoth he,
As much as I your animal?
You would abuse to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song.

For 'twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beauty and cheer the night.
The songster heard his short motto,
And, wrangling out his approbation,
Rebuked him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother
And war and devour each other:
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
This life's poor present night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

ON A GOLDFINCH,

Starred to Death in His Cage.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And these to all in vain;
And of a treatable date;
For caught, and caged, and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon past the wry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And thy strength be soon felt
More cruelty could none express;
And let thy strength be soon felt
Had been thy prisoner still.

THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

THE pine-apples, in triple row,
Were basking hot, and all in blow;
A bee, of more discerning arts,
Perceived the fragrance as he passed;
On eager wing the sceptor came,
And search'd for riches in the frame,
Exerting his efforts on every side,
To every part his touch applied;
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only permitted to the light.
Thas having wasted half the day,
He triumph'd in his flight another way.

The sin and readiness of mankind,
To joy forlorn men inspire,
Consumes their souls with vain desires;
Folly the spring of this pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.

While Cynthia agess, as she passes,
The nympha between two chariot glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The sly, unsuccessful bee;
The maid, who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glittering ware,
Saw watch, brooches, rings, and locket,
But sighs at thought of empty pocket;
Like base her appetite is keen,
But ah! the cruel glass between!
Our dear delights are often such,
Exposed to view, but not to touch;
The sight our selfish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames
With houses with one looks and lingers;
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers:
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

HORACE.

Book II. Ode X.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shall thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's overpowering stroke,
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always taste the shallow brook.

Along the treacherous shore
He, that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.
The tallest pines feed most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower,
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts, that spare not the mast's side,
His cloud-capt minstrels divide,
And spread the ruin round.
The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes, in spite of pain;
If winter come, the laurel's pride,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky.
The God that strings the silver bow
Awaits sometimes the mists too,
And lays his arrows by.
If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But O! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than thy soul can bear,
Take half thy canvas in.
COWPER'S POEMS

A REFLECTION
On the foregoing Ode.

AND is this all? Can reason do no more, Than bid me shut the deep, and dread the shore I'vee so near? I stand on life's rough sea, The Christian has an art unknown to thee. His holds no peace with unmanly fears; Where duty bids, he confidently smiles, Faces a thousand dangers at her call, And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.
The nymph must lose her female friend, If more admired than she— But where will fierce contention end If flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceable scene Appears a two lovely rose, Aspiring to the rank of queen, The Lily and the Rose. The Rose soon redder'd into rage, And, swelling with disdain, Appeared to many a poet's page To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command, A fair imperial flower; She seem'd design'd for Flora's band, The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate The goddess chanc'd to hear, And new to save, ere yet too late, The pride of the parterre;

Young is she, said the nobler hue, And yous the statelier mien; And, till a third suissors you, Let each be deem'd a queen.

Thus, sooth'd and reconciled, each seeks The fairest Britsh fair. The seat of empire is her cheeks, They reign united there.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

HEU inimicitias quoted parit acmoda forma, Quam raro pulchra salis placere potest! Sed fines ultra solis discordia tendit, Cam flores ipsas bilis et intra movent.

Horatu ubi dulces prehret tastoque resonant, Se raptit in partes gens animosa duas; Hic sit regalis Amurallida candida culta, Lillae purpurae vincitque ore Rosa.

Irros Rosam et meritis questae superficis tangan, Multaeque fontes vix cohibenda sine, Dum sibi fastorum ced indique omnes valum, Jaques sum, nutito carmine fuitus, probat.

Altior enicat illa, et celo vertice nutat, Cen flores ingratae hortaturus parent, Fastidiique alios, et nata videtur in usus Imperti, sciprum, Flora quae ipsa genet.

Nec Dea non sensit civilis marmora rize, Crei curas, pietas paterat urna spes, Deliciae sua munere non promptus uter, Deum liceat et locum est ut tuestur, adeat.

Et uti forma datur proximum omnius, laetit; Et ulla, petunturis qui solet acce, color;

Er donec vincat quaeam fomorum ambas, Et tubi regine numen, et esto tibi.

His ubi sedatus furore est, petit utraque symphonia, Quacumque inter Veneris Anglia sola parit; [Rupes Hanc penes impetrant est, nihil opulent amplectur, Regnant in nidiis, et sine lute, genit.

THE POPULAR FIELD.

THE poplars are fell'd, forever to the shade, And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade; The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves, Nor Dusse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took a view Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew; And now in the grass behold they are laid, And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat, Where the hawkes afford him a screen from the heat, And, the scene, where his melody charm'd me before, Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hastening away, And I must ere long lie as low as they, With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head, Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

"Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can, To muse on the perishing pleasures of man; Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see, Have a being less durable even than he."

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

POPULUS ecclidi gratissima copia alvea, Conticoreususurri, omniumque avultis umbra, Nulle jam levibus se miscent frondibus aure, Et nullis in rivio ramorum hidat imagini.

Hie mihi! hie semo dum lacta turgescens annos, Hic savor alivis suaeque carere recessis, Cum sero redditis, stratisque in gramine cornens, Inaequal arboreis, sub quos errare solebam.

Ah! ubi nunc meminisse cantus? Felicior illum, Silva tegit, durae nondum permissa bipennis; Scilicet satisque crutibus campeisque patiens, Odit, et indignans, non rebus alivis.

Sed qui sussuris dolce succidat et ipsa, Et pristis huc pariae quam creverit alera silva Fiesco, et esquis parvia donatus, habebo. Dextam lapiderum tumulisque cubantibus acrum.

Tum subhito pertusa videns tam digna manere, Agnoecus humanae sortis et tristis fata— Sib eceps brevis, volucrulique simillimus ubera, Nec hominii beator citharistis obstruta valpes.

VOTUM.

O MATUTINI rores, arumque salubres, O senesque, et tene rives felicibus herbis, Grannimel colites, et amores in validis umbre. Fata modo dediscit quas olim in rure paterno Delicias, petuit arre, procuit formidaneae servit. [hae, Quam vellem ignotum, quod mens mea semper aenire. Asteiarem proprium placidenti exspectare selectan. Turn demum, exactis nos indicieret annis, Sortiri tacitum lapidem, aut sub espiis condii !

* Mr. Cowper afterward altered this last stanza in the following manner:—

The change both my heart and my fancy employs, I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see, Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.
COWPER'S POEMS.

CICINDELA.
By Vincent Bourne.

SUB sepe exiguum est, nec rarò in margine sipe,
Raptula, quod incertis nocte, dieque latet.
Vermin habet speciem, sed habet de lanceo nomen;
At priscà a sana non ligitur, unde miscet.
Parvaque causa credunt procedere lumen;
Nec desunt, credunt qui rutella caput.
Nam supranus stellas que non ascomittit, et illi
Parcans eadem incem dat, modulique carmen.
Foris taman hoc prudens voluit Natura caveri,
Ne pede quis durum reptile contrectaret,
Exiguum, in tenerebatur gressum offenderet ullus,
Pratendit voluit foris taman facem.
Sive usum humo Natura parentis, seu malum illum,
Haud frustra aescen est lux, radiique data.
Puella vos fatua, humiles nec spernitis, magis;
Quasque habet et minimum reptile, quod nisit.

I.—THE GLOW-WORM.
Translation of the foregoing.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray;
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure,—the hand of night
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a medium of light,
Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod:

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling-stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

What'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power slightest bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendor too.

CORNICULA.
By Vincent Bourne.

NIGRAS inter aves avis est, qua plurima turres,
Antiquas adae, celebres facta cedit.
Nil tant sublimine est, quod non adae voluit,
Aeris sparsus inferius, petit.
Quo nemo ascedat, cui non vertigo cerebrum
Corripiat, certe hunc seligit illa locum.
Quo vix a terra sua suspici abeatur tremens,
Illi nescit expertus incoliniae sedet.
Lamina delabra supra fastigia, ventus
Quae cella spiritis in regiones, docet;
Hanc ea pro relictis matris, secures percibit,
Nee curat, sediam cognoscit, unde cadat.
Res inda humanas, sed summa per cim, spectat,
Et nihil ad sus, quasi vidi, esse videt.
Concussa spectat, plateaque negoti in omnibus,
Omnis pro mugis ad septemper habet.
Cur corum, quae infra audit, si foris audis, audis,
Pro rebus nihil neglegit, et croeat.
Ibi vitravit, salis Cornicula, pennis,
Et sic humanos rebus absque vita.

II.—THE JACKDAW.
Translation of the foregoing.

THERE is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the heanness of his nose,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
There, he often finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeples shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather,
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Food of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the rareenow,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure, and at his ease.

Yes think, we doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No! not a single thought of that
Employ his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees, that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its moody root,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thus happy bird! I too have seen
Much of this turn of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

AD GRILLUM.

ANACREONTICUM.
By Vincent Bourne.

O QUI massa culinae
Argyrales choraeales,
Et horpes as canores,
Quasquecunque comenedes,
Felicitas omnes;
Jacundiores cantos
Siquando me salutes,
Et ipse te rependam,
Et ipse, qua valebo,
Remunero mus.

Dicere incommunem
Et gratias inquillinum;
Nec Victima rapinae,
Ut soles voraces,
Muros curvabat,
Parvamque delicatum
Vagiam domesticam;
Sed tutas in camini
Racemus, quieles
Consistunt et calorem.

Beator Clara,
Quae te referre forma,
Quae voces te videtur;
Et salutum per herbam,
Unius, haud seconds,
Atials est chorista:
Tu cœnus integratum
Reponis ad Decembris,
Lectus per universum,
Incunctamenter amnum.
COPPER'S POEMS.

Te nilia lux noliquit,
Tv nilia novi restuit,
Non musice vacantem,
Quintus non solutum:
Quintus amplexus canendo,
Quintus amplexus frondendo,
Salmatiam, vel omnia,
Oausus nos huiuncolices
Salmatia amplexo,
Slate longa tempo.

III.—THE CRICKET.

Translation of the foregoing.

LITTLE inane, fail of spirit,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Whereas in thine abode,
Always harbingers of good,
Pay me for thy warmest treat;
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a trifle as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
Inexpressive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the sour,
And the mouse with curious scents,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Prickling thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Forbid'st as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
There is in but a summer's song.
Thine endures the winter long.
Unerring eye, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night, nor dawn of day,
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing them—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repenting discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

SIMILE AGIT IN SIMILE.

By Vincent Bourne.

CRISTATUS, pictusque ad Thalid Pictaccus alis,
Manus ab Eco manus amantis verat.
Annulis mundat primam forum sequosque,
Archobsculacini dot sit Thais opus.
Pictaccus, at Thalid, singulique sonat mult.
Basica, qua decola mollis relinquit aevi.
Juxy captat, juxy dilectum suscensus;
Et juxy integrata molliatur aevos.
Pictaccus mi pulcher pulchello, hero dicta amans;
Pictaccus mi pulcher, reddis admirans.
Janus canis, ridit, decusque sagram in hora,
Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque aequo.
Muitaque societatem mendax, et multa jactus,
Ex tepido pulmonis destit maguro.

Pul!
Nunc tristibus illatus famosis, qui sibi dicit,
Carmala, quisque te dicit, implet, homo est;
Argues macies stridet amnargus amatur.
Respicite, et vehabo as, quisquisque is, inspexit amnargus.
Quando fuit melior tyro, multo melius magister.
Quando dux ingenuis tam coleorepares?
Ardiat discant muta est, rea mula descant.
Ardua; sum descant feminam, descat avida.

IV.—THE PARROT.

Translation of the foregoing.

IN painted plumes superbly dress'd,
A noble vassal of the east,
By many a bills' tercet
Poll gains at length the British shore,
Part of the capitula's precious store,
A present to his host.

Belinda's amends are soon preferr'd
To teach him now and then a word,
As Poll can master it;
But 'ts her own important charge,
To qualify him more at large,
And make him quite a wil.

Sweet Poll! his doting mistress cries,
Sweet Poll! the mimic bird replies,
And calls aloud for sack.
She vast instructs him in the kin;
'Tis now a little one, like Miss,
And now a hearty snack.

At first he aims at what he hears;
And, listening close with both his ears,
Just catches at the sound;
But soon articulates aloud.
Much to th' amusement of the crew,
And stumps the neighbours round.

A querulous old woman's voice
His humorous talent next employs,
He scolds, and gives the lid.
And now he slays, and now is sick,
Here Sally, Sunn, come, come quick,
Poor Poll is life to die!

Belinda and her bird! 'ts rare
To meet with such a well-matched pair,
The language and the tone,
Each character in every part.
Sustains with so much grace and art,
And both in union.

When children first begin to spell,
And stammer out a syllable,
We think them tedious creatures;
But difficulties soon abate,
When birds are to be taught to praise,
And women are the teachers.

AN EPISTLE

TO

AN AFFLICTED PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

Madam,

A STRANGER'S purpose in these lines
Is to congratulate and not to praise.
To give the creature the Creator's due
Were an impious, and an affront to you.
From man to man, or even to woman paid,
Praise is the reward of a knavish trade.
A coin by craft for folly's use designed,
Spacious, and only current with the blind.
The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reach'd that blissful abode,
Who feared not thorns and briars in his road.
The world may dance along the flowery plains,
Cherish'd as they go by many a varied strain,
Where nature has her mossy violet spread,
With unshed feet yet securely tread,
Astonish'd, all torn the caution and the friend,
Sent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.
But he, who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
That, hard by nature, and stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls his grace designed.
To rescue from the jaws of mankind,
Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, 'Go, spend them in the vale of tears.
O balmy gales of soul-reviving air!
O salutary streams, that murmurs there!
These flowing from the font of grace above,
Those breathed from lips of everlasting love!
That dry soil indeed that their feet among,
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys.'
A TALE,

FOUNDED ON A FACT, WHICH HAPPENED IN JANUARY, 1779.

WHERE Humber pours his rich commercial stream
[Scene,]
There dwelt a wretch, who breathed but to blush
In subterraneous caves his life he led;
Black as the mines in which he wrenched bread.
When on a day, emerging from the deep,
A sabbath-day (such sabbaths countless keep!) The wages of his weekly toil he bore
To buy a cock—whose blood might win him more;
As if the noblest of the feather'd kind
Were but for battle and for death design'd;
For sport to minds on cruelty intent;
He chanced, (such chances Providence obey)
He met a fellow-labourer on the way,
Whose heart the same desires had once inflamed;
But now the savage temper was retrench'd;
Persuasion on his lips had taken place;
For all plead well who plead the cause of grace:
His iron heart with Scripture he assailed,
Would him to hear a sermon, and prevail'd.
His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,
Swift, as the lightning-glimpse, the arrow flew.
He went; he trembled; cast his eyes around,
To find a worse than he; but none he found.
He felt his sins, and wondered he should feel;
[Beal. Grace made the wound, and grace alone could
Now farewell oats, and blasphemies, and lies!
He quits the sinner's for the martyr's prize.
The holy day was wash'd with many a tear,
Gland with hope, yet shaded too by fear.
The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine
Learn'd, by his altered speech—the change divine
Laugh'd when they should have wept, and swore
The day
Was nigh, when he would swear as fast as they.
[No; (said the penitent;) such words shall share
This breath no more; devoted now to prayer.
O! if thou meet, (thine eye the future sees)
That I shall yet again blaspheme, like these—
Now strike me to the ground, on which I kneel,
Ere yet this heart relapses into steel;
Now take me to that heaven I once defied,
Thy presence, thy embrace!—he spoke and died!

THE DIVERTING

HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN:

Showing how he went further than he intended, and came safe home again.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen Of credit and renown, A train-band captain eke was he Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, Though wedded we have been These twice ten tedious years, yet we No holiday have seen.
To-morrow is our wedding-day, And we will then repair Unto the Bell at Edmonston All in a chaise and pair.
My sister, and my sister's child, Myself and children three, Will fill the chaise; so you must ride On horseback after us.
He soon replied, I do admire Of womankind but one, And you are she, my dearest dear Therefore it shall be done.
I am a linen-draper bold, As all the world doth know, And my good friend the calendar Will lend his horse to go.
Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That's well said: And for that wine is dear, We will be furnished with our own, Which is both bright and clear.
John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife; O' they'd was he to find, That though on pleasure she was bent, She had a frugal mind.
The morning came, the chaise was brought, But yet was not allowed To drive up to the door, lest all Should say that she was proud.
So three doors off the chaise was stay'd, Where they did all get in; Six precious souls, and all alog To dash through thick and thin.
Smack went the whip, round went the wheels Were never folk so glad, The stones did rattle underneath, As if Cheapside were mad.
John Gilpin at his horse's side Seized fast the flowing mane, And up he got in haste to ride, But soon came down again;
For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he, His journey to begin, When, turning round his head, he saw Three customers come in.
So down he came; for loss of time, Although it grieved him sore, Yet loss of peace, full well he knew Would trouble him much more.
'Twas long before the customers Were suit'd to their mind, When Betty screaming came down stairs, 'The wine is left behind!'
Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me, My Lebanon belt likewise, In which I bear my trusty sword When I do exercise.
Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!) Had two stone bottles found, To hold the liquor that she loved, And keep it safe and sound.
Each bottle had a curling ear, Through which the belt he drew, And hung a bottle on each side, To make his balance true.
Then over all, that he might be Equipp'd from top to top, His long red coat, well bran'd and neat, He manfully did throw.
Now see him mounted once again Upon his nimble steed,
COWPER'S POEMS.

Full slowly pacing o'er the stony
With caution and good heed.
But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod foot,
The mortal beast began to true,
Which gall'd him in his seat.
So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trust became a gallop soon,
In spite of carb and rein.
So stopping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright.
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.
His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.
Away went (Gilpin), neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set oat,
Of running such a rig.
The wind did blow, the clock did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button falling both,
At last it flew away.
Then might all people well discern
The botch he had sung;
A bottle swaying at each side,
As hath been said or sung.
The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done
As loud as he could bawl.
A way went (Gilpin)—who last he?
His fame soon spread around.
He carries weight: he rides a tree!
'Tis for a thousand pound!
And still, as fast as he draw near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.
And now, as he went bowling down
His reckoning head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd as a taw.
Down ran the wine into the road,
Most pitiful to see,
Which made his horse's flanks so moan:
As they had heasten been.
But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leather girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dang'ring at his waist.
Thus all through merry Islington
Those gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wain
Of Edmonton so gay;
And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a strandling snop,
Or a wild goose at play.
At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wandering much
To see how he did ride.
Stop, stop, John Giphs—Here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Giphs—So am I!
But yet his horse was not a white
Incensed to carry there;
For why—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.
So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.
Away went Giphs out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the cavalier's
His horse at last stood still.
The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:
What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why here-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?
Now Giphs had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spake:
I came because your horses would come;
And, if I well suppose,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.
The calender right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him a not a single word,
But to the house went in;
Whereas straight he came with hat and wig
A wag that how'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comedy in his kind.
He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit,
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.
But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hang upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.
Said John—It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.
So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.
Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spoke, a bevy of sex
Did sing most loud and clear;
Whereas his horse did mort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.
Away went Giphs, and away
Went Giphs's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—They were too big.
Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown;
And thus unto the youth she saie,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.
The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again;
Whom in a song he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;
But not performing what he meant.
And gladly would have done.
COWPER'S POEMS.

The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him startler run.
Away went Gipin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels.
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Sig gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gipin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
No name of them was given,
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Shut up in short space;
The toll-man thinking, as before,
That Gipin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up,
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gipin long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

TO THE
REV. W. CATHORNE UNWIN.

UNWIN, I should but ill repay
The kindness of a friend,
Whose worth deserves as warm a lay
As ever friendship pen'd,
That would reclaim a vacant age.

A union form'd, as mine with thee,
Not rashly, or in sport,
May be as fervent in degree,
And faithful in its sort,
And may as rich in comfort prov'd
As that of true paternal love.

The bud inserted in the rind,
The bud of peach or rose,
A damns, though differing in its kind,
The stock whereon it grows,
With flower as sweet, or fruit as fair,
As if produced by nature there.

Not rich, Irender what I may,
I seize thy name in haste,
And place it in this first essay,
Let this should prove the best.
'Tis where it should be—in a poem,
That holds in view the good of man.

The poet's lay, to fix his fame,
Should be the poet's heart;
Affection lights a brighter flame
Than slovenly art.

No muse on these lines attended,
I sing the poet in the friend.

—

ANSWER TO STANZAS

Addressed to Lady Basilithy, by Miss Catherine Fannysham, in returning a Poem of Mr. Cowper's, lent to her, on condition she should neither show it, nor take a Copy.

773.

TO be remembered thus is fame,
And did the few like her the same,
The press might sleep for me.

So Homer, in the memory stored
Of many a Grecian belle,
Was once preserved—a richer hand,
But never lodged so well.

—

ON THE ICE ISLANDS,

Seen floating in the German Ocean. 1779.

WHAT portents, from what distant regions, ride,
Unseen till now in ours, th' astonish'd side?
In ages past, old Protesilaus, with his drows
Of sea-calves, sought the mountains and the groves;
But now, descending late they stood,
Themselves the mountains seem to revel the flood.
Dire times were they, full-charged with human woe;
And these, scarce less calamitous than those.

What view we now? More wondrous still!
Behold!
Like burnish'd brass they shine, or beaten gold;
And all around the nearly pure splendor shone,
And all around the ruby's fiery glow.

Came they from India, where the burning earth,
Abounded, gave her richest treasures birth;
And where the cool springs, that beam around
The hays of mightiest potentates, are found?

Never such a countless dazzling store
Hath left, unseen, the Ganges' sequestered shone,
Rapacious hands, and ever-watchful eyes
Should sooner far have mark'd and seized the prize.

Whence spring they thus? Ejected have they come
From Venus's, or from Jura's burning veins?
Their shining they self-illumin'd, as last display
The borrow'd splendours of a cloudless day;
With borrow'd beams they shine. The gale that breathe

New landward, and the current's force beneath,
Have borne them nearer, and the nearer, sight,
Advantaged more, contempates them bright,
Their lofty summits created high, they show,
With mingled scene, and long inundated
The rest is ice. Far hence, where, most severe,
Their winter well-nigh subdues all the year,
Their inland growth begun. He taste aright
Their smooth forms, portentous in our eyes
Of as dissolv'd by transient suns, the snow
Left the tall cliff, to join the flood below,
He caught, and confi'd with a freezing blast
The current, ere it reach'd the boundless waves.

By slow degrees it swells the wonderous pile,
And long succesive ages roll'd the while,
Till, ceas'd in its growth, it clain't to stand
On its twin mountains on the land.
Thence stood, and, unmov'd by skill
Or force of man, and stood the structure still;
So that, though firmly fix'd, supplanted yet
By pressure of its own enormous weight,
It left the sheltering brake—and, with a sound
That shook the hollowing waves and rocks around,
Self-annihil'd, and swiftly to the Irving wave,
As if instinct with strong desire to live,
Drown went the ponderous mass. So birth'd of old,
Now Delta swam the river great, deep, and tall,
But not of ice was Delac. Delac here
Herb, fruit, and flower. She crownd with laurel,
Even under wintry skies, a summer smile;
And Delac was Apollo's favourite isle.

But, horrid wanderers of the deep, to you
His deems Corinthians darkness only disse,
Your hated birth he deem'd not to survey,
But scrofulous, tur'd his glorious eyes away.
Hence! seek your home, nor longer rashly dare
The darts of Thebais, and a softer air;
Least ye regret, too late, your native coast,
In no congenial gulp for ever lost.

—

ON FINDING THE HEEL OF A SHOE.

Written at Bath. 1778.

FORTUNE! I thank thee, gentle goddess! thanks
Not that my muse, though befall, shall drop.
She would have thank'd thee rather, hadst thou cost
COWPER'S POEMS.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,
Presenting pippins, of so rich a sort
That he, displeased to have a part alone,
Removed the true, that all might be his own.
The treb, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more;
The spring, perceiving all his labour void,
Cursed his own pains, so foolishly employ'd:
And "Oh," he cried, "that I had lived content
With what, small indeed, but kindly meant!
My revenue has expensive proved to me,
His cost me both my pippins, and my tree."

THE COLUMBIAD.

1782.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door sail'd fast
Three kites sat; each kite look'd at sight.
I passing swiftly, and inattentive by,
At the three kites cast a careless eye.
Not much concern'd to know what they did there;
Nor deeming kites worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim: "What's this?"
When? In the nuts or in your meat,
With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper, long as Count de Graus's cat.
Perch from his head his fiercest tongue he throws,
Daring it fall against a kites nose;
Who, having never, even to field or house,
The like, sat still and smiled as a mosee.
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whisker'd face, she'd him, "Who are you?"
On to the ball went I, with pace not slow,
But swift a lighting for a long Dutch hole:
With which well arm'd, I hasten'd to the spot.
To find the viper, but I found him not;
And turning up the leaves, and Theatre around,
Found only, thin he was not to be found.
But still the kites sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill,
Has almo't the between the door, and the door sill;
And if I make despatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard."
Per long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
"I was in the garden that I found him true.
Even there I found him, there the full-grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat;
As curious as the kitten erst had been.
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Foul'd with heroic arlour at the sight.
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only cat.
So strange a sight, and with a rat,
With austere b'd he slew him at the door,
And taught him never to come there as more.

AN

EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

DEAR Joseph,—five and twenty years ago—
Also how time escapes!—In even so—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet.
And always friendly, we were wont to chat.
A tedious hour,—and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in TERENCE says,
"I was therefore much the same in ancient days;
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all things, human things—
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart:

STANZAS

On the late indecent liberties taken with the
Remains of the Great Milton.—1790.

" ME too, perchance, in future days,
The chased and shivered stone shall show,
With Papian marble or with bays
Parthian on my brow.

But I, or eye that season come,
From every care,
Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,
And sleep securely there."

So sang, in Roman tone and style,
The youthful bard, ere long
Ordain'd to grace his native Isle
With her sublime song.

Who then but must conceive disdain,
Hearing the deed unblest,
Of wretches who have dared profane
His dread sepulchral rest?

Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones
And steal his dust away!

O ill-requited bard! neglect
The lie of worth repaid,
And blind, Holierose respect
As much affronts thee dead.

* Forcias et nostras duant de marmoris valvis
Nectem aut Paphia myrti aut Parmasiae lauri
Proneo comas.—At ego secure pace quiescam.

Milton in Manus.
COWPER'S POEMS.

TO ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

An Invitation into the Country.

THE SWALLOWES, in their torpid state
Compose their careless nest,
And boste, in hives, as dily wait
The cell of early spring.

The keenest fruit that bindes the stream,
The wildest wind that waves,
Are neither felt nor heard by them,
Secure of their repos.

But man, all feeling and awake,
The goosy scene surveys,
With present ills his heart must ache,
And part for brighter days.
COWPER’S POEMS.

Old winter, halting o’er the mead,
Eids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely spring peeps o’er his head,
And whispers your return.

Then April, with her sister May,
She brings new life from the hovers,
And weaves fresh garlands every day,
To crown the smiling hours.

And if a tear that speaks regret
Of happier times, appear,
A glimpse of joy that we have met,
Shall shine and dry the tear.

TRANSLATION OF PRIOR’S
CHLOE AND EUPHELIA.

Mercator, vigilas acies ut falleres poscit,
Nomina sub sicco trans mare mitti opeis;
Lene annat liquidumque meli Euphelia chordis,
Sed solam copulant in, una voce, Chloe.

Ad spertulum ornat niddica Euphelia crines,
Cram dixit mea, luce, Henus, cane, summe tyrann.
Nempe tyrann fuit postumus cum carmine vidit,
Suave quidem carmen dulcissime tyrann.

Pilus tyrann vocemque parte, saepius surgunt,
Et incipient numeros interius monte mediae,
Dumque tae membra laudes, Euphelia, formae,
Tota anima interius pendet ab ore Chloe.

Sehabeat illa pudore, et contrabat altera frontem,
Cam dixit sua, lux, Henus, cana, summe tyrann.
Amor Cupidines dixit Des cinque corona,
Hen! salutem artis quam dissidere parum.

A TALE.

This tale is founded on an article of Intelligence
which the author found in the Buckinghamshire
Herald, for Saturday, June 1st, 1785, in the following words:

Glasgow, May 25th, 1785.

"In a block, or pulley, near the head of the mast of a gaff-ship, now lying at the Broomlaw, there is a chest beneath it, in the blocks. The chest was built while the vessel lay at Greencock, and was followed kither by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock, however, visits the nest but seldom, while the hen never leaves it, but when she descends to the hull for food."

IN Scotland’s realm, where trees are few,
Not even shrubs abound;
But where, however bleak the view,
Some better things are found:

For husband there and wife may boast
Their union undiverted,
And false ones are as rare as
As hedge-row in the wild.

In Scotland’s realm, forlorn and bare,
The history chambered of
This history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast
With pangs and secret sighs;
They pair’d, and would have built a nest,
But found not where to build. The beasths uncovered, and the moons,
Except with snow and frost.
Sea-plains rocks and naked shores
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,
Till both grew weak and tired;
At length a ship arriving, brought
The good so long desired.

A ship!—could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest?

Hush!—silent hearers profit most—
This race of the sea
Proved kinder to them than the coast—
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree! ‘twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a mast,
And had a hollow, with a wheel.
Through which the tackle pass’d.

Without that cavity aloft
Their roofless home they fixed;
Firm’d with materials nest and soft,
Bents, woolly feathers mix’d.

Four (very eggs) soon pare their floor,
With ringer specks behind.
The vessel weighs, summary the shore,
And lessons to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
As she had changed her kind;
But goes the male? For what he’d
Is doubtless left behind?

No—soon as from ashore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love.

Then parking at his consort’s side,
Was briskly borne along;
The fowlers and the blast defied,
And cheer’d her with a song.

The seaman with sincere delight
His feather’d shipmates eyes,
Scarce less exulting in the sight
Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
And from a chance so new,
Each some approaching good divines,
And may his hopes be true!

Hall, honour’d land! a desert where
Not even birds can hide,
Yet parent of this loving pair
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who, rather than resign
The kibitz to the waves,
Were not afraid to plough the brine
In company with men:

For whose lean country much disdain
We English often show,
Yet from a sticker nothing gain
But wantonness and war.

Be it your fortune, year by year,
The same resource to prove,
And may ye, sometimes landing here,
Instruct us how to love.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

There is a field, through which I often pass,
With peach trees and splendid wild;
Adjoining close to Kilwick’s echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch-hex hides her busines bred,
COWPER'S POEMS.

101.

Reserved to solace many a neighboring squire,
That he may follow them through brake and brier.

Contrails hazing all neck or spine,
Which the hill gods call sport divine.

A narrow brook, by rusty banks concealed,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;

Oaks intercepted that had once a head,
But now wear crests of even wood instead;

Where the land slope to its watery bound,
Wide yawns a gulph beside is raged there:

Brick's line the sate, but shiver'd long ago,
And horrid branches intertwine below;

A hoar alcool. I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning pack to live.

Nor yet the hardbore bear her berries red,
With which the fields, wintry guest, is fed;

Nor autumn yet had brought'd from every stray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;

But corn was hoarded, and beans were in the stack;

Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,
With tails high-mounted, ears hanging low,

With a whole gamut fill'd of heavenly notes,
For which, alas, my destined seere;

Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planed on heavens' topmost arch,

When exercise and air my only aim;

And heedless whither, in that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthless for the happy bound

Tell hit and date that Reynard's track was found,

Or with the high-born hare's melodious clang.
All which, by adoration, I pursue:

Sheep graze the fields; some with soft bosom prey'd

The herds soft, and while nibbling stray'd the rest;

Nor noise was heard but of the busy brook,

Savag'd against a tree a petty nick.
All seems so peaceful, that, from them convey'd

To me their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when with distended cheek

Can make his instrument of music speak,

And from within the wood that crush was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,

The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that grazed,
All bumbling into phalaros, stood and gazed,

Admir'd, terror'd, the novel strain;

Then coursed the field around, and course'd it round again;

But, recollecting with a sudden thought,

That light in circles urged advanced them sought,

They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,

And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accustomed long,
Fears not in everything that lives a tongue.

Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
Have speech for him, and understood with ease.

After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;

Knows what the freshness of their issue implies,
How glad they catch the length of the skies;

But, with precision never still, the mind
He scans of every locomotive kind.

Birds of all feather, beats of every name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;

The looks and gestures of their grids and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;

He tells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossey, to set him right.

This truth promised was necessary as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.

A while they mused; surveying every face,
That had supposed them of superior race.

Their prejudices of good, and fears combined,
Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind,

That sage they seem'd, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which puzzling, long at last they puzzle out;

Or academic talents, teaching smarts,

Sure were to want them, for age pent

In earth's dark womb, have found at last a seat.

And from their princes below arise,

With all those hideous howlings to the skies,
I could be much compos'd, nor should appear,

For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.

Yourselfs have seen, what time the thunder

All night, we lay weeping in the field;

Or heard we that tremendous bay alone,
I could expose the melancholy tone.

Should deem it by our old companion made.

The ass for he, we know, has lately staid'st,

And being lost perhaps, and wandering wide,

Might be supposed to clamor for a guide.

But oh! those dismal howls what soul can hear,

That owns a carcass, and yet speaks for fear?

Ferocious produce them, doubtful, benighted

And fam'd with brass the demons are aloud;

I hold it therefore wisest and most fit,

That, life to save, we leap into the pit.

Him answered them his loving mate and true,

But more distane than he, a Caelum ene.

"How? leap in to the pit our life to save?"

To save our life leap all into the grave?

For can we find it less? Contemplate first

The depth how awful—falling there, we burst;

Or should the brambles interfer'd, our fall

In part alone, that happiness we small

With for a race like theirs no chance I see

Of ease or ease to creatures call'd as we.

Mourn, raise kils not. Be if Hapless's bays,

Or he lost, or he it whose it may.

And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues

Of demons utter'd, from whatever lungs,

Sounds are but sounds; and, till the cries appear,

We have at least commendations here;

Come hence, come fury, giant, monster, blast,

From earth or hell, or both, wet or dry plauge

While thus she spake, I faintly heard the peaks,

Of Reynard, close attended at his heels

By panting dog, tied man, and spotted horse.

Thro' meere good fortune, took a different course:

The first is great calm again, the road

Following, that led me to my own abode,

Much wonder'd that the silly sheep had made

Such cause of care, so many score, so sound,

So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,

Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON,

(Now Mrs. Courtney.)

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—

And meet perhaps never again.

The sun of that moment is set,

And seems to have risen in vain.

Catharina has fled like a dream,

(Boys' vanished pleasure, alas!)

But has left a regret and esteem,

That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,

Catharina, Maria, and I.

Our paths were there offensively,

By the nightingale warbling nigh.

We passed under many a tree,

And much she was charmed with a tone.

Less sweet to Maria and me,

Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,

And gave them a grace so divine,

As all her musical tone.

Could infuse into numbers of mine.

The longer I heard, I esteem'd

All her notes so full of fire,

And even to myself never seem'd

So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed

Another day of the same year,

Catharina, did nothing impede,

Would feel herself happier here;

* Two woods belonging to John Throackton, Esq.
THE

MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A TALE.

A HERMIT. (If at chance you hold
That title now too trite and old
A man, once young, who lived retired,
As hermit could have well desired;
His hours of study closed at last,
And finish’d his conical reposes,
Stopped his cruise, replaced his book
Within its custodry box,
And, staff in hand, set forth to share
The sober cordial of sweet air,
Like Isaac, with a mind applied
Upon the earth, at evening-tide.
Autumnal rain had made it chill,
And with that check that frigid rain
Shades, slanting at the close of day,
Could curb the power of delightful day.
Distant a little mile he sped
A western bank’s still many side,
And fixed on the favoured place
Proceeding with his nimble pace,
A hope to bask a little yet,
Just reach it when the sun was set.
Your hermit, young and jovial sir,
Learn something from what you see—
And hence, he said, my mind computes
The real worth of man’s pursuits.
His object chosen, wealth or fame,
Or other sublunary name,
Imagination in his view
Prevents it deck’d with every hue,
That can adorn him not to spare
His powers of best ascension bare,
But youth, health, vigour to expend
On so desirable an end.
Ere long approach life’s evening shade,
The glow that fancy gave it, fades;
And, can’t too late, it wants the grace.
That first engaged him in the chase.
Attendent at the senior side—
But whether all the time it costs
To weed the fruitless chase be lost,
Must be decided by the worth
Of that which yieldeth on earth forth.
Triumph pursued, whatever th’ event,
Must cause him shame or discontent;
A victim object still is worse,
Successful there he wins a curse;
COWPER'S POEMS.

And the sad lesson must be learnt once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What, hopeless as ye, mortal heroes, say,
But Aims of the suffering world ye sway?
Sweet nature, stript of her embroidered robe,
Depletes the wasted regions of her globe; And stands a witness at truth's awful bar,
To prove ye those as ye are.
O place me in some heaven-protected Isle,
Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile,
Where no volcano poars his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood;
Where power secures what industry has won;
Where is success not to be undone;
A land, that diasny tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's Isle, beneath a George's reign.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE green-house is my summer seat;
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose songs are long,
Had seen their mutual solace long,
Lived happy prisoners there.
They sang, as blest as fitches sing,
That father hose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd.
But nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
That, after many an effort vain,
Instroucted him to gain
A pass between his wires.
The open windows seem'd to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his home was clear,
Was too much generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.
So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seemed to say,
You must not live alone—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Return'd him to his own.
O ye, who never taste the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird,
A prison with a friend prefer'd
To liberty without.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Blessing from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mind,
Council of her country's gods,
Sage beneath the spreading oak
Set the Druid, heavy chief;
Every burning lamp he took
Full of rage, and full of grief.
Princes! if our aged eyes
Deep upon thy matchless wrongs
To be the common lamentation tes
All the tears of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Freeth, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall lie on the ground—
Hark! the Gauls is at her gates!
Other Romans shall arise,
Headless of a soldier's name;
None, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.
Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.
Regress Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
None invisible as they.
Such the bard's prophetic words,
Frighten with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.
She, with all a monarch's pride,
Fell them in her bosom glow;
Rome's to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.
Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awakes the vengeance due;
Empire is on us shut;
Shame and ruin wait for you.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

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

ON THE RECEIPT

OF

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

Out of Norfolk,

The Gift of my Cousin, Ann Bodham.

Oh! that those lips had language! Life has past
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood sealed me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away"
The sneek intelligence of those eyes deeps
The art that buffoons time's tyrannical claim
To quench in here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrance of one so dear
Of welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me harken with an arried song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the prospect were her own;
And, while that face renew's my fill'd grief,
Foresailing weary a change for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie.
A monemary dream, that thou art the,
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Worch thy spirit over thy sorrowing son
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?

K
Now, farewell—time unrevoc'd has ran
His wond'rous course, yet what I wish'd is known;
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seems to have liv'd all that might again;
To have reviv'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thee:
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
I can view this solemn show of thee,
That man can half express in thoughts to thee;
Thyself removed, thy power to seer me left.

---

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT virtue, or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base
For want of one or more?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
Or rather of distraction.

If every poltroon we find,
Illuminatin heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship doth the same
That jewel of the purest frame,
Or rather conciliation.

No knave but holdy will pretend
The requisites that a friend,
A red, and a sound one;
Nor can the foole, he would bewitch,
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
An error soon corrected—
For who but learns in upper years,
What man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected?
But here again a danger lies,
Lost, having misappalled our eyes,
And taken truth for treachery,
We should unswarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair;
Nor is it wise to repine;
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
Smile, we sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on scurril interest,
Or mean self-love erected;
Nor can it be the joint interest
Between the sot and sensualist,
For vicious ends contended.

With whom a friend should some disposed,
To exhibit blind obsequies,
The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis a union that bestows
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal trust on either side,
And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance to accuse
Another of sinister views:
Our own as much disturbed.

But will animosity suffer?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be of the last base;
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charm whose virtue
All shining in their place.

A servile temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By censure, sharp censure;
A temper passionate and fierce
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
May suddenly your joys desolate,
At one faint smile expired.

---

Garr.
COWPER'S POEMS.

In vain the talkative units
In hopes of permanent delight—
The secret just committed,
For often, honest weight,
They drop through mere desire to praise,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright see'r the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
So jealousy looks forth disturbed;
Oh good, that seems approaching;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discern a rival in a friend,
And hate him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless bulked by common fame,
Are gladly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom make you free
With friendship's finest feeling;
Will thrash a dagger so your breast,
And say he would wound you in jest,
By way of banish for healing.

Whoe'er keeps an open ear,
For sottish, will be sure to hear
The trust and jest and piteous;
Aspiration is the lubber's trade,
'tis listen to lend him aid,
And rush into dissertation.

A friendship that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage erupts
The sparks of disputation,
Like hard-to-hard insurance plates,
Most unwisely crazes
The thought of consideration.

Some sickle creatures boast a soul
True as a needle to the pole.
Their humour yet so various—
They manifest their whole life through
Their needle's deviations too,
Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of sanity complete;
Fiebling in mutual surrender,
And yield so much to noble folk—
It is combining fire with smoke,
Obscurity with splendor.

Some are so placid and serene
(As Irish boys are always green)
They sleep secure from waking;
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unpersuaded'ed cares
Unmoved, and without quaking.

Courtesies and patriotism cannot mix
Their heterogeneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly confecence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge?
No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
Nor cutting and constraining—
Seeking a real friend we seem
To adopt the chemist's golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the flash is all our own,
Some blessing in due time made known,
By trepass or omission;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect, long hid from sight,
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can;
And, having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Ensemble his affliction.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
That constancy bedecks them;
Are observations on the case,
That savour much of common-place,
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
As architect requires alone,
To finish a fine building;
The palace were but half complete,
If the could possibly forget
The carving and the gilding.

The man who calls you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he atomises, is such a friend
That one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixes our attention;
So manners dictate and polite,
The same we practised at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
"Say little, and hear all you can."—
Safe policy, but hateful—
So barrers say, 'Let's imite the shower,
But render neither fruit nor flower,
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
Shall find me as reserved as he;
No subterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again;
I will by no means entertain
A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas! at last
These are last samples, and a taste
Of evils yet untaught—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much we succeed,
However well-intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
To be at least expedient,
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

The noblest friendship ever shown—
The Revlon's history makes known,
Though some have turrid and turrid it;
And, whether being craz'd or blink'd,
Or seeking with a bias'd mind,
Have not, it seems, discovered it.

O Friendship! if my soul foregoes
Thy dear delights while here below;
To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere,
Or may my friend deceive me!

THE FOUR AGES.

A Brief Fragment of an essay yet projected
Poems—1791.

"I COULD be well content, allow'd the use
Of past experience, and the wisdom glean'd

"K"
ON

A MISCHIEVOUS BULL,
Which the Owner of him Sold at the
Author's instance.

60—Then art I all unfit to share
The pleasures of this place
With such as its old tenants are,
Creatures of gentler race.

The squirrel here his board provides,
Aware of wintry storms,
And woodpeckers explore the sides
Of rugged oaks for worms.

The sheep here smooths the knotted them
With friction of her fleece;
And here I wander eye and eam,
Like her, a friend to peace.

Ah! I could pity thee exiled—
From this secure retreat—
I would not lose it to be styled
The happiest of the great.

But thou must taste no calm delight;
Thy pleasure is to show
Thy magnanimity in fight,
Thy prowess—therefore go—
I care not whether east or north,
So I no more may find thee;
The angry musk thus sings thee forth,
And claps the gate behind thee.

TO THE
SPANISH ADMIRAL COUNT GRAVINA,
On his Translating the Author's Song on a Rose,
Into Italian verse.—1793.

MY rose, Gravina, blooms anew,
Yet not as when I first saw it;
But in Castilian streams by you,
Will never fade again.

ON

MR. CHESTER, OF CHICHELEY.

TEARS flow, and come not, where the good man
Till all who know him follow to his close.
Tears therefore fall where Chester's ashes sleep;
His, wife, friends, brothers, children, servants
And justly—shall ever him transcend.

As husband, parent, brother, master, friend.

FROM A LETTER

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON,
Late Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth.—1782.

Says the pipe to the snuff-box, I can understand
What the ladies and gentlemen see in your face,
That you are in fashion all over the land,
And I am so much fallen into disgrace.

Do but see what a pretty contemplative air
I give to the company—pray do but note'em—
You would think that the wise men of Greece were

Or at least, would suppose them the wise men of

My breast is as sweet as the breath of blown roses,
While you are a nuisance wherever you appear;
There is nothing but mewing and blowing of noses;
Such a noise as turns any man's stomach to hear.

Then lifting his lid in a delicate way,
And opening his mouth with a smile quite engaging,

The box in reply was heard plainly to say,
What a silly dispute is this we are waging!

If you have a little of merit to claim,
You may thank the sweet-smelling Virginian,
And I if I seem to deserve any blame,
The before-mentioned drug in apology plead.

Thus, neither the praise nor the blame is our own,
No room for a sneer, much less a cachinism,
We are vehicles, not of tobacco alone,
But of any thing else they may choose to put in us.

ANNUS MEMORABILIS, 1789.

Written in Commemoration of His Majesty's
Happy Recovery.

I RANSACKED, for a theme of song,
Much ancient chronicle, and long;
I read of bright embellished fields,
Of trophied helmets, spears, and shields,
Of chiefs, whose ample arm could boast
Prowess to dissipate a host;
Through tomes of fable and of dream:
I sought an eligible theme.
But none I found, or found them shared
Already by some happier bard.
To modern times, with truth to guide my search,
I next applied;
Here cities won, and fields dispersed,
Urged i on a claim to be rehearsed,
Deeds of unpublishing renown,
Our fathers' triumphs and our own.
There, as the bee, from bank tobower,
Assiduous sips at every flower,
But rests on none, till that be found.
Where most nectarous sweet abound,
So I, from theme to theme display'd
In many a page historic strayed,
Siege after siege, light after light,
Comemplaining with small delight.
(For feats of aurginaly hus
Not always gifted, in my view.)
Till, setting on the current year,
I found the far-sought treasure near
A theme for poetry divine,  
In theme to move me mine,  
In memory of me mine.  
The spring of eighty-nine shall be  
An era cheerful long by me,  
Which joyful I will oft record,  
And thankful, at my frugal board,  
For then the cloud of eighty-nine,  
That threaten'd England's trembling states  
With loss of what she least could spare,  
Her sovereign's tutelary care,  
One breath of Heaven, that cries—Restorse!  
Chased, never to assemble more:  
And for the richest crown on earth,  
If raised by its wearer's worth,  
The symbol of a righteous reign  
Set fast on George's brow again.  
These peace and joy again possessed  
Our quarters long-agitated breast;  
Such joy and peace as can be known  
By sufferers like herself alone,  
Who losing, or supposing lost,  
The good on earth they valued most,  
For that dear souvenir take forgot  
All hope of happiness below.  
Then suddenly regain the prize,  
And flash thanksgivings to the skies!  
O queen of Athien, queen of ideas!  
Since all thy tears were changed to smiles,  
The eyes that never saw thee, shine  
With joy not unaided to thine,  
Transports not chargeable with art  
Themselves the land's recastest part,  
And strangers to the air of courts,  
Both in their toils and at their sports,  
The happiness of answer'd prayers,  
That gild thy features, show in their.  
If this, who on thy state attend,  
Awe-struck, before thy presence bend,  
The last the natural effect  
Of grandeur that assures respect:  
But she is something more than queen,  
Who is beloved where never seen.

**INSCRIPTION**  
*For the Tomb of Mr. Hamilton.*

PAUSE here, and think: a monitory rhyme  
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.  
Consult life's silent clock, thy household vein;  
Seems it to say—"Health here has long to reign?"  
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye  
That beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?  
Yet fear. Youth, oftimes healthful and at ease,  
Anticipates a day it never sees;  
And many a tomb, like Hamilton's, sooth  
Exclaims, "Prepare thee for an early shroud."

**STANZAS**  
*Subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality of the Parish of All-Saints, Northampton*  
*anno Domini, 1877.*

*Pallida Moris aqua pulsat pedes pauperum tabernam,  
Ragnusque terres.  
*Hos.*  
Pale Death with appall'd foot strikes wide the doors  
Of royal halls, and borders of the poor.*

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run  
The Hero's barge-borne wave,  
All these, life's rambling journey done,  
Have found their home, the grave.  

Was man (trials always made more frail)  
Than in fore-going years?  
Did famine or did plague prevail,  
That so much death appears?

* Compiled for John Cox, parish clerk of Northampton.*

No; these were vigorous as their sires,  
Nor piety nor labor less  
The annual tribute death requires,  
And never waves his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,  
And some to fall must fall;  
The axe will smile at God's command,  
And soon shall smite us all.  

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,  
With its new foliage on:  
The gay, the thoughtful I have seen—  
I pass—are they were gone.

Read ye that saw, the awful taste,  
With which I charge my page;  
A worm is in the bud of youth,  
And at the root of age.

No present health can health ensure  
For yet an hour to come;  
No medicine, though it oft cure care,  
Can always balm the tomb.

And O! that humble as my lot,  
And scarce as is my stain,  
These truths, O death, how much too much forgot,  
I may not teach in vain.

So pray your clerk with all his heart,  
And, ere he quite the pen,  
Begs you for once to take A part,  
And answer all—Amen!

**ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,**  
*For the Year 1786.*

*Quod adeat, momento  
Componere aquam.  
Cautela strenuam  
Ride feruntur.*  
*Hos.*

COULD I, from heaven inspired, as sure presage  
To where the rising sun's bright page  
As I can number in my punctual page,  
And item down the victims of the past;  
How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,  
On which the noon might stamp him next to die;  
And, reading here his sentence, how repose  
With anxious meaning, heaven-ward turn his eye!

Time then would seem more precious than the joys  
In which he sports away the treasure now;  
And prayer more seasonable then the noise  
Of drinkards, or the music-drawing bow.  

Then doubtless many a trisher, on the brink  
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,  
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,  
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceived! Could I prophetic say  
Who next is fated, and who next to fall;  
The rest might then seem privileged to play;  
But, naming none, the voice now speaks to ALL.

Observe the dappled forestry, how light  
They bound and skirr'd over the sunny glade—  
One fall—the rest, wide scatter'd with affliction,  
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,  
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,  
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd  
Die self-acquies'd of life run all to waste?

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift stores:  
The grave admits no care for guilt or sin;  
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,  
But tears of godly grief never flow within.

Learn then, ye living! by the months be taught  
Of all these sepulchres, or of all these actors true,  
That, soon or late, death also is your lot;  
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.
ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the Year 1789.

—Placidusque bi daemon morte suoets. Virg.
They calm at length his breath’s his soul away.

“Of most delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly, and his wo!

Worlds should not breathe me back to tread
Again life’s dreary waste,
To see again my day overspread
With all the gloomy past.

My home henceforth is in the skies;
Earth, seas, and sun alike;
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.”

So make Aspasio, firm possess’d
Of faith’s supporting rod,
Then breathed his soul into its rest,
The boon of his God.

He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtù’s side;
And all his strength from scripture drew,
To hourly use applied.

That rule he prized, by that he fear’d,
He hated, hoped, and loved;
Nor ever drov’d, or did appear’d,
But when his heart had rov’d.

For he was frail, as thou or I,
And evil felt within;
But, when he set it, heaved a sigh,
And loath’d the thought of sin.

Such lived Aspasio; and at last
Call’d up from earth to heaven,
The gulf of death triumphant past,
By gales of blessing driven.

His joys be mine, each reader cries,
When my last hour arrives:
They shall be yours, my verse replies,
Such only be your lives.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the Year 1790.

Ne commozentem recta sperne. Buchanan.
Despise not my good counsel.

HE who sits from day to day,
Where the prison’d lark is hung,
Heedless of his lowest lay,
Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round
Nightly lifts his voice on high,
None, accustom’d to the sound,
Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verse-man I, and clerk,
Yearly in my song proclaim
Death at hand—yourself his mark—
And the foe’s unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
Publishing to all aloud—
Soon the grave must be your home,
And your only suit, a shroud.

But the monitory strain,
Oft repeated in your ear,
Seems to sound too much in vain,
WINS no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confess’d
Of such magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft impress’d,
Trivial as a parrot’s praise?

Pleasure’s call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may!
New as ever seem our sins,
Though committed every day.

Death and Judgement, Heaven and Hell—
These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell
When some stranger is inter’d.

O then, ere the turf or tomb
Cover us from every eye,
Spirit of instruction come,
Make us learn that we must die!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the Year 1792.

Felix, qui potesturum cognoscer causas,
Sine malo omnes at innocuomut fata.
Subject pedibus, strepitumque Achetae amari! Virg.

Happy the mortal, who has traced effects
To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet,
And Death and roaring Hell’s voracious fires.

THANKLESS for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fares too soon;
Though ’tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan,
His bless’d concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life’s little span,
To ages, if he might.

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages, where he goes
Gall’d by affliction’s heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamour’d of its harm:
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
And still has power to charm.

Whence has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life’s best hour,
And covet longer wo?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renew’d;
Her voice is terrible, though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spared,
Man mourns his fleeting breath;
All evil then seem light, compared
With the approach of death.

’Tis judgment shakes him; there’s the fear
That prompts the wish to stay:
He has incurred a long aarrow,
And must despair to pay.

Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace ensures;
Think on the grave where he was laid,
And calm descend to yours.
COWPER'S POEMS.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,
For the Year 1793.

So, fire with water to compare,
The ocean serves, on high
Up-splendor'd by a whale in air,
To express unwieldy joy.

Had all the pages of the world
In one procession joint'd,
And all the banners been unfurl'd
That heralds e'er design'd;

For no such sight had England's Queen
Forsaken her retreat,
Where George, recover'd, made a scene
Sweet always, doubly sweet.

Yet glad she came that night to prove,
A witness undesired,
How much the object of her love
Was loved by all beside.

Darkness, the skies had mantled o'er
In aid of her design,
Darkness, O Queen! never call'd before
To veil a deed of thine!

On borrow'd wheels away she flies,
Resolved to be unknown,
And granty no curious eyes
That night, except her own.

Arrived, a night like noon she sees,
And hears the million hun;
As all by instinct, like the bees,
Had known their sovereign come.

Pleased she beheld aloft portray'd
On many a splendid wall,
Emblems of health and heavenly aid,
And George the theme of all.

Unlike the enigmatic line,
So difficult to spell,
Which shook Belshazzar at his wine
The night his city fell.

Soon watery grew her eyes and dim,
But with a joyful tear,
None else, except in prayer for him,
George ever drew from her.

It was a scene in every part
Like those in fable find'd,
And seem'd by some magician's art
Created and sustain'd.

But other magic there, she knew,
Had been exerted none,
To raise such wonders to her view,
Save love of George alone.

That cordial thought her spirits cheer'd,
And through the cumberous throng,
Not else unworthy to be heard,
Convey'd her calm along.

So, ancient poets say, serene
The sea-maid rides the waves,
And fearless of the billowy scene,
Her peaceful bosom lavers.

With more than astronomic eyes
She view'd the sparkling show;
One Georgian star adorns the skies,
She myriads found below.

Yet let the glories of a night
Like that, once seen, suffice,
Heaven grant us no such future sight,
Such previous we the price!

THE ENCHANTMENT DISSOLVED

BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,
The world to our unpractis'd hearts
A flattering prospect shows;
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
And unstarb'd repose.

In the desert's dreary waste,
By magic power produced in haste
(As ancient fables say)
Casts, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the traveller meet,
And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies,
"Twas but enchanted ground:
Thus if the Lord our spirit touch,
The world which promised us so much,
A wilderness is found.

At first we start, and feel distress'd,
Convinced we never can have rest
In such a wretched place;
But He whose mercy breaks the charm
Reveals his own almighty arm,
And bids us seek his face.

Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed
By this beloved friend:
We follow him from day to day,
Assured of grace through all the way,
And glory at the end.

SUBMISSION.

O LORD, my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids thy fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipeth away my tears
No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
What saves my soul from death,
Or wit withhold from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A cloud is come this day,
And crush'd before the morn
But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy way.
Else the next cloud that takes my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

1791.

TWO nymphs, both nearly of an age,
Of numerous charms possessed,
A term dispute once chanced to wage,
Whose temper was the best.
The worth of each had been complete,
Had both alike been mild;
But one, although her smile was sweet,
Frown'd oftener than she smiled.

And in her humour, when she frown'd,
Would raise her voice and roar,
And shake with fury to the ground
The garland that she wore.
The other was a gentler cast,
From all such frenzy clear,
Her frown's were seldom known to last,
And never proved severe.

To poets of renown in song
The nymphs refer their cause,
Who, strange to tell, all judged it wrong,
And gave misplaced applause.
Their gentle call'd, and kind, and soft,
The fipant and the cold,
And though she changed her mood so oft,
That falling left untold.
No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,
Or so resolved to err,
In short, the charm her sister had
They lavish'd all on her.

Then thus the god, whom fain they
Their great inspirer call'd,
We heard, one gentle summer's day,
To reprimand them all.
"Since thus you have combined," he said,
"My favourite nymph to slight,
Adorning May, that pointing maid,
With June's undoubted right:
The mixt shall, for your folly's sake
Still prove herself a shrew,
Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
And pinch your noses blue."

THE SALAD.

By Virgil.

TIE winter-night now well-nigh worn away,
The watchful cock proclaims'd approaching day,
When Simmia, poor tenant of a farm
Of narrowest limits, heard the shrill alarm.
Yawn'd, stretched his limbs, and anxious to proceed
Against the pang of hunger unsatiated,
By slow degrees his taper'd bed forsake,
And, poking in the dark, explored the nook
Where enters sleep with sakes heav'd around,
And with burnt finger-ends the treasure found.
It chanced that from a brand beneath his nose
Sure proof of instal fire, some smoke arose;
When trimming with a pin't increas'd the row,
And stooping it towards the coals below,
He tells, with checks distemderd, to excite
The lingering flame, and gain at length a light.
With prudent heed he spread's his hand before
The piluring lamp, and ope his garret door.
Small was his stock, but taking, for the day,
A measured stint of twice eight pounds away,
With these his milt he seeks. A shelf at hand,
Fell in the wall, affords his lamp a stand:
Then having both his arms—a double rowed cent
He grasps, the rough envir of a goat:

And with a rubber, for that was devised,
Cleaning his milk within—begins to grind:
Each hand has its employ; labouring amain,
This tares the winch, while that supplies the gru.
The stone revolving rapidly, now grows,
And the bruised corn a nearly current flows
While he, to make his heavy labour light,
Taste off his left hand to relieve his right:
And chats, with rudest accent, to beguile
His cascarding tales, as rude a stanza the while.
And now, "Bacchus Cythere, come forth!" he cries;
But Cythere, still abashing, ought replies.
From Afric she, the swain's sole serving-maid,
Whose face and form allure her birth betrays'd;
With wistfully locks, lips turned, eye dark,
White bosom, undis frilled, belly thin,
Legs slender, head and most misshapen feet,
Chapp'd into chinks, and parch'd with solar heat.

110

COOPER'S POEMS.
COWPER’S POEMS.

Such, summer’d off, the same; at his command 
From other fountains, the sleeping streams forsworn, 
And made in haste her simmeringillet streams, 
Revolving, new and soothingly indulging stream. 

The labours of the mill perform’d, a sieve 
The mingled flour and bran must next receive, 
Which, taken to the Ceres, theCTX, and 
And better dressed, her husks all left behind. 

This done, he in his future plane repairs, 
Unevolved, on a shaven board he cast, 
With tepid breath, first largely soak’d it all, 
Then gather’d it with both hands to a ball, 
And spreading it again with both hands wide, 
With sprinkled salt the stiffened mass supplied. 
At length, the stubborn substance duly wrought, 
Takes from his pains impress’d the shape it 
Becomes an orb—and quarter’d into shares, 
The faithful mark of first division bears. 
Lost, as his heart it finds convenient space, 
For Cybele before had sweep’d the place, 
The earth, and on it, under or overread, 
She leaves it—seeking in its empty bed. 

Nor Sinus, as the Volcan thus, his part perform’d, proves heedless of his own, 
But sedulous, not merely to subdue 
His danger, but to please his palate too, 
Prepar’d more savoury food. His chimney-side 
Could boast no garniture, salt well, and dished, 
And book’d behind him; but sufficient store 
Of bundled onions, and a cheese it bore; 
A broad round cheese, which, through its centre 
strong 

With a tough bough-twig, in the corner hung; 
The prudent hers therefore with address, 
And quick despatch, new seeks another mass. 
Close to his cottage lay a gard’n ground, 
With reeds and osiers sparingly girt around, 
Small was the spot, but liberal to produce; 
Nor wanted sight that serves a peasant’s use: 
And sometimes even the rich would borrow thence, 
Although its tillage was his sole cope: 
For, off, as from his toils abroad he ceased, 
Home-bound by war weather, or some stated feast, 
His labor’s fruits have he duly paid, 
And only left the plough to wield the plow. 
He knew to give each plant the soil it needs, 
To drill the ground, and cover close the seeds; 
And could with ease compel the viands till 
To turn, and wind, obedient to his will. 
There four-foot’d star-worn, and the branching beest, 
The sorrel, and the yellow sweet; 
The letuce, and the lock’s aspiring kind, 
The zanias poppy—queen of the mind! 

Salary-borne of a campuses board, 
The lime-tree, and the long-horse-bridled root; 
But these (for none his appetite could) 
With strait’st away the thrifty rustic seed; 
With broom-twig’s neatly bound, each kind apart, 
He bore them ever to the public mart: 
Whence, laden still, with a lighter load, 
Of cash well earn’d, he took his homeward road, 
Expenditure seldom, care he quitted Rome, 
His gains, in flesh-nest for a feast at home; 
There, at cost, or on occasions, rank and red, 
Or the cur’d endive’s bitter leaf, he fed; 
On scallions shelled, or with a sensual gust, 
On rockets—final provocatives of lust! 
Nor even ashamed, with smarting gums, to press 
Bastardian—pungent, face-distorting mess; 
Some such repast was now also in his thought; 
With tawny steps his garden-ground he sought; 
There, driving with his hands, he first dispell’d 
Four plants of garlic, large, and rooted fast; 
The tender tops of parsley next he call’d, 
Then the old rose-hood shudders as he pulls, 
And coriander last to these succeeded. 

That hung, in sightless threads her trembling seeds. 

Placed near its spill’dthirth he now demands 
The mortar at his table servant’s hands; 
When, stirring all his garlic first, he tore 
The external coats, and cast them on the floor, 
The cast away like contempt the skips, 
Flusser concealment of the cloves within. 
These search’d, the perfect found, he use by one 
Rinse’d, and disposed within the hollow stone. 
Salt added, and a bung of salted cheese; 
With his injected tongue he covered these, 
And tucking with his left upper tight, 
And rolling fast the paste with his right, 
The garlic bruising first he soon express’d, 
And the midi the various juices of the rest.

He grinds, and by degrees his herbs below 
Lost in each other’s fragrance, 
And with the cheese in compound, to the sight 
For wholly green appear, or wholly white. 
His morsel of the forc’d furze recent, 
He cursed full off his dinner for its scent; 
Or with a wish, and with the spruce he spoke. [smoke.] 
The thrickling tears, cried—vengeance on the 
The work proceeds; not neatly turns his now 
The pestle, but in circles smooth and slow; 
With cautious hand, that judg’d what it spills. 
Some drops of olive-oil be next instills; 
Then vinegar with caution scarcely less, 
And gathering to a bulk the medlar mass; 
Last, with two fingers frugally applied, 
Sweeps the small remnant from the mortar’s side: 
And thus complete in figure and in kind, 
Obtains at length the salad he design’d. 
And now black Cybele before him stands, 
The cake drawn newly glowing in her hands; 
He glad receives it, chasing far away 
All fears of famine for the passing day, 
His legs enclosed in buckskin, and his head 
In its tough casque of leather, forth he led, 
And ral’d his steers, a dull, destitute pair, 
Then drove aside, and plunged the pointed share.

A HYMN

For the Use of the Sunday School at Olney.

Lord, the use of praise and prayer
In heaven thy dwelling place.
From infants made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.
Thanks for thy word and thy day,
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbath more.

Thanks that we hear—but oh! impart
To each distress sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.
For if vain thoughts the mind engage
Of older far than we,
What hope that, at our needful age,
Our minds should be in ease?
Much hope, if thou our spirit take
Under thy gracious sway,
Who canst the wisest wise make,
And babes as wise as they.
Wisdom and bliss thy word bestow,
A son that never declines,
And be thy mercies shower’d on those
Who placed us where it shone.

SONNET.

TO CHARLES DIODATI.

Charles—and I say it wondering—then must know
That I, who once assumed a sacred air,
The sacred trust, even taken in his name.
(Full many an upright man has fallen so)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the ray
Of golden locks, or damask cheek: more rare
The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair:
A rose more lovely, with dew-drops, that show
The tranquil luxury of a leafty mind.
Words exquisit, of idioms more than one,
And long, whose fascinating power might bind,
And from her sphere, draw down the following

With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.
TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

ON AN INFANT.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.*

* For the note referred to at page 53, see page 115.
THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT

Of the treatment of his Heroes was invented by Mr. Copper in the Gentleman's Magazine whence it is transcribed.

IN the year 1776, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding beforehand to create no danger to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it playing and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find a suitable sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was present, and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as I would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Fuss, Tiney, and Bee. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediatelycommencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, as contrived, that their manner would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fall, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the day-time they had the use of a hall, and at night rested each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Fuss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored his wasted health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm; every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsatisfied; a ceremony which he never performed without a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a dessertive repast. I had not long habituated him to this state of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression, as it was not possible to mistake or err. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Fuss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not as Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was however very entertaining in his way; even his silliness was matter of mirth; and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bee, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Fuss was tossed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bee had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parterre after supper, when, the curtain affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand symbols, in which Bee, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to put Bee upon the chest, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the differ is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the case of countenances would be discoverable in heroes, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had an opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in perceiving the smallest alternation that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination.
of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem too to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourite persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman’s amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best. I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one, at least grass is not their staple; they seem rather to use it medially, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sow-thistle, dandelion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident, that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage while the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat; straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw never want them; it serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk; they seem to resemble sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and, filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they fed only at evening and in the night; during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin, for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These however not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed, that they cannot overeat it into their beds. I must not omit, that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common brier, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Timmy lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his limbs by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them, that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infected by any vermin.

May 23, 1784.

Memorandum found among Mr. Cooper's papers.

Tuesday, March 9, 1786.

This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

THE END.
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JONES & COMPANY,
No. 3, WARWICK SQUARE
1824.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, an eminent poet, and a miscellaneous writer, was born in 1728, according to some account, at Elphin; according to another, at Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland. From his father, who was a clergyman, he received a literary education, and was sent at an early period to Dublin College. Thence he was removed to the University of Edinburgh, to study medicine, where he continued from 1751 to the beginning of 1754. From the slight tincture of science which he seems to have acquired, it is probable that he paid little attention to the studies of the place; and his necessity for gaining a living, though to avoid paying a debt, said to have been contracted by a fellow-student, indicates little regard to his moral character, unless it be attributed to the softness of his disposition, which made him an easy prey to the designing. With these unfavourable circumstances, the misfortune of poverty, he resolved to indulge his curiosity in a visit to the continent of Europe; and after a long, arduous, and various fortune, he found means to get back to England in 1756. For a considerable time he supported himself by his pen, in an obscure situation; when, in 1765, he suddenly blazed out as a poet, in his "Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society." It was at the instigation of Dr. Johnson that he enlarged this piece, and finished it for publication; and that eminent critic liberally and justly said of it, that "there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time." It was equally well received by the public; and conferred upon Goldsmith a celebrity which introduced him to some of the most distinguished literary characters of the time.

Goldsmith continued to pursue his career, and in 1766 was published his novel of the "Vicar of Wakefield," which was received with deserved applause, and has ever since borne a distinguished rank among similar compositions. Some of his most pleasing and successful works in prose were given to the world about this time; and he paid his respects to the Theatre, by a comedy entitled "The Good-Natured Man," acted at Covent-Garden in 1768, which, however, defied of plot, and ignorance to produce dramatic effect, realized not very successful. His poetical fame reached its summit in 1770, by the publication of "The Deserted Village," a delightful piece, which obtained general admiration. The price offered by the bookseller, amounting to nearly five shillings a couple, appeared to Goldsmith so enormous, that he at first refused to accept it, but the sale of the poem convinced him that he might fairly appropriate to himself a third part of the profits. In 1774 he produced another comedy, entitled "The Beggars' Opera; or, The Mistakes of a Night," and though in character and plot it made a nearer approach to farce, yet such were its comic powers that the audiences received it with uncommon favour. Although this was a gain to him, yet the ungracious profession, and a habit of gaming, left him at his close considerably in debt. In the two succeeding years he supplied the booksellers with a "General History," and a "History of the Earth and Ancient Nature," the latter being taken from Buffon. He planned some other works, but these were cut off by his untimely death. In March 1774 he was attacked with the symptoms of a low fever; and having taken upon his own judgment, an over-dose of a powerful medicine, he sank under the disease, or the severity, and died on the tenth day, April 4th. He was buried, with little attendance in the Temple Church; but a monument has since been raised to his memory, with a Latin inscription by Dr. Johnson, of which a translation is unfinished.

Goldsmith was a man of little correctness either in his conduct or his opinions, and is rather admired for his genius, and beloved for his benevolence. He possessed a great vivacity of imagination, and a character was a warmth of sensibility, which made him ready to share his purse with the indigent, and in his writings rendered him the constant advocate of the poor and oppressed. His worst feature was a malignity envy and jealousy of successful rivals, which he often displayed in a manner not less ridiculous than offensive. He was one of those who are happier in the use of the pen than the tongue his conversation being generally confused, and not without an air of superiority. But though he kept company, he never brought to himself the same regard and respect that he had sometimes made to himself with various individuals. This talent he has displayed in a very amusing manner in his unfinished poem of "Retaliation," written as a kind of retort to the scurrilous attacks made upon him in the Literary Club. Under the mask of Epistaphes, he has given masterly sketches of some of the principal members, with a mixture of serious praise and good-humoured ridicule. It may indeed be said that he latter sometimes verges into tartness, which is particularly the case with his delineation of Garrick.

On the whole, his literary fame must be considered as rising the highest in the character of a poet, for it would be difficult, in the company of English verse, to find pieces which are over with more gratification than his Traveller and his Deserted Village. There are, besides, his elegant ballad of "The Minstrel," his stanza on Woman, and some short humorous and miscellaneous pieces, which are never without interest.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

By the love of his associates,
And the affection of his friends,
The memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
A poet, a natural philosopher, and an historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched by his pen;
Not touched by that which he did not establish:—
Whether smiles or tears were to be excited,
He was a powerful yet gentle master
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and equal to every occasion.
In expression at once lofty, elegant, and graceful.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At a place called Pallas, in the parish of Tumny,
And county of Longford,
20th Nov. 1728.
Educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

* Johnson had been misinformed to these particulars; it has been since ascertained that he was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Nov 20, 1728.*
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TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.


Dear Sir,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a-year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and lambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom deities from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, which wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without exposing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
THE 
TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.*

FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.

REMOTE, unfriend’d, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or towards, where the rude Carinthian brook
Against the houseless stranger thus doth dote;
Or where Campania’s plain forsook lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Wherever I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravel’d, fondly turns to thee;
Roll to thy brother turns, with careless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints ascend:
Bless’d be that spot, where cheerful guests retin
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless’d be that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless’d be those halls with simple plenty crown’d,
Where all the lucky family abound.

Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bountiful stranger to his food.
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, but me, destitute! much delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and sky,
Alters from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to regions real and true,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Fen now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down, a grieve to spend;
And, plac’d on high above the storm’s career,
Where many a pensive look appears;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide.
The pomp of kings, the shepherd’s humble pride.

When thus Creation’s charms around consists,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Roy, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humble bosom glow?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser be, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of mankind.
Ye glistening towns, with wealth and splendour crown’d,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the buoy sail;
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation’s birt, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store;
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o’er;
Bands about his hoards a mummer’s traps fill;
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to his breast alternate passions rise,
Bless’d with such good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the board of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness confided.
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellow blest.
But where to find that happy spot below,
Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The shudd’ring terror of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiness spelt his own;
Exults the treasures of his storey sea,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.

The naked negro, panting at the line,
Beasts of his golden sands and palm’ry wine,
Racks in the glare, or stirs the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot’s boast, wherever we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
At different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour’s earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On idra’s cliffs as Arno’s sheify side;
And though the rocky-crested summits grow,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these, each other’s power so strong contend,
That either seems destructive to the rest.

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
And honour sinks where commerce long prevail.
Hence every state, to one for’d blessing prone,
Confirms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fortunate happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Tell, carried to excess in each domain,
This fortunate good begets peculiar pain.

Let us by these truths with clearer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign’d,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind.
Like ye neglected shrub, at random cast,
That sadness steep, and sighs at every blast.
For to the right, where Arno’s green ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends.
Its upheals slope down the mountain’s side,
Waves over woods in gay theoretic pride;
While oft some temple’s moulding tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature’s bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were dearly blest:
Whatever fruits in different climates are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly count the ground.

* In this poem several alterations were made, and some new verses added, as it passed through different editions.—We have printed from the last edition published in the life-time of the author.
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whatever Dave and winter's snows may fear:
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
Their beauty snatched, their prudence lost,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's soil;
With their full blossom in their own vast space,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In fluid beauty groves and fields appear:
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted with the death through all his masters reigns:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trilling; zealous, yet unsure;
And even in passion planning sin anew.
When Commerce proudly flourished through the stage.
Her command the palace learn'd to rise;
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glazed, beyond even nature warm;
The pregnant quarry, bold in human form:
Till, more unsteadily than the southern gale,
Commence on other shores display'd her trial;
While sought remotest of all that riches gave.
But blesses manhood, and lords without a slave.
And late the nation found, with fruitions skill,
In former strength was but plethora ill.
Of wealth is here supplied.
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride:
From these, and dainty, and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pace board triumphant and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for plenty and love,
And Pride displays over every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each noble, spent, revives by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul.
Vexed by daily struggle in the mind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Caesar once was saw,
Half out of wine, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shattered tower the peasant builds his shed:
And, wondering man could not longer pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from thine, turn we to survey
Whom rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak flow's its stormy madness tread,
And force a chariots soil for society bread.
No profit here the barren hills afford,
Horrid man and the soldier, and his sword.
No vernal blooms top its hoary rocks arrest,
But winter lingers the top of May.
No zephyr fondly sets the mountain's breast,
But mists more, and stormy glooms invest.
In such a plot, content can spread,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm,
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though few.
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sung to everything that lives his head,
To charm the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly bid the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him laugh his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and fear,
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carous as he goes;
With patient angel tills the fain deep,
Or drives his variegous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the sea where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At other mines may he spend his labour, vast,
Set him down the monarch of a shed;
Seeking a cornfield, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lord partner, beauteous of her board,
Decides her riches on the board.
And happy too some pagan thither led,
With mild and modest the mighty fed.
Thus every god his native wilds impart,
Inspire the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en the nations' ransom rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that little all 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 land loves, and the whirlwind's dread;
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Sail the vast wilds of France on an anchor's cord.
Theirs want but few, their wishes all conf'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If for few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
When chance and hands each pleasing science fills,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures flow,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy.
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to strain.
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Theirs, like the soul's, a monotonous ring,
Unembellished of want, unembellished.
Unable, to say, is true desire;
Unit for rapture, or, if raptures cheer.
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in delirium, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low.
Fur, as retirement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run.
And love virtue, as the station run.
Fall, blunted, from each inharmonious heart.
Some tender virtue over the mountain's breast,
With morn's first bloom, remote as the exulting sun;
And, though they may, though they may not.
But all the gentle morals, such as play.
Through life these cultured walk's, and charm the way.
These, for despair'd, on teneous pinions fly;
To sport and butter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
To save, and Peace display her bright gear.
O'er, sprightly land of ninth and social ease,
Fled with thyself, whom all the world can please.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless nations display;
Thus folly busy rolls their world away.
These are those arts that mind to mind endears,
For honours forms the social and companion here.
Honour, that prize which real merit gains,
And, as it were, the pedestal of the world.
Here arises current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land.
From country to country, from state to state,
And all are taught an avarice of praise.
They please, we are pleased; they give to esteem,
Till, seeking bread, a grey grown to what they seem.
But, while this sober art their bliss supplies,
It gives their fellows rise to rise.
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enrages all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on mother's breast.
Hence Infantinest here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart.
Here Vanity assumes her part grime,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To bear one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-approbation.
To man of other mind my fancy flies.
Thou, O! in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks the wish of nature calls me stand.
Where the broad ocean sean against the land.
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift to the valiant's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm's no sooner work'd, the sea seems grow.
Spreads in long arms amid the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While their desire roys over the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile.
The Traveller

The slow canal, the yellow-blazon'd vale,
The willow-inset bank, the gilding sill,
The clump of laurel, the cultivat plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repented toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begats a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ill-superficial treasure brings.
Are here display'd.
Their much-lov'd wealth im
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; parts
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barr'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here vestiges seek dishonorable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude confirm,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
O heavens! how unlike their Boicic sizes of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernmented bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow.
How much unlike the sons of Britain new!
First at the sound, my genius spreads her wings,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where laws extend that scorn Aramis pride,
And brighter streams than Sann's Hydaspes glide.
There, all around, the gentle breezes play,
There, gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms there coalesced,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Storms over each bosom Roseon her state,
With darting lightnings, and dull disgusting glare.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful hand,
By forms unfinish'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Force in their native hardness of soil,
True to imag'd right, above control,
While even the peasant boast these rights to scan,
And learns to venereal himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings picture'd here,
There are these charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd, indeed, were such without alloy,
But faster'sd even by Freedom ill annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie.
The purling stand and shine alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly hold,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repel'd.
Permons arise, impression'd factions roar,
Regress an hour, struggles round her core,
Till, ever-wrought, the general system feels
In motions slow, or frantic fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst.
As nature's tins decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fall to sway,
Fictions bonds, the bands of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unvailing avc.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone;
And Britain's power, and Venice's wrongs unknown.
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble steeds transmit the patriot flame,
Where giant soldiery and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of love, an arid shall lie.
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's flax I state,
I mean to flatter or to form her on the breast.
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thorn, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rattle's rage, and tyrants' angry steel;
The trampled flower, the violated plain.
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun;
Still may thy bosom the changeless virtue know,
I only would repose them to appear;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then! how blind it is all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspirest?
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms.
Except when fast-approaching danger warns;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Committing regal points to stretch their own;
When I behold a fictitious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free?
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillage from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baneful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And, thus polishing honour in its source.
Gave wealth to swell the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
How useful some are, who are best for use;
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over sea where scat'ter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary scarp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasant's lady's call,
The smiling, long-Dennis'd village fall;
Beheld the dastard son, the air decayed,
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 surges with thundering sound.
Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangle'd forests, and thro' dangerous ways;
Where bears with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim.
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around desolated horrid anise,
The pensive exile, bending with his wo,
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 wears search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
And given each hour to the pursuit of ease?
In every government though terror reigns,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrants laws restrict,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure?
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret groans which no loud and stormy anise.
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Lake's iron crime, new.name's bed of steel.
To men remote from power but partly known,
Leave reason, faith, and concurrence, till all our own.
DEDICATION TO THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Dear Sir,

I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better, than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the verification and more mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room; and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferently politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shouts of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages, and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head; and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many voices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
THE

DEserted Village.

FirSt PriNTrd in 1766.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the listening main,
Where smiling Spring her earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Where fully bowers of peace and innocence stand,
......

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Unrav the land, and dispenses the swain.
Along the lawn, where scatter'd handkerches rest,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pump repeat:
And every want to luxury allied,
And every wanty guilt to pay to pride.
Those gentler hours that pleasantly bade to bloom,
Those sad desires that led but little room,
Those healthful sports that grace'd the peaceful scene,
Ly'd in each nook, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forever confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tongueing walls, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the swains grew.
Remembrance visits with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my glads—and God has given 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 repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw,
That, as a rare when hounds and horns pursue,
Parts to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long weathering past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Amidst the shade of an old wold;
And many a gondol freckle'd o'er the ground,
And heights of art, and feasts of strength went round;
And, still, as each repeated pleasure fled,
Successing sports the unfeeling hand inspir'd.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his mistred mate,
While secret laughter linger'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long 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 e'en toll to please;
These were thy charms—But all these charms are shed.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy spring is dead, and all the charm is withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And dissolution saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a village suits thy smiling plain;
No more thy glossy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works a weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittens grumbles its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tears their echoes with usual cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the gander's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

E'er were the land, so hastening life a prey,
Where wealth and the swain's accumulation decay.
Prince and lord may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
That bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And sigh'd each pause the nightingale had made,
But now the sounds of population fail.
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
The deserted village.

No busy steps the grass-grown foot-path tread,
But all the blooming flowers of life is fled:
All but you widow'd, solitary thing,
That ride the placid spring:
She, wretched centaur, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To stand at the sign-post, by the path's side,
To pick her wintry figs from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
Sheared left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder cope, where once the gardens spread,
And still when many a garden-flower grew wild,
There, where a few vines thrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
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
[bare

But nor'ter had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his
Comfort in the sober, slow going by day
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
For 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 vacant train,
He gave them food, but scolded for their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending sweep'd his aged breast;
The rain'd spendthrift now no longer spread,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, whilom his bosom's pride,
Set by his fire, and talk'd the night away
Wet o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow drench'd,
Sing'd his minstrel's more than the bard's tale.
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his brow shall shed,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mending bliss go round;
No more the court maid, half willing to be so'd,
Shall kindle up the fire, or wake the dole.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art,
Bravado joys, where nature has its play,
The soul supplies of her own first-born grace.

Lightly they fle'd, ere the vacant plain
Unveil'd, unscathed, uncorrupt'd.
But the long pump, the midnight maquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd;
In these, are filings of their wish obtain'd,
The toiling pleasure sicken'st into pain;
And even their laughter's hollow, their mirth decry,
The heart distressing task, if this be joy?
To friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joy, the poor's decay,
Is yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between simplicity and vice.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted corn,
And shining fully hails from her shoes;
Ults, even beyond the mis'er's wish, dear smile,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
The city crowd, whose wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same,
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a space that must be built over,
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his houses, stables, and bounds;
The road that wraps his flocks in silken cloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their
His seat, where military sports are seen, growth,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
White thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In harmony splendidly white the fall.

As some fair female undisd'd and scath,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Stightes every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But where these charms are want, for charmers are frail,
When some advances, and when Loren reign,
She then shines forth, solitary to bless,
In all the glaring impress of dress:
Thus far the land is half betray'd
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Is vista to the eye.
While, scourge'd by famine from the smiling land
Be miserable peasant lead his humble train;
And while he sighs, without one arm to spare,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hang round the bowers, and fondly lock'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,
Retreat'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sir, the first, prepar'd to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others' we
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,
Slient 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 claspy'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent melancholy of grief;
O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanging are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Dissip' their pleasures only to despair?
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Beast of a fluid vigour not their own;
At every draught large and more large they grow,
A blasted mass of rank unwieldy wo!
Till captiv'd their strength, and every part unseam'd,
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 you anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waging flags with every gale.
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contended Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind consubstantial Tenderness, are there;
And Peace, that blesses, a dreary scene,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thus, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where annual joy invade;
Unit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch a glimpse, or pause for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and deceived,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Then source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'd me poor at first, and keep'd me so;
Now guide by which the mariner assay'd,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and sh! when'er thy voice be heard,
On Teme's cliffs, or Pamphianarca's side.
Whether where equinoctial fawvers gleam,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Shall we gaze, and gaze, in joyless rev'tence evermore?
Redress the rigours of thy implacable clime,
All slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring races to square the rage of pain;
Teach him that states, of native strength passless,
Though poor, may still be well beloved;
That trade's proud empire lastes to swift decay,
Ocean awears the labor'd world made away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.
THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or finer.

Never caught in a forest, or smoked in a plaster;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study.
The fat was so white, and the lean so ruddy;
Though my meat was so sharp, I could scarce help regretting.

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thought, in my chamber to place it in a view,

To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtue;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One garnish of bacon hangs up for a show;

But, for eating a rash of what they take pride in,
They’d as soon think of eating the part it is fried in.

But hold—let me pause—don’t I hear you pronounce:

This tale of the bacon’s damnable bounties?
Well, suppose it a bounty—sure a poet may try,
By a bounty now and then, to get courage to try.

But, my lord, it’s no bounty: I protest in my turn,
It’s a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.

To go on with my tale—as I gard on the haunch
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds underhand;
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.

Now, my neat and my breast, I had next to dispose
’Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroes;

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the bow, and the whoe, and the where, and the when.

There’s H-d, and C-y, and H-rth, and H-ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.

There’s my countryman, Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.

He sent it to poets who seldom can eat,
Your venison is not a job, but a charm,
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
I like these things, and am not particular about a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, entered;

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled at me with all the grace and me.

“What have we got here?—Why this is good eating;
Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?”

“What’s the case then,” cried he, very gay,
“I’m glad I have taken this house in my way.

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on—precisely at three o’clock;
We’ll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will be.
My acquaintance is slight, or I’d sat my lord Clare.
And now, that I think on’t, as I am a dinner,
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you a paunch, it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end
My dear friend—of a dear friend,

Thus matching his hat, he brush’d o’ the wind.
And the porter and establets followed behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my belly,
And nobody spoke to me as I saw you in sight.

Tho’ I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison paunch,
Were things that I never did like in my life.
Though殇ugh’d with a combomb, and Kitty his wife.

* Lord Clare’s nephew.

So next day, in the splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.
When come to the place where we all were taking,
A chair-numbered closet just twelve feet by nine;
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb.

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
For I knew it, he cried, ‘both eternally fail;
The one with his speeches, and other with Thrale;
But no matter, I’ll warrant we’ll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotman, the other a Jew,
They’re both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Sorcerer, the other the Savage;
Some think he writes Cimna—be owns to Furner.
White thus he descried them by trade and by name.

They entered, and dinner was serv’d as they came.
At the top a fine liver and bacon were seen;
At the bottom was tripe, in a swelling tureen; At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot.

In the middle a place where the paunch was eat.
Now, my lord, as for tripe it’s not a little aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Pisan,
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pond,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round.
But what vex’d me most, was that damnable Scotch rogue,
With his long-wind’d speeches, his smiles, and his groans.

And, ‘Madam,’ quoth he, ‘may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Frag a slice of our liver, though may I be cur’d
But I’ve sat of your tripe till I’m ready to burst:’

‘The tripe, quoth the Jew, with his chocolate in hand,
I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:’
I like these things, and am not particular about a shirt.
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all.
Oh! quoth my friend, ‘he’ll come in a nice,
He’s keeping a corner for something that’s nice:’

There’s paunch.—A paunch I repeated the Jew.
‘I don’t care if I keep one corner yet too.
What the devil men, a paunch? re-echoed the Scott:’
Though spitting, still I’ll keep a corner for that.
We’ll all keep a corner, he cried out.

‘We’ll all keep a corner,’ was echoed about.
While thus we roused v’d, and the party delayed,
With looks that most particular, enter’d the saus’d.
A viands so sad, and so pale with allright,
Waked Prinm in drawing his curtians by sight.
But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her?)

That she came with some terrible news from theaker;
And so it fell out, for that negligent done.
Had shut out the paunch on shutting his even.
Sad Philosophy—but yet studies dorn,
And now that I think on’t, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it’s but labour mislaid’n,
To send such good verses to one of your taste;’
You’ve got an odd something—a kind of discourse.

A relish—a taste—sicken’d over by learning;
At least, it’s your temper, as very well known.
That you think very slightly of all that’s your own.
So, perhaps, in your habit of thinking ames,
You may make a mistake, and then slightly of this.

See the letters that passed between his royal Highness Henry duke of Cumberland, and lady Grosvenor; tame 1760.
RETAILATION;

A Poem,

FIRST PRINTED IN 1774, AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James' coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epistles on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of ridicule. He was called on for retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

OF old, when Scaccy his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united:

If our landlord* supplies us with beef and with
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
best dish.

Our dean shall be venison, just fresh from the
plains,

Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of
Our Will shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick* with his pepper shall heighten the
savour.

Our Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall
obtain;
And Douglas** is pudding, substantial and plain:

Our Garrick's* is a salad; for, in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and witiness agree;
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge* is anchovy, and Reynolds* is lamb;
That Hickey's* is a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry-foil.
At a dinner so various, at such a feast,
Who's not a gullum, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blouders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.
Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,

Who mix't reason with pleasure, and wisdom with

mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt;
At least, in vain I could not find ten out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied em,
That sly-boots was curiously cunning to hide 'em.
Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius

was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much;

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to persuade up what was meant for mankind;

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his

throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend* to lend him a
vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on rejoin-

ing,
And thought of convincing while they thought of
dining;

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the road, to pursue the opulent
in short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart, was a
mint,
While the owner 's er knew half the good that was
in't;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must

sigh at;
Alas, that such a noble should now be so quiet.

What spirits were his! what wit and what woe!

New breaking a jest, and now breaking a link;
New wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball;
Now toasting and voicing, yet laughing at all.
In short, so provoking a rattle was Dick.
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old

Nicks;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
At once we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland's lies, having acted his parts,
The bear of England, the murderer of hearts;
A flatterer, a palates, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wenders at being so fine:

Like a tragedy-queen he has dizz'd her out,
Or rather, like Tragedy, giving a rout.
His fools have their folien, so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcomb, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Says, where has out post this madaly caus'd?
Of wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Says, was it that, vainly directing his view
To find out mans' virtues, and, finding them few;
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself.

* The master of St. James' coffee-house, the
doctor, and his friends he has characterised
in this poem, occasionally dined.
† Doctor Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.
‡ Mr. Edmond Burke.
§ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to general
Conway, and member for Bedwin.
¶ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.
∥ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the West
Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other

famous pieces.

* Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.
† Vide col. 1.
‡ Vide col. 1.
§ Vide col. 1.
RETALIATION.

Here Douglas* retires from his toils to relax,
The source of imposition, the terror of quacks;
Come, all ye quack harders, and ye quackling divines,
Come, and dance on the spot, where your tyrant reigns.

When satire and cenurny encircled his throne,
I feared for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dods shall be pliis, our Kemrick's shall lecture.

Macpherson's write button, and call it a style,
Our Townsend make speeches, and I shall compose;
New Lanier and Bowes * the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover.

Detection her page shall quench to a spark,
And Scotman meet Scotsman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick,** describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confound'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judged beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered'd with rancid his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
But only that, when, he was off, he was acting.
With no reason an earth to go out of his way,
He hurried and he varied full ten times a-day;
Though sure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends as a hunthman his pack;
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whittle them back.

Of praise a mere glutition, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a duce he mistook it for fame;
'Til his relatives call'd, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was secret to please.
Yet let us be candid, and speak out our mind:
If dances applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kemricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfals, so grave
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!

How did Grain-street re-echo the shouts that you raised?
While he was be-roasted, and you were be-prais'd
But peace to his spirits, wherever it flies,
'Tis not as an angel and mix with the skies;
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumont and Ben he be his Kellys above.
Here Hickey's** reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slanders itself must allow him good-nature;
He wishes'd his friend, and he relish'd a flatterer,
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a mis'er,
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And confessed, 'twas nothing to boast.

Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds* is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, majestic, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part;
His pen is our face, his manners our heart.
To concomitance, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and staff,
He shifted his trumpet; and only took snuff.

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POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher being the following epistle on
Mr. Whiteford, from a friend of the late doctor
Goldsmith.

HERE Whiteford reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he mildly liv'd, he is now a grave* man:
How courteous is admittance, liberal, and fair!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily words out bristled with a man; to make him think:
A sco'tman, from the west and from precarious free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.
What a laurel, that so liberal a mind
Should so long be to newspaper-essays confid'd?
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar
Yet content if the table he sat in a reay;
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall confess'd him a wit.
Ye newspaper-writing! ye pert scribbling folks
Who copied his squibs and re-echo'd his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb;
To deck it, bring with you descents of the vine,
And copious libations below on his shining.
Then sew all around it (you may do no less)
Cross-readings, slip money, and mistakes of the press.

Merry Whiteford, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit.
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
Thus his humourist's man with the worst-humourist's butt.

* See page 13.
† Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably desk as
To be under the necessity of using an en-suite trumpet
in company.
‡ Mr. Caleb Whiteford, author of many humorous
comedy.
§ Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that doctor
Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep
him company without being infected with the itch
of punning.
¶ Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Ad
vertiser.
|| Mr. Whiteford has frequently indulged the
town with humorous pieces under those titles in
the Public Advertiser.
THE HERMIT;*

A Ballad,

FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the vale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where you often dess the vale
With hospitable ray.

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

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

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

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whatever my cell bestows;
My rusy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

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

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

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares serene;
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 fall;
The modern stranger lowly bows,
And follows to the cell.

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

No store beneath its humble thatch
Requireth 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 trimmeth his little fire,
And cheereth his penive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prays and smilth;
And, skilful in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguile.

Arount, in sym pathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
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 oppressed;
And, 'Whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast ?'

* The following Letter, addressed to the Printer of the St. James' Chronicle, appeared in that Paper, in June, 1767.

AS there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy.† I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question; the one being his, the ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdote as these are scarce worth printing; and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, I should never have known that he had the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.


B 2
THE HERMIT.

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieves for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregard'd love?"

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

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

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

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows miah,
And spurn the seas," he said;
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd 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 confes'd
A maid in all her charms.

And, 'Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried;
Whose feet, unshallow'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, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd 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 prais'd me for imputed charms
And feit or feign'd a flame,

"Each hour a mercenary crowd,
With richest profuirs strove;

Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dew of heaven refresh'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, wo to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Imparting 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 wondrous fairy-one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to me
Thy own, thy long-lose Edwin here,
Restor'd 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!"
miscellaneous poems.

the

double transformation.

a tale.

secluded from domestic strife,
jack bootsworn led a college life;
a fellowship at twenty-five,
made him the happiest man alive;
he drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
and freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

such pleasures, unsatiated with care,
could any accident impair?

could cupid's shaft at length transfuse
our swain arrâ'd at thirty-six?

t he archer never come down
to ravage in a country town,
or flavia been censur'd to stop.

at triumphs in a fleet-street shop!

o had her eyes forgot to blaze,
or jack had want'd eyes to gaze!

—but let explanation cease,
his presence hasten'd all his pets;
so, with decorum all things contain'd,
Miss fryard, and blush'd, and then was married.

need we expose to vulgar sight,
the rapture of the bridal night?

need we intrude on hallowed ground,
or draw the curtains close'd around?

let it suffice, that each had charms;
he clasps'd a goddess in his arms;

and though she felt his usage rough,
yet, in a man, 'twas well enough.

the storm-yoon like lightning flew:
the second brought its transports too.

a third, a fourth, were not amiss,
the fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:

but, when a twelvemonth past'd away,

jack found his goddess made of clay;

found half the charms that deck'd her face
arise from powder, shade, or lace;

but still the worst remained behind,
that very face had rob'd her mind.

skill'd in no other arts was she,

but dressing, patching, superstitious,
and, just as honour rose or fell,
by turns a slattern or a belle;

'tis true she dress'd with modern grace,

half naked at a ball or race;

but when at home, at board, or bed,

five gory night-caps wrapp'd her head.

could such beauty condone?

be a dull domestic friend?

could any concert-lectures bring

to converse so fine a thing?

is short, by night's wits or fretting;

by day twas gadding or quarrelling.

food to be seen, she keep'd a hobby

of powder'd crommels at her liver;

the spire and captain took their stations,

and twenty other near relations.

jack suck'd his pipe, and often brook'd

a sight in surrounding smoke.

while all their hours were past between

insulting repartee or spleen.

thus as her faults each day were known,

he think'd her features coarser grown.

he fancies every vice she shall,
or thinks her lip, or points her nose.

whenever rage or envy rise,

how wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!

he knows not how, but so it is;

her face is grown a knowing phiz;

and, though her eyes are wandrous civil,

she thinks her ugly as the devil.

now, to perpetuate the revel'd scene,
as each a different way pursues,

while smiles or sullen looks,

promis'd to uphold them on for life,

that dire disease, whose ruthless power

withers the beauty's transient flower,

lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare

levell'd its terrors at the fair;

and, rifling youth's gentle grace,

left but the remnant of a face.

the glass, grown hateful to her sight,

reflected now a perfect fright:

each former art she vainly tries,

to bring back to her eyes:

in vain she tries her paste and creams,

to smooth her skin, or hide its scars;

her country beau's and city cousins,

lovers no more, flown off by dozzen;

the equirel himself was seen to yield,

and 'em the captain quit the field.

poor madam now, condemned to hack

the rest of life with anxious jack,

perceiving others fairly flown,

attempts blessing him alone.

jack soon was dazled to behold

her present face surpass the old;

with modesty her cheeks are dy'd,

humility displaces pride;

for tardy infancy is seen.

a person ever neatly clean:

no more presuming are they away,

she learns good-nature every day;

serenely gay, and strict in duty,

jack quickens his wife a perfect beauty.

the gift.

in bow-street, covent-garden.

say, cruel iris, pretty rake,

dear mercenary beauty,

what unnatural offices are you make,

expressive of my duty?

my heart, a victim to thine eyes,

should i at once deliver

say, what is one prize

the gift, who slight's the giver?

a bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,

my rivals give—and let 'em.

if gold, or gold, i'll give them—when i get 'em.

i'll give—but not the full-blow'n rose,

or rose—bud more in fashion;

such she'd offer to part disclose

a transitory passion

i'll give thee something yet unpaid,

not less sincere than civil:

i'll give thee—too threaten'ing mad.

i'll give thee—to the devil.
ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH

SUNRISE.

STRUCK.BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

[Imitated from the Spanish.]

THE

LOGICANS REFUTED.

[In imitation of Dean Swift.]

LOGICANs have but ill defined
As rational the human mind:
Reason, they say, belongs to man;
But let them prove it if they can.

Wine Aristotel and Simplicius,
By radioculation are found:
Here strove to prove, with great precision,
With definition and division.

The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature’s spite;
’Till reading, I forgot what day on,
A chapter out of Cock’s Pandion,
For I meet with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us proceed not too furious,
First please to turn to god Mercurius;
You’ll find him picture’d as full length
In book the second, page the tenth;
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our theme.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
What is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather: very right.
With wit that’s slight, learning light;
Such as to modern bard’s desired.
A just comparison,—proceed.

In the next place, his feet pursue,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Desgn’d, no doubt, their part to bear,
And with his godship through the air
And here my simile unites,
For, in a modern poet’s flight,
I’m sure it may be justly said.
His feet are useful as his head.
Lastly, would not draw out his hand,
Fill’d with a snake-encircled wand.

By classic authors terr’d Cadmus,
And highly form’d for ritual use.
To wit, most wondrously adorned,
No poppy-water had such good;
For, let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue’s such,
Though never so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what poets tell,
With this he drives men’s souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin then:
His wand’s a modern author’s pen.
The serpents round about it twin’d,
Denote his kind.

Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom’d bites;
An equal semblance to keep:
Alike too both conduct to sleep.
This difficulty: o’er the god
Drove soul to Tartarus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling off,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost trips,
Yet grant a walk by anal postscript.
Moreover, Mercurius had a falling:
Well! what of that? out with it—Stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he.
But where’s the evidence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why, what a pack
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song:
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world may say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whether he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

A NEW SIMILE.

[In the manner of Swift.]
MISCELLANEOUS FORMS.

SONG.

Intended to have been sung in the Comedy of

'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'

All me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover;
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

STANZAS

ON

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exciting joys,
Which triumph forces to flood the poet's heart;
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures

Oh, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of wo,
Shining we pay, and think'st em' conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
While thy sad fate exerts the heart-wrong tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fed,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thee conqueror, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

EPITAPH

ON

DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels its sturdy moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasures flowery way.
Celestial themes confed his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

* A LETTER.

Sir,

I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkeley, who played the part, did not sing. He sent it himself, in private companies, very emphasily. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called 'The Hymn of Isis in the sky,' to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he had succeeded very happily in those few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand-writing, with an affectionate care.

I am Sir,

Your humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

EPITAPH.

ON

EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

—

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom past'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways,—
Unless when she was winning.

At church, in silks or satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew,—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

—

A SONNET.

WEeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight;
Mira, too sincere for sighing,
Fears th' approaching balid night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Mira follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity-college, Dublin; but, having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot-soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's Henriade.

FROM THE

ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY

SONG.

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

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

—

SONG.

O MEMORY, thou fond deceiver,
Still unimportant and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain!

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

—

A

PROLOGUE,

Written and spoken by the

POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CESAR FORCED
UPON THE STAGE.

Preserved by Macrobius.*

WHAT! no way left to thun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infancy my sincthig age?
Scarce half-alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dogaste drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside.
Unawed by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift, I lab'd for my honour dear;  
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my heart of honour is no more;
For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cesar persuades, submission must be mine;  
Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclined to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threscoore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
'The old buffoon' will fit my name as well;  
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

* This translation was first printed in one of our Author's earliest works, 'The Present State of Learning in Europe,' 12mo. 1759.

FINISH.
ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of nature, according to the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the season. In the following will be set a two-strope matter. On vegetables, On birds animals. And last, on man. Concluding with a dissertation from the wild and irregular passions of he, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come, And from the bowers of your dropping cloud, While many things in a shower Of shadowy roses, on our plains descend. 0 Hartford, fitted or to shine in corses With unadulterated grace, in the plain With innocence and meditation jum'd In softness, and ease, and to my song Which thy own season paints; when nature all Is blossoming and benevolent, like thee. And see where early Winter passes off, Far to the north, and calls his quizzish blasts: His blasts shatter with his bowing wind, The scattered forest, and the ravaged vale; While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, Dissolving snows in vivid torrents lost. The mountains lift their green heads to the sky. As yet the trembling year is uncertain, And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze. Chills the pale month, and bids his driving sheets Deform the day delightful; so that scarce The littleness knows him, with bill begrimed To shake the sounding monarch; or, from the shore, The glovers when to scatter over the heath, And sing their wild notes to the listening wave. At last from Artes rolls the bounteous sun, And the bright Bird receives him. Then no more The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold; But, full of life and vivifying soul, Lifts the light clouds midbills, and spreads them thin. Fleecy and white o'er all surrounding heaven. Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined, Unbinding earth, the moving softness flaws. Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives The plough and his lusty steers; Driven from their stalls, to where the well-used Lies in the furrow, loosed from the frost. There, according to the husbandman's will They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil, Covered by the landlord's rain, and wearing joy: Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share The master beams, removes the obstructing clay. Winds the whole work, and sidealong into the glee. While thro' the neighboring fields the sleeper walks, With measured step; and liberal throws the grain Into the faithful bosom of the ground: The harrow follows harshly, and shuts the scene. Re-gracious, Heaven! for now lasherous man Has done his part: Ye fostering breezes, blow! Ye softening dew, ye tender showers descend! And summer, this year, this year, ye'll conceive, And through ye, that this year ye'll conceive! To the perfect year: Nor ye who live in vice, And sicken in your pain, in your wicked vice, Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear: Such themes as these the rural Mars sung To wide imperial Rome, in the full height Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined. Inlaying the empty, to employ'd The kings and awful fathers of mankind: And sung, with whom compared your insect tribes Are but the beings of a summer's day, Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm Over the world, with victorious war, Disclaiming little delicacies, seated The plebeian, and greatly independent lives. Ye generous Britons, vanerote the plough; And o'er your hills, and long-withdrawing vales, Let Autumn's greens come to the spring, Luxuriant and unbounded! As the sea Far through his azure turbulent domain Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores Wash all the pomp of life into your ports; So with savory boughs may your rich soil, Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour Over your hills, the naked nations clothed, And be in excessions gramine of a world! Not only through the lenient air this change, Delineate, the breath of heaven on earth, His force deep-darting to the dark recess Of vegetation, sets the steaming power At large, to wander over the verdant earth, In various hues; but chiefly then, gay green! Then spring cannot universal rule, But to the earth's bosom, to the earth's bosom, United light and shade! where the sight dwells With growing strength, and ever-new delight. From the music meadow to the wither'd hill, Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs, And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye. The Hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, Till the whole leafy forest seems displayed, In full luxuriance, to the sighting gales; Where the deer restless through the twining brake, And the birds sing conceiv'd. At once array'd In all the colours of the flashing year, By nature's swift and secret-working hand, The garden gloats, and fills the liberal air With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit Lies ye a little enbryo, unperceived, Within its crimson folds. Now from the town, Burned in smoke, and deep, and noiseless lamps, oft to me wander o'er the dewy fields, Drops Where freshness broaches, and dash the trembling From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk; The smell of dairy; or, the honeyed Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plain, And see the country far diffused around, One bounded land, where white empryed shower Of mingled blossoms, where the raptured eye Huxter from to joy; his fervor The fair profession, yellow Autumn apes. If heedful from Russia wilds a cutting gale Rise not, and scatter from his honest wings The clammy milder, or dry-showing, breeze Uninlet frod: before whose halfed blast The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shimmers. Joyous and dear, a wide decanted wave. For oft, engender'd by the lazy north, Myriads on myriads, lowest arched war Keen in the passionate breeze; and wasteful eat, Through buds and bark, into the blackened'ed core Their colors bled. A soluble race! set off From every crimson suffocated falls; Or scatters o'er the bosom the pungent dust Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe: Or, when the enamour'd leaf begins to curl, With spoilt beauty leaves them in their nest Nor, while they pick them up with busy till, The little meeping birds owleth, owleth, owleth. Be patient, swallows; these cruel-sounding wires Bow not in vain. For hence they keep repose These deep-seen bristles on clouds encumbered with rain.

That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, A
In endless tracts, would quench the summer blaze,
And dreamless slumber, the rude earth's yawn;
The north-east spends his rage: he now shot up
Within his iron cleft, the effusive south.
Warm's the wide space, and over the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with verbal showers distant.
Scarcely roused; yet, as the smoke of war,
Scarce steaming either; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the floating vapour rolls
Along the loaded sky; and mingling deep,
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gleam;
Not such as wity storms on mortal shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy;
The wise of nature. Gradual skirts the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to goller through the closing woods,
Or rustling form the many-twingling leaves
Of spring tall. 'Tis uncaring foods diffused
In grass, breadth, seem through diminutive gaps
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis all in all,
Plaguing expectation Here's and storks.
Drop the dry spring, and mute, imploving eye
The falling vulture. Husht in short stupence,
The pensive people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the laden moisture trickling off,
And wait th' avenging sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mumming, vales,
And forests, seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, muses, prays,
And looking thus and thus, in mystic mirth,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Pleasant spots, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion over the freshen'd world.
The vulture's name is scarce to water heard,
By such as wander through the forest-walks,
Beneath th' ambragious Institute of leave.
But who can fold thecloud, women and winds,
In universal bustle, shedding herbs,
And fruits, on mountain top or plain lap?
Swiftly cane fayr anticipates their growths,
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Rebolds the kindling country colour sound.
Thus all day long the full-distracted clouds
Redundate their gaudy tons, and well-shower'd earth
Deep withem all plant, and lean, and haste
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Locks out effugient, from amid the fish
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The luminous mountain; through the forest streams,
Shakes as the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smothering th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Most, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
And, wild with the washing brooks increased,
Increased, the distant beatings of the hills,
And looking deep responsive from the vale's.
Whereby, blending, all the zephyr springs.
Meaningly, reflected from you eastern cloud,
Restraining earth's desire, and rolling down
Shoots up immense, and every base unstable,
In fair proportion turning from the red,
To where the violet fades to the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving cloud
Form, floating on the sun, filmy shimmer.
And, to the sage instructed, eye, unfold
The various twinkle of light, by fire disclosed
From the white mingled invisibility.
In the sky they pass,
Ere, wanderings, view the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o' the radiant deities, and stars
To catch the falling glory; but assassed
Beholds th' annihilate arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Stilly nights succeed,
A softer shade, and saturated air.
Atwax to the morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy pressures of the former day.
While he steals along the lovely dale,
In silent search: or through the forest, rank
With all the dizziness sweet woods account,
Bares his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fired by the vamping verdure of its sides.
With such a liberal hand has nature sung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable with the nursing mother, the
Bounteous earth, the closing calendar's time.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, peace and joy? the food of man,
While yet he lived in innocence, and told
A leaven of golden'd in blood;
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeits, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the earth.
The first fresh dawn then waked the gladness
Of uncorrupted man, not blush'd to see
[race
The sluggish sleep beneath its sacred beam.
For their light slumber gently funneled away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun.
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the toil of treading th' hard rock. [report
Meantime the song went round; and dance and Wisdom, and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away. While in the rose vale
Love breathed his infant sighs from anguish free,
Coward deeds, and terrors violence, spare,
Save the sweet pain.
That, mily thrilling, but excites it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surfy deed,
Was known among those happy sons of heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious nature too too, did smiling smile.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays; and still the gracious clouds
Drop'd their fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead
The birds in unmanning'gard promenade.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was set on fire, and joy his sinless joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace;
There, in the woods, and pace of these days,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Applied their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In concert with their spring methods.
But now those who white unblemish'd manners,
The flower, took that golden age, [whence
Are found no more amiss these days.
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the pulse within; the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and every head-extant
Or impotent, or else approving, see
The final disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into full revenge.
Rose envy withers at another's joy.
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full;
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Whose self is but a vestigeless of soul.
A sensitive anguish, pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sour'd interests, feels no more
That charm which at least he'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To be the object of its flame.
Hope sickens with expectations; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or into Heav'n's ecstacy'the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mix't emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind.
With endless storm; whence, deeply, rankling, grows
The partial thought, aetnless unconcern.
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd,
Is deem'd vindictive, to have changed her course.
Here doth a death, a deluge come.
When the deep-cleft disputing orbit, that arch'd
The central waters round, Impeccious rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf.
And over the high-pli'd hills of fractured earth
Wide the waves of desolation went.
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A distress'd city round the globe.
The seasons since have, with severity,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
And cold; then the Spring's warm wave of joy,
Stood and shone, with the sight of tears.
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
God of the desert, has turned his countenance
Blush'd in social sweetness on the selfsame bough.
Pure was the temperate air: an even calm.
A worthess prey scarce bends your plant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He sawed our world to weight of heaven,
Soft dismember, and back into the stream
They, neck in neck, down the lightning path,
Bleeding, tomb-like, yet you lure
From his dark haunts, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Sylph elephan't, of that finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
At times attempts to seize it, but at all
The dimple speaks his ondulous fear.
At last, whilst hapy over the shadod sun
Panes a cloud, desperate takes the death,
With mulin plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengths'd line;
Then seeks the farthest, the shelthering weed,
The caver'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile.
With yielding hand, That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, yet now reeling, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
Till, the brook broken by the lengthless side,
And to his line abandon'd, to the store
You gally drag your unrecompensing prize.
Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering

Even shooting listless languor through the deons;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
There the bee dances, the lily is fair,
Its balmy essence breathes, where cow'lips hang
The dewy, white, and purple flowers blooming her
With all the lovely children of the shade;
Or lie, reclined, beneath you spreading ash,
Hush'd o'er the sleep, whence, borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots, or where the hawk
High in the cloudless sky your own nest holds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmonies of song,
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Aitwort imagination's vivid eye
Or by the vocal woods and waters hul'd,
And lost in lovely ruminating, in the dream,
Confused, of careless solitude, where rest
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Each way most of passion into peace.
All but the swellings of the softend heart,
That wake, not disturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold! you breathing prospect rises the muse
Throw all her beautie forth. But who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination beam,
And its gay creation, burn like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
And lose the splendor as it appears
In every bad that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fills beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, vain and ill-formed! ah, where find words
'Twixt so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, mine my lay
With that fine all, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?
Yet, though successful, will the toil cease?
Close on, ye virgins, ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the reparts of roving love; And thou,
Amanda, come, prize of my song!
'Fem'd by the Graces, loneliness itself!
Dance, with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet;
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul;
Where, with the light of thoughtless reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart.
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steads blushing on, together let us tread.
The morning dew, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, so grace thy beautified hair,
And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets.
Saw, where the vining wals its ivy stores,
Turgid, spread. So, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce coating through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank
In fair profuse, deep, long set us walk,
Where the breeze blows from you extended field
Of blossom'd bower. Arise, cannot rest
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, whence [soul,
Breathes through the senses, and takes the ravid
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot
Pall of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
Save the negligence of the wild grass
Where, unguided by mimick art, she spreads
Unbountied beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious kiss the fervent bees,
Of notes: when listening Thibulmata deluge
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night exceed their day.

The lightning white to sear them from the thorny brake;
The swell bullfinch answers from the grove:
Nor are the lilies, over the flowering fane
Four's roots so lonesomely silent.
Jo'd to these,
Innumerable songsters, in the freshest shade
New-sprung, in its vocal melodies:
Mellifluous.
The joy, the rock, the dew,
And each harsh pipe, the discordant heard alone,
All the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy mourn through the while.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teach.

Fell to the ground, where a scoak of snow lies:
A drab northermost gleam through the white.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teach.

In a word, they stone by the sward; the cresson first;
The daisy, primrose, violet daisy blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd eyes.
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of varnas breasted bees;
Assonomous, auricul, enrich'd
With shade seen o'er the green their velvet leaves;
And fall in a rack, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
How del to braid their fancy leads.
To family, as files the father-dust,
That cotton cobweb may be observed:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain.
Some to the bully hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thickest some:
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Carnival for their foible dressing; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nest.
Others, part, to the earliest of plants:
Or rubbish waste, their humble texture weave,
But most in the solitudes delights.
In unconfined grooves, or shaggy banks,
Stoop, and divided by a babbling brook;
Whose murmurs sooth them all the living day,
When by kind duty fix'd.

The large, pendant of the planted stream.
They bind the first foundation of their dunes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in grassy fabric laid,
And bound with clay together.
New's taught,
But restless hurry through the busy air.
Beat by unseen bird's wings.
The swallow sweeps
The simy窝, to build his hanging house
Intent.
And often from the careless back
Her and feeds, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when uncheer'd,
Steel from the heart's bosom; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete their habitation grow.
As at the patient dam assiduous sit,
Not to be tempted from her tender task.
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, [blows
Though gale sweep round about her
Her sympathetic lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bant, and ceaseless sings.
The tedious lines they term; the weary
Her place a moment, while she sudden flies
To pick the scanty meal.
'Tis appointed time
With pens till fill'd, to the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
The bitter bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamor.
O what passions then,
What rering sentiments of kindly care.

On the new parents seize! A way they fly,
Affections, and, unassuming, bear.
The most delicious morsel to their young:
Which, equally distributed, again
The seah half in the nest, so a gentle pair.
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould
And change with undream'd and the vulgar breast.
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential Heaven.
Oh, as they weep and from their infant train
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
They feed them, or else:
By the great Father of the Spring inspired,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art.
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Avoid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And, whirling thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
The warm, hence around the head
Of wandering sain the white-wing'd plover wheals
Her sounding flight, and then cow man on
In elongation skims the level lawn—[hence,
To tempt him from her nest. 'The wild duck,
Over the rough moss, and over the trackless waste.
The head-frill flutters (ploua faus), to lead
The hot-pursuing spangled bird—
Do not the axe accustomed, here to home
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Johnson caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confined, and boundless air.
Dull are the petty slaves, their plumage dull,
Refractory, and all its brilliancy lament
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbled from the beech.
O thou, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
Sparse the soft tribes; this barbarous art forbear;
For rear my bosom innocence can win
Music engage, or piety persuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her rain'd care, too delicately framed
To break the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded hill,
The astounded mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hand hair of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low drooping, scarce
Can bear the mimicker to the popular shade;
Where, all abundance'd to despair, she sings
Ere seeing, as she's led on, the length
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of ill, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wall resound.
O sweet, amid the morn of her forebears sounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing off their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky.
This one grief, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown
Use your white wings, birds in vast
'Tis on some evening, sunny, gentle, mild,
When, noth but banish is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On nature, amidst the sun's heart
Or, wing their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution falls; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void,
The shepherd, in the glory of their day
The parent guides, and chide, extort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plany burden; and their self-caught wings
Wawow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, hold up themselves the lead
Further and further, with the sign of wings.
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Revested into life, the rampart once
Th' acquitt'd parents see their soaring race,
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.
Let not a vestige of a crane's cliff
Hung over the deep, such as amazing frowns
Over the most magnificent race, whose pinch
Designing the set sun to Indian warths,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young
Strong pensants, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now it to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and prey's in distant lands.
Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty aims and venerable eaves
Invite the rook, who, high amid the boughs,
In early spring his airy city builds,
And, summon'd, call, with heart, well pleased
I might the various pollyy survey
Of the mixed household flock—
The careful bee
Calls all her chipping family around,
Ecc and defended by the fearless cock
With an anchor flame, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crowes defiance. In the pond,
The warm duck before her train.
Rows gravely. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale.
And, carrying with, carry feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his elder isle

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Protective of his young. The turkey night
Coursed around the head
While the peacock
His every colour'd glory to the sun,
Spreads in radiant magnificence.
Over the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton roars
The glancing eye, and twine the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their puerile love in the rougher world
Of bruses below rush furious into flame
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bale, deep-dread'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wanders among the yellow broom.
While over his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the many wood
Depicted wonders, nor tire enticing size.
Crops, though it press on its careless sense.
And oft in jealous musading fancy wrap'd,
He rests the flight; and, tilly batting, falls
His rival gored in every Oferty trunk.
Him should he meet the hollowing war begins
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Wherein the sand flies, they matter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep the impetuous battle rink.
While the fair helpless, balmy breathing, near
Stands kindling up their rage. The terrific steel,
With his hot impulsion seizing in every save,
Nor needs the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Bows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
He struts and treads as the proud basilisks say.
Of rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes
The cantering, then deep descending, leaves
The headlong torrents flaming down the hills,
Where, when the moon with the stream of her former bounds,
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his fructile heart and shews swelled.
Nor unadulterated by the homely Spring,
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gold cavens round,
They fountaine and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The crust ruptures of the savage kind
How, by this flame their native wrath sublimed,
They ravage, and in fury of their hearts,
The far-revering wave, in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves—But this the theme
I sing, exorbitant, to the British fair,
Forth and leads me to the mountain brow,
Where sits the shepherd, the glory and
Inhabiting, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him heeds his many-begleed flock,
Of various censures; and his sportive dance
This way and that convolved, in fruitful glee,
Theirs free play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth: further and further, still;
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That rush'd, the rampart once
Of iron way, in ancient barbarous times,
When destined Britain ever bled,
Lost in mental void; ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indescribable state.
And great and golden lineage, and
And our labours liberty and law,
Imperial watch: the wonder of a world!
What is this mighty breath, ye sage say,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the soul of heaven; and their breast
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God? —
Inspiring God? who, beneficent spirit aid,
And unwavering energy, pervades
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He conseas works alone: and yet alone
Seems not to work: with such perfection framed
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But then could to every purpose
The informing Author in his works appears.
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And, air, attains his bounty: which exists
The most complete to this fin covering joy.
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Pleasurally in exterior joy.
Still let my song a nother note assume,
And sing thee' sbrusive force of Spring en train.
When heat and energy, as on he vade,
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forget to join the general smile
Of nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
SHANGHAI.

Is melody? Hence from the harmonious walks of life, or those soothing walks of earth; the hard corners of death, and unfeeling of another's woes; Or only lawful to yourselves, away! (thought
James a cowboy, in whose wide
Of all his works, creative bounty turns,
Tell me on your open front
And liberal eye, sit, from his dark retreat
Inviting restless Woes. Not all invited
Can restless goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold worldly corner unexplored;
Like silent-working Heaven, surrounding soft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Flows pouring almond; for you the lowing clouds
Descend in glistening plenty over the world;
And the sun shoes his kid the rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! in these green days
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows alacrity; and young-eyed Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glories, and feeding them on heaven.
Springing over her heart, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity space
I
Nature's thought, and contemplative still.
By swift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the bosoms till at last subdued
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The love of mankind, and all the bliss of earth
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
This is thy love to God, through every name
O Lytton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Come, let us go; ever Hayley Furtz then say'st
Thy British Temple! There along the dale,
With woods of oak, and planted with money rocks.
Whereon each hand the gushing waters play,
And doth stand the rock-checkers, and driving fall,
Or pleasan't in length'nd vision through the trees,
You stand silent, or sit beneath the shade
That doth cherish the young swelling mounts;
Throstle's joy round, by nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various noise
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
The twining lute, and thy own bright arc
Which creep around, their dewy mornows shake
On the southward. From these abstracted, oft
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders ride,
Or to the sun-burnt mountain, sink away.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You trace the long extent of backward time,
Flamming, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal, unwary'd by party rage
Britain's watch, how from the wonts curl
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thought thy view, those praiser thoughts
The muse charmed: while, with ears taste refined,
You drew thy inspiriting breath of ancient song;
Till thy deep emotions, thy eyes
Perhaps thy loved Lucida shares thy walk,
With her, elate, serene, and sparkling air.
The tender heart is animed peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent passing, turn, and from her eye,
Whose smile knew shew, and a sunny grace
And lively sweetness well, exalted drink
That nameless spirit of etherial joy
Unison, our subjects: which love
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few
Messengers of Cymone, or on those whose fair love
The bursting prospect spreads immense around;
And gazed on thy hill and dale, and wood and lawn
And, darkening thinness heart between;
And villages unbosom'd in its arms,
And then, while exploring every line
Of household smoke, your eye executive scenes;
While stretching from the half, in whose kind heart
A thousand homes may rest; and, looking on the page
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Wherein through the cultivated field;
Each landscape, every line, every spot
With rising frenzy fry'd. But if on holy
Delights, deep from his pillow flies;
All night he bathed his bosom into slumber
In my pasture finds; till the gray storm
Tells his love gore on my tender breast;
Examin'd by love; and then perhaps
Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still inspired by distant dreams;
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
SPRING.

And in black colours paint the mimic scene, 
Of th' enchantress of his soul he talks; 
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd 
To secret winding flower-environ'd bowers, 
Far from the dall imperfection of man, 
Just as he, crehalous, his endless cates 
Begin to lose in blind oblivion love, 
Sooth'd from his joy-yielded head, he knows and lov'd, 
Through forest huge, and long untravel'd haunts 
With desolat brown, he wanders wide, 
In slight and temperate winding; or shrinks again, 
Back from the bending precipice; or wanders 
The farthest stream below, and strives to reach 
The farther shore; where, succourest and sad, 
She with extended arms his aid implores; 
But strives in vain; borne by th' outrageous wind 
To distance down, he rides the rigid wave, 
Or, whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy, sinks. 

These are the changeling agonies of love, 
Whose misery delights. But through the heart 
Should flow its venom once diffuse, 
'Tis then delightful misery no more, 
But agony sacrament, incessant gall, 
Corroding every thought, and blasting all 
Love's paradise. Ye fair prospects, then, 
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy, 
Farewell ye gleaning of departed peace, 
Sins out your last; the yellowing-plague 
Internal vision faints, and in a night 
Of lightious imagination wraps, 
Ah! then, instead of love-enliven'd checks, 
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes 
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 
Suffer, with untender fire; 
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek, 
Where the whole ploy'd soul malignant sits, 
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears 
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 
Of fear and wrath, burning on the pomms 
For which he thirsts in fondness, eat him up 
With fullest anguish, and consuming rage. 
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid, 
Deceitful pride, and resolution fail, 
Giving false a peace a moment. Fancy pours, 
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought. 
Heat and enchantment, twining round the soul, 
With all the witchcraft of ensuring love, 
Straight the fierce storm invades his mind anew; 
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins; 
White anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart; 
For even the sad assurance of his fears 
Were case to what he feels. Thus the warm youth, 
When love deludes into his thorny wilds, 
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life 
Of cruel or of cruel death; 
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all 
His lively moments running down to waste, 
But happy they, the happiest of their kind, 
When tender stars unite, and in one fate 
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
ARGUMENT.

S U M M E R.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Classic beauty, and all Spring.
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's
He comes by the rock, the conical shepherd leaves
And ever-fanning breeze, on his way;
While, from an ardent look, the turning Spring
Alerts his blushing face, and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot donation leaves.
Hence let me haste into the mid-shade wood,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lies at large,
And sing the glories of the circling rear.
Come, Inspiration! from thy benignant seat,
By mental search: may Fancy dare,
From thy own serious eye, and raptured glance
Shone on surrounding heaven, in that one look
Creative of the Poets, every power
Existing to an ecstasy of soul.
And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of intellect, and tenderness of heart;
By decency chastised; goodness and wit,
In solemn-melody harmoniously combined;
Unblemished honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty and Man:
O Doddington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspire every line,
And teach each verse to deserve thy just applause.
With what an awful world-revolving power
Wore first the knowledge planets launched along
Till the illimitable skies to man;
And from thee the lustre of her face,
Whose glow around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the rock, the conical shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour!
To meditation due and sacred song!
For is thereught in sleep can change the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of a short life:
Total extinction of th' enlightened soul;
Or else to favour vanity alive,
Wield'd, and toasting through chaste-sceptred dreams
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Lesser than Nature creates; when every sense
And every pleasing pleasure wait without
To bless the kindly-wooden morning walk?
But yonder comes the Cephyr, King of Day,
Rejecting in the east. the lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illumed with rich gold, his near approach
Betaken glad. Lo! now, apparent all
Adorn the dewy bright earth, and circling air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheeds the shining day, that burnish'd plato
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams.
High-glancing on afar. Prime Chaser Light! of all material beings first, and best!
Effuse divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrap'd
In usoessential gloom; and then, O Sun! Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom last seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a touch indescribable bound,
T'system rolls entire; from the far beam
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling with his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
can scarce be caught by philosophic eye.
Lost in the near effluence of thy blaze.
Inform of the planer train!
Without whose quickening glance their epaulets
Were broad unequally mass, hurt and dead
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee?
Inhabiting spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublimed, down to the daily race.
T's mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
T'the vegetable world is also thine,
Farewell to storms! who the long prelude
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain
Annual, along the bright salutiferous road,
In world-respecting states, it leaves sublime.
Inmanite, the expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implour thy bounty, or send grateful up
A heavenly hymn: while, round thy beam casting ear.
In high season, the Seasons in slightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyr floating leaves on the timely Mains,
Of Ethereal the light-footed Dew,
And softly into joy the early Storms.
These, in successive turn, with various hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Heros, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy
From land to land a blush'ldst the vernal year.
Now to the valley of the brook, shall flow,
earth;
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
her liberal tresses, is thy force confined;
and, to the heavens the gray-grown clouds,
The mineral kinds confest thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence, the veinly marble shining;
Thus Labour draws his toils, hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day: the nobler works of Peace
Hence bids mankind, and generous Creatures
The round of nations in a golden chain. [notes]
The unfruitful rock itself, imprisong'd by their,
In darkness dormant forms the idle zone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy parent rays,
Collected light, the aspect: that, polished bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Is it the fire-beat, the pulse of the breast.
With rain ambition ennates her eyes,
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a wasting radiance inflames her;
From thee the Sapphir, solid, ether, takes,
Is it cerulean: and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns;
Nor deeper verdure than the light of living.
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Then the green Emarlour shows us. But all combined
With the whiteness, the purest, purest plane thy beams:
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A whirling vaste of rectangular blue hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch
Assumes a vital life. By thee refined,
In brighter mazes the redundant stream
In glistening array, from cloud to cloud the air uprises,
Projecting horror on the black'den cloud,
Softens at thy return. The desert Joys
Within, and, in the vast, void bounds,
Rude grand glitter; and the debdy deep,
Sees from some pointed preparatory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam.
But this,
And all the much transporting Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Infinite:
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below:
How shall I then attempt to sing of Him
Who, Light Himself, is incrceted light.
Abed deep, walls elively retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's piercing ken?
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Bible overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
Thus the diurnal through the boundless sky
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun
And all the extreme exulting stars, would lowering real
Wise from their spheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every fluttering tongue of Man,
Able to utter into the praise of Hymn,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice;
Even in the leafy woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial: Then resound,
The eternal strains, to support, and exalt all of us.
To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
And peruse its all-instructing page,
O, hapy catching inspiration thence.
Some easy passage, raptured, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Penetrate I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle wing excursion care,
Now, hanging up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
And morning rolls, that bewitch'd the hills.
In party-coloured bands; till wide unweild
The face of Nature, shine, from where earth seems
Perpetually a translating, a beaming sphere.
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dead-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By golden beams and carmine rise to shine
While the centaur, light-footed, glides through the sky,
With rapid splash, his burning influence darts
Into, and, to, and through, and teem and thread
Who can upbraid thee the flowery race,
What by the moon, their new, should'd bloom redish,
Before the palisades and the fluming fain,
When fivers revel through their amure veins.
Hence, the, the, the, the, the, the, the, the, the,
Bad when he sets, shews up her yellow leaves,
Dropping all night; and, when he warms returns,
Forks her eminour'd bloom to his ray.
Here, from his morning task, the awn retires;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the furlong fowers round
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The dawn,
The calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, secludes, direct the lazy flight.
Where on the mingling boughs they sit enshrew'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Paint, underneath, the household flowis convene;
And in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant grey-hound, lies
Out-stretched and sleepy. In his summer one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exists
Over hill and dale; till, wake'd by the wasp,
They starting snap.
Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song;
Not mean simple! to the sun allaid,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every clod,
And secret corner, where they slept awai,
The wintry storms; or rang from their toms,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
They bear; these parcel's parent race can discern,
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes
Place the blazon in the many waters sonic,
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or sailing down the stream,
And shall immediate by the quick-eyed trout.
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Squint thy eyes to snoop the drowsy bee,
Or, falling, feed the cullering cheese.
On, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or Sheltering in the bowis,
With powerless wings around them wrap'd, expire.
But chief to useless flix the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixure shwoor'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of excesses, in eager watch he sits,
Overlooking all his waving nests around.
The dear dove's through the ruthless wanderer oft
Passes; as of the ruffian shows his front.
And to the extremity last of all, the circumsant
dart acting glides, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel range,
And piercing precisely, the fluttering wing
Ard and shudder sound declare extreme distress,
And aid the helpless to the hand like.
Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor unsightly is the ceaseless hum
To him the music through the wood at noon:
Or draw the shepherd as he lies reclined,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the flowing shade
Of violets gray, close-crowding over the banks.
Gradual, from these what numerous kinds desc.

Reading even the microscopic eye!
All Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organized,
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent Heaven
Shall his spirit into his bosom infuse.
In purdial streams, emists the living cloud of
Pestilence. Through subterranean cellis,
Where searching of one's astonishment s d may find a way,
Earth animated bees. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure
Within its winged cincture the stone
Folds multitude. But chief the forest-boughs,
That deepumber'd, to the playful bee,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of the sponge fruit, the thick and barbed nations
Of evanescence insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled over with green, visible
Amid the pond's expanse millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,
Infects, or defiles the sea, the soil
With various forms abound. Nor is the stream
SUMMER.

Shines over the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd king.
While the bright circle rounds them, and their united hands
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Mournment their joyous task goes on space—
Scene, melody, story, and song, and scenes—
Deep on the new-born vagrant's heavy side,
To stem his master's cippe, already stand still.
Others unwillingly drag along;—
And, glowing in his mighty, the sturdy boy.
Hold on the twined horn of inconstant rest.
Behold, where bound, and of its noble beauty;
By needy man, that all-desting lord,
How meek, how patient the wild creature lives!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb-complaining innocence appears—
Fears not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of tardy slaughter that lieth on your eyes.
No, 'tis the tender swath's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his animal care,
Borrow'd your leaves, to you a bounteous loan,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.
A man? Yet Harriet's view
Her soul grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted states of every brighter clime:
The treasures of the sun, without his rage:
Herefore furtive with culture, toil, and arts,
While flowers the face of pole to pole is embellishing:
Put to the waves salmine, and now, even now,
Impending hang o'er Gallia's humbled coast:
Hence swift the bending of the deep, and swore the world.
'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the hills, and scorching the forward ways.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
Head from pole to pole is unendurable:
In vain the sight, debouched to the ground,
Stoops for the coast of ascending streams
And keep repair. Pain deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the clearing fields
And slippery lane, and heather dicing:
Blust'rance of bloom, and wither even the soul.
Beaks no tree, twigs in the dusty air:
Of sharpening site: the mower, sinking, heeps
Over him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distant Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, groaning in the threats of unutterable despair,
To hurst into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering Heat, do internat thy wrath!
And on my throbbling temples ponson thus
Beaut so force! Incessant still you flow,
And still another violent flood succeeding:
Fear'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And yet my drumming heart is not proved for night.
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Three happy lives! who on the uncoloured side
Of a romantic mountain, forecast-crow'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or trees find in the shadow-sheltered ground:
And fresh below'd with ever-sounding streams,
She coolly calm: while all the world without,
Unrested, sick, torments her.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper serene and cool, and patient
And every passion quarrelless,
A liar in life, with vice infatuated.
Welcome, ye shades! Ye lowly thickets, hush!
Ye soft, ye sweet, ye calm, ye sweet, ye calm, ye sweet.
Ye shady groves, now fettering all a reck,
New scarcely moving through a ready pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diversified into a calm lull.
A various group the herds and flocks compose;
Rural confusion! On the distant bays
Some rushing loud; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip.
The shepherds are in the midst of the grooves
The strong labours; or, with honest face,
Which incorporated, he shakes; and from his sides
The troublesome tedious ladies with his tail,
Returning still. And his subjects safe,  
Stunned the monarch swain; his careless arm,  
Threw round his head, on downy moss sustained;  
Here he was fed, with wholeness and higher powers;  
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.  
Lights fly his silences; if perchance a flight  
Of anger crosses on the herd harm.  
That startling scatters from the shallow brook  
In bowls of broken stream. Tommy the broken foe;  
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scorn the plain,  
Through all the bright severity of moon;  
While, from their labouring breaths, a hollow moan  
Proceeding, runs low-hollowing round the hills.  
Or, in this station too the horse, prorogued,  
While his big smiles full of spirit swell,  
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
Springs the high fence; and, of the field escaped,  
Darts on the glossy floor with steadfast eye,  
And, with wide nostrils, soaring, skims the wave.  
Wring me tight, close, as the selfish and deep  
Of tender grove, of wildest, largest growths;  
That, forming high in air a woodbine spike,  
Is used the thorn beneath a many story,  
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
And all is awful listening gloom around.  
Those are the strong, the grand mentions in the hills.  
The scenes, where ancient bards their inspired breath  
Breathe o'er, and learn with leisure lore;  
Conversed with angels, and immortal forms,  
On gracious scenes bent; to save the field  
Of virtue tinged through the forest cooes,  
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plains,  
Short of breath, and silvering with tears.  
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,  
Struck from his side by savage bowyer's guile.  
Across his fancy come, and then renews  
A louder song of sorrow through the groves.  
Beside the dewy border seat the lit,  
All in the freshness of the humid air:  
There in that bower'd rock, grotesque and wild,  
And, chain ungirt, and cap of moss,  
A loud ring of sorrow through the groves.  

**A young lady, well known to the Author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1758.**
And, either from the falling caravan,
Shoot over the vale of Senus; ardent climber
The Nilotic mammalia, and the secret loveliness
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no mortal, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce creeps to rob their wealth;
No holy fury thou, inscription of heaven,
With unconsecrated steel to nam their peace.
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread in the purple tyranzy of Rome.
Theirs, that the harmless bee, most freely range,
From mead to mead, bright with excised flower;
From jasmine grove to grove mayst' wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That framed the plains, inlaid the people hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountain wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
Form many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-resembling valley lift,
Cost to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Here, here palaces, and houses, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultured fields;
And fountains gush, and careless bands do clocks
Securely stray: a world within itself,
Declaring all amazement: there let me draw
Dacarian seal, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vasts of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roasting foods, and cataracts, that sweep
From dishonour'd earth the virga gold,
And over the varied landscape, reigns,
Pervious with life of every fairb kind;
A land of wonders, which the eye still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realms
Emmanuel, and delightful thee to dwell.
How changed then! Those purple heights of noon
The sun, empress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom.
Still horror and horror do its own revenge.
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowning fast,
Where, high, the bright lamp of day is rising.
Admits its stream, incessant vapours roll,
Assuming clouds on clouds continual hang'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow.
With the big currents of steaming ocean charged.
Meantime, amid these upper seas condensed
Around the cold central mountain's breast;
And by conflicting winds together dash'd.
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.
The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient clouds, is spread over populous wave:
Rich king of floods I overflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs in Gezirr's sunny real,
Ere through the thick leaf he is loud
Of fair Dumeza rolls his infant stream.
There, by the long厌disports away
His youthful year, amid the fragrant lattes,
That with infalling verdure smile around.
Amidst the croupier, the mountain breaks
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the swellings, for the eye of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty rage.
Through splendid kingdoms now descends his might,
Now wanders wild with solitary tracts.
Of life-deserted sand; till glad to quit
The leviathan, down the Nilotic rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
His brother Naga too, and all the floods
In which the full-drown'd maidens of Asia rave
Their lusty limbs; and all that from the fruit
Of woody mountains stretched through gorgeous land
Fall on Commanda's coast, or Malabar.
Peter Must; thence, that nightlyxines
With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On India's smiling hangs the rosy shower.
All, at this bounteous season ope their urns,
And pour unrolling harvest out the land.
Not less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the watering year.
With the latter, the broad-spread Ganges
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
* The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects and animals makes a beautiful appearance in the night.

The hippopotamus, or river-horse.
* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less amiable than ours.

B
To dwell still on life-suffering men.
At once his soul, his voice, his body, and arms
Swiftly by a thousand darts, impetuous hurt!
From all the business of the town,
His thoughts, his hopes, his life._* The River of the Amazon._
There stretch her wing vast over this enormous mass
Of a large green jungle; the dawning sun by day,
The sea-like Plata; to whose subdued current,
Continuous depth, and wonderful breadth of course,
Our souls are wide. With unmeasured force,
In silent dignity they swept along,
Over pleasing things they fair diffusive flow,
What there are minds and hearts and spirits! In the
In their soft depth, many a happy life:
The sea of untrammelled Fancy, bordered
By Christian crimes, and Eucalyptus a cruel sense.
Thus pouring on they presently seek the deep,
And the jocund billows of the unknown earth:
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And O useus torms from his green domain.
As the vast waves of wealth rush?
This gay profession of luxuriant lives?
These the would-be-heroes,
Their powerful herbs, and Cory void of pain?
By vagrant birds deserted, and waiting winds,
What there are millions of mirthful fruits?
What the gold dragoons,
The unbridled food, rich game, and spicy health,
Their fruits yield Feasts of safety without fear,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
All: what excess of children, what exultant praise,
Deep in the bowels of the stately earth,
Glorious the game, and Planet's riches
Where dwelt the immortal children of the sun?
What all that Africa's golden rivers sail,
Her dolorous woods, and shining ivory trees
Ill-timed race! the suffering arse of peace,
What of the humanizing races teach;
The goddess of the temperate breast
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation clime, whose silent powers
Commend the world: the light that leads to heaven.
Rend equal rule, the government of laws,
And all protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains this name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent man himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyranize:
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature good; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad eagles, blind rage, and fell revenge;
Their servile spirits love. Love dwells not there;
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-giving, the ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity; those count the beam
Of tender clusters; in selfish deeds desire,
And the wild fury of molten suns, there
Lost. The very brine creation there
The rain and storms with heated sky.
Lo! the green serpent from his dark abode,
When even years to trenchant speech,
At noon, earth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing boast, by which diffused,
He throws his folds; and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathless jaws erect, the monster curis
His fuming crest, all other thirst approach,
Or shivering illes, or check'd at distance stands.
Nor darts approach. But still more dreadful he,
The small close lurking master of fate.
Whose high contortions venom through the veins
A rapid lightning dart, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to hamper man,
This child of vengeful nature! There, unbridled
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Bogues, licensed by the rundown hour of guilt,
And foul misguided, when the pure days has shot
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fangs
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doomed:
The lively-affrighted beast, especi'd our
With many a specter, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyenas, fell of the fell;
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
Of Maracassia, or the thunder.
That which an Eagle wild,
Immortal arms around their shaggy king,
Staring out the painted sand:
And, while the most
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Of game are afraid of the darkest shade.
Where, round their hairy bulk, in rural case,
They runnning the, with hunger fear
The coming rage. The awakened squirrel
And to her flashing beam the mother turns
From the deep forest wood, a day,
Or stem Maracassia's sporty game, escaped.
The sudden half-waves for his horns again
While upper all, the wilderness remains
From Asia eastward to the bright land Nis.
Untouched is his look, and the first of joy,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid the world of death. Day after day,
Yes, on the morning expression of his eye,
And views the main that ever scale below;
From the dome of mossy forms of the sky,
Where the round other mires with the waves,
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds:
At even stands a wonderous waste of wealth
A magnificent eye, and down his dying heart
What should be his showstuffs?
And his consummate through the livid night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Now comes the storm.
And guilti Carolia, Lethe retired,
Her horror through the unison of waste.
In the dark chambers through Neman's waste.
And all the ground delights Ausonia poor
On this dark sea, the abode of the king,
And, frowning, the splendour of the hours.
Nor store the tempests of these regions here,
Commodus and one son; Commodus four.
Let loose the raging elements. Bedad hast.
From the dome of mossy forms of the sky,
And the wide-gleamming waves of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the palmar arses
With instant death. Peace, the time of three and ten.
Son of the desert! even the camel feeds,
Shot through his wish'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red either, bursting breast,
Vale the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Communed around, in gathering eddies play.
Ne'er and nearer still they darkness come:
Till, with the general all-devouring storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wild ass:
And by their noon-day fraught deflected thorn,
Or sank at night in and disagreeable sleep.
Beneath descending hills the caravans
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets,
The impatient merchant, wandering, walks in waifs.
And Maroas saddles at the long delay.
But at night, where a flexible wave
Obes the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, unsubstantial
Beneath the radiant line that girt the globe.
The circling Typhon, whirld from point to point,
Exhalls the waves and sails of the globe.
And dire Ecroopia, reign. Amid the heateas,
Faintly comes the morn's clear speck.
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding swells:
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiercely and nod, the small prospicous hangs
Above, or on the promontory's brow.
Masters its force. A faint distressing color,
A flattering gale, the demon sends before.
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Percipicat, descends a mingled rash.
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing foods,
In wild annoyance fix'd the sailor shades.
Art is too slow; by rapid fate approach'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whirling tide,
Hit in the ocean of the black eyes.
With such means sees the daring Gams; sought
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Encouraging surrounding the stormy Cape;
By bold ambition led, and holder throns
*Typhon and Ecroopia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only by the trepidation of the sea.
Called by sailors the ex-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.
*From de Guisse, the first who sailed round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.
SUMMER.

Of gold. Far down from ancient slopes emerged
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless oath,
Had plowed the Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Louisianian prince? who, heaven inspired
Fires his name on every field.
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world.
Increasing all the terror of these storms,
His jaws horror and'd with thousand edge,
Here dwells the direful shriek. Lored by the scent
Of steaming crowds of rank disease, and death,
Bahold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along; and
From the partners of that cruel trade
Which spells unhappy Greene of her sons,
Tammels her share of their demands themselves.
The sum of this!—one death involves
Tyranza and slaves; when straight their mapped
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
31 With gore, and stones in the vengeance fall.
When over this world, by equatorial rains
Flushed immense, look out the joyless sun,
And the long, cold storm from swampy fens;
Where purreflection into life ferment,
And breathe destructive mystrics: or from woods,
Implacable thales, recesso less
In vapors rank and blue corruption wrappe'd,
Whose gory terrrors yet to despise the foot
Has ever dared to pierce; then wasteful, north
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A numidian hound her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless we,
And drench the scenes of blood, and heaps
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such, as of late, as Carthagena quench'd,
Or British founts, as gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene: you, pleying, saw
To infant weakness sink the warrior's arm;
So spread the deep flora, the ghostly form,
The lip pale-palmering, and the beamless eye
With more anointor brightness: yet hear the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
Recover, nightly plunged amid the foam waves,
The dusky sail, while on each other fix'd
In sad preage, the black assistant seemed
Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.
What need I mention these inclement skies,
Where, frequent the sickening clips, Flagons,
The infant child of Nemi divell's
Descends? From Ethiopia's poisson'd woods,
Sifted Cairo's filth, and festin fields
With licent armies purpling heavy;
This great destroyer springs.
Her awful rage
The senate escap'd; is her destined prey;
Infuriate man! and, 'vill his guilty domes,
She dreames the dense cloud of death:
Uneas'd by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and start
With many a sudden burst, by the sun suffused,
Of murky aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Raiseth his watchful eye, and from the hand
Of feeble justice, intellectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And stifle the tumult of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with renown verdure clad;
In the wild vales, unheeded
The cheerful haunt of men: unless escaped (fugitives,
From the burnt house, where matchless horse
What up! by barbarous fear, the mangled wretch
With freowy wild, breaks loose; and load to
Screaming, the dreadful policy arrange,
[heaven
Inhuman, and unwite. The sullen door,
Yet unmitced, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to alight his rocky
Dependents, friends, relations, love himself,
Savaged by we, hunger the tender ste.
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
Is ever witness of their horrid
And, struck by tools, in solitary pangs
They fall, unaid'd, extended, and immured.

Thus over the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her eaven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The gros guns stand, mixing all their Arctic roar,
And give the flying watch a bitter death.
Much yet remains unsung: the rage immense
Of Freeman's rock of isolated fated,
Where dought and famine scarce the blasted year
Fires the torch of noon to ten thousand.
The infernal hill that shews the pitiless flame;
And tossed within the subterranean world,
The expending earthquake, that restless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base.
And heres mountains in the flaming gulf
But 'tis enough: return your vagrant Muse.
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
Behold, slow-settling o'er the land grove,
Unusual darkness bends; and, growing, gains
The full possession of the fading day.
With wraithful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence satire, sulphur, and the fiery spouse
Of light, beamen, seawering on the day,
With violets of the land, and a blaze
Poi'st the sky, and in thy ballet cloud.
A reddening gleam, a magazine of fate.
Perseus: till by the torch ethereal round,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of lightning flashes, while all rain below,
'They furion spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; saw the dial
That, from the mountains, previous to the storm,
Fills all the regions, as it fills the distressing silence,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
Pronc, to the lowest vale, the aerial divers
The tempest-loving raven scans,
Dares wing the dangerous dusk. In martial gate.
The cattle stand, and on the swirling heavens
And their deprest beauteous agrow.
Whose to the crowded cottage hits him flat,
Or seits the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear and dumb astonishment all.
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Dances far above the cloudy: and
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunders roar his tremendous voice.
At first heard solemn over the verge of heaven,
The tempest grows: but as it nearer comes,
And rolls in wild hurry round the winds.
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise ascends: till over head a short
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider: shits and opens still.
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the hoarse'd aggrovated roar,
Eclipsing, deepening, redoubt'd; peal on peal
Crash'd horrible, convulsing heavens and earth.
Down comes a calum of immense ball,
On prey-devouring wind, the clouds
Pour a whole flood: and yet, its flame un
The uncomparable lightening struggles through.
Rag'd and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
With the fires of the thunder's redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the ominous pine
Stand on its wilds, and with mortal trunk,
A spade,strength'd below,
A lifeless group, the blasted castles lie.
Here the soft flocks, with that harmless look
They were alive, and runnings still.
In fancy's eye: and there the frowning ball,
And half raised. Struck on the castell'd cliff,
The venerable tower and spire flame
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from the deep recess
While-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amd Coralvan's mountains rage loud
The redemptive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep from the rude rocks
Of Permanance, wherein the abyss to the sky.
Turn the stultif ene cliff; and Snowdon's peak,
Dismantling, instant yields his whitem rock.
Far the height of beathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thirl belows through her urnest side.
Gilt bears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Dessert the fixed fatal jar.
Young Cadogan,
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtues, equal rage,
The same, distinguished by their sex alone.

* Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of Portugal.
* These are the causes supposed to be the first sources of the magazine, in Dr. Mead's elegant book
on that subject.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of a hazel copse,
When wintering into the melancholy solitude,
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
Perched upon the heath, all in misery.

There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Homes-assaulting falls, and plaintive breeze that played.

Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's early complaints,-
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful corners, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceived; save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stilled sighs.

Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his views,
He framed a meting lay, to try her heart;
For his own strains, no more remembr'd;

To call that passion forth. Triplet happy swallow
A twelvefold spray, and from the flowery steep,
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.

For he conduc'd by the laughing lover,
This mortal man, his genius sought by pain.

Warm in her check the sultry season glid'd;
Amit, roded in how artsy, she came to bathe
Her invent limbs in the refreshing stream.

What shall he do? in sweet confusion lost,
And dans l'obscur, but trembling, he a white remembrance
A pure ingenuous elevation of soul,
A delicate remembrance, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire;
But love forbade. Ye praises in virtues, say,
Say, ye praises in virtues, what you have day by day.

O arcanum! I now recollect
In Arcadian stream, with tim'd eye around
The barks surveying, shrill'd their boisterous limbs
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then, may it not be sally to

Of Ida pastured stronger, when aide
The rival goddesses the veil divine
Cast redeemed, and gave him all their charms
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolved the virgin sense;
And, through the parting robe, th' afterwise break,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
And staring like the fearful saw
Then to the flood she rush'd the parting flood
In lovely waves with clashing waves received;
And every beauty softening, every grace
To the languishing eye she pay'd;
As shied the lily through the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
With her naked limbs in purple sweets
While thus she wond'red, now beneath the wave.
But ill-enam'd; and now with streaming locks,
That o'er-remboss'd her, in a humid veil
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such a drink of grace of beauty to the soul;
At first a while overwhelmed his rapturous thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
This trembling hand he throw'd: 
"Lift me, my son.
Yet unsubdued was by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy havens;
To keep from thee receiv'd each vagrant foot.
And cherish each flower, With wild anxiety.
As if to marble stream, decor'd of roses.
A stupid moment melancholy she stood:
So stands the statue* that enthrones the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless flood.

The mingled beauties of existent (Greece).
Recovering, swift she fly to find those robes
Which her genious work, and all of power;
In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,

* The Venus of Medici.
Her terror vanished, and a softer train
Of mild'd emotions, hard to be described,
Her sudden bosom seized: shame void of guilt,
That charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's blame,
By bashful exalt'd: even a sense
Of self-appreciating beauty, arises
With a soothing thought. At length a tender calm
Flush'd with repining fruit, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the opulent earth.
And all their tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of waking comes: for him who lovely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature: there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attended to have their cares
To whose exulting eye a fairer world,
Of happiness, a nation, and a glimpse
Displays its charms: whose minds are richly
With philosophic stores, superior light; [Eur.]
And in whose breast, enthusiasm
Virtue, the sons of interest decent romance;
Now call'd aloud enjoy the fairing day:
Now to the woods, now to the groves,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk,
By that kind school where no prouder name reigns,
The free fair converse of the friendly heart,
Immersing them in the bosom of the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steas,
And pour their souls in transport; which the Sire
Of Love appraising hearts, and calls it good.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
And where shall we turn. Will we walk along the streams?
Or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest-glaides, or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Till, hail, belgium, here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptured eye
In Elysian, in the rosy land,
Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain;
To lofty Horrow now, and now to where.
Magnific Wycliffe: in his princely birth.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view
Can art imagine, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first spread out.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray
On various, through the pendant woods
That nodding hang over Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Eton's walking walls,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace, retired,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Britisher yet grans his day.
And polish'd Cornbury vores the willing muse,
Now let us trace the manciche vale of Thames
Fair winding up to where the muses haunt
In Twissel's bowers, and for their Pope imploy
To rival Hesione, and Euphrosyne,
To Clermont'sterned height, and Ether's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and sestins Felham finds repose.
Can rest, mystify the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hebrus sang:
And the earth with its fruitful wells
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil,
Of oceans, plains, and mountains:
As in the shining calm of evening,
And glittering towns, and glistened streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.


Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts
Inspiring vigor, beauty, and delight,
Walks, unconfined, even to the farthest cot,
And scatters plenty with auspiring hand.
Riches is thy name, and powerful thy climes.
The streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Grazeth thine guardian sage, thy valleys flow
With golden waves; and on thy mountains frock
Blunt numberless; while, waving round their sides,
Soil the blackening herbs in lively crowns.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquelled
Against the mower's sile. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth
And property assures it to the swain,
Fritted, and unvaried, in his guarded soil.
Furl are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every vallie swell.
Mingle are heard: even Drudeyger himself,
As at the car he sweets, or chyntly hews.
The palace stones, looks gay. Thy crooked ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield
With labour earn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosen every sheed,
Regains the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardiness shew'd, and by danger tried.
Scattering the nations where they go: and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are they, as gentle as the pleasing plains
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sire preside;
In genius, in agriculture, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the faltering thunder, when provoked,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of these threaten'd grims spread spoiling heaven.
The sons of glory, the worthy woods.
Almighty thee,
In whom the splendid到处 of heroic war,
And more heroic power, when power'd well
Combine; whose hollow'd name the virtuous saint
And his own and all his rest of kings,
With him thy Edwards and thy Henry shire,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty (saith the terror of thy arms,
That awes her gentle still. Instatesman thou,
And patriots, fiurile. Thine a steady More.
Who, with a generous wip, with a mistaken zeal,
Withcloud a brutal tyrant's useful rage.
Like Casto firm, like Artaidio just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A disabled soul, error who smiled on death.
Fragile, wise, a Warden now is thine.
A Judge, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore they twice round the world,
Then flamed thy spirit high; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden reign.
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd
Halkigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The arts, the sages, the curious sure and wise,
Nor sank his vigour when a coward reign.
The warrior foster'd, and at last resign'd,
Put to the way, a vendetta's foe.
Then, active still and unrestrained, his mind
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison hours enrich'd the world.
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or base, as those he proved,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he died.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sineus spurn,
The plume of war! with early laurel crown'd,
The lover's mystic and the poet's boy.
A Hannibal, a Titus, illustrious land.
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unamiable soul,
Who stern'd the terror of a downward age,
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again.
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Height, at his seat in heaven's happiness,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me draw
The grave where Russel lies; whose impurer blind,
With most cheeryness for these resign'd,
Stain'd the sole annals of a guilty reign;
Aiming at laws power, thought with meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him.
His friend, the British Cassius, a fearless hied;


*Algeron Sidney.

*The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxen shining or sun's brillund.

‡ Highgate and Hampstead.

§ In his last sickness.
SUMMER.

Of high determined spirit, roughly brave,
By nature learning to the enlightened soul;
Of ancient stock, but not of warlike breed,
Just over the verge of day.
The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a vicarious's train,
In all their pomp attention, and entertainment.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile infinently.

And now,
The wonder of those days, the birth of the new
Of Amphitrite, and her放射神
So (franfar sable song), she slips his helm
Her half-immersed, and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappearance.

For ever running an enchanted sail.
Passe the day, deceitful, rain, and void;

As fleets the vision of the formful train;
The moment hurrying wild by impassion'd soul.
The next in nothing last. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, on his blank;
A sight of horror to the cranal wretch,
Who all day long in solitud pleasure rov'd,
Horrors, love, and language of woe.

Upon his scattered train, what might have chanced is
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the germs still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind benediction around,
Beauteous, as now descends the silent dew;
To hire the long review ofuilder's life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Censured from yonder slow-ex汉堡'sd curl,
All eternal, made, who made the world
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
Made the creation, and the works of the eye and assistance.

Of her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand sensualists and sensualists.
First thin
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Seeks soft beneath; and then a deeper still.

In circlingfollowing, circles round the close to the face of things.
A freshener gate
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the streams
Swimming with shadowy lust of the fields of corn;
While the soul chambers for his running mass.
Wide o'er the thirsty lawn, as swells the breeze.

A whitening shower of vegetable dawn
Amends the divided, and unimportant cares
Of Nature nought disdain: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year;
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded scale secure, the shepherd hence;
He, ever gentle, by turne relive
The rem'd millstream of her trembling pain;
The beauty whom perhaps his weightless heart,
Unknowing what the joy without anguish dream.
Sincerely loves, by that by language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.

Onward they pass, o'er many a pining height,
And valley sunk, and unrequited: where
Fall, from the foot, the face of sun-burnt soul.
In various game, and novelty, to pass.

The sunworms dance, the swallows dive, the gnat.
But far about they wander from the frame
Of him, whom his gentle fortune urged to his own love and lift to the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is said adorning, of the cheerful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the sleeping ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glimmering light his glance, and these the dark
A moving radiance twinkle. Even this yields
The world to Night: not in her winter robe.

Of many staidly woe, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from th' imperfect surfaces of things
Filmed as an image on her splendid eyes.
While waving woods, and village, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retained
Th' ascending beam, and all, all swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Hence the morn, hence the flower, and the
The silent hours of Love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines: and from her genial rise
When day's first light sinuates till springs abroad.
Untrvdul reigns the fairest lamp of Night.
As this effect, that, mine eye, that animates the sky,
With cheerful'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky; or horizontal dart

In wood shapes by fearful moving crows;
Portentous deem'd.
Amidst the radiant orb,
That more than light, that animates the sky,
The life-infusing suzy of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
With accelerated course.

The rushing comet to the sun descends;
SUMMER.

And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that ensnare
The fond aquatic herd, to myopic faith
And blind amusement prone, th' enlightened few,
Whose god-like minds philosophy exults,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exist, (spurns)
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long eclipia winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day,
Hence to her nourish'd powers, enlarged by thee,
She springs alacr, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gain'd,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd;
The first up-tracing from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sensa,
Diffusing intellectual辉

Tutord by thee, hence Poetry exults
Her voice to ages; and informs the sage
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unshackled fur,
Rough clad; devoted of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domicil, mixt of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian laws, were his; nor various skill
To turn the bow or to guide the bolt
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dures the wintry pole;
Majestic scenes of infinite delights
Nothing, save raping, hideous, and gull;
And ways on woes, a still-developing train;
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plains of plenty and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Ensemble life. While thus liberons crowds
Fly the tough path, Philosophy direct's
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the soul
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
Nor to this immediate speck of earth
Poetry confined, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range: intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the sole Being right, who spoke the word,
And Nature moved completed. With inward view

These are th' ideal kingdom with the term
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear
Compounded, divided, and into order shift.
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fairy's floating train;
To reason then, disentangle truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd and unassisted. But here the cloud,
So with eternal Providence, sits deep
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passion lost, and vain pursuits,
This infamy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.
AUTUMN.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Ossian. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of Industry raised by that view. Rustling. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Walnuts. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn; menace a digression, inquiring into the phenomenon of fog. Birds of passage in Great Britain, all those latter part of Autumn. A prodigious number of them cover the northern and western islands of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the decouraged, frowning woods. After a gentle showery day, moon-light. Autumnal melancholy, as seen-shred, falls upon the scene. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'T with the sickle and the wheat sheaf, While Autumn, smiling over the yellow plain, Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more, Well pleased, I tain. What'er the wintry fruit, Nixtress prepared; the various-blossomed Spring Put in white promiscous forth; and Summer-suns Changed and arising, such harmonies now to view, Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme. Ossian! the Muse ambitious of thy name, To grace, inspire, and dignify thee, Woud from the public voice thy gentle ear Awhile engage. The noble squire who knew The patriots virtues that distast thy thought, Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow. While listenest scents hang upon thy tongue, Devouring through the maze of eloquence A roll of periods, sweeter than her song. But she too sweet for public virtue; she, Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will, Whose country's cause in her heart, Assures a bold tone, and fondly tries To mix the patriots with the poets flame. When the bright virgin gives the beautiful day, And Eurus weighs in equal scales the year; From heaven's high cope the fierce asullence shock Of parting Summer safe more blue. With golden light entwined, wide invests The happy world. Attempter's sun arise, Sweet-leaved, and shedding off through luck clouds A pleasing calm: while, bread and brown, below Extensive harvests hang the heavy lead. Rich silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale burst light the falling over the budding plain: A calm of plenty till the ruffled air Falls from its praise, and gives the breeze to blow. Here is the face of the mighty world; The clouds fly different; and the sundown Sun of illustrious field, and back by its rays the shadows sweep along. A gaily-colored heart-expanding view, Far as the circling eye can shoot around, Unboastcd lying in a field of corn. These are thy blessings, Industry! tough powers Whom labour still attends, and sweet, and pain; Yet the kind source of every gentle art, And all the soft civility of life. Raise of human kind! by Nature cast, Nabad, and helpless, out, amid the woods And wilds, to ride inclement elements; With various seeds of art deep in the mind Impressed, and prudence the head, Materials infinite; all idle all. Still unacquainted in the unconscious breast, Slept the lethargic powers: Corruption still, Vexations, swallow'd what the liberal head Of integrity; and storms so rude And still the soul banzian, owing, midst With heaves of prey; oh for his arrows-scold Fought the fierce tasty bear; a shivering wretch! Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north, While the lads let the mid's temper fly, Hall, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost: Then to the shelter of the hut be fled; And the wild season, world, pleas away. For home he had not; but the west Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, Where, supporting and supported, paupers friends, And dear relations mingle into bliss. But this the rugged usage never felt, Even desolate in crowning, and thus his days Red'd, heavy, dark, and unseen; along A waste of time! ill industry approach'd, And caus'd him from his miserable stock; His faculties unfolded; point'd out Where Earth, Nature the directing hand Of Art demanded; showed him how to raise His noble force by the mechanic powers, To dig the mineral from the rustied earth; On what to turn the piercing rage of fire, On what the insect, and the gather'd thist; gave the tall ancient forest to his axe; Taught him to ship the wood, and here the stone, Till, by degrees, the flinty fabric rose: Two from his limbs the blood-polish'd fur, And woundeth them in the woody vestments warm, Orbright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn; With whoseome stands fold his hand; poor Where the generous glass around, inspired invention, To wate The life-refining soil of decent wit; Not stopp'd at barren hered necessity; But still advancing bold, led him on To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace; And, breathing high ambition through his soul, Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view, And bade him be the Lord of all below. Then gathering on their natural powers conven And form'd a public; to the general good, Subordinating minds and combusting all For this the patriot-council met, the full, The free, and fairly-represented whole; For this they pian'd the holy guardian-law, Distinguish'd orders, animated arts, And with just fierce energy, chaining, set Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still To them accountable nor slavish dream'd That telling millions must resign their seat, And all the bounty of their search, to such As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd. Hence every form of cultivated life In order set, protected, and inspired, Into perfection wrought. Uniting all, Society grew numerous, high, polite, And happy. Nurse of art, the city grand In heartsease pride her tower-encircled head, And, stretching street on street, by inflam'd drive, From twin'd woody hands, on the tough view To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons. Then Commerce brought into the public walk The busy merchant; the big warehouse built; Raised the strong crane; shook up the loaded street With foreign arms, and glowing sound. O Thomas! Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods! Chose for his grand resort. On either hand, Like a long wintry forest, groves of mast. Shot up their spires; the bulwarp sheet between Possess'd the heavy loaded body high; Steer'd sluggishly on; the splendid large along. Row'd, regular, to harmony around.
AUTUMN

The beat, light-skimming, stretch’d his airy wings;
While deep the various voice of forest toll’d a leaf.
From bank to bank increased; whence mirth with
To bear the British thunder, black, and bold;
The roaring tossed rush’d into the main.
Then too the porker’s doom, magpie, hoarded
Its ample roof; and, wide with it.
Pour’d out her glittering-stores: the cavils smooth;
With glowing light prostrant, to the view.
Embossed rose; the statues second’d to breathe,
And solemn into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination’s mind.
All is the gift of industry; where’er
Exults, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cherish’d by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy heart
The exulted, temperance, and ski reave along;
His harden’d fingers deck the gaudy spring;
Without him Summer were an idle waste;
Nor to the Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immemorable stores,
Those, waving, redolent, rapturous, singing song.

As soon the morning trembles over the sky.
And, unperceived, unfold the spreading day;
Before the riper field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lane he loves,
To bear the reaper’s gift, and mingle
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stop, and revel the lusty shaves;
White through their cheerful bend the rural road;
The rural sounds, and the rural jest,
Joy harmonize: nay, more, a kind of sense.
And, until, the sultry hours away,
Behind the master walks, build up the shocks;
And, conscious, grateful, smile the skies above.
His salted eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there;
Spire after spire, their scanty harvest rise.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but reign
From the full shaft, with charitable strain.
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the harvest is to you.
Who share abundance over your flowing fields:
While these unhappy partners of your kind
While hours round you, like the winds of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may cease.
What now, with the hard resistance, fail’d, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune smiled, decifeth, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every day, save innocence and Heaven;
She, with her wardrobe mother, friends, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But sore by baseful modesty, careless.

For, in the face of the world, at the seat
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, must meet
From gilded prize and law-minded price.
Almost on Nature’s common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of the to-morrow’s satire.
Her form was fairer than the morning-rise;
When the dew dews on her, and, mild, and pure.
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground delicious, darting all.
Their human beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the rov’res tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once.
Thrift’d in her thought, they, like the drowsy star
Of evening, those in tears, those in grace.
Sat fair-proportion’d on her polished limbs,
Vell’d in a simple robe, their best attire.
Beyond the bounds of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament.
But that, when wakening, shone the most.
Thoughtess of beauty, she was beauty’s self.
Risest amid the close-embracing woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apeolus,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills.
A mystic voice, far from human ear.
And breaths its balmy fragrance over the wild:
No scarf! no shawl, clothing, and adorning, all.
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell’d
By strong Necessity’s supreme command.
With smiling, happy, in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon’s fields. The pride of awains
Pammon was, the generous and the rich;
Who lost the rural life in all its joy.

And elegance, such as Arcadian ease;
Yet, at the same, the various voice of various ages;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
Flax to follow Nature was the mode.
He, then, his fancy with Auctumnal scenes
Assuming, chance befriend his reaper tair
That very moment love and chase desire
Swift as a shadow on the wat’ry wave.
Unconsoned of her power, and turning quick
With sunn’d dawned and crimsoned from his gaze.
He saw her charming, but she saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal’d.
That very moment love and chase desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For all the world prevails, and all his song,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scan.
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field?
And all his friends the stony river rear.
What pity! that so delicate a form
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
From whose my liberal fortunes took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And to his fair-sparing family, disconsolate.
’Tis said that in some lone, obscure retreat,
Urged by remembrance and, and decent pride,
He ransacked scenes which knew their better years.
His aged widow and his daughter live,
To find, whereon their ancient cups were found.
Romantic wish! would thus the daughter were!

When, strict Inquiring, from herself he found
So few depend on the kinder hand of his life.
Of boisterous Acasto; who can speak
The emotions that distress his heart,
And through his avenues in shivering transport run.
Then blessed his mother’s fame, a vow’d, and bade;
The kind intent, the zeal of his heart,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confused, and frightened, at his sudden sense.
His rising beauties furnish’d a higher bloom.
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
In vain: he to his ward the very same.
The softest image of my noble friend;
All his every look, his every feature.
More elegantly touch’d. Sweeter than Spring!
Then the saving blossoms from the root
That mour’d my fortune’s wreath, ah, where.
In what succinct desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heavens?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though Poverty’s collected, and capping, rates,
And beauty on a slender foundation.
O let me now, into a richer soil.
O give me now, as my father gave me,
Acacio’s daughter, his, whose open stores
To bless his waif, his chosen heart.
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest fields.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task.
The field, the master, all, my fair, are thine.
If, to the various blessings which thy house
Has on thee lav’rd, those will add that bliss.
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee?
Here ceased the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express’d the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude and love,
Acacio’s daughter, his, whose open stores.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness inherent, and all.
In sweet disorder lost, she blushed’d consent.
The scene immediately to her mother brought,
With quickness to the scene, with all the pride.
The lovely moments for Lavinia’s sake.
Away blushing, and scarce disguise what she was.
Joy, compound’d with her wish’d visions, and one bright glance.
Of setting life shone on her evening hours.
Who flourisht into tender blues, and read’d
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves.
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sullen south collects a potent blast.
At one its greenest leaves were seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur ran
Along the amber scents of the air.
But as the aeriel tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the tight atmosphere,
Impeccant rushes o'er the sounding world;
Sinister to the root, the stinging forest waves
A rasling shower of yet unseen leaves,
High heat, the circling mountains solidly,
From the bare wild, the dispirited storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the seas of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide: nor can evade,
Though plants to the blast, its seizing force.
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff?
Shed up the heart of rain
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest waves its gloom, and still
The deluge deeper; till the fields around
Lie blank, and doted, in the world waves.
Sadden, the ditches swell, the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, inundamare streams.
Twelve aerial waves, and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Homa, flocks, and harvest cottages, and oaks,
Bull mingled down; all that the winds had spun
In one wild moment round: the big hopes,
And well-sent visions of the peaceful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
Helpless beholds the mother of the leach.
Drain along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scattered round,
He seen the bull over his slumbering thought.
Comes Winter unprompted, and a train
Of clamant children dear, Vemnassum, then,
Dead, costant to his scolding hand.
That dinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in musk clad,
Whose toil to songs is warm, and graceful pride:
And, oh! be mindful of that sparkling band,
Who, for their acquaintance with luxury and ease,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-invading winds have swept away.
Here the rude glamour of the spirit's joy.
The sun fast sinking, and the windless bough
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game:
How, in his mid-carve, the spuel, struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose.
Ouetsch'd, and faintly sensible, draws full,
Feaful, and content to last in grey;
As in the sun the circling covey back
Their varied guises, and watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye,
Caught in the misty snare, in vain they beat
The mangled more and more and more.
Nor on the ranges of the boundless air,
Through hawks, weeps, and they cede; the gusts,
Glanced fast, and sudden, from the fowlers eye.
Overtakes their sounding pinions; and again.
Immaculate, from them, the towering wing.
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispersed?
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse.
Nor will she stain with such her sacred song:
Then most delighted, when she social ses.
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This faraly-cheerful barbatous game of death;
This rage of pleasures, which the restless youth
Awakes; in the gleaming moon.
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long
Urged by necessity, had raged the dark.
As if their delight in blood,
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant man,
With thoughts in their working wits.
Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that ever round the waste,
For sport alone the chase.
Avoid the beamings of the gentle days.
Uproar'd, re our wanton rage.
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty rolly
To joy at delight in blood.
Is what your horrid bosom never knew.
But one time heard.
Scared from the corn and now to some lone seat
Retired: the mazy fan; the ragged furze;
Stretch'd over the storylheath; the stabbling chappled;
The saints that surely met the parclix severe
Of the same friendly hue, the witter'd fern;
The hollow last reception; though she sat
Conceal'd with folded ears, unseeping eyes
By nature raised to take th' horizon in:
And head couched close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Bears her early latticin; and deep.
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm:
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, the springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of games is up at once.
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounds on the hill; sounds bounding, sounding high;
Wild for the chase, and the loud hunter's shout:
'Over a week, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.
The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He ranged, the brazen monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to righting turn.
Against the breeze he starts, that way the more,
To leave the driving murderous cry behind.
Deception short! though fester than the winds
Blown over the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He blazes, gathers, and plies through the glades;
And plunge deep into the wildest wood;
If weak, yet sure, advances to the track.
Hot-staining beneath him come again
Th' inhuman root, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circuit him in every shift.
In the forest o'er; and sobbing seas
The slides, mild opening to the golden day.
Where, in his hunting friends.
He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Off in the full-sounding flood he tries
To lose the scent, and have his burning sides:
Off seizes the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With self-restraint avoids a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless tall,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And pas his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round teasers run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the greening pack,
Blood-bloody, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.
Of this his wrong,
But if the calf to sylvan path,
Whose forren blood boils into violence.
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight.
The round-up iron, resolute and slow,
Advancing full on the prancing spear.
And coward hand, that circling wheel stirs
Slank from the cavern, and the troubled wood.
See the ghastly ghoul the shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the rufian die:
Or, growing horrid, as the brindled bear,
Indiscriminate, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britains know not now; give, ye Britons, then,
Your sport furly, pitiless to poor
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
Him, from his craggy witning huma snarled,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you: o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless, now the deep marrows
Refuse, but through the shakinh wilderness
Pick your path, without a perilous sign,
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full.
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph, in your courser, in your race,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes loud.
Then scale the Julien, and their very songs
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between.
Pour rural you speed into the rapid game.
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase.
Has every thing mangy, every glory,
Died; who knows the merits of the pack.
Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard,
Without cupping the blood, in a hundred mounds
Relevant torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring pursuit: the grasping forest
calls them to ghastly hails of gray renown.
AUTUMN.

With woodland honours graced; the foals for
Descending deet from the roof; and, spread.
Rund the drier walls, with antic figures fierce.
The horse's huns are fresh before him is brisk,
When the night stragers with severer ticks.
With fruits these Thesalian centuries never knew,
And wakens she the captivated soul.
But first the feather's chimneys blazes wile;
In the baskets clean, and the strong beaver's quaint
Beneath the smoking airds streak'd I fancime
From side to side; in which with desperate knives,
Th' deep,Nectar makes, and talk the white
Of England's glory, never to be defaced.
While hence they borrow dignity, or amain
Into the petty plumed, at intervals.
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Perchance the glorious of the grace; that
Then salut Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Mourns in the eyes, the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery junee, steams liberal round.
A post, gentle, delicious as the bread
Of all the heavy meats of human life;
On twilight diffused, while soft she heaves
Her pacing shepherd stealing to her acres.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and how his honest front
Flames in the light refugite, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
The lightest moments, while the light shade;
Walks his tall round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wearing his sheath, from the pipe; or the quick take,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The wond'ring groaners: while remonstrating rise,
Is half shed, in gallantry robust.
At eyes, and all the eyes, on those bold
Aside, frequent and full the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set ancient in
For serious dressing. Nor evasion skil
Nor soler shift, is to the puking wrench
Insipid a trifle; but current, brimming down
Loves every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faultless to the hallowed foot.
Thus as they will, the jolly year
Vociernes at once from twenty tongues,
Reck fast from theme to theme; from horses,
To the lawsuits, and scenes of ghost.
In endless masses, interlace, perplexed.
More, as it were, than a wave, the talk.
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AUTUMN.

The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

'Twas Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous sois, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high
The vineyard swells refreshed on the sunny day;
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbed
Beneath the somnolent sun's rays. From cliff to cliff increased, the height en-bliss.

Leaves broad the weighty branches; the castERS cleat,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame;
Or shine transparent, while perfection breathes
White o'er the tallest in the living dew.

As thus they brighten with excited juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins over the field,
Each fond for each to call th' autumnal prime,
Exciting love, and speaking the gentle sigh;
Then comes the crawling swain: the country floats,
And foams unboundied with the messy flood:
That by degrees fermented, and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy:
Thus care, entwined as the lips we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mealest-burdugany and quick,
As the beef is spent, the gale of thanks.

Now, by the cool deciliation condensed,
Exciteth the apoplastic exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.

Their whiteness, vast, unitive,
Who pour a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between containing kingdoms rare
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
The firth of Scilly with the tidled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dust, gradual swallows up the plains:
As long as the woods, the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.

Even in the height of noon oppressed; the em
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray:
Whose gazing odf, with many a broadened crb,
In frigate ranks, of morning's progressive earth.

Through the turbrid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wrested him round, in deeper circles still
Rocky sphenic an immense fog
Unbounded over the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.

As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urged
The present vast; and day had drawn
His lovely train from out the ambiguous gloom.

These moving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine mows,
Then, in the hill, these ample stores
Of water, soop'd among the hollow rocks;
Which gosse the streams, the ceaseless fountain play.

And their unfalling wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages give the tremendous wave
Over for lashing the resounding shore,
Drift'd through the sandy straitway, every wave
The waters with the sandy straitway filled.
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They hurly burst their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
No stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Thoughtless of dangers, or of length in years;
But to the mountain couched by the sand,
The jet lead in Shakspeare's immortal lines:
Far from the parent main, it rolls again.
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
A bright with foaming rills. But when this rain
A mueve dream why should the waters love
To rains, with which the raging deep,
When the sweet valleys offer to their till
Inviting quiet, and a never led? 

If it, by the legion led astray,
They must aspire, why should they suddenly stop
Among the broken mountains' muddy rills,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert (long)?
'Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so Reid,
In accommodating salt.
The spell of ages, would impurisy choke
Their secret retreat; or, by slow degrees
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route designated, their leaders chose.
Their truant, as usual, cloud's vigilant wing.
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wandering over, in condensation full.
The figured flight ascends, and, rising high.
The aerial bivouac, mixes with the clouds.
And through whose wide, vast, vibrant, white,
Boils round the naked melancholy Isles
Of distant Thule, and distant Atlantic surge.
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what motions come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! all the plumes of the skies,
And rude-reconceiving shores are one wild cry.
Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And best distinctive of many hues.
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The very wave, on the rustling grains.
Rare-clad, gleaming, gather's ovation cloud.
Or sweeps the fishy shores; or treasuries up
The prunage, riding full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here while the Muse
Hath been o'er thy rude brook broad stream, been heard
In its unruly, riot brooks, seen Caledonia, in romantic view.
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky.
Breathing the soul acute; her features hinged,
Jocund, robust, and fair, by Nature's hand
Pursued in a line between her errors taken between.
Pours out extensive, and of watery wealth.
Failing the wincy, flower-like zephyrs now slumbering air.
With much a cool transient bracing flood.
Washed lovely, from the dew (pure parent stream,
Whereon the first time birds are the first to read.
With easy, jet, thy tributary brook.
To whose remote infant waters, we end our course.
Over Oreo's or Batavian's highest peak,
Name of a people, in Suberito's school,
Traveller to be the moving year coming year.
By Learning, when before the gothic rage
Broke her western flight, a family race,
Of ununctuous spirit, wise, and brave;
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard
(Arcadian through, the waving air.)
Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!
To hold a generous undulations state.
Too much in vase! Hence of meagre bounds.
Impassable, and by tempting glory borne.
Over every land, over every life.
Has howl profuse, their piercing genius planned.
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful soul.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams.
Bright over Europe bursteth the moral born.
In these, is come the part, in whose power
The prosperous sail, from every growing port.
That best, that god-like luxury is placed,
Of thee! be thine thus yet in every breeze.
Through late posternity, some, large of soul,
To weave! how white as hyperborean snow,
To form the Welch lawn; with venustious our
How to raise the divided, nor look on.
Passive and amiable, and their black black.
Fled theedith of the glistering fiery swarm.
That leave our friths, and crown upon our shores.
How all-entering trade to fracture, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port.
Uninjured, around the sea-encircled globe.
And thus, in soul united as in name.
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep.
Yet, there are such. And fall on thee, Argyll.
Here her fluttering, her lapping, and her bound.
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung.
The land impelling country turns her eye.
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combined.
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn.
Her pride of honour, and her courage tried
Careering in the very thousand
Of sulphurous war, on Teazer's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of Peace in wreathes thy brow.
For ever dear: the sword, from the rich tongue
Penetrate flowers, and wins the high debate.
With all the social structure of the heart.
The force of mankind, and the depth of age.
Time, Eternity, too, whom every worth attends.
At Thon sincere, a weeping Friends kind.
True, truly generous, and in silence great,
AUTUMN.

That 'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
In countless multitudes of blooming seas;
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Swayne!
Not Persian Gardens on Lucia's shore.
E'er saw such sybaritic scenes; such various art
To bring on scenes adorn'd genius turned by
Co' by judicious art; that, in the主旨,
All benevolent Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Frie, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that Temple; when, in future times.
Thou shalt blast mother earth's foundation deep,
And, with thy converse bless'd, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn learning o'er the yellow woods,
While there with thee th' enchant'd round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will fly; in scenes of sweet Attic land;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the parent truth.
Of Nature, or the unimpassion'd shades
Forlorn, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her, thou,
To mark the various emotions of the heart;
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks. O through her straits
Breathe the pathetic eloquence; that monody
Th' attenuate satire, charms, persuades, exists,
Grace, dignity, and innocence profiles;
And shakes Corruption on her vernal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
Dispatched in thy fair realms, perhaps a sigh escapes;
What play, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Crown with regal garlands, and lilies, Grace;
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts: when the proud foe,
The more their various disasters, and triumphs
Insult, Gaul has ruined the world to war;
When avarice, within their bounds, has press'd
Those polished robbers, those ambitious slaves.
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
The tempest's answer, and thy veteran skill.
The western sun withdraws the shortest day;
Away, his golden rays, o'er gliding over the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours pour'st. Where creeping waters tree,
Who shall receive the sun, and hose a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure eremus rides sublime.
With draughts of cool waters, and temperate breezes.
Over the sky mountain to the shadowy vale,
While the rose crests, and the silver glisters gleaming.
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide.
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
But when half blinded from the sky her light,
Painting, permits the starry fires to burn
With kerneles treacle through the depths of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of dully beamless white;
Or in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of custom shoots: enwasp'ing first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crowns of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly resound,
And, with a pole, and column, and more,
All other earring in a maze of light.
From look to look, contrarious through the crowd,
The panic runs; and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws; armies in mighty array,
The French with thunder, and speed, and speed, and fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In the sky, a sea of gold, a sea of gold.
In the distance, the serpentine flood
Rolls a broad stream o'er the plains of heaven.
As they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides sav'ry, what the flimsy thoughts
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky, how deeply tinged
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose ample crown,
The radian sun how gay! how calm below
Autumn.

The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Save to the rails: the circling leaves shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage delay'd.
White, loose to foster joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud senility of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The tall-plumes
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-forest,
Young, luxuriant, warm, in native beauty rich,
Bedecked with unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Pains an approving smile, with doubly fierce,
The cuddled rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out; and, careless, recants
The fears of youth. Thus they rejoice; not think
That with to-morrow's sun, their annual told
Begins again the never ceasing round.
Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he; who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Fell to the rural: the circling leaves shut up,
And instant Winter's utmost rage delay'd.
White, loose to foster joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud senility of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The tall-plumes
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-forest,
Young, luxuriant, warm, in native beauty rich,
Bedecked with unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Pains an approving smile, with doubly fierce,
WINTER.

ARGUMENT.


REE. Winter comes, to rule the varied year, Fallen and sad, with all his rising train; Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme. These that exalt the soul to solemn thought, And banish vanity. Welcome kindred glooms! Congenial horrors, half with frequent foot, Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life. When wearied by careless solitude I lived, And sung of Nature with unceasing joy, Pleased have I wandered th' rough rough daun. Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure; Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst, Or seen the deep-Derzening tempest brow's, In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time, Till through the loth chambers of the south Look'd out the joyous spring, look'd out, and smiled. To thee, the Patron of her first essay, The Muse, O Wilmington! renew her song. Since has she rounded the reviving year; Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions bore, Attempted through the winter's glass to rise; Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale, And now among the wintry clouds again, Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar; To swell her note with all the rushing winds; To seek her sounding cadence to the flood. As is her theme, her numbers wildly great: Thrice happy, could she fill the judging ear With hold description, and with ready thought. Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, And how to make a mighty people thrive! But equal goodness, sound integrity, A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul, Amid a sideling age, and burning strong, Not vainly blazing for the country's well, A sacred spirit. Nature, the greatest bless'd To each exulting, each the statesman light Into the patriotic, the public hope, And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse Record what every does not flatter call. Now when the glorious emprise of the sky. To Cape-corn the Centaur. Archer yields, And fierce Aquarius, the overflowing year: Huts over the fairest verge of heaven, the sun Scarsc spreads through each by each the day. First art his glorious, and rightful boast, His straggling rags, in horizontal lines, Through the thick air; as clothed in cloudy storm, Weak, wan, and broad, he skits the southern sky; And, seen descending, to the dark night, With-shading all, the prostrate world reveals- Nor is the night unwis'd: while vital heat, Light, life, and joy, the dusky star descends. Maina, in silent crimson, shadow vast, Deep-buried and damp, and corroded clouds, And all the unities of heaven. Invade the face of things. Thus Winter falls A heavy storm oppressive over the world, Through Nature shadowing influences again, And comes up the seeds of dark disease. The soul of beauty, breathing life. And black with more than melancholy views. The cattle dole: and over the foreward lead, Fresh from the plough, the dun-unclouded decks, Untainted speedily, crop the wholesome root. And all the uncouth forms, with Sigis the sad Genius of the coming storm; And up among the loose disjointed cliffs, And fruited mountains wild, the braving brook,
WINTER.

They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
And crimson ci-devil, roasting the distaff white,
And black shiver'd, and flitting, with the broken tile
Pisses his song. The coronet on high
Where the new snow rolls along the gables gay.
Low the wood's the breaking wave, and the wind with wild
The circling sea-fowl cleave the fusty clouds,
Ocean, under the sea, with broken tile
And blind cornation heaves; while from the shore
Rai into cavaun by the restless waves.
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice, a
That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
Tham leaves forth the storm with sudden burst, and
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
And swells an eternal force, and with long song
Turns from its bottom the discouloured deal.
Through the blue might the north-easter blow around,
Dash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn;
Mountains the bellow, to the cheeks cold,
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive.
Wild as the winds, across the howling waste
Of mighty waters; now o' the inflamed wave
Straining they scale, and new impetuous shot into the
Shoutings of the storm, the north and east.
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of the howling waves they wave their wings,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock
Or abroad aspiring break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at hand the loosen'd tempest rages.
The mountains there; and its stony gusts
Sooth to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Long exhaust sleep, and all a-gilt,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless tolls,
And, often falling, climes against the blast.
Low and remote, in the whole wintry plains.
What of its tarmacked honours yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scattered by the tempest wind's
Ambuscous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the disputation grove,
The whispering tempest races along the plain;
And on the cottage thatched, orOrdinal roof,
Recess fastening itself against the solid base.
Sleep-frighted fowl, and round the rocking door.
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, through all the hurrying air,
Long grooms are heard, shrill sounds, and distant
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of war and death.
But the north has his harp,
The crows, coromans,
With stars swift gilding, sweep along the sky.
Shall we not there? Till Nature's King, who oft
Among tempestous darkness dwells alone.
And on the wings of the constraining wind
Proclaim, the crow's the harp of the lone and desolate.
Then straightly, air, sea, and earth,
Are hush'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight: the weary clouds,
Slow-moving, smoky, in the solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies (not in sleep,
And the noiseless shades in the dark, nor Night,
And Contemplation, her solitary guest;
Let me shake off 'th intrusive cares of day,
And lay the madding scenes as aside.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-teeming, ever-chasing train!
Where are ye now? and what is your annum?
Veneration, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! And yet, the tedious man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumber, lies still resolved,
With new-fesh'd hopes, to rouse the giddy round.
Father of light and life! then Good Supreme!
To each man that is good, teach thy grace.
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From guilt! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-failing light.
This heaven's the image of the universe.
From all the lust, or piercing round,
The rack! in whose reservoirs womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow-congeal.
Henry they tell; their happy world along;
And the sky tarry above some other's storm.
Through the huritable the whitening shower descends,
At first thin waving; till at last the flake
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With continual flow. The cheerful fields
Put on their winter coat of pearl while light
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow rests
Along the banks of the swelling streams.
Their corner strew'd with the common earth;
Now sink their corner strew'd with the common earth;
Bow their hour head; and, lone the languid sun
Faint from the west emise his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep sleep and child.
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laboureer on
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tunnel'd by the cruel season, crowd abroad.
The winnowing store, and claim the little leas
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The real breast, sacred to the household gods.
Wisely regardful of that embroiling sky,
And shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-a-speed, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the mantling furnaces, and
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is.
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
Attract his tender foot. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though withered with hunger, and hard beest
By death in various forms, dark snipes, and dogs,
And more upifying men, the garden seeks.
Urged by the Beasts of the Field in kind
And the bleat heaven, and next the glistening
With looks of dumb despair; then, and dispensed,
Ded for the wither'd herb through heaves of snow.

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth.
In many a vain attempt How sinks his soul! O
That is his terror, what his horror fills his heart! O
When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd
His inflated cottage rising through the snow,
Meet the roughness of the middle waste
Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
While hark and listen to the distant cows
And every tempest howling o'er his head.
Renews the savage wilderness more wild.
Then through the baleful shapes of his mind,
Of conceal'd pin, untho'fathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of foot;
Of faithless bugs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown.
What water of the unforseen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake.
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom breaks.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapless drift,
Thinks for the uttermost of death.
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shapes
Through the woe of the dying man's sight.
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The keener fire-blazing, and the ventilate warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
More than the singing storm, do mends their desire.
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold; And, or her latest vital creasing cold,
Amidst the snowy regions, where embossed
In peaceful vales the happy Grimsow dwell;
Of rushy sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep loud thundering down they come:
A wintry waste in dire communion all.
And birds, and rocks, and travellers, and swarms,
And sometimes whole armies of marching troopy
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothered ruin whelm'd.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceasless winds blow low, be my retreat,
Beside the frozen, and nightly dead;
Rest by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene.
Where murder rife, and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There, studious, let me sit,
Nor find relief, nor find solace, nor repose.
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
At gods benevolent, who blest mankind
With arts that charm, and have civilized a world.
Roused at th' inspiriting thought, I throw aside
The long-look'd for state of bliss, of musing, of thought.
The sacred shades, that, slowly rising, pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, in the good, the virtuous, and the wise,
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
Iavineich: calm Reason's holy law
That voice of God within the attentive mind,
Oveing, fearless, or in life or death:
Great moralist! wisest of mankind
Solemn the next, who built his commenced
On Equity's wide base; by tender laws
A lively people, curst, yet useful, may
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the learned field of finer arts
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.
Long may they, in the land of peaceful plenty,
Strictest discipline, severely wise,
All human passions. Following him, I see
As at Thermopyla he glorious fell,
The firm, devoted chief, who proved by deeds
The barrier which the other sought.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Nobility of heart, to whom th' unassuming voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just:
In pure majestic poverty revered;
Who, even his glory to his country's waif
Submitting, swell'd a haughty rival's fame.
Heart'd by his care, of softer ray appeases
Cimon sweet-souled: whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch, about
The score of Persian triades, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the parting worthy of Greek Grecia
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
Penelope's deep, dear, and forlorn bosom,
Timoleon, happy temper'd soul, and mild, and firm,
Who wapt the brother while the tyrant bloed.
And, equal to the best, the Thasian pair;
Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
Their country raised to freedom, empires, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
And left a mass of sordid less behind,
Phileon the Good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inermory firm;
But when, beneath his brow illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow.
Not-friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
And he, the last arts of beguine sent a
The goodly victor to that vain attempt.
To save a rotten state, who saw
Even Sparta's self to servile avathing sunk.
The two Achaean heroes close the train
Ataraus, who whiled returning the soul
Of budding-linger Indiana Greece;
And be her daurling, at her latest hope,
Great Philopoemen, who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pupil he could not cure;

* The Jali Committee, in the year 1799.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
With, though oft the spirit emboldens love on
In higher orders; fitted and impartial
By Wisdom's face, and honest and benign all
In general good.
The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the depths of time:
To show us empire, grace, and pride,
In scattered states; what makes the nations smile,
Improve their soil, and gives them double seas;
And why they ply beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talked,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inflame
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes; but if doth,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent flames of the kindling soul;
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the superfine
Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,

With earnest eyes anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder: where the mind,
In endless growth, and infinite ascent.
Rise from state to state, and world to world;
Both with that meaner sense which thought is null.
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic Fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Which could thus exist, alas! to gaiety;
Or, palingly Hammon, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Yet while in the village Coyse, who vies
With the old Raisin, who vies by the fire.
While well attested, and as well believed,
Heard such strange tales, that the mind 

As much as it could, and that of the wind-

Inflammatory horrid creeps over all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rustical game; rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke, that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleased; the long loud laugh sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hastily from the side-long maid,
On purpose guileless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the hand; and, shock to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus junction'd with them the winter night.
The evening was intense.
The public haunt.

Full of every theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
Horns and drums. The sons of flood flow
Down the broad stream of false enchanting joy
To swift destruction. On the raised rank
Then the rising fire, and race in one gust
Unstaid will, and humour over gay.
Or from the Muse's bill will Poes descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social warm the heart;
For his claret grand's Honor Kings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

With light and sound that the daring pride
The friend and lover of the trustful throng:
That why, dear you, so in all the blooming pride
Of verbal genius, where disclosing fast
Each of us must partake of nature's view,
What yet must vanish from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thing of fame,
[Note to be inserted here in this line]
That nature may bestow your fervent bonds;
That tender love of knowledge, early gain'd;
That eager zeal to serve thy country, glowing in the bond;
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name;
That now, alas! that life-dissolving charm
Of splendour 'twas; that nuptial for the Muse;
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with soft light thy visionary smile;
Ah! why so early, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humble hopes that life is vain;
That soul, so deep retirement would it find,
The Winter-glooms, with friends of plant soil;
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired;
With them would search, if Nature's boundless

frame

Was call'd the listening from the void of night,
Or sprong eternal from th' Eternal Mind;
Its vast extent, its various progress,
Its final entrance, and its mystic power.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
Its diffuse and harmonious
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
And revelry dissolv'd: where mixing glad,

Happest of all the train! the raptured boy

Lades the whispering wind. Or, where the Rhine

Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,

From every province swarming, void of care,

Belgium rush'd forth; and as they sweep.

On sounding scales, a thousand different ways,

In circular style, as from the world, alike.

The then gay land is maddened all to joy.

Nor less the northern course, wide o'er the snow,

Four a new pump. Egger, on rapid spires,

Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel

The long-resounding course. Meanwhile, to raise

The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,

Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dame,

Or Russia's luxur daughters, glow around.

Pur, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;

But soon the sun:

The horizon sun,

Breaks over the south, hangs at his utmost noon:

And, intellectual, strikes the golden cliff:

His sages gaze the mountains still immovable,

Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale

Belongs to the spirit of the wind:

Or from the forest falls the clustered snow,

Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam

Get twinkling as they scatter. Thick around,

Thunder'd the sport of those, who, with the gun,

And dog impatient, bounding at the shot.

Worse than the season, desolate the fields;

And, adding to the ruins of the year,

Dress the forest or the hunter's game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sits,

Drest in her robe, and blind our eye

Amaz'd! a shoot into the frigid zone;

Where, for relentless months, continual Night

Holds o'er the glittering waves her stony reign.

There, through the prison of unboundless hills,

Buried by the storm of nature's power,

Wide roads the Russian wild. Nought around

 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;

And, heavy-closed graves; and cold solitude,

That stretch, attir'd the solitary vast,

Their aimless course to the frozen main;

And cheerless towns far distant seven bays,

Sure when its annual course the caravans

Sends to the golden coast of rich Cathay

With news of human kind. Yet there life glorifies;

Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waves,

The furry nations harbour: tip with jet,

Fair empires, spotless as the snows they press:

Sables, of glossy black; and dark enamel'd

Or beauteous freight'd with many a mangled hue,

Thousands besides, the costly pride of coats.

Their war, with them the storm the roaring deer

Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and scarce his head

Rises o'er the heavy wreath, the braying elk

Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.

The ruthless hunter wants not dogs nor heels,

Nor the dread of sounding low he drives

The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,

As at sea when the strong heave they break below.

Their beating breast in vain, and pitious brawn,

He lays them quivering on their enampl'dsnows,

And with less shouts requiting their teeth. So there

Through the piny forest hurl absorption,

Reign'd in the haunts of the snowy bear,

With dangling ice all horrified, stalks fiercer:

Now, yacred, and severer as the storm increas'd

He makes his bed beneath th'indemnent drift,

And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,

Hardness his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the sparsions regions of the north,

That see spirits urge his tardy walk,

A melancholy, the frail canoes pierced.

Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,

Pletries in amble. They once returned the name

Of lost mankind in palaed slav'ry sunk;

Deep martyrs horde on dorse; with dreadful sweep,

Beautiful as the sparkling south,

And gave the vannish'd world another form.

Not such the sons of Leipzig: wildly they

Despise th' inordinate barbarous trade of war;

They ask no more than simple Nature gives.

They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.

No false desires, no pride-created wants,

Dissolved, and cool the people current of their time;

And those the restless ever-tortur'd maze

* The old name for China. 
† The wandering Scottish clan.
The rain, the wind, the thunder, and the lightning, made the night fearful and terrifying. The captain of the ship, realizing the danger, ordered the crew to prepare for the worst. The sailors, however, remained calm and collected, knowing that they had faced similar storms before.

As the storm raged on, the ship was battered by the force of the ocean. The crew worked tirelessly to keep the ship afloat, but the winds were too strong. The captain knew that they were in grave danger.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the storm began to subside. The crew breathed a sigh of relief knowing that they had made it through the storm. The captain praised the crew for their bravery and determination.

The ship eventually reached shore, and the crew celebrated their survival by singing a song of thanksgiving. The storm had been a reminder of the power of nature, but the crew had shown that they could overcome even the most challenging circumstances.
HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these Are but the varied God. The ruling year Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring Thy beauty walketh, Thy tenderness and love. When, as the fountain, the refreshing air is braze; Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles; And every sense, and every heart is joy. Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months, With light and heat refuging. Then Thy sun Shines its fullness through the swelling year: And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks: And oft, deep down, deep noon, or falling eve, By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales. Thy bounty shines in Autumn unchanging; And then the heat that is for all that lives. In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms. Around Thee thrown, temppest over tempest roiling, Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing, Riding sublime, Thou didst the world adore, And humblyst Nature with Thy northern blast. Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine, Deep-sea, in these appear! a simple train, Yet so delightful mixt, with such kind art, Such beauty and benedictions combined; Sinful, these, too, do softening into shade; And so forming an harmonious whole! That as they still succeed, they ravish still. But wandering oft, with brutes, unconscious care, Man marks not These; marks not the mighty hand, That, ever, ever, wheels the silent spheres; Of the Creator, ever pouring wide, From world to world, the vital ocean round, On Nature write with every beam His praise. The thunder roll! be loud the prostrate world! While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn. Stout out abroad, ye hills! ye rocky rumps, Retain the sound; the broad responsive low, Ye valleys, raise! for the Great Shepherd reigns; And his unsufficing kingdom yet will come. Ye woods aloud, awake! a boundless song Emerge from the glooms! and when the restless day Expiring, says the warbling world asleep, Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles, At once the heart, the breath, and tongue of all; Crown the great hymn! in waving cities vast, Assembled men, to the deep original song. The long-reverberating voice, oft breaking clear, At solemn pauses, through the swelling base; And, as the singer grandly increases each, In one united arrow rise to heaven. By the same, fairer the final shade, And find a fane in every sacred grove; Immortal, never-failing friend of man, His guide to happiness or high. And see! To come, the glorious hour! the second birth Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature hears The new-creating word, and starts to life. In every heave of form, from pain and death For ever face. The great eternal scheme, Including all, and in a perfect whole Unting, as the prospect wider spreads, To reason's eye refined clear up above. Ye vanity wise! ye blind presumptuous! no more, Confounded in the dust, adore that Power, And Wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause, Why instrument worth in secret lived, And died neglected; why the good man's share In life was gall and bitterness of soul: Why the lone widow and her orphan pined In starving solitude; while Luxury, In palace lay, straining her low thought To urge the secret laws: only heaved with Truth, And Modestian Air, wore the red marks Of Superstition's scourge: why licensed Faith, That cruel spoiler, that emasculated soul, Emetter'd all our bliss. Ye good distressed! Ye noble few! who here unbounding stand Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile, And what your bounded view, which only saw A little part deep'd in evil, is no more: The storms of wintry Time will quickly pass, And one unbounded Spring encircle all.
HYMN.

There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting air, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Rasses the plain, inspiring Autumn glemas,
Or Winter rears in the blackening east;

Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, deed to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Glide Indian mountains, or his setting beam

Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:

Since God is ever present, ever fait,
In the void waste as in the city fair;
And where His vital breathes, there must be joy.

When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go,

Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all ye orbs, and all their suns:
From seeming evil still adverting good,
And better thence again, and better still,

In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable.

Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.
THE

SHIPWRECK;

A Poem,

BY

WILLIAM FALCONER.

WITH

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

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--- quaeque ipse miscellanea vissit,
Et quorum pars magna ful---
Virg. Ene. Lib. 2.

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LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JONES & COMPANY,
3, ACTON PLACE, KINGSLAND ROAD.
1824.
THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

Mr. WILLIAM FALCONER, the Author of this interesting poem, was born at Edinburgh, about the year 1739. His father was a poor, but industrious man; who had to support a large family, the whole of whom, with the singular exception of William, were either deaf or dumb, from the precarious emolvements of a Barber's business. It may, therefore, be readily understood, that his education could not be such as to confer upon him the advantages to be derived from an early acquaintance with Greek and Latin authors. A moderate knowledge of his native language, with writing and arithmetic, which every poor man's son, born in Scotland, enjoys, formed the sum total of his early education. He afterwards acquired some knowledge of the French, Spanish, and Italian, and, it is supposed, of the German also. These acquirements show how strongly he was bent on the cultivation of his mind.

When very young, he entered on board a merchant vessel at Leith, in which he served an apprenticeship. He was afterwards servant to Campbell, the author of Lexiphanes, when purser of a ship, who is stated to have taken considerable pains in improving the mind of the young seaman, and to have subsequently felt a pride in boasting of his scholar. At what time the calamitous event occurred, which furnished the subject of the Skive- reck, has not been ascertained: he was then, it appears, employed in the Levant trade. He continued in the merchant service till 1762. In that year, the Skive- reck made its first appearance, in quarto, dedicated to his Royal Highness Edward, Duke of York, who had holstered as flag as rear admiral of the blue, on board the Princess Amelia, of eighty guns, attached to the fleet under Sir Edward Hawke.

There is no reason to call in question his having been exposed to all the complicated horrors he so forcibly and pathetically describes: this seems evident from several parts of his poem, especially the motto,

...... quaque ipsa miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna sal......

The poem met with a reception highly flattering to our Author's reputation. He was patronized by the Duke of York, to whom he addressed--An Ode on his Second Departure from England as Rear Admiral; and, emerging from the obscurity of his former situation, was appointed Purser of the Royal George man of war.

In 1763, he published The Demogorgus, a political satire on Lord Chatham, Wilkes, and Churchill, of which it is enough to say, that had Falconer never written anything but satire, his name would long since have been forgotten.

In 1768, his Marine Dictionary made its appearance; a work replete with information for such as wish to acquire a proficiency in naval architecture or nautical knowledge.

At this period he resided in the metropolis, supporting himself chiefly by his literary exertions. Among other resources, he is said to have received a pittance from writing in the Critical Review, under his countryman Mallet. He had received, the preceding year, proposals from his friend Mr. Murray, to enter into company with him as a bookseller, on his taking Mr. Sanby's business in Fleet Street; it does not appear from what cause he was led to decline the offer. While he was preparing to publish a third edition of the Skive-reck, he obtained the highly advantageous appointment of purser to the Inconstant frigate, Captain Lee, which was ordered to carry out Mr. Vansittart and the other Commissioners to India, with the promise of being made their private secretary. The catastrophe is well known. The Aurora frigate sailed on the 30th of September, 1769, left the Cape on the 7th of December, and was heard of no more. It is the most probable opinion, that she founded near the Mozambique Channel, the dangers of which the captain, in spite, as it is said of remonstrances was rash enough, although a stranger to its navigation, to encounter.

In 1773, a black was examined before the East India Directors, who affirmed that he was one of five persons who had been saved from the wreck of the Aurora, and that she had been cast away on a reef of rocks off Mocos.

To these particulars, for which the public are chiefly indebted to the assiduous researches of the Rev. James Stumer Clarke, it may be added, on the same authority, that Falconer was, in his person, about five feet seven inches in height, of a thin, light frame, hard featured, and weather-beaten, of blunt and awkward manners, but cheerful, kind, and generous. He was, however, inclined to be satirical, and delighted in controversy: strange characteristics of a man who was a thorough seaman and a poet,
THE

SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Presentation of the subject.—Vivaciation.—Apology.—Allegorical description of Memory.—Appeal to her assistance.—The story begins.—Retrospect of the former part of the voyage.—The ship arrives at Candia.—Ancient state of that island.—Present state of the adjacent isles of Crete.—The season of the year.—Character of the master and his officers.—Story of Faunsman and Anna.—Branding described.—Midnight.—The ship weigheth anchor, and departs from the haven.—State of the weather.—Morning.—Situation of the neighbouring isles.—Operation of taking the Sun's Azimuth.—Description of the vessel as seen from the land.

The scene is near the City of Candia; and the time about Four Days and a Half.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And light the doubtful war with dire alarms;
While Ocean heaves vindictive thunders roll,
Along his trembling waves, from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where War, with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids men smile, and draws the groan of death!
"Tis mine, retired beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore;
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' elated strain,
Not glorying arms ring dreadful on the plain;
But, o'er there, those while pale Remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the sky;
Till Hope expires, and Peril and Despair
Were their black eneigners on the watery way.
Immortal train, who guide the mine of song,
To whom all站着 and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Eclat the warrior's and the poet's name?
If ever with triumph Hope I Failed to stray,
In life's fair morn, beneath your bellow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-measur'd lute copulous;
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain;
Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of Love,
While all Enthusiasm waxed through the grove:
O! by the hollow blast that means around,
That swells the boughs with a plaintive sound,
By the long surge that foams through yonder cove,
Whose veins re-arose to the resounding wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe;
A scene from church oblivion to venture,
To fame unknown, and new to sole ears!
Alas! negatived by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine.
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where winter tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their Ioland's wave,
Stranger to Phoebus and the tuneful train?
Far from the Muse's academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rear.
Alternate change of climates has been known,
And felt the fierce extrems of either zone;
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,
Isopse by the freezing or the scorching blast,
"A ship-boy in the high and giddy mast,"
From Montagu the Farnese princely heard,
To the black coast of savage Labrador.

From whence Damaceus, pride of Asian plains,
Steeps her giant rock beneath the tempest's chains.
To where the isthmus, laid by adverse tides,
Attune and Pacific seas divide.
But while he measured over the painful race,
In Fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way.
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway,
Bade new distress every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of wo.
In regions where th' Almighty's chastening hand,
With vital poisons conflict the land;
Or where pale Famine blasts the hopeful yeat,
Parent of Want and Misery severe!
Or where, all dreadful in th' unmitig'd fires,
The hostile ships in flying combat join,
Where the surge, wind, and wave assail,
Till over her crew disasters and death prevail.
Where he wand'red, thus vindictive Fate
Punish'd his weary steps with lasting hate!
Housest by her mandate, storms of black array
Winter'd the ocean, and all its shivering day;
Relax the seizures of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling spark of vital fire.
Thus while forgotten or unknown he roamed,
What hope to win the coy, reluctant Muse?
Then let not Censor, with maligned joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy.
His verse so laud'd with his might's attempt to claim,
Nor sculptured brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncoz'd, and jarring phrases, wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
Yet here let listening Sympathy prevail.
While conscious Truth unfit's her piteous tale.
And is ! the power that wakes th' eventful song,
Hastes hither from Leith's banck alone;
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads over the kindling scene promptless light.
In her right hand an ample vol offenders,
From long annals of preceding years.
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began.
She left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels Ovid's shade.
Pervades her look; on radiant wings, that glow.
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and either than the space of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas the returns,
(uncharyed.)
And calls the wandering thought from Leith's
To things long past a second date she gives.
And hourly Time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial sisters to eternal youth,
She shares her power, and Memory is her muse.
2

THE STORY BEGUN. - RODMUND.

[Cont'd]

The ship was moored beside the wave-worn strand
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand;
For thickening vapours fill the air to sleep,
And lengthen her stay for her silent deep.

This, when the tempestual wintry is over,
And soft radiance of the north disperses no more,
The watchful mariner, when Heaven informs,
Of the declination of the approaching storms,
True, with a sigh, does the skene dumbly call.
No brooding storm the master's soul appalls;
'In advancing season warms him to the main;
A captive, fettered to the ear of gain.
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Canadi's bay.

Determined, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.
The rising day of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire,
Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail.
Till too muched attention feel our plaintive tale,
Recalled, when chief among the galley crew,
Th' unopened prospect of fortune bolder draw.
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave and bold,
In pain and hazard so for sacred gold?

They can! for gold, too, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart.
This crown the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom, in vain, said Merit pleads her cause.
This barb, with tears, no petrifying spell,
And lead us to Pleasure's bliss abode;
With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And smeared the furrows of the treacherous sphen.

Over the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Exhibits herself, in the chief commander's
Though tre disillusioned, yet his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refined.
Each heart with pangs of love was pierced.
Alas! confessor of the father of our crew!
Brave Iceland, but the main domestic scene
Had over his temper breathed a gay serenade;
Haste Science taught, by mystic lore, to trace
The trace to the most Circuitous, to the last
To mark the ship in stealing balance held,
Its earth attracted, and by seas repelled;
Or point her devious track through channels unknown,
That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the moon thru heven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm't his expanding tide,
White gale impetuous round its arse rolls,
Exacts her watery zone, and sinks the pole;
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with disadvil'd force.
While on the moan of declining day,
Night's shadow come reluctant metre away,
Insured to dwell, with unceas'd soul;
The chief beheld tempestuous ocean roll;
In his eye's vision, ever for the cliff,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.
Thou sailer! is not the chief Redmond bore?
A hardy son of England's furthest shore;
Where bleak Northumberland pours her savage train
In sable stream over the northern main.
That, with her pinchy entails, staid, resorted,
A season more, did fortune the seafarer's part.
Where'er in ambush hark the fatal sands,
They claim the danger; proud of skillful bands;
For but what hath courage, their vessel approve.
The winning show, or plough the faithless deep,
Or hoist and yield the watery path they swarm,
With dexter arm; sagacious of the ground!
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeled in many tracks with course inclined.
Expert to moor, where vessels lie the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;
But dropping and rising in climates afar,
Tantamounts and undisciplined in war.

Sach Rodmund was; by learning trained,
That oft enlightens to correct the mind:
Doleroes of manners; trained in early youth
To党的 pernicious uncouth check of Truth;
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice control,
And teaching praise to the sublimest soul; where
The grins held-bounds proving round the
With fuel intent the stranded bark expire;
Goes to the voice of her, her decks they board,
While tardy Justice shumbers over her sword;

* A bar is known in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand collected by the surge of the seas, at the entrance of a river or harbor, so as render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.
ARION. - SIEGE OF CANDIA. 3

Oft led the youth where circling joys delighted
The ravish'd Muses form the sight:
With all her powers, enchanting Music aided,
And Pleasure's own voice no more prevail'd;
The merchant, his mind with proud disdain,
In look and voice assumed a haughty strain:
In absence none could what he command'd:
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.

Deep anguish, while Palæmon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.
In vain with bitter sorrows he repined,
No tender pity touched that scorch'd mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.

The stately ship, far questing England's shore,
To regions far remote Palæmon bore:
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still loved the faith he held at truth's real
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

To him since young Arion was first known;
Wos, wandering here through many a scene re
In Alexandria's port the vessel stand;
Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the racing wave embark'd once more.

By pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With like Palæmon kept the watch of night:
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd,
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.

Perhaps Arion soon the cause discern'd,
Though shrouding still to prove a wounded mind;
She felt the tender soul of him,
Though glad the fates of comfort to bestow.

He, with Palæmon, oft reconnoit'ed o'er
The tales of hapless love, in ancient verse
Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent shore.
The scene of Dante's present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.

Thus, though a recent date their friendship bear'd,
Soon on the ripening hope the sweetening deep:
For in one tide their passion seem'd to roll,
By hundred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' infernal waves, the train presage,
The course determine, or the commerce guide;
Over all the rest an indistinguish'd crowd,
Hir wing of deepest shade (Olivian drew),
A solemn augur still the skies oppress'd,
Abstain the swarming ship in strong arrest,
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Isis, fusing with supernal ray,
Relaid from soil, the sailors range the shore,
Where families, war, and story bear'd no more;
The hour to social pleasure they resign.
And black remembrance drown'd in generous wine.

On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
Rodmonod a ruseful tale of wonder read,
Of a language strange, distant coast,
The hideous gobble, and the yelling ghost;
But with Arion, from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palæmon would the train retard.
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd,
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruin'd barrier of whose, for evermore,
Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous hand.

What scenes the hasty tale o'erheard!
Where late three fifty thousand warriors bled.
null twixt the payn, the summars were yon towers as
Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd;
null of the fair region Languor stole,
And with sweet Melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palæmon, while resolute mind
For consolation on his friend reclined.

* The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever remembrance of the siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetian works of 1669. (letters)
In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
In pity's softest, sweetest, blushing tear;
In pity's happy, generous eye;
In pity's true thy word, I see it true;
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
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In pity's happy, generous eye;
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In pity's true thy word, I see it true;
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
sooner this moment may th' eternal doom
Pelemon in the silent earth entomb;
At length, thus morn the radiant legions, of the night,
Whose laurel sicks at this mournful sight;
Yet thou and I, thou Saul and I,
That sweet possession only knows to heal!
All by the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Comes ceaseless and destruction without end.
'Though tyrant Duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obduracy to her stern commands—
Should Fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love!
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine—
O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And the sick gleam of Sorrow will be away.
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe;
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid weariness complais'd:
In this mortality with brighter ray,
In smiling content guide our vital day.
These, too, sweet maid! our past ten months are
Shalt hail Pelemon to his native shore,
Where never Interest shall divide us more.
Her struggling soul, overwhelmed with tender grief,
Now found a journal of short relief;
So meets the surface of the frozen stream,
Beneath the winter sun's departing beam.
No sun was ever known to rob of sight,
The shades of night withdrew, and gave
The signal of a sad adieu!—
Ask me my neck, my haughty brow, my brows,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung:
She wept the tears of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! I thought them shedding lover's grave.
With soft persuasion I dissolv'd her fear,
And from her check the livid cloud fell away.
While drying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her soul to secret anguish
look ye Powers above!—
Who hear the sad complaints of bleeding Love?
Ye, who the secret laws of Fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Pelemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.
The secret wish of all would be
To have a love, which never could be
With grief o'erwhelm'd, we parted twice in vain,
And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again:
At last, by cruel Fortune torn apart,
While tender passion stream'd in either heart:
Grief, woe, despair, a violent lock,
One sad farewell, one last embrace wetook.
Perform of hope the lovely maid I left,
Tenant and pain, of every joy bereft.
The to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
While her sad smiles embark'd upon the deep.
His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief,
Pelemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.
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And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again:
At last, by cruel Fortune torn apart,
Success attends their skill; the dangers’ o’er;
The port is doubled and beloved no more.
Now Morn, her lamp pale glittering on the
night,
Scot’sland before her vanquished Night;
She comes not in refringent pomp array’d,
But sternly frowning, wrap’d in sullen shade:
Above incumbent vapours, Idea’s height,
Tremendous rock! it ensigns on the sight.
North-east the guardian watch of St Andrew lies,
And westward France’s woody cape arises.
With whining postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their stores to charm th’ inclement gales.
The swelling estuaries now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails adorning to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wandering breezes are
loosened.
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely braced.
The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And shrouds the sun, yet struggling in the cloud:
Through the wide atmosphere, condensed with
Its glancing rays, the arched aramen beam.
Thus, the pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle’s distant aim to try.
The compass placed to catch the rising ray.
The quadrant’s shadows studious they survey!
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Rhineus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on Ocean’s utmost verge to swing,
He sweeps it vernal with his nether dance.
Their sage experience that explores the height
And poles of heaven, is the source of light:
Then through the children’s triple maze they trace
Th’ analogy that proves the magnet’s place:
The wayward truth to truth thus reconciled.
No more th’ attentive pilot’s eye beguiled.
The sails, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiring gazing stand;
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pompe she marches on the sea;
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While through her bosom flows the green translucent stream.
The sails, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed over the vessel-wave that roll’d below;
Where’er she moved, the vessel-wave was seen.
To yield obsequious and confeys their queen.
’Tis Imperial whilst grace her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Meneer wand,
The eternal promise of the main to keep,
And guide her squadron over the trembling deep.
Her left, prepotent, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field.
There her bold genius, in his floating ear,
Over the wild billows hurst the stormy war.
And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age.

* Studding-sails long narrow sail-voils, which are only used on fine weather and fair winds, on the south of the Ganges. Stay-voils are the covered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind and the ship’s course either directly or obliquely.

The operation of taking the sun’s azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetic-needle.

The vessel, here alluded to, are an assemblage of strong planks which envelop the lower part of the ship’s sail, whereby they are broader and thicker than the mind and appear something like a range of masts, which separates the bottom from the upper works.

Tamed into union, yoked in Friendship’s chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquished main.

From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and unapproachable woods, hidden in the view.
Th’ immortal shield from Neptune she received.
When first her head above the waters heaved,
Loose floated o’er her limbs an azure veil;
A figure seated glitter’d on her breast;
There, from one parent, for every young.
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her hand on oak’nan wreathe was seen,
In wreath with laurels of unfading green.

Such was the sculptured prow—from van to van
The artillery fought, a black, tremendous tier
Embattled with orient gum, above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern a pencil wars and so’d;
That never servile rules of art controul’d,
An allegoric tale on high pinnacles,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England’s genius in the youth expressed,
Her archer’s bow, her huntsman’s conical head.
The warlike nymph with fend regard survey’d;
No more his hostle furnish her heart dimm’d.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
At once in bowmen’s evening arms she saw;
Serene, yet arms; though mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm, inured to told severe,
Brancald, th’ unconquer’d Galatean spear.
The dreadful falchion of the lilie she wore;
Song to the harp is many a tale of war.
That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore;
Blue was her rocky shield, her piercing eye
Flashed like the mutes that thunders in her native sky.
Her crest, high plumed, was rough with many a
pulse.

And o’er her helmet gleamt the northern star.
The warrior youth appear’d of noble frame,
The hardy officting of some brave Briton dame.
Loose o’er his shoulders hang the slacker’d bow,
Resoun’d was throng the terror of the foe.
The sword, that oft the barbourous north defend’d,
The course of tyrannia! glitter’d by his side.
Clad in refugious arms, in battle worn.
The George emblazon’d on his comte suite.
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Plunge’d with martial horn.
Whose strings unlock the witches’ midnight spell,
Or waft rap’ly through the gulf of hell.
Struck with consternation, kindling fancy hears.
The songs of Heaven! the music of the spheres!
Rome on Newton’s wine, through air she flies,
Where other arms to other systems rise.
These front the scene complements; over head.
Athens’ proud oak his filial branches spread.
While on the sea-beat shore obsolete stood.
Beneath th’kist, the face of the flood.
Here, the bold native of her cists above,
Preced’d by the martial maid the lord of Jove; here.
There, on the watch, synagnus of his prey.
With eyes of fire, an eagle mistak’d the fean.
Yonder fair Cornish maid, whose wing’d sail
Here fromwa’t the god that wak’t the living gale.
High o’re the masts the flouring winds whirr’d.
Th’ imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep bleaching armour’s all the tops brose,
And warlike trophies either quarter dross’d.
Then tow’rd the masts; the canas swell’d on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel move in train array’d,
Like some fair witch on her bridal day.
Thus, like a swan, she cleaves the watery plain.
The pride and wonder of th’ Aegean main.

END OF CANTO I.
THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land.—The gale continues.—A water-spout.—Beauty of a diving dolphin.—The ship's progress along the shore.—Wind strengthens.—The sails reduced.—A shoo of porpoises.—Last appearance of Cape Spado.—Sea views.—A squall.—The sails further diminished.—Mastails split.—Ship bears away before the wind.—Again heads up against the wind.—Another mastail split to the yard.—The gale still increases.—Topgallant yards sent down.—Sea enraged.—Brum set.—Course veered.—Four seams laid off the lee main yard-arm.—Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation.—Modern appearance of the weather.—Very high and dangerous sea.—Severe fatigue of the crew.—Consolation and resolution of the officers.—Speech and advice of Albert to the crew.—Necessary dispositions to be undertaken before the wind.—Disappointment in the proposed effect.—New dispositions equally unsuccessul.—The wind must cut away.

The scene lies in the sea, between Cape Fraschis, in Candia, and the Island of Falconara, which is near twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado. The Time is from Nine in the Morning till One o'clock of the following Morning.

ADIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell serene;
To me, in vain, on earth a prospect fair,
With summer crowns thy Elysian valleys loveliest.
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tend to make with hope my solitude heart.
For these, alas! too short, I must forego,
To visit storms and elements of war,
Ye tempests! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul!
In black progression, lo! they hover near,
Hail, social Hurras! like my fate severe!
Oh! Good old Ocean, hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplored, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And bear'st away this awful scene with me!
Ye native guardsmen of your country's laws!
Ye bold asserts of her sacred cause!
The muse invites you, judge if she depart,
Unseen, from the prospect of your art.
In practice trained, and conscious of your power,
Her steps intrepid, meet the trying hour.
O'er the smooth bosom of the fearless gods,
Propelled by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
Rodmond, exulting, felt the suspicious wind,
And steer'st with prudence to his appointed goal;
The thoughts of home, that over his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Pelasgus's soul.
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away,
Already Britain's patent clifts arise,
And in great height his longings end!
Each anxious sailor too, with heart as free,
Dwell on the beauties of his gentle maze:
Even they thy impressive art of Love can feel,
Whose stubborn souls are sheathed in triple steel.
Not less thy powers, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful mind expects thy approaching youth:
In distant bosoms equal ardor kindles,
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.
Till Id's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they descried
A liquid column, tower'ing, shot on high.
The banner bore an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling follows poet the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering sun light and horror through the skies.
The swift solution and 'tis eonstruey true:
Let sages, versed in Nature's lore explain!

The hermit apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surge's fly;
The guns were primed—the vessel onward weare,
Till her black battery on the column bears.
The night ti'red; and, while the dreadful sound,
Consolative, shook the thundering air around,
The watery volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high;
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Reeling in bills disclosed the abyss of hall.
But soon, this transient inundation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more:
While southward now th' increasing breaze veer,
Dark clouds incumbrant on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Creusan Jove.
The lofty canions, all around supplied,
Smit o'er, unshak'd, the full solemn tide;
And now, approaching near the left stern,
A shroud of speculative dolphins they discern.
From barren'd scales they beam refrangible rays,
Till all the glowing oceans seem to blaze.
Soon to the spurt of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lances, or spread the belted spear;
One in redeeming masses wheels along,
And glides, tranquill'd, in the triple sound,
Rodmond, unerring, over his head ascends
The burn't steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through:
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk assaying,
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And shattering ice escapes in glistening rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonished sight?
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light?
Not equal beauties gild the lucid wave,
With parting beams all o'er profusely dress'd.
Not lesser colours paint the verbal dawn,
When orient dews invest th' emerald'd lawn,
Tha' from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellicid sapphires meet the view,
And emulat't the soft, celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray;
What terms of Art can Nature's powers display?
Now, while on high the freshening gale she
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels;
CAPE SPADE.—SHIP BEARS AWAY. [Canto II.]

Th’ auxiliary sails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations swing by slow degrees.
The watchful eye of the helm to watch for storms,
With sad attention eyes on distant shores;
But, by the oracle of truth below,
The compass in its guidance guides the wayward prow;
The wind, that still th’ impressive canvas
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impelled,
Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
Till, far behind, the hill of Jove is lost.
And, while aloof from Retimo the stern,
Malachia’s forehead fully in view appears.
Wide over loth thunders the cypresses great
That once inclosed the hallowed 3d isle of Jove:
Here, too, memorials of his name: 3 is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground:
This holy tyrant, whose triumphopyle the
The trembling states around to slavery broke,
Through Grece, for murder, rape, and incest
Known.
The Muses raised to high Olympian throne.
For, oh, alas! their renowned adorns
The prince whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn;
Still Love and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence ven mountain yet retains his name.
But see! in confinement borne before the blast,
Clouds roll on clouds the dusky sea encrusts;
The blackening ocean curst; the winds arise;
And, all the dark 4 in swift succession flies.
Winds which, the cloud’s canvas bend to the masts on high,
Low in the ship, to the hoary cannon close,
The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
Reduce the topsails by a single reef.
Each mast, a column of the canvas, thick;
Katte the creecing blocks and ringing wheels,
Drew the sail mast to the topsails still amain;
And, soon reassured, assume their post again.
More distant grew receding Claudius’s shern,
And southwest of the west Cape Spade bore.
Four hours the sun his high meridian sphere
Had shone, before the shadow cast its length.
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o’er his sullied orb a dim ple.
A squall descends the southern sky,
Before whose boldness the waters fly;
It weight the topsails can no more sustain;
A single reef! the boatman calls again.
The hailsard and top bow lines soon are gone,
To close lines 5 and reef tackles next they run:
The shivering sails descend; and now they square
The yards, while ready sullow mean in air.
The weather-easing and the low they pass;
The reef enfold, and every point made fast.

* Send is a name given by seamen to the lowest clouds, which assume with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in equally or tempestuous weather. They are, as is generally the case, neither directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which the weather lies, nor on the other side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed from below, is called the lee side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are distinguished by this side on which they are situated; as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-beaces, &c. These, as already said, are large square sails, and the second degree in height and magnitude. Rucks are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases, and again enlarged proportionally when its force abates.

* Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered, when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

* How lines are ropes intended to keep the wind in or out of the sail, and is used to prevent it from shaking in unfavorable wind.

* The line is a name given by seamen to the close or lower corners of the principal sails to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed. Red or back tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by correcting the extension of the reef of close-up to the yard, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up and fastened to the yard, for the convenience of the men employed in the business.

* Earings are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails, and also the extremities of the reef, are fastened to the yard-arms.
Canto II.

SEAL OF PURPOSES.—SHEET LET GO.

With brails* ref'ct'd another soon prepared, 
Ask'd, lifting, andIBM's soon reverse: 
To each yard-arm the head-rope* they extend, 
And with their arms bow they lower the mainsail. 
That task perform'd, they first the braces' slack, 
Then to its station drag'd th' unwilling tack; 
Another while the lower'd away. 
Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay. 

So from ABS's hoisting shores 
A troop of purposes their course explore 
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide, 
Now bound aloft, now down the bellow glide, 
Their tracks a while the heerous waves retain, 
That burn in sparkling trails along the main, 
Three flees't coursers of the fierce race, 
When threatening clouds th' eternal vault do 
deface.

Their rout to beaward still sagacious form, 
To turn the fury of the approaching storm. 
Fair Canda's now no more beneath her lee, 
Protects the vessel th' insulting sea: 
Round her broad arms, impant of control, 
Roused from their secret deeps, the billows roll. 

Now were the halowards of the friendly shoals, 
And all the scene an hostile aspect ware. 
The flattening wind, that late with promised aid, 
From Canda's bay, th' unwilling ship betrays; 
No longer favors beneath the fair disguise, 
Hurrinage on his quivering sails. 

Tossed on the tide she feels the tempest blow, 
And doads the vengeance of so fell a fate. 

* Exulting, graces to the blindly fray, 
Smurining the ground, he glorifies in his might, 
That reach touch'd in the shock of light. 

Ever so, capricion'd in gusty pride, 
The bounding vessel dances on the tide— 
Fierce and more fierce the southern demons blow, 
And more increas'd the roaring waters grew. 
With whom her topgallants spread, 
And every hope of fairer skies is fled, 
How lines and billows are relax'd again, 
Cue lines haul'd down, and sheets let by again, 
Cined up each top-sail, and by braces squared, 
That scene other yard. 

Fur'ther, the sail, and pointed to the wind 
The yard, by rolling tackles* then confined. 
While o'er the ship the gallant bustows fill, 
Like a hoarse mal'd of through the nurse he cries! 
Frowning skies, to drive all sail. 
The expert he praises, and the fearful cheer. 
Now some to strike top-gallant yards attend: 
Some traveller's up the weather-bast stays send*; 
At each mast head the top-rope* others bend. 

The ropes used to cross up a sail to the yard or mast where it is attached, are, in a general sense, called braces.

The head-rope* is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

* The ropes, hands, precocious rookies, are small cords used to fasten the upper edges of any sail to its respective yard.

To turn, the lee-brace confines the yard, so that the tack will not come down to its place till the yard has been fully lowered. 

* Target implies stiff, sense, or extended straight; and sail is a phrase particularly applied to the opera-
tions of sails, sheets, or guys, and means all that tends towards the ship's stern. To beley, is to fasten.

* The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pulleys, used to confine the yard to the weather side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

To send down the top-gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

* Irons, masts, and spars are extended from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the sail, or to retain it when detained in its place; or, to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called roping.

* The beek, or topsail, implies any masts or yards lying on deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, &c.

* The courses are generally understood to be the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails of their several masts: the term is, however, sometimes taken in a larger sense.

It has been remarked before, in note, col. 11, p. 8. That the tack is always fastened to windward: and as soon as it is cast, and the cleig narrow, placed, the weather clew of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed with care, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by violence.

* It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the wind is too close, to preserve the sail from being carried away by the wind. The spilling lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempests will be employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is indited by the wind over the yard.
OPERATIONS.—SHIP IN DISTRESS. [Canto II.]

Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they gazed o'er—
A stormy waste, a tempest, and a howling sheet of sea;
Should they, thoughtless, again their sabre brand,
Again the vessel's sides beset, though they might rise
Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain
The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
So late to wiser notions now Monos' hand,
Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand.
Thus they learnt the consequence severe,
Where peril usually'd by hope appear.
Ling in their minds revolving each event,
At last to find the counter they consented;
That there, to reef the mainsail next agree,
And try, beneath it, sideling in the sea,
Now down the mast the sloping yard declined,
Till by the mainsail, lopping elig'd forward;
The headsail relaxed, the extremity she shed:
The helm its post forsake, and, lashing a line,
Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.
When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine implored his consort lost;
Though round him perils grew in full array,
And fate and Fury stood to bar his way
Not music, but a mighty wanton attempt, to move
The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,
Than raucous, to bid th' unwilling Muse explore
The wilderness of roar and storm.
Such toll th' unwept Deucal's endured,
When in the Cretan lands he immured:
Till Art her salutary bards besought,
To guide him through that interdicted abode.
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the sweet Euphran lay;
That never, that turned his bold barbarous sounds
Now spreads, like Deucal, a boding wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with wild varieties of soul.
As yet, amid this elemental war,
That heart of his exultation never holds
Nor soil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with namely heart;
Though their firm hearts no support honour boast
They scorn the wrath that trembles in his post.
Whio from the face of danger strives to turn,
Instinct from the social hour they spurn.
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In yeald rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ill unknown their souls appal:
They know no danger, or they scorn it all,
But even the generous spirits of the brave,
Subsidized by tail, a friendly respite crave;
Short respite alone their thoughts inspire,
Their harrass'd powers by slumber to restore.
Faint high the voices, the steps of the ship,
Approaching peril all his hopes destroy;
In vain he spreades the graduated chart,
And endeavours to support the distance by the rules of art;
In vain subtract the maritime seax expands
The compass of his seafaring hands.
Ungrateful task! for no asylum rend
A passage open'd from the watery waste.
False seem'd to guard, with adamantine sound,
The path to every friendly port around.

The forest thall then secured, with equal ease,
Again to reef the mainsail they repair,
While some, high-mounted, overhaul the tie,
Beneath the main-haul tackle &c. other gear.
Jaeel, leers, and brails, a seaman each attends
Again in the yard he leaves descends, they may recall;
When lower'd sufficient, they securely brace,
And fix the rolling-tackle to its place,
To re-reef lines &c. their coursers now prepared,
Mounting on pliant shoulders, they run the yard.
Fast on't the extremities two able hands appear.
Anon there, the hardly boatmen here;
That in the van to front the tempest hung;
Those round the feet raw turn, ill-carried along.
Each earing to its station first they bend;
The reefing-hand then along the yard extended:
The circling earings, round th' extremities entwined,
By outer and inner turns they bend.
From hand to hand, the reefer lines now received.
Through eye-lit holes and robus legs were reeled;
The ends then tied in neat and safe a bow:
Still the firm cord and other end apply.
Haste to, Anon I hold the lowered post
While on the yard by mountain billows blow'd,
Perhaps oblivion o'er its tragic tale
Had there a flood of tears who's her who's her.
But rulmg Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severe li to suffer and relate:
In that, while their oaths those aloft attend,
To fast the mainsail, or on deck descend;
A waste of unceasing wail and woe,
To instant ruin seems to descend the whole.
O friends! secure your hold! Anon eries;
In beauty, and in grace, your heads above the skies.
Upplify on it hardy edge she feels,
Aim some all from the skies below.
Three sailors, with their galant beaux, fall,
Fierce anger's flame from their eyes doth send,
In vain their strugling arms the yard unfold,
In vain to grapplc flying cords they try,
The cords pass'd a solid grasp deny'd,
Prose on the midnight surge, with panting breath
Their faces long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows swell,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
Benefit of power to help, their courser see'd,
The wretched victims die beneath the lee;
With fruitless sorrow their last state benzon;
Perchance is a fatal end to their own,
In dark suspense on deck the pilot stand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Though still they know the vessel's armed side,
Imperceptible to the cleaving tide:

The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward on the mast on these occasions the rope becomes too slack to carry the mainsail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into a furling yard by the mates.

Jaeel Are the same to the mainsail, foresail, and main and fore-halyards (note, col. 1. p. 4.) are all to inferior sail.
The eyelet is the upper part of the yard.

Roe lines are only used to reef the mainsail and foresail. They are passed in spiral turns through the eyelet holes of the reef, and over the head of the sail between the rope-hauling ends, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, as to face the reef close up to the yard.

Shrouds are thick ropes, stretching from the mast downwards to the inside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are made of a large range of rope-holders, by which the seams ascend or descend, to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

The reef in hand is a long piece of canvas sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvas in the place where the eyelet holes of the reef are for forming the operation of reefing and balancing the mizzen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knol'les being small and close to the yard in the upper part, and larger a little way down. (See note, col. 1. p. 9.)

The following are the general names given to sailors to a single wave or billow: hence, when a wave bears over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.
Canto II.

PUMPS WORKED.—STATE OF WHETHER.

While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmound cries aloud,
"O'er every man a shroud!"—
Rosed from his trance, he mounts with eyes
When o'er the ship, in unison with fate, a hagcast
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft deserv'dly lies.
As when Britannia's tire retain'd,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
Around the braced rolls of battle rows,
And fatal lightnings blare the hostile shores:
Beneath the storm their shutter'd navies groan,
The trembling deeps recede from zone to zone:
The storm vessel felt th' enormous stroke;
The bars beneath the thunder'd deluge broke,
Forth started from their planks the bursting tugs,
The extended cordage allSansunder springs.
The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
And cards and needles wind in floating wreck.
The belated line, ending the lead,
Is streaming ruins from up the level field.
The sides convulsive shock on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy sea;
They sound the well, and, terrible to hear!
Five feet immersed along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brace,
And turn by turn th' ingratitude office take.
Rodmound, on deck,
At this sad task, all diligent appear.
As some fair castle shock by rude alarms,
Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death the seraph's blood and way;
Till, in some distant hour, against her wall
In tempest rage the fatal Thunders fail;
The ramp'nt storm o'er the solid masts rank,
And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend:
Her forte strong the soul;
Resolved till death their sacred charge to guard.
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And bend to the level bent;
But all in vain—for now the sounding cord
Updrawn, an undeclined depth explored.
Nor this severe distress is found alone;
The ship opposed by ponderous cannon groan;
Death ranks all with visible and weight,
The tortured sides seem bursting with their weight.
So rears Pelorus, with convulsive thrills,
When in his veins the burning earthquakes glow;
Hoard through his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunder rends his groaning frame.
Accumulated mischief thus arise,
And fate vindictive all their deeds defies.
One only remedy the season gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
For then, the ship, th' artillery thrown,Erased of their load, the timbers less shall groan;
But anxious pinions require,
A task that hovering Fates alone inspire:
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That with the wrench'd with arms,
Some fatal billow with recollating sweep,
Mark death's import on the deep.
No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here, perseverence, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve,
These only now a dawn of safety give.
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible cancer,
Rodmound, Arton, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue;
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmound, descending, claim'd the weather side:
Fearless of heart the chief of his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
Like some strong watch-tower, nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Consumed he stood; the stern serial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar,

Meanwhile Arton, traversing the waist,
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbraced,
And pointed crows beneath the metal placed.
Watching the roll, their forelocks bright with dew,
And from their thongs the rolling cannon throw,
Then from the windward battleports unbound,
Rodmound's associates wheel'd th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron teeth, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile;
Their hurl'd in from the bottom hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.
The ship, thus cursed, some little respite finds.
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds:
Such ease Alcides felt when, cloak'd with gore,
Th' exulting sea, to his arms he yield;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procure,
Sad harangue of seven-fold pangs endured:
Such, and so short, the pause of wo we found!
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the sight,
Flash through the glistening glare of lightning.
All other above, fraught with scenes of wo,
With grim destruction threaten's all below.
Beneath the storm-Ish' lur'd surges furious rise,
And wave upro'rd on wave, assails the skies;
With ever-disconsol'd, they surround:
The ship, half-swallow'd in the black profound;
With ceaseless hazard and fatigues oppressed,
Massy and anguish every heart possess'd:
For, while with boundless translation o'er
The sea's best ships, the waters roar,
Displace beneath her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to renounce;—
By scarce ablution, their forces grow reduced:
Through many a winding channel first they rave
Till, gathering strength, they rush with fury,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the tides they found,
The pumps with sinking hearts recede:
Around each heaving pole, by tor, subdued,
The tough bulk hide ever to renew:
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill;
And down their weary limbs thick dew distill:
No ray of light their dying hearts rendez'd.
Frequent with some now wo each moment teems,
Again the chief th' instructive draughts extend,
And o'er the figured plain attentive bends:—
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne;
But here, alas! science nought avails;
Art droops unequal, and unendeavour'd throws.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad polar sheath was explored,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discover'd, art required,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;
When Polaris's rugged isle he found,
Within her sphere no bound and boundaries bound;
For, if on those destructive shallows toss'd,
The helpless being both are lost;—
As fatal still appears, that danger, o'er
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardinal.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state,
In mournful contemplation now debase.
Not more perplex'd doubts her chief appeal,
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While Ruin glares around, and pale Affright
Conveys her council in the dead of night.
No blazing th' trophies o'er their concave spread,
No storied pillars raised to lift their head.
But here the Queen of Shades around them threw
Her dragon wings, disastrous to the view.
Dare was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and shower:
Black Melancholy ruled the stormful hour:
Beneath, tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where Fate on every billow seem'd to ride.

* The waist of a ship of this kind is a hollow space about five feet in depth, between the elevations of the quarter-deck and forecastle, and having the upper deck for its base, or platform.
† The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a vessel advances sideways to the wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.
Incensed with ill, by peril unfurled,
Great is the distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill to command, deliberate to advise,
Expert in all that, in council with thy name.
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
That thy name be ever, to thy duty bound.

Ye faithful mates, who all my troubles share,
Approved companions of thy master's care:
To thee, at once, I must unfold the unnumber'd chills,
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This storm with favouring gales the part we left,
Though now of every lasting hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forestall
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.

These seas, where storms, at various seasons blow,
Without reigning winds nor certain storms know,
The gales that threaten, thy skill demands:
A leaky ship, embark'd by dangerous lands.
Our bark on transient jeopardy surrounds;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
So eases the bold, ambitious to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Henceforth can bear that heaving tide no more:
Yet this or other life she must endure:
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure!
Thus two expeditious, offer'd to thy choice,
Along requires your counsel and your voice:
These sea or land or to the seas to try,
To perish here, or from the storm to fly:
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various offers I prefer the last.
This true, the vessel and her costly freight,
To which we yield, and to the sea we yield.
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsel I resign.
For think, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of perilous power!
But for perchance, we may resolve to bear
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay;
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt our course to follow the gales.
For them, if branching sideward to the sea,
Our devotions, with the dearest we lie:
No more obedient to the pilot's power,

Th' overwhelming wave may soon her frame desolate,
And silent reposes his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And over their councils hung impending fate.
Eldred, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had at the master's happier skill described,
Yet now, the hour, the scene, the occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferred his own.
Of long experience in the seavestral art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart.
Alas! to him each death that makes one class.
The first in danger, in the last sustained.
Solemnly咽ed among them,
From Albert his opinion thus dissented.

Too true the peril of the present hour;
Where floods of tempestual strength implore!
Yet whether can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before or glory on the view?
Our fate, 'tis true, no shelter there can find.
Shore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind;
Yet with what hope of danger do we flee,
Sore beset by this tempestuous and outrageous sea?
For while its violence the keepers keep,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps.
At random driven, to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the Gulf of Corinth, on our lee,
Now open to her ports a passage free;
Their if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in the track unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Palmorea spreads her hating waves;
There distant Greece her rugged shives prepares;
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitted bark that instant must expire.
Yet she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beneath the wave, were doomed to sink:
Thus to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.

This mournful prospect this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with a doubtful hope.
Through rough seas, through boiling waves,
Our hull, unbroken, long may try a-sea;
Our crew, though harrow'd long with toils severe,
Still at their post, and in no hazards fear.
Shall we, in countenance, then the danger feel,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?

Pendrites forbids!—This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon;
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subsist,
Not infringe the limits of its furious blast.
These leaks shall then decrease; the sail once more
Direct on course to the leeward of the gales;
Thus while he spoke, around him man to man,
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For with the waves, as with the number'd chills,
Above, below, the invading water drinks;
Soon dulling her depth, they dyed the settled sand,
And to the leaks all over their powers prevail,
Yet in their past by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubled force their task pursued.

And now the senior pilots seem'd to wait.
Alto's voice to close the dark debate;
Though a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripping sought.

Net twice nine summers yet matured his thought.
So oft he blest by Fortune's cozen dark,
It fell at last insensate on his heart.
His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
In patient indolence resign'd to fate:
But now the horror that around him roll,
Thus resolv'd to action his recollected soul.

With ard'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combined;
While ere we prest on the seas of Fate,
I see no moment left for debate.
For, some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shattered state, and you desponding crew:
At every signal what the future must await.
The labouring hulk already seems half fill'd,
With water through a hundred leaks distill'd.
As in a dungeon, shadowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight:
Thus distrust'd we were save, her rigging strip'd,
By strung planks, and men of theۦstrang spread,
Traped and defenceless, flots a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These tempestuous scenes that the bursting masts.
At every pitch, th' overwhelming follows bend.
Beneath their load, the quaking forest bend;
A fearful warning! since the masts on high,
On that support with trembling hope rely;
At either pump our seaman pant for breath,
In dark dismay anti-panning though,
Still all our power in increasing leaks defy.
We sink, at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
'To light and save us from the watery tomb.'
That bids us shun the death impending here,
Fly from the following blast, and whatsoever steer.

'Tis urg'd indeed, the fury of the gale
Precipitates the help of every guiding sail;
And, in those waves more, Alcmenia's rear.
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste;
But hark! Façons bellows among them,
And far to {Green's coast is yet the run:
'See, harried then, our shipping may bear
Th' assiagament upon her sides.
Even then the weared storm as soon shall die.
On lesser tornasole now growing pikes high,
Should we at last be driven to dire descent,
Too near the fatal margin of the sea.
The bark is pierced, the end may come.
With lengthen'd cables on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest that dreadful hour.
But here ingraft'd, and foundering while we try,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.'
He said:—Palmorea saw, with grief of heart.
The storm prevailing for the pilot's art:
In silent terror and distress o'er,
He heard their last alternative resolved.
High hea'd his bosom; with such fear mixed,
Beneath the gloom of some encharged wood.
Oft, in old time, the wandering sawn explored
The nightingale! that vocal title a空road.
Trembling approach'd their insenations fall,
And, chuff'd with horror, heard the songs of hail.
Aion saw, with secret anguish mowed,
The deep affliction of the Friend he loved:
And, all to save his ship's genial health,
His bosom felt consenting tumults bear.
Alas! no season more tender love.
For hence the music of the myrtle Grove.
With Comor's soothing voice, from Hope derived,
Palmorea's thoughts with such delight are revived.
For Consolation off, with healing art,
Returns the lashing numbers of the heart.
Now had the pests all th' events revolved, And on their final refuge thus resolved; When, like the shadows that the shepherd sends, They hid, and mastered ev'ry lazy bend. Some provoking wolf approach his fussy folds; To the brake, the broken, dastard, low, The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs. Unhappy partners in a wayward fate! Whose lives are known to none but fate! Ye! who unloved beheld this angry storm, With errors all the rolling deep deforms; Who, patient in adversity, still bear The earnest front when greatest life is near! The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal, That long in vain I purposed to conceal. Injful'd, all help we vainly try, To wrestle onward shores, alas! no light. Our craft so fast no longer can abide The sea that thunder her batter'd side! And, while the hawks a final warning give, That e'en this raging sea she cannot live. One only refuge from despair we find! At once to wear and seal before the wind. Perhaps even then to rain we may steer, For broken shores beneath our lee appear, But that's remote, and instant death is here: Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain Some creek or inlet of the Greecian main; Or, if there be not, by our own side, Till with abating rage the main subside. But, if determined by the will of Heaven, Our helpless bark at last shall shore again, These counsel follow'd, from the watery grave Our floating fog in the surf she save. And first let all our axes secure, To cut the masts and rigging from aboard; Then to each plant and ear, To float between the vessel and the shore: The blue way he shall be conveyed. On deck, and to the weather side being'd; So they, who hope reach all the land, To extended lines may fasten on the strand, Whereas, land thundering on the lowland shore. While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar, Thus for the terrible event prepared, Brace fore and aft, and steer o'er ever so; So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave, And from the broken rocks our seamen save. Then westward turn the stern, that every mast May stayeshoreward fail, when from the vessel cut. Then, not a mure of the bilows bound, Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground: And when you hear aloft the alarming shock That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock, The boldest of our sailors must descend, The dangers of the deck to tend; Then each, secured by some convenient cord, Should stand, and being told from the board; Let the broad axes next each sailmast, and And booms, and ears, and masts, toeward cast, And the wary wake the stanch, and may guide. Our brave Delos dissolved through the swelling tide, This floating balm shall contain them o'er The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore. But as your fears to last, The storm, when rolling through the vessels, Dingle surely on each faithful mast! Though great the danger, and the task severe, Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear. For once that satisfy your spirits quell, Alas! to hope! to life the billows roll! I know, among you some full oft have view'd, With murdering weapons armed, a lawless brood, On England's side, insensible who stand, The soul reproach and scandal of our land! To rob the wanderers' wretched upon the strand. These, while their savage office they pursue, Would wound to death the helpless, plunder'd crew, Whose plight was defined of the main, Implored their mercy, but implored in vain. But the danger that is Greece unknown! Such blood-bounds all her circling shores divide: Her sons, by barbata, tyranny oppressed, One sharp examen with the wretch is exact'd: Their hearts, by cruel fate imured to grief, Oh, why so cold, so sultry relief? With coaction horror struck, the naval band Detested for a while their native land. * For an explanation of these manœuvres, the reader is referred to the late note of this Canto. They cursed the sleeping vengeance of the laws, That thus forgetful guardian sally'd, cause, With the master's voice again they heard. Whom, as with gladful duty, all revered. "No more要求d, bloody hand Must ever at the pwm industrious main. And while with us the rest attend to wear, Two skilful seamen to the helm repair; Of Source of Life! our refuge and our stay! Whose voice the warring elements obey, On thy improve assistance we rely; Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die! Perhaps this storm is sent with healing breath, From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and death. 'Tis curst on the unmeritorious laws to trust: With thee, great Lord! whatever a, je jost.' He said; and with commiserating reverence fraught, The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought. His intellectual eye, remotely bright, Saw distant objects with prophetic light. Thus in a land, that lustful wars oppose, That bound beneath misfortune and disgrace, Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey, Her indolence sinks as her troops decay; Some bold, sagacious statesman, from the helm, Sees desolation gathering over his realm; He darts around his peopling to save, Where dangers grow, and hostile armies rise; With deep attention marks the conflict's end. Eclips'd their virtues, and frustrates every blow, Tvis his last act the tottering state to save, Or in its ruins to find the harmony. Still in the raving trough the vessel reels, Injful'd beneath two frustrating hills: On either side they groan, trembling in agony. A long, dark, melancholy wave between. TThe balanced ship, now forward, now behind, Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind, And to the right and left by turns incis'd; * That the reader, who is unacquainted with the mariners' navigation, may discern a clearer idea of ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the "Dictionary of the Marine." Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course. In trying as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled: or, be, according to the line, under the pole. The intent of steering a sailing at this time, is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the wind and sea may fall more obliquely on her side, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, her head from falling, and to weigh downward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibriam by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and toeward, forming an angle of 40 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direct place the wind is called her coming-to; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her leg. Veering, or wearing, (see line 39, p. 12, col. 1, line 29, p. 13, col. 1.) as used in the present sense, the movement in which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or of running before the wind. It is an axiom in natural philosophy, that "every body will persever in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts." Hence it is easy to comprehend how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any point of her length, or in a line parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus, in the
But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.
The order now was given to bear away;
The order given, the timbers obeyed.
High o'er the brawny stretch'd, the tottered sail,
As on the rack, divests beneath the gale
But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
When in a thousand flatt'ring shreds it flew!
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bidding grief, redoubled all his cares.
"Away there! lower the main yard on deck!"
He calls, and brace the foremost yards aback!
Illegible, but every bosun cries,
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires,
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries,—
"Haste, with your weapons cut the shreds and stay!"
And lower at once the mizen-mast away!"

He said; th' attentive sailors on each side,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Fast by the fixed pine hold Rockingham stands,
Th' impatient sail hung glimmering in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fall with dreadful sound.
The tail mast, groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep-gla'd with sobs, the tottering structure rings;
And crashing, thundering o'er the quern's swings.
Thas when some timb'rous, convulsed with pangs of death,
Inebriate the ganges's pestilential breath.
Th' experienced artists from the blood betrays
The latest vane, or its course delays.
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Revel'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
Saves the mizzen, and preserves the life.

yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destruction (see line 13, p. 14, col. 1) the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast if the still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest. See line 22, p. 15, col. 1.

As a ship flies with rapidity through the water whatever this expedition is put in practice it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effect of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her forecast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which, in the sea phrase, is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are generally, the sea striking the ship's stern, the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching to, and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails or being immediately overturned, and for want of oars, she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.
THE

SHIPWRECK.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influences of poetry.—Applied to the subject.—Wreck of the misera-most cheered away.—Ship veers before the wind.—Her violent agitation.—Different stations of the officers.—Appearance of the Island of Palaemon.—According to the ancient nations of Greece mentioned in antiquity.—Athena.—Boreas.—Pluto.—Artemis.—Silenus.—Corinth.—Sparta.—Leucade.—Troy.—Asia.—Erebus.—Erebus.—Menelaus.—Uranus.—Hebe.—Venus.—Apollo and Diana.—Troy.—Samos.—Aegina.—Dolphin.—Temple of Apollo.—Parnassus.—The Muses.—The subject resumed.—Sparkling of the sea.—Predicaments tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors.—Darkness, lightning, and thunder.—Apporach of day.—Despair of land.—The ship, in great danger, passes the island of St. George.—Turns her broadside to the shore.—Her bow is foremost, and main-topmast carried away.—She strikes a rock.—Spells anchor.—

The Scene stretches from that Part of the Archipelago which lies ten Miles to the Northward of Palaemon, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.—The Time is about seven Hours, being from one till eight in the Morning.

WHEN in a barbashous age with blood defiled,

The human savage roams the gloomy wild;
When sulen Ignorance her flag display'd,
And Raptus and Revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the shores of light, the muse came,
The dark and solitary case to tune;
'Twas theirs the lawless passions to control,
And melt in tender sympathy the soul;
The heart beats vice and error to proclaim,
And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
The kindling spirits catch th' empress'd ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.
Roused from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair Truth and Reason sprang to light.
When great Minos, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle roll'd on,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high chorus,
And all the burning pulse beat to arms.
From north to south, on Enarsean wings,
Far through the boundless realms of thought he

WHILE distant poets, trembling as they view
His onward flight, the dazing track pursue,
But when his lights, with mournful magic, fell
What dire distress Laurens saw by
The staves, musing through the main of wo
Ibid mild sympathy the heart overflow.
Thus in old time, the Muse's heavenly breath
With vital force dissolved the chains of death
Each hand in Egle's lay begins to sing,
Taught by the master of the vocal string.
'Tis mine, also through dangerous scenes to stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray!
While all around the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophet's dread.
To ve in vain the bold Macedion lyre
Awaits the numbers fraught with living fire
Full oft, indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Went the sad wanderer lost upon the shore:
But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine, th' unravell'd prospect to display,
And chain th' events in regular array,
Though hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
While all unchanged the tragic theme remains.
Thrice happy! might the secret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart.
Might the sad numbers draw Composition's tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near.

For kindred wrecks, oft in rain cast
On Albin's strand, beneath the wintry blast.
For all the pangs, the complicated wo,
Her travailing sons, her faithful sailors know.
So pug, grasping o'er each British breast,
Might sympathise with Eustian's sons distress'd.
For this, my theme through mares I pereuse,
Which nor Menoead nor Maro knew.
Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanced th' impression of the helm and wind.
The wounded serpent, agonized with pain,
Thus trails his mangled.volume on the plain.
But now the wreck diswred from the rear,
The long resistant groy began to vey.
And while around before the wind it falls,
"Square all the yards!"-'tis attentive master calls.

"You timoners, her motion still attend!
For on your steersage all our lives depend.
So, steady 'tis meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind."
"Starboard, again the watchful pilot cries,
"Starboard! the obedient timoners replies.
Then to the helm they fly and return ;
The wheel revives; the ringing axe burns!
The ship, no longer founding by the lee,
Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea;
All busy o'er the desert waste they flie,
Scouring on by surges, storm and burning skies,
As when the masts of the lance salis,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale;
Soon as the javelins pierce his sable hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide;
In vain he flies; no friendly refuge found;
His life-blood gushes through th' enfaming wound.
The wounded bark, thus alarming, with her pain,

Seeds from pursuing waves along the main;
While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters grow.

* To square the yards, in this place is meant to arrange them directly across the ship's length.

** Steady is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances at that instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

* In all large ships, the helm is managed by a wheel.
The first in Virtue's cause his life resign'd,  
By Heaven pronounc'd the wisest of mankind
The last forord the sport of vital fire,  
The soul forever ever wild express'd.
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,  
That taught the statesmen true to be wise.
Just Arrange here maintain'd the case,  
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws.
Of all her towering structures, now alone,  
Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'ergrown.
The wandering stranger, near the port descends  
'Midst the dark heaving surge of the tempestuous sea.
He, hall of Ilium, where the warrior stood,  
Drums, and his steeds the bugle answering call.
He saw the flags which his prince adorn'd  
With variegated swarms of bright and gaudy hue.
Through all these lines, with waving banners vast  
The Hesperid, where all the numerous brave,  
And Greece dismally beheld the chief drawn down.
Re, at Thebes, the wondrous immortal plain,  
His hero, and Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Glaucus conquers the sands  
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.
Thus vanquish'd Asia, trembling, heard thy name,  
And the imperial Xerxes, from afar.
In arms they rear, and.Brand's strong breast  
In sight they saw a thousand thousand fold.
Shall we, o'er the deep vallies, and the mists arise?  
In arms they rear, and Brand's strong breast.
In arms they rear, and Brand's strong breast  
In arms they rear, and Brand's strong breast.
Next the fair isles of Helicon’s seen
Where adverse winds detain the Spartan queen:
For whom, in arms combined, the Grecian host,
With vengeful rage, invaded Thracia’s coast,
For whose so long they laboured to destroy
The sacred temples of Troy, 
Here, driven by Juno’s rage, the hapless dame,
Perished of heart from ruin’s illome.
Here the images of Pallas’ stone
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.
Due east from this appears the immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore.
Delos, through all th’ Aegian sea renowned;
(Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround’d)
By Phœbus honoured, and by Greece revered.
Her hollow groves even distant Persia heard.
But now, a silent mournful sound
No human footstep marks the trampled sand.
Thence to the north, by Asia’s western bound,
Fair Lebanon stands, with rising marble crown’d.
There, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl’d
Ilium’s walls to earth forever hurl’d.
There his eternal avails first he heard;
Then, forged by Cyclopean art, appeared
Thunders, that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form’d by still divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the fohn disgrace,
And living scandal of the empirical race.
The stormy waves in welkin swell,
If fires profane can heavenly bosoms melt?
Eastward of this appears the Euborean shore,
That once the towers of Illium bore.
Illustrious Troy renown’d in every clime,
Through the thund’ring time you live.
How oft, thy royal warriors to defend,
Thus saw’st thy turbulent gods in vain descend.
Thus Lycia’s chief, in her case were slain;
Though nation perish’d on her bloody plain;
Thus spread the perdition of Helen’s shame.
Was doom’d at length to sink in Grecian flame,
And now, by Time’s deep plough-share harrow’d

The seat of Troy found is no more
No trace of all her glories now remains.
But corn and vines enrich her cultured plains.
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore!
Scamander oft overflown with hostile gore.
Not far removed from Helen’s famous land,
Is ancient Iphitus, the island strand.
Where beauteous Hero, from the turrets height,
Display’d her crescent each revolving night;
Whose gleam directed lov’d Leda over,
The rolling Haliepont to Asia’s shore.
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia’s coast,
She saw her lover’s lifeless body roll’d
Then felt her bough agony severe;
Her eyes now shed their incendiary tear.
Wherewith’d with anguish, fractious with despair,
She beat her breast, and tore her hair.
On dear Leonidas name in vain the cried.
Then headlong plunged into the parting tide:
The tempest on his lonely weight,
And proudly roll’d, existing in its fright.
He, like a man of fortune, for success,
Sheds on the nations ruin and distress.
So, while the watery wilderness he roams,
Inspired to numbers the voluptuous lady.
And o’er the trembling plains, above, below,
Shear’d through the sacred hearken’d with notes of joy.
Now thunders wafted from the burning zone.
Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan.
The ship’s high battlements, to either side.
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide.
Her junks unhoist’d, in puls’d languid lay,
As ice dissolves beneath the melting ray.
The sites stunner torn, a deject and piteous.
Th’ impetuous sail descends in whirling shower.
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Avoid’d the glorious portentous morn.
Th’ eternal dance, in mournful pomp array’d.
Now lurks behind insensible shade.
Now, flashing round intolerable light.
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror scaring, quaking hill quiver’d,
When Heaven’s loud trumpet sounded o’er its head.
It seem’d, the wrathful Angel of the wind
Had seiz’d all the horrors of his command.
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,
At once the dreadfull magazine destroy’d.
And thunders tremendous o’er the deeps,
The inflammable sulphur flashing from his wings
To his sturdy arms the direful sword.
Mad Chaos from the chains of death awak’d!

* Now known by the name of Maenadis.

* The quarter is the hinder part of the ship’s side, that part which is near the stern.
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And time does their blazing sides discharge;
There, all aggrav'd, the shrill grating stedeed,
While chill suspense and less conger'd blood,
Now in a delirium burns the living flame.
And dread conclusion tends to eternal flame.
Such Earth, with tears upon the sacred shore
And Nature, shuddering, feels the district spray.
Still the sad prospect race on my view,
Recast in all its mournful shade and light.
Swift is the lightning's phantasmal guide,
As lightning glances on th' electric wave.
But ah! the force of numbers still remains,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.
But lo! at last from tempest darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the bounding rhym.
Hall, sacred Vision! who on erieti wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings:
All Nature, smiling, hail'd the vivid ray,
The brave in arms consoled, for aid they claim.
All but our ship, that groaning on the tides,
No kind relief, no glories of hope descried.
For now, in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
Sad, my gallant friend!—On which, for ever from her bosom torn,
The nymph adored resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
So to Ezina dart'd that cruel day
That story—Ah! fateful tale to relate.
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herein in funeral facto doomed to mourn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
Consent thy radiant gleams from our sight!
Gone with the while adorn the happy plain,
And glide the scenes where health and pleasure reign.
But let not here, is scorn, thy wanton beam
Inslit the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
Forward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise:
High over the roaring surge a swan,
That hang projecting o'er a mossy green.
Ne'er hear nor never the danger grows,
And all their skill resourceless ones oppose;
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Eremore an altar of waters, steel beneath.
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her salis, still they dared her approaching—
Alarming thought! for now no more a-sea
Her riving could bear the invading sea;
The following surge the scull before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore:
A shore where aery and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
For less dismay'd, Anchises' wandering son
Was seen the strains of Sicily to play.
When Palltmus, from the beaten path
The rocks of Scylla, on his eastern side;
While in the west, a far deep-crashing cove.
His onward path Charibs' upself opposed
Thec the demi-god, the rock on high,
His whirling bark her artious task purs'd.
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between him extremes the daring waves flies.
With boundless involutions, bearing o'er
The tempest's drift, loud dashing surge roar.
Horsemaid th'o! each winding creek the tempest races,
And hollow rocks repeat the sound of waves.
To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd shores.
But haply now she scarce the fatal strand,
Though scarce ten fathom distant from the land:
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow.
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing the isle she pass'd.
With lingering eyes and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Haste to the beach, with Sicily's closest aid,
A safe accession to this haven shore!
While the prophetic voice the tempest confound,
Lost to the cheerful coorse of mankind.

—Broaching, to a sudden and involuntary movement
—In navigation, when the wind, while scudding or sailing before the sea, unexpectedly turns the broad
side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the
direction of the sea or by some accident发生ing to the
machinery of the vessel. See the last page of the Second Canto

The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever from the solace of his days of light.
Ne'er can his bosom agone,
When fare the slopes of eternal light he sees.
While all forlorn, the victimes pines in vain.
For scenes he never shall possess again.
But evermore the moon descends,
And o'er the verge Columba's crown on high;
Beside the sea projecting vantage are placed
A range of columns, long by time defaced;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In better times, Triton's sacred wave.
First forms the wild beach below, with masthing rage,
Where waves and rock a dreadful combate wage.
The sickly heaven, terming with its bright
Still venera over the main the feverish weight:
And now while winds with rain from on high
Through the east cloud the ragged lightnings fly:
A flash, quick-glancing on the towers of light,
Mends that pale shadow with its splendor.
Rivolyn, who heard a pitious groan behind,
Touched with compassion gazed upon the blind
And, while around his sad companions wailed,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shrine.

Thy sorrow or the mast relives.
The heim, how full of life, how vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course.
Quick to th' abandoned wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempest-tossed sailors to reclaim.
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upworn to right the distracted mast.
So glean young Phaetont, with pale dismeye.
When, mounted in the flaming car of day
And impious horse, he tried
Th' imperial coursers of the sun to guide.
The vessel, while the drear event draweth near,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fare spurs her on—thus leaping from afar,
Advances to the sun motion thrilling star.
And, as it feeds th' attraction kindling force,
Springs on ward with accelerated course.
With soweful look the seamen ey'd the strand
Where death's inexorable jaws extend.
Swift from their masts exploded all dangers past,
As dumb with terror, they beheld the last
Now, on the tremulous shore, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wild.
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seemed to bring;
The fatal sisters on the surge before,
Yoked their infernal horses to the prow.
The steersman now received their last command,
To wheel the vessel side to the strand,
Twelve sailors, on the forecast where depend,
High on the platform of the top ascent;
Fistlal retreat! for while the plunging wave
Immerses headlong in the water below.
Down-speeded by water weight the lowermost ends,
And those below 'mid the deep-crashing cove.
Beneath her keel the foaling ruins lie,
The form, the quarter, and the stern are view'd.
The tearing surge the marble cliff breaks in two,
Horsemaid th'o! each winding creek the tempest races,
And hollow rocks repeat the sound of waves.
The waters they buffet, till hasted of strength,
(Perpetually their yield to cruel fate at length).
The restless waters close around their head,
Their infernal horses to the prow.
Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Or not longer mourn their lost companions fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrow all its love,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to boomen.
Alcibiades, Revillon and Space no more,
With young Arion on the mast appear.
Even they, amid th' insensible dream
In every look distrec't, and thoughts confounded
In every vein the restless blood congeals,
And evermore their fate we cannot feel.
Induced with all the demons of the main,
The yew directing th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.

Such torrents in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair mantels with ruthless veil,
Such torrents agitate the already turned brains of all.
While Fancy views the manœuvres of the blend.
For Heaven's projects help, their superstitious implore.
But Heaven relentless spirit to help no more!
And now, last'd on by destiny severe,  
Whose drearv and distant shores he now drew near!
The ship hangs hanging on the verge of death,  
And breaks the wave on the boundless sea.
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore  
Would arm the mind with philosophic force  
To soothe the sense amid the pangs of death,  
In vain! the gentle Syren's self and Epictetus old.
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold,  
To Hades, &c. for like unto fire,  
With wise the art of wakening the ground.
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deep resounds  
To the toiling frame of Reason yet sustained!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain  
In vain! the seeds and axes were prepared,  
Nor yet condemn my heart, ye Powers above!  
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove  
The tottering frame of Reason yet sustain'd!

They in vain: the waves and fountains burst;  
The earth rends, the tempests rage around;
Again they fling on the waves:  
Again the dismalle prospect opens round.

The rocks, the trees, the dying and the drown'd.
And see! I behold them by repeated shocks,  
Their faithless hold no longer can retain;  
Their minds with their looks and their faces are gone.

As or the surge the stopp'd main-mast hung;  
Still on the rigging many a hungry heart hung;  
Some, struggling, on a broken craft were cast,  
And there by sobs and groans fell fast.
A while they breathe o'erwhelming billow's rage,  
Unequal with their fate to wage;  
Till, all composed, and free, they forgave  
Their future fate, and sink to shades below.
One, who seems in agony to strive,  
The thrilling breakers howl on shore alive;  
And yet, ah! yet, another is there:
Th' impious horrors of a leaved shore.

Oh, my dear eagle! on thy breast doth rest  
Th' immortals that from thine eyes shall not see  
Thou noble eagle! never rise again!
With Ares, yet the man above,
That now above the ridges reach'n the shore  
The fresh wind presents new and pleasing scenes.

I am at peace, as I contemplate the scene;  
The brilliant breakers on the ocean heave,  
And yet, ah! yet, another is there:
Th' impious horrors of a leaved shore.

And oft the perils of the deep decay,  
And oft the waves and winds that ruffled the sea.
Thy heart's well met the stormy gale;  
And yet, ah! yet, another is there:
Th' impious horrors of a leaved shore.

To think of the wild scenes that I have seen,  
To think of the storms that I have met;  
To think of the dangers that I have passed,  
To think of the perils of the deep decay.
PALMEN'S DYING ADDRESS—ELEGY. [Canto III]

Nor yet the lunge by this pernicious stroke
Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet;
Down from his neck, with blasing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Aimia, hung pourtrayed;
Thou, sweetly smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen;
For God's right hand had in this hour of wo,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony! thine expostulate shriek!
But thou, alas! art doomed to weep in vain
When him those fatal gums shall never see again!
With dumb amazement pale, Aimia gazed,
And cautiously the wounded youth upraised;
Palmmon then, with cruel pang oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd—
O, pillow the head late so nigh, beneath
Whose fatal influence doorn'd I lie; Are we then exiled to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet:
Ah! how unlike what yester morn enjoy'd,
With thousand Sexual scenes, and songs uncurse'd! For, wound far beyond all healing power,
Palmmon dies, and this his final hour:
By those feel breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
So, too, I'll die thus on my dear sights,
That lie deep buried yet in tenfold night.
Ah! withched father of a wretched son,
Who for his sins, and thine, amends mine once!
How will rememberance of this blind care
Exert their works; and what they do in despair!
Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That, deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe, my enemies command
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
But, O thou sacred Power! whose law connects
The eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage,
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age:
And you, Aimia! 'tho with these the last
Of all our crew survive the shipwreck past—
Tell them, cease to mourn! those friendly tears restrain;
Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
When parted hence to England's distant shore; Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of Fate,
To him the tragic story first relate,
Of friendships' generous arous'd then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
Ah! then remember well my last request.
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend.
Say, I this suit implored with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
Say O! to lovely Aimia should'st thou tell
What dire, untimely end thy friend befell,
Draw over the dismal scene soft Pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale.
Say that my love, involuntary,
No change, no diminution ever knew:
To her bright image, pendant on my neck,
Is all Palmmon return'd from the wreck.
Take it, and say, when parting in the wave,
I struggled life and this alone to save!
N' thy soul, that fluttering wis'd to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee:
But arrives in vain—the chillng ice of Death
Conquers my blood, and chokes the streem of breath:
Resign'd, she quiets her comfortless abode,
To crawl that long, unknown, eternal road—
O sacred Saviour of ever-living light! Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
Direct her onward to the peaceful shore.
Where weal, pain, and death are felt no more:
When some tale of hapless love shalt hear.
That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear,
Of two clasps funeral join'd, to sorrow;
To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd; O! then to swell the tears of social wo,
That beat thy affliction bosom they o'erflow,
While memory dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell, And thus distress thy wretched friend before;
Then while in streams of soft composition drown'd
The ardent lament and madains woe around,
While laping children, touch'd with infant fear,
With wonder gaze, and drop th' un conoscious tears;
O! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thought of happiness on earth arise:
The fast faint accents trembled on his tongue,
Thus new inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan; he dies;
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.
A thus defaced in death Palmmon lay,
Aimia gazed upon the lifeless clay,
Transfix'd he stood with awful terror fix'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distil'd.
O! I stared, in amazement, confound'd!
Unto me the word, and speechless the sight,
The mysterious story sh't display,
And all the horror of this dismal day:
Desolate day! what rules her bosom! What anguish to the living and the dead:
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doorn'd the orphan child to mourn!
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain,
Can sacred Justice these events attain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wandering maze
Where Pleroma, lost in endless error, stray'd.
As through this thyrious vale of life we run,
Great cause of all effects, Thy will alone is done:
Now had the Genii on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet survived:
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shattered raft's, and corpses of the dead.
Three still alive, benumbed and faint they find,
In sorrowful silence on a rock reclined.
The generous natives nurs'd with social pain,
The feeble stran'ger in their arms sustain;
With pissing streams, and gaspless loads they saddled,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

Occasional Elegy.
IN WHICH THE PRECEEDING NARRATIVE IS CONCLUDED.

THE scene of death is closed, the mournful strain
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;
Yet Pity weeps, yet sympathy complains, [sighs,
And dumb Suspense suspends the feral sem.'d with
Bet the sad Muse, with prophetic eye,
At once the future and the past explore,
'Tis the last and first in th' eternal sphere,
And wait the spirit to the eternal shore.
Then, O Palmmon! if thy shade can hear
The voice of Friendship still laments thy doom,
Ys, to the sad obligations bind thee,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.
From young Arion first the news received
With terror pale, unhappy Anna read;
With inconceivable distress she grieved,
And from her cheek the rose of beauty fled.
In vain, alas! the gentle virgin wept,
Corrode anguish nip't her vital beam,
Now her soft frame diseases sternly crept,
And gave the lovely victim to the tomb.
A longer date of wo the widow's Wife
Her lamentable lot afflicted bore:
Yet both were rescued from the chains of life
Before Arion reach'd his native shore.
The Father unrelenting Frenzy stung,
Unlought in Virtue's school distress to bear;
O! the wrongs, the injuries, that tortured bosom wrong,
He languish'd, groan'd, and perish'd in despair.

*—sad efficicnt ulimer sempere Expectation ailleurs, toutes les analyses, et madrines were spread
This obitum came superemer atter debat. Ovid. Metam. lib. 8.
OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While Ocean smiles in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
Untouched by you the verdant sun may glow,
A nail scorches the panting earth with baseful heat.

No more the joyful Maid, with sprightly strain
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeless Love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on you wide watery waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume;
While parching thirst, that burns without alloy,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath
That taints the realms with misery severe;
No more behold pale Famine, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain
Unheard shall form the long embattled line:
Unheard the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
The wandering vessels of the faithless deep,
O! happier now escaped to endless rest,
Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell.

The taper's sigh, the vain parade of we,
No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Beats the latent feelings of the heart.

What though no sculptured pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause;
What though no epic Muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause.

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With hazed trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muse crown
The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil,
Believe your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
And soft Compassion at your tragic tale
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

THE END.
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OF

MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JONES & COMPANY,
3, ACTON PLACE, KINGSLAND ROAD.

1824.
THE LIFE

OF

MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.

BY

DR. JOHNSON.

MARK AKENSIDE was born on the ninth of November, 1721, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His father, Mark, was a butcher, of the Presbyterian sect; his mother's name was Mary Leman. He received the first part of his education at the grammar-school of Newcastle; and was afterwards instructed by Mr. Wilson, who kept a private academy.

At the age of eighteen he was sent to Edinburgh, that he might qualify himself for the office of a dissenting minister, and received some assistance from the fund which the Dissenters employ in educating young men of scanty fortune. But a wider view of the world opened other scenes, and prompted other hopes: he determined to study physic, and repaid that contribution, which, being received for a different purpose, he justly thought it dishonourable to retain.

Whether, when he resolved not to be a dissenting minister, he ceased to be a Dissenter, I know not. He certainly retained an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called and thought liberty; a zeal which sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an obvious desire of plundering wealth or degrading greatness; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care what shall be established.

Akenside was one of those poets who have felt very early the motions of genius, and one of those students who have very early stored their memories with sentiments and images. Many of his performances were produced in his youth; and his greatest work, 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' appeared in 1774. I have heard Dodsley, by whom it was published, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was a hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer; for "this was no every-day writer."

In 1741 he went to Leyden, in pursuit of medical knowledge; and three years afterwards (May 16, 1744,) became doctor of physic, having, according to the custom of the Dutch Universities, published a thesis or dissertation. The subject which he chose was 'The Original and Growth of the Human Faculties;' in which he is said to have departed, with great judgment, from the opinion then established, and to have delivered that which has been since confirmed and received.

Akenside was a young man, warm with every notion that by nature or accident had been connected with the sound of liberty, and, by an eccentricity which such dispositions do not easily avoid, a lover of contradiction, and no friend to any thing established. He adopted Shaftesbury's foolish assertion of the efficacy of ridicule in the discovery of truth. For this he was attacked by Warburton and defended by Dyson; Warburton afterwards reprinted his remarks at the end of his Dedication to the 'Free-thinkers.'

The result of all the arguments, which have been produced in a long and eager discussion of this idle question, may easily be collected. If ridicule be applied to any position as the test of truth, it will then become a question whether such ridicule be just; and this can only be decided by the application of truth, as the test of ridicule. Two men, fearing one a real and the other a fancied danger, will be for a while equally exposed to the inevitable consequences of cowardice, contemptuous censure, and ludicrous representation; and the true state of both cases must be known, before it can be decided whose terror is rational, and whose is ridiculous; who is to be pitied, and who to be despised. Both are for a while equally exposed to laughter, but both are not thereby equally contemptible.
The Life of

In the renewal of his poem, though he died before he had finished it, he omitted the lines which had given occasion to Warburton's objections.

He published, soon after his return from Leyden, (1745) his first collection of Odes; and was impelled by his rage of patriotism to write a very acrimonious epistle to Fulteney, whom he stigmatized, under the name of Curvis, as the betrayer of his country.

Being now to live by his profession, he first commenced physician at Northampton, where Dr. Stonehouse then practised, with such reputation and success, that a stranger was not likely to gain ground upon him. Akenside tried the contest a while; and, having deserted the place with clamours for liberty, removed to Hampstead, where he resided more than two years, and then fixed himself in London, the proper place for a man of accomplishments like his.

At London he was known as a poet, but was still to make his way as a physician; and would perhaps have been reduced to great exigencies, but that Mr. Dyson, with an ardour of friendship that has not many examples, allowed him three hundred pounds a-year. Thus supported, he advanced gradually in medical reputation, but never attained any great extent of practice, or eminence of popularity. A physician in a great city seems to be the mere playing of fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual: they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficienc[y. By some acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the 'Fortune of Physicians.'

Akenside appears not to have been wanting to his own success: he placed himself in view by all the common methods; he became a Fellow of the Royal Society; he obtained a degree at Cambridge; and was admitted into the College of Physicians; he wrote little poetry, but published, from time to time, medical essays and observations; he became Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital; he read the Guelphian Lectures in Anatomy; but began to give, for the Crownian Lecture, a history of the revival of learning, from which he soon desisted; and, in conversation, he very eagerly forced himself into notice by an ambitious extenuation of elegance and literature.

His Discourse on the Dyensery (1764) was considered as a very conspicuous specimen of Latinity, which endowed him to the same height of place among the scholars, as he possessed before among the wits, and he might perhaps have risen to a greater elevation of character, but that his studies were ended with his life, by a putrid fever, June 25, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Akenside is to be considered as a didactic and lyrical poet. His great work is 'The Pleasures of Imagination'; a performance which, published as it was at the age of twenty-three, raised expectations that were not very amply satisfied. It has undoubtedly a just claim to very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquisitions; of a young mind stored with images, and much exercised in combining and comparing them.

With the philosophical or religious tenets of the author I have nothing to do; my business is with his poetry. The subject is well chosen, as it includes all images that can strike or please, and thus compasses every species of poetical delight. The only difficulty is in the choice of examples and illustrations; and it is not easy in such exuberance of matter to find the middle point between penury and satiety. The parts seem artificially disposed, with sufficient coherence, so as that they cannot change their places without injury to the general design.

His images are displayed with such luxuriance of expression, that they are hidden, like Butler's Moon, by a "Veil of light;" they are forms fantastically lost under superfluity of dress. Pars minima est ipsa pulchra est. The words are multiplied till the sense is barely perceived; attention deserts the mind, and settles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffusion, sometimes amazed, and sometimes delighted, but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.

To his verisimilitude justice requires that praise should not be denied. In the general fabrication of his lines he is perhaps superior to any other writer of blank verse; his flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical; but the concatenation of his verses is commonly too long continued, and the full close does not recur with sufficient frequency. The sense is carried on through a long intertanglement of complicated clauses, and as nothing is distinguished, nothing is remembered.

The exemption which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the copula, betrays luxuriant and active minds into such self-indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse will therefore, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome.

His diction is certainly poetical, as it is not prosaic, and elegant, as it is not vulgar. He is to be commended, as having fewer artifices of disgrace than most of his brethren of the blank song. He rarely either recalls old phrases, or twists his metre into harsh inversions. The sense however of his words is strained; when "he views the Ganges from Alpine heights," that is, from mountains like the Alps. And the pedant surely intrudes (since when was blank verse without pedantry?) when he
tells how "Flanges absolves the stated round of Time."

It is generally known to the readers of poetry that he intended to revise and augment this work, but died before he had completed his design. The reformed work as he left it, and the additions which he had made, are very properly retained in the late collection. He seems to have somewhat contracted his diffusion; but I know not whether he has gained in obscurity what he has lost in splendor. In the additional book, the 'Tale of Solon' is too long.

One great defect of his poem is very properly censured by Mr. Walker, unless it may be said, in his defense, that what he has omitted was not properly in his plan. "His picture of man is grand and beautiful, but unfinished. The immortality of the soul, which is the natural consequence of the appetites and powers she is invested with, is scarcely once hinted throughout the poem. This deficiency is amply supplied by the masterly pencil of Dr. Young; who, like a good philosopher, has invincibly proved the immortality of man, from the grandeur of his conceptions, and the meanness and misery of his state; for this reason, a few passages are selected from the 'Night Thoughts,' which, with those from Akenside, seem to form a complete view of the powers, situation, and end of man."—Exercises for Improvement in Eloquence, p. 66.

His other poems are now to be considered; but a short consideration will despatch them. It is not easy to guess why he addicted himself so diligently to lyric poetry, having neither the ease and airiness of the lighter, nor the vehemence and elevation of the grander ode. When he lays his ill-fated hand upon his harp, his former powers seem to desert him; he has no longer his luxuriance of expression, nor variety of images. His thoughts are cold, and his words insipid. Yet such was his love of lyres, that, having written with great vigor and poignancy his 'Epistle to Curio,' he transformed it afterwards into an Ode disgraceful only to its author.

To the preceding observations by Dr. Johnson, we shall subjoin an extract from Mrs. Barbauld: "If the genius of Akenside is to be estimated from his poem," the Pleasures of Imagination, "it will be found to be lofty and elegant; chaste, correct, and classical; not marked with strong traits of originality, not ardent or exuberant. His enthusiasm was rather of that kind which kindled by reading and imbuing the spirit of authors, than by contemplating at first hand the works of nature. As a versifier, Akenside's allowed to stand amongst those who have given the most finished models of blank verse. His periods are long, but harmonious; the cadences fall with grace, and the measure is supported with uniform dignity. His muse possesses the 'sine accret, and high commanding guilt. We shall scarcely find a low or trivial expression introduced; a careless or unfinished line permitted to stand. His stateliness, however, is somewhat allied to stiffness;—his verse is sometimes fresh through too rich a redundancy of ornament, and sometimes laboured into a degree of obscurity from too anxious a desire of avoiding natural and simple expressions."
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THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. — Difficulty of treating it poetically. — The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination. — The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men: with its final cause. — The pleasures of imagination, and the state of the mind in those pleasures which it affords. — All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. — The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. — Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. — Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. — The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. — Invitation to the study of moral philosophy, when read in different species of beauty in different species of objects: inanimate concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. — The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. — The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty. — Conclusion.

WITH what attractive charms this pearly frame
Of nature touches the conserving hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which benumbed imagination derives
To deck the poet, or the painter's tool;
My verse reflects. A tender, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breath,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avern, whence thy rosy fingers call
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf!
Where Shakespeare lies, be present with thee,
Let Fiction come, upon her vacant wings
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,
Which, by the glance of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony? descend
And join this festive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to cease,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
He present all ye genii, who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful band.
New to your springs and shady groves; who touch his ear
With tender sounds; who brighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and bless him with
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.
Of all the laws of each poetic strain
The critic's sense employs; yet still unawed
Let this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name: for fruitless is the attempt,
My dull obedience, and by creeping dull
Obscure, to conquer the severe onset
Of high Fama's. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the genius; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summer; there to breathe at large
Beyond air: with lisps and sages old,
Intemperate sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
'To this neglected labour court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muse bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile introd by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Call'd from the livestale vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

From heaven my strains begin; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then lived the almighty One: then, deep-retired
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
Fied the forms eternal of created things.
The radiant sun, the moon, the nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And wisdom's main celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fixed,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admired and loved, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves:
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies andernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urg'd
The active powers of man; with wise intent
The hand of nature on particular minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common tell.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeable moon, the circuit of the stars.
The golden zones of heaven: to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain.
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand.
The Pleasures

[Book I]

She led over vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beans of Morn
Draw forth, the distant hill一类 the gentle rill
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were vouchsafed, within her mind conceiv'd
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the sire omnipotent unfold'd
The sacred order; nor were they to read 100
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth's air, the meadow's purple store.
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form,
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtrary'd 105
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also see her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fauiling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with such repulsive string
Could not a slimy sprite through the wing air
Unbraid strains; so even did nature's hand
To certain species of external things.
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
Be the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sounds, the proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light;
Thrushes through imagination's tender flame,
From nerve to nerve; all naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
At all the pages every sensible air
To that harmonious movement from without
Renewed goes. The present stream of sense,
Diffuses its enchantment; fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysonian groves,
And veins of life; the intellectual power,
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the pastons; gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repos, and love and joy
Alone are wak'd: love and joy, serene
At airs that fill the summer. O! attend,
Who'er then art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose sounding love from the refining vase
Of nature warms, O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks, and
Teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Who knew then, whom nor of nature's pregnant stores
What'er of mimic arts reflected form
With love and admiration this image
The powers of fancy, her delighting sons
To three immortal orders have refer'd:
Three sister-graces, whon the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confuses; the sublime,
The beautiful, the fair. I see these sounds
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely shap'd when Lucifer dispells.
His beauteous forehead through the gaze of mists,
To lead the train of Phoebus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
And claim'd a preeminent station
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But as a sacred legate might descend
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to shine
With undivided flames.
The great career of justice: to exalt
His generous aim to all divine deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast; 160
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the forked stream of chance and pain,
To hold his course unalter'd, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls to the search of fame,
The applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day subliming things,
And mocks our sense; when before dart's the mind,
With such restless ardour to embrace
Majesty form'd: impatient to be free.
Spurning the gross control of wifful might;
Frowning the strong contention of her toils;
Pursuing, chasing, evermore.
Who has ra'd the heavens
To heaven's broad fire be uncontrolled view,
175
Then to the glowing of a warm flame
Who that, from Alpine vales, this labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nile's or Ganges rolling his bright wave

Through mountains, plains, through empires black
With shades,
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the wandering giddy rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Dissipates, that magic thought, which spreads
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft.
Through the rosy paths of morning;
Rides on the willow lightening through the heavens;
Or, winged with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she sees
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun

Behold her purifying the redundant streams
Of light; beholds his unrelenting wave
Send the reluctant planets to abyss.
The faded rounds of darkness. Thence far diffus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devils comets, through its burning signs
Exciting miracles the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended lustre, as a wavy zone
Invests the orient. Now amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfolding light
Has travel'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even the barest front of the world unified
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recolling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; song and wing and awful sound
Up in that immense of being. There her hopes
At a vast threshold of the world divide.
Of mortal man, the sovran Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading solar load and renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find endowment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of tongues enlarge her view.
The soul amiss at length shall disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacities powers
Lieupid up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sacred minds unmindful to impair
Her tender bosom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! For other and design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart for otherwise inclin'd,
Witness the spring of joy when aught unknown
Strives the quick sense, and wakes each active

To teaker measure: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects.

With transport see; the fond attentive gaze
With transport see; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober soul
Of age, contemplating on prodigious things.
For such the bountiful providence of heaven
In every bright spectator creating this desire
In every bright spectator creating this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred steps that might the rising soul,
In Truth's exceedingly blossom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youths
Breaks from his weeping casque his animating arm,
In foreign climes to rise: the pensive sage,
Headless of sleep, or midnight's barren sleep,
Hangs over the sickly taper; and unmind
The vigil follows, with enchanted step.
The mazes of some wild and wonderous tale,
From morn to eve; unsatisfied of her form,
Dismayed of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, often void
When ever placed.

With every place, Hence; finally, by night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Sustains the infant-attendance with her tale.
Reeling astonishment: of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits: of the deathbed call
Of man who rinks the widow, and dearest
The orphans portion; of unquiet souls
Rumm from the grave to gas the heavy guilt
In life condoled, in life denied; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clack their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the mariner's bed.
At every sound raise the crowded crew
Gazing each other speechless, and conceal'd
With shivering sighs; till eager for the event.
Around the heilan ait all arey thay hang,
Their trembling heart with grateful terror quells.

But lo! disclosed in all her smiling pomp, 271
What's this?—a new-born child the verse
Her charms inspire — the freshly-flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Send to her heart the holy and divine.
These, Beanty, thee
The regal dama, and thy effulgent ray
276
The mossy roots adore thee, better, sure
For ever beamed on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poet • Brightness progeny of heaven! 280
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to ennoble thy brow?
Haute then, so young, thy nature's wide expanse,
Haute then, and gather all her felicity wealth,
Matter bright gleams its spirits in the eastern isle.
What'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Witth thy fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Heptasonic field, and see
The grassy and flowery grove, 290
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the girt soil, the winter clusters grow
With purple tints, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky
Or with their rather story thy vacant phrens, 295
Where gliding through his daughter's honoured shade
The smooth Poesy from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Temple's pleasant scene.
Fair Temple! has the triumphal powers of
Of nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age
The presage glows in shadowy beauty.
With ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
Young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand
Shed their aerial rider, shower'd abroad the air
And spring's Elsonian bloom. Her flowery store
To the wood forlorn shall refuse: now watch 300
Of winged Hydra guard Heptasonic fruit
For thy free spoil. O hear then, unprofred,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess.
Where young Bionostay. With sweetest airs 310
Justice her vernal wish of
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful frostbitten, hippy, gentle maid
Incline thy pastoral footstep: let thy eyes
Enlace the mildness of their azure dawn;
And your profuse beauty wash aside.
Thy radiant locks. as dressing as it bonds
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The check fair blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love,
With anxiety and wisdom, tempering blend.
Their soft alliance. Then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind paternal care
Worthy I'd sing in all the exultant youth, of
With each adorning virgin, to my lyre
Should they grace, while I rest on high
Where beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the dressing May,
May we onward, when she is good
Effigient on the pearly ear, and smiled,
Freshest from her copious source of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cymaline sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her over the waves.
To seek the Italian bower. Ye smiling band
335
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of your desire with rival-steps pursue.
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing soul
Can yield a moment's repose, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
340
I do not mean to wake the glowing form
Of Superstition dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous Thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth.
345
To frigj you from your joyful, my cheerful song
With better airs calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chase,
And take. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use? Is her charm
Content'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are fame and fruitless? or did nature mean
This pleasing task, to hold a lie
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
350
And sport the beautiful at the false child
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The insigant mother conscious how inflamm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Most illustrious where the object holds
To native powers most perfect, she by this
Features the bound of her desire, and
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tree
Of streams delicious, to her sons.
365
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincer.
The integrity and order of their frame.
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely ministrants of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375
With like pertinents, and the aspect of the heavens,
The sens of earth! could ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore with a radii impenetrable aim
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene.
380
Where beauty of the fruitful grove inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of unceafeful good.
To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idae's toy
Dil fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that slumber upon your brows,
Be child! or cloyed at this awful task,
To learn the lore of unbecoming good.
390
Thus to the banishment of all those passions
Of baleful superstition guide the feet
Of error's subtle shadow, whilst the noisy way
To their abode, through deserts, thorns and misty
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
395
Urge his race as late as the gloomy dawn,
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells
To walk with spectacles through the midday shade,
And to the sneering owls' accursed song
At the dreadful workings of his heart; 400
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where wild and melancholy vegetation is,
Could my ambitious hand outwite a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
405
Then should my powerful verse at once dispel
These moonish horrors; then in light divide
Disclose the Elsonian prospect, where the steps
Of those who nature charms, thy blooming walks, part
Through fragrant mountains and poetical streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bands,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
410
Of laurel's science and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine.
Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
415
Over umbrae of the earth, her radiant rays,
With good and beauty reigns. O let us not,
Laid by tumultuous passions a signal strain,
Or crowching to the frowns of bigot rage.
420
O let us not a moment pause to join
410
And if the gracious power,
Who first awaken'd my untamed song,
Will it to my invention become the poet's
The tuneful spirit: then through each of our paths,
Never shall the sound of this devoted lyre
425
Be wanting; whether on the toy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of beauty's alacrity; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitting nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul.
That conquers chance and fate: or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to precipitate her soils.
Upon the lofty summits, round her brow
435
To twine the wreath of incorruptible grace.
430
To trace her hallowed light through future worlds,
And listen'st image in the heart of man.
Thus with a faithful aim we have pursued
Adventurous, to delineate nature's form;
Whether, in want, must pomp and carny'd
440
Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rare smile. I saw her countenance
Through various being's fair-proportioned scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
445
That first rising, when their first rising at length
To full meridian splendor. Of degrees
440
The least and lowest, in the afterglow of warm
Colours mingling with a random blaze.
Both beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determined shape,
Where truth's eternal measure mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts.
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled waves.
Then more attractive is the blooming form
Through which the breath of nature has infused
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth.
In fruit and seed prolific; thus the flowers
Turn in purple honors with the spring resuscite;
And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With braushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of spring, and change of growth arise,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given;
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul;
So moves the bird of June; so the sea
With rival ardour beats the dusky plain,
And fauful does with eager air of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
Where most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind;
By steps conducting our unpratured search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effusing from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffused
(Mind, mind alone, their virtues, earth and heaven),
The rising fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hard in hand,
Not through the trammel of the heart enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest air,
Invites the soul to never-failing joy.
Look on the starry course, the range
Of planets, suns, and all감 관의 화면
Where all the universal mass
Of a knowledge, <br />
And speak, O moon! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty divine
Thy strong conception, as when classic race
Refugest from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
And in the depth of his arm
Alto extending, like eternal dawn,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the starry prospect on the dust,
And Rome again is free! is sought so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hope or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is sought so fair,
As in the happy minds, so the casual bash
In whom he strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
Or the old majesty of private life?
Where peace with ever-blooming olive towers
The gates <br />
Where honor's liberal bands diffuse
Unequal treasures, and the snowy wings<br />
Of innocence and love protect the scene,
Those more search, undream'd, the dark profound,
Where nature works in secret; view the beds
Of verdant pleasure, and the eternal walk,
That bounds the hoary sea; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change,
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Ridicling the stars with ever-wearne flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her face, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and overtake the hour
That saw the heavens created: then declare
If fraught were found in those external scenes
For thy wonder never. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial praise; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pull the languid eye.
Not so the ovular species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with instantaneous
She bends each nerve, and mediates well-pleased
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal treasures; then to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discovering justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Aosaic reason, the faculty of growth arises,
To deck-the honor'd path of just and good,
Fend, and has raised the majestic sword
With chants responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the penive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herds of vile minds, her serous form
Imblist on the patriot's eye,
And through the roil of minuteness appeals
To ancient honor, or in secret, hearts
Watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece, whose faithful steps
Well-paced I follow through the sacred path:
Of nature and of science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!
Let the beloved be exalted, be praised
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this unstemmed theme. Nor be my thoughts
Pursued, count, if amid the calm
That soothes the casual evening into smiles,
I steal inspiration from the somber haunts
Of strife and low ambition, to attend
The sacred presence in the syrian shade,
On the long, extended ears I hear praise
Desert, propitious to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy ruins, thy waves, exalted air,
As when the Pencian tyrant, fail'd and plunged
With shame and desperation, giddy'd he to see these monuments of his pride;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
The earth like a page is all thy mortal spoil
Thy palmes, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
The smiling hand of art, thy godlike airs
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the school's of glory. Guide my way
Through fair layouts, and the green retreats
Of Academis, and the thymic vale
Where oft enchanted with Socratis sounds,
Phenix pure devolves his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I unfold
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime; while far above the flight
Of fancy's pharic aspiring, I unroll
The springs of ancient wisdom while I join
Thy name, brother honor'd, with the immortal praise
Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of the son
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre
THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns. — Newtonian public liberty, or the influence of occasional pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination.—The pleasures of sense.—Particular circumstances of the mind.—Discovery of truth.—Perception of continuance and design.—Emotion of the passions.—All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation; with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

WHEN shall the laurel and the vocal string
Resume their homage? When shall we behold
The useful tongue, the Prometheus hand
Apotheos'd praise? Alas! how faint,
How slow the dawn of beauty and of truth
Breeds the reluctant shades of Gothic night
Which re-counted in the nation. Long they ground
Beneath the fables of rapacious force:
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron swarms
Temporal plagues pouring from her frozen caves,
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulf
Of all-deceiving night. As long immured
In nocturne darkness by the glittering lamp,
Each muse and each fair science prized away
The serial hours: while foul, inhuman hands
Their mysteries profaned, unstrung the lyre,
And shroud'd the scaring pinion down to earth.
At last the Muse arose, and spurn'd their boats,
And wildly writhing, scattered, as they flew,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valentina's bowers:
To Arm's myrtle border and the shore
Of soft Parenoche. But still the rage
Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
From public aims and from the busy walk
Of commercial to the noblest train
Of penitent science to the cell,
Where staidness once consumes the silent hour
In shadowy searches and unprofitable care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of minute fancy and harmonious joy,
To priestly domination and the list
Of lawless courts, their amiable toy
For three legions ages have resped'd
In vain recantant: and Tartus'tongue
Was tuned for splendid peals at the theme
Of tassel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effused its fair creation to enchant
The fond adopting host in Lattian faces
To bind belief; while on their prostrate necks
The sadh tyrant plants his hea'd sore.
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endless years on Albion's holy shore
In full proportion, once more shall extend
To all the kindred powers of social bliss
A common mansion, a paternal roof.
There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's true
Their long lost friends rejoicing, as of old,
Embrace the smiling family of arts,
The muses and the graces. Then no more
Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abortive, with high seat and sour
Turn from their charm the philosophic eye,
The patron bosom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toll
Alone by footsteps saucy and severe
In gloomy state be trim: the harmonious Muse
And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
Their sheltering laurels over the bleak ascent,
And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already we dare
To pierce divine philosophy's retreats,
And teach the Muse her lore; already strove
Their long-divided honours to unite,
While tempering this deep argument we sang
Of truths and beauty. Now the same great task
Impends; now urging our ambitious soul,
We hasten to recount the various springs
Of adventitious pleasure, which adjust
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beautious; and enhance
The complicated joy. Thus sweet of sense,
Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
To raise harmonious fancy's native charm?
Yet while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
Awestruck the recumbent walk a lampirill
Gush through the trickling barbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught?
Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
Rises not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Of from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
When rural songs and sounds wake the morn
To every eye; but how much more to his
Bound whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigour he awakens
The balmy breezes, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!

Or shall I mention, where celestial truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye
Than all the handclaspings of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue.

The misting rainbow's veiled-arched base
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The sunshine broad of color flashed out the path
In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling shower
Piercing through every crystalline convex
Of clustering dew-drops to their flight opposed,
Recall at length where conceave all behind
The internal surface of each glistening air.

That these direct they seek the radiant gleam
From which their course begun is; and, as they strike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Assume a different luster, through the breed
Of colors changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's detached hue.

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wisdom's awful aim,
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means projected to her destinant end?

Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour steps
The lamp of science through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honours, whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That治理 the female planets round the year,
Whether is wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-inhabiting earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.

What, when to raise the meditated scene,
Through the streets of the soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The objects of its rapture, vast of size,
What is the core contained by the blaze of light?

What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding sea o'erwhelming, when the might
Of those eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
Shakes the encompassing world.

From every naked sense
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
Opinion's feeble covering, and the net
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their souls,
Declare with what accumulated force,
The impetuous surge of passion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more; her honours where nor beauty claims
Not of the handmaid of the thirty sense allotted to the future?

From passion's power alone our nature holds
Essential pleasure. Passion's fierceutherland
Rises, stirs through nature's whole fabric; with supplies
Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers
In healthy operation, and polishes
By that collision all the fine machines:
Else rust would rise, and futility, by degeneracy
Emaciated, and at last what heaven designed.

For ceaseless motion and a round of toil
But, say, does every passion thus to man
Administer delight? That name indeed
Becomes the ray breath of love; becomes
The radiant smile of joy, the upbuilding hand
Of admiration: but the litter shower
That sorrow shews upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb pain of nocturnal fear,
Of those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue
The unrelaid will of heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmonius would fain tell
My early age; Harmonius, who had weighed
With his heart's highest, who had focused in his temple
Wisdom, or thy lovely-whispering voice,
A faithful truth, ten dialects of the laws
Wherein heaven is, and support this mighty frame
Of universal being. Oft the hours
From necromancy to have stolen unmark'd way,
While mate attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the sage his awful tale began.

Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When wistless youth with solitariness
To sweet philosophy the studious day,

When up the pale autumn stroke the silent eye,
Musit I revel. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolted.

Then the bright image of Pythia's oracle,
The mournful image of Paphia's fate,
That hour, 0 long belov'd and long deplored!
When blooming youth, nor generous wisdom's aim,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy lover's tears
Would all to snatch thee from the cruel grave;
Then agonyizing looks, thy last farewell
Stuck to the inmost feeling of any soul
At with the hand of death. At once the shock
Mark, and all the world, all the world, and stain

With hoarse murmuring shook the branches. Dark
As midnight storms, the scene of human things
Appeared before me; the gloom, the horror, bare sands,
Where the parch'd sinner died; the frozen south,
And the west

With rapine and with murder: tyrant power
Here sits enthroned with blood; the balear charms
Of enemy thieves broke the murmuring air,
And turn the sun to horror. Gracious heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot these
Not these portents thy awful sufferance
That, propagated thus beyond their scope,
Should not the earth, the speed of its motion
In my afflicted bosom, thus decreased
The moral sensitiveness of pain.

The wretched hate of evils not its own!

Thus I impatient: when, at morn exposed,
A flashing torrent of celestial day
Bursts on the shadowed vale. With slow descent
A purple cloud causeth floating through the sky,
And poised at length within the circling trees,
Hurling at eve to me, till opening wide
Its laced orb, a more than human form
 Emerging heard majestic o'er my head,
And human thunder shook the conscious grove
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
And all the shining vision stand removed.

A wreath of patron's simple forehead bound,
And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
Now the transparent robe, round his waist
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Ethereal: there in mystic signs engraved,
I read his office high and sacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appar'd I gazed
This god-like presence; for above his brow
Displeasure, tempered with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like distant thunder shook the neighbourhood.

Vain are thy thoughts, 0 child of mortal birth
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
Capacities of this universal frame?

Thy wisdom all-sufficient? Thou, said
Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
And his works? as his works? as his works? as his voice?
Against the sovereign order he deigned,
All good and perfect sovereigns; and the bands
Of tenderness innate and social love
Holiest of things? by which the general orb
Is bound, is bound, is bound, is bound, is bound,
Was drawn to perfect union, and sustain'd
From everlasting! Haste thou then the pages
Of softening sorrow, of indignant zeal;
So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
The ties of nature broken from thy frame;
That so thy selfish, unmelancholy heart
Might cease to murmur its lot, no longer
The wretched heir of evils not its own!

O fair beneficence of generous minds!
O man by nature form'd for all mankind!

He spoke: abyss'd and silent I remain'd;
As conscious of my tongue's offence, and a vast
Before his presence, though my secret soul
Unable to conceal; he who in the ground
I fixed my eye; till from his airy couch
He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
My buzzing forehead, Raise thy sight, he cried, and
And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue.

I look'd, and lo! the former scene was changed;
For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
Rustling on my senses. 'Twas a horrid pile
Of hills with many a chancy forest mix’d,
With fummies and the lingering streams.
Alas! recumbent o’er the hanging ridge,
The brown pebbles waved, while ever-trickling springs
Wash’d from the naked room of oak and pine
The trembling flood and still as every fall
Down the steep windings of the channel’d rock,
Receiv’d the efforts of the congregated floods.
With hoarser induction; till at last
They reach’d a grayer plain, which from the skirts
Of that high desert spread her verdant lap.
And drank the gushing moisture, where confined
In lines by nature current, over the lifted vale
Clearer than glass it flow’d. Autumnal spoils
Luxuriant sprawling to the eyes of morn,
Hushed o’er the cliffs, whose half-exposing moon
As in a syrian theatre enclosed
That firey eye. Over the river’s brink
I stood on a fair pavilion, which diffused
Its floating absence, with the silver shade
Of all. Now the western sun revealed
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour’d a flood of light on the further end of the hills.
Over a flood, a yellow stream of light
That cheered the solemn scene. My listening ear
Were awed, and every thought in silence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that celestial power, the mystic praise
Declaring, thus my deep attention call’d.

Inhabitant of earth, to whom is given
The gracious ways of Providence to learn,
Receive my sayings with a solemn thought.
Know then, the sorriest spirit of the world,
Though self-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep essence he behold
The bounds of true Eternity complete;
Yet by immense benignity inclin’d.
To spread around him that primordial joy
Which all his heart, he raise his plastic arm,
And sounded through the hollow depth of space.
The strong, the creative mandate. Straight arose
The glad abodes of life, Elysian
Effusive kindled by his breath divine
Through endless forms of being. Each inhabitant
From his portion of the vital flame,
In measure such, that, from the wide complex
Of co-existent with the might of space.
One order, all-involving and entire.
He too beloved is the sacred light
Of his essential reason, all the shapes
Of swift contingency, all successive ties.
Of action propugnated through an age
Of possible existence, he at once.
Down the long series of eventful time,
So far the dates of being, so disposed,
To every living soul of every kind.
The field of moral and mental rest,
That all comprised to his supreme design,
Walk’d with full accord.
Answering the mighty model he had chosen,
The last idol of unnumber’d worlds
The storehouse of the stores of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
Nor exerting a passive power
His goodness to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time.
His parent-hand with ever-new increase
Of happiness and virtue has adorn’d
The vast harmonious frame; his parent-hand
From the mute shell shall gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds.
For ever leads the generations on,
To higher scenes of being; while supplied
From day to day with his ever-furling breath,
Inferior order in succession rise.
To till the void below. As flame ascends,
As bones to their proper centre move,
As the poised ocean to the active moon
Occidens swells, and every headlong stream
Devolvèd its withal; so all things which have life aspire to God,
The sum of being, universality.
Centre of souls? Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature cease to prompt that eager soul.
But where is the case of heaven with all
From granting to the task proportion’d aid;
That soul to soul, till this be done
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
‘Neer more nearer to the life divine.

Real rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawns
From watered from the mountain stream,
Paint in thy fancy the primrose seat
Of man, and all the vineyard of eden’s
His mansion, that pavilion fair diffus’d
Abing the shady brack; in this recess
To wear the appointed season of his youth.
Till ripeness hours should open to his soul
The high communion of superior natures,
Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the sire omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cherish; nor withhold
Celestial footsteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He sent whom most he loved, the sorrier fair.
The effulgence of his glory, whom he placed
Before his eyes for ever to behold:
The goddess from whose inspiration flows
The delightful strain of all her friends;
Without whose work divine, in earth or heaven.
Not long attended, nought propitious came to pass,
Nor hope, nor prayer; nor did his desolation give
In charge to nature the doom of mortals.
And powers immortals. See the shining pair! Behold, where from his couch now disclosed
They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.

I look’d, and on the flower’d turf there stood
Between two radiant forms a smiling youth.
Whose tender countenances display’d the Vernon flower
Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum’d
His bashful eyes, and on his polished brow
Sate young simplicity. With fond regard
He view’d the associates, as their steps they mov’d;
The younger chief his ardent eyes deliberate
With mild regard, as making her return.
Bright as the star of evening she appear’d
A mild dusty scene. Eternal youth
Over all her form its glowing hours breathed;
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
Bless’d, like the dew of morning the hour.
Effusive trembling on the placid waves,
The spring of heaven and shed its blushing spoils
To bind her sable tresses; fair diffus’d
Her yellow mantle float’d in the breeze.
And in her hand the snowy living branch
Rich with immortal fruit; of power to calm
The watchful heart, and cast from the brightening eye,
To chase the cloud of mourning. More sublime
The heavenly partner mov’d. The prince of age
Composed by the image of a God,
High on the circle of her brow enham’d,
From each extremity was dexterous else,
Detered awe! till, cherishing by her looks
Benovent and mild, confining love
To fill the rapids and the seas of life.
Free in her graceful hand she piazz’d the sword
Of chastion formation. As her crown
Displayed the old simplicity of power.
Around her honour’d head. A matron’s robe
White as the sunshine streams thru’ Vernon clouds,
Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
The immaterial partner forsook the sordid green,
Ascending slow. Rose of lovely light
Gleam’d round their path; celestial sounds were.”

And through the fragrant air ethereal dew
Descend’d around; till at once the clouds
Dispers’d, and withering and withering away.
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse
Of empire bright and crown’d, Afflicted vision plunged in vain to scan
What object it involved. My feeble eye
Endur’d not. Bending down to earth I stood,
With dumb astonishment. Soon a female voice
As watery mists, the sordid dark’s contents
With sacred invocation thus began.

Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens.
Send thy pure flame through me. Sheriff, well-pleased! I
Seek to finish thy divine decree.
With frequent steps I visit your seated
THE PLATONICS

[Book 11]

Of man, thy elevyng: from the tender seeds
Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
The latent honour of his generous frame
535
Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
From earth's dim some to these ethereal walks,
But not me.
Not my directing voice be oft required,
Or hearts delighted: this enchanting maid,
460
He loves, O Father! absent, her he craves;
And for thee—
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpose to fulfill,
1
1

I despise certain: my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.

She ceased: a voice more awful than replied.

Purer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
Beast image of the author! far from thee
Be disappointment, or distrust, or blame;
Who soon or late shall work every will,
And no resistance find. If man refuse
To hearken to thy dictates; or, allured
By cancer joys, to soothe other power
Transfer the honour due thee alone; that joy which he pursues he never shall taste, that power in whom delight is his behold;
With thee the son of Nemesis I send;
The soul that as a rocket burns and vanishes takes account
Of sacred order's violated laws.

Where she calls thee, banishing to be gone,
Pierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
Oo you devoted hand. But thou, my child,
Central his cruel frenzy, and protect
The tender charge: that when despair shall grasp
His agoning bosom, he may learn,
The fires to extinguish the gracious hand
Alone sufficient in the hour of ill,
To save his feeble spirits: then confess
The genuine honours, O excellent fair!

Of that place which the weighty dead will of
This avenging demon, all the storms
Of night inward, even so be as to display this
The energy of thy superior charm,
With lightning strike, my wish that crown over his rage,
And shining careful in the horrid gloom.

Here ceased that awful voice, and soon I felt
The closely curtained of refreshing eye
Was closed once more, from that immortal fire
Sheltering my eyelids. Looking up, I view'd
A vast field of the stars shining above:
Their mumbling thunder and a waste of clods,
With dreadful action. Black as sight his brow,
Beleavesless frown up. His savage limbs
With sharp impeachment his uviro he writhed,
As through the thousand mile, he held his hand,
Arr'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he raised
In midst in universe; his eyes
Blind's bitter tears, and believing hold his head
The void with horror. Silent by his side
The mighty leagues shut.
In the mountains, in the midnight
Upon the river banks: and now to hail
The wasted guest, with eager steps advanced
The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
Hanne ranged the Alpine snows, by chance at morn
Nosed from a distant incense streak
Of some lone village, a neglected kid
That strays along the wild for herbs or spring;
Doth he not often find his aman's
And thinks he hears him: so with tenfold rage,
The poet's words, and read the spells of his prey.
Amazed the stripping stood: with pouting breast
Peeled he pour'd the lamentable wail
Of those in extremity, struck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
Horrible with looks of tender care
Advanced to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempestuous arm
Hurled him off his saddle, and thus overthrown
Had dim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retired
With slumber ramp. Lo! the sovran maid

Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life returneth to his rosy cheek;

Grasps his hands, and cheers him with her

O wake thee, thine thy spirit! Shall the snare
Of fortune, tommers this afflict thee heart.
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To rescue and to heal? O let thy soul

Humane in all the works of heaven ordains
Is ever good for all; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Not only is the warmth
And soothing sunshine of delightful things
Do minds grow up and flourish. Of missed
By that bland light, the young, unpractised views
Of reason wander through a fatal road,
Far from their native aim; as if to live
Injurious in the fragrant shade, and wait
The soft access of ever-circling joys:
While we all the end of being.

This pleasing error did it never fail
Thy child to ease her heart refused
The utmost feters of delicious ease?
Or when divine Euphranor appeared
With wide the visage, and his eyes desire
Hang far below the measure of thy fate,
While I recall'd before thee? and thy eyes,
In patient of my counsels, turn away
To drink the soft effusion of her smiles,
Knows this to him the ever-during size
Desire's sight of her presence, and instead
Of those veilings which alone can save
The feeble spirit in this hour of ill
From folly and despair. O yet beloved!
Not let this heeding terror quite overcome
The scattered powers; nor failes deign the rage
Of this tremendous, nor this proud assault.

While I am here to vindicate thy tail,
Above the generous question of thy arm.
The sound of thy tears and in thy weakness strong,
This hour he triumphs: but confront his might
And dare him to the combat, then with ease
Dismay'd and quelled, his forcem he resigns
To bondage and to scorn: while thus insured
By watchful diligence, by uncasing toll,
The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
And the outrage of external things,
Put on the whole panoply of this great work,
Rests on his own foundations. How, ye winds!
Ye vales! ye thunder! roll your tempestons on
State, ye old pillars of the marble sky
Tell all the cities and all worlds of fire
Be scattered from the seats; yet still serene,
The uncorrector's mind look'd down upon the wreck;
And ever stronger wave. Firm through the closing run hold his way,
Where nature calls him to the destined goal.

So spake the goddess; while through all her frame
Celestial appliances flowed, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To sing the working of all its latent and swift
As lightning fires the aromatic shade
In Scophian fields, the sparkling fet
His mind of him that inspireth his for'd soul,
And starting from his lanknor thus exclam'd.

Then let the trial come! and witness thou,
If horror be upon me; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or gaze in my strength
When hardest it besets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
As late thy eyes thee; for thou hast changed
My nature: thy commanding voice has raised
My inward powers to bear me boldly on
Where'er with the will my path ordains
Through toil or peril; only do not thus
Forbear me: O thou, a lover
That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
And hearken by thy decree on my constant feet.

But say, far ever are my eyes bereft
Say, shall the fair Euphranor now once
Appear again to charme thee! Thou, in heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!

By thy great bidding done: for whom I,

To question thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this averger every mom o'ercast
The cheerful day, and every evening damp
With double night my dwelling! I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining heat.
Book II.

OF IMAGINATION.

His habil'd presence: but permit my tongue
One glad request, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
The very destin'd maid: again to cheer
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles. 635

He spoke; when instant through the sable
gloom
With which that furious presence had involved
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Brilliant as the lightning flash; the melting clouds
Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene
Epiphany appear'd. With sprightly step
The nymph alighted on the0 tragiouC lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.

Le! I am here to answer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we shall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her coil
Takes th'o' the cliffs, and murmurs through the stream
Repeats the strains; we shall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well pleased on high
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that stern foe with bitter trial proved
Your equal deeds; then far ever spake
The high decree: that thou, celestial maid
Hower'st still gaspless on thy steps
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more.
Shalt thou, descending to the shades of man.
Alone secur'd the renown of his arm,
Or leave thy loved Epiphany behind?

She ended: and the whole romantic scene
Immediate vanished; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling bent, and every mysterious form
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When sunshine fills the bed. A while I stood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who made the visionary landscape rise,
As now I turn'd, with gentle looks,
Thus began.

There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
How blind, how impious! There behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal destiny to man
For ever just, beneficent and wise.
That virtuous path, bow'er'd and pursued
By varying fortune and inveterate pain,
Should never be divided from her chase.
Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need I urge
The warly thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul
At length may learn to laugh at every hand.
Of virtue mingle'st in the bitter side.
Of passion swallows with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops.
Of contest? pleasure? Ask the faithful youth.
Why the cold arm of her whom long he loved
Should never reduce his bosom to forget
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothed
With more than human music to the baneful tears
Of joy, why should secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or weaken then exchange
Those heart-enabling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gandy hard.

Of mute barbarians beheading to his nod,
And bears aloft his soul-invested front,
And says within himself, I am a king.
And wheresoe'er that clamorous voice of war
Erects upon his ears those baneful shapes
Of these late ages, this illegal fraught
Of servitude and bondage, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal ruler of the world
Deified to such a depth of sordid shame.
The native honours of the human soul,
Not so effaced the image of its size.
THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Pleasure in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vitious or absurd.—The origin of vice, from the imagination of the passions.—Moral and physical beauties.—The nature of the passions.—Vices and virtues.—The passions of the imagination.—The secondary pleasure from imitation.—The beneficent order of the world illustrated in the operation of imagination, and in all the pleasures of the soul.—The nature and conduct of taste.—Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-formed imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, since the enquiring mind of passion links the universal kind.
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature through the various charge
Of sea, and sky, and land, and all the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms?—The spacious west;
And all the meaning regions of the south
Hold not a quarry, to the curious light
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair.
As man to man. Not only where the smiles
Of love lightle; nor only where the applause
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the same
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of nature weaped to a different frame
Peculiar minds; so happily where the powers
Of fancy neither seem nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hue, the features which they were
In nature; their opinion will be true, and
Action right. For action trends the path
In which opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deformed;
Thus her report can never be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colors and distorted lines.
If there a man, who at the sound of death
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjured up,
And black before him, robb'd death bed reams
And fearful prayers, and clinging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air.
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that gurn him from the throne;
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul; thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to overturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The trap:—muse discloses, under shapes
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,
Riot Test into the mind. Yet not by all
These lying forms which fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling passions driven
To guilty deeds; nor reason bound in chains,
That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With solemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.
A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
She wheels her gaudy empire.—Lo! thus far
With her advance, the Manxus; yet I
Sing of nature's charms, and touch well-pleased
A stranger note; how happily must my song
Unbind her serious measure, and reveal
In lighter strains, how silly's awkward arts
Excite impertinent laughter's gay rebuke;
The sportive province of the comic Muse.

See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search, and offer to your gaze,
Unask'd, his motley features. Wait awhile,
My curious friends! and let us first arrange
In proper order your pronounced through.

Behold the foremost band; of slender thought,
And easy faith; whom flattering fancy sooth;
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illusion forms of excellence and good.
That seem the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their precious treasures to the sun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wishful envy draws their joc-Hght eyes,
And looks on them as if they beheld a living work.
In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
Beyond their gliding orbs, empty shadows
By fancy gilded ere, and then set up
For admiration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal band, and sable tinctured gown,
IMAGINATION.

In scents and mockery banded from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn.

But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the fair earth's smiles, thy smile
The fields of folly, thither each advance
Your sickness; here the yearning soul
May seek its rest, though the wild heart rised
Of love and of the world's proud peepers;
Then at last
In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,
Vews all her charms renewed, all her cares
At full repaid. Ye most illustrious band!
Who, scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's cheer bondage, never meant
For souls sublime as yours, with generous seal,
For vise the reverence virtue long usurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applause
Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
That for the sake of youth. It shuns the usual province of your praise.

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing gale
Blind imagination, folly's train
Here darest our search: but now a distant land
Advance reluctant, and with fatiguing feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye: embalmed hearts
When fancy chills with visionary fears,
In the bestial frame! is there, in as if
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave
What groves are such, when their pump surveys
Of the humblest habit; here the trembling wretch
Unravell'd and struck with terror's icy bolts
So steep in weak, ambition, in danmful fear,
At every dream of danger: here subdu'd
By innumerable names. The sorrowful
Of old, unfeeling vice, the object and
Where basking shameless in the candid praise
Of temperance and honor: half blazon
A Free-man's hand of tyrannical pride;
And he, with his songs and sweet moonlight,
With fullest license make the patriot's name.

Last of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gory depiction bends her hostile aim.
Is seen, and ponder'd on by the wise, in the wise.
Beneath her ordeal banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confusion straight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Peopled they struggle, change in every path.
Orturning every purpose; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene
For scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train.

Through every scene of ridicule in things
Lend to the tenderer view the smile of joy.
Through every with occasion, which the hand
Of the same joys at, when the mortal sin,
Descends heranalyzing serves and awakens her
What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which reasoning's dewy fingers on the bosom
Of Max distill? Suffice it to have said.
Whatever the power of ridicule displays
Her graceful, Grecian visage, irregular, ungrateful form,
Some stubborn dooms of things combined,
Skeins on the quick observer: whether pomy,
Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim
Where scurfle fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity are wont to dwell!
Or whether those with violation leav'd,
Indign repriev'd pomy's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end, the almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful springs of delight arise from disdain
Educating pleasure? Wherefore but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
This prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy airs of folly? Though the light
Of the show-drawn on the inspiring mind,
At length unfold, through many a subtle tie,
Where these uncoth disorders end at last
In the public evil and the benevolent
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
In thousands of souls, conscious of sin's disgrace
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of nature: therefore stamp'd
The pleurisy

[Book III]

The gliding scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the passing gaze,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind...
Some heavenly geniuses, whose unclouded thoughts
In the rigid harmony which bears them, as
The ethereal spirit with its mould of clay;
Oh! how to reveal the grateful, choicest flame
That searchless nature over the sense of man
Diffuses, to behold, in limitless things,
The insensible sensibility of himself.

Of thought and passion. Mark the sweet tables
That shade sublime you mountain's soaring brow;
With what religions ave the sacred scene
Commands your steps: as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should enbrace
The Elysian seat, and dawn the embowering glade
That's your protecting bower, the exultant breast
Of the garb, and in the expense
Oyesy landscape, where the silver clouds
Fliet over the heavens before the sprightly breeze;
Now their gay cincture skiers the dolphin's sun:
Now streams of splendor, thru' their opening veil
Effulgent, sweep from of the glistening sky
The aerial shadows, on the curling boughs,
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves
With quickest lustre glowing; while you view
The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast
Discover not the garb's sense of sunshine
With sunbeams and sunshine checker'd, while the round
Of social converse, in the inspiriting tongue
Of many voices, many a misty light,
Moves all obfuscate? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power, this holy distinct shine?
Or shews their sensibility from that mystic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
At first were strange? Or rather from the links 310
Which artful custom twines around her frame?

For when the different images of things
By chance combined, have struck the attentive soul
With deeper impulse, or connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; however distant
The external scenes, yet off the ideas gain
In conjunction an eternal tie,
And sympathy unknown. Let the mind
Recall one partner of the various leagues,
Immediate, if the firm confederates rise,
And each his former station resume:
Or since the current, by the current change,
And all at once redress, the light pleasure shows,
For all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.

Thus was, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles, from the instructing touch
Of the same parent-stream, together drew
Its mystic virtue, and at first copulated
A new and poetical to the pole 350
Then, on this diseased by kingdoms, the realms
Rol'd in broad surge between, and different stars
Shone forth their grateful motions, yet preserved
Their former friendship, and remembered still
The alliance of the poets, and the soul of the line
Which one possessed, nor pause, nor quiet knew
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found his path, and its interior there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel
The poet's voice, a man, an once proceed;
Those long-continued scenes where first they moved
The attention: backward through her many walks
Walking the western fancy in her scope
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions and designs
Abundant; whence, if pleasing is itself
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence over the listener's mind.

By these mysteries ties the busy power
Of memory her ideal train preserves
Entire: or when they should slide her watch
350 Of the various parts of her, the virtue of the waste
Of dark oblivion; that collecting all
The various forms of being, to present
Before the curious aim of divine art,
Their largest choice: like spring's unfolded blooms
Bathing a verdant, that the skilful hand
May taste as well, from their selected spathes
Work her dulcet food. For not the expense
Of gathering takes in summer's mastiff's cake,
Reflected the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens
With fairer semblance, nor the grateful charm gold 381
Mere faithful keep the graver's lively trace,
Than he whose birth the sister powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
This influence to the seeds of fairy kind;
Than his attender's bosom must preserve
The seals of nature. The prone ame unachasted
Her form remains. The boney walks of May
Therebeneath perennial sweets the trembling chord
Resonates for her that sits enthroned in art.
Melodies: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Say to the bending branch, What time is it?
Shines with untouched lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends
Over these mild treasures of his pregnant brain;
With conscious pride. From these he oft remorses
To prune he knows not what existing things;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Perch her young nerves dilates: the plastic power
Becomes the crucible of her most secret passions;
His bosom: and with loveless frenzy caught
From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Amen ten thousand times
Like species trooping to the wizard's call,
Fled swift before. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come the eternal heavens.
Radiate their splendors, and the dark abyss
Pour out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
These different forms; now weeps them, now dries
Diffractures and luminous by turns.
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And all the scene of nature's soul's
Now this her instinctuates his inconstant aim,
With sensitiveness present things. At length his eye
Begins to open. Liquid other dreams
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of nature at the center rise, by degrees;
Then disentangled, his entire design
Grows. Colors mingle, features join, and
And lines converge: the painter's part remark;
The finer eminence in light advance;
And every inch now on the neighbour smiles.
A while he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Prometheus art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embellished thus,
And then with a smile affecting, he comes
An object ascertain'd: while thus informed,
The various organs of his mimic skill
The conformation of the sounds, the featured rock,
The shadowy picture and impression's verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul.
By that expressive silence, while in sight
Of nature's great history, of the living scene
The lovely child of art; while line by line,
And figures after figure we refer
To the great object, as it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Hath the world; without the wave of love
Dornits where to choose; and mortal man aspire
To burst creative praise. As when a cloud
Of silvering balm with its emerald crusts, is
Enclosed and obscurity to the burning sun,
Collected in a large envelope; straight the heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appal'd; and on the brink of Oanges doubles
The snowy-vested see, in Mirrah's name;
To which the fragrance of the saffron blood,
To which his wander'd orisons accede.

Such various bliss the well-tamed heart enjoys.
Favour'd of heaven; while plunged in seducements;
The unfailing palate mocks the boon divine.
And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke
Young love and smiling wonder shrinks away.
Abdicated claim of heart, with anger fraught.
Conducts the fair enchantment. On my strain,
Perhaps even now, some cold, satirical judge
Cases a disdainful eye, and calls my tale,
And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
The dream of folly, grave cause to cry.
Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
Of day and night both carry on the sense,
To let her shine upon thee? So the man
Whose eye's ne'er openc'd on the light of heaven.
The dream of folly, grave cause to cry.
Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
Of day and night both carry on the sense,
To let her shine upon thee? So the man
Whose eye's ne'er openc'd on the light of heaven.

Of the gay-colour'd radiance shining bright
All our creation. From the wise be far
But were not nature still endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unmod'd 480
With such enchantment? Wherefore then her form
Shew some more pleasing, and less breathless
Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe? Whence but from these,
O source divine of all pastoral love,
And thy unmeasured goodness? Not content
With every kind of beauty and wealth
By kind illusions of the wondering sense
Such mak'd all nature beauty to his eye,
or sense his sense of the scenes
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Trends the gay verdure of the painted plain
Belongs the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With, more and more, his eyes and ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth
Heeds not the pleasing error of his thought
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music mingling sounds
Not the beat, or motion of eternal time;
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul: to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destined road of life
Delightful to his feet. So failes tell,
The adventurers on land and sea,
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some hallowed scene, and some divinity
A visionary paradise disclosed
Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,
And mazes of clouded landscape and all
Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To such fine and discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarranged, or gross
Is species? This, not genus, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charm of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer's day
Long labour, why, sanguine of his toils
And our reposes, happy to behold
The sublime glistening as through amber clouds,
Over the western sky: full soon, I ween,
His ride circuitous, air,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding
But though heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and beauty, yet in vain we hope
Without such culture, that parent ald,
Without evining ears, and gentle showers,
And shelter in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the load in its swaying breast.

Repay the giver's labour; or attend
His will, observe no faults, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Insinuate to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentles because he loves to lighten Swifts
The arch of heaven, and thundered rock the ground
When fruits whirlwind read the howling air,
And ocean, graving from his lowest bed,
Heaves its tempestuous billows to the sky.
Amid the lofty upspring, white below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoy
The elemental war. But Waler longs,
All on the margin of some Howery stream
To spread his cranious limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of soiled worms and love's divinity
Resound soft warbling at his iovery day:

Consulting Zephyr signs; the waving rill
Joins in his plains, melodious: unto the groves
And hill and dale with all their echoes marv'd.
Such and so ration are the hosts of men.

How bless'd of heaven, whom not the ungodly songs of
Luxury, the fires! not the tribres of
Sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pagan honours, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination calls
To charm the envious and the wise
What though not all of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of sav'd life; though only few possess
That sweet and pleasant rest, or taste
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures aids and outstate,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours, and all those salons
The princely dome, the columns and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoy. For him, the spring
Disdains his dew, and with his bright beam
Its lucid waves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn singes every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings
And still new blessings meet his wonted way,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies over the meadow, but a tender tinge
The setting sun's effulgences, nor a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
And dance their hands and parts or}
Fresh pleasure, unrepriev'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure, we live, we love,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herself harmonious: went so oft
In outward things to materialize the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a hundred order,
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair-inspired delight: her temper'd powers
Resiste at length, and every pass
cA chaster, milder, more attractive mind.
But if she prospered, it is to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exhals her daring eye, then might be
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power
Would servile policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, for the attend her mind,
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the minds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements a universal orb
From what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man, we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the history
He meant, he made us to behold and love
Whatever grandeur, celestial orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the man
When nature's work, so well with God Him-
Hold converse; grown familiar, day by day,
Self with his concern, deep in his soul
And form to him, the relish of their souls.
THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

A Poem.
THE

GENERAL ARGUMENT.

THE pleasures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moon-light; or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem. In treating of these pleasures, we must begin with the former class; they being original to the other; and nothing more being necessary in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatness and beauty, and of those appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the subject of the first book of the following poem.

But the pleasures which we receive from the elegant arts, from music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (besides greatness and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent representations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumstances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other passions.

These moral and intellectual objects are described in the second book: to which the third properly belongs as an episode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned sources of pleasure, which are universal in the course of human life, and appertain to our highest faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin: such are the novelty of objects, the association of ideas, affections of the holily senses, influences of education, national habits and the like. To illustrate these, and from the whole to determine the character of a perfect taste, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleasures of the imagination belong to the human species in general. But there are certain particular men whose imagination is endowed with powers, and susceptible of pleasures, which the generality of mankind never participate. These are the men of genius, destined by nature so excel in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is proposed therefore, in the last place, to delineate that genius which in some degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar consideration of poetry; insomuch as poetry is the most extensive of those arts, the most philosophical and the most useful.
THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed.—Dedication.—The ideas of the supreme Being, the exemplars of all things.—The variety of concatenation in the minds of men; with its final cause.—The general character of a fine imagination.—All the immediate pleasures of the human imagination proceed either from greatness or beauty in external objects.—The pleasure from greatness; with its final cause.—The natural connection of beauty with truth and good.—The different orders of beauty in different objects.—The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the divine mind.—The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings.—The origin and general conduct of beauty in man.—The subordination of local beauties to the beauty of the universe.—Conclusion.

WITH what enchantment nature's goodly scene Attracts the sense of mortals; how the mind For its own eye doth objects nobler still Prepare; how men by various lessons learn To judge of beauty's praise; what raptures fill The breast with fancy's native arts endow'd, And what true culture guides it to renown; My verse unfails. Ye gods, of goodlike powers, Ye guardians of the sacred task, attend Propitious. Hand in hand around your band Move in majestic measures, leading on His doubtful step through many a solemn path Conceptions of secrets which to human sight Ye only can reveal. Be great in him: And let your favour make him wise to speak Of all your wondrous empire: with a voice So temper'd to his theme, that those who hear May yield perpetual homage to yourselves. Then chief, O daughter of eternal Love, What'er thy name; or Muse, or Grace, adored, By Grecean prophets; to the sons of heaven Known, while with deep amusement thou dost drest there. The perfumed breeze read the ideas old, Of thine insatiable father; known on earth By the still horror and the blest fear With which thou seest on the soul of man; Thou chief, Poetic Spirit, from the banks Of Aven, whence thy holy fingers call Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf Where Shakespeare lies, be present, and with thee Let fiction once; on her aerial wings Wait a thousand colours; which in sport, By the light glances of her magic eye She blends and shies at will thro' countless forms, Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre Whose awful tones control the moving sphere, Wilt thou, eternal Harmony, descend, And join this happy train? for with thee comes The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites, Wise Order: and, where Order design to come, Her sister, Liberty, will not be far. Be present aye (gentil, who conduct Of youthful bands the lonely-wandering step New to your springs and shades: who touch their ear With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye The pomp of nature, and before them place The fairest, loftiest countenance of things.

Nar thou, my Dyon, to the lay refuse Thy woned partial audience. What, though first In years unseem'd, happy e'er the sports Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventures lay With many splendid prospects, many charms Allured my heart, nor conscious whence they spring. Nor beauteous of their end? yet serious truth Her empire o'er the calm, sequenter'd theme Asserted soon; while falsehood's evil brood, Vice and deceitful pleasure, she at once Excluded, and my fancy's careless soul Draw to the better cause. Maturer aid Thy friendship added, in the paths of life, The busy paths, my unacquainted feet Presuming: nor to truth's revery divine, Through this wide arguments' unseal'd space, Withholding surety guidance; where by turn We traced the sages old, or while the queen Of sciences (whom manners and the mind Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice Not unattentive, o'er the wintry lamp Inclined her ardent, favoring. Now the fates Have other tasks imposed: To thee, my friend, The ministry of freedom and the faith Of popular decrees, in early youth. Not vainly they committed.—Me they sent To wait an pain; and silent arts to urge, Ingracious; not ignoble: if my cares To such as languish on a grievous load, Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill Conclude; nor delightful; if the Muse, Her shades to visit and to taste her springs, If sense distinguished'd hours the boundless Muse Ingrant, and print (what she and she alone Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreath Of force and honest favour, which the blind Wear in Elysian, and which never felt

* Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular sense, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper estimate or judgment concerning them.
The pleasures of [Book I]

The breath of envy or malignant tongues,
That hang like lead on the head for thee and thy friends,
May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
O early chosen, ever found the same,
And trusted always, when most eager the verse
Long destined, always obvious to thine ear,
And paid, albeit with the voice of thine host,
When time thy head with honours shall have cloth'd
Sacr'd to even virtue, thy mind may thine
Amid the calm review of seasons past,
Fair offices of friendship, or kind peace
Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleased
Recal these happy studies of our prime.

From heaven my strains begin: from heaven de-...

The flame of genius to the chosen breast,
And beauty with poetic wonder join'd,
And inspiration. Ere the rising sun
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night,
The moon her lamp suspend'd, the stars in their
The waves with springs were wat'ry, or with groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd;
Toc the great works adores,
Within his own deep essence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things
The radiant sun; the moon's nocturnal lamp
The mountains and the streams; the ample stores
Of nature. From the first, On that full some his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration.—Till, in time complete,
What he admired and loved his vital power
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of sight informed, and mind smother'd in love,
Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves:
Hence light and shade, alternate; warmth and cold;
And bright unnatural skies, and eternal showers
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
In this great scene of wondrous science.
For while the calm
Social life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wisest care
Hath nature on the multitude of minds
Imprest a various bias; and to each
Increased its province in the common soul.
To some old taught the fabrics of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden senses of heaven.—To some she gave
To search the story of eternal thought:
Of space, and time; of fate's unbroken chain,
And with quick movement—Others by the hand
She led; ere vales and mountains to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of banks or forest. But some to deeper hopes
Were destined; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and the same nature with a finer flux.
To these the same omnipotent unfolds,
In fitter aspects and with fitter lights,
This picture of the world. Every part
That trace the lovely sketches of his hand:
In earth, or air, the winding stream, the visible sky
The moon's silent radiance, or the virgin's smile
Dress'd in attractive smiles; they see portrayed
As far as mortal eye can to the portrait seem.
Those lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind, also feel their force, Embourd' they partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Monnem's image long renoun'd
150 Through fabled Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from his most profound
Brotherous mirth; to seek nature's State,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adam the first organ of the mind
So the glad impulse of those kindred powers
Of form, of colour's cheerful song, of sound
Melodies, or of motion aply spell
Deters the estiven's sense; till soon the soul
Fails the deep conceal; and asserts through all
Her functions. Then the charm by fate prepar'd
To hath its enchantment. Fancy's drain,
As deep in high discourse with prophets old.
And wandering through Elias's, fancy dreams
Of sacred footprints, of surrounding groves
Whose walks with godlike harmony resound:
Fountains, which Revens visit; happy groves,
Where Milton dwell'd. The intellectual power.
On the mind's throne, suspends his graver care
And amused. The passions, to divine revenge
Forsan'd, yield and love and joy alone

Are waking: love and joy, such as wait
On such a situation. Whoso er those art whom these delights can touch;
Whom nature's aspect, nature's simple garb
End to desire, to listen to my sov'reign grace;
And I will guide thee to her blissful walks,
In thine own bosom, and with thy bosom's thrill
And point her gracious features to thy view

Know then, what'er of the world's ancient store,
What'er of mistic arts reflected scenes,
With love and admiration thus inspire
Attentive fancy, her delighted soul
In two illustrious orders comprehend,
Self-Taught. From him whose rusti toll the lark
Chants warbling, to the bard whose daring thoughts
Ramp in the full orb of being, still the form,
Which fancy worships, or sublime or false
Her votaries proclaim. I see them dawn;
I see those of the day rise;
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
Its glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the trains of Phoebus and the spring.

Say, why was man so essentially raised
Amid the vast creation; why improv'd
Through life and death to dar his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight and mark the immaterial souls,
As on an amptre theatre to join
In contest with his equals, who shall best
The task achieve, the course of noble toil
By wisdom and by mercy preordain'd?
Virtue is mild, it is no great good to learn;
To chase each mezan purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the pelting storms of chance and pain,
To hold straight on with constant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his destined palm,
The approving smile of heaven: Else whereas burns
In mortal bosoms this unemploped hope,
That seeks from day to day sublimer ends:
Happy, though destined to the soot
Wile from the track and journey of her times,
To grasp the good she knows not in the field
Of things which may be, in the spacious field
Of science, potent art, or dreadful arms.
To raise up scenes in which her own desires
Contentment may repose; when things, which are,
Fall on her temper, like a twice-told tale:
Sparing the rude control of wild might;
From her dangers brav'd, her griefs endured,
Her strength severely prov'd; To these high aims
Which reason and affection prompt in man,
Adventures, situations, which might exceed
His bold imagination. For, amid
Various forms which this vast full world presents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breast
Ever doubles, before the transient and menudo,
To part, for friends, the stable; the sublime
Who, that from heights aerial sends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and surveys
Indus changing rolls his broad wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' spacious cities old
And round with snow will turn away
To mark the path of some perilous rill
Which murmurieth at his feet? Where does the soul
Conceal her secret passion, and
Whose arms her up, as on an eagle's wings.
Destined for highest heaven; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers shall combine her flight
To any humber quarry? The rich earth
Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For swiflth with joy
She hovers over the sun, and views the small
Attendant orbs, beneath his sacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like cluster'd isle
Whose heart, abounding with thearter's eye
Reflect the gleams of morning: for swiflth
With swiflth she sees his bright, paternal way
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But soon she qui.'
That swiflth, that spirit, that quickening surge,
She darts adventurous up the long career
Through the great company of the constellation hold
Her course, and now looks back on all the stars
Whose blended flames as a milky stream
The blue region, Emphymoric trace
Where happy souls beyond this concave heaven
Ahab, she then explains, whence purer light
For countless ages travels through the abyss
Her hair in sight of mortals yet arrived.
She never more returns to her own shore
At length she stands, and the dreed space beyond
Great Phaeton is seen, his car undrawn, then Malthus, then
The gloomy vale, astonish'd, yet unequal'd,
She plunged; down the unsatisfiable gulf
Words of life, the elements of sense,
Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of human hope, alas!—Thus Malthus said,
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find contentment; but, from these
That might be compared with a fair real.
Through nature's opening waves enlarge her aim,
And infinite perfection fill the scene.

But lo, where beauty, dressed in gentler pomp, 380
With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
Her charms inspire. O beauty, source of praise,
Of honour, even to mute and lifeless things;
O thou that kindliest in each human heart
Love and the wish of poets, when their tongue 385
Would teach to other bosoms what so charm
Their own? O child of nature and the soul,
A beauty sweetly brought forth; the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
The softer thought which to imbibe my love. 390
Thy form divine, For thee the mind alone Beholds; nor half thy brightness can reveal
The ornaments, whose corporeal touch
O'ershadow'd thy pure essence. Yet, my Muse,
In charity call but thy soul, for thy translation
The favoured seasons; then, while sea 395
And doubt are absent, th' wide nature's bounds
Expiate; and those at will
What'er bright spells the floral earth contains,
What'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To chant in harmony, and their frame
And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the seas
Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and take on,
And learn from Nature, as she moves around. 405
Where's her touch the grated fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; Where'er his feet
Imprints the soil, the ripening clusters swall,
Turning side their foliage, and come forth
In purplie lights, till every hillock glows
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou that Theasian landscape trace,
Where slow Penus his clear, glassy tide
Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs 410
Of Nisus and the woods unshorn of Summer
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the stream,
Look how the wat'rs, with their double range
Embrace the vale of Tempe: from each side
Ascending steep to heaven a rocky mount
Good for the bow, the laurel brows
That crown'd young Phoebus for the Python slain.
Fair Leda who did the power and the good 420
Fame in that hour did the sun match the urn
Awoke most fragrant, and the noon rejoiced
In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime: 425
While the most human and human flowers
The general mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring and the fondness, the good and ill,
Thou, to the choice of cordial's desire,
Doth objects the complete of their tribe
Disguis'd and command. Thou every flower 430
Cloth'd in the soft magnificence of spring.
Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
The rocky fen for pasture? That clear rill
Whose trickling murmuring from the mossy rock
Vivifies the swaying vegetable to the worm
And thrifty traveller, than the standing pool
With musky weeds overgrown? Thou muse
Where once did the eagle's eye with the earth,
And in every function well performed? 450

Crown'd with the deesse to the lovely vale
Kept; where tidings of content and peace
Each echo brings. Lo, how the western sun
Sets o'er the fields and woods, ever in living soul
Dissipate glad reposi! There will I speak
Of beauty's bloom, at Medusa's glance,
Shall hearts, not unconscious. While I tell
How first from Heaven she came: how after all
The works of nature, the elements of sense,
There her hopes, Rested at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of human hope, alas!—Thus Malthus said,
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
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Whose trickling murmuring from the mossy rock
Vivifies the swaying vegetable to the worm
And thrifty traveller, than the standing pool
With musky weeds overgrown? Thou muse
Where once did the eagle's eye with the earth,
Which beauty seems to seek, nor once inquire
To save her from the swallow's blustering winds.

Which clothes the fragrant earth; which draw from
Her rain the fruits that nature bares on her
Yet, in their seed, immortal: such the flowers
With which young Maia pays the village-maids
For their natures' choice; and such the corn
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vesta's bank,
To feed the bowl of her brother's labours.

Whose gladness cannot bedescended,
To which the world is born; to which we owe
The first of minds; the chief; the sole;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all the various, by his hands enthroned
To whom alone, consenting and entire,
Their influence all display.

By his great genius, form devoted to direct
The living fountains in himself contains
Of heaviness and sublimity.

Ere days or years to their eternal way,
In his supreme intelligence enthroned,
To his unclouded state.

Of matter; the sluggish earth and tract
The heavenly and heavenly spirits.
THE IMAGINATION.

Book I.]

Or what her likeness, know not. Man surveys 630 A narrower scene; there, by the mind's effect Of things corporeal on his passive mind, He judges what is fair. Corporeal things The mind of man impel with various powers, 635 And various features to his eye disclose. 630 The powers which move his senses with instant joy, The features which attract his heart to love, His marks, contumes, repose. Other powers And features of the self-same thing (unless The beauteous form, the creature of his mind, Request their close alliance; he overthinks Forgotten; or with self beguiling seal, Where'er his passions mingle in the work, Half alters, half discours. The tribes of men Thus from their different functions and the shapes Familiar to their eye, with art obtain, Unconscious of their purpose, yet with art Obtain the beauty fitting man to love. Whose proud desires from nature's honesty toll Oft turn away, fastidious: asking still 640 His mind's high aid, to purify the form From matter's gross communio; to secure For ever, from the meddling hand of change Or rude decay, her features; and to add Whatever ornaments may suit her mien, 645 Where'er he finds them scatter'd through the paths Of nature or of fortune. Then he seats The accomplished image deep within his breast, Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.

Thus the one beauty of the world entire, 650 The universal Venus, far beyond The keenest effort of created eyes, And their most wide horizon, dwells enthroned In ancient silence. At her footstool stands 655 All beauty leaning with her feet. Unsaid, unexpressed. Here every hour, Here every moment, in their turns arrive Her offspring; an innumerable band Of sisters, comely all; but differing far In beauty, and proportion, and expression. More than bright Helen from her new-born babe. 660 To this maternal shrine in turns they come, Each with her sacred lamp; that from the source Of living flame, which here immortal flows, They pour, as men pour when they come to 665 For days, or months, or years; for ages, some; As their great parent's discipline requires. Then to their several mansions they depart In stars, in planets, through the unknown shores Of you eternal, oh! Who can tell 670 Even on the surface of this rolling earth, How many make abode? The fields, the groves, The winding rivers and the azure main, Are render'd solemn by their frequent feet, Their rising from, their setting. Each her destined home Inferns with that pure radiation from the skies Brought down, and shines throughout her little Knitting. Straight, as travelers by night (aborne, Turn toward a distant flame, so little lit, Among the various tenants of the scene, 660 Discerns the heaven-born phantoms seated there. And owns her charms. Hence the wide universe, Through all the seasons of revolv'ng worlds, Bears witness with its people, gods and men, To beauty's blissful power, and with the voice 675 Of grateful admiration still resounds; That voice, to which is beauty's frame divine As is the cunning of the maker's hand To the sweet accent of the well-tuned lyre.

Genius of ancient Greece, whose faithful steps Have led us to these awful solitudes 691 Of nature and of science; nurse revered Of generous counsels and heroic deeds; O, let some portion of thy matchless praise Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adore 695 This unattempted theme. Nor by my thoughts Presumptuous counsel, if amid the calm Which Harper sheds along the veral heaven, He, from vugar superstition's walk Impatient steal, and from the unsearched rises 700 Of splendid adulation, to attend With hymns thy presence in the sylvan shade, By their Malcolm steps unprofaned. Care, O renewed power; thy glowing men Such, and so elevated all thy form, 708 As when the great barbaric bird, again And yet again dimish'd, bid his face Among the herd of satyrs and of kings; And, at the lightning of thy lifted spear, Creach'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils. Thy palms, thy laurest, thy triumphal songs, Thy smiling head of age, thy godlike size Of civil wisdom, thy uncomber'd youth After some glorious day rejoicing found Their new erect'd trophy. Guide my feet 715 Through fair Lycurgus' walk, the olive shades Of Academus, and the sacred Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath That ever-living platane's ample branches Lissus, by Socratic sounds disturb'd, 720 On his neglected urn attentive lay. While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring steep With beauteous Grunthya, his love-tale In silent awe suspended. There let me With blialess heart, from thy unsearched fields, 727 Transeunt some living blossom, to adorn My navel clothe; while, far beyond the use Of fancy's toll aspiring, I unlock The springs of ancient wisdom: while I said (What cannot be displeas'd from beauty's praise) 730 Thy name and native dress, thy works beloved And heard: white to my companion youth I point the great example of thy zone, And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.
Pleasures
of the
Imagination.

Book II.

Argument.

Exposition to this more difficult part of the subject.—Of truth and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientific truth, (or, in distinction from opinion) and universal truth: which last is either metaphysical, or metaphysically demonstrative: on the contrary, a pleasing or diverting truth depends on that of acting with the view of the end: a circumstance essential to virtue.—Of virtue, considered in the divine mind as a perquisite and universal beneficence.—Of human virtue, considered as a system of particular sentiments and actions, suitable to the design of Providence and the condition of man: to whom it constitutes the chief good and the first beauty.—Of vice and its origin.—Of ridicule: its general nature and final causes of the species; particularly of those which relate to real, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always attended with pleasure.

Thus far of beauty and the pleasing forms
Which man's unbridled fancy, from the scenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates; and views, enamoured. Now my song
Seems them demanded: mysteious truth;
And virtue, sovereign good: the spells, the trains,
The prop of error: the dread away
Of passion: and whatever hidden stores
From her own lofty seat and from herself
The mind acquires. Several arguments:
Not less attractive: nor deserving less
A constant ear. For what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatness, or pomp, or symmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, soon fickle grows,
As the blunt arrow gains the knotty trunk,
Their impulse on the scene: while the pulf'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute; asks in vain,
Where are the ornaments if once admired?
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of passion and of thought. The ambitious mind
With objects boundless as her own desires
Cannot converse: by these unfailing forms
Touch'd and awaken'd still, with eager act,
The head, the heart, the lungs, and meditations well pleased
Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the scenes
Now opening round us. May the destined verse
Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts
Obscure and arduous. May the Source of light:
All-present, all-sufficient, guide our steps
Through every maze; and when in chaos
From the loud thunders, the beaten paths of wealth
And power, thou didst impart truth to speak
In tuneful words concerning highest things,
Him still do thou, O Father, at these hours
Of passive freedom, when the human soul
Shuts out the rumour of the world, him still
Touch them with secret lessons: call thou back
Each erring thought; and let the yielding strains
From his full bosom, like a welcome rill
Spatheous from its healthy fountain, flow.

But from what name, what favourable sign,
What heavenly auspice, rather shall I date
My precious elixir, than from truth
That nearest innate of the human soul;
Extravagant from whom, the countenance divine
Of man damnded and dishonour'd sinks
Among inferior things? For to the brutes
Perception and the transient boons of sense
Bath fate imparted: but to man alone
Subliminal being was given
Each fleeting impulse on the animal powers
At leisure to review; with equal eye
To scan the passion of the stiicken nerve
Or the vague object striking: to conduct
From sense, the perturbing turbulent and loud,
Into the mild white palace one by one
The frequent, pleasing, flattering forms,
And questions and compare them. Thus he learns
Their birth and fortunes: how allied they stand
The avenues of sense; what laws direct
Their union: and what various discords rise,
Or he'd or casual: which when his clear thought
Returns, and when his faithful words express
That living image of the external scene,
As in a polisher mirror laid to view,
Is truth, wherever it varies from the shape
And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Does error lurks. Moreover, from without
When oft the same society of forms
In the same order have approached his mind,
He design no more their steps with curious heed,
To trace; nor more their features or their gait,
He now perceives, but of and in their
Condition, as with some diviner's tongue,
Affirms what heaven in every distant place,
Through every future state, will decree.
This too is truth: Where'er his prudent tips
Wait till experience diligent and slow
Has authorized their sentence, this is truth.
A second, higher kind: the parent this
Of science; or the lofty power herself,
Science herself: on whom the wants and cares
Of social life depend: the subordinate
Of God's own wisdom in this collusive world;
The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
To earn he asks, with just'd and anxious eye
He looks on nature's and on fortune's course:
Too much in vain. His dexter visual ray
The stidness and the persevering acts
Of nature oft eludes: and fortune oft
With step fantastic from her wood'd walk
Turns into mais dim. His sight is fail'd:
And the cradle science. His faltering tongue
Is but opinion's verdict, half believed;
And prone to change. Here thou, who feel'st this
Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone,
Pensive, and be watchful. Hither to the storm.
Instinct to duty and to sacred law.

Hence right and fit on earth; while thus to man

The Almighty has a duty. Legislation

The springs of action fixed within his breast:

Hath given him power to slumber or restrain

And how they join

Their partial movements with the master wheel

Of the great world, and there they are sacred ends

Which be, the unerring reason, keeps in view.

For (if a mortal tongue may speak of him

And his dread way) even as his boundless eye,

Connecting every form and every change,

Beholds the perfect beauty; so his will,

Through every hour producing good to all

The family of creatures, is itself

The perfect virtue. Let the grateful swain

Remember this, as of the joy and glory

He looks upon the falling down which clothe

His laws with verdure, and the tender seed

Nourish within his furrows: when between

Dead seas and burning skies, where long unmoved

The land had languished, and the bustling gale

Lifts over the fickle waves her flaxen gown,

Let the glad yield, bursting out in Thanks,

Remind ye that: lest blind overweening pride

Pollute their offerings: let their selfish heart

Say to the heavenly Rabbi, At our call

Relent thy power: by us thy arm is moved;”

Fools: who of God as of each other donate:

For his invidious acts done dishonour

From sudden connexions transient as their own; 320

Nor further of his bounty, in the event

That happy which meets their loud and eager prayer,

Acknowledged: nor, beyond the drop minute

Which happily they have tasted, held the source

That flows for all; the fountain of his love

Which, from the same source, where the site estirched

Pours beath and joy, unfailing streams, throughout

The spacious regionounding in view,

The goodly work of his eternal day,

His own fair universe; on which alone

His counsels fix, and whence alone his will

Assumes her strong direction. Such is now

His sovereign purpose: such it was before

All multitude of years. For his right arm

Was never idle: his bestowing love

Knew no beginning: was not as a change

Of moral that work at last started up

After a deep and solitary sloth

Of boundless ages. No: he now is god,

He ever was. The feet of hasty time

Through their eternal course have travelled o’re

No seal of death, lifeless depart; but through souls

Cheerful with beauty still, among a posy

Of life and truth. The same paternal hand,

From the mate shell fish gapping on the shore,

To me, so angels, to celestial minds,

Will ever lead the generations on

Through higher scenes of being: while supplied

From not to be by his own living breath,

Inferior orders in succession rise

To fill the void before. As human ascents

As vapours to the earth in showers return,

As the poised ocean toward the attracting moon

Then every lasting place no more can hold

By the sun’s call their onward pace incline,

Exhausted faint of intellectual day;

Centres of souls. Nor doth the mastering voice

Of natures cease within to prompt itself;

Their steps; nor is the care of heaven withheld

From sending to the end our blesséd aid;

That in their stations all may perceive

To climb the ascent of being, and approach

For ever nearer to hometooner ends.

But this eternal fabric was not raised

For man’s inspection. Though to some be given
THE MEANINGS OF

[Book 15]

To catch a transient visionary glimpse of that majestic world which bows before power Prepares for perfect good-byes, yet in vain
Would human life its faculties expand? This must be the source of human tears forevermore Could ever Virtue or praise touch the hearts of men, Not had the savan guide, through every stage Of his journey pointed on the graceful end New hopes, new taws, which to their humble sphere Of sight and strength might such importance lend As both the wide creation to his own. Hence all the little charities of life, With all their duties: hence that favourite pain Of human will, when duty is fulfilled, And still the liberal soul in ample means Would manifest herself; that sacred sign Of her revered affections to him. Whose honour is his own: to whom none sail. "Create the wheat, fullest, fairest world, And make all in its perpetuity, "‘Tis inherent virtue of all worlds.” Hence, same likeness of himself among his works To view, hast pour’d into the human breast A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides Earth’s fairer race to act their Maker’s part Subduing, self-obliged: whiles, from before That godlike function, the gigantic power Necessity, though wont to curb the force Of Chaos and the savage elements, Retires abhorr’d, as from a scene too high For her breasts tyranny, and with her brow low. Her sorrowed followers, terror, and base awe Who binds herself, and that, till slanted pair, Obscures like as a cloud. Then the soul Arises in her strength: and looking round Her busy sphere, whatever work she views, Whatever counsel hearing any trace Of her Creator’s likeness, whether apt To aid her father, and preserve herself In her superior functions unimpaired, Thither she turns existing: that she claims As her peculiar good: on which, through all ad The little scenes of the day, she looks.

With reverence still: to that, as to a lance Against affliction and the darts of pain, Her drooping hope repair: and, once opposed To that, all other pleasure, other wealth Vile, as the dross upon the molten gold, Appears, and loathsome as the briny seas To him who languishes with thirst and sight For some known fountain pure. For what can strive With nature’s recreation gives Can in so many forms produce to sight Such powerful beauty: beauty, which the eye Of hatred cannot look upon secure: Which every’s self contemplates, and is turn’d Long to infant sensibility. Or tears of humbliest love. Is sought so fair In all the daytime. The summer’s noontide groves, the purple eye At noon in the solemn seas. Glittering on some smooth sea, is sought so fair As virtuous friendship? as the honour’d roof Where the infant immortals love. His torch ethereal and his golden bow Propitious brings, and there a triumph bold Whose service is his pleasure? or who shall bless The social band of parent, brother, child. With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds Adores his power: what gift of richest chime E’er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such Day with a while, as the seal that issues from a back From slander’s poissonous tooth a foe’s renown; Or crosseth danger in his lion walk A rival’s life to rescue? as the young Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds, To the last breath might father, or a back A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound Of death, how impotent the tyrant’s rage, Who nothing more could threaten to affect The other faithful love? or is there in the abyss, Is there, among the adamantine spheres Where souls from whom the bounded scales void, Aught that with half such majesty can fill The human bower, as when Brutus rose To Horatius’ song of the eternal bliss? Amid the crowd of patriots; and, his arm The head of the band, as he descendeth. When guilt brings down the thunder, call’d soond O’Nulty’s name, and shook the crimson sword His crooked Antony’s eye! and And bade the father of his country hail. For is the tyrant prostrate on the dust. And all his greatness is fire? Thus, through the paths Of human life, in various pomp array’d Walks the wise daughter of the judge of heaven, The voice of honour in her ears was. Sent down to utter laws, such as on earth Last not he knew, most powerful to promote The ways of all his vassals on the gracious end Of his dear empire. And though happy man’s 350 Gobser the sight, so far beyond himself. The and the shrill laurels of his little house, The virtus his creatures; thus he rules The sins sense of propriety and of shame; 350 And all the comely intercourse of praise, The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.

How far unlike them must the lot of guilt Be Some, though what, that we can match. 305 The self-convicted bosom, which had wrought The bane of others or enslaved itself With shackles vile? Not poison, nor sharp fire, Nor the worst pangs that ever monarch hate No despotic rage imposed.

Were at that season an unwise exchange: When the soul looks herself: when, flying thence To create a fresh world. Fell demons, hate or scorn, which drive her back To solicit her Judge’s voice divine 405 To hear in secret, haply sounding through The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still Demolish evil, and laws Fit recompense, or charging her own tongue To speak a word of justice on herself For well she knows what faithful hints within Were whisper’d, to beware the lying forms Which turn’d her footsteps from the safer way: What cautious to suspect their painted dress, Of fancy, and opinion’s eager voice, Too much prevail’d. For mortals tread the path In which opinion says they follow good Or fly evil, of nature’s relation gives Report of good or evil, as the scene Was drawn by fancy, pleasing or deform’d. Thus her report can never there be Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye With glancing colours and distorted lines. Is there a man to whom the name of death Before him, death bed groans, and dismal vows, The soul, who has his chance, which long from the brink Of life and day-light down the gloomy air. An unknown depth, to guilt of torturing fire Unvisited, and to whom no sound. Can match this dreamer from the fatal toils Which fancy and opinion thus compassed Through his twain in the dark. Whether his soul Audi’d, or who shall busk 455 Their clamour, when they tell him that to die, To risk those horrors, is a miser curse Than basest life can bring? Though love, with prayers Most tender, with affection’s sacred tears, Beechess his aid; though gratitude and faith Can condemn each step which loiter; yet let none Make answer for him that, if any known Of danger thwart his path, he will not stay, Content, and be a witness to be secure. Here victors begin then at the gate of life, Ere the young multitude to divers roads Part, like colt pilgrims on a journey unknown. She fancy, deep enchantress; and to each With kind maternal looks presents her bowl, A potent beverage. Heedless they compel: Till the whole world is from mysteries brought It tinges, and every transient thought smites Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear. One chambered colour: which not all the lights Of science ever shall change; not all the storms 455 Advance fortune wash it away, nor yet The robe of parent virtue quite conceal. Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent shares Of good and evil, causing phantoms arise. Fire or freeze the breast, with them they join 460
The path of her inexorable wheels, 465
While she pursues the work that must be done 469
There is no escape, no chance to avoid.

She has no pity, no mercy; 455
She deals her blows with relentless force.

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For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,

As now another, dash'd against the rock,

Dropst lifeless down. O! dearest thou, indeed!

No pleasing influence here by nature given

To mutual terror and compassion's tears?

No tender charm mysterious, which attracts

O'er all that edge of pain the social powers

To this their proper action and their end?

Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,

Slow through that passage glooms thy pandering eye

Led by the glimmering taper, move around

The reverend volumes of the dead, the songs

Of Grecian bards, and records write by fame

For Grecian heroes, where the sovereign power

Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page

Even as a father meditating

The praises of his son, and bids the rest

Of mankind there the fairest model learn

Of their own nature, and the noblest deeds

Which yet the world hath seen. If then thy soul

Join in the lot of those diviner men;

Say, when the prospect darkens on thy view;

When, sunk by many a wound, heroic states

Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown

Of hard ambition; when the generous band

Of youths who sought for freedom and their sires

Lie side by side in death; when brutal force

Usurps the throne of justice, turns the poop

Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,

The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,

To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn

A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes

Of those who strain at the knavish works

Rewards of virtue, sculptured forms which deck'd

With more than human grace the warrior's arch

Or patriot's tomb now vacant to approve

Tyrannic envy, shrow the common path

With awful rains; when the Muse's haunt

The marble porch where wisdom went to talk

With Socrates, or 'Tully, hear no more

Save the house jargon of contentious monks,

Or female superstition's midnight prayer;

When ruthless harrow from the hand of these

Tears the destroying sith, with water stroke

To mow the monuments of glory down;

Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street

Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate

Where smites once the seal of nations plain'd,

Brakes the gilding snake through heavy wands

That clasp the mouldering column; thus when all

The widely-mourned scene is axe'd within

Thy throbbing bosom; when the patriot's tear

Swarms from thine eye, and thy extended arm

In fancy heeds the thunderclap of Jesus

To fire the impious wretch on Philip's brow,

Or dash Osantios from the trapped car;

Say o'er thy secret soul the taste

Of the high distress, or whether thou the exchange

Throve heart-enoshing sorrows for the lot

Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd

Of silent butters, bending to his sad,

And o'er them, like a giant, casts his eye,

And says within himself, "I am a king,

And therefore should the dangerous voice

of wo

Intrude upon mine ear?" The drugs corrupt

Of barbarous ages, that Circean draught

Of savourd and holy, have not yet

Blew'd be the eternal Ruler of the world!

Yet have not so diabolical, so defiled

The native judgment of the human soul,

Not so ensnared the image of her Sire.
THE
PLEASURES
OF THE
IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fire
Of genii over earth, or to mortal eyes
Illustrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of grand and works through which the soul of man
Are deem'd to wander? That eternal maze
From passions, wants, and envy far estranged,
What bane the sanguine universe, and death'd
Each part so richly with whatever pertains
To health, to pleasure; why fade he
The Virgin, creeping in, pollution
The godlike, and with insidious rage,
While the poor vineyard looks around and smiles,
Hurt her full sting with poison to his soul
And when the question, and from ancient days
Hath still opposed with care the sage thought;
That deep heart's ascent from the poet's lyre
Too true, too deeply plaintive: nor did ever
Those chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
Of heavenly truth first glanced on barbarous lands,
Forget the dreadful secret when they told
What wandering things had in their favorite eye
And ours on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
Portentous and wild. Yet one I know,
Could I the speech of lawyersnamese,
One old and splendid tale I would record
With which the Sire of Solon in sweet strains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkness, all its terror, bright as noon,
Or costume in the golden star of eve.
Who knows not Solon? Just and wisest of men,
Of those whom Greece triumphed in the bright
Of glory, styled her fathers? whose voice
Through Athens kindled the storm of civil wrath
Taught envy wise, and cruel to confidence
In friendship; and, with sweet composition, turned
Minerva's eager power to his laws,
Which their own goddess in his breast inspired!
'Twas now the time when his heroic task
Stern'd but perform'd in vain: when solaced by
He burst into the public place, as there,
There one of them spake, and declared
In broken words, with signs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had scarcely escaped.
Frighted with his tragic tale, the indignant crowd,
To guard his steps, forthwith with a manly hand,
Array'd beneath his head for direst of war.
Deuce! so still licentious of their trust,
And yet bereft of honor, and the gods?
The generous people! Now behold him fenced
By mercenary weapons, like a king
Forth leaping from the city gates at eve
To seek his rural mansion, and with pomp
Crowding the public road. The twin step-dashers,
And sighs: the poisonous roses stand at gaze
And shrinking give the sullen pagan room.
Yet not the less conspicuous was his brow;
Nor less profuse of courteous words his tongue,
Of gracious gifts, his hand! he white by stealth,
Like a small torrent fell with evening showers,
His trains increased. Till, at that fatal time
Just as the public eye, with doubt and shame
Startled, began to question what it saw,
Still as the sound of earthquakes read'd a voice
Through Athens, that Pheidippides had fill'd
The rocky cistel with hostile arms,
Bull'd the deep ascent, and safe within
Amid his hidings, meditating death
To all whose stubborn necks his yoke refused,
Where then was Solon? After ten long years
Of absence, full of haste from foreign shores
The seer, the lawgiver now arriv'd
Arrived, alas, to see that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him and sacred call'd
And certitude, now profane!
By savage hate, or sunk in a den
Shame those who crack beneath the master's scourge,
And deprecate his wrath and court his claims.
Yet did not the wise nation's grief impetise
His virtues will, not his heart inclined
One moment with such woman live distress
To show the transcendent storms of civil war
At home to yield his country and his hopes
To unavailing answers. His bright beam,
Shone while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his heavy head: he girds
With mail his stomping breast; the shield the spear.
He snatch'd: and with swift, indignant strides
The assembled people seek: precipice alight
It was no time for counsel: in their spleen
All their prudence now: the tyrant yet
Was not so firmly seated as those
But that one shock of their united force
Would dash him from the summit of his pride 115
Hanging and groveling in the dust. What else
Can re-assert the lost Athenian name
So deeply rooted in the heart of the world
Betray'd: by guilt beneath an infant's faith
So nobly nobly to itself. 'Twas now:
And safety swell not but with fame in arms: 121
My self will show you where their mansion lies,
And through the walks of danger or of death.
Was none who might with Magicles compare
In all the honours of unbloom'd youth.
His was the beauteous bride: and now their son
A young Chilothes, beauteous as Salom's gate
Sat waiting—

Their crowding ranks his quick, sagacious eye
Nor cheer'd; where no cheerful voice was heard
As he spurred on his arm was bent at Salom's gate
Nor cheer'd; where no cheerful voice was heard
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Nestling their common task; but pale mistrust
Wrinkled each brow; they shook their heads, and down
Their slack hands hung: cold sighs and whisper'd groans
From breath to breath stole round the sage

Look'd speechless on, while his big bosom heaved
Struggling with shame and sorrow; till at last
A tear broke forth: and, with mortal shades, O Themus, he exclaim'd, O Codrus, where
W GRECIAN ACCEPTS THE MOST ANCIENT TRUST;
And his stern eye bent heedless on the ground,
From arms controll'd by justice, from the love
There o'er the gate, his armour as a man
Whom from the service of the war his chief

Sacre had the morrow's sun his golden rays
From sweet Hypnus darted o'er the fanes
On the sanctuary of the Salaminian shore.
When, is, on Solon's threshold met the feet
Other and the same should protect,
Conduct all;—than whom the state beheld
No noble: first came Magicles, the son
Great Alcman son whom the Lydian king.
The mild, unhappy Cressus, in his days
Costly gifts adored;
Fair vessels, splendid garments, tinted webs
And heaps of treasure gold beyond the lot
Of many sovereigns; thus requiring well
That hospitable favour which erewhile
Alcmene in her messengers had shown
When he with offerings worthy of the God
Sent from his throne in Sardis to reverse
The guiltless crimes, over Adrius' surge
Of which Chilothes over Adrius' surge.
Of men who first among the Greeks threw off
The yoke of the opulent cliques
Devoted from Themist's full fertile meads,
What are feweous near the lofty
Of Cronus old; from strong Eetria, queen
Of all Euboean cities, who, sublime
Across the tide the Marathonian plain,
Not yet the haim of glory. Athenea, Minerva's care, among her graceful sons
Fond equal lovers for the princely maid:
Nor was proof of their hearts forth with each
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Our fathers? Know them, of the public cause
Not for yet traitor's cunning or his might
Do I despair; nor could I wish from Jove
An aid, unless he sent the hour of fate,
As once by laws, so now by strenuous arms, 205
Presents the course of events for to mark.
The rights our fathers left us. But alas!
What arms? or who shall wield them? Ye behold
The pure breast; ye hear the clarion voice.
Must pass, and many wounds from cruel pride. 210
De-fail, are yet their partial hearts find room
For just resentment, or their hands endure
To smite this tyrant brood, so near to all
Their hopes, so oft admired, so long beloved.
That time will come, however, Be it yours 312
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
With honest reverence: me it ill become
Again to supplicate the unwilling crowd
To rescue from a vile deceiver's liars
That envied power which once with eager zeal 330
They offer'd to myself; nor can I plunge
In councils deep and various, so prepare
For distant wars, thus faltering as I tread
On life's last wave, with sogg'd, with age of shades
Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold
What care employs me now. My vows I pay,
To the sweet Muse, teachers of my youth
And solace of my age. If right I dwell
I fear not to be heard that whispers at the breast,
The immortals Sirens have not quite withdrawn 350
Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
With Pallas' voice and the god's be happy
And haply shall my faithful lips be taught
To chant and make the wind romance,
As with impenetrable steel your breasts
For the long journey before you, and repel
The haunts of Hell. He said, and snatch'd 365
The laurel bough, and nate in silence down,
To unmask the veil. Now I repose at length
The sun, who now from all his radiant orb
Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
Upon the breast of solemn, solemn raised
Alot the leasy rod, and thus began.

Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
And Memory divine, Paeon maidens
Hear me, prophetic. In the mom of life,
When hope shone bright and all the prospect
To your sequestred mansion off my steps
Were turn'd, O Muse, and within your gate
My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with strains
Of flowing harmony to softem war's
Stirrings. In her colours, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form immortal
Of civil counsel. Now my feeble age
Never more can I derive its benefit
On which it hea'd, yet sinks not, but to you,
Yet to you, my mild visions files, refuge beloved
Of the sea, the moon, on which I can teach
The visions of my bed where'er the gods
In their various household, the placer set
Or the first heroes acted: ye can make
The morning light more glorious to my sense
Than the most of birth.
Purging careless pleasure, ye can give
To the mind, and ye can fill the soul with tears,
To you the sorer griefs, and ye the graves
A labour as sublime, as when the sons
Of Athens throng'd and speeches round me stood
To bear pronounced for all their future deeds
The bounds of right and wrong. Celestial powers
I feel ye are near me: and behold,
To meet your energy divine, I bring
A high and sacred theme: not less than those
White to the eternal custody of fame
Your lips instructed, when of old ye declin'd
With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
The groves of Hymaeon or the Chian shore.

Ye know, harmonious maidens, (for what of all
My various life was o'er from your estranged?) 510
Kiss with the hand you bring
Beneath that daisied pride which turn'd my steps
To willing case; to correct to withdraw
Fro'm the common, tainted mist
Of unclest, lest the bold, familiar strife,
Which in the eye of Athens they uphold
A goodly work would impair.
With trivial doubts the reverence of his laws,
To thee the god, and to the spirital sales
My course I steer'd, and by the banks of Nile
Dwelt in Canopus. Then the hallow'd dome

Of Salt, and the yea's to Jove paid, 329
Saught, and in her temple's silent courts,
Through many changing moons, attentive heard
The venerable tongue
At morn or midnight the deep story said.
Others who apprehend whatever's been,
Or shall be; or who shall be in the unpeopled
No natural hand hath ever yet removed.
By him harboured in the holy walls
Of On I pass'd, the city of the ma.
The ever-youthful god. Too there amid 406
His priests and sages, who by the long night
Watch the dual movements of the stary sphere,
Or who in wonderous fables half disclose
The secrets of the elements, 'twas there
That great Prometheus taught my raptur'd ears 405
The fame of old Atthis, of her chides
And her pure laws, the first which earth obey'd.
Deep in my bosom sunk the holy tale
And often, while I listrn'd did my mind
Foretell with what delight her own free fyle
Should sometimes for an Attic audience raise
A saw that lofty scene, and from their tombs
Call forth the shades of brightness to speak
Of justice and the hidden providence.
Last walks among mankind. But yet meantime
The mystic hymn of Aministus' sons
Because less pleasing. With contempt I gazed
On that same Ariadne, those entanglings paths
To which the double yoke of king and priest
Had crucify'd the sullen race. At last with hymns
Enroving our what I spoke and put the god
Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
To Egypt, and the wind
Syrengd my full sails. What clime I then survey'd,
What fortunes I encountered in the realm 425
Of Creusus or of the Chian shore.
The Muse, who prompt of my bosom, doth now
Consent that I shall few by few at length
Ten times the sun returning from the south
And saw'd with flowers the verdant earth, and fill'd
The groves with music, pleased I then behold
The form of those long errors drawing nigh.
Nor yet, I said, with a low sigh,
The walls of Acheson, till my feet have trod
The Cretan soil, have pierced those repressed haunts
Whose law and civil concern issu'd forth.
As from their ancient home, and still to Greece
Their wise, their holy discipline exalt.
Straight where Ammon, many of wealthy ships
Appears beneath famed Creonius and hertowers
Like the fair handmaid of a stately queen,
I check'd my prow, and thence with auger steps
The city of Minoes entered. O ye gods
Who taught the right of kingship ever time
By written words to curb the unwise will
Of mortals, how within that glorious age
Have ye the triumphs of your power displayed
Mundane! Those splendid merchant, lords
Of trade and of the sea, with what delight
I saw them at their public meal, like sons
Of the same household, and the placer set.
Whose wealth was only freedom! whence to these
Vile envy, and to those fantastic pride,
Alike was strange: but noble Concord still
Cheer'd the strength untamed, the ruddy faith,
Guards of their first fathers. Then the growing race
How pleasing to behold them in their schools,
Their sports, their labours ever placed within
Of shades of Minos, the controlling eye.
Here was a docile band in tuneful tunes
By laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
Praising the bounteous gods, or to preserve
Their country's heroes from oblivion night,
Reckoning what the Muses speak'd of old
Those, on the verge of manhood, others met,
In hearten armour through the lands of noon
To march, there the perils height to climb
With measured swiftness, from the hard-best bow
To send不失 arrows afloat
Or for the fame of prowess to contend.
Now wrestling, now the iron stroke upon
Now with the billow flotant, and the fence
Of broken shields: while still the warlike dust
Presided o'er the combat, breaking-sides,
Grave, solemn, soft; and changing headlong spits
To thoughtful resolution cool and clear.
Such I beheld those heroes.
So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
Each hold invader, southward to the flood
That living flame of reverence for their laws
Which not the storms of fortune, but the flood
O foreign wealth diffuse over all the land,
Could quench or slacken. First of human names
In every Cretan heart was Minos still;
And did not fear, of what the sun surveys
Thy whole course, were those primitive sects
Which with religious footsteps he had taught
Their stress to approach; the wildItalic cave
Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant woods
Of Ida, and the spacious grove, where
His active youth he passed, and where his throne
Yet stands mysterious; whither Minos came
Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
And mortals there in secret to consult
On Jules, and the taboos of his law
To inscribe snow. Off also with like zeal
Great Rhea's mansion from the Cretan gates:
Men visit, nor less, all the antique funes
Built on that sacred spur, along the banks
Of shady Theron, where benignant Jove
And his majestic consort jointed their hands
And spoke their nuptial vows. Also, 'twas there
That the dire flame of Athens sunk in blood
I first received; what time an annual feast,
Had summoned all the genial country round,
By sacrifice and pomp to bring to mind
That first great spouse; while the enamored youths
And virgins, with the priest before the shrine,
Observe the same pure ritual and invoc
The same glad union. There, among the crowd
Of strangers from those naval cities drawn

Which deck, like gems, the island's northern shore
A merchant of Megara I descried,
My ancient host: but, forward as I sprang
To meet him, he, with dark dejected brow,
Stopp'd half-way; and, O Athenian guest,
He said, art thou in Cret; these joyful rites
Partaking? Know thy laws are blotted out:
Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne.
He added names of men, with hostile deeds
Disastrous; which obscure and indistinct
I heard: for, while he spake, my heart grew cold
And my eyes dim; the alarums and their train
No more were present to me: how I fared,
Or whether torn, I know not; nor recall
Aught of these moments other than the sense
Of one who struggles in oppressive sleep:
And, from the toils of some distressful dream
To break away, with palpitating heart,
Weak limbs, and temple bathed in death-like dew,
Makes many a painful effort. Where at last
The sun and nature's face again appeared,
Not far I found me; where the public path,
Winding thro' cypress groves and swelling winds,
From Cnossus to the cave of Jove ascends:
Headless I followed on; till soon the shades
Of Ida rose before me, and the vault
With opening pierced the mountain's rocky side,
Enterling within the threshold, on the ground
I flung me, sad, faint, overworn with toil,
The Pleasures
of the Imagination.

Book IV.

ONE effort more, one cheerful sally more, Our destined course will finish; and in peace, Then, for an offering sacred to the powers Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then Inscribe a monument of deathless praise, Of my adventurous song. With wisely speed Long last these, on an untried voyage bound, Subtly between earth and heaven, hast now survey'd Stretch'd east beneath thee, all the easy tracks Of passion and opinion: like a waste Of sands and thorny lawns and tangled woods, Where mortals main bewilder'd: and hast now Extinct scard among the worlds above, Or hover'd near the eternal gates of death, If happy the discourses of the gods, A cataract, but an unpromising point, Thou might'st partake and carry back some strain Of divine wisdom, lawful to repeat, And not be consort of man below. A different task remains: the secret paths Of early geniuses to explore: to trace These haunts, where Fancy her predestin'd sons, Like to the Demi-gods of old, stroll'd, Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy souls Who now her tender disciplines obey, Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve Inspire your steps? What solemn groves at noon Use ye to visit, often breaking forth. In vacant, mild your dilatory walk Or sauntering, as in number, on the green? Should I again were with you!—Ye dales Of Tyre, and the entrance of the desolate Of all the flood obliquely strikes, Yet, as I speak, in the swelt of the wave, Stops short the pleased traveller to view Presenting o'er the scene some rustic tower Founded by Norman or by basin hands: O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook The rocky pavement and the mossy floods Of solitary Wenbeck's livid stream; How gladly I recall some well-known seat Beloved, old, and that delightful time, When all alone, from many a summer's day, I wander'd through your calm recesses, led In silence by some powerful hand unseen. Nor will I ever forget you: nor shall ever The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim Those studies which possess'd me in the dawn Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind For every future year: when we are old From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn, And, while the world around me was unwhelm'd In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts Of honourable fame, of truth divine Or more, and of virtues won By the sweet magic of harmonious verse; The themes which now expect me. For thus far On general habits, and on arts which grow Spontaneously in the minds of all mankind, Heav'n does not direct; self taught, Though seldom conscious of their own employ In nature's or in fortune's changeful scene Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire Those forms set up, as idols in the soul For love and serious praise. Yet indistinct, In vulgar beacons, and unnoticed lies Those pleasing stores, unless the casual force Of things external prompt the heedless mind To recognise her wealth. But some there are Conscious of nature, and the rule which man Over nature holds: some who, within themselves Retiring from the triune scenes of chance And manifold passion, can at will Call up these fair exemplars of the mind: Review their features; scan the secret laws Which bind them to each other: a certain display By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense Of all the world their latent charms display: Even as in man's image (if such a work, If such a work, so many, from the lips Of man proceed) so in this outward frame Of things, the great artist portrays His own immense idea. Various names These among mortals bear, as various signs They use, and by peculiar organs speak To human sense. There are who by the light Of air through tubes with moving stops distinct, Or by extended chords in measure taught To vibrate, can assemble powerful sounds Expressing every temper of the mind From every cause, and charming all the soul With passion void of care. Others meantime The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone Fatigued turning; or with easier hand Describing lines, and with more ample scope Unitting colours; can to general sight Produce those permanent and perfect forms, Those characters of heroes and of gods, Which from the rude materials of the world 100 Have risen, not of thought, but of the world 100. Their own high minds created. But the chief Are poets: eloquent men, who dwell on earth To clothe what'er the soul adores or loves With language and with numbers. Hence to A field is open'd wide as nature's sphere: Nacy, wider: various as the sudden acts Of harken will, and vast as the demands Of human will. The hard nor length, nor depth, Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears, To every organ of the copious mind. He ordereth all its tremors. Him the hours, The seasons him obey; and changeful Time Sees him at all keep measure with his flight, At will not tarry. To enhance his hold, He summoneth from the uttermost extremity Of things which God hath taught him, every form Auxiliar, every power; and all beside. Excludes insipience. His prevailing hand Gives, to corporal essences, life and sense: And every stately function of the soul. The soul itself to him obsequious lies, Like matter's passive heap; and as he wills, To reason and affection he assigns Their just alliances, their just degrees: Wherein his peculiar holiness. Whereon the race 127 Of men who people delightful world, Men genuine, and yet the element, have Transcend as far the uncertain sons of earth, As earth itself to his delightful world The pains of spent, the beauty doth resign.
ODES.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.
ON yonder variad hillside laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
O master of the Lethe's stream:
A while with thee I will retire
From summer's noon-side beam.

II.
And lo! within my lonely bower,
The innumerable bees from many a flower
Collects her balmy dew:
"For me," she sings, "the game are born,
For me their alken robe adorn,
Their fragrant breath diffuse."

III.
Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm
This hospitable scene deform;
Nor check thy giddy son;
Still may the soft unsobbed spring,
Still showers and sunshine sweet thy wing;
To these ambrosial spoils.

IV.
Nor shall my Muse hereafter fall
Her fellow-labourer thee to bawl;
And lucky be the strain;
For long ago did nature frame
Your seasons and your arts the same,
Your pleasures and your pains.

V.
Like thee, in lowly, stately scenes,
On river-banks and flowery groves,
Early and late,
My Muse delighted plays
Nor through the desert of the air
Though swarm or eagles triumph there,
With fond solicitation.

VI.
Nor where the hooting raven chants,
Nor near the owl's unhallowed hums,
Will she her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From superstition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

VII.
Nor will she tempt the barren waste:
Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
Of any monstrous thing;
But leaves with scorn to envy's use
The toadstool night's mummery juice,
The toadstool's cordial sting.

VIII.
From all which nature farest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her blameless wealth;
And, when the generous task is done,
She comes to her balmy boon.
To pleasure and to health.

ODE II.

On the Winter Solstice. 1740.

I.
THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal strains;
Soon to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.
Now piercing half Ptolemy's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Rippling the mountain's silver stores
While, in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hide his head,
And off the approach of eve implores.

II.
But lo! on this desert coast
How pale the sun! how thick the air!
Whirling his storms, a sordid host,
Lo, winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their latest bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfumes,
No more the streams in music roll:
But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her grief infect the human soul.

III.
Hencefore the loud city's busy throes
Urg to the warm bowl and splendid fire:
Harmoious dances, festive songs,
Against the spiteful heaven conspire.
Mourns may perhaps with tender tears
Some village-dame the curfew hours;
While round the hearth her children play
At morn their father went abroad:
The moon is sunk and deep the road;
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

But then, my sons, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the aerial waste,
Be earth with keener cold embraced,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And sunny, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dew and streaming light
Already decks the new-born spring.

V.
O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly lamp recede!
How soon each hoaring tempest fly,
Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep.
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain.

VI.
But let not man's unequal views
Presume o'er nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
The indulgence of the sovran cause;
Book I.

Secure that health and beauty spring
Through this majestic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that he of sturdier soul shall win,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attanereth every state below.

VII.

How pleasing wear the wintery night,
Spent with the old, illustrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I see those awful scenes to tread
Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye.
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taste the Ionian song,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Resounding through the olive shade.

VIII.

But should some cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the studious page awhile,
Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
And social ease on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncareful shrine,
Each dictate to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
While absence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the slow-returning May!

IX.

May, then delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial star arise?
The spring, that brings the germ,
Which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eye.
Within her sylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thicker, ye siller-sounding lyres,
Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better ones in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of absence die:
Then shall my heart, astir, attend
To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
Pursue the free Horatian song:
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And echo, down the bordering vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE III.

To a Friend unsuccessful in Love.

I.

INDEED, my Phaedria, if to find
That wealth can female wishes gain,
Had e'er disturbed thy thoughtful mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules,
You learned of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chase
You try the tender loss to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not your censure strangely wrong,
To count it such a slight affair?

III.

When Hesper glides the shaded sky,
Or as you seek the chosen grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love;
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul entire?
Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that be gone?
No tear half-startling from your eye?
No kindling blush you know not why?
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood;
See where the hearty chariot appears,
Whose hand hath seized the favourite good
Which you reserved for happier years;
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrieks from his visage, half-afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus within your benignant flame
Of all who barter vows for gold,
O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well-buried to the straiten's harms;
O equal price of beauty sold!

VII.

Cease then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adore, the rival fair;
Unworthy she your bills to prove;
Then wherefore should she prove your care?
No: lay your mystic sweet and love,
And let awhile the willow's crown
With luckier ones bind your hair.

VIII.

O just escaped the faithless main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where truth revolts her page divine,
Where virtue leads to honour's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his artful hand.

IX.

Fix but on these your ruminating aim
And time, the sire of many care,
Will fancy's dazzling colours tame
A soberer dress will beauty wear;
Then shall esteem by knowledge led
Enthroned within your heart and head
Some happier love, some truer fair.

ODE IV.

Affected Indifference.

To the same.

I.

YES: you contemn the perfumed maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd;
Nor, though her heart should home return,
Her tuneful tongue this falsehood mourns,
Her winning eyes your faith inspire,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once assemble your disdain,
Or listen to her sportive game,
Or stoop to love: since now esteem
And confidence, and friendship, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phaedria, tell me why,
When summoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or cross her walk with slight respect,
(For so is falsehood best repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
Who means that darkness on your brow
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apostate to upbraid?
ODE IX.

To Curio. 1744.

I.

THIRCE hath the spring beheld thy fated fame, since I exiting grasp'd thy tuneful shell; Exerting his indolent years to sound the chime, Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.

ODE IX.

Ye too, the slow-eyed fathers, of the land Whose dominions reach from hand to hand Unsworn'd, undisguised by public choice, I go where liberty to all is known, And thou on thy throne, He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. 1.

O my loved England, when with thee Shall I sit down, to part no more? From this pale, disconsol'd sea, That sleeps upon the ready shore, Whom shall I see, my anxious side? When on thy hills the rocks admire, Like mountain snows; till down their side I trace the village and the sacred spire, ride? While bowers and copse green the golden slope dist.

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove, Ye blue-eyed sisters of the streams, With whom I went to morn to rove, With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams: Of take me to your haunts again, The rocky spring, the greenwood glade; To guide my lonely footsteps elain, To prompt my slumberers in the murmuring shade, And sooth my vacant ear with many a airy strain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn Thy drooping master's insensuous hand: Now brighter skies and fresher gales return, Now fairer shades thy melody demands, Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre! O Flamborough, guardian of the Athenian choir, Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own, When all the virgin deities above With Venus and with June move In concert round the Olympian father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectress of my eyes, Elia! as ye call Me degenerate Latium's praise, Above the slavish boast of Geal, I dare from impious thrones reclaim, And wanton sloth's ignoble charms, The honours of a poet's name To Somers' cousins, or to Hambden's arms, Thee, freedom, I eulogise, and bless thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion! these Heroic valour still attends, And useful science pleased to see How art her stately tow extends. While truth, diffusing from on high A Taste unconfined as day: Fills and commands the public eye; Till, pierced and sinking by her powerful ray, Fame revital and monarch awe, like slightly demons, fly.

III. 5.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardent power; Hence aedile religion dwells with social joy; And holy passions and unaliused cares, In youth, in age, domestic life employ. (fair Britannia, hail! with partial love The tribe of friends upon their native seats approve, Urged and hostile to each foreign name: But when for general minds and main laws A nation holds her prime expense, There public seal shall all reproof disclaim.

[Book I.]

How base then stain'd the splendor of my choice Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice, Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown? What can I now to thee time report, Save thy fond country made thy impious sport, Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II.

There are with eyes unmoved and reckless heart Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low, Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart The public vengeance on thy private foe. But, spite of every glos of slyious minds, The owl-eyed race whom virtuous intestine blends, Who sagely prove that each man hath his price, I still believed thy aim from blinmess free, I yet, even yet, believe it, spite of thee And all thy painted pieces to greatness and to vice.

III.

Thou didst not dream of liberty decay'd, Nor wish to make her guardian laws more strong: But the rash many, first by thee mislead, Here thee at length unwillingly along. Rise from your sad abodes, ye cursed of old For faith deserted or for cities sold, Own here one untried, unexampl'd deed; One mystery of shame from Curio learn, To beg the infant he did not erect, And scope in guilt's disguise from virtue's offer'd need.

IV.

For saw we not that dangerous power aw'd Whom freedom oft hath bound her mortal bane, Whom public wisdom ever strove to exclude, And bid with blushes suffrerg in her train? Corruption vaunted her bewitching spells, Over court, over senate, spread in pomp her toils, And call'd herself the state's directing soul: Till Curio, like a good magician, tried With eloquence and reason at his side, By strength of holler spells the enchanters to control.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends: The rescued merchant oft thy words resounds: Thee and thy cause the rural ha'rif defends: His bow to thee the grateful sailor crowns; The learned recluse, with awful zeal who read Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead, Now with like awe doth living merit scan: While he, whom virtuous in his bless'd retreat Bade social ease and public passions meet, Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd; We saw thy spirit through the senate reign; And freedom's friends the instant news heard Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain. Waked in the strife the public Genius rose More keen, more ardent from his long repos, Deep through her bounds the city felt his call: Each crowned haunt was stirr'd beneath his arm And murmuring challenged the deciding hour Of that vast event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind, Instruct the mighty moments as they roll; And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind, And steer his passions steady to the goal, O Alfred, father of the English name, O valiant Edict, first in civil fame, O William, height of public virtue pure, Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye, Behold the sum of all your labors, the To your plans of law complete, your ends of rule secure.

VIII.

Twas then—O shame! O soul from faith estranged, O Albion left to flattering vows a prey! Twa's then—Thy thought what sudden frenzy To sound the chime, Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
Is this the man in freedom’s cause approved?
The man so great, so honour’d, so beloved?
Whom the dead service, and the living bless’d?
This patient slave by taskless bonds allur’d?
This wretched sufferer for a boon adjur’d?
Whom those to trust? him, scorn’d; that trusted him, detest?

IX.
O last ally to action and repose!
With all that habit of familiar ease,
Sold to the mockery of restless foes;
And doom’d to exhaust the dregs of life in shame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deserver’s dull exploded part,
To slie the favour that cansest hope no more,
Renounce the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightness on thy country’s mind,
And from her voice appeal to each sane foreign shore.

X.
But England’s sons, to purchase thence applause,
Shall we or the loyalty of slaves pretend,
By corrupt passions try the public cause;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manifest passions moved,
The labours which to virtue stand approved,
Prompt with a lover’s kindness to survey
The spot where injustice works her willful claim.
Pierc’d as the flight of Jove’s destroying flame,
Impious to confound, and dreadful to repay.

XI.
These thy heart owns no longer.
In their room
See the grave queen of pages, Honour, dwell,
Coach’d in thy bosom’s deep tempestuous gloom
Like some grim lord in a sorcerer’s cell.
Before her rites thy sickening reason flew
Divines permission from thy tongue withdrew.
While laugh’t mock’d, or pity stol’n a sigh:
Can wilt her tender movements rightly frame
The virtue of the pious function of the soul is lame?
Can fancy’s facile springs the force of truth supply?

XII.
But come; ‘tis time; strong destiny impends
To alter thee from error, thou hast betrayed
With princes still, the solemn flame seconds,
By Inhuman, the mindful demon, sway’d.
There vengeful rows for guardian laws effaced,
From nations sitter’d, and from towns laid waste,
For ever through the spacious courts resound:
There long posterity’s united groan.
The and the sad charge of horrors not their own,
Assail the giant chief, and press them to the ground.

XIII.
In sight old Time, imperious judge, awaits
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, jest,
He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August.
And still he asks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war begin,
Evolve their secrets and their guilt proclaim:
And still his hand despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow’d,
And crush their trophies huge, and raze their sculptured names.

XIV.
Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend;
Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks—
Low doth profound Wentworth to the stranger bend,
And his dire welcome hardly Clifford speaks—
If we come, when so many arts prepared
To accomplish all which we but vainly derv’d;
With o’er the stubborn herd she taught to reign;
Who sooth’d with gaudy dreams their raging
Even to its last irreconcilable hour.
[Power
Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them to the chain."

XV.
But ye, whom yet wise liberty inspires,
Whom for her champions o’er the world she claims,
(That household godhead whom of old your arts
Sought in the woods of Etnea and bees to Thamus

Drive ye this hostile omen far away;
Their own fall efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be here alone;
Still gird your swords to combat on her side;
Still frame your laws her generous tests to abide;
And win to her defence that fair and the throne.

XVI.
Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath spread that selfish fiercely through your blood.
Which not her lightest discipline endures;
Snares from fantastic damagques her cause;
Dream not of Numa’s manners, Plato’s laws;
A wise founds but one plan,
O sons of Alfred, were for you assign’d:
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man.

ODE X.

To the Muse.

I.
QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forsaken thus my breast?
With insipid tricks dost thou Oppress?
Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my bosom with thee hast beat?
Where in all the bright, mysterious dreams
Of hauntéd groves and tuneful streams,
That would’s my genius to divest these themes?

II.
Say, goddess, can the faint hold
Or young nymph’s fond ardor?
Say, can the pomp of promised fame
Relax thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic heart?
Or, from amidst the Elysian train,
The soul of Milton shall I gain.
To win thee back with some celestial strains?

III.
O powerful strain! O sacred soul!
His members every sense control;
The Muse, the Muse herself returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confest’d,
I hail’d the fair, immortal guest,
When first she seem’d me for her own,
Made all her blissful promises known,
And bade me swear to follow her alone.

ODE XI.

On Love—a to Friend.

I.
NO, foolish youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hope be warr’d,
If true ambition’s nobler flames
Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
Lean not to love’s enchanting snares;
His songs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.
By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of past renown is worn;
Yet will ambition’s awful spoils
The flowery pomp of early glory;
But love unbinds the force of thought
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love’s reward with gaudy shriek is bought.
III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lay,
And heard from many a sylvan breast,
The pleasing tale of beauty's praise
In wisdom's lofty language dress'd
Of beauty, powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And so withos and polish man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's desire to fear,
Thou art too far to wish, too near,
Go, see the white-wing'd evening hour
The Delia's ve'n'ral walk descend:
Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soothed scene
Become the pleasure of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands:
Apollo's muse by Hermes strong
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands, Attend.
I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor fear my reason's watchful sway.
But thou, my friend—I hear thy sighs
Alas, I read thy downcast eyes;
And thine tongue faltereth, and thy colour flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair?
So soon to part all this select hour?
—O ye, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion vails its inward shame.
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame

VIII.

Once, I remember, new to love,
And dreading thy tyme chain,
I sought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign:
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And playing view the lovestick band,
And mock the wing'd boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequented past the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resigned;
While I resolved to survey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendship soon my languid breast
Dispois'd to love; in such a case,
Desh'd by my own slumber or my dreams distress'd.

X.

Foal that I was—and now, even now,
While thus I preach the Helioc strain,
Unless I shun Olympian view,
An hour unseem it all again.
O friend!—when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion rise,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

ODE XII.

To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Bart.,

L.

BEHOLD; the Balance in the sky
Borne on the currents of the day,
To carry cways the Dryad's fly,
And the bare pastime Fun reigns,
Let me the farmer's fork unpressed
With recent soil the twine-rowed mead,

III.

Tasting the bloom which Autumn knows—
He whose the rusting millet sees,
He binds his own to the pike's hay,
And wide his future harvest throws.

II.

Now, London's busy confines round,
By Kensington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough descent profound,
Boscian heaths, or Kentish bowers,
Where'er I pass, I see approach
Some rural statesman's eager couch
Buried by senatorial care:
While rural nymphs (sighs, within,
Aspiring courtly praise to win)
Deface their dress, reform their airs.

II.

Say, what can now the country boast,
O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,
When peevish winds and gloomy frost
The sunshine of the temper steals?
Say, are the priests of Devon groan
Friends to these things unextingishable,
Champions for George's legal reign?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Win to the glory of Heaven,
Each hold Wessexian spire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and guess at least
That when the day, which makes us free,
Shall next revolve at sacred feud
Then better may'st observe with me:
With me the sulphurous treason old,
A far inferior part shall hold
In that glad day's triumphant strain;
And generous William, when he reveres,
Nor one un timely accord heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the fresco's fragrant wise
With modest cups our joy supplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bids the cways, the passion rise:
Rise from heroic ease (the spoil
Dae, for his youth's Heroism seel,
From Belts and to her saviour son)
Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
Fes our Britannus injured weal,
Her laws defined, her silence earthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to steeple exile,
Pestifile rage and venom dread.
There sunk the morning Gothic reign;
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my God, let blessings crown
—Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou hast that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for whereas should we part
The public and the private weal?)
In vows to her who-aways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aegina's blooming cheek,
On the soft cressaments that speak
So eloquent in Daphne's smile,
Whether the pleasing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrrha's eye,
Haply thy fancy does begin.

VIII.

For so it is—dry stubborn breast,
Though touch'd by we'ry a lighter wound,
Hath no full conquest yet cens'd,
Nor the one fatal charm found.
While I, a true and loyal swain,
My faith in Dulness's mildest acres
Through all the varying seasons own.
Her genius still my bosom warm'd:
No other maid did me the heart cheer,
Or I have eyes for her alone.
ODE XIII.

On Lyric Poetry

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste the inspiring fount again;
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain—
And lo, with ease my step invades
The ruthless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat;
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, fluttering round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sings,
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheeks aglow, but pale, and
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
A way, delightful cares, a way,
And let me listen to his lays;
Let me the wanton pump enjoy,
While in smooth dancing the light-wing'd Hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to his lord,
With louder impulse and a threatening hand
The Lesbian patriots, leaves the surrounding shores;
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye cursed of gods and freemen's eye,
Ye removers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your lust,
Thou now ye tread the Deble seath to thine,
Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cause.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Descends the rapturous queen of love:
She smiles, and asks what lover cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move.
Why is my faithful maid distracted?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
Say, how she?—Soon she shall pursue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He soon shall give:
Sights he dispowers?—He shall grieve,
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
A wakes thy golden shell again?
What mortal breath shall seal pressure
To echo that unbounded strain?
Majestic in that, Behold, the star
Of thebes appears: for some there are, whose mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
With hopes that meek she gaz'ing crowd;
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame,

II. 3.

While the divin raven beats her wary wings,
And clamours far below—Propitious Muse,
Why so late unlock thy purer springs,
And breathe whatever thy blandest airs infuse,
With thou for Albion's sons around
(Not one thou audience more renowned)
Thy charming arts employ.

As when the winds from shore to shore
Through the open bosom of the new-born sea
Pollute with impious waves dire,
O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shades
Ma may no foul discord here invade:

ODE XIV.

To the Honourable Charles Townshend.

From the Country.

I.

SAY, Townshend, what can London boast
To pay the dearth of pleasures lost,
The health to day resign'd,
When spring from this her favourite seat
Bids winter banish his cold retire,
And met the western wind.

II.

Oh knew'st thou how the balmy air,
The sun, the azure heaven prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noisy courts engage;
Would inlay thy faculties safer
Thy sacred lease claim.
III.

Oft I looked forth, and oft admired;
Till the stidious volume tired
I sought the open day;
And sure, I cried, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tandy lay.

IV.

But ah, in vain my restless feet
Traced every silent, shady seat;
Which knew their forms of old;
Nor Haéd, by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites fulfill.

V.

Whether to nurse some infant oak
They turn the slowly tinkling brook
And catch the pearly showers,
Or wash the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with ointment beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with spring renew,
The eye of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their guest,
Since grief of love my soul opprest,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

Yet soon shall thy enchanting song,
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inspire;
Then will the sylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And listen to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely shade
A rustic altar shall be paid;
Of turf with laurel framed:
And thou the inscription will approve;
"This for the peace which, lost by love,
By friendship was reclaimed."

ODE XV.

To the Evening-Star.

I.

TO-NIGHT retired the queen of heaven
With young Endymion stays:
And now to Hesper is it given
Awhile to rule the vacant sky,
Till she shall to her lamp supply
A stream of brighter rays.

II.

O Hesper, while the starry throne
With awe thy path surrounds,
Oh listen to my plaintive song,
If happy now the vocal sphere
Can suffer thy delighted ear
To steep in mortal sounds.

III.

So may the bridgroom's genial strain
Thee still invite to shine:
So may the bride's unmarred train
To Hymen chant their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow,
With lustre pure as thine.

IV.

For other vows must I prefer
To thy indulgent power.
Also, but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
Thou purest light above;
Let no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm:
But lead where music's healing charm
May soothe the afflicted soul.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These laws, Olympus's haunt, belong;
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or turf'd, while Philomela talked,
Beneath yon copse stood.

VII.

Nor seldom, where the beechen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We came while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held;
Till by a glorious ov'ry compell'd
She fled the solemn shade.

VIII.

But hark! I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marble with moss-o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space: or either hand
Enlarged it spreads around;
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Enclosed in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breezes their magic path attend;
The stars shine out: the forest bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Who'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this secret spot, if then the plaintive Siren sing,
Oh softly tread beneath her bower
And think of heaven's dispensing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise:
What vain ramble on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How swiftly pleasure flies.

XIII.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
The tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy passive sits,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

To Caleb Harding, M. D.

I.

WITH sound floods the winter's thread
Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level stream
Her naked bill the Dryads mourns,
No longer a poetic scene.

* Aquarius.
ODE XVII.

To the Right Honourable Francis Earl of
Huntingdon. 1747.

I. 1.

The wise and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
With joy his visitant and adversary.
For taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
Pensive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart;
They beat the soul with glory fire;
They noble confederates reas'emble;
And high o'er fortune's rage enshrine the fixed heart.

II.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vernal bosom to disarm;
To meet the proud with human wo,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow,
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's axe, or Marlborough's sword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Hastings. Thou my words withown:
The breast the gifts of every Muse hath known;
Nor shall the gods give disdaine thy noble name.

III.

The Muse's awful art,
And the sweet function of the poet's tongue,
We shall then blushing own; to assert
From all that scorched vice or savag[e] fear hath sung.
Nor shall the baldness of Tuscan strings
Subject to art's sweet pleasure; my ruder song;
Nor shall the service notes to Celtic kings
By battering minstrels pay evil hour,
Move thee to summon the heavenly Muse's reign.
A different strain,
And other themes
From her prophetic shades and frowning streams
Then well canst witness! meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
Reloquing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear;
To hear the sweet voice with freedom loud;
(White men and heroes through'd around)
How life its noblest use may find,
How well for freedom be reign'd;
And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Cían father's strain
To many a kind domestic train,
Whose pure heart and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul
When, every hospitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He struck his simple strings;
And poet's spontaneous numbers forth,
And each their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And all their sweetest thoughts with vast elaborations.

II. 2.

New oft, where happy spirits dwell,
Where yet he turns his charming shell,
On near him, with apologuing hands,
The genius of his country stands,
To listening gods he makes him known,
That man divine, by whom were sown
The seeds of Grecian fame:
Who first the race with freedom tried;
From whom Lycurgus Iperos's sons inspired;
From whom Pisanus palaces and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O nobleg, happiest age!
When Aetius trusted, and Cleon spoke;
Where all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exciting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft to his bauld I me;
Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine;
Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee;
Nor yet that, stolidus of thy notes divine,
Thou dancedst their measure with the sylvan strong;
But that thy song
Was proud to unfold
What thy base rulers troubled to behold;

* Virgil gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, author of the Novum Organum.
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame:
Hence on thy brows his impious vengeance fall,
But then, O faithful to thy fame,
The dust of time can never make you know
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raise,
Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.
Are there, approved of later times,
Whose verse adored a * tyrant's crimes?
Who saw the splendid Rome betray'd,
And lament the imperial ruin'd?
Alas! not one polluted hand,
No, not the word of Minos heard,
Or Tibur's hills replied,
Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they hide.

III. 2.
Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toil of idle state,
How sumptuous, how severely great!
Then turn, and, while each western clime
Preserves her tuneful sons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
The spirit which informs thy awful song,
Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's fame."

III. 3.
Yet hencebarbaric seal
His memory with unhyde rage pursues;
While from these arid cares of public weal
She hides each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
Must join in the vast forms of every kind,
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can ever his country's majesty behold,
Unmoved or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whose thought must visit every theme,
Whose heart must every strong emotion know,
Inspired by nature, or by fortune taught;
That be, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,
Shall spare at freedom's faithful bond;
That he his dear defence will shun,
Or hide his glorious from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.
I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where prist the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford
Save venal honours to a hateful lord, [fame]
Reserved for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest

IV. 2.
But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares;
Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
Bid public praise farewell;
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And hail mysterious monks to number in their cell.

IV. 3.
O Hastings, not all
Can ruling heaven the same endowments lend;
What still doth nature to her offspring call, [head]
That to one general weal their different powers they

[Book I.]

Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
Infuse the bosom of the Muse's son;
Though with new honours the patriot's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone,
They who in the stage of imperial fame.

The poet's name
He best shall prove,
Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to severer tho' thy fate requires
The fate which fraught thee in a chosen mould.
The grateful country of thy sires,
Thy sublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy sires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius sink beneath his hand.

V. 1.
From rich domains and subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms;
And kings their stern achievements heard
While private strive their banners wave'd.
But loiter scenes to thee are shown,
Where empire's wide establish'd throne
No private master fills;
Where, long foretold, the people reigns
Where each a vessel's humble heart displays;
And judg'd what he sees; and, as he judg'd, wills.

V. 2.
Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling democratical tide;
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim;
But chiefly with determined zeal,
To quell that servile band, who knead
To freedom's hundred's feet;
That monster, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound
Yet direst to handle arms, nor merely conscious knows.

V. 3.
"Tis highest heaven's command,
That guilty aims should shrive paths pursue;
That what ensures the heart should main the hand,
And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.
But look on freedom: see, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what priestly race,
Have her dread offering conquer'd or sustain'd?
For Abdon well have conquer'd.
Let thesurmis
Of happy swains,
Which now resound
Where Scædul's cliffs the swelling pastures bound.

Bear witnesses, these, oft let the farmer hail
The sacred orchard which embowers his gate,
And show to strangers passing down the vale;
Where Candleh, Boothe, and Osborne stand;
When bursting from their country's chain,
Even in the midst of deadly harms,
Of pepal spears and lawless arms,
They plan'd for freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. 1.
This reign, these laws, this public care,
Which Nasræus gave us all to share,
Had ne'er ador'd the English name,
Could fear have alien'd freedom's claim.
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Those lofty effects of the mind
Which second immortal inspir'd;
Where men, for this, assail a throne,
Each such a valiant hero to his own,
And each unconquer'd heart the strength of self acquires.

VI. 2.
Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbued
When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
And half the nation's life was lost?
Did one of all that vaunting train
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,

* Octavianus Cesar
IV. 3.

Yet, Hastings, these are they
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love:
The true; the constant: who alone can weigh,
What glory should demand, or liberty approve:
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking slanders, were design'd.
Be these thy own approver. Honest praise
Of noblysways
Eremous youth:
But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortal fixeth that sublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Rids the historian and the bard
Disperse honour and its scorn;
Disarms the patriot from the slave;
And write the good, the wise, the brave,
For lessons to the multitude unborn.
ODE I.

The Renunciation of Shakespeare:

Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subscription. 1749.

IF, yet regardless of your native land,
Of Shakespeare's temple you deign to understand,
Lo, from the blissful bowers where heaven rewards
Instructive sages and unblemished bands,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn in this discerning age,
Whence form of wit your fancies have embraced,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our loosely taken spurn
Thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
Thus from your brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the trials of your country's fame.

What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measured walks of genius yet refuse?
Or though the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touchings of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate bold to view
Impartial I survey'd, and fearlesse drew.
And say, ye skilful in the human heart,
Who knew to prize a poet's motley part.
What age, what clime, could ever an ample field
For lofty thoughts, for daring fancy yield?
I saw this England break the shameless bands
Burgfed by the souls of men by sacred hands.
I saw each gazing realm her idle implore;
Her sons the heros of each warlike shore;
Her navy navigated (the dire Spanish main)
Ober'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then ice great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd.
New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fire;
New as the wheel, the genius thence inspire'd;
Thence ev'ry scene, which private fortune knew,
In stranger life, with boldest spirit rose.

Disgraced! I this full prospect which I drew
My colours languish, or my stroke untrue?
Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
Confess'd the living draught of men and things?
What other bard in any climate appears
Like the master of your smiles and tears?
Yet have I depicted your audience to entice
With wrested rhymes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various scenes a purpose known
Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?
Such is the burthen of my dramatic plan;
It should be yours to crown what I began;
And now that England spures her Gothic chair,
And equal laws and social science reign,
Thought, now surely shall my zealous eyes
View newer lands and juster critica rise;
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine
Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive speech,
Till rival nations, at her feet,
And own her polished as they own her great.

But do you thus my favourite hopes yield?
Is France at last the standard of your skill?

Also for you! that to betray a mind
Of art uncomposing and to beauty blind,
Say, does her language your ambition raise,
Her harren, trivial, unharmonomious phrase,
Which follows elegance to smallest bounds,
And raimes the cadence of poetic sounds?
Say, does your humble admiration chose
The gentle prattle of her comic Muse,
While with, plain-dealers, fans, and fools appear
Charged to say nought lest what the king may hear?
Or rather seek your sympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic scenes' romanitic arts,
Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And happy never, but for love expire?

No. Though the charms of novelty, awhile,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
Yet not for you designed I this brave fate,
The modes or manner of the Bourbon state.
And fill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an injurious hope misleads.
If the fair maid of yonder blooming train
To their light courtship would an audience join,
Or these chaste matrons a Persian wife,
Choose for the model of domestic life;
Or if you youth of all that generous band,
The strength and splendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim.
With ying smiles oppression's yop to see,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.
O shew'd at home with judicious laws,
O long the chief of Europe's general cause,
Whom heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour
To check the insurdes of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the social world from bonds and shame;
Oh let not luscious fantasies charm,
Thus give the list to your heroic arms.
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Dishonour lessons from that vaunting race,
Whose fate's thread braids (for, in eternal fate
Despotic rule was born to give the late)
When in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counsel, and in pleasing art,
The judge of earth predestined for your fires,
And made it fame and virtue to oppose.

ODE II.

To Sleep.

1.

THOU silent power, whom welcome away
Charms every thought away,
In whose divine oblivion dwound,
Sore pain and weary soul grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguiled,
And grief forgets her fondly cherished wound
With whiter heat than flame indolent end,
God of kind shadows and of healing dew
Whose dews touch with thy lethcm red
Around whose temples now thy spirit airs diffuse
Book II.

II.

Le, midnight from her starry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tumultual birds lie busied in sleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that skin the crystal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
No rushing winds disturb the tufted bower;
No weighty sound the moonlight valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmurs pours,
And falls the waning scene to more profound repose.

III.

O let me not alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Descend, propitious, on my eyes;
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly statesman's down,
Nor where the miser and his treasure lies;
Being not the shapes that break the wanderer's rest.
Nor those the hirsled soldier loves to see,
Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast;
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present,
For chief and heroes only meant:
The figured bust, the choral song,
The rescued people's glad applause,
The listening senate, and the laws
Plead by the compulsion of Timoleon's tongue,
Are scen so grand for fortune's private ways;
And tho' they shine in youth's ingenious view,
The sober faithful arts of modern days
To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
To banish Love's presentations fair:
Nor rosy cheek nor radiant eye
Can arm him with such strong command
That the young sorcerer's fatal band
Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.
Nor yet the chaste's bright hope, the glistening smile
(A lighter phantasm, and aearer chain)
Did ever in slumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-acquainting strain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honorable visions bring,
As soothed great Milton's injured age,
When in prophetic dreams he saw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treasure, by her art explored,
Have saved the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling sire his age's hope restored.

ODE III.

To the Cuckoo.

I.

O RUSTIC herald of the spring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Fast by the brook I hear thee sing;
And, studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the vespers of the grove,
Amid the chanting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

Ⅰ.

The time's been when I have flow'd
To hear thy voce the woods invade,
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter poet of the shade.
Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
Some times is plac'd with generous fair
With dull advice upbraided.

Ⅲ.

I said, "White Philomela's song
Proclaims the passion of the grove,
It ill becomes a cuckoo's tongue
Her charming language to reprieve"—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the sober truth to hear,
The sober truth of love!

Ⅳ.

When hearts are in each other bless'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
How cuckoo-like in Cupid's school,
With store of grace, prudential saws
On fortune's power and custom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

Ⅴ.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
When love and hope and fancy sway,
Who every harsher care disdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that, in April fairest hours,
To warbling shades and painted flowers
The cuckoo joins his lay.

ODE IV.

To the Honourable Charles Townshend, in the Country. 1750.

Ⅰ.

Hallowed shall I survey
This humble roof, the lawn, the grove,
The vale with slopes of green,
The glassy brook, the rocks which round thee stray
When will thy cheerful mind
Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
Or, tell me, dost thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilsome race
But here contemplates embrace
That happy leisure which thou hast resign'd?

Ⅱ.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful sport the soul could share,
Are one ambitious care
Of civil life had awed her simpler powers;
Oh! as my winged train
Revisits here my friend in white array,
Oh fall not to display
Each fairer scene where I pencilled had part,
That so I may
The shade of even friendship may remain.

Ⅲ.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
I saw from contemplation's quiet cell
His feet ascending to another home
Where public praise and envied greatness dwell.
But shall we therefore, O my lyre,
Regrove ambition's best desire?
Eternituous glory's fame?
For other was the task end'd
When to my hand thy strings were first confi'd
For other faith belongs to friendship's honour'd name.

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it.—Pindar.
ILL. 1.

The Townshend, mix the arms
Of stern array, and not placidly keep chains,
No, nor bright science, nor the Muse's charms.
For them high heaven prepares
Their proper vesture, an unhumble bower.
And yet I would Spenser's hand
Have seized in strive to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habitation an immortal city wears.

ILL. 2.

Had it not been born to shield
The cause which Cowper's impartial hand betrayed,
Or that, like Vere displayed
His red cross banner o'er the Belgium field,
Yet where the will divine
Hath shut those loftiest paths, it next remains,
With reason clad in chains
Of harmony, selected minds to inspire,
And virtue's living fire
To feed and store in hearts like thine.

ILL. 3.

For never shall the herd, whom ever aways,
So shall my purpose or my tongue control:
That I should bear illustrious worth to praise
Because its master's friendship moved me so well.
Yet, if this undismal strain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
And urge some sound,
Remember thou that righteous flame
From heaven sent, that strict account will claim
Of each suspicious palm, with which the youth was crown'd.

ILL. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where heaven expects thee, nor the traveller leads,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philocleon's lay,
The boughs of stern laws of fate
To nobler virtues well seaver canoe.
Is there a man who shares
The summit nearest where heavenly nature dwells?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms the best round that rough, laborious height.

ILL. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England freedom's throne ordain;
From Albion's parent reign
To Naassan, great dexterity, wise and bold;
I know your parts hard,
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry seem,
The night arranged from ease,
The day by execution and falsehood void,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The ignominious heart disdaining the reward.

ILL. 3.

Which ever hardly greets.
But, O venous,
O praise from glowing heaven and virtuous seas,
If thus they purchased thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hasten? or who complaints?
And now they sit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the sever mind,
"Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they
To the laws of mine eternal sway
From violence and fear assuaged human kind."
VI. 3.
O Townsend, thus may Time, the judge severe,
Instruct my happy tongue in thee to tell:
And when I speak of one to freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,
Of one whose glory loves to crown
With no stiff by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends pursued;
Then, for the guardian of my lay
"This man with faithful friendship," will I say,
"From youth to honour'd age my arts and me hath view'd."

ODE V.
On Love of Praise.

I.
Of all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,
From note more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

II.
Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bear;
Nor any passion, virtuous friend,
So like to virtue's self appears.

III.
For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds
What man's charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

IV.
But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise, depends;
To which, of course, its real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

V.
If praise then, with religious awe,
From the sole perfect judge he sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

VI.
With which, in character the same,
Though in a humbler sphere it lies,
I count the soul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

ODE VI.
To William Hall, Esquire: with the Works of Chaucer.

I.
ATTEND to Chaucer's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the sky-like songs
When first the more allures its wings,
The epistle his muse doth fling,
And tell me if, among the choir
Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
So full, so free, so rich a strain
Ever dictated the warbling Muse.

II.
Yet hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-disembled art
That can such harmony impart
To the same pace of Gallic rhymes;
While thy eyes from affection clear,
Bright images, and passions true,
Recall to memory's former view
The carved bards of nobles times.

III.
Say, is not off his doctrine wrong?
This poet of pleasure, who aspires
To lead us to her sacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her shrine?
Say, (her sweet influence to thy song
So may the goddess still afford)
Both she consent to be heard.
With shameless love and frantic wine?

IV.
Nor Cato, nor Christ, nor Ceres ever
Need we in high, indignant phrase
From chaste Filistian quiet praise;
But pleasure's oracle alone
Commit; assent, not severe.
O pleasure, we blaspheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Sibyl's throne.

V.
We own had fate to man assign'd
Nor sense, nor wish but what obey
Or Venus soft, or Bacchus gay;
Then might our bard's volutions cease
Most sport govern human kind;
Unlesse perchance what he hath sung
Of torturing joints and nerves unstrain'd,
Some wrangling heretic should plead.

VI.
But now with all these proud desires
For dauntless truth and human fame;
With that strong master of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye may smiles,
Ye nectar'd nags from happier soils,
Ye have no bite his grace to win.

ODE VII.
To the Right Reverend Benjamin Lord Bishop of Winchester. 1764.

I.
FOR soils which patriots have endured,
For treason quelled and laws secured,
In every nation Time doth displays
The palm of honourable praise.
Error may fail; and faction fierce
May strive; but what, alas, can those
(Though bold, yet blind and servile fees)
To gratitude and love oppose,
To faithful story and persuasive verse?

II.
O warre of freedom, Albion, say,
Thou signaler of despotick sway,
What man among thy sons around,
Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
What page, in all thy ample bright
Hast thou with prizer joy survey'd,
Than that where truth, by Howesly's aid,
Bennis through imperious solemn shade,
Through kingsly and through ascidental light?

III.
To him the Teacher bless'd,
Who sent religion from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the moon to cheer the west,
And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conce'd;
To Howesly thus his mandate he address'd:
"Go thou, and rescue my disowned law
From hands rapacious and from toights impure;
Let not my peacefull name be made a lure
Till persecution, scornful avers to aid;
Let not my words be impious claims to draw
The freedoms soul in more than brutal sway,
To faith without assent, allegiance unpaid."
II.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was sent by heaven with this command.
The world soon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Light arrive, and the blind unfold.
The rising hope of Horatius's name,
Godolphin then confirmed the fame:
And through the west, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawyers around,
(Siris of the Grecian name reverted)
And listening seck'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus subdue
The vigour and the great combined:
Consulvar with sacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation disengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
Were his: but truth by faithful search explored,
And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
Wherever it took root, the soul (reconc'd
To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
Not Monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not royal seal the bigot's cruel shame
Could longer guard from reason's warlike sage;
Not the wild delirium of faction wrought,
Nor synod by the papal Genius taught,
Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where shall recompense be found?
Or how such ardours merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious scene:
What rugged spaces lie between
Adventurous virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! The shade
Of death, no fortune, does this invade
Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
—O Horatius, if that favourite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful eye
We own just heaven's indulgent law,
And proudly thy success behold;
We attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praise,
And hail thee in our public ways
Like some great spirit faithed in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
Then let not thy seniors, that heroic throng
Who rescued or preserved the rights of human kind,
O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
That still, her friend and benefactor, name:
O! never, Horatius, in thy country's eye,
May impos'd gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
May public truce, public freedom, vie;
Nor our own manners tempt us to declare
That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
Which thou hast kept entire from force and faction grieve.

ODE VIII.

I.

If sightly timely hands decide,
If it be fast in love's decrease,
Then beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to please,
Tell me, youth and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excite?

II.

Behold that bright, unsullied smile,
And wisdom's smiling in her mien
Yet (as so rarely all the while)
So little studious to be seen)
We sought but instant glances know
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither mirth, nor the powers
Of youth and beauty, nor the force
Add half that sunshine to the hours,
Or make life's prospect half so clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From scenes where Amoret was.

Yet not a sotist could there
Or fault of indiscretion find;
Nor any prouder sage declares
One virtue, pictured in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's deportment shows.

This sure is beauty's happiest part;
This gives the most unbounded sway
This shall enchant the subject heart
When rose and lilly fade away;
And she be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

ODE IX.

At Study.

WHITHER did my fancy stray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my studious theme?
From this philosophic page,
From the problems of the sage,
Wandering through a pleasing dream?

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned wisdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour:
Nature bids a softer power
Claim some minutes for his own.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart;
Guide its wishes as you will;
Without love you'll find it still
Void in one essential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame,
And the old heroic lyre;

Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to letter'd pleasure known,
Or in social duty spent,
Yet at my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest;
Languishes for true content.

ODE X.

To Thomas Edwards, Esquire: on the late edition of Mr. Pope's Works. 1751.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain
The license of a ruffled tongue
Is what but seldom men obtain
By sense or wit, by press or song.
A task for more Herculean powers,
Nor suited to the sacred hours.
Of misuse in the Muse's bowers.

II.
In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muse, the blameless queen, resides;
Fair face adorned, and wisdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides;
While, shut for ever from her gate,
Oh, trying, still repining, wait
Pierce envy and calumnious hate.

III.
Who them from her delightful boards
Would step exulting to the goal
What impotent and savage sounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No: rather Spencer's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious strain
For Pope's disdained shade to claim.

IV.
Tell how displayed was every bard,
When late in the Aryan grove
They of his Muse's guardian heard,
His devotee to some above
And what with one accord they said
Of wit in drooping age mislaid,
And Warburton's offices old?

V.
How Virgil mourn'd the sodali fate
To that melodious lyre assign'd
So happy his sweet sound,
With all his and his root combined
By pious clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting sound,
Though listening realms admired around:

VI.
How Horace caw'd be thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's satirical line
Did farther fuel scarce require
From such a mitrals divine:
How such exulting depths will vain
Who durst approach his hollow'd strain
With unwash'd bands and lips profane.

VII.
Then Shakespeare deigns to mild
Brought that strange comment forth to view;
Consists more deep, be said and smiled,
Than his own fools or madmen knew;
Yet thank that god of gods above,
Who did with free, adventurous love
Such pages from his tomb remove.

VIII.
And if to Pope, in soul's need,
The same kind office thou wouldest pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy suspicious name,
From each absurd instructor's claim
To keep inviolate their fame.

ODE XI.

To the Country Gentlemen of England. 1758.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled?
Where are those valiant tenants of her shore?
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?

These men and soldiers was their common name.
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charged the foe:
Who taught the steer the wintry plough to endure,

Now in full council check'd encroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

II.
But who are ye? from Thureau's lettering seats
To Tiber's pageant, to the sports of Saine;
From Rhine's fair palace to the Danube's throne
And cities looking on the Clmeric main,
If lost, ye self-deserted? Have bad
Your table sumptuous, and your wine

To slavish ruffian, hired for their command:
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See ranked nations crouch beneath their rod.
These are the public will, the reason of the land.

III.
Thus, heedless Aublot, what, alas, the while
Dost thou presume? O inert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how doth hope reign
With dreams of hope, these near and loid alarms?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renew'd,
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from fortune's sway?
A mild the storms of war how soon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud tomb, the ruin of a day!

No: thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
Add industry's wise gifts to nature's store:
And every port is crowded with thy sails,
And every wave doth swell thy sea treasure on thy shore.
What boots it? If luxury's plenty charm,
Thy soul's gloom from glory, thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
What, gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
Oh rather for her poor,
Thy will shall shine:
Tempest the eye of force, and deck thee to thy base.

But what hath force or war to do with these?
Girt by the azure tide and thronged sublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canst see,
With scorn, the fury of each hostile line:
Dost'd are it reach thee. Sacred from the sea
Are thy fair fields; st hurl thy guardian prow
No bold invaders ford thee, nor the wind.
Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Hast thou the hope resigned
To the sky's sickle fate? the pilot's wavering hand?

For oh may neither fear nor stronger love
Come, if thy virtuous princes nobly won
Then, last of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty arm's nation's around the throne
To trust thy safety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine:
What's thy ancient patriots dared demand
From fortune John's, or faithless Charle's band,
Or what great William said for his adopted line.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from com, lust, and from service shun,
In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
Ye chieftains, heroes of a cultured plain,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm thy rural state,
Paternal hamlets for your envoys wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour your youth around.

WHY are ye tardy? what magisterial care
Details you from their head, your native pos?
Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
To theirs to share her toils, her perils must.
Each man in his social life sustains
With partial labours, with domestic gains
Let others dwell: to you the heaven sent heaven
By counsel and by arms the public cause
To serve for public love and love's applause,
The first employment for, the noblest hire, hath
given.
IX.
Have ye not heard of Laomedon’s fame?
Or Marcellus’ war divine?
Of Rome’s dread generals; the Valerian name?
The Fabian sons; the Scipio, matchless line?
Your lot was lust; The farmer and the swain
Met his lowr’d patron’s summons from the plains;—
The legions gather; the bright eagle swell;
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mound’d;
The conquerors to their household gods return’d
And fed Calabrian flocks, and sweat the Sabine plough.

X.
Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
Shall war’s heroic arms no more engage
The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?
Dost wanton pride thy race the more beguile?
No more with scorn of violence and wrong
Dost forming nature now her sons inspire,
That, like some mystery to few reveal’d,
The skill of arms shunn’d and avow’d they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeless hearts retire.

XI.
O shame to human life, to human laws!
The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell sword without affection draws,
Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant’s pay,
This man the lessons of the field can learn;—
Cast in each valley, which decks a warrior, e’en,
And every pledge of conquest: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your parental lands,
Are social arms held out to your free bands;
Too arduous is the lore! too irksome were the pain.

XII.
Meanwhile by pleasure’s lure’s tales allured,
From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray;
And deep in London’s gloomy banes immersed,
Bravo o’er your fortune’s, freedom’s, health’s de;
Blind of choice and to yourselves untrue:
Shun, shun,
That the man of his lord’s be takes his friend,
While he doth riot, the shops own their share,
Or tempt the gambler’s dark, destroying snare,
Or at some courtly shrines with statistic bended.

XIII.
And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawless tumult propounds the rustic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now disdain;
Those homely ties which ruled their fathers long.
Alas, your fathers did by other arts
Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
And led in other paths their ducile will;
By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to reverse;
To prize their country’s peace and heaven’s due
Rises full.

XIV.
But mark the judgment of experienced Time,
Tutor of nations. 
Doth light discord tear
A state? and impotent sedition’s crime?
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there;
The powers who to command and to obey,
Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
The rising race to manly concord tame;
Oft let the marshall’d field their steps unite,
And in glad splendor bring before their sight
One common cause and one hereditary fame.

XV.
Nor yet be swed, nor yet your task disown,
Though war’s proud votaries look on severe;
Though secrets, treachery while to them alone,
They deem proclaimed by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refined, fierce weapons tell,
And mock the old simplicity, in vain.
They take the. whole, the simple or refined,
The time itself adapts the warrior’s mind;
And equal prowess shall still equal pains obtain.

XVI.
Say then: if England’s youth, in earlier days,
On glory’s field with redoubted arms was fed,
Why shall they now renounce that generous prize?
Why dreads the foreign mercenary’s pride?
The Valois braved young Edward’s gentle hand,
And Albert rudely on Henry’s way-worn hands,
With Europe’s chosen sons in arms renew’d,
Yet not on Venus bold archers long they look’d,
Nor Audley’s ghosts nor Mowbray’s yeomen brook’d;
They saw their standard fall, and lost their monarch bound.

XVII.
Such were the laurels which your fathers won
Such glory’s ditties in their dumbless breast
—Is there no voice that speaks to every son?
No nobler, holier call to you address’d?
O! by majestic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truths, by manly reason’s cause,
Awake: attend; be indolent no more;
By friendship, social peace, domestic love;
Rise; arm! your country’s living safety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her shore.

ODE XII:
On Recovering from a Fit of Sickness.

In the Country. 1755.

I.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulther’s hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest;
With withering temples and with harden’d breast
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way;
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Not call thy greatness round,
Dismay this rigidough profound,
And bid thy days of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly, while my mutual hopes aspose
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awake I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove.

III.

Now, are the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of health I hear
Welcome as beauty’s to the lover’s ear.
"Drop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries;
"Here will I, the radiant calm of noon,
Meet thee beneath you chosen bower,
And lentent on thy bosom poor
That indolence divine which hails the earth and skies."

IV.

The goddess promised not in vain,
I found her at my favourite time,
Nor wish’d to breathe in my sofer clime,
While (half-reclining, half-stumblering as I lay)
She hover’d o’er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and sylphs to my view
The gracious form of her most kind,
Then first, O heavenly Muse, unstay for many a day.

[Book II.]
ODES.

V.
In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Sings like the golden star of love,
I saw her hand in careless measures move;
I heard sweet sounds dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
And all the internal things,
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

VI.
O Gouldie's hill, by thee restored
Once more to this abode's hand,
My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
My Doric harp shall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And send a less ambitious lay
Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear.

VII.
For when within thy shady seat
First from the sultry town he chose,
And the tired senator's cares, his wish'd repose,
Then wast thou mine, to me a happy home
For social pleasures, where my welcome feet,
Entrapped from all the entwinding ways
In which the restes agile stray,
Through nature's simple paths with ancient faith
Might roam.

VIII.
And while around his sylvan scene
My Dyson led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
Their sages came: oft heard our lingering walk
The Maenian made warbling o'er the green:
And oft did Tully's revered shade,
With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

IX.
But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd are long their fav'rd grove;
Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden charm most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen waved his genial flame,
And sang their happy glee, and praised their spotless throne.

X.
I saw when through your festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said;
"Receive that fairest wealth which heaven ad
To human formes. Did thy lonely state
As one with, one almost hopeless? Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless:
Come, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind.

ODE XIII.
To the Author of Memoirs of the House of Brandenburgh. 1781.

I.
To the men renown'd as chief of human race,
And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
Have seldom turn'd their feet from glory's chase
To dwell with books or court the Muse's charm.
Yet, to our eyes, if haply time hath brought
That sublime transept of their former thought,
There still we own the wise, the great, or good;
And Cesar there and Xenophon are seen,
The Maenian made warbling o'er the green;
As on Pharsalian plains, or by the Assyrian flood.

ODE XIV.
The Complaint.

I.
Away! Away!
Tempt me no more, illustrious love,
Thy soothing sway
Long did my youthful bosom prove:
At length thy treason is discovered,
At length some clear-bought caution earn'd
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.
I know, I see
Her merit. Needs it now be shown,
How often, to myself unknown,
The gracious, gentle, virtuous maid
That way I love? How often said,
What joy to call a heart like hers one's own?

III.
But, flattering god,
O squanderer of content and ease,
In thy shade
Will care's rude lesson learn to peace?
O say, decever, hast thou won,
Proud fortune to attend thy throne,
Or placed thy friends above her stern decrees?

ODE XV.

On Domestic Manners.

[Unfinished.]

Y.
MEEK honour, female shame
O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
From Albion doth thou fly;
Of Albion's daughters once the favourite flame?
Odes.

[Book II.]

The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at distance roam;
While she, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,
To meet him she prepares,
Thro' noise and spicery, and all the gayester's art,
A listless, harassed heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

II.
Behold; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happiness inquire;
Our maid's no more aspire
The arts of bashful Hymen to attain;
But with triumphant eye
And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
Ask homage of the throng.
The lover sworn that in a harlot's arms
Are found the selfsame charms,
And worthless and deserted lives and dies.

III.
Behold; unblest'd at home,
The father of the cheerless household mourns:

IV.
'Twas thus, along the shore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of strife and grief the fond inventive lore:
At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine spear
Like thunder sounding near,
Smote the red cross upon her silver shield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)
HYMN
TO THE NAIADS.

ARGUMENT.

The Nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at daybreak in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, constellations of things. They are considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer breezes; as nourishing and sweetening the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fulness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the martial part of military power. Next it is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercises; which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and consequently also with the art of surgery. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive; in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O'er yon eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the God of day,
With bright Aestrea seated by his side,
Walks not to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-eyed progeny of Thamus,
Who now the names of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely mummum, tarry; and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay your homage due,
I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre
Too far into the splendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my observant hand
Shall close the strain are any sultry beam
Approach you. To your subterraneous haunts
Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
The humid sands; to loom from the soil
The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grove, where at the meridian hour
To stumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs? or end?
Wide is your praise and copious. First of things,
First of the lonely powers, are Time's acres
We're Love and Chaos. Love, the sire of Fate;
Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
Who many sons and many comely births
Devour'd, relentless father; 'till the child
Of Chaos drove him from the upper sky,
And quell'd his deadly might. Then social, yea'd
The kindred powers, Tethys, and severer Ceph,
And spotless Vesta; while supreme of sway
Remain'd the cloud-companion. From the couch
Of Tethys sprang the sedge-crowned race,
Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent; and from them
Are ye, O Naiads! Arethusa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe: that sweet name,
Hesione; that soft family which dwelt
With Syrinx Daphne; and the honour'd tribes
Hallowed of the sun. Listen to my strain,
Daughters of Tethys: listen to your praise.

Ye Nymphs, the winged offerings, which of old
Aurora, to divine Aestrea bore,
Ours, the happy smiles of natural medicinal springs—Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive; in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

Again they fly; disposing; from the mast
Half ripe'd and the tender blades of corn,
To sweep the anxious multitudes; or dispel
Contagious streams, which oft the parched earth
Breathes on her burning sons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Around the cheerful breesies: half of hands
Who, fast by learned Carn, the Zolitan lyre
Sojourn: nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclined
On rushing Anto, with a pious hand
The reversed scene delineates, broken statues,
Of tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Times; and happy, while he sees
The ruins, with a silent heart reveres
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs, and your unceasing aid
The rural powers compose; and still prepare
For you they train their tender hands and commands
As oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To spread their deepest unbarge. Well the god
Remembereth how luminous ye proved,
Your genial dew to nourish them in their prime.

Pales, the pasture's queen, wherever ye stray,
Parses your steps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Ubors, with profound hand,
Threw wide her bloom, her allurements. Still with you
Pomona seeks to dwell: and over the lawns,
And over the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Anacreon's pearl
Well-pleased the wealth of that Ammonian home,
Her dower; unimpaired of the fragrant isles
Nissen or Atlantic. Nor canst thou
Abroad o'er, ungrateful, thou dost mock
The breathing of the softer Naiad's urn
O Brompton, O Lonsdon] nor canst thou
Descend the powers whose bounds, El repeat,
With master feeds thy tenderb. Yet from me,
Ye, blameless nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the titles your beauty well may claim;
Nor heed the scolding of the Idenian land.

For better praise award you. Thames, thy sire,
As down the verdant slope your dusky rills
Descend, the tribute solely Thames receives
Delighted; and your pious appeals
And bids her copious side not on secure,
By the Ways of the Nanadis

For faithful are his daughters: and with words
Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
Adored, is traversed by her adventurous reigns
Yields to the breeze, with Albin's happy gifts
Ethereal lutes to bliss. And oft at morn,
Albin's heart beats on the bark ever east
To bear the words of Jove on yonder hill
Swell'd by the crowd; of joyful springs:
He views: and waving over some new-born stream
His heart's pacific wand. "And yet, he cries,
Faithful, cries the son of Mola, "though recluse
And silent by your stores, from you, far Nymphs,
Gleams with wealth and smiles with the palms
By you my function and my honour's name
Do I possess; while o'er the Bortic vale,
O'er though the towers of Memphis, or the palms
By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
The English merchants, with the blossom rescued
Of fertile Aritonion while I clothe
Sarmatian kings; or to the household gods.
To awe, crown the monarchs yet benign,
Your bounteous fees. From bounty issue power
Whereon those who dl in yon celestial flowers
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
On judgment to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind, unfailing urns
Neat, by the most exquisite art.
Of Nymphs yield their store. For, 0 ye Nymphs,
Hast he not won the unconquered queen
Of joy to court your friendship? You she owns;
The fair associates who extend her sway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
May you, as you dwell, as oft as from the shore
Of Thumes, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Venta, she by her charming navy lends
To Tepha's flaming channel, or theough the
Cantabrian surge; her arms divine
Embracing to the senator and the prince
Of Albin, to dazzle barbaric kings.
The Bortic, or the Celts. The pride of kings
Was ever scorn'd by Tullas: and of old
Repeated the vision, from the brazen prow
Of a galleon, the Aritonian's gory assurance
To drive her clouds and storms; overafflicting all
The Persian's promised glory, when the realms
Of India and the soft Indian climate,
When Elfin's tristare campaign and the rocks
Of old Inger's aerial lovers, and the Nymphaeae reigns
To swell the sons of liberty from earth.
In vain: Jove saw, she on the bounding prow
Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounced her terror on their impious heads,
And then shook her marble spear. Xerxes saw:
From Hercules, on the mountain's height
Thereon that man, he knew the sign Celestial: felt unrighteous hope forswear
His father's heart, and turn'd his face with
Shame.
Hall, ye who share the stern Minerva's power;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war:
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
Yet more of fame and eminence in the many Ills
Which wait on human life.
Hygiea well can witness; who she saves,
From poisonous causes and cusps of pleasing lane,
The wretch devoted to the entangling snare
Of Saccus and of Coma. Him she leads
To the earth. To spread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At the entrance from the sound bounds,
She calls the lingering sluggish from his dreams:
And where his bread may drink the mountain
And where the fervor of the sunny mae
Vastly insinuates, his teeth thuds
Beckons his rapid course. Nor when easer
Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
His eager bosom, and the health of
Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, preserving; and the frugal powers
With joy sedate leads in:
And while the brown
Emman dance with Pan presents her stores;
While singing hills, and crowded in the chasms
Vermillian, and the Hours before him spread
The garden's banquet: you to crown his feast,
To crown his feast. He bestows on you, the fair
Hygiea calls: and from your sheltering seats,
And green groves. The spicusses ye bring,
To make his veins full a purer tide
Flops down those loaded channels; washeth off
The dews of luxury, the burning seeds
Of crude disease; and through the shades of life
While vigour, sends a gale. Hall, Nalians: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to sloping age,
The joys which youth have squander'd. Off yon minds
Will I invoke; and frequent in your praise,
Abash the frantic Thrymus with my song.

For not estranged from your brilliant arts
Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
Belong: the learned Pemmon. Oft when all
His portents were he could search'd in vain:
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich the greenhouse of the sun.
To raise dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
Nectar's support, and then a banquet feast
Which press with silent passion he in vain
Pursues. He comes. He fills the room where
Hymen and Love, through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god
From your stormy hands the streaming bowl
Waits to his pale-eyed spectators; waits the seeds
Metallic and the elemental salts
Wash'd from the present globe. They drink: and
Soon
Fills pain flies inauspicious cares: and soon
The social haunt or unfeigned shade
Hears 10, 10 Penn; as of old,
Whence the Cyprians, 0 auspicious Nymphs,
Oft a for hapless mortals I implore
Your salutary springs, through every turn,
On shed your healing treatment. With the first
And finest breast, which from the genial strife
Of mineral fermentation springs, like light
Over the fresh morning's vapours, intrudeth then
The fountain, and inform the rising wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Soon not re
That humble tribute. Though a moral hand
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celestial powers,
To forge their language; and the Muses delight
To guide the plaint tender of my lay.
The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wondering sense
Their secrets o'er reveal: oft my raised ear
In charms felt their music; oft as soon
Of hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
With childlike chime he taught me songs
Of power from death and easy to preserve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful
Mind and
And offerings unprofaned by ruder eye,
My vowe I lend, my homage to the gods
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaste companions they admit
Ithough the ballow'd scene: where oft instant,
And leaning o'er Castalia's many surge,
They mark the cadence of your continent urns,
How tuned the victor's magnificent repose
To their consorted measure: till again,
With simulation all the sounding chair,
And bright Apollo, leader of the song,
Their voices through the liquid air exist
And swell'd to their lofty surge those powerful strings
That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares
Assage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of overwhelming fire. With wand's dvrings
While the seraphs by the sacred crotch обучали, а
Regent over the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle: by the number'd notes,
Peaceful, and salutary with the melting of
Severity of birds. The furious god of war
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
HYMNS TO THE NALADS.

That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Upon the restless waves, and fierce heart to ease,
Most welcome ease. The sire of gods and men,
From such a god his heart the sun sends light.
Looks down on all that live; and whatsoever
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
The interminable, he beholds
Cursed with abhorrence by his doom severe,
And trod at the sound. Ye, Nalads, ye
With ravish'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strife
To drown the heavenly strains; of highest Jove,
Irreverent, and by mad presumption fired
Their own discordant raptures to advance
With hostile emulation. Down they rush
From Neys's vine-inpurplied cliff, the damns
Of Thrace, the Stryons, and the unruly Feanes,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd.
Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
Toasting their limbs, and breakdancing in air.
The tyrannous thyrna, or the torch
Their black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Chromatic voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
With shrill and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolished ear avert
Their cogniz; if within the seats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the seraph band
And hearten to their acts; who inspires
From such a god men to sing his breast.
With verse; let him, fit worship inspire
Their inspiration. He perchances the gifts
Of young Leucus, and the deed exploits,
May sing in aptest numbers; he the fate
Of Sothis Ptolema, he the Paphian rises,
And naked Mars with Cytherean chain'd,
And strong Ailides in the spinster's robes,
May celebrate, upbraided. But with you,
O Nalads, far from that unhallow'd route,
May dwell the man whose praise thine themes
Invokes the Immortal Muse. The Immortal Muse
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Of Thesprotia, or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footsteps; and with your unnumber'd streams
His lips will bath: whether the external lute
Of Thienon, or the majesty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or touch his lyre
The unprofaned question of the patria's call
In those unstanding islands of the blest,
Whose sacred lord resides. Hail, hoospita' Nymphis:
The thrice call for you the Corycian shield
Bedeck, I teach, revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favourable feet,
And all profane audience far remove.

I.

For a Grotto.

To me, whom in their fays the shepherds call
Actaea, daughter of the neighouring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which give the rocky entrance downward shed,
Were placed by Gymnus. He, with cow lips pale,
Pricaries, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threshold, and my setting walls
With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising font,
I slumber; here my clustering fruits I tend;
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bound
Each thing impair or anxious. Enter in,
O stranger, unobscured. Not far, not toad
Here lurks; and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approaches, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion; chiefly if thy name
Wise Pallas and the Immortal Muse own.

II.

For a Statue of Chaucer, at Woodstock.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid muse
Of him who first with harmony imbued
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day; these ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends bid
His songs; of love, or knightly, or the wise
Of homely life; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the fancies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance,
From Elinbee's tombs, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Chaucer's trophy; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
Thy native land, the wise, who, in times
Dark and unsung, began with charming rene
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

III.

WHENSE hide thy seat whose path in summer lies
Through yellower village, turn the scene where grows
Of branching cane a rural palace old
Iphigena. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round. And onward chance
A low plain chaplet fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
And on that verdant hillock view which thou seest
Burst with roses, let thy pleas hand
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers. For these with Edward rest,
The learned shepherd; for each rural art
Famed, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sink him to the grave
In household's prime. But soon old rightness heaven
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care
Avenge her falsehood; nor could all the gold
And suptil pem, which bred her slighted faith
From Elinbee to a letterd husband's home,
Believe her broken vows. The strokes of death. Go, traveller: reveals
The meanest story. Haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot buy for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHs and virgins: O declining old:
O pale maidens' slaves: O wise who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet: ye who wait
In courts, or till the golden sun of kings
O sons of sport and pleasure: O then wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of careless guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile: ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown, or for nobler palms
Contend the leaders of a public cause;
Approach; behold this marble. Know ye not
INSCRIPTIONS.

The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate?
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand
Ray to each other: "This was Shakespeare's farm;
Who walk'd in every path of human life,
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Both more, will ever that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GVLIELMVS IIII. PORTIS, PVS. LIBERAT.
TOR CVM INVENT. ET AEVAR PATRIAE
LABENT ADIVSSET SALVS IPSI VNI.
CA: CVM NOS ETIDEM REIPVBLICAE
BRITANNICAE VINCEN RENNVIAGIAT.
ESSET ATQUE STATOR; TVM DENOVE
AD ID NE NATYM KROGGIVET ET RE.
DEM FACTVM, TV CIVARAT NE DOMINO
IMPONENTS CEDERENT PAX, FIDES,
FORTVNA, GENERIS HUMANI, AVCTORI
PUBLICAE FELICITATIS. P. G. A. M. A.

VI.

For a Column at Runnymede.

THOU, who the verdant plain dist traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retreats; O stranger, stay there, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient heroes, clad in arms
And armed with conquest, from their tyman king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast heer'd their memory, and paid
These thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue; and if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honord name,
Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors: and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

VII.

The Wood Nymph.

APPROACH in silence: 'tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The second age
Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are, all, my abode; each Nymph, who guards
The copes and the hollow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I seen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, assail'd
The unhallow'd sons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retaliation. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of wisdom, and erroneous folly's end
Have I perceived; and now well-pleased I wait
Each evening till a noble youth who loves
My shade, awile released from public cares,
In peaceful prows shall sail, and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then his musings mind
I prompt, unseen; and place before his view
Sweetest forms of good; and move his heart
With the dear bounties of the sere supreme
Of gods and men, with freedom's generous deeds
The lofty voice of glory and the faith
Of sacred friendship. Stranger, I have told
My functions. If within thy bosom awak'd
Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not
Unhonour'd my abode, nor shall I bear
A sparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

YE powers unseen, to whom, the gods of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if now while
Not quite unpleasing have my votive rites
Of you been done? When of this lovely seat
To you I consecrated; then vouchsafe
Here with your instant energy to crow
My happy solitude. It is the hour
When most I love to invoke you, and have felt
Most frequent your glad ministry divine.
The air is calm: the sun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven: and the harvest round
Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves
The reapers lie recumb'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute; nor even the sweetest random echo
Echoeth amid the silence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aleft in heaven,
Abide ye? or on those transparent clouds
Pass ye from hill to hill? or on the shades
Which yonder elms cast over the lake below
Do you converse retir'd? From what loved haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inspirers of
And I will guard it well, nor shall a thought
Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move
Across my bosom unobserved, unstor'd
By faithful memory; and then at some
More active movement, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majestic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious strains;
That all mankind shall wonder at your way.

IX.

ME though in life's sequenter'd vale
The Almighty's aid ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from glory's tobolsome ways,
And the great scenes of public praise;
Yet let me still with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early music to my tongue supplied.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd
And, This be thy concern, he said,
At once with Passion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleasurable charms,
And sacred Truth's eternal light
To move the various mind of Man;
Till under one unblemish'd crown,
His Reason, Fancy, and his Heart unite.
THE VIRTUOSO.

In Imitation of Spencer's Style and Stanzas.

WHILEM by silver Thames's gentle stream,
In London town there dwelt a subtle wight;
A weight of science, wealth, and subtle fame,
Book-learn'd and quaint, a Virtuoso high;
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;
From missings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,
Nor cease be from study day nor night;
Until (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever trends on earth or air or seas.

He many a creature did anatomise,
Almost unpeopling water, air and land;
Beasts, fishes, birds, snakes, caterpillars, flies,
Were laid full low by his relentless hand,
That oft with gory crimson was stained;
He many a dog destroy'd and many a cat;
Of foes his bed, of frogs the marshes drain'd,
Could tell if a mite were lean or fat,
And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gust.

He knew the various modes of ancient times,
Their arts and fashions of each various guise;
Their weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,
Their strength, their learning, arts and rarities.
Of old habitations each sort and size,
Mule, female, high and low, to him were known;
Each gladiator-dress, and stage disguise,
With learned clerical phrase he could have shown,
How the Greek tunics differ'd from the Roman gown.

A curious medallist, I wot, he was;
And boasted many a course of ancient coin;
Well as his wife's he knew every face
From Julius Caesar down to Constantine.
For some rare sculpture he would oft pine,
(As green-stick damselles for husbands do),
And when obtained, with enraptured eye
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,
And look and look again, as he would look it through.

His rich museum of dimensions fair,
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was fraught:
Things curious, ancient, valuable and rare,
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome were brought,
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought,
On these all eyes with Vernon eyes he pored,
And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,
When he beheld his cabinet thus stored,
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord.

Here in a corner stood a rich scultor,
With many a curiosity yplete;
In seemingly stately drawer,
Products of art and nature as we meet;
Air pumps and prisms were placed beneath his feet;
A Memphian mummy-king hung o'er his head,
Here phials, with live-insects small and great,
Here stood a tripod of the Pythian maid;
Above, a crocodile diffused a graceful shade.

Fast by the window did a table stand,
Where hordern and antique rarities,
From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea and land,
Were thick bespren, of every sort and size;
Here a Bactrian spider's carcasse lies,
There a dier serpent's golden skin doth shine;
Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glittering files,
There gums and amber found beneath the line,
The best of this here, and there an Antonine.

Close at his back, or whispering in his ear,
There stood a sprite yeilded Phantasty;
Which, wherever he went, was always near;
Her look was wild, and roving was her eye;
Her hair was deck'd with flowers of every dye;
Her glistering robes were of more various hue;
Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky,
Or all the spangled drops of morning dew;
Their colours changing still at every view.

Yet in this shape all tydes she did not stay,
Various as the chameleon that she bore;
Now a grand monarch with a crown of hay,
Now mendicant in slits and golden ore;
A statesman, now equip to chase the boar,
Or cowled monk, lean, feeble and unciv'l;
A clown-like lord, or swain of country lore;
Now scribbling dance in sacred laurel clad,
Or papal father now, in homely weeds array'd.

The wight whose brain this phantome's power doth still,
On whom she doth with constant care attend,
Will for a dreadful giant take a mill,
Or a grand palace in a bog-stye kind.
(From her dire influence we may heaven defend.)
All things with violated sight he spies,
Neglects his family, forgets his friend;
Seeks painted trifles, and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.
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OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE AUTHOR.


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1824.
THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS,

BY

DR. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester on the twenty-fifth day of December, about 1720. His father was a hatter of good reputation. He was in 1733, as Dr. Warter has kindly informed me, admitted a scholar of Winchester College, where he was educated by Dr. Burton. His English exercises were better than his Latin.

He first courted the notice of the public by some verses to a "Lady Weeping," published in "The Gentleman’s Magazine."

In 1740 he stood first in the list of the Scholars to be received in succession at New College, but unhappily there was no vacancy. He became a Commoner of Queen’s College, probably with a scanty maintenance; but was in about half a year, elected a Dewy of Magdalen College, where he continued till he had taken a Bachelor’s degree, and then suddenly left the University; for what reason I know not that he told.

He now (about 1744) came to London a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. He designed many works; but his great fault was irresolution, or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his schemes, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote inquiries. He published proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning; and I have heard him speak with great kindness of Leo the Tenth, and with keen resentment of his tasteless successor. But probably not a page of his history was ever written. He planned several tragedies, but he only planned them. He wrote now and then Odes and other poems, and did something, however little.

About this time I fell into his company. His appearance was decent and manly; his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful. By degrees I gained his confidence; and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a billiff, that was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the booksellers, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle’s Poetics, which he engaged to write with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He showed me the guineas safe in his hand. Soon afterwards his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel, left him about two thousand pounds; a sum which Collins could scarcely think exhausable, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas were then repaid, and the translation neglected.

But man is not born for happiness. Collins, who, while he studied to live, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner lived to study than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity.

Having formerly written his character, while perhaps it was yet more distinctly impressed upon my memory, I shall insert it here.

"Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the water-falls of Elysian gardens."

"This was, however, the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, was always desired by him, but were not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced, in happier moments, sublimity and splendor. This idea which he had formed of excellence, led him to ornamental fictions and allegorical
imagination; and perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unqualified with knowledge, either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

"His morals were pure, and his opinions plains; in a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long association with formidable companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervor of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and tameness to affirm; but it may be said that at least he preserved the source of action unpointed, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure or casual temptation.

"The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavored to disperse by travel, and passed into France; but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in Chichester, where death, in 1756, came to his relief.

"After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school; when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a Man of Letters had chosen, 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but that is the best.'

He was visited at Chichester in his last illness, by his learned friends Dr. Warton and his brother; to whom he spoke with disapprobation of his Oriental Elogues, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatic manners, and called them his Irish Elogues. He showed them, at the same time, an Ode inscribed to Mr. John Home, on the superstitions of the Highlands; which they thought superior to his other works.

His disorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of his vital than intellectual powers. What he spoke wanted neither judgment nor spirit; but a few minutes exhausted him, so that he was forced to rest upon the couch, till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel soon after his uncle's death; and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthensome to himself.

Mr. Collins's first production is added here from the "Poetical Calendar."

TO MISS AURELIA C.—R,

On her mourning at her Sister's Wedding.

CEASE, fair Aurelia! cease to mourn;
Lament not Hannah's happy state:
You may be happy in your turn.
And seize the treasure you regret.

With Love united Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms,
"Meet but your lover in my hands,
You'll find your sister in his arms."
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ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

Selin; or, the Shepherd's Moral.—Scene, a Valley near Bagdath.—Time, the Morning.

"Ye Persian maidens, attend your poet's lay,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are bless'd whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in crowd; nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell:—
The virtue makes the blis, where'er we dwell."

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspired;
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desired:
Who in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that sweetest bliss to find,
What groves, nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushimg, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resumed her orient pride;
When wanton muses along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung,
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

"Ye Persian damses," he said, "to you belong—
Well may they please—the morals of my song;
No fairer maid, I trust, than you are found,
Grace'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn, that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each tender ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers their fragrant hands bestow;
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best, kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's fickle ray
Beast but the worth Hassan's peerless display;
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright;
But dark within, they drink a loathsome light;
Each are the maidens, and such the charms they boast;
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering art! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the soul;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin.

Who seeks secure to rule his first her care
Each sober virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delight's to find;
The loved perfections of a female mind!

Blest were the days when Wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain!
With Truth she walked in the secret grove;
Immortal Truth; and daughters bless'd their love—
O haste, fair maidens! ye Virtue, come away!
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way;
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind exo'd, or Araby, no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserrlers shall return again.

Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen:
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distracting all:—a wise, unspacious maid:—
But man the most:—not more the mountain-roe
Holts the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
A sullen veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known;
But Faith, whose heart is hid from one alone;
Despising Weakness, with her downdrawen eye,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
And Love the last:—by these the hearts approve:
These are the virtues that must lead to love:—"

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say
The maid's of Bagdath verified the lay,
Dearer to the plains, the Virtue came along;
The shepherds loved:—and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan; or, the Camel-driver.—Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-day.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand,
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue;
Shriek roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, the afflicted man
Thrice sigh'd:— thrice struck his breast; and thus began:

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiras' walls I bent my way!"

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thistle, or pitching hunger, that I find
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst become;
When fails this cruise, his unremitting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know
Which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales bestow:

Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found:
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiras' walls I bent my way!"

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiras' walls I bent my way!"

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,"
ORIENTAL.

Cared be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fattiguing trade:
The pitye outshines the silver store;
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us over the desert brown,
To reap distance with a weary town.
Fall east we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only repaid by thee?
—Oh, no! All attractive hope is new!—
Or why fond man to easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song,
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The Fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold!
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiras' walls I bent my way!"

O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe.
What if the lion in his rage I meet?
Oft in the dust I've trampled feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mournful night,
By hunger roared he scourcs the groaning plains,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tygers in his train:
Before them, with axes, sheathes direct their way,
Fills with the yell, and leads them to their prey.
"Yield, giant!" cried a youth so brave,
And luckless was the day,
When first from Schiras' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hear the silent asp shall creep,
If sought of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or seek, in sweep, twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise, contained poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure.
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Pence rule the day, where rarest reigns the king.
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiras' walls I bent my way!"

O hapless youth!—for she thy love hath won—
The tender Zara will be most unkind.
Big swelled my heart, and ownd the powerful maid,
When fast she strop'd her tears, as thus she said:
"Farwell the youth whom sighs could not detain;
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou goest, may every bliss arise
Weak and unfeel as these rejected sights! Safe over the wild, no perils mayst thou see,
No grief endure; nor weep, false youth, like me."
—O let me share the safety that is rare,
Say, with a kiss, my heart now, shall not morne;
O let me teach my love to lose its tears,
Beneath the poppies, by Zara's heart's ear.

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiras' walls I bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultanate.—Scene, a Forest.

Time, The Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Teffils' towers are seen,
In distant view, along the level green,
Where many a pool enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade.
What time 'tis sweet or fields of rice to stray,
Our eyes unceasingly, at setting day,
Amidst the maid's of Zagan's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with locks upon the Main:
At morn she came those willing locks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead,
From dawn of summer she told, till late at silent eve she pen'd the fold:

ECLOGUE IV.

Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made;
Gay-money'd pins * and sweet jessicas she chose;
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grew;
All sweet to sense, the flansing rose was there;
The giant chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanced that fated morn to stray,
By love.Privilege had he the chase away.
Among the vocal vales he heard her song
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among;
At length he found, and woor'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas moved;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and blesting flock remain.
And bade that crook and blesting flock adieu—
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain,
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas moved;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!"

Yet, 'midst the blaze of courts, she first her love
On the cool fountain, or on shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclined;
And, oft, ensuing roses, though with frowns,
Breathed his soft gale, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forest green.
Her maid's round moved her, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook, and all, in her hand:
Some simple lay, of rocks and herbs they sung;
With joy how mountain's ravens of the forest sung.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas moved;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved."

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cote retired;
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fired:
A rustic mantle, as a swain, he wore;
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas moved;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved."

Bless'd was the life that, royal Abbas led!
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel'd?
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
Let those who ride on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fain'd for love, and generous love alone.
O wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown!
The lover emwite with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maid around her say,
O haste! profuse of blessings, haste away.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas moved;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved."

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance on the coasts of Persia; see the Modern History of Mr. Salmon.
Oriental Elogues.

Oriental Elogues.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to syr.
My heart, 0 turn thee and survey!
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way.
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yours groves already pass'd with pain.
You ragged hunt, whose dangerous path we tried,
And last, this lofty mountain's weary side.

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet, hapless, must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still, as haste, the Tartar shouts behind:
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind.
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Ye, citron grove, where first in fear we came.
Droops its fair honours to the conqueror's flame.
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to scalian hands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword.
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid.
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind:
'Midst fairعنوان لازم نیست
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.

SECANDER.

Sweet to the sight is Zaban's flowery plain;
And once by maidens and shepherds loved in vain.
No more the virgin shall delight to rove
By Sargir's banks, or Irwan's shady grove.
On Tartar's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweet of Aly's flowery vale.
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd;
With ease altering, and with plenty bless'd.
No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind produce of a bounteous year.
No more the date, with snowy blossom crown'd;
But snow spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circasia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever famed for pure and happy loves.
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair.
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair.
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hair's the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye, Georgia swains, that piteous learn from far
Circasia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare
To shield your harvest, and defend your fair.
The Turk and Tartar like design pursue,
First to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led.
The villain Arab, as he prov'd for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way.
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death renew'd, and nursed in scenes of wo.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A thrilling shriek; and nearer fires appear'd:
The affrighted shepherds, through the dews of flight
Wide o'er the moonlight hills renew'd their flight.
ODES

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With winning hands his wounds to heal,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
His wild unsated eye.

By Pity's bard, a magic name,
By all the gifts his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the musing view
Thy sky-born roses of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light.

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Illus's distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun, too has heard thy strain,
And Echo, maid thy native plains.
Beneath his shade Pity's seat.

There first the wren in myrtle shed
On gentle Owsey's infant head,
To him thy call was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft voice unsuad'd by art,
Thy tender maid they own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiastic seat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's tale shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
Or mortal bliss prevail?
The bucking herd shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand
With each disastrous tale.

Let me o'er, retired by day
In dreams of passion melt away;
Allow'd with thee to dwell
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight,
To hear a British shield.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadow and its tone, is shown;
Who sees, appal'd, the unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.

I know thy horrid step; thy haggard eye
Like thee I start; like thee I fly.
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear!

* Erupides, of whom Aristotle pronounces, on a comparison of him with Sophocles, that he was the greater master of the tender passions, ἐπεὶ τεῖχος
† The river Arun runs by the village in Sussex, where Owsey had his birth.

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep?
And with him thousand phantoms joint'd,
Who prompt to deeds accursed the mind.
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks, preside;
Whilst Vengeance, in the tund'rd air,
Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare.
On whom that raving* brood of Fate
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPISODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-fur'd Muse address'd her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons on her aw'd voice;
Silent and pale, in wild amassment hung.
Yet he, the bard, who first invoked thy name,
Disclard'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nursed the poet's fame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the poet's steals.
But who is he whom later garland's grace;
Who left a while over Hybla's dew to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and fates shared the blasted grove?
Wrapp'd in thy clouded veil, thine insolent queen
Sigh'd the sad call 'on her son and husband heard,
When once it bounds the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thesbae no more appear'd.
O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart;
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line;
Though gentle Pity blush'd in mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou, who so weary lengths hast pass'd,
Where wilt thou rest, maid Nymph, so last?
With tears, wilt thou shroud in hallowed cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or, in some hallowed seat,
Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seaman's cries, in tempests brought?
Dark power, with shuddering mock submit.

Be mine to read the visions old
Which thy awakening hands have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.

* Alluding to the μυρω σκευιον of Sophocles.
See the Electra.
† Eschy tus. ♯ Jocasta.
♯ ♯ ovid ονειρείται

He μεν τιμήσῃ θεόρα τι Ιερέας θύσιον
Τού πείνων και τροφήν τοῖς ἐρήμοις
Ἰμάγενες μεταμορφώσεις τοῖς ἑδονοκρατίσκοι

See the Chid. Colin. of Sophocles.
ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loftiest child,
Thy baby, or Passion's, nurtured the powers of song!

Then, who, with hermit heart,
Disdainst the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and training salt;
But comest a decent maid,
In stoles rove array'd,
O charmer, unboastful Nymphe, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hyppa's thymy shore;
By all her blosoms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her pure love-lorn wo,
Soothed sweetly and Electra's poet's ear:
By old Cepheus deep,
Who spread his wary sweep
In wrinkled wanderings, round thy green retreat;
On whose ensign'd side,
When holy Freedom did,
No equal haste allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my charming youth,
Thy sober aid and gentle charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cul'd the wretch,
Still ask the order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laurest band:
But Virtue's sons
To one distinguished throne;
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The Passion's own thy power;
Love, only Love her fearless numbers mean;
For thou hast left her shrine;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile sorte.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine empress charms
Faints the colde work, till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
If any court, may charm our eye;
Thou, only thou canst raise the meating soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maidens and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn thy tale.

* The nymphe, or nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness.
ODE
Written in the beginning of the year 1745.

HOW deep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Birtch, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hollow'd mould,
Like there shall dress a sweeter sod.
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour cometh, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHAE.
O THOU, who art a smiling bride
By valor's arm and a gift so mild,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored;
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
WithHX from his blunted spear,
And high in wreaths of flowers his bloodied sword
Thou, who, amidst the deadful field,
By godlike chiefs alone behold,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleasing for him to thee a youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks by altar still, though plunged with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHAE.
When whom whom ope our joys provoke,
The friend of nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our late prey;
The form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blunted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recall the noble steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Then, then shall rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHAE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan sife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Lye vernal bayscapes in sunlit hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Appealing freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcina,"fancy-bless'd,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,

* Alluding to that beautiful fragment of Alcina.

At Wisdom's shrine while its flame concealing,
(What place so fair seal a deed remov'd?)
Till shelter brightest lightnings round revealing,
It left'd in glory forth, and dealt her promised wound
O goddess, in that feeling hour
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not thy shell's liquified power
Ever draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statured, fall,
Push'd by a wild and ardent race
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awake,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yes, even wherever the least appear'd,
'Th' admiring world thy hand revered
Still, 'midst the scattered states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escape'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul!
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserved a part,
Till they, whom Science loved to name,
(Who could fear his 4) 9 her flame,
And lo, an hundred relics laid
In jealous Fier's alive shade!
See small Marino 4 joins the theme
Though least, not last in thy esteem:
Strike, louder strike th' embow'd strings
To those, whom merchant sons were kings;
To him, 4 who, deck'd with pride, brave
In Aosta wea'd heroic bride;
Half port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Never let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor ever her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah n more pleasing thy haunts I seek.
On wild Helvetia's 9 mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his embody roused in dread,
The ravencing eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those 4 to whom thy stork is dear:
Those whom the void of Alva bruised,
Whose crown a British queen 4 refused:
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One hollow name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall them avail.
Hail, symphs, adored by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHAE.

Beyond the measure, vast of thought,
The works, the wizard time has wrought
The Gaul, "a hold of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his new adverse strand, 44

* Μη μυ των ψυχων λεηρανε, 4 σε αυθενταν πουγηνι

Δωρα Καλλιμαχ. Ταφες ησ Δελφης.

† The family of the Medici.
‡ The little republic of San Marino.
§ The Venetians.
¶ The Doves of Venice.
|| Switzerland.
† The Dutch, among whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.
‡ Queen Elizabeth.
§§ This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured.
ODES.

No sea between, nor cliff sublimate and hoary,
His path with steep feet through all our land.
To the blawn Baltic then they say,
The wild waves found another way.
When Orion's, his wolsh mountain rounding,
Till all the bended west at once 'gun rise,
A wide, wild stormtossed, his nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange uncool surprise.

This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dressed by push'd sides,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her losing train,
The little isles on every side,
Mama, once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elf shins abide.

And Wight who checks the westering tide,
For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this bless'd divorce she ow'd,
For thee hast made her raise thy level, thy last abode:

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hourly pile
Of the green vault of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enduring goddess, staid;
There oft the painted naif's feet
Were went thy form celestial meet;
Though new with hope and tell we trace
Turn'se's backward roll, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tinted Dido,
Or Roman's self overturn'd the fane,
In what heaven-left age it fell;
Tears hard for modern song to tell,
Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once the charm the Muse,
Beyond the bristled clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The Beaumont model still remains.
There, happier than in islands blest,
Or lovers by spring or Hebe dress'd,
The chiefs who fill our Ablion's story,
In warlike strains, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing;
Their triumphs to th' immortal ring.
How may the Fates now unfurl
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amazed,
What hands unknown that fabric raise'd?
Even now before his fav'rd eye,
In garb it seems to rise?
Yet Graciela's graceful orders join,
Majestic through the mist'd design;
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purest crown confers,
When nearer suits emblaze its veins;
There on she walks the pantler's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, graze with some prophetic rage,
Beal Ablion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate hand,
That near her immort all star'd
Now sooths her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain;
Concord, whose nyctie wand can steep
E'en Angers's blood-shot eyes in sleep:

Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
To dry thy constant tear;
Welcome to Britain's ravaged shore;
Our youths, enamease her face,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
'Til, in one loud, appealing sound,
A petticoat about her around,
O how supremely art thou bless'd,
This lady—thou shalt rule the west!

ODE TO A LADY,

On the death of Colonel Ross, in the action of Fontenoy.

Written in May, 1745.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
Britain's genius bends to earth,
And blest at the fatal day.
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair.
The breaths of cheerful May.

The thoughts which musings Pty pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend;
Stark Fancy, to herself unknown;
Awakes to grief the sojourn'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Bichel's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid;
That sacred spot the village holds.
Whose every turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

Bless'd youth, regardful of thy doom,
Aerial Hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd;
Whilst Honour, bath'd in tears, shall rive
to sigh thy name through every grove,
And call his heroes round.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their painted rest;
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail his blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yeld,
Shall crowd from Creevy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the glemny steel,
And wish th' avenging light.

But, lo! where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
In impatient Freedom lies!
Her martyred treas'ry madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph, bursting round,
Proclaim her reign restored;
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And ask for her sacred feet,
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to sooth so soft a heart,
These pictured gloises nought import,
To dry thy constant tear;
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye
Exposed and pale thou seem'st him lie,
Wild war insulating near.

Wherever from Time thou canst relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her garments tear, her bosom bare.
Even humble Harling's courted vale
Shall learn the sad rejected tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.
ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
Marches Eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying glades;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair’d sun
Sits in your western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With breezes ethereal wave,
O’ershine his weary bed:

Now air is hush’d, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on feathered wing,
Or where the beetle wings
His small but aulien horn,

As oft he rises ’midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some sober’d strain,

Whose numbers, stealing thru’ thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, muting slow, I hail,
Thy genial, loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His sly cirrus at his warming lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves,
Who slept in busk the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
seeds of her own intent,
And sheds the freshness dew, and, lovelier still,
That, from the mountain’s side,

Or, if chill blasting wins, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain’s side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover’d spires,
And hear their simple bell, and marks o’er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour her showers, as oft be wont
And bath ye breathing trees, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
And Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affright thy shrinking train,
And gently rocks thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentle influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.

O Thou, who hadst thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought’tst thy native skies
When War, by torches drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tired of his rude, tempestuous sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His aulien shrines to burn:
But those who hear the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bliss’d return!

O Peace, thy injured robes up-bend!
O tis! and leave not one behind
Of all thy heamy train!
The British Lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch’d on earth to kiss thy feet,
And crowns thy sacred reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS.—AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design’d,
The dim-discover’d facts of mind;
Truths which, from action’s path retired
My silent search in vain required
No more my cell that deep explores;
No more I search those magic spheres;
What region wise of war
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll
If ever I round such fairy field,
Some power impart the spear and shield
At which the wizard passions fly;
By which the giant Folies die!

Farewell the porch whose roof is seen
Arch’d with th’ enlivening gleam of green;
Where Science, prickt’d in lassad vest,
By Reason, Fairy Fancy dress’d,
Comes, like a bride, so trim array’d,
To wed with Doubt in Plato’s shade.

Youth of the quick unbechest sight
Thy walks, Observance, more invite;
O those who love that ample range,
Where life’s wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingling sons allied,
Throw’st the pruning page aside,
To me, in converse sweet, impart
To read in man the native heart;
To learn, where Science sure is found,
From Nature as she lives around;
And, gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view!
Till meddling Arts oblige the lore
Reverse the lessons taught before;
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school.
Thus, Heaven, whatever of great we boast,
Haughty’d this social science most.

Reriting hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charmed task,
In pageant quinsins, in motley mask;
Before, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise;
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contenter applies her glass;
With these the white-wedded maida combine;
And those the laughing Satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hue?
There by the Fashions nursed;
I great
The comba comba!—mighty thy feet!
O Hannam, than whose name is known
To Britain’s favourite isle alone;
Me too amidst thy bend admitt;
There where the young-eyed healthful Wit,
(Whose jeweled in his golden hair
Are placed each other’s beams to share;
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loosed, attends thy side!

By old Miletus, who so long
Has ceased his love-inwoveng song;
By all you taught the Tuscan maid,
In changed Ilius’s modern shades;

* Alluding to the Miletian tales, some of the earliest romances.
By him * whose knightly distinguish'd name
Refined a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
Castalia's Mournful hills repeat;
Or him * whom Selma's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet woods on Galli's shore;
Who dwelt the sad Silvan maid,
By virtues in her sire betray'd.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompt'd deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some recrressing wave find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind:
And back record, I knew not why
To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.

An Ode for Music.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft to hear her shell,
Thrice to the heart a thrilling cell.
Exciting, trembling, raging, failing,
Passion beyond the muse's trail;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Distort'd, delighted, raised, refined:
Till all the soul was fired,
Fiery with fury, rapt, inspired
From the supporting myrtles round
They match'd her instruments of sound;
And, as oft as they had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forc'ful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own exasperator.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the church's bewild'rd wild,
And back record, I knew not why
Even at the sound himself had made.
Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings, own'd his secret strings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air.

I was sad by this, by starts was wild.
But then, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What's thy delight'd measure?
Still it whisper'd, to my noisy ears
And made the lovely scene at distance hail!
Still would she touch the strain profound;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She cal'd on Echo still, through all the song
And, where her sweetest theme she choose,
A soft, resplendent voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchant'd smiled, and wave her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—But, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder, down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-mourning trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were never prophetic sounds so full of woe:
And, even, even, am I then
The doubling drum, with furtive beat;
And, though sometimes, each chary pass between,
Deflected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-sadising voice applied, Yet still he kept his wild, untamer'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his breast.

* Cervantes.

* Monseur Le Sage, author of the incomparable Alexander of Tiff, de Saint-Simine, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

Odes.

Thy numbers, Jocelyn, to nought were fixed;
Sad proof of thy disconsolate soul.
Of differing themes the veering song was mistr'd;
And now is courted Love, now raving cal'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Faux Malancholy sat retir'd;
And, from her wild, sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Fow'd th' hollow melodies her pensive soul:
And dash'd soft from rocks around.
Bubbling runcals join'd the sound;
Through glades and groves the mingled measures stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musings,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how fair was its neighbours tone,
When Chearfulness, a nymph of healthsteas hue,
Her low across her shoulder thing,
Her looking garments, with morning dew,
Blow an inspiring air, that daie and thickest rug,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crowd's Sister's, and their Chase-eyed Queen,
Satyr's and Sylvia's bow were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green.
Brown Exercise roused to hear,
And spur leapt up, and seiz'd his kerncheep soar.
Last came Jove's cuttack trial,
He, with very canny advancing,
First to the fiery pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brak awakening viols,
Where sweet successing voice he loved the best.

They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tenoo's vale, her native nudes,
And felt the softer gushing shades,
To some unwearied mindful dancing.
While, as his finger's kind the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay, fantastic round
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And she, its fruit, its mirth, its play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand obscure from his dewy wings.

O Music, where descendest maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why goddess! why, to us denied,
Let it thy ancient lyre abide?
As, in that loved Athenian bow'er,
You heard'st an all-commanding power,
Thy minstrel soul, O Nymph, though wand'ring,
Can well recall what then it heard,
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arie, as in that elder time,
Wann, energetic, chaste, saluté?
Thy wonders in that godlike age,
Fill thy succeeding sister's page.
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy hundredest reed could more prevail,
Had more of thy choice, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age?
Even all at once together heard,
Celestia's mightiest word of sound—
O hii our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the last designs of Greece
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

An Epistle.

Addressed to Sir Thomas Hamner, on his Edition of Shakespeare's Works.

WHILE, born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects the poet's lays,
While nursed by you she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb;
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transacts in her bosom swell.
With conceptions awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakespeare's name.
Hard was the lot those injured streams endured, 
Unknown’d by Science, and by man obscured; 
Pair Fancy wore, and, owing slight, a friend 
A first despair in every drowning breast. 
Not with more grief the affllicted swains appear, 
When winter's frozen gales thrill her hero's arms; 
When lingering from the ruined seat invade 
Where Pace resorted, and the Graces play’d.

Each rising art by just graduation moves: 
Talk builds on talk: and age on age improves; 
The Muse alone unequal desist her rage; 
And grace with nobler pomp her earliest stage. 
Preserved through time, the speaking scenes impart 
Each changeful wish of Phoebus’ tortured heart; 
Or paint the curse that marr’d the Theban’s rage: 
A sed insensuous, and a father slain.

With kind concern our pitying eyes o’erflow, 
Trace the sad tale, and own another’s wo.

To Rome removed, with vigour to please there, 
The comic Sisters kept their native ease; 
Whose jocund mirth Spring Greece beheld 
Her own manuscript’s art almost excelled; 
But every Muse essay’d to raise in vain 
Roman labour’d rival of her tragic shade: 
Hylas’ laurels, though transfer’d with toil, 
Dropt their fair leaves, nor knew the unknown soil.

As Arts expired, vastness Dulness rose: 
Gothic, priests, or Vandal—all were Learning’s foes. 
Till Julius! first recall’d each extinct maid; 
That comic Cosmo own’d the laws in Persia’s shade: 
Then, deeply skill’d in love’s engaging theme, 
The soft appeal to the fairer sex did aid 
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung; 
Sweetly row’d the lays—but love was all he sung.

For, led by nature, all are friends to love: 
But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed 
The perfect boast of time should last succeed. 
The Muse’s banner must appear from length, 
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength: 
One greater Muse was Sistine reign adorn; 
And even a Shakespeare to her fame be born!

Yet ah! so bright her morning’s opening ray, 
In vain our Britain hoped an equal day: 
No sound growth the western isle could bear, 
At once exulted with too rich a year. 
Too nicely Jason knew the critic’s part. 
Nature in him was almost lost in art. 
Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came, 
The next in order as the poet is name. 
With pleased attention, ‘midst his scenes we find 
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind; 
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear; 
The lover’s wishes, and the Virgin’s fear. 
Each every strain the Smiles said Unseen own; 
But stronger Shakespeare felt for man’s own sake: 
Drawn by his pen, our rural passions stand; 
The world with picture of his empty hand.

With gradual steps and slow, exact France 
Saw Art’s fair empire o’er her shores advance: 
By length of skill a bright perfection knew, 
Compos’d in bold, and just in all she drew. 
Till late Corneille, with Lucan’s spirit fired, 
Breath’d the free strain, as Rome and he inpired; 
And classic judgment gain’d to sweet Racine 
The temperate strength of Marco’s chaster-line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread, 
And wreath’d less artful crown our Poet’s head.

* The Odes of Sophocles. 
† Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X. 
‡ Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden. 
§ About the time of Shakespeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, the French poets after him applied themselves in general to the French stage. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the French stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Johnson excepted. 
¶ The favourite author of the elder Corneilles.

* Yet he alone to every soul can give 
The historian’s truth, and bid the manners live. 
† Waked by his call I view the immortal form, 
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise. 
‡ Their hearse’s trumpets spread their loud alarms; 
And lastest these armes from her hero’s arms. 
§ Here gentle Edward claims a pitting sigh, 
Scars borne to honours, and so soon to die! 
¶ Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring 
No beam of comfort to the guilty king; 
The time shall come when Glover’s heart shall bleed; 
In life’s last hour with horror of the dead: 
When dreary visions shall at last present 
Thy vengeful image in the midnight west: 
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear; 
Blunt the weak sword, and break the oppressive yoke!

Wherever we turn, by fancy charm’d, we find 
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind. 
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove 
With honeyed nature, in the rural grove; 
Where swains contested own the quiet scene, 
And twilight fairies tread the circled green; 
Drest by her hand, the woods and valleys smile; 
And Spring diffuses deck’d th’ enchantedisle.

O, more than all in powerful genius bless’d, 
Come, take thine empire o’er the willing breast! 
What’s the wonder this youthful heart shall feel, 
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal! 
Where every thought the Poet’s warmth may raise; 
There every ivy breathes, and every flower’s eye. 
O might some verse with happiest skill permute 
Express this picture to an American; 
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page! 
What other Raphaels charm a distant age!

Methinks ’e now I view some free design, 
Where breathing Nature lives in every line; 
Chaste and sublimed the modest lights decay, 
Steel into music, and mildely melt away. 
And see where Anthony, in tears approved, 
Guards the pale relics of the chief he loved; 
Over the cold corpse the warrior seems to bend, 
Deep sunk in grief, and moans his murder’d friend.

Still as they press, he calls on all around, 
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But who is he whose brows exalted bear 
A wrath impatient and a furious frown? 
Awake to all that injured worth can feel, 
On Earth who dares he turn’s evergreen steel? 
Yet shall not want immediate fury fall 
(So heaven ordains it) on the destined wall. 
But see the prowess of the plaintive train, 
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain! 
To his heart’s end, in vain he strives to hide 
The man of nations the Roman’s pride! 
Over all the man conflicting passions rise; 
Rage grapples the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy Bard inspires, 
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fire; 
Each from his scenes she stores alternate bring; 
Bread the fair tints, or wake the vocal string; 
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind, 
For Poets ever were a careless kind 
By thee disposed, no farther told demand, 
Or, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o’er Greece, the harmonious whole unknown. 
For Homer’s Numbers charm’d by parts alone. 
Their own Ulysses scions had wander’d more, 
By winds and waves, cast on every shore. 
When, raised by fate, some former Hamner jointed 
Each beamless image of the boundless mind; 
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim 
A fond alliance with the Poet’s name.

* Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum 
† Intaminati, duc. 
¶ See Tragedy of Julius Caesar. 
| Coriolanus. See Mr. Spencer’s Dialogue on the Odyssey.
ODYSSEUS.

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Omn Night has veil’d the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature’s child, again adieu!

The genii, meads, assign’d to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
There binds and girls shall dress,
With simple bands, thy rural tomb.

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

VERSEs

Written on a Page which contained a Piece of Bride-cakes.

YE curious hands, that hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hollow’d cake,

With virtue’s awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft, for love and pity’s sake!

This precious relic, form’d by magic power,
Beneath the shepherd’s painted pillow laid,
Was mean’d by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprisian queen, at Hymen’s fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sights, and wishes of th’ ennamour’d breast,
And pains that please, are mix’d in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Ephesian hills, and fair Cytherea’s side;
And temper’d sweet with those the melting thought.
The kiss unbrok’n, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
Demnis mild, and firm, unalter’d truth,
Reflected pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting arours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward god! hast sworn, while these remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful Hope, so oft invoked in vain,
With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to Friendship’s gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hoist an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much entreat, leave this fatal place!

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn’d my plaintive day,
Consents at length to bring me short delight,
Thy careless steps may scarce her dotes away,
And grief with raven note usurp the night.

ODs

On the popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland: considered as the subject of Poetry.

Inscribed to Mr. John Home.

HOME! thou return’st from Thames, whose
Nails long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Thid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song;

Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

† How truly did Collins predict Horace’s tragic powers!
As Beross threw his young Aurora & earth,
In the first year of George's reign,
And battles raged in weftin of the North,
They poured'd in air, fell, fell rebellion stain
And as, of late, they fird in Preston's fight
Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!
They rained a divining, through their second sight
Pale, red Cuilidder, where these hopes were crown'd!

* By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1718; at least, it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any modern, previous to the above period.

"As the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

...purpose of comparison, and to do justice to the elegant author of the Man of Feeling.

"Oh or on some belling rock that shades the deep,
They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
Wher in the west, the brooding tempests lie;
And hear the first, faint, rustling pensions sweep
Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
The brood, unseen billows heave and swell,
In horrid musings wrapp'd, they sit to mark
The labouring moon; or list the mighty yell
Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
Through the air, his winged guide the driving storm,
And points the wretched bark its destinedpray.
Or him who hovers on his flattering wing.
O'er the dire whirlpool, that in ocean's waste,
Drains instant down whatever devoted thing
The falling breeze within its reach hath placed
The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling "

shortly after these lines by Mr. Mackenzie had been published, the following were produced: which many readers probably will think have at least as much of Collins's manner in them:"

"For oft when Eve hath spread her ducksy veil,
And hid each star that went to cheer the night,
In some deep glen remote from human sight,
The griesly wizard of his associates hail
There in the thrilling verse, and charmed spell,
Fantastic shadow and dreadful shadows through:
Night's sober ear piercing with hideous yell,
While in the goblin round they troop along.
Thence each betakes him to his several tale;
To dive, to fly, to ride the winter blast,
To dig the mine, to clear the church-yard soil,
Or rake the bottom of the watery waste,
Each powerful drug, with more than mortal skill,
Where'er he know'd, or hid from searching eye,
Selecting heedful of their tasker's will;
Nor cease their labours till the dawn descry
Their hated, impious work, and reddens all the sky.

"Ner will thou leave for other bars to sing,
The ruthless spirit of the angry flood;
How, at gray eve, in fell and crafty mood,
Over fen and lake he shakes his foggy wing;
Or when the curfew with his sullen note
Unchains to rend the secrets of each still sprite,
Like some dream lamp, from out the quagy most,
The fiend's fourth forth, to lure in incantations wight."
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves remain, and no slave invade.
Yet frequent, as their solace was before.
The steel menacing their yawning cells unfold,
And forth with sovereign power the gods descend.
In pageant robes, and wreathed with sherry gold,
And on their twilight trumeau aerial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kildr's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which leave the wasting tides.

Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet hidden.
Go, just as they, their blindness tomans true trust.
Then to my ear transmit some gentle songs
Of those whose lives are not sincere and plain.
Their bounded walls the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the winter sea.
With sparing temperance, at the pleasant time,
They draw the scented spring; or hunger-possed,
Along the rocky crags, and underling clime,
And of its joys despise the solace's stem.

Thus, heart'd in innocence they live,
Suffered, and happy with that fragile race.
Which tost and golden to hostile danger give.
Hat is their slender soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was bounteous to man there!

Nor need't thy than blushed that such false themes engage
Thy gentlest hand, of fairer store possess'd;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd in elder time, th' historic page.

There, more with mirth, with every garland crown'd.

Flow to those fairy climes; his fancy sooth.
In unseen hour, his wayward sisters bend,
And with their treasures dress the magic scene.
From them too, to make th' mild one told design,
Before the Scot, effus'd, and agitant.

The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through rough or toad in glass of dreams, or sex wasn't.
Proceed I nor quit the tales which, simply told
Could once so well my answering bosom please;
Proceed, in forcible sounds, and color bold.
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view.

Th' heroic muse employ'd her Tassou's heart;
How brave I trembled, when, at Tamcre's strove,
In gushing block the gaping cynosure pour'd:
When each live plant with mortal accounts spake.
And the wild blast upheaved the vanished sound;
How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind.
To hear his harp by British Fainiss strung!

Prevailing Port! whose unconscious mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, in each bosom, imagination gleam.
Hence, in each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows.
Melting his vows, pure, musing, serene, and clear.

And fill'd thy imagination heart, and wins th' harmonious ear!

All hall, ye scenes that over my soul prevail;
Ye splendid births and labors, which, far away
Arbys and Arthurs, Annans third, or pastoral May;
Or Don't's romantic springs, at distance hail.
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may treat
Your lowly hero with this spreading bower;
Or 'ver your stretching bodes, by Fancy led;
Or 'ver your mountains creep, in awful glowen;
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,

Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;
Or crop from noble Thistle, each lyric flower,
And mourn on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!

* The last duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.
* A scintillating meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Warp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It is supposed by observers on this side and many others in fancy and fancy places.
* The water spindal.
* One of the Hebrides is called the isle of Pegges.
* Tootickill, one of the Hebrides, where near stay of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

* An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.
* In reference to Scotland.
* Ben Jonson paid a visit of visit, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthorne's, within four miles of Edinburgh.
ODES.

How starts the nurse, when for her lovely child,
She sees a dawn a gaping idiot stare?
O snatch the innocent from demons wild,
And save the parents fond from fall despair!
In a deep cave the child's menials wait
When from their hilly dens at midnight's hour,
Forth rush the airy elves in mimic state,
And over the moonlight heath with swiftness scour.
In glittering gems the little horsemen shine;
Last, on a milk-white steed, with targe of gold,
A fly of might appears, whose arms unwrapp'd
The lost-lamened child! the Shepherds hold
The unconscious infant tear from his unhallow'd hold.


fire," he doth not drudge from the hope of recompense,
but pure and single out of respect to his attachment,
that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever.

—how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn the cream-bowl, duly set;
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
He had, by joy unspeakable, met his heart's desire.
That ten day-labourers could not end;
They, like him down, go the lobster-dance.
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Backs at the fire his hairy strength;
And, creep,fall, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his marts rings.

L'Alligator.

When the menials in a Scotch family protracted their visits around the kitchen fire, Browning, weary of being excluded from the midnight stillness, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonished them—
"Gang' at your beds, sirs, and dinna put out the wae gruelach (candles)."

§ It is told of a Brownie, who haunted a border family, now extinct, that the lady having fallen unexpectedly in labour, and the servant who was ordered to ride to Jedburgh for the sage domno showing no great alacrity in setting out, the familiar spirit slip on the great-coat of the Importing domestic, rode to the town on the lady's best horse, and returned with the missus safe and sound. During the short space of his absence, the Tweed, which they say, not necessarily, rose, to a dangerous height. Browning, who transported his charge with all the capability of the ghostly lover of Lorn, was not to be stopped by this obstacle. He plunged in with the terrified old lady, and landed her in safety. But when her service was wanted, it was to put the horse into the stable where it was after wards found in a woful plight, he proceeded to the door of the servant, whose duty he had displaced; and, finding him just in the act of drawing on his boots, he administered to him a most merciful dressing with his own horse-whip. Such an important service excited the gratitude of the lady; who, understanding that Browning had been heard to express a wish to have a green cost, ordered a statement of that colour to be made, and left in his hands. Browning took away the green coat, but never was seen more.

We may suppose, that tired of his domestic drudgery, he went in his new livery to join the fairies.

For "Browning, known in Ettrick forest, resided in Bodacht, a wild and solitary spot, where he exercised his functions undisturbed, till the scurrilous devotion of an old lady induced her to hire him away, as it was termed, by placing in his hands a larder of milk and a piece of cheese. After receiving this hint to depart, he was heard the whole night to howl and cry. " Farewell to bonny Bodacht!" with which he was said to expunge it from the roll of fairies, and abandon for ever.

It is impossible to give a conjecture, that the Brownie is a legitimate descendant of the Les Familiaris of the ancients.

* Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh University, which is in the county of Lothian.

† The wrath, or spectral appearance, of a person shortly to die, is a firm article in the creed of Scottish superstition. Nor is it unknown in our social gatherings. See the beautiful Lady Diana Rich.—ancy's Miscellanea.

‡ The Brownie formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and nature from the vulgar and mischievous elves. He was meagre, shaggy, and wild in his appearance. Thus, Ciesland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

Frauses, or brownies, if ye will,
Or satyrs come from Atlas hill.'
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JONES & COMPANY,
3, ACTON PLACE, KINGSLAND ROAD.
1824.
THOMAS GRAY was born in London, on the 26th of December, 1716. He received his education at Eton, where he contracted a friendship with Mr. Horace Walpole, and Mr. Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

When he left Eton, in 1734, he went to Cambridge, and entered at Peterhouse. Mr. Walpole was at that time in King's College, in the same University. Mr. West went from Eton to Christ Church, Oxford; and these two votaries of the Muse commenced an epistolary correspondence. Gray, having imbibed a taste for poetry, did not relish the college studies; and leaving Cambridge in 1738, he returned to London, intending to apply himself to the study of the law, but this intention was laid aside, upon an invitation from Mr. Walpole, to accompany him in his travels.

They set out together for France, from thence they proceeded to Italy; but there an unfortunate dispute took place between them, and a separation ensued at Florence. Although Mr. Walpole afterwards, with great candour and liberality, took upon himself the blame of the quarrel; yet we may not perhaps err much in supposing that Gray might have claimed a deference to his opinion which his honourable friend was not at that time disposed to grant. Gray pursued his journey to Venice, and returned to England in September 1741.

Soon after his arrival in England, he lost his father, who, by an inordinate profusion, had so impaired his fortune, as not to admit of his son's prosecuting the study of the law with respectability, without becoming burdensome to his mother and aunt. He returned therefore to Cambridge, and in 1742 took his bachelor's degree in civil law.

But the inconveniences of a scanty fortune were not the only ills our Poet had to encounter; he had lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole abroad, and poor West fell a victim to complicated maladies on the 1st of June, 1742.

The excessive degree to which Gray's mind was affected by the loss of his friend, will best appear from the following beautiful little sonnet:

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
And redd'ning Phoebus lifts his golden fire;  
The birds in vain their amorous descent join,  
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:  
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;  
A different object do these eyes require;  
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,  
And in my breast th'imperfect joys expire.  
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;  
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;  
To warn their little loves the birds complain;  
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear;  
And weep the more because I weep in vain."  

Mr. Gray seems now to have applied his mind very sedulously to poetry; his Ode to Spring was addressed to Mr. West, before he received the news of his death. How our Poet's mind was affected by that incident, is obvious from the lines already quoted as well as from the pieces which next followed, his Prospect of Rome, and his Ode to Adversity. It is supposed that he began his Essay in a Country Churchyard about the same time. He passed some weeks at Stoke, near Windsor, where he finished several of his most celebrated Poems. Thence he returned to Cambridge, which was his chief residence during the remainder of his life.

To enrich his mind with ideas he for six years devoted a considerable portion of his time to the study of the best Greek authors. Notwithstanding his attention however to them, he found leisure to advert, in a new and sarcastical manner, to the ignorance and dulness with which he was surrounded, even in the centre of learning. A fragment is all that remains of what he wrote on this subject, and it appears that it was intended as a Hymn to Ignorance. The fragment displays his poetical talents with more brilliancy than appears in many of his lyric productions.

"Hail, horror, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,  
Ye gothic lanes, and antiquated towers!  
Where rushy Canus' slowly-winding flood  
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:  
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign:  
Oh, take me to thy peaceful shade again.  
But chiefly thee, whose influence, breathed from a high  
Augments the native darkness of the sky;  
Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary power!  
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.  
Thrice hast Hyperion roll'd thy annual race,  
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
THE LIFE OF THOMAS GRAY.

Oh, say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy treasons against our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tremendous of thy fright divine,
The mazy scythe o'er thy slumbering line?
And dwelt Lætham through the land dispose,
To steep in slumber each heighted sense?
If any spirit of war's defensive say
Break out, and flush a momentary day,
With dappled blood flecked it to aspire,
And handle up in fangs the dangerous fire.
Oh, say,—She hears me not, yet, careless, grown
Lethargic nod upon her deep throne.
Goddess! awake, arise: shall my foes
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
Not thine of old, but ensigns wide unfronted,
She rule triumphant o'er the vanquished world:
Fierce Matron over her unwielded might,
And all was ignorance, and all was night.
Oh sacred age! Oh times for ever lost!
(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast.)

For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
High on her car, beheld the grand procession,
Like old Sessaritis with barbaric pride;

In 1744 he means to have intermitted his attention to the Muses. Mr. Walpole endeavoured to prevail with Gray, to whom he had previously become reconciled, to publish his own Poems, together with those of West; but Gray declined it.

En 1747 Gray became acquainted with Mr. Mason, then a scholar of St. John's College, and afterwards Fellow of Pembroke Hall. Mr. Mason had written the year before his "Memoir on the death of Pope," and his "II bedding," and "II Pacifico," which pieces Gray revisited at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of a friendship that terminated but with life; and Mr. Mason, after the death of Gray, testified his regard for him, by superintending the publication of his works.

The same year he wrote a little Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat of Mr. Walpole's; the following year he produced the Fragment of an Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government. It opens with the following similes.

"As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed and fill their verdant veins;
And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vales,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the church's skies;
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Underneath, unheeded, by those kindly cares
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought and warm the opening heart;
So fand instruction on the growing powers
Of Nature silly vivifies her store,"

If equal Justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indigent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though fragrant hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But Tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hope with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious, animsted scene survey,
From whence the rolling orb that gives the day,
His noble sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole and life's remotest bounds.
How rude mœr' th' exterior forms we find,
How our opinion tinges the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial Heaven.
The sparks of truth and happiness has given;
With sense to feed, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain:
Their judgment meddle the plain their fancy draws,
Th' event preseges and explores the cause;
The soft return of gratitude they know,
By fraud subdued, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wives mutual woes endure,
The social smile and sympathetic tear.
Say, then, through ages by what fate confined
To different climes seem different souls sadedp?
Here measured laws, there philosophical ease
Fix and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There Industry and Gain their vigil keep,
Command the winds and tame th' unwill'ng deep;
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail,
There languid Pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war;
And where the deluge burst with sweeping easy,
Their arms, their kings, their gods, were rub'd
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
(away)
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast;
The prostrate South to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields;
With grim delight the broad of Winter view
A bright new day, and beams of ensue have,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.
Proof of the yoke, andpliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tides that drown her lasting lands,
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and sons of fiercer flame
Overpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Pace and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And where the face of Nature langus around,
Must ascending virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unnaturally thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By Reason's light, on Resolution's wing,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes,
O'er Lydia's deserts, and through Zembia's snows?
THE LIFE OF THOMAS GRAY.

She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay;
The stubborn elements confine her away;
Their little want their low desires refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbites a flavour of its parent earth;
As various traits enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An oft race the mountain-cliffs maintaine,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;
For where unweary drowned must be found
With sidelong plough to quell the flitty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder if, to patient valor tried,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gained;

And while their rocky ramparts round they see?
The rough shores of Want and Liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the valley below.
What wonder in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed,
From his broad bosom life and verdure spring,
And broods o'er Egypt, with his watery wings,
If, with adventurous ear and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale,
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide?

In 1750 he put the finishing stroke to his Elegy written in a Country Church-yard. This piece was the most popular of all our author's productions; it ran through eleven editions, and was translated into Latin by Austey and Roberts; and in the same year a version of it was published by Lloyd. Mr. Bentley, an eminent artist of that time, drew for it a set of designs, as he also did for the rest of Gray's productions, for which the artist was repaid by the Author in some beautiful stanzas; of which unfortunately no perfect copy remains. The following are given as a specimen.

"In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half-pleased, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister arr along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

"See, in their course, each transeptory thought,
Fix'd by his touch, a lasting essence take;
Each dream in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local symmetry and life awake!

"The tardy rhyme, that used to linger on,
To oceun cold, and negligent of fame;
In swifter measures animating run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

"Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line:
The energy of Pope they might effuse,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

"But not to one in this benighted age,
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

"As when aspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems that singly charm the sight
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazle with a luxury of light.

"Enough for me, if, to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathymparted,
And, as their pleasing influence flows confess'd,
A sigh of soft reflection heave the heart."

Gray finished his Ode on the Progress of Poetry early in 1755. The Bard also was begun about the same time; and the following Fragment on the Pleasures arising from Vicissitude, the next year.

"Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-dampened wing,
With vermiil cheek, and whisper soft,
She wooes the tardy spring;
Till April stars, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.
""New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Prinking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintery trance,
The birds his presence greet:
But chief the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling, thrilling ecstasy;
And, leasning from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.
"Yesterday the mullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the muriel of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
The raptures now, that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
The man alone that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes.
"Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace:
While hope prolongs our happier hour;
Our deepest shade, that dimly lower,
And blackens round our weary way
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.
"Still where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursues,
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightily glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of wo;
And blended, form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

"See the wreck that long was to a'd
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again."
THE LIFE OF THOMAS GRAY.

The meanest flower of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

On the death of Colley Cibber, 1757, he had the
honour of refusing the office of Poet Laureate. His
curiosity, after some time, drew him away from
Cambridge to a lodging near the British Museum,
where he resided nearly three years, reading and
transcribing.

In 1762, on the death of Mr. Turner, Professor
of Modern Languages and History, at Cambridge,
he made an unsuccessful application to be appoint-
ed his successor.

In 1765 he undertook a journey to Scotland for
the benefit of his health; and while here, contract-
ed a friendship with Dr. Beattie, through whom
he was offered the degree of Doctor of Laws, but
which he declined, as he had omitted to take it at
Cambridge.

In 1768 our Author obtained, without solicita-
tion, the Professorship of Languages and History,
which had again become vacant. This place was
worth £400 a-year. Soon after, his health ren-
dered another journey necessary; and he visited
in 1769, the counties of Westmoreland and Cum-
berland.

Towards the close of May 1771, he removed from
Cambridge to London, after having suffered violent
attacks of an hereditary gout. By the advice of his
physicians, he removed to Kensington; from which
he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge. On
the 24th of July, however, he was seized, while at
dinner in the college-hall, with a sudden nausea.
The gout had fixed on his stomach in such a de-
gree, as to resist all the powers of medicine, and,
on the evening of the 31st of July, 1771, he depart-
ed this life, in the 54th year of his age.

As a Poet, he stands high in the estimation of the
candid and judicious. The Elegy in the Church-
yard is deemed his master-piece; the subject is in-
teresting, the sentiments simple and pathetic, and
the versification charmingly melodious.

"In the character of his Elegy (says Dr. Johns-
on) I rejoice and concur with the common reader;
for, by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted
with literary prejudices, after all the refinements
of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be
finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The
Church-yard abounds with images which find a
mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which
every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas
beginning, Ye who these bones, are to me original:
I have never seen the notions in any other place;
yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that
he has always felt them. Had Gray written often
thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to
praise him."
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ODES.

ODE I.

ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the rose bow'nd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long expecting flower,
And wake the purple year.
The scitc warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untangled harmony of spring;
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool sepia through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopied the glade,
Beside some water's rusby brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the anseur of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud!
How indulgent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The panting herd repose;
Yet hark! how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!

The infant youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And feast amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun;

To Contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man,
And they that creep and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alas! the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dress'd,
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or child'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply!
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solatry fly!

* * *

— a bank

Over-canopied with luscious woodbine.

Midn. Night's Dream.

1 Nunc per estatem liquidam. Virg. Georg. lib. 4.

2 Sporting with quick glance,

Show to the sun their waved coats dross'd with gold.

Mid. P. L. b. 7.

§ While insects from the threshold preach, Nc.


ODE II.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'TWAS on a lofty yard's side,
Where China's gayest art had died
The amure flowers that blow,
Dummeest of the siliby kind.
The penultimate Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her enonymous tall her joy declared:
The fair round face, she snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tambour rye,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purrd applause.

Still had she gazed, but, 'midst the tide,
Two angels from the beam to glide,
The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrunt hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whiskee first, then a claw,
With many an ardent wish.
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between:
(Malignant Fate even and smiled.)
The slippery verge her feet begull'd;
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send,
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard:
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties! undesecived,
Know one false step is never retrieved,
And be with caution bold;
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes,
And heartless hearts, in lawful prize,
Nor all that glister, gold.
ODE III.

A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant Spires! ye antique Towers!
That crown the wintry fields,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's* holy shade:
And ye that from the steadily brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mural survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the beary Thames along
'His silver winding way.'

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary blaze below,
And yet I love thee, though I see
My weary soul they seem to soothe, And, restored, I of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames! for thou hast seen
All many a sprightly race,
Deserting as thy margin green,
The paths of pleasure trace—
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With plant or arm thy glassy wave? The captive limet which enthrall?
What idle prosperity succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed, Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst the barrier of that human breast, To swell the liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Yet still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And match a fearless joy.

(Eng hope is thence, by fancy fed, It gives the given hand of care,
The tear forgot as soon as shed, The matron of the breast; The task beset of woman's true, Wild wit, invention ever new, And lively cheer of vigour born; The thoughtless day, the easy night, The spirit pure, the clamber light, That fly the approach of morn.

Ah! regardless of their dooms, The little victims play.
No sense have they of ill to come, Nor care between the day.
Yet see how all around 'em wait The ministers of human ease, And shall we leave their service train! Ah! show them where in ambush stand, To seize their prey, the merciless band! Ah! tell them they are men.

These shall the fury passions tear, The virtues of the mind,
Daunt to the dead the Peer, And Shame, that souls bedeck;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth, Or evil, with kneading tooth, That lazy gains the顺利 heart
And every woe, and fated care, Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair, And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tam to rise, Some rising Horrid of spring, To bitter Straits a sacrifice, And grinning Infamy:

* King Henry VI. founder of the College.
† And here the honey redolent of spring.
Dryden's Fable of the Psyche. System.

ODE IV.

TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Love, relentless power, Thou art the terror of the human breast, Whose iron scourge and torturing bow The good sighs and stifled the best Bound in thy adamantine chain, The proud are taught to taste of pain; And purple tyrants vastly groan With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and a. once.

When first thy hand to earth on earth Virtue, his darling child, design'd, To thee he gave the heavenly birth; And base to form her infant mind; And there, ragged nursling, thy rigid love, With patience manhood year she bore; What sorrow was she born but her know, And, from her own, she learned to use at others' we.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly Self-pleasing Polly's idle brood, With Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy, And leave us leisure to be good. Light they despise; and with them go, The summer friend, the fascinating foe; By vain Prosperity received, To her they vow their truths, and again be lied.

Wisdom, in simple garb array'd, Immersed in rapturous thought profound, And melancholy, silent maid With lenden eye, that loves the ground, Still in thy solemn steps attend; Warm in the General friend, With Justice, to herself severe, And Folly, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head, D foster (Goddes) lay thy chastening hand Not in thy Gordon terror's clasp, Nor circled with thy vengeful band: (As by the tinsel thou art seen) With thundering voice and threatening men, With Justice's foremost arrow, Despair, and all Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

* And Madness laughing in his irl laud mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palamedes and Arion.
ODE V.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY. Pindaric.

When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to retouch some parts; but he had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Zollan lyre! awake,*
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings;
From Ennion's heart the emotions spring;
A thousand rills their many progress make;
The laughing flowers that round them blow,
Driftilla and fragrance as they flow.
New the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong.
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep subain,
Hesitating, impetuous, as it pours;
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell the still Cares;
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Therser's hills, the Lord of War Has cur'd the fury of his ear,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:
Fencing on the conquered hand;
Of Jove, thy magic hils the feather'd king
With shining plumes and flashing wing;
Quo'd in dark clouds ofumber shroud;
The terror of his beak and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

These the voice, the dance obey,
Tempt by to the warbled lay!
Of Idalia's velv't green
The rose-crowned Lakers are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antick sports and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frolicking in frolic measures;
New pursing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
'Gainst notes of cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Now swelling strains their queen's approach declare;
Where er she turns the Graces homage pay:
With arms sublimine, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wings her easy way:
Over her warm cheek and burning bosom move
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

* Awake, my glory! awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

† Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

‡ The first imitation of some beautiful lines in the same Ode.

§ Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await! *
Labour and Penury, the ranks of Pain,
Disease, and soon the dark extinct train;
And Death, and refuge from the storms of Fate;
The fond complaint, my Song! disproved,
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 it drops; [var.
Hypereon's march they spy, and glittering shafts of

II. 2.

In climates beyond the Solar Road, §
Where shaggy forms o'er the solitary mountains roam
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's pale shadoe;
And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chist's boundless forests laid,
She designs to hear the savage youth repeat,
In love numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cloistered chiefe and dusky loves.
Their track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and generous shame,
To the unapproachable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles that crown th' Araxon deep,
Fields that cool Illus's laue,
Or where Meander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinth of creep,
How do your timful echoes ring,
Mute but to the voice of Angath! §
Where each old poete mountain
Inspiration breathe around,
Every shadoe and hallow'd founstant,
Murmur'd deep a solemn dawne,
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Paranaea for the Latian plains:
Alas! they scorn the present joy,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
[coast.
They sought, Oh Albion! next thy seas-encircled

III. 1.

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 damosell child
Stretche'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take the sale whose colours clear
Richly paint the vermal year;
These too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling Pears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he ** that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy.

* To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Knebe was taken up and made the same

† Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and uncivilized nations; its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norvegian, and Welsh Fragments; the Lapland and American Songs, &c., &c.]

** Extra anns sollique viae. Virgil.

Tutta lontana dal cannim del Sole.

Petrarch, canz. 5.

II. 3.

Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unequa-

§ Proces of art and nature ever since.
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears;
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's sea,
Such was the sound of the created pride,
And of the first Edward scattered wild dismay.
As down the stream of Snowdon's shaggy side;
He wound with toilsome march his long array;
Stout Gylter stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! With Mortimer's, and cool'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Caern's flowing flood,
Roved in the cable garb of Wo,
With haggard eye the post 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 wild prophecies of death!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Ravenous on thee in nearer murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Huel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Cold is Cadwaffo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy blast;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
Mountains ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Piaulimus bow his cloud-top'd head.
On dreary Arvon's they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
Far, far abroad of affrighted ravens call,
The famish'd eagle scream and pass by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear in as much as gave these their eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Yet died amidst thy dying country's cries.

Now more I weep.
They do not sleep;
On yonder cliffs, a grisly head,
I see them yet; they life portray,
Avengers of their native land;
With me in dreadful harmony they join.
[Line.]
And weep we with bloody hands the tissue of thy

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current
in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the
conquest of that country, ordered all the bands that
fell into his hands to be put to death.

I.

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confound thee on the borders of the wave.
Though fam'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with little gladness.
For ever no more to burn nor twist thy
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail

flamman tia monia morddi. Luciferus;
† For the spirits of the living creature was in the
wheels. And above the firmament, that was over
their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the
appearance of a sapphire stone.

This was the appearance of the glory of the
† Meant to express the stately march and sounding
energy of Dyrdaf's rhymes.
† Had those clothed his neck with thunder? Job:
† Words that weep and tear that speak: Conder.
§ We have had in our language no other side of
the sublime kind than that of Dyrdaf on St.
Cecilia's Day; for Convy, who had his merit, yet
wants judgment, style, and harmony, for such a

That of Pope is not worthy of so great a
man. Mr. Mason indeed, of late days, has touched
the true chords, and, with a masterly hand, is
some of his choicest—above all, in the last of
Conovan.
† Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? Sec.
§ Fizoth compares himself to that bird, and his
enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in
vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of
those.
†† Mocking the air with colours idly spread.
‡‡ The harken was a texture of steel ringsets or
rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat
close to the body, and adapted itself to every
motion.
II. I.
Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room and very true
The characters of his to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night;
When Heaven shall re-echo with delight
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that
Shrieks of an agonizing woe.
Then the wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear the brows of thy misguided soul,
From thee and from thy country hang.
The scourge of heaven. What terror round him
Amassment in his van, with Flight combined;
And Sorrows faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.
"Mighty victor, might he lord,
Low on his funeral coach he lies;"
No plying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies!
Is the sabre warrior fled?
Thy son is among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noonside beam were born
Gone to salute the rising morn;
Fair laughs the morn, and in the sepulchre flows,
While proudly riding o'er theazure skies,
In gallant trim the glided vessel goes;
Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That has left his groves expect his evening prey.

II. 3.
"Fill high the sparkling bowl,"
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast.
Close by a regal chair
Fall There and Carole soon!
A beauteous smile upon the baffled guest.
Heard yet the din of battle's roar;
Lance in lance and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Jutland! [London's lasting shame]
With many a soul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort; [faith, his father's name,]
And spare the mean usurper's sly holy head.
Above, below, the Rose of York,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread;
The breasted Bour and J one gore,
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

* Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkeley Castle.
† Isabel of France, Edward II's adulterous queen.
† Triumphant of Edward III. in France.
† Death of that king abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his coun¬tiers and his mistresses.
† Edward the Black Prince dies same time before his father.
† Magnificence of Richard II. reign. See Prose and other contemporary writers.
** Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scoop, and the confidence Lords, in their manifi¬sts, by Thomas of Wates, and mist of the alluded writers) was starved to death.
†† Rainless civil wars of York and Lancaster.
†‡ Henry V. Henry V. (of Clarence, Edward V. Richard Duke of York, &c, believed to be mur¬dered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure, thus early destroyed by the English, was starved to death.
The story of his assassination by St. Piers of Akin is of much later date.
†† Rainless civil wars of York and Lancaster.
‡‡ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her son.
† Henry V.
†‡ Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.
† The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.
†‡ The silver bow was the badge of Richard III., who was most likely known in his own time by the name of The Bower.

Now, brothers! bending o'er thy accursed tomb,
Stump we our vengeance deep, and r shitty his doom.

III. I.
"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun)
Half of thy blood;
(Thine is the web; the work is done.)"
"Stay, oh stay! in truth so fort,"
Leave me unbleared, uncoloured here to mourn.
In you bright tract, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my gaze.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unruffled!
Violets of glory! spare the arching sight,
Ye unbloomed crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail;
All hail, ye daring kings, Britannia's issue, hall hail!

III. 2.
"Girl with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
And gorgeous damos and stagmen old
In beardy majesty appear;
In the midst a form divine,
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line,
Her lion-heart, her awe-commanding face,
Assamaper's sweet to what he brings.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air?
What strain of vocal sound compose her place?
Hear from the grave, great Taliesin! I hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapunzel calls, and singing as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured wings.

III. 3.
"The verse adorns again
Fierce War and Satiated Love,"
And Truth severe, by fairy fiction dress'd;
In buckled measures more;
Fails Grief, and pleasing Pains,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the gardener's voice,
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warbling as ween on ear,
That lost in long futurity expires;
Fond impious man! think'st thou are yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To morrow he repines the golden flood,
And warms the nation with the double ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom of each design;
Be things Despair and surprised Care;
To triumph and to die are mine.'
He spoke, and hearing from the mountain's height,
Deep, in the roiling tide, he plunged to endless night.

* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her land is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of his heart are still to be seen at Northampton, Gadding¬ton, Walham, and other places.
† It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and should return again to reign over Britain.
‡ Both Merlin and Taliesin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.
§ Speed, relating on an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Diaulinski, ambassador of Pol¬and, says, "And thus she, like a rising, deigned the malapertoran no less with her stately port and majestical deportment, than with the terrors of her primolte observance."
‖ Taliesin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his compatriots.
¶ Pierce's war and faithful love shall moralize
My song. [Sperzer's Fairy Quain.
|| Shakeste, of course, 99.
‡‡ The succession of Poets after Milton's time.
ODE VII.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

[From the Norse Tongue.]

PREFACE.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, composed a poem on the death of a ship, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of Sigtryg with the slain beard, who was then marching against father-in-law, Brian king of Dublin. The earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sigtryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas morning (on the feast of Christ), the battle: a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiously led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women; they were all employed about a loom; and as they worked, they sang the following dreadful song, which, when he had finished, they tore the web into tatters, and each taking her portion, galloped out to the north and east to the south.

NOW the storm begins to lower,
(Rapine, the lone of hell prepar'd)
Iron sleet of arrows shower'd
Hurtles in the dark'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom
Where the dusky waves we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom.
Orkney's wo and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow
(Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below
Each a gazing warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttlets, dipp'd in gore,
Shoo't the trembling cords along;
Round that once a monarch bore
Keep the time close and strong.

Miss, black, terrific maid!
Sangrida and Hilda see!
Just the wanted work to aid;
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with glittering buckler meet,
Hauberck clash, and helm ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends and the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading through the enanguis'd field,
Gondalda and Ofer, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

* How quick they wheel'd, and flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrow shower'd—Mill. P. Reg.
† The noise of battle hurled in the air.

Note.—The Valkyria were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology.
Their name signifies Chausers of the Slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands, and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valhalla, (the hall of Odin, or Paradise of the Brave,) where they attended, or banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

WE the reln to slaughter give,
Ours to kill and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live;
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
Pest within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the damnsless Earl is laid,
(Gored with many a gapping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirín* weep,
Nor again his likeness see;
Long her straits in sorrow sleep,
Strains of immortality,

Horror covers all the height,
Clouds of Carnage blot the sun;
Sisters, weare the web of death;
Sisters, cease! the work is done.

Halt the task, and halt the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing;
Joy to the victorious bands.
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal: from that heart's the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song;
Scotland shall ne'er exulting rise
Far and wide the note prolonging.

Sisters: hence with spurs of speed;
Each her thundering chariot wield;
Each bestrove her livery vested;
Hurry, hurry, to the field.

ODE VIII.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

[From the Norse Tongue.]

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Drew the ploughing spear he rode
That leads to Hul's drear abode.

Him the Dog of Darkness spied;
His shaggy throst he o'er his head,
While from his jaws with carnage filled,
Foam and human gore justified.

Hoarse he beys with hideous din,
Eyes that glow and lungs that grin,
And long pursues with butless yell
The father of the powerful shield.

Chased still his way by heh heh heh
(The groaning earth beneath heh heh)
I'll full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the road grown pile he nice
Where long to yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern citade,
Thrice he traced the Rune rhyme,
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread.

The thrilling verse that wakes the dead,
Till from o'er the hollow ground
Slowly broached a sulter sound

Popple. What call unknown, what charm pres
To break the quiet of the tomb
Who thus afflicts my thrombosed gaite,
And drags me from the realms of night?

The drenching dew and driving rain
Let me, let me sleep again.
Long on these mourning bones have rest
The winter's snow, the summer's heat.

* Instead,
† Nibhiem, the hall of the Gothic waitress, consisted of: the worlds, to which were devoted such as died of darkness, old age, or by means than in battle; over it presides Hul, the redress of death.
ODE I.  

Who's he, with voice unheard,  
That calls me from the bed of rest?  
Odin, A traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.  
Then the deeds of light shall know;  
Tell me what is done below.  
For whom you glittering board is spread,  
Drest for whom you golden bed?  
Prop., Masting in the goblet toe  
The pure beverage of the bow,  
Over it hangs the shield of gold;  
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:  
Balder's hand to death is given;  
Pain can reach the sons of heaven!  
Unwilling my lips unclose;  
Leave me, leave me to repose.  
Odin. Once again my call obey  
Prophest! arise and say,  
What dangers Odin's child awaits,  
Who the author of his fate?  
Prop. 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. Prophest! my spell obey;  
Once again arise, and say,  
Whom 'tis avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?  
Prop. In the caverns of the west,  
By Odin's fierce embrace compressed,  
A wonder boy shall Rinda bear,  
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,  
Nor see the sun's departing beam,  
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,  
Ringing pile,  
Now my weary lips I close;  
Leave me, leave me to repose.  
Odin. Yet awhile my call obey:  
Prophest! awake and say,  
What virgins these in speechless wo,  
That bent to earth their solemn brows,  
That their fiamen crosses bear,  
And snowy veils that float in air?  
Tell me whence their sorrow's rose,  
Till I leave thee to repose.  
Prop. He's 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, no prophetess of good,  
But mother of the giant-breed!  
Prop. His thee hence, and host at home,  
That never shall inquirer come  
To break my iron sleep again,  
Till Loke* has burst his tempest chain;  
Never till substantial Night,  
Has re-assumed her ancient right,  
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Slays the fabric of the world.
ODE XI.

FOR MUSIC.

Performed in the Senate House, Cambridge, July 1, 1765.

To the Tune of the March from his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

I.

"HERE ... "

Comes and his midnight crew,
And ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mid Bedlam's cry groan
Serve ... chimes round:
Hence, away! 'tis holy ground."

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay;
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they:
Yet higher, oh! from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
’Tis ... deep-toned shell,
And, as the chorals warblings round him swell,
Mack Newton’s soft bend from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown ... groves!"

That Contemplation loves,
Where willing Canvas lingers with delight,
Off at the blush of dawn
I trod your lever lawn,
Oft wore the glisten of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the huntas of Pity,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melan-choley."

IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers, in long order go:
Great Edward* with his lies on his brow
From haughty Galia torn,
And at Chaillot, on her bridal morn.

That sent her blest love, and primo ... Clare,*
And Anjou’s Heroine to bear the paler Rose,*
The rival of her crown, and of her woes,
And either Henry I there.

The murder’d saint and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o’er
Their human passions now no more,
Save charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on Granada’s fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bountiful pour’d,
And bade those awful fames and turrets rise
To hail their Fitzroy’s latest morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

V.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toll, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee’s collected treasure sweet,
Sweet Musa’s melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud,
The venerable Margaret I see;
"Welcome, my noble son!" she cries aloud,
"To this thy kindred train and me:
Pleased in thy linesmans we trace
A Tudor’s: first a Beauchamp grace,
Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unshaded by the luxury,
And bid it round heaven’s alarums shed
The fragrance of its blossoming head;
Shall raise from earth the latest gem
To glitter on the diadem.

VI.

"Lo! Grantha waits to lead her blooming band;
Nor obvious, nor obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no vulgar inscription,
Nor dance with sourly tongue refined
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind;
She reverses herself and thee,
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow.
The laureate wreath * that Cecili wore she brings,
And to thy just, gentle hand
Submits the fassae of her sway;
While spirits blest above and men below,
Join with glad voice the loud symphonies cease.

VII.

Through the wild waves, as they roar,
With watchful eye, and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks nor seek the shore;
The star of Brunswick will be serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

---

* Edward III. who added the Fleur de Lis of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity-college.

* Marie de Valentina, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chastillon, Compte de St. Paul, in France, of whom tradition says, that her husband, Amaude de la Valentina, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the founder of Pembroke-college, or Hall, under the name of Anna Marie de Valentina.

* Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was the wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acers, daughter of Edward I. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of primrose. She founded Clare-hall.

* Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI., foundress of Queen’s-college. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former ode. She died in the foundation of Margaret’s Anjou.

* Henry VI. and VIII. the former the founder of King’s, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity-college.

* Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry VII. foundress of St. John’s and Christ’s Colleges.

* Countess of Warwick was a Beauchamp, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this title to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

* Lord treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
IN Britain's Isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of bulbing stands; 6
The Huntington's and Hatton's there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands,
To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Fall oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the braviss:
The seal and maxes danced before him.

His bushy-hand and shoe-string's green,
His high-crowned'd hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope's and Spantold could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning,
Shame of the stopping tribe! 9
Your history whither are you spinning?
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
For all fatal morning's tusses
A brace of warriers, &c. not in bulk,
But rustling in their silks and hose.

The first came cap-a-pies from France,
Her conquering daftly fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

* The mansion-house at Stowe-Popple, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building which we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntington and the family of Hatton.

† Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing. —Brawis were a sort of a figure-dance then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillons, or still more modern quadrilles.

‡ The reader is already apprized who these ladies were; the two descriptions are pretty contrasted; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham in the eighth stanza.

Mr. Gray's Essay, previous to its publication, was handed about to Mr. and Mrs. among other admirers, the Lady Cobham, who resided in the mansion-house at Stowe-Popple. The performance inducing her to wish for the Author's acquaintance, Lady Schank and Miss Speed, then at her house, understood to introduce her to it. These two ladies visited upon the Author at his Aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided. Lady Schank and finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit; and as the beginning of this interlude bore some appearance of romance, he gave the humorous and lively account of it which the Long Story contains.

** The other amazons kind heaven
Had smould'r'd with spirit, wit, and satire!
But Cobham had the polished given,
And urg'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Cooze pensive would but tease her;
Melissa is her nome du guerre;
Ais! who would not wish to please her:

With bonnet blue and capuchin,
And aprons long, they hid their armour,
And urg'd their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P.—
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that throughout there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a Peor,

Who proved't the country far and near,
Bev'ry'ch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lamed the deer,
And sma'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard her joint petition,
Sware by her certain grace,
Should it come under her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task;
Then' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured;
Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they damn'd,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind haste.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creck and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber.

Into the drawers and chests they pry,
Papers and books, a huge imregoli!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creased like dog's-ears in a folio.

* I have been told that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name, yet sure without any reason.
MISCELLANIES.

On the first marching of the troops,
The Mine, hopeless of his pardon,
Contemplatively they keep
To a small closet in the garden.

So Remover says: (who will believe)
But that they left the door ajar.
When his name in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war?

Short was his joy: he little knew
The power of magic was no tale;
Out of the basket which they drew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unroll
The Poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent birch is felled the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful got books did so move him,
That, will be still be, to the great house
He went as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For false in fear are apt to pray)
To Thebanus he hurry'd his prise,
And besought his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his trust;
But with a blush, on recollection,
Swas that his quiver and his heart
Vainly to search such eyes were no protection.

The court was set, the culprit there;
Forth from their gloomy mansions crossing
The lady Jones and Jones repair
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come sweep along some winding entry,
(Say so often has seen the sight)
Or at the chapel door stand sentry?

In peak'd hoods and mantles tarnish'd
Scorn visages enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour since that gambol
The drawing-room of Queen Mary!

The peers came, the audience stare,
And delf their hats with due submission;
She court'sise, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an awful rib,
Had in imagination fanc'd him,
Discovered the arguments of Saub.;
And all that Green of his cope against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden flash of auge shoke him;
He stood as stune as poor Maclean.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
"How in the park, beneath an old tree,
[Without design to hurt the botter,
Or any malice to the poultry,]

"He once or twice had pron'd a sommet,
Yet hoped that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He never was for a conjurer taken."

The ghostly prudes, with hagg'd face,
Already had condemn'd the stouter:
My lady rose, and with a grace—
She smiled, and bade him come to dinner.†

† The housekeeper.
‡ The steward.
§ A famous highwayman, hang'd the week before.
¶ Hagg'd, 1. a. the face of a witch or hag. The spectre appears sometimes mistaken as conveying the same idea, but it means a very different thing; viz. wild and jumpy, and is taken from an unpainted bane, called a Haggard.
∥ Here the story finishes, the appearance of the ghost, which follows, is characteristic of the Span-

"Jem-Maria! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the Vaucants room!"
Cried the square her wonted husky gent;
"The times are altered quite and clean!"

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility!
Her air and all her manners show it;
Commend it to her habilility;
Speak to a Commoner and Poet!"

[Here 500 stanzas are lost.]
And so God save our noble king,
And guard us from long-winded bores,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my lady from her rubbers.

ELEGY,

Written at a Country Church-Yard.

All careles tell's—'tis the knell of stricting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly over the lea,
The ploughman homeward plies his weary way,
And leaves the toil until to-morrow's gray.

Now fades the glittering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheel's his crooning flight,
And drowsy thalights to the distant fole;

Save that from yonder lofty mantled tower
The morning zee dozes to the moon complais
Of such as, wandering near her secret bowers,
Ilsolates her ancient solitary reign.

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

The beavy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitching from the steeple's shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echong horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or burn housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to tip her slum's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrows oft the streaming glebe has broke:
How fast did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

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

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud! impute to these the fault;
If Memory or a father's trophies rise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vain,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

In manners of the age when they are supposed to have lived; and the 500 stanzas said to be lost, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expectation.

* * *

Gli squilli di lontano
Che palesi giorno trampeta, che si smette.

Dante. Purg. c. 5.
Can storied wars or amorous battles
Back to its mating call the bleating beast?
Can Hesper’s voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull dead soul of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart consumed with passion fatal fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have wielded
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did never mount;
Chill Fenusc reproved their noble rage,
And from the general current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unknown’d caves of ocean beat;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstands,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country’s blood.

The applause of listening senators to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation’s tears.

Th’irs lot forbade, nor circumcised alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to waste through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pang of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the flames of Insurgent Shame,
To unroll the banners of luxury and Pride
With innocence kindled at the Muse’s flame.

Far from the meddling crowd’s ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn’d to stray;
Along the ‘bowers’ of life
They kept the noiseless tenant of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some few memorial still erected nigh,
With unform’d rhyme’s and shapeless sculpture deck’d,
Emulates the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th’ unletter’d Muse,
The place of famed and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she shrew’d,
That teach the rustic moral to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a pray
This pleasing anxiés been o’er rais’d
Let the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Or cast one lingering, lingering look behind
On some dead breast the poem soul relives;
Some peace drops closing eye requires;

* This part of the Elegy differs from the first edition; and the following stanza occupied the place of those which now appear.

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than power or genius e’er conspired to bless.

And then, who mindful of th’ unknown’d dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night, and by their contemplation led,
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Hides very fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more with reason or thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But, to the cool ascents of life, it pairs,
Purrie the silent tenor of thy doom.

From the tomb the voice of nature cries
Even to our senses * live their wanted time.

For thee, who mindful of th’ unknown’d dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy case.

Happy some hoary-headed swain may say,
* Off have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with happy steps the dawn away,
To meet the sun upon the upland waves.

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

* Hard by your wood, now smiling as it soars,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would Rowe;
Now dropping, woful was I like one forsaken,
Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

* One thorn I mark’d on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, * and near his favorite tree:
Another came; yet not beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor in the wood he was.

* The pent, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchyard path we saw his bones:
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath you aged them.

THE EPISTAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune, and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
He never gave or hoped to gain by wrong;
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear;
He gain’d from Heaven (twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No further seek his merits to discover,
Or draw his traits from their drear abode.
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. MARY CLARKE.

LO! where this silent marble weeps;
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peacefull Virtues loved to dwell.

* Ch’ti veglio nel pensoeur, dolos m’ino Sco,
Fredda una lingua, et duo begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.

Petrarca, Son. 170.

† Mr. Gray forgot, when he displaced, by the preceding stanza, his preceding description of the evening haunt, the reference to it which he had here left:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o’er the heath and over our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With winful eyes pursing the setting sun.

† In the early editions the following lines were added, but the parenthesis was thought too long:

There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

—Paventos aperea.

Petrarca, Son. 115.

† This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, physician at Epsyri, died Apr. 1795, and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.
**MISCELLANIES.**

Affectation warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death, resign'd,
She bled the wounds she left behind.
Her infant image here below,
His smiling on a father's wo,
Where what awaits while yet be strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear,
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

---

**TRANSLATION**

**FROM STATUS.**

THIRD in the labours of the disk came on,
With steady step and slow; Hippomenes
Arduil and strong he poised the well-known weight,
By Phileus warr'd, and fired by Mineareus' face,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before his flung,
Braced all his nerves and every sinew strong,
Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye,
Pursued his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high, tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,

---

**GRAY ON HIMSELF.**

TOO poor for a brute, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune;
Could love and could hate, so 'twa's thought something odd;
No very great wit, he believed in a God:
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend
and Squire.
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1824.
THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, descended from an ancient and honourable family, was born in 1694, at Edston, in Warwickshire, a seat inherited by his ancestors throughout a long series of succession. He mentions himself in his Ode to General Stanhope that he was born near Avon's winding stream.

Somervile was educated at Winchester school, and afterwards elected fellow of New College, Oxford. It does not appear that he exhibited any extraordinary proofs of genius or literature either at Winchester or Oxford. His poetical powers were first displayed in an Ode to the Duke of Marlborough, when the ministers of Queen Anne removed him from all his places. And this production stands high amongst the distinguished compositions of that time.

In the country, where he chiefly resided, he was much respected as an accomplished gentleman, an active and skilful sportsman, and a useful justice of the peace—Rural diversions did not wholly engross his attention, for he devoted great part of his time to the cultivation of elegant literature, which enabled him to embellish the subjects he wrote on, with the ornamental flowers of rhetoric, as well as the pleasing harmony of versification; and thereby show, that it is practicable to be at once a skilful sportsman, and a man of letters.

His hospitality exceeded the bounds of prudent economy, so that he impaired his fortune, subjected himself to many distresses, incurred the censure of his more provident neighbours; and was reduced to the necessity of concluding a bargain with James Lord Somervile, for the reversion of his estate at his death. His connection with Lord Somervile, probably occasioned his poetical correspondence with Ramsay, who was patronized by that nobleman.

He was the intimate friend of Shenstone, who was his neighbour, and speaking of him, says, "I loved Mr. Somervile, because he knew so perfectly what belonged to the flood-sand-still-palliation of money."

In the latter part of his life he wrote his principal poem, The Chase, which raised his reputation very high amongst sportsmen and men of letters, and by which he is best known.

Of the close of his life, those whom his poems have delighted, will read with pain the following account, copied from the letters of his friend Shenstone, by whom he was too much resembled, as Dr. Johnson observes; referring, as we suppose, to his want of economy.

"Our old friend Somervile is dead! I did not imagine I could have been so sorry as I find myself upon this occasion.—Subiato quadrao. I can now excuse all his foibles, and impute them to age, and to distress of circumstances; the last of these considerations wrings my very soul to think on. For a man of high spirit, conscious of having (at least in one production) generally pleased the world, to be plaguad and threatened by wretches that are low in every sense; to be forced to drink himself into pains of body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is a misery."

He died July 19, 1742, and was buried at Wotton, near Henley upon Arden. His estate, inherited from a long line of ancestors, devolved, according to a deed of law, to Lord Somervile, chargeable with a jointure of six hundred pounds a-year to his mother, who lived to the great age of ninety.

As a poet, his character is given by Dr. Johnson in the following words:

"Somervile has tried many modes of poetry; and though perhaps he has not in any reached such excellence as to raise much envy, it may commonly be said at least, that he writes very well for a gentleman. His serious pieces are sometimes elevated, and his trifles are sometimes elegant. In his verses to Addison, the complaisant which mentions Clio is written with the utmost delicacy of praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained. In his Odes to Marlborough there are beautiful lines; but in the second Ode, he shows that he knew little of his hero when he talks of his
private virtues. His subjects are commonly such
as require no great depth of thought, or energy of
expression. His fables are generally stale, and
therefore, excite no curiosity. Of his favourite,
*The Two Spriggs*, the fiction is unnatural and the
moral inconsequential. In his tales there is too
much coarseness with too little care of language,
and not sufficient rapidity of narration."

"His great work is his *Chase*, which he under-
took in his maturity, age, when his ear was improved
to the approbation of blank verse, of which, how-
ever, his two first lines gave a bad specimen. To
this poem praise cannot be totally denied. He is
allowed by sportmen to write with great intelli-
gence of his subject, which is the first requisite
to excellence, and though it is impossible to interest
the common readers of verse in the dangers or
pleasures of the chase, he has done all that tran-
sition and variety could effect; and has, with great
propriety, enlarged his plan by the modes of han-
ing used in other countries."

"With still less judgment did he choose blank
verse as the vehicle of *Rural Sports*. If blank verse
be not timid and gorgious, it is crippled prose;
and familiar images in laboured language have
nothing to recommend them but absurd novelty,
which, wanting the attraction of nature, cannot
please long. One excellence of the *Splendid Shooting*
is, that it is short. Disgrace can gratify no longer
than it deceives."

In justice to our author; we must impute the
severity of some of this great critic's remarks, to
the unreasonable dislike he entertained for blank
verse and burlesque poetry; for Somerville stood in
a very respectable light in the estimation of his
contemporaries, and his *Chase* is written with equal
vigour and elegance, and justly ranks among the
first didactic poems in the English language.
THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recall to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annexed, are easily excited; as leaving behind the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elydian fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not weigh them from the accustomed sports and gayeties of life.

Part on the grasy square their pliant limbs
In wrestling exercise, or on the sands
Struggling dispute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or swell the chorus with alternate lays.
The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharness'd steeds
Grass unstrait'd; horses, and cars, and arms,
All the same fond dearest, and pleasing cares;
Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

Virg. Æncid. vi.

I hope, therefore, I may be indulged (even by the more grave and ceremonious part of mankind) if, at my leisure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chairs, some of those chases which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The result of these rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my end. I have internalized the preceptive parts with so many descriptions and digressions in the Georgic manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than Marckham, Rome, and the other prose writers upon this subject.

It is most certain, that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Polydeuces, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were disciples of hunting, being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. Xen. Cyneg. And Fliny observes, those who were designed for great captains, were first taught certare cum fugacies feris curas, cum medicisibus robore, cum caulisibus satu; to contend with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed, with the billest, in strength, with the most cunning, in craft and subtility. Plin. Panegyr. And the Roman emperors, in those monuments they erector to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the chase to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do justice to this heroic exercise. Besides that of Oppian in Greek, we have several poems in Latin upon hunting. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgic, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses; and what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and mastiffs:

The greyhound swift, and mastiff's furious head.

And he directs us to feed them with butternut.

Peace serpetium. He has, it is true, touched upon the chase in the 4th and 7th books of the Ænecid. But it is evident that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well disciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll given us by Ovid, in his story of Aeneas, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon.
taken from the sepulchre of the Naxos, and the arch of Constantine, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs following by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the adus canum eie. Thus Nilomastanus says,

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,
And trall the hare unto her secret form.

Oplian has a long description of these dogs in his first book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent, through many turnings and windings, yet he really says no more, than that one of these hounds finds out the game: for he follows the scent no farther than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the belles lettres nobody disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oplian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chase. It is therefore strange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth-while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to relieve the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couple, by encouraging this first, but imperfect essay, will show the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The ancients esteemed hunting not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well skilled in human nature. Lib. de diversis

...pils exercitio.

The gentlemen who are fond of a jingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Phillips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Phillips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kitchen, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion, as he may find in the poem itself.

...Hark, away,

Cast far behind the lingering cares of life,
Citheron calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy howls, Tseygus. Epidauros trains
For us the generous steed; the hunter's shout
And cheering cries, assenting woods return.
THE CHASE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT

The subject proposed.—Address to His Royal Highness the Prince.—The origin of hunting.—The rude and unpolished manners of the first hunters.—Bread at first handed for food and sacrifice.—The breast made by gods to man, of the beasts, &c.—The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Norman lords.—The advantages hunting has had here, as in Islam.—Address to gentlemen of estate.—Situation of the kennel and its several courts.—The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel.—The different sorts of hounds for each different chase.—Description of a pack of hounds. Editions, and breeding of hounds, the middle-standing and running hounds, the large deep-mouthed hounds, for hunting the stag and hares.—Of the time-hound: their use on the borders of England and Scotland.—A physical account of scents.—Of good and bad scents.—A short address to my brothers of the couples.

THE Chase I sing, hounds, and their various breed, And no less various use. O thou great Prince! Whom Cambria’s towering hills proclaim their lord, Deign thou to hear my loud, instructive song. While grateful citizens with pompous show Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th’ exploits Of thy illustrious house; while virgin pike Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal Youth Passing they wave, admire, and sigh in vain; While crowded theatres, too fondly proud Of their exotic mirth and shrill pipes, The price of manhood, hall there be a note, And airs so varnish’d: my hoarse-sounding horn Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings; Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care Thy fascinating coursers o’er the steepy rock, Or on the river bank receive thee safe, Light-hounding o’er the wave, from shore to shore Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth! And if thy favours, some envying prince, Carried of right and zelulose, should invade Thy Britain’s commerce, or should strive in vain To wrest the balance from the equal hand Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array’d, I send unspared to tire them, Shall compass thee around, die as thy feet, Or how thy passage through th’ embattled foe, And clear thy way to fame; inspired by thee, The noble chase of glory shall pursue Through fire and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires By just degrees to reach; Perfection’s height: No sudden art works leisurely, till time Improve the piece, or wise experience give The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold, That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts, And staid the woodland green with purple ski, New, and unpolished was the huntsman’s art; No stated rule, his wanton will his guide. With clubs and stones, rude implements of war, He armed his savage bands, a multitude Untrain’d; of tracing arts form’d, they pitch Their artless toils, then range the desert hills, And scotch the plains below; the trembling head Naruto unusual sound, and clamorous shout Unheard before; surprised, alas! to find Max now their foes, whom erst they deemed their Lord, But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet Scone they grazed. Death stretches o’er the plain Wild-swatting, and grim slaughter red with blood.

Unfed on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill. Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last Encumber’d with their spoil, joyous they bear Upon their shoulders broad, the bleeding prey. Part on their altars makes a sacrifice To that all-gracious Power, whose bounteous hand Supports his wide creation; what remains On living things they broil, innocent Of taste, nor skill’d as yet in nicer arts Of pumpern’l luxury. Devotion pure, And strong necessity, thus first begun The chase of beasts: though bloody was the deed, Yet without guilt; for the grassy herb alone Unequal to sustain man’s labouring race, A new every moving thing that lives on earth Was granted him for food. So just is Heaven! To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-times Some few improvements made, but short as yet Of due perfection. In this late remote Our painted ancestors were slow to learn, To vary deer, as they vary their sport Arts, Not skill’d for studious: till from Neustria’s coast Victorious William, to more decent rules Subdued our shallow fancies, taught to speak The proper dialect, with horn and voice To cheer their sport, whose well-known cry His listening peers approve with joint acclamation, From his successive huntsmen learnt to join In bloody social leaguers, the multitudes Dispersed, to size, to sort their various tribes, To rear; feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hall, happy Britain! high-born favour’d life, And Heaven peculiar care! to thee His given To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than these Begot by winds, or the celestial breed That bore the great Polesis through the press Of heroes arm’d, and broke their crowded ranks: Which proudly heaving, with the sun untaught Cheerful his course; and ere his beam decline, Has measured half the course unimagined. In thee alone, fair land of liberty! It bred the proper hound, in scent and speed As yet unrival’d, while in other climes Their virtue fails, a weak, degenerate race. In vain malignant storms, and winter fogs Lead the dull air, and hover round our coasts; The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold, Defies the noxious vapour, andbold, In this delightful exercise, to raise His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

*Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.
Ye vigorous youths, by smiling fortune blessed
With large possessions, healthy and wealthy.
Hope's fabled copious by your wise forefathers' care,
Healing, soothing, or in evil's dark hour
To enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor: to return the seed
For your lustro's price, all the sunbeams choose the pack
Opening in concerts of harmonious joy.
But breathing death. What though the grife severe
Of breas'ted-time, Time, and slow disease
Creeping through every vein, and new untrur
Afflict my shattered frame, undaunted still,
Find'd as a mountain-side, that breaks the heart
Of angry love; though blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in Fanchy's mirror view
Desperation's gleam, the glorious scene
In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Racount my triumphs past, uge others.
With hand and voice, and, point the winning way:
Pleased with that social, sweet garrulity,
The poor disabled veteran's sole delight!

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect.
And fronting to the muddy slaun; its court
On either side wide opening to receive
The sun's all-sieving beams, when mild it shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rough from the dark, and dark from the white)
Delight to run, it runs.
And back, in his invigilating my
With all his grace, with all his beauty, but a merry lark,
For rush the jolly clain; with tunefull threats
They card loud, and in grand chorus joint
Salute the new born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Owe their subsisting, and their joy.
At his approach. Fountain of light! If chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refreshing brow.
In vain the Morn's aid, unskill'd, unwise,
Lies my mure hope, and thy disporing hand
His darkey musing o'er thy unvisited lay.

Let no Cornithian pillars prop the dome,
A rain expense, on charitable deeds.
Better disposed, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Who struirs beneath the blast, to feed the poor
Pluck'd with afflictive want; for use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
Over all cleanliness preside, no scrap
Bestow the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones,
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust.
That nicer sense, on which the sportman's hope.
And all his future triumphs must depend.
Secondly, let the kennel have
Have lapp'd their smoking stands, morn or eve,
From the full chasen lead the dusky streams,
To where they flow, well-paved, nor spare the plains,
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Nest boxes for hounds by an handy steep,
And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
Over goavy fields, and frequented roads
Can be back, and back by this wise way.
Banish far off each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
In any wise inhale, but admit
The vivros air, and purifying breaste.

Water and shade no less demand thy care:
In a large square th' adjacent field enclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading trees,
Or fragrant frame; must happy thy delight.
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent beam shall reflect
Downward th' structure and invented grove.
Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack
Begin to vent their t脉ting souls in hoarse groans,
And drop their feeble tails; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe; shall soon those and
The not from their dark embers; the crowning my
The jocund kennel, and the drooping pack
Begin to vent their throat's hoarse groans,
And drop their feeble tails; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe; shall soon those and
The not from their dark embers; the crowning my
This shoal to shore they swim, while clear and high
And wild upon their torches the streamed flood
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch,
Their dripping limbs, or else in watery wings
Courshing around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disputing eye.

But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High on thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce, but soothing, and with stern deport,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in sport
Begun, combat ensues, growing they smart,
Then on their heads and shoulders, and their ears,
Rampant they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth, and claws, in gore
Beaumard, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Fainting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies.
Then on the heads all the brave ignorance crowd
And cloudering about the helpless wounded wretch,
And then of his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcasse on th' emanguald plain.
O breasts of pity void! to oppress the weak,
To strike the innocent, within the densest wall.
And with one mutual cry insult the fallen.
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart by native instinct led
Knocking and scratching among the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stored, and potent to ally
With victrious cup.
Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
And each to his several use,
On the one aware of his food,
Beneath the bending shade; there many a ring
Runs over in dreams; now on the doubtful fast
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautionless minds, then wing'd with all his speed,
Round or within there to search his pace, and
In imperfections whisperings speaks his joy.

A different hand for every different chase
Select with judgment; nor the timorous hare
Overmatch'd destroy, but leave that the offence
To the manage, numerous, courting crew:
Incentive on blood and spoor, O blast their hopes, just Heaven!
And all their painful drogories repay
With disappointment and severe remorse.
Bet hesitated thou thy pleasures, and give scope
to all their sportive play; by nature
A thousand shifts the sides; to nuze these
To inducements beggle twixt his waiting tail.
Through all her lubricous purrings, and rings
Her delfine knoll. See there with coincidence thus.
And with a water-girt, the hunting hound.
So courteous they covering, his wide opening nose
Upward he curius, and his large size-black ears
Milt in soft disdainful, and humble joy;
His glossy skin, or yellow, or white,
In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,
Revealing all the various tints, his ears and legs,
Pluck'd bare and bare, in gay, enamelled pade,
Rival the speckled parrot, his rugs-growen tail
Over his head, his back dress'd in ample arched sage,
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands
His round curl'd lock of smooth hair, and wide-spread thighs.

And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in every part
So well proportion'd, that the nicker skill
Of Phildai himself can't blame his choice.
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
Observer, not the large bound hare, or size.
Gigantie; he in th' thickewoven covert
Painfully takes, or in the flurry house
Terned and embarrassed bleed, but if too small,
The piggy bred in every furrow sworn;
Mild in the elegging clay, purpleting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else abhorring creep
Benamard and faint beneath the sheltering thorn,
For heard of middle hearts revive and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his card's standard, to make the equal ranks
His gay battalions; as one man they move
Many at once to serve the same, their same
Far-pleasing, dart the same univald-blaze:
Reviewing genera his merit own;
How regular! how just! and all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approves.
Book I.

The Chase.

So model then thy pack, if honour touch
Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.
And likewise let the head, nor with thy hounds
Of different kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a bagging line
Of baying curs disgrace thy broken pack.

But if the amiable steer be thy chase,
Of steady stag, that oft the woodland reigns;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
Delights thy rapt'rd ear; the deep-flow'd bound
Breath'd up with care, song, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose ears dawn-hanging from his thic round head
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose smiling voice
Awaits the mountain echo in her cell.

And shake the forests: the bold tailed kind
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Cwedd, slow winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapid cours, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting legacies the haughty rivals swelt;
There dwelt a pilfering race, well trained and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil.

Their only substance, feuds and war their sport.
Not more expert in every fruitful art
Of each sex! * was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his loving prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the covering rock,
In vain the zooy cloud, and rudely flames
That issued from his mouth: for soon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how justly due.

To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heaven!
Ved'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then provoking for and near, whatever they seize
Becomes their prey; not rocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stiles protect the steers, nor strong, hard doors
Secure the favorite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thongsong curses burst their way:
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rags, attentive cheers;
Soon the anguished brute, his curving tail
Flourish'd in air, low-bending plies around
His busy nose, the蔬菜searing vapour stinks
Inquistive, nor leaves even, nature's wide
'Till conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quicker; his trembling legs, his arcing tail
Attach his joy; then with deep opening mouth
That makes the wellkin trembling he proclaims
Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasoning. Over the watery ford
Jolly sandy heaths, and stony barren hills;
Or steep ascending paths, with men and beasts distrand,
Unerring he seems: till at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The croft's vile, renews the captive prey
So exquisitely delicate his sense!

Should some more curious sportsman here inquire,

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Whence this sagacity, this wondrous power
Of tracing step by step, or man or brute?
What guide invisible points out their way,
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark chase reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller dills distill'd, as it flows
Propell'd, theserious particles evade
Through the open pores, and with the ambient air
Extangling sich. As funning vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purring buk.
There by this incumbent atmosphere compress'd.
The panting chase grows warmer as it flies,
And through the network of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condensed, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispersed, or rareded
By the meridian sun's reaper heat.
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils opening wide, 'er hill, 'er date,
The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures stung
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay
And in triumphant melody confess
The tillating bay. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forebode a blustering, stormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow;
When mopping fronts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming; kindly spere
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease; listen they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invoked; or happily if they call
Rouse up the surmising tribe, with heavy eyes
Clasped, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
Laverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plain:
Curious they crop, slip, spiritless, forlorn.
These inscrutable days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours: thy improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Unwind the pleasing, season'd with poetic wit,
But if the inclement skies and angry Jove
Parish the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invoke thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old,
Converse familiar with th'o' illustrious dead:
With great examples of old Greece or Rome.
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven.
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
The friendship purchased with our blood. Well-born, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless matronizing youth, proud of the scab
That dignifies his cap, his florish'd belt,
And racy couple glimmering by his side.
Be those of other mould, and know that such
Transporting pleasures, were by Heaven ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.
THE CHASE.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes.—Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roe-buck, and in the hare going after the hare.—Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the seasons, weather, or mind.—Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chase.—Transition to the Arctic way of hunting, particularly the magnum opus of the celebrated Mr. GRENVILLE ARNON, and other Tartarian grisons, and an history of Gutenkan the Great.—Concludes with a short reprint of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

NOR will it less delight thy attentive ear
To observe that instinct, which amusing guides
The brutal race, which mimic reason's lore
And oft transcends: Heaven taught, the roe-buck
Sweeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recus.

As wondering shopworn on the Arabian plains;
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp: now, an some cooler hill
With cedars scented, court the refreshing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling streams distil
From some peonous source, their thirst allay.
And now they lie, the wise birds among:
Spend their ease, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and, by day, treacherous
Woe

Flit their destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of shedding all forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary, and close they sit.

When Sunlight shines forth, season of love and joy
In the mast mast, 'mong beds of rubes hid;
They cool their boiling blood: when summer suns
Bake the stiff earth, to thicken the wailing fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young.
But when autumnal torrents, and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they dry, and cautiously avoid.

The dripping covert. Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbed, thither with speed retire'd;
In the long grass they seek, or, shrinking, creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing still.

As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every season carefully observed,
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienced huntsman soon may find.
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient bounds
With disappointment waver, each springing lack
Rabbling pursue, far scatter'd over the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are strown;
Inward smiling, the proud farmeranores
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And could its large increase; his barns are stored
And growing stubbles bend beneath their load.

All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range untamed;
No widow's ears a-tweet, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Tremblingly conceal, by his fierce look
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and bellow loud,
Chants with the rattling thunder of the field.

Oh hear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gray court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Gains more renown'd, and a far nobler trial,
Than proud Kiev fields could boast of old.
Oh! were I a Thesian jyn not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right:
Or to those spurious plains, where the strain'd eye
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Saram's proud spires, that over the hills ascend,
And pierce through the clouds. Or thy down,
Fair Cetusvold, where the well-breathed beasts
Climb,
With matchless speed, thy green, aspiring bow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Ha1! gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess, hallop
Reduced I see thy purple mantle spread
Over half the skies; gaze purer thy radiant ray,
And eren pearls from every cloud depend.
Fawell, Cleora; bare deep sunk in down
Stunnumbered, sacred, with happy dreams amissed,
Till grateful beams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy offerings mak'd.
The toiled place, shall thence be to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn concours calls, the pack awake
They reign, their matriarch chant, nor break my long delay.
My corner hear their voice, see there with ear
And nail erect, weighting he pews the ground;
Fierce rupture kindles in his redening eye,
And beds in every vein. As captive hounds
Cowed by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once disjoin'd, no limits can contain
The tumult raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frisk play.
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gazette express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more tumulted, and liberty restored.
The rising sun that over the luminous peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When Javali showers descend. Delightful scene
Where all around is gay: men, horses, dogs,
In each smiling countenance appears
Fresh-burnishing health, and universal joy awed.

Huntsman, lead on! behind the clustering pack
Submits attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud clapping, and thy hamher voice obey
Spare not the struggling ous that wildly hove,
The Chase

But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imitate thy lengthy gait; let each lash
Ride to the quick, till howling he return;
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind,
With Directs and Strategies inspired
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
See her fresh fiery, her bright eye be open;
Till on the fieldward ground
How leisurely they work, and scatter a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more assured
With joy recalled, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then over the fieldward ground
How leisurely they work, and scatter a pause
With horror seiz'd. The withered grass that clings
Around her hand, of the same tussah true.
Almost deceived my sight, had not her eyes
With life full beaming her rain-wiles betray'd.
At the last gum back, let all be hasten'd;
No clamour loud, no frantic joy to be heard;
Lest the wild hound run gadding over the plain
Untraced, nor bring thy or his blood-shot eyes.
Now gently put her off, see how direct
To her known track. Now, horseman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy Jolly hounds,
And calmly jog them in. Now low they sleep,
And seem to plough the ground; then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
There glissades with hearts. As winds let loose
From the deep caverns of the blustering god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn:
Horse gives the signal, and all scatter'd on by
Fear.

The withing links, men, dogs, billa, rocks, and woods
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths.
Stript for the chase, give all your souls to joy;
Yes! sky the mountain, and call the morn to renew
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shivering hoofs scarce
The grass unraised, with emulsion fired [print]
They strain to lead the head, top the barb's gate,
Over the deep ditch excelling bound, and brush
The thorny-winding hedge: the riders bend
Over their andale necks; with steady hands, by turns
Induce their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their scars, disappointments, wrongs,
Vagaries! All, all are gone
And with the panting winds lag behind.  

Huntsman! her gait observe; in wide rings
She wheel her many way, in the same round
Persisting still the utmost track she betrays.
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task:
Pace on your pack. Like some poor exiled wretch
The fretted chase leaves her late dear abodes,
'Over plains she stretches far away, Ah! never return! for greedy Death
Hunting exasts, secure to seize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where those towering oaks
Are tree to tree, what mixture of sounds
What glorious triumph heard in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunter's shout, the
Throbb'd heart of the swiftest hunting hounds,
The pack wide-opening loud the trembling air
All in a curling cloud, the panting chase in a
The propagated cry redoubled bounds,
And winged zepphis waft the hunting joy
Through all the rugged near: affrighting birds
Ne more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke
Scampering he flies, or need he his master's call:
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
The reaper his fold; nor his bloating flocks
Are now the Shepherd's joy: men, boys, and girls
Gathering and wild crowds
Spread over the plain, by the sweet frenzy seized.
Now how she pants! and over yon opening glade
Silent they walk, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unreactile by wise,
With humble adulation covering low;
The planets in their orbs roll round his head;
Their solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
Of concert swell, and hills and dales return.
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor harem,
A puny, destitute animal, but versed
In the great cheat of Providence's train.
But if that proof, aspiring soul disclaims
So mean a prey, designing, with a smile,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chase?
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings
Why on the banks of Ganges, Indian stream,
Line with line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why, that he ne'er the warrior horse?
From tent to tent, from tent to tent,
Why pace the crowning of the bounding steed?
Why shone the polished helm, and pennoned lance,
This way and that far-braving o'er the plain?
Very real, nor Ganges is reborn,
As the chief of bravest of Every's train.
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[Book II.]

With humble adulation covering low;
The planets in their orbs roll round his head;
Their solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
Of concert swell, and hills and dales return.
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor harem,
A puny, destitute animal, but versed
In the great cheat of Providence's train.
But if that proof, aspiring soul disclaims
So mean a prey, designing, with a smile,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chase?
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings

So by the sun's attractive power control'd,
The echo of the loud trumpet's voice,
Solemnly in the imperial standard wave.
Emblazon'd rich with gold and glittering gems;
And, like a sheet of dry, through the dun gloom
Streaming noteworse: The seceders' chorus.
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour and united ring,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp,
They curl the varied sounds, floating in air.
Round all the wide circumference, tygers fell
Shink at the noise; deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and terrors yet unscold'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Owend they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony: files, corsets, drums,
That raise the sober soul to arm, and hold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Dread'rd ever hill and dale, the hunters range
Insensative; strong dogs that match in fight
The boldest beasts, around their masters wait;
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd; they drive
From every covert, and from every den
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Resound through the woods, and lighting fires
In the wide temple. The scene seems
One mingling blaze; like flocks of sheep they fly.
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, panthers,
Bears, tigers, and all the forest's arte
Of grim blood-thirsty foes: growing along,
They stretch their indignant, and its vengeance fast
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pontos speak
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Waves in its sable veil forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in every ranks, around
The circling camp. The guns are placed, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruby light:
What wild shouts! what hideous roar, what noise!
Disturb those peaceful shades: where erst the bird
That glistens the night, had che'd the listening groves
With sweet complaining. Thro' the silent gloom
Oh you the guards assu'd; as oft repul'd
They fly refulgent, with hot bleeding rage
Sting to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
This day by day, they still the chase renew.
At night encamp; till now in strainer bounds
The circus in a narrow space, exact and firm
Tell in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not in the fevered tides in arms array'd,
On these extended plains, where Ammon's son
With mighty Poreus in dread battle jointed,
The victor's glance, and wast not the host
More numerous of all, which the great king
Four'd out on bivouac from all th' unpeopled East;
The eagleduk'd the trident from the sea,
And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The lion in the furtive, in the furtive pace,
A wide circumference; till many a league
Is compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close array
The mighty chief of this prodigious host.
He from the throne-hum'd embattled presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of chase.
From ancient records drawn. With reverence list,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irremissible decrees; from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
Eke, to his leaders, the vacant sounding sound,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where, as a girdle, to reign what these command,
Those execute with speed, and punctual care;
In all the strictest discipline of war.
As to some watchful foe, with bold intent
Hung frowning o'er their camp. The high resolve,
That, with their arrows, through all the encircling wings,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole

Extra.
Book II.

The Chase.

Would lose his own. The mighty Aurungzebe, From his high-elevated throne, beholds His blooming race; revolving in his mind What once he was, in his gay spring of life, When vigour strung his nerves; Parental joy Melts in his eyes, and matches in his cheeks. Now the loud trumpet summons a charge. The horsemen Of eager hosts, through all the circling line, And the wild howlings of the beasts within, Rend wide the welkin: flights of arrows, wing'd With death, and javelins launch'd from every aim, Gall soon the brutal bands, with many a wound Gored through and through. Despair at last prevails, When faithless nature shrinks, and renews all Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furiously rage, Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band They rush implacable. They their broad shields Quick interpose: on each devoted head Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove, Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground The grunting monsters lie, and their testy gore Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce Their' th' eough hides; or at their gaping mouths An easier passage find. The king of brutes, In broken rearing breathes his last: the bear Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin, Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay, Save the proud pad from unrelenting feet. The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,

Glutting her greedy jaws, grim o'er her prey. Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind, A strange promiscuous carnage, trench'd in blood. And heaps on heaps amount. What yet remains Alive, with vain anxiety contend to break The impenetrable line. Others, whom fear Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath The bodies of the slain for shelter creep. Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispersed. And now perchance (had Heaven but pleased) the work Of death had been complete; and Aurungzebe By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race. When, lo! the bright colossus of his court Appears, and to his ravish'd eye display These charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd. Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny When supplicant beauty begs? At his command, Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops Leave a large void for their retreating foes: Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne, To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult In wantonness of power, against the brate race, Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war Wage uncontrolled: here quench your thirst of blood; But learn from Aurungzebe to spare mankind.
THE CHASE.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Of King Edgar, and his tempering a tribute of wolver's heads upon the kings of Wales—From hence a traversing of all the lands of Illyria—Of the several engines to destroy foes, and other wild beasts—Of the steel-tray described, and the manner of using it—Description of the palfiy for the lion: and another for the elephant.—The ancient way of hunting with a horse.—The Arabian manner of hunting in a steed chase at Windsor Forest.—Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an exordium upon mercy.

IN Albion's age when glorious Edgar reign'd, His steed swift-footed, from his white cliffs Launch'd half her forests, and with numerous steeds Covered his wide domain: there proudly rode Lord of the deeps, the great prerogative Of British monarchs. Each invader bold, Danes and Norwegians, at a distance gaz'd, And, disappointed, grann'st his teeth in vain. He scorn'd the seas; and to remotest shores With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled. Rich commerce flourish'd; and with many a son Thouk'd the resembling rase. Nor less at east His royal care: wise, potent, gracious prince! His subjects from their cruel foes he saved, And from rapacious savages their flocks. Cambria's proud kings: though with retribution paid Their treacherous wolves; head after head, In full account, till the wood's yield no more, And all the veneficous race extinct is lost. In fertile pastures, more securely graze The social troops; and soon their large increase With curling flocks white'd all the plains. But yet alas! the wild fox remain'd A sable, pattering foe, prowling around. In midight shades, and wakefi'd to destroy. In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamm, Beside by his guilty arts with sweet warm blood Supplies a rich taste. The mournful view, Her dearest treasure lost, through the dun night Wanders perplex'd, and dallying beasts in vain; While in the adjacent bush, poor Philomel, Himself a partiner, till wonton churl Doth her nest join; in her loud lamentis, With sweeter notes and more melodious we. For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman! prepare They slant more vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile To just disgrace! Are yet the morning deep, Or starts return from the first blush of day, With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack, And cause the bold compeers. Thus to the chase, Thick with entangling grass or prickly thorns, With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds. In all their beauty's pride. See how they range Dispersed, how hasty this way and that They cross, examining with ruthless nose Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry More noisy fall, and swall'rd with every mouth, As straggling armis at the trumpets voice Press to their standard, hinder all repair, And hurry the woods with busy step. Bustling, and full of hope, now driven on haste They push, they strive; while from his kenneel sneaks The concomit villian. See! he stalks along, Sighing, at the shepherd's cost, and gump with maids Parcloses to ride the wicked hare below! Though high his brush he bear, though tipp'd with giltly shine; yet ere the sun declined, (whilst recall the shades of night, the panting rogue Shall rue his fate reversed; and at his heels Behold a saley chase as swift to seize His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood. Heaven! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts Big with triumphal joy! the loaded gates Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives From wood to wood, through every dark recess The forest thunders, and the mountains shake. The chorous swells; less various and less sweet The trilling notes, when in those very groves The feather'd choristers salute the Spring, And every bush in concert joins; or when The master's hand, in modulated air, Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers Of music in one instrument combine, A universal minstrelsy. And now In vain each earth he tries, the doors are bard impossible, nor is the covert safe; He piaits for purer air; Hark! what loud shots Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away; Shriil horn calls proclaim his flight. Each straggling bound Strains over to the reach to the distant pack. Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths, Now give a loose to the clean, generous steed; Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur; But in the midst of delight, forget Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range, And dangerous our course; but in the brave True courage never fails. In vain the stream In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch, Wide-sliping, threatens death. The craggy steep Where the poor, dirty shepherd creeps with care, And clings to every twig, gives us no pain; But down we go o'er the steep, the faithful steed To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill. By the swift motion flung, we mount aloft: So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink A down the steepy wave; then toss'd on high Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

What lengths we pass! where will the wander. Lead us wilder'd? smooth as swallows skin The new-shorn mead, and far most swift we fly. See, my brave pack; how to the head they press; Jostling in close array, then more diffuse Oubliette wheel, while from their spaining mouths The voilied thunder breaks. So when the cranes Their annual voyage steer, with wanion wing, Their image o'er the sea, their.large and long From cloud to cloud rebounds. Now far behind The loaster-crow, wide-straggling over the plain: The gusting vourder now with trembling nerves Begins to really urge by the gusting spur. Makes every a faint effort: he snorts, he frames, The big round drop runs trickling down his sides, With sweat and blood distill'd. Look back and view The strange confusion of the vale below,
Of man or beast unwarily shall pass
The yielding surface. By th’ indurated steel
With gripe tenacious hold, the field is won.
And struggles, but in vain: yet still ’s dun
When every art has failed, the captive for
Has shared the resolute joint, and with a lump
Compounded for his life. But if imperience
In the deep pit-fall plummets, there’s no escape
But, unrestrained, he dies, and bleached in air,
The jeer of crows, his reckoning carelessness.

Of these are various kinds; not even the king
Of beasts avails this deep-deep-sorrows grave:
But by the wily African betrayed.
Exceeds of fate, within its gaping eyes
Expendes ignominious. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race
Burns up, the blood full gorged, retire
Into their darksome cells, their multitude more
Of dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful disaster
Climbs the high hills, whose proud asprying tops,
With the tail uplifted, and taper in
Asmall the cliffs. There among the craggy rocks
And thicketts frusticate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road
And averse to death. Hither he calls his
Watchful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they slit, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear’d,
The bust of statues; a tomb, whose mournful speech
A lamb is placed, just raivishing from its dam:
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Enclosing round, and hiding from all view.

The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang over, when the buttress tottereth,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sailes,
New-rising from the death, and stairs with wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain’d.
The forest treacherous, as the years along
Impatiens to destroy. O joy’i he bears
Thehating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd’s prayers, and the pitious mean,
The softest touch; himself, alas! design’d
Another’s meal. For how the greedy brute
Winds him from far and bearing o’er the sound
To seize his trembling prey, heading is plunged
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies,
Amaund and impatient. Ah what avail
These eye-balls finding fire, this length of tail,
That lashes thy braided sailes, thy jaws beam’d
With blood, and offals crude, thy shaggy mane,
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is full? Unequal is the strife,
When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia’s sun-burnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitiful frame,
But of a different kind, and greater use.
With sleeder poles the wide, capacious mouth,
And huddles slight, they close: o’er these is spread
A floor of various tinturf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Descending the grass, that down below,
Then lougs of teeth they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharged; the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening gray
Advances slow, steeping all around
With kind refreshing down the thiny globe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step royal strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To jave his panting sides; his scent
The rich repast, unweeding of the tooth
That lurks within, and soon he sparsing breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. All too deadly bought;
The price is life. For now the mountain pass
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast
Self-dashing, drops into the steep profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling heavy
Thick incensed earth: the flames the current round
Shrink and subsides, and this vast surface yieldeth
Down siden at once the ponderous limbs, ignu’d
With all its towers. So with it savage wind
How variours are thy wiles! Artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull watchful race!}
Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pant,
The Chase

[Book III.]

Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Conducts not: as convenient distance frst.
A polisht'd mirror, steps in full career
That bless his bright brook with many a view;
Spots against spots with rage improving grow;
Another pars his blisful whiskers curst.
Gazelle he starts, as if all year's improvements
Distends his opening paws; himself against
Himself opposed, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transitl'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innumerable engines forms, to assay
The savage king, but in some sable horse,
Swift and confident with man, amours
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The savage beasts are made, must submit to war.
With the more active braves an equal war.
But horses by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Men dares his foes, on wings of wind secure.

Of him the fierce Arab mount, and with his troop
Of bold courmecs, ranges the desert wild.
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Sears his arid course; yet oft on land
Is wretched, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immersed and lost. While these thirsted bears
Safe in their heterous speed, out-fly the storms,
And sorcing round make men and beasts their prey.
The grisy boat's is singed from his head.
As large as that in Erinamand woods.
A match for him they fly in circles wide;
And each in passing seeds
His feather'd death into his browny waves.
But perils the attempt: for if the seed
Harly too near approach; or the loose earth
His footing fail; the watchful Arabian heart
Th'advantage spies; and at one sideling glance
Rips up his grain. Wound'd, he rears aloft,
And in his rider's hard
Precipitantly; then bleeding spurs the ground,
And drags his seeking entrails on the plain.
Meanwhile the early monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
And with the windwheels in the spacious ring.
A wood
Of sorts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortured sides, the crimson turns roll
From many a gaping slot; and now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whether roves my devous Muse, intent
On antique tales; while yet the royal stag
Untang remains? Tread with respectfull awe
Windover's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard
Charm'd once the listenning dryads, with his song
Shakespeare's amorous shade, in sacred Shade,
To glisten sumissly what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning ran that gilds with trembling rays
Windover's high towers, beholds the country train
Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroick, noble youths,
In arts and arms renew'd, and lovely nymphs
The fairest of this tale, where beauty stalks alone
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favoured shades: in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior; of externs show
Regardless, while their herald virtues give
A sancr to their power, and grace their court.
With real splendors, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings, in all their time's pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
France round their cars, not in refrigent arms
As those of old, so able to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow; these, with sierous aim
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. A man more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effigence arriv'd,
Fires every heart. He must be more than man
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
A mados, mildler than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal power,
Innervate them, and in soft charms
Her willing captive s leads. Illustrious maid,
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms
With thousands admistrated (lords
Had swed mankind, and taught the world's great
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As opening lilies; on whose eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See; see,
He ravish his decision with many a grace.
Is it Adonis for the chase arry'd?
Or Brittan's second hope? Hail, bloming Youth!
And pay to thee the virtue of thy years improving.
Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of muses
On the great satian wait, with eyes devoted.
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
With the wide scroll, but all is bush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmoved, and cowering low to earth,
While past the glittering court, and royal pair.
So disciplined those hounds, and so reserved.
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But thus the sight of James, so swelled the king's voice.
Let us the general chorus: fare around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unabour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His meadow fair: he shakes hisipleed antlers
And tosses high his beauteous head: the cope
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tires: not more the wily hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-month'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply; and there is a cheering shout.
Float through the glades, and the wide forest lanes.
How sweetly they melodize;
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And each the harmonious din, the soldier deese
The above the kindling chimney statement.
Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each sex
In the wild report jar; unanxioys joy.
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exults.
On every brow, and reveal unrestrained.
How in the heat of the day our seats no more
Thyself: when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval, and ease from pain.

See the swift courser straights, his shining head
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitch'd feasts, with tantalizing hunts?
High-overgrown? Or who the quivering bog
Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plains.
Plains as the strand arous'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
The forest opens in our wondering view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waste the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the braves voice
Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rene)
To' er labour and renown. In the works of peace,
To smooth the rugged wilderness:
To drain the stagnant fens, to rake the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with the embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph our island's boast and pride,
Push the green crowns, that stalks along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor Custom's rule below:
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks.
While at their sides their passive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious course; now chill'd with fear
Sophistic, and now with love inflamed.
O! grace, indescrib'd Heaven, no rising storm
May darken with black wings, this glorious scene!
Should some resolvent power then dash our joy
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old,
Betray'd to lawless Thracian tyrant queen.
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotless, unblamed, with equal triumphs reign
In the dim glooms, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blast swag'd, through woods, bogs, roads,
And streams
Has measured half the forest; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he cast the lingering peak behind,
His heart far seizes with horizon views.
The fall destroy'd; still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the hawk, the watch (his heart alray enticed)
In guiltless blood disturb'd) still seems to hear
The chase

The dying shrieks; and the pale threatening guest
Moves as he moves, and as his flies pursuing.
See here his slot; up you green hill he circles,
Pasty on his brow awhile, sadly looks back
On his pursuers, covering all the plain;
But wrong with anguish, hearts not long the sight,
Shoots down the steep, and sweets along the vale;
There mingles with the herd where once so

Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing horn
Hissed in vain, and whose exalted power
Was still rewarded with successful love.
But the base herd have learnt the ways of men;
A verse they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chase him from thence: needless their impious

The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
Black and in beards: nor are his haunts deserted;
Two well distinguish these, and never leave.
Their once devoted foe: familiar grows
His scent, and now, unrestrained, uppeals to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled speed

Finds o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And push him many a league, if haply then
Too far escaped, and the grey, courtly train
Behind are cast, the huntsman's clinging whip
Stops full their bold career; passive they stand,
Unmoved, an humble, an obsequious crowd,
As if by stern Modusa gazed to stones.
So at their general's voice while armies hault
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
Interned up with them they foam and pour along
With fresh-recruited might. The stag, who

Hissed, they drive to death, and after his lives
The dreadful din; he shivers every limb,
Its strength, its bounds; each bash presents a foe.
Proof'd by the fresh relays, no pause allow'd,
Breathless, and faint, he failures in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with death in view,
Sustain their load: he pants, he sob's appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbersome beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some pitying eye surprise him; soon he rears
Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-dissembled vigour, to abuse
The knowing forester; who truly smiles,
At his well-behaved, and unscouring frauds; so
Midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Their faded light, as they blow out expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunder rolls,
And bellow through the vale; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shews,
And horns shrill-wailing in each glade, glide to.
And now the noise is in view.
With hoisting gait, and high, exerts amazed
What strength is left: to the last drops of life
Reduced, his spirits fail, on every side
Hercules' in, besieged; not the least opening left
The ghastly pleasure of an unhappy last reserve.
Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Returned to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These flagging lie, those by his strider gored
Defile th' easening plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against you knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front presents
A host of foes. Of shin, ye noble train,
The rude encroachers, and liege lives your
Country's due alone. As now afore

They wing around, he finds his soulupraised,
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Dry; diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence.
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Freepartant; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship despatched, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet.
Sate anchorage he finds, there stucks immersed.
His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye.
If man or brute, in vain the wading pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with nay feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No truce behind, and his contracted pores
His spongey perspiration: the human strains
His labouring lungs, and puts his cheeks in

Rain.

At length, in blood-bound bold, stolidous to kill,
And exquisite of sense, wins him from the fire.
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Leaden opening spares again, and his wide threat
Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hang on his branch, and wounds
The unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Some distance distant, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Happily once more escaped;
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willow, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain

The slippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage: the stag rebels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when some ship, cornering a ship
Full-freighted, or from Africa's golden coast,
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he stings; those in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides.
And clinging clutch aloof: while those on board
Urges on the wind of fate, the master bold,
Prov'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whirling wave,
His wealth, his fees, nor unsworn to die.
So fares it with the stag: so he resolves
To plunge at once; to fall below, below,
Himself, his fees in one deep gulf immersed.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of wo, he groans disclosures:
The teetering block of his trapper, his master checks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wonted plight, and tearless in vain
Moves his great soul; soon at his high command
Relieved the disappointed hungry pack.

Great Prince! from thee, what may thy subjects
So kind, and so beneficent to brutes? [Hope]
O mercy, heavenly horn! sweet attribute!
Then great, that best preservative of power,
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles
Gilds, and in deep the following waves subsides
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.
THE CHASE.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man.---Of treading of hounds; the seasons for this business.---The choice of the dog, of great moment.---Of the litter of whelps.---Of the names to be given to them.---Of their several kinds.---Of the feed of beagles.---Of breaking them from running at sheep.---Of the diseases of hounds.---Preventing the fever-like disease; the dropsy, and other grievous ills; the dreadful effects.---Turning of the round recommended as preventing all ill consequences.---The infectious hounds to be separated and fed apart.---The variety of traction in the many inoffensive cases for this mortality.---The distressing effects of the biding of a mad dog, upon many, described.---Description of the after-banding.---The conclusion.

WHETHER of earth is born, to earth returns
Disobey the laws that govern the gods above;
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Likewise changes, but its vital essence
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fall.
Hence great the distance Twixt the beasts that perish,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will, and for him made:
As brutalize these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erst the Sumerian sage
Taught unsead, and Indian Brahmans new
As vainly preach; the teeming, revenues brute
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene;
Incomparably all the globe should not his care
Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail.
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And through the deserts range, divesting, forlorn,
Quite destitute of every savoy dear,
And every sort gayety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent tree:
For shall his pack he famed, far sought his breed,
And princes at their tables feast those bounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urged
His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound
Her Caedous born to the western gale;
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolved,
Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
The noisy rock builds his wicker seat;
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and fishing court
Their preposterous mate unbridled; their red eyes
Flash fires impure; nor rest, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love, in separate coils
Canine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Avenge thy peaceful state. If not at large,
The greedy phlegm of dundie battle join,
And rude encounter. On Scamander's stream
Heroes of old with far less fury fought,
For the bright Spartan dame, their valorous prize.
Maunly and torn thy favourite hounds shall lie,
Stretched on the ground: thy lance shall appear
A field of blood: like some unhappy town
In civil riots confused, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Desiring their infamous harlots in mutual death;
And still the beat below, and leaves fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawless love!

Hunhuma! these ills by timely, prudent care
Prevented.---Some happy paramount:
In leagues committal join. Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Cheifs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake.
With thorns sharp pointed, pland, and briars torn
Ovawen.
Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size,
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits; the vain babblers shun.
Eo loquacious, even in the wrong;
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false names, and boast impertinence.
Nor less the shifting ear avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devouring he strays, there every now he tries:
If haply then he cross the steaming aunt,
Away he flies vain glorious; and exalts
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unvanqu'd! Is! east far behind,
His wax'ls associates pant, and labouring strain.
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
The insulting boster, his false courage fails:
Behind he lags, down'd to the fatal moose;
His vassals faint, and scorn of all the field
What can from such be hoped, but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharp'st horn, above th' horizon's brink;
Without Lucinda's aid, expect thy hopes
Are sanny crown'd; short range produce to light
The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind;
Nature their guide, they seek the potting test
That glorious streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors;
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy: lest to the merciless flood
Expire the dwindling race, nor overlook
Th' indigent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide.
And to the father-parent give the care
Of thy supernatural brood; she'll cherish kind
The alias offspring; pleased thou shalt behold
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolic now and plentiful, they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With arrows improved, pursue the mimic chase,
Couring ground; unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy raised price; the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hojens, with many a kiss
Care, and dignify their little charge.

With some great title and resonant name
Of high import. But cautiously here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The mistaken, immature
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging comest spore: his nerves unstirred,
And striving to unburden his labours.
Shall stain his growth, and his rash forward youth
Conclude on such fashions, as care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arrived, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The standing, and the sturdy sages of the pack.
By long experience versed in all the wiles
And whole doings of the cunning chase.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward youngster at the head
Press boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abashed
The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confide alone; give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care; soon shall thou view
The run, as he brings the wild beast.

No call entails thee further than wanton lambkins play,
And blest dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tenderlings. If at the crowding flock
He lay preposterous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd, or in more evident plain;
In the soul fact attach'd, to the strong ground
The fast the rash offender. See at first
His head companion, fearful, and amazed,
Shall drag him trembling, over the rugged ground:
Then with his load discharge, shall turn a-head,
And with his cur'd head thrust inconsequent pace
The panting wretch; till breathless and astound'd,
Stoopp'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twitching whip, but pity his bleeding sides
Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice
Hard beseech, exhort, incite, load
His vile offence. Soon shall trembling doves,
Escaped the hawk's sharp talon, in mid air
Assail their dangerous foe, as he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is trained: as curious artless bend
The taper, plant twig; or potters form
Their soft and dexterous clay into various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to preserve
Must be the care. The stanch old bounds.
Guides of the pack; though in number few,
Are yet of great account; shall oft unit
The gordan knight, when reason at a stand
Fussling is lost, and all thy art is void
On clogging falls, or dry plaster'd roads,
On crossed mazes, or high plains with rocks distain'd
Rank-scentsing, these shall make the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senators who preside,
In their liberal edicts and with well turn'd speech
Conduct the standing multitude; so these
Direct the pack, who with joints cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ill,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering over their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Shore is their span; of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song
Highly prais'd: kind, sagacious brute!
Not even Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-loved master from thy nicer sense
Dying his lord's blood head, of'd blood's head
With eager eyes, then closed those eyes, well pleased.

Of lesser ill the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low: of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care,
What prudence can prevent madness, the worst
Of all these? This pest! that bane
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads,
Through all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than the envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apollus's poisonous sting,
Head'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
Each eye and nose, with quick and piercing eye,
Thy panting pack. If in dark sulm'd mood
The glowing hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close, obscurer retreat,
Gloomily, desconsolate: with speed remove
The pest infectious wench, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
Which art can cure, wise caution may prevent.

But this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
Or in some dark recess the senses brute
Sits sadly pining: deep melancholy,
And black despair upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering; from his half-opening jaws
The clammy vomit streams,
Distilling fall; and from his lungs inflamed,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
The cheerless cry, that mourns and weeps and sighs;
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight. He objects he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, Beaumarchais' till death last
Graciously attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful scene: his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like some angry bear
Churning he flames; and on his black erect
Back the straight bristled spine; his tail is incurved
He droops, and with hands broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice
Incantantus: and sniffth th'o' infectious breath
This way and that he starts again, and starts
At his own shade; jealous, as if he saw not
The world round him. In the stream of life
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul: sour he flies, trembling, spoil'd, spoil'd,
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round:
He pack for diverse; for what'er he meet
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence escaped,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhuman, and with dripping jaws; to man nor beast
He spares, implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind, and gentle, is now bared and furius;
(Who haply now without the kennel's guard
Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy
The hunter's call, and flings his spear)
To the kennel with his voice appeal
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleased: no more shaft
With brightly neighings, to the winding hour,
And the loud-opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For ob! the secret wound
Rankling in his frame, he bites the ground and dies.

Hence to the village with pernicous haste
Baleful he bents his course: the village flies
Alarmed: the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close to the trembling babe; the doors are bar'd.
And flying curn, by native instinct taught
Snum the contiguous bane; the rustick bands
Hurry to the arms, the rude milite sects
Whose at hand they find: clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furiae fuses
In wild disorder, and uncountable array:
Gored, till now with wounds on wounds oppressed
And at one short poisonous grasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse! return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe;
Where horror stalks at large; insatiate death
Sits gloomily at some hour behind.
A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy are thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wraith! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie; 'tis these the living light
In one eternal broil; not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups
Sparce not their friends, while senseless squabbles reign.

Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground

Book IV

The Chase
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
Shone bright: nor all his arts can save
The yellow carp; nor all his cunning skill
That hideth his head.

Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride, and
Of beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Inadequate to all. The owner mourns
TV unpeopled river, and ghastly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jeweled wave, that mark upon its being
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient elders abide
The deep-sea sound, within some hollow trunk
Contives his wicker couch; whence he surveys
His long perilous, lord of the stream, and all
His high-born youths, with a soul that in deeds
Dispute the felon's claim; try every root,
And every stock. The rising of the stream
The busy-spreading pack, that fearsome plume
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.

The splendid toil, beholds the gathering spleen,
And every waving shell, of that vast sea,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impressed! and on that bank
Behold the sparkling spoils, half-extant for sea
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sap-bed, see, once more
Calm in repose, and dreamless in delight
The gay foe, and on his couch,
With the tall peal begins, the clarion joy,
The clarion joy, that rends the trembling air
Ye Nalades fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody: th' harmonious notes
Flow slowly, and every winding rock
And hollow rock, that o'er the dishing flood
Nods pendent, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamour loud! what gay, heart-cheering

Urze through the breathing brass their many way!
Not quires of tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The clarion bellows, when proud Neptune sounds
In triumph over the deep. How greedily
The clarion is taken up by the souls
Trembling escapes, her nomsome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steeps, through cover'd thick
With pointed stones, and briers innumerable
Urze on with hope and voice the painful pack
Bat skin with wanton wings the irrigous vales,
Wear the winding paths with every smell
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of boxy willows, and arch'd gloomy retreats
Of the bright solace kind; where they at will,
On the green banks of the slippery picture grass,
Stuck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws alope
From humble turf, and laves their dark abode.
Where rage not oppression? Where, alas!
Is become unfeeling? Rapine spoil
Haunt even the lowest deeps; sea have their

Rivers and lakes inclin'd, the ravenous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on
him
That beard the lips, and unwelcome grace is his fate
Deserved; but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears
That hitse on his back, defend the perch
THE CHASE.

For though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.
Not such our friends; for here no dark design
No wicked interest tribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life: our social joys
Smile, as we smile; open, and unrepressed.
We speak our inmost soul; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.

O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the guiding load of power, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great
Who thus could reign, unenvied and secure?

Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths;
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and submit adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul
To this gross clay confined, flutter on earth
With less ambitious wing; ask it to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,
Who re'd the clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all: hides the great system more,
And changeless scenes in their turn advance,
Damned, unchanged himself. Yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Colm and serene; nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest want,
That dries not ask. And if to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

END OF THE CHASE.

P 2
MINOR POEMS.

EPISTLES.

AN EPITOLE

TO

ALLAN RAMSAY.

NEAR fair Avena's silver tide,
Whose waves in soft measure glide,
I read, to the delectation
Your jocund songs and tunrall strain.
Smooth, as her streams; your numbers low,
Your thoughts in various beauties show,
Like flowers that on her borders grow.
While I survey, with raptur'd eye,
This friendly gift, my valued prize,
Where sister arts, with charms divine,
In their full blossom and beauty shine,
Alternatively my soul is bless'd.
Now I behold my welcome guest,
That graceful, that engaging air.
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenious artist shewn
His outward lineaments alone,
But in th' expressive thought designed,
The noble beauties of his mind.
True friendship, love, benevolence,
Enamoured wit, and ready sense,
Then as your book I wander o'er,
And feast on the delicious store.
Like the laborious busy bee,
Pleased with the sweet variety,
With equal wonder and surprise,
I see resembling portraits rise.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the muirgris line the way.
Here the drill figures skilful meet,
By combats at full length appear.
There woods and lawns, a rural scene,
And swains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the penit's part
With greater genius, fire, and art.
Believe me, bard, no hunted bairn
That pants against the southern wind,
And seeks the stream through unknown ways;
No mater in her teeming days,
For felt such longings, such desires,
As I to view those lovely isles,
Those dunes, where fair Edina abound,
Her towering head amid the clouds.
But ah! what dangers interpose!
Vale deep with dirt, and hills with snows,
Proceed with water floods with rapid force,
Perished the pleasing intractance.
But sure we bards, whose purest clay
Nature has mixed with less alloy,
Might soon find out an easier way.
Do not sage matrons mount on high,
And switch their broomsticks through the sky;
Ride past o'er hills, and woods, and seas,
From Thule to th' Hebrides? ;

* Lord Somerville was pleased to send me his son's resolution.
** The Scilly islands were so called by the ancients.

And yet the men of Greece own
That this and stranger feats are done,
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted; why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the sky?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs must more intensely glow.
Did not the Thesian swan take wing,
Sublimest soul, and sweetly sing?
And do not we of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier strain,
Mount, bear seat, and glimmer the reader's sign.
Obscurity lost in clouds and night?
Then climb your Pegasus with speed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed.
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To swell the flood with crimson gore;
Like the Caledon, murdering broad,
Each thirsting for his brother's blood.
For now all hostile rage shall cease;
Yield'd in the dewy arms of peace,
Our honest hands and hearts shall join,
Our jovial banquets, sparkling wine.

Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I shall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold—oh! take a special care,
To admit no praying Kirkman there;
I dread the pietistical chair.
What a strange figure should I make,
A poor abandoned English rake;
A snare well born, and six foot high,
Fond'd in that sacred pillory?
To swell and real be lambasted hence,
And trouble some imperience.
That tells his story o'er again:
Ill-manners and his fancy train,
And self-contempt, and still rugged pride.
That gains at all the world beside.
Post scandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, Intrigues, intruders, prodigies;
P raw's busy hawkier, light as air,
That feeds on fragrances of the fair.
Fond, hypocrite, deceit,
Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;
And all the satirical rhymes there
To friendship and the world's repute.
But mirth instead, and dumpling smilies,
And wit, that glossy care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And raillery, that round the table sail.
While laughter, bursting through the crowd,
In vellum, tells our joys aloud.
Stick! the shell-pipe mounts on high,
The woods, the streams, the rocks reply
To his far-sounding melody.

Behold each swelling square prepare
Supplies of modulated air.
Observe Crudden's active bow,
His head still nodding to and fro,
His eyes, his cheeks, with rapture glow;
Lo, see the happy symphonies advance,
To lead the regulated dance.
Flying o'er the swans pursuing,
Yet with backward glances wooring.
This, this shall be the joyous scene;
Nor wanton knees that skin the green
Shall be so bless'd, so blithe, so gay,
Or less regard what detracts say.
EPISTLES.

Answer to the Above Epistle,

By Allan Ramsay.

SIR, I had yours and own my pleasure, on the receipt, exceed measure.

You write with much spirit and glee,

See smooth, see strong, correct, and free;

That any he thy allow'd

To have some merit may be proud.

If that's my fault, and you the blame,

What's lent me a lift to fame?

Your aim sides high, and visions far,

Bright-glimmering like the first-rate star,

And all the world bestow due praise

On the collection of your verse.

Where various airs and turns combine,

Which even in parts first poets shine.

Like Mai and Swift ye sung with ease,

And can be Walker when you please.

Continue, sir, and shame the crew

That's piissed with having sought to do,

Who formace in a merry mood

Has overcharged with gentle blood,

But has denied a genius fit

For action or aspiring wit

Such lemma how to employ their time,

And think activity a crime.

Aught they to either do, or say,

Or walk, or write, or read, or pray?

When money, their fixture, 's able

To furnish them a numerous rabble,

Who will, for daily drink and wages,

Be chairman, chaplain, clerk, and pages;

Could they, like you, employ their hours,

In planting these delightful flowers,

Which carpet the poetic fields,

And lasting lands of pleasure yields;

Nay more they'd gaunt and gave away,

Or seek or loiter out the day,

Or waste the night dazzling their souls

In deep debauch or slaty brawls:

Whence pox and poverty proceed

An early coil, and spirits dead,

Reverse of you—and him you love,

Whose brighter spirit tours above

The mom of thoughtless lords and beaux,

Who in his like action shows

"The profoundest friendship, unshamed,

Unstudied wit, and manly sense."

Allow here what you've said your self,

Nought can be express'd so just and well:

To him and her, worthy his love,

And every bower his own;

A sea is given, God save the boy,

For theirs and every Sonny's joy.

As wandering round him, take your place,

And raise him with each manly grace;

Make his virtues shine,

To add fresh lustres to his line;

And many may the mother see

Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, sir, when before nave mair thaws

Hall, awn and sleet, frae backets' cloud;

While Colclough's hills are green,

And her straths delight the een;

While like flower with fragrance blows,

And 's the year its beauty shows;

Before again the winter tears,

What hinder then yours northern tour?

Be sure of welcome; nor believe

Those that read would give

To Edinburgh and the land of cakes,

That sought a necessary lass,

Here plenty's goddess free her horn

Yews fish and cattle, clad and corn,

To the thundsance—and yet main,

Our men are brave, our ladies fair,

Nor will North Britain yield for forth

Of ilk thing, and fellow south,

To any but her sister South—

True, rugged roads are cursed driegh,

And spents ait roar frae mountains high:

The body tires—poor tottering clay,

And life with ease at home to stay.

While sides sigmae wide as ilk sand,

And can their widding views extend.

Mind see you, while you are cheerfu' room

On sweet Avon's flowery bown,

There recollecting, with full view,

Those follies which mankind pursu'd,

While, conscious of superior merit,

You rise with a convicing spirit;

And, as an agent of the gods,

Lack them with sharp satyric rods:

Labour divine!—Next, for a change.

O'er hill and daile I see you range,

After the fox or whilling haur,

Confirming health in purest air;

While joy frae height and dais resounds

Raised by the holy, hope and hounds;

Fatigued, yet pleased, the chase outrun,

I see the thames,

To save your health by sleeping sound.

Thus with cool head he best reast

You see new day stream free the east:

Then all the muses round you shine,

Inspiring every thought divine;

Be long their aid—Your years and blisses,

Your servant Allan Ramsay wishes.

Epistle To Mr. Thomson,


So bright, so dark, upon an April day,

The sun darts forth, or hides his various ray;

So high, so low, the thundering guns,

Or drops to earth again with folded wings;

So smooth, so rough, the sea that laves our shores,

Smiles in a calm, or in a tempest arises.

Believe me, Thomson, 'tis not thus I write,

Severely kind, by every sound or sphire;

Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;

Such arts are to my honest soul unknown.

I read these over as a friend should read,

Grieved when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you succeed.

Would you my name in print divinely raise,

Want the reforming tolet's daily care.

Dress the gay mood, improve each native grace,

And call forth all the glories of her face.

Studiously plain, and elegantly clean,

With unafficted speech, and easy mien.

Thy accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,

Courts should applaud, and prostrate crowds admire.

Discreetly daring, with a smiling grin,

Firn in thy seat the flying steed restrain.

Though few thy faults, who can perfection boast,

Spots in the sun are in its lustre lost:

But even these spots expung'd with patient care,

Nor the minuted error spare.

For kind and wise the parent who reproves

The slightest blemish in the child he loves.

Read Philips much, consider Milton more;

But from their dross extract the pure ore.

To coin new words, or to restore the old,

In southern hards is dangerous and bold;

But rarely, very rarely, will succeed.

When misted on the other side of 'tweed.

Let perspicuity o'er all preserve.

Soon shall thou be the nation's joy and pride.

The clothing, jungling tribes, with belts and song.

Wha's in the country will sing and sound.

Shall learn from thee in boldier flight to rise.

To scorn the beaten road, and range the skies.

A genius so refined, so just, so grand.

In Britain's Isle shall fit the muse's seat,

And now Furness shall at home create;

Rules from thy works each future hand shall draw,

Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,

And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

B 3
O D E S.

AN ODE

Humbly inscribed to the Duke of Marlborough, upon
his Removal from all his Places.

"Virtus repulsa nescia sorride
Intaminatis fulger honoribus,
Nec lusit, aut solit acceperis,
Arbitrio popularis asse."  Hes.

WHEN, in meridian glory bright,
You shine with more luminous ray,
Above the muse's weaker light,
Above the poet's praise.
In vain, the goddesses mount her native skies,
In vain, with feeble wings, attempts to rise;
In vain the toils to do her hero right,
Lost in excess of day, and boundless track of light.
The Thesian swan, with daring wings,
And force impetuous, soars on high,
Above the clouds suddenly sings,
Above the reach of mortal eye.
But what, alas! would I \[add a word\],
Were't his bold muse to sing of you?
Can Cremona's strength be united with yours?
Can uncease fights and active war,
With Schellenberg's demolish'd towers,
Or Blenheim's bloody field compare?
The bard would blush at Thomson's speed,
When Marlborough mounts the fiery steed;
And the despairing foe pursu'd,
Through towns and provinces indig'd.
'Twixt north, spare thy empty boast,
In vain thy chariots raise so great a dust;
New Britain's hero with whom armies thee,
To execute his vast designs,
To pass the Skeld, to force the lines,
Swell'd by glory snatching care, to win the Olympic prize.
But now, when, with diminish'd light,
And beams more tolerably bright,
With less of grandeur and surprise,
Mild you descend to mortal eyes;
Your setting glories charm us more,
Than all your dazzling pomp before.
Your worth is better understood,
The hero more distantly view'd.
Glads we behold him not so great as good.
True virtue's amiable face,
Improves, when shaded by disgrace;
A lovely sense of conscious worth,
Calms all her hidden beauties forth;
Darts through the gloom a lovely ray,
And, by her own intrinsic light, creates a nobler day.

Let fickle chance with partial hands divide
Her gaudy pomp, her timel pride;
Who to her shrines and soul supplies
Those favours which the brave despise.
Let faction raise the saucy crowd,
And call her multitude to arms;
Let envy's vipers his alone,
And rose all hell with dire alarms.
Go shake the rocks, and bid the hills remove;
Yet still the hero's mind shall be
Unchangeably resolved, and free,
First on his base, firm as the throne of Jove.
Britons, look back on those auspicious days,
On Ister's banks when your great leader stood,
And with your gaping foes encumber'd all the flood.
Or when Ramillies's bloody plain
Was in flames with the mighty slain:
Or when Blagertia's ramparts were assail'd,
With force that heaven itself had scaled.
Did thenwaving pens profane
Your Marlborough's sacred name?
Did noisy tribunes then debench the crowd?
Diss their unrighteous votes blaspheme aloud?
Did mercenary tools conspire
To curse the hero whom their foes admire?

O! the contending nations sung his praise
While bands of every clime
Erect their most triumphant lays,
To thought great, no diction too sublime.
Hall, glorious prince! 'tis not for thee we grieve,
For thy invulnerable fame,
No diminution the skies.
Thou, mighty man! art still the same,
Thy pure gold stains the flame.
This fiery trial makes thy virtue shine,
And perseverance crowns thy brows with rays divine.
But what, alas! shall fainting Europe do?
How stand the shock of her imperious foe?
What success shall bear the weight
Of all our cares? and prop the state?
Since thou our Atlas art removed,
O bless'd deserving chief! and therefore best beloved?
To your own Blenheim's blissful seat,
From this ungrateful world retreat;
A gift unequal to that hero's worth,
Who from the peaceable Thames led our bold Britons forth,
To free the Danube and the Rhine;
Who by the thunder of his arms
Chose the proud, those with loud alarms,
And raised a tempest in the trembling Seine.
After the long fatigue of war,
Repose your envious virtues here;
Enjoy, my lord, the sweet repeat
Of your victorious retreat.
A pleasure that shall ever last,
The mighty comfort that proceeds
From the just sense of virtuous deeds,
Content with endless fame, content the meaner spoil.

Pomona calls, and Pan invites,
To rural pleasures, choice delights;
The orange and the citrus grove
Will by your hand alone improve;
Would fain their gaudy livres wear,
And wait your presence to revive the year.
In this Elysium, more than blest,
Laugh at the vulgar's senseless hate,
The politician's vain deceit,
The farming knife, the proud ingrasc;
Revolve in your capacious breast
The various unforeseen events,
And unexpected accidents,
That change the flattering scene, and overturn the
great plans of innocence.

Prais our hopes, and short the date
Of grandeur's tranitory state.
Corinthian walls shall melt away,
And Parian marble shall decay;
The vast Colossus, that on either shore
Existing stood, is now no more.
Arts and antiques shall die,
And in one common ruin lie.
Behold your own majestic palace rise,
In haste to emulate the skies;
The gilded gloes, the pointed spires:
See the proud dome's ambitious height,
Emblem of power and pompous state,
Clasped in their spires:
Yet Vulcan's spite, or angry Jove,
May soon to its pride prostrate lie,
Its painted gloes soon efface.

Divide the ponderous roof and shake the solid base.
Masses once the feels descend to fate,
But virtue, which alone is truly great,
Virtue like yours, my lord, shall be
Secure of immortality.
Nor foreign force, nor factions rage,
Nor envy, nor devouring age,
Your lasting glory shall impair,
Time shall mysterious truths declare,
And works of lassness shall disclose;
This blessing is reserved for you.
To attain the trophies to your merit due,
And mantle of your feet.
If glory, in glorious actions, a glorious cause,
If power negligent of praise,
Deserving, yet retiring from applause,
In glorious minds can great ideas raise:
If Europe saved, and liberty restored,
By steady conduct, and a prosperous sword,
Can claim in free-born souls a just esteem,
Britannia's victorious chief shall be
Revered by late posterity.
The hero's pattern, and the poet's theme.

O D E,
Occasioned by the Duke of Marlborough's embarking
For Ostend, Anno 1712.

"Interque marentes amicos,
Egregius praeceps exul!" Has.

FY powers, who rule the boundless deep,
Whose dread command the winds obey,
To roll the wafting sea on a heap,
Or smooth the liquid way:
Propitious hear Britannia's prayer.
Britannia's hope is now your care,
When oft to yonder distant shore,
Your hospitable billows bore,
When Europe in distress implored
Relief from his victorious sword;
When, in mighty work was done,
Tyrians repelled, and battles won,
On your glad waves, proud of the glorious lord,
Through those wary realms, in yeesty triumph rode.

The winds and seas distress'd we flies,
From storms at land, and faction's spite.
Though the moreickle crowd denied
The winds, the seas shall do his virtue right.
Be brine, ye winds! be still, ye seas!
Ye billows sleep at ease,
And in your rocky caverns rest!
Let all be calm as the great hero's breast.
Howe's, Howe's, always passions reign,
Nurser cruel fear, nor proud disdain,
Each wider lust is banish'd hence,
Where gentle love presides, and mild benevolence.
Here no gloomy carn ar ise,
Dreadful hour still supplies,
Friendly hope, and peace of mind,
And as a dyke, man's mind.
Serenely, no guilt he knows,
While all his wrongs sit heavy on his face.
Save misery, with whom he shal i say,
What great example bring,
And with his gracious woes adown my song.
Shall brave Themisostes appear
Before the hero of Persia's throne?
While conquer'd Chief confess their fear,
With humble sighs to his triumphs own
Imitation's stain,
With secret joy, his glorious prize he view'd,
Of more intrinsic worth than.provisions mode.

Or faithful Aristides, sent,
For being just, to banishment,
He writ the rigid sentence down,
He plight it to the misguided one.
Or him, who, when bribed enemys misled
The faction's tribes, to bolster Sparta's fell
The vile, ingratitude crowd,
Preclaim'd their impious joy aloud,
But soon the same were submitt to fate.
Athenas in Alcibiades was lost.
Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,
The great Dictator's fate deplore,
Camillus against noisy faction bold,
In victories and triumphs old.
Ungrateful Rome!
Punish'd by heaven's avenging doom,
Soon shall thy aedent vows invite him home.
The mighty chieftain soon recall,
To prop the falling capital,
And save his country from the perjured gown.
Search, mine, in the dark recesses of time,
And every shameful story trace,
With justice and disgrace.
When glorious merit was a crime;
Yet these, all these, but faintly can express
Folly without excuse, and madness in excess.
The noblest object that our eyes can bless,
In the brave man triumphant in distress,
Above the reach of partial fate,
Above the vulgar's praise or hate,
Whom no ign'rd smiles can raise, no real flowers depress,
View him, ye Britons, on the naked shore,
Resolved to trust thy faithless vows no more,
That mighty man: who for ten glorious years
Surpassed our hopes, prevented all our prayers.
A name, in every clime renowned,
By nations bless'd, by monarchs crown'd.
In solemn jubilee our days we spent,
Our hearts exulting in each grand event.
Factions appeal the man they hate,
And with regret, to pay their painful homage fall.

Have I not seen this crowed shore,
With multitudes all cover'd over?
Where hills and groves thy joy proclaim,
And echoing rocks return his name.
Attentive to the lovely form they gaze:
He with a cheerful smile,
Glad to revisit this his parent Isle.
Flies from their incense, and escapes their praise.
Yes, Brioso, view him, still unmoved,
Unchanged, though less beloved.
His generous soul no deep resentment fires,
But blushing for his country's crimes, the kind, the good,
Man retires.
Even now he fights for this devoted Isle,
And labors when his native soil,
Diverts the vengeance which just heaven prepar
Accursed, disdain'd, protects us with his prayers.
Obedient hearts cannot such merit know?
The hero's valor, nor the patriot's love?
Fy, goddess, fly this insidious place:
Spurn at the vile degenerate race.
Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim
In other climes his lasting fame,
Where honest hearts, not knowing to forget
The blessings from his arms received,
Confused with joy the mighty debt,
Their alms received, and their gods relieved.
Nor sails the hero to a clime unknown,
Cities preserv'd, their great deliverer own:
Inpatient crowds about him press,
And with sincere devotion bess.
These plains, of ten years' war the bloody stage,
(Where millions nations struggled to be free,
And life exchanged for liberty.)
Retains the mark of stern Bellona's rage.
The doubting hinds mistake the sign,
His fruitless toil so lately till'd.
Here deep remembrances stanch, and fail appear,
The vain retreats of Gallia's fear.
There new-created hills deform the plain,
Dye with the carnage of the slain.
These monuments, when faction's spite
Has spilt to poison's flame in vain,
To endless ages shall proclaim
The melancholy warrior's might.
(right.)

The graves of slaughter'd foes shall be his vault
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan.

Prostrate on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Israel’s beauty on the mountains dies;
How are the mighty fallen!
Hush’d be my sorrows, gently fall my tears,
Lest my sad tale should reach the alien ear.
Bid fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In beathen dust, or Ascalon, our shame;
Lest proud Philistia, lest our haughty foe
With impious scorn insult our solemn groan.
O Gilboa! ye hills aspiring high,
The last and scene of Israel’s tragedy:
No lamenting doves be on thy lawn distill’d,
No kindly showers refresh the thirsty field;
No bough’d fruits thy barren soul shall raise,
No spangled kids that on our altars fed;
Loneliness and wild shall thy bleak summit rise,
Assailed by tides, and hateful to the skies.
On thee the shields of mighty warriors lay,
The shield of Saul was vilely cast away.
The Lord’s anointed: Saul! his sacred blood
Dissip’t thy bower, and swell’d the common flood.
How are the mighty fallen!
Thoughts of deeds as the good earth with solemn clay,
Light is the burden that admits relief;
My labours and my joy is now oppress’d,
Nor ruling time can heal, nor fate redress.
Another Saul your sorrows can remove,
No second Jonathan shall bless my love.
O Jonathan! my friend, my brother dear!
Eyes I see, yet scarce, and call forth every tear;
Swell, my sad heart! each faltering pulse beat low;
Down sink my head beneath this weight of woe.
Hear my laments, ye hills! ye woods! ye woods! return
My ceaseless groans with me, ye turtles! mourn.
How pleasant hast thou been! each lovely grace,
Each youthful charm, each blooming on thy face,
Joy from thine eyes in radiant glories spring,
And manes that drop’d from thy pensive tongue.
Witness, great Heaven! (from you those arduous came)
Oh! how wonderful his love! the kindest dame
Loved not like him, nor felt so warm a flame.
No earthly passion to such heights aspire,
And scruples only burn with purer fires.
In vain, while honour calls to glorious arms,
And Israel’s cause the pious patriot warms,
In vain, while death’s proudest terrors fly below,
Nor youth can bide, nor virtue ward the bire.

The Superannuated Lover.

Dead to the soft delights of love,
Spare me, O! spare me, cruel toy.
Nor seek in vain that heart to move
Which pants no more with amorous joy.

Of old, thy faithful corded swarm,
(When sweet with fair Pastora’s charms)
I served thee many a long campaign,
And wide I spread thy conquering arms.

Now, mighty God! dispense thy love,
To feeble age let youth succeed;
Recruit among the strong and brave,
And kindly spare an invalid.

Nature, not art, his eager rage withstood,
He measured distant plains, he forced the rapid
He fought, he conquered, he perished.
[Some, in years advanced, with useful vigour warm’d,
The work of ages in a day perform’d.
When kindly genii dissolve the winter snows
From Aspen hills, with such insensible haste
The icy torrent flows;
In vain the rocks oppose,
It drives along enlarged, and lays the region waste.
Stop, goddess, thy presumptuous flight,
Nor seek to reach a dangerous height.
Raise not the ghost of his departed fame,
To pierce our conscious souls with guilty shame.
But turn thy steps to humbler lay,
Nor meditate offensive praise.

Miscellaneous Poems.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantastic cares, Ye killing joys, ye pleasing pains! My soul for better guests prepares; Reason restored, and virtue reigns.

But why, my Clot, tell me why, Why trickles down this silent tear? Why do these blushes rise and die? Why stand I mute when thou art here?

Even sleep affords my soul no rest, These bathing in the stream I view; With thee I dance, with thee I feast, Thro' the gloomy vale pursue.

Triumphant god of gay desires! Thy vessel's raging pains remove; I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires, Oh! take my life, or crown my love.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

WHO now regards Chloris, her tears, and her whining, Her sighs, and fond wishes, and awkward repining? What a pother is here, with her amorous glances, Soft fragments of Ovid, and scraps of romances!

A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay! Cold December affects the sweet blossoms of May; To live in her dotage, and in her bloom spurn us, Is to quench love's bright torch, and with touchwood to burn us.

Believe me, dear maidens! there's no way of evading; While you sigh and cry Nay, your roses are fading: Though your passion survive, your beauty will dwindle, And our languishing embers can never rekindle.

When bright in your Venuses, we prostrate before ye; When ye set in a cloud, what fool will adore ye? Then, ye fair! be advised, and snatch the kind blessing, And show your good conduct by timely possessing.

HUNTING SONG.

BEHOLD, my friend, the rosy-finger'd morn, With blushes on her face, Peeps o'er yon azure hill:

Rise gons the trees enchase, Pearls from each branch distill, Arise, arise, and hail the light new-born.

Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, Come away! Thy course paves the ground, Each beagle cocks his fall, They spend their mouths around, While health and pleasure smiles on every brow.

Try, huntsman, all the brakes, spread all the plain, Now, now, she's gone away, Strip, strip! with speed pursue; The jocund god of day, Who fail our sport would view, See, see, he flings his fiery steed in vain.

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys, On the wings of the wind The merry beagles fly; Dull sorrow lags behind Yet shall echoes reply; Catch each flying sound, and double our joys.

Ye rocks, woods, and caves, our music repeat The bright spheres thus above, A gay refraining train, Harmoniously move Over yon celestial plain, Like us whist along, in concert so sweet.

Now pass through the brakes, and heavily flies, At the head of the pack Old Piddler bears the bell, Every fall he hunts back, And aloud rings her knell, Till, forced into view, she pants and she dies.

In life's dull round thus we toil, and we sweat; Disease, grief, and pain, An implacable crew, While we double in vain, Unrelenting pursue, Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while we may, What's decreed by dark fate Is not in our own power, Since to-morrow's too late, Take the present kind hour! With wine cheer the night, as sports bless the day.

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