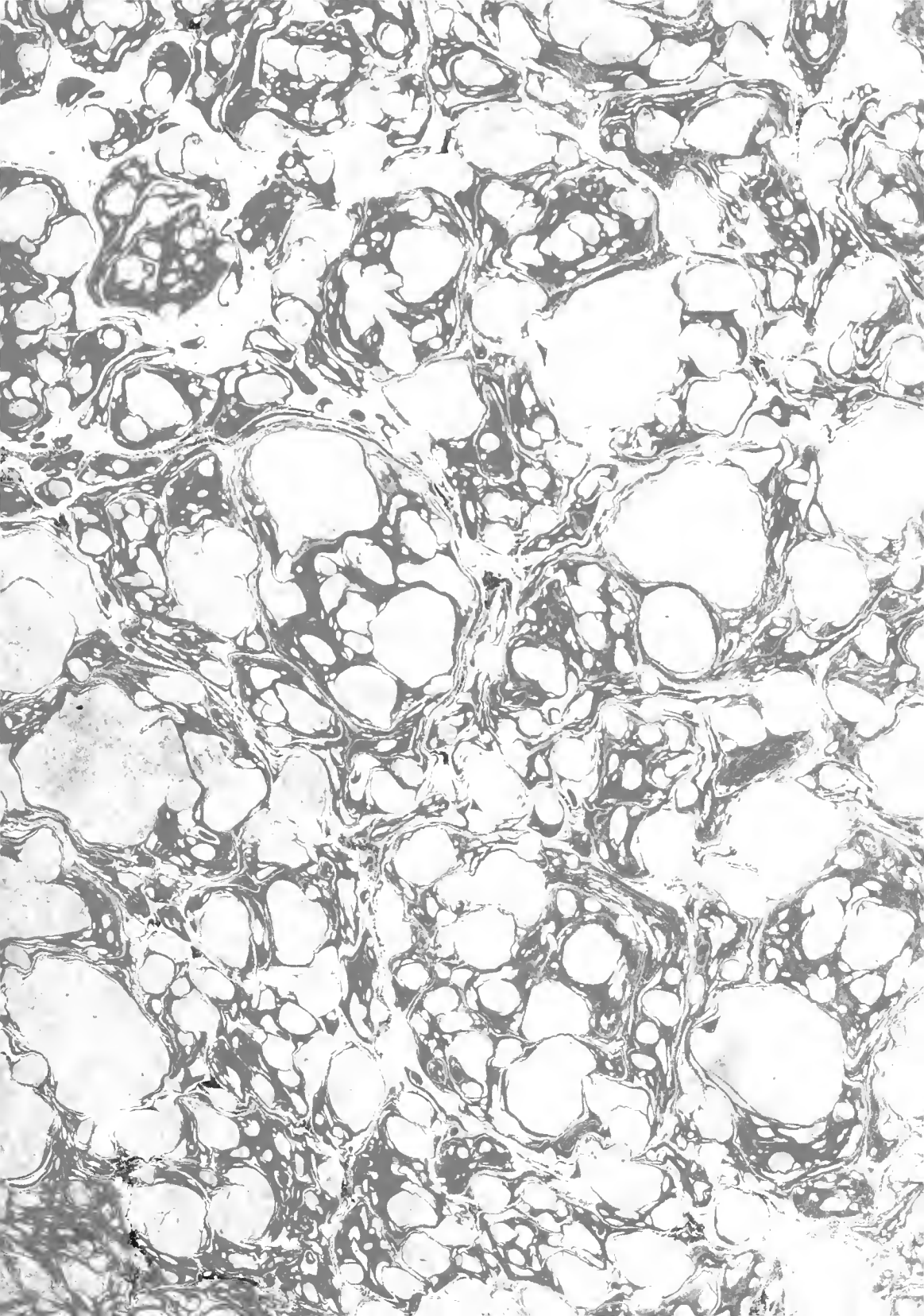






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1861



View of the

BLACKHEATH,
Poem.

in five Cantos.

Lumena: or the Ancient British Battle:

(various other Poems.)

including a Translation of the first Book
of the

ARGONAUTICA

of Valerius Flaccus.

By T. NOBLE.



W. NOBLE, delin.

S. NOBLE, Sculp.

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1808.



*Dedicated (by permission) to her Royal Highness the
Princess of Wales.*

BLACKHEATH:

A DIDACTIC AND DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

LUMENA.

A
TRANSLATION,

§c. §c.

GIF

DEDICATION.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM,

THIS Volume, honoured by the condescending patronage of YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, contains the humble and unaspiring mental effusions of one, who sought in the contemplation of Nature, and in the expression of the Muse, some partial relief from the rigours of adversity. Happy that the wanderings of my feet were directed to paths, to

DEDICATION.

which Beauty and transcendent Virtue ;
Beneficence and exalted Rank have for
ages resorted ; and where, united in your
ROYAL PERSON, they have selected their
residence :---Happy that those scenes,
which Nature appears to have endea-
voured to render worthy of your **ROYAL**
PRESENCE, were the sources of ideas
which, amid the miseries of want, have
often won my soul from despondency ;---
Happy, unexpectedly happy, that the
feeble breathings of my unelevated lays,
have found favour from your **ROYAL**
ATTENTION, I meet the public eye with
confidence, and look forward to future
and higher labours with the energy of
hope.

To fraternal assistance my Volume
is much indebted: permit me therefore,

DEDICATION.

MADAM, to blend the devoted and humble respect of my brothers with my own.

That health and every species of happiness may, through a long and unwearyed life, attend your ROYAL HIGHNESS, is the earnest prayer of him, who, with the most dutiful respect, and profound attachment, has the honour to subscribe himself,

MADAM,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most humble, obedient,

and devoted Servant,

THOMAS NOBLE.

BLACKHEATH.
June, 1808.

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BLACKHEATH:

OR,

A Morning Walk

IN THE SPRING OF

1804.

A DIDACTIC AND DESCRIPTIVE POEM, IN FIVE CANTOS.

----- when every MUSE
And every blooming pleasure wait without
To bless the wildly-devious MORNING WALK.
Thomson.

STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE,

January 1, 1908.

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
LAND OFFICE
IN
RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE SENATE
MAY 14, 1907.
ALBANY:
JAMES BRADFORD CLARK, STATE PRINTER,
1908.

PREFACE.

WITH what should an original poem be prefaced?---with apologies and solicitations of favour? Surely not.---If it has need of apologies, suppress it:---if it is without merit, solicitations are vain. “ But ” cries my friend “ the subject of your poem is entirely *local*, and therefore cannot interest the public in general; and the manner in which you have conducted it is desultory and unconnected. Throw together a few explanatory hints with a sprinkling of satire, or scandal, into the form of a slight, careless, preface, if you really expect to extend the circle of your readers beyond the pale of Greenwich Park, or the sand-pits of Blackheath.”---You mistake me, my good Sir, my subject is not local; it is as pervasive as Nature. BLACKHEATH is the name of my poem, because BLACKHEATH is the name of the place, where I have most frequently observed the beauties of the

creation, and the productions of social ingenuity. BLACKHEATH and its environs are better situated for a wide range of contemplation than any spot, with which I am acquainted. Where will you find prospects more extensive that at the same time abound, like these, with the grandeur of luxurious cultivation? can you elsewhere behold the magnificence of a mighty city, so intimately united with the rural cottages of surrounding peasantry? ---the awful waters of a great commercial river, and the abundant labours of agriculture? In what other situation can your eye seize, in the same glance, the retired residence of a lovely and benevolent princess, and an august palace, devoted to the reception of those veterans, who have bled for the country they protected? This elevated spot dedicated by a powerful nation to science and astronomical research, and yonder wide-spreading buildings dedicated by individuals to the safety and protection of commercial wealth? Not only the riches of cultivation in all its forms, in orchards, garden-ground, meadows, and corn-land; but the riches of human society and of the whole earth, in manufactories, majestic vessels, and the stores of universal traffic.---My

subject is, therefore, not merely local, but as the place, from which it is named, presents the greatest number of general objects, and possesses the greatest general interest. Nor is the conduct of my poem more desultory than what may be expected from the {title of it. The plan and leading passages of it were originally nothing more than what the title expresses; the accidental thoughts of "A Morning Walk in the Spring of 1804."---A period of my life particularly marked with that oppression, and those necessities, which have given perhaps too strong a feature to the whole composition. These leading passages were written in the indulgence of real feelings, and without any intention to exhibit them to the notice of the public. If they possess any poetical merit it is because they are the expression of sensations, not the researches of thought. It was this species of merit that induced my friends to persuade me to fill up my outline, and commit it to the press. Aided by the talents of my brothers SAMUEL and WILLIAM I ventured to prepare a volume for publication, which might possess the beauties of superior embellishment, and by the attractions of their pencil, and graver, draw some attention to the

productions of my pen.---To dwell upon the vexations to which an expensive work, undertaken by a man in necessity, without any considerable connexions, has been liable, would be tedious and unsatisfactory. It is enough to say, that repeated, and cruel, obstacles, and disappointments have retarded its appearance. Now, under the most benevolent and august patronage, it is presented to the public. I offer my sincere thanks to my subscribers for their encouragement: and, since neither my brothers or myself have neglected any thing that might render the work elegant and complete, we come forwards, with diffidence indeed, but not without hope.



Argument.



CANTO I.

The appearance of a morning in spring just before sun-rise. The commencement of the walk. The restoration of Nature congenial to mental hope. Nature affords pleasures to the most humble beings. The sun rises. The pleasure of contemplating ruins. The ruins of Sir Gregory Page's seat. The sun becomes more elevated. Man alone complains and seems insensible of beauty of the morning. The happiness of the feathered race compared with that of man. Connubial bliss. The grounds about the residence of the Dowager Lady Daere described. The tomb of Lord Daere.

CANTO II.

Invocation to Cheerfulness. The pits near Lewisham Hill, Blackheath. An old woman gathering water-cresses. The maternal instinct of the ewes. How different from human affection instanced in the feeble and aged gatherer of water-cresses. Sympathy. Cheerfulness recalled. The prospect from the point at Lewisham Hill towards Lee. The summer house of the Princess of Wales. The school-boys proclaiming their holiday. The folly of attributing our greatest happiness to our infancy. The prospect from the point at Lewisham Hill towards Lewisham, Sydenham, &c. The wish.

ARGUMENT.

CANTO III.

Invocation to the Muse. A general view of the heath and public road. Flamsteed house. Astronomy. The view from Flamsteed Hill. Greenwich Park. The Thames. A fleet of merchant ships. The salute of the convoy. The West India Docks. The cultivation of sugar and of honey compared. Commerce. The true employment of Commerce. Cotton, and the British manufactories for that article. Wool. The annual meetings of the nobility and gentry who encourage the produce of Wool. Britain favoured by Commerce on account of her manufactories. The prospect from Flamsteed Hill continued. The eastern valley of Greenwich park. One Tree Hill. Vanbrugh House, the residence of Mr. Holford. A Greenwich pensioner, on One Tree Hill, observing the vessel, in which he fought, worn out with age and service, coming up the river to be broke up at Deptford. Greenwich Hospital. The view from One Tree Hill, The distant appearance of London with other objects. Address to Albion.

CANTO. IV.

Invocation to Independent Mind. Rural Labour the favourite theme of Independence. The improvements of Agriculture around the Woodlands. The prospect of the Woodlands, the seat of J. J. Angerstein Esq. The description of a generous and philanthropic Merchant. Agriculture the source of public good, and the safety of British Freedom from the influence of corrupt Power. Episode; The ruined husbandman. Address to the members of the British parliament to protect husbandmen from oppression. Episode; Lacon cultivating a track of waste land for his family.

ARGUMENT.

CANTO. V.

The rapidity of the morning hours. The morning hours invoked. Address to the deity. The walk continued near the Thames by Greenwich Marsh. The woody hills and chalk pits near Charlton. Charlton Church. A group of gypsies retreating to a chalk hole. Shooter's Hill. Lady James's tower. The suggested evening prospect from Shooter's Hill. London, the Thames, Eltham, &c. The rising of the full moon. The suggested noon-day prospect from Shooter's Hill. Hay-making. The return home.



ERRATA.

BLACKHEATH, Canto III. ver. 349,---for *hand* read *touch*.

ARGONAUTICA. In the latin, after ver. 57, introduce this line,
Talibus hortatur juvenem, propiorque jubenti
and let the numbers 60, 65, and 70 be each placed one line backward.

BLACKHEATH :

OR,

A MORNING WALK IN THE SPRING

OF

1804.

CANTO FIRST.

HOW soft the saffron radiance of the morn !

The lucid glow of every golden cloud

How mild !—How tenderly serene the beams,

That yet rise chastened by the twilight shade

And fill the orient, ere the orb of day

5

Burns on the horizon :—Let me walk abroad :—

The new-born foliage dropt with glistening dew,

While yet a scanty vestment for the boughs

B

Pleasing in palest verdure, and the bloom
 Breathing it's gentle fragrance on the air 10
 From every silver leaf, may, with the charm
 Of soft congenial influence, waken Hope,
 Blythe Hope, bright harbinger of MENTAL SPRING !
 Alas ! a deep and dreary winter rests
 On my sad days :—a settled sombre cloud 15
 Excludes all light and petrifies my powers
 With Poverty's relentless frost !—yet Hope
 Attracted by the sister Hopes, that spread
 O'er every infant blossom and each blade,
 That bursts above the globe, their silky spells, 20
 Arises, trembling, from the cruel grasp
 Of pale Despondency and looks abroad :----
 Swift at her touch the enlivening spirits mount,
 Waving their opening pinions :----Fancy leads
 The jocund troop and scatters roses round ; 25

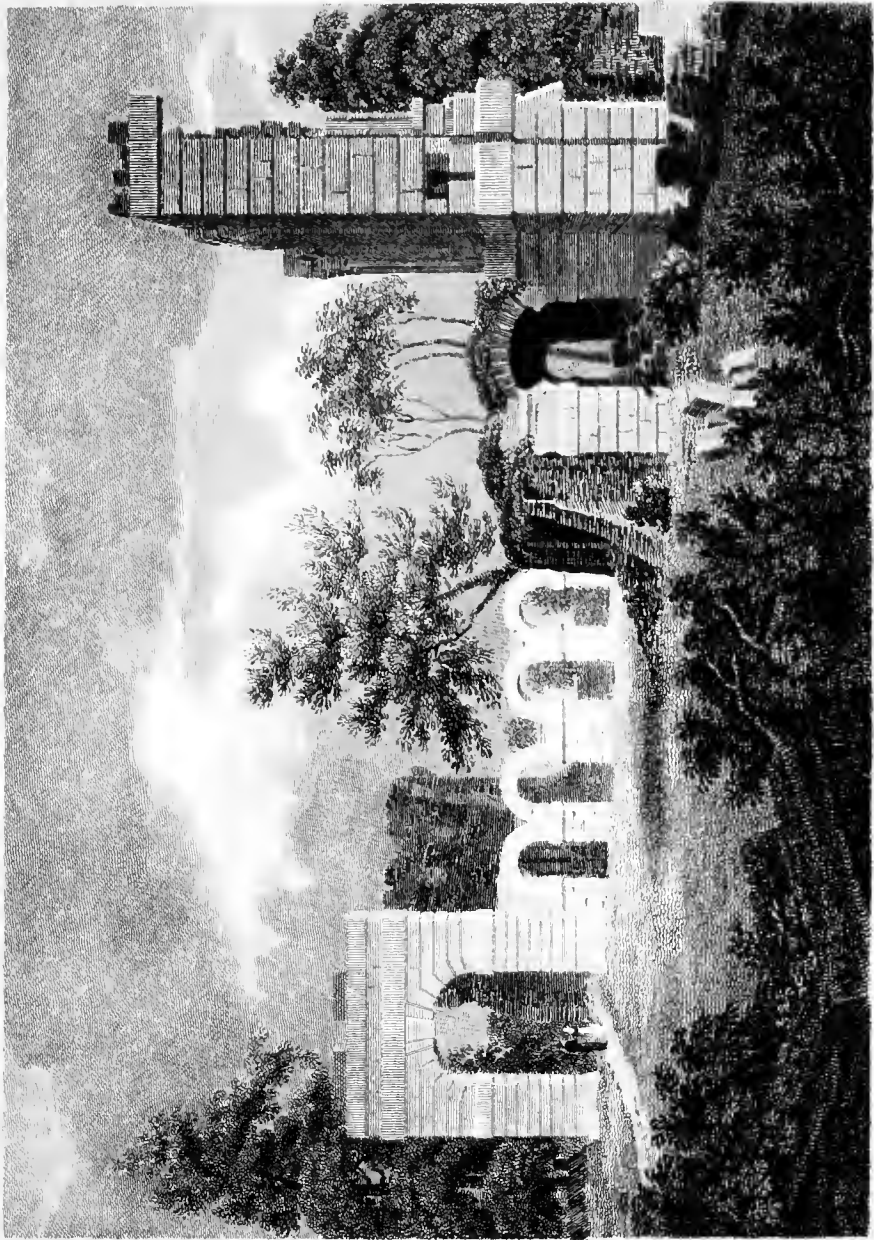
While Hope (all Sorrows silent near her) sings.
 The lark that quivers far above the mist
 Which dulls the western skirt of yon grey cloud,
 And this gay chirper from the hawthorn buds
 Shaking the sparkling dew drops are her choir. 30
 She sings aloud, that, Nature hath her joys
 Even for me :---her constant, tranquil joys---
 That need no treasure,---need no other store
 But Sensibility and Peaceful Thought !
 “ O GOD of NATURE, who hast filled thy works, 35
 “ With Love and virtuous Pleasure,---grant me Peace!---
 “ Raise me from Want---and teach my soul Content.
 “ And Contemplation,---Science and Thyself!”

THE SUN is risen :---the wide concave vault
 Expands with day :---Life feels the flood of light 40
 Pour thro' its every fibre and awakes !

The feathered music from each thorny shrub,
Each budding bush or intertangled glade
Darts upward full of song ; and, in the sky
Meets and salutes the vivifying beams. 45

The orient teems with glories ;---every cloud,
And every vapour that obeys the heat
And mantles trembling on the waves of air,
Displays rich sapphire folds,---while fiery gold
Burns on the borders---or, with rubied light, 50
Beneath an ever varying purple gleam,
Whose highest ridge the sober indigo
Deepening, invests, permits the attentive eye
Undazzled for awhile a steadfast gaze.

With what effulgency,---what pomp of light 55
The roseate radiance streams along the sky !
Here, where the silvery mist, transparent, robes
The brighter azure, lost in violet tints,



Remains of Fort Sumner, New

York, N. Y., as seen from the



Tender and tremulous it dies away ;---
 There, with resplendent amber blended, flames 60
 So full a lustre, that the daring sight
 Sinks from the venturous glance and seeks repose
 Upon the humble verdure of the plain.

YET, still the wide and languid shadows spread
 In undetermined forms :---far to the west 65
 The robe of Night rolls on in ample folds
 Slow gathered off the Earth :---from yon high elms
 Gigantic shadows wave in shapeless gloom,
 While, long secure, behind these ruined piles,
 Rests tardy Darkness, uncontracted, stretched 70
 Along yon hollow vale in deep repose.
 I love to tread where Time has strewn the path
 With trophies of his power ; there to gaze
 Upon the Historic Muse, who sits sublime

Above his crumbling conquests and exults 75
 That led by her, the Soul of Man has saved
 Whole ages from the tyrant ; and has left
 Nought but the mouldering stone within his grasp.
 But what are these dire ruins ?----Here no Muse
 Points to Historic forms, that glide among 80
 Time's ivy'd arches :---Ivy spreads not here
 It's sacred mantle :--Here, no hallowed moss
 Is marked with footsteps of returning ghosts,
 Who haunt for centuries their loved abodes ;
 Seen by the eye of Fancy, when the Muse 85
 Of awful record deigns with her to rove
 Thro' monumented aisles and nodding towers.
 No :--'mid these walls, where lifts the solid stone
 Young from it's quarry bed, it's strong, fair bulk--
 'Mid these elliptic arches boldly curved 90
 By scientific Elegance,---behold

Pale AVARICE stronger than resistless Time,
 His victory vaunts---and claims this ruin his!
 Hence let me turn--- ungrateful is the scene :---
 As when some noble youth, whose perfect form, 95
 With strength and beauty and superior soul,
 Rising to manhood, full of life and hope,
 Deep smitten by the dart of sudden fate,
 Falls, like the marble model of a god,
 In force and vigour motionless ;---so fell 100
 This fabric, ere destructive Time had rocked
 It's firm foundations or defaced it's walls.
 ---Hence let me turn and quit this mournful scene.---

DISTINCTLY now the lessening shades assume[']
 The features of their objects :---for the Sun 105
 Above the clouds, on which, at his approach,
 The spirits of ascending light unfurled

His glorious ensigns and proclaimed the day,
 Hath soared sublime and showered his radiant shafts*
 Illuming the blue concave:---Life resounds 110
 With love and pleasure---nought but MAN complains.
 HE, the least charge of Nature, slowly leaves
 His restless slumbers;---sad with anxious thought,
 Beholds his wants, his cares, his toils renewed,
 And, mournful 'mid the music of the grove, 115
 Plods pensive to his labour.---Higher swell
 Your happy notes, sweet feathered minstrelsy:---
 The Spring that round your haunts its fragrance breathes
 That curtains you with verdure---that enchants
 Your little hearts, with light and heat and love; 120
 For 'you creates a heaven on this earth
 Full of connubial bliss and tender joy.

* Hyperion's march they spy and *glitt'ring shafts* of war. GRAY.

Nor PAST nor FUTURE shall disturb your song:---
 The PRESENT is your own---it's ecstacies
 To you eternal, since ye do not know 125
 That winter must again deform your groves
 With storms and darkness:---O, rejoice, while man
 Bemoans his frail existence,---naked gift
 Of niggard Nature;---by disease assailed,*
 And with the torturing miseries of thought, 130
 Regret, anxiety and haggard fear
 For ever torn. Her steadfast laws for you
 Benign she framed---and bound your tender bliss
 With sacred statutes:---she informed your hearts

* To Man, why, step-dame Nature, so severe?
 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half wrought,
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?

 Why curst with foresight? wise to misery?
 Why of his proud prerogative the prey?

With untaught knowledge---with the simple truths 135
 Of innate Instinct---and with-held the power
 Of error and of evil---Reason's boast !

ATTUNE your sweetest songs, ye choristers,
 Woodlarks and linnets :---ye with darker wing
 And softer melody, and ye who chirp 140
 A gayer cadence 'mid your playful strains,
 And to the morning beams, your golden plumes
 Spread sportfully---frequent these beauteous bowers
 With sweetest lays ; for here, CONNUBIAL BLISS,
 That modulates your notes with tender joy, 145
 Descending, deigned to dwell awhile with man.
 A sacred pleasing impulse seems to move
 Thro' this delightful seat---where Taste has waved
 His beautifying wand o'er Nature's works
 And animated all the tranquil scene 150

With intellectual features : hence this grove,
 This flowery lawn---these intermingled shrubs,
 Whose various verdure blends in tender tints
 Or smiles in gentle contrast ;---hence yon elms,---
 This stately beech, wide solitary lord 155
 Of the dew spangled meadow---these light boughs,
 Whose infant leaves upon the clouded bark,
 At every Zephyr tremble---and the shade
 Of yon high poplars thrown across the scene,
 Combine a verdant aspect mildly gay, 160
 Expressive of tranquillity and love.

YE spirits of terrestrial bliss !---ye guides
 Of human Reason, who disdainful oft
 Rejects the happiness ye would bestow---
 Religion !---Charity !---Connubial Love ! 165
 Your sacred footsteps sanctify this path---

This, your frequented path to DACRE'S tomb !
 O, wider 'mid the mournful race of man
 Extend your power benignant ! with such mild,
 Such peaceful tenderness,---such awful hope--- 170
 Instruct the human heart to seek repose ;---
 To gaze upon the hovering soul that waits
 It's lingering partner---thus, to hear the voice
 That from the tomb delighted speaks of Love,
 Of Love eternal !---thus, partake the flame 175
 Of Virtue, which for ever inextinct
 Lives on the hallowed urn---the irradiate flame
 Of Charity---of Hope---of Sacred Truth !

AND is there Happiness on earth for man ?
 Amid the many miseries of Life, 180
 While sigh the mighty and repine the rich---
 While sorrow sears each mortal with her mark ;---

And claims us individually her own ;
 Is there a way to escape her haggard eye,
 All vigilant to find a source of woe ! 185
 ---There is !---So, Nature's constant theme proclaims :
 I hear her holy voice :---aloud she sings :---
 Affection---Knowledge---Virtue---Honour---Peace
 Catch the soft breathings of her vocal lips
 And rise sublime o'er DACRE'S sacred dust ! 190
 Here will I sit beside this rustic fane,*

* LEE CHURCH is supposed to be one of the most ancient Churches now remaining in England. It is said to have been built in the reign of Edward I. The small stream which runs in the valley near it, over which an elegant iron bridge has been thrown by Mr. Brandon, in the middle of his improved and beautiful meadows, is mentioned in old records by the name of the Little Bourne; it joins the Ravensbourn at Lewisham. The manor formed part of the possessions of Odo, Bishop of Baieux, in the time of William the Conqueror. It was afterwards the property of Richard Woodville, who married Elizabeth, widow of Sir John Grey; the celebrated Lady who became the Queen of Edward IV.

Whose scathed walls indented deep by Time,
Receive the shadows of the aged elms
That bound it's ancient cemetery :---here pause 195
Amid the ashes of the countless dead
Whom centuries have laid beneath this mould :---
Here listen to the truths of NATURE'S SONG !



LEE CHURCH.

BLACKHEATH :

OR,

A MORNING WALK IN THE SPRING

OF

1804.

CANTO SECOND.

COME, CHEERFULNESS, blythe daughter of the SPRING
Be thou my MUSE,---for thou canst chase away
Care and the spectred thoughts of anxious Toil,
That with their urgent and discordant cries
Would break abrupt my meditated song :---
Be thou my Muse !---this hill my Helicon !*

* If I can be to thee
A Poet, thou Parnassus art to me.

DENHAM.

Its beauteous scenes, its lawns and flowery shrubs
 Made vocal with the gladness of the morn,
 Adorned with tender light and full of thee,
 Shall be my themes :---Then hence desponding Grief---
 Hence rankling Memory, sad Regret and Fear--- 10
 Ye that have still my mournful days possessed,
 Yield me this hour,---and let my soul receive
 Fair CHEERFULNESS, my Muse that smiles around !
 Lo, in the sun-beams, how the gentle nymph 15
 Sportful expands her pinions,---how she drives
 The flying shadow of the fleeting cloud
 From off the dewy verdure,---how she spreads
 The mellow light upon the golden heath,---
 How o'er the shaded violet she bends, 20
 Inhaling it's sweet breath !---Who does not see,
 Or think he sees, as yonder blossoms float
 On the loose breezes, wanton Zephyr press

BLACK HEATH.

25

A sportive kiss upon her smiling cheek,
Scattering the silver leaflets on her breast 25
In frolic dalliance :---then, she hastes away,
And o'er yon stream,* that here and there reflects
Amid it's dark blue willows the gay beams,
Picturing the mingling joys and griefs of life,
Jocund she leads the renovated hopes, 30
And makes e'en sorrow sparkle.---Wayward, swift,
The wide extensive prospect she pervades,
More rapid than the ecstastic soul of Sound
When joyous Music treads the waves of air,
And Echo still repeating the sweet strain,
Darts from the vaulted grot to her embrace. 35

* A small river called the Ravensbourn that runs in the valley between Blackheath and the Lewisham hills.

How fair, how gay the landscape glitters round!--
 Lo, in the front a craggy delve is seen,
 Its rugged eastern side in deepest shade
 Almost conceal'd, save that the slanting rays 40
 Glance, glist'ning, on the topmost weeds that fringe
 The jutting hillocks:---Bright the yellow broom
 Spreads westward, or beneath the dingy ridge
 Waves to the breeze it's undistinguished gold:
 While the pale cowslip, e'en within the obscure 45
 Of the dark hollow shews its dewy eyes,
 And violets lost in shade perfume the gale.

FROM the loose sandy cavity, this spring,
 Slow oozing, spreads it's wide and plashy bed,
 Where water daisies and brown cresses grow 50
 Bent by the trickling current:---there a dame
 Aged and wretched---crippled by disease---

Stoops feebly on her crutch and culls wild herbs
With palsied hand.---There, ewes are seen dispersed
Adown the shelving dell and o'er the heath, 55
Scarce cropping the short grass, while bleating loud,
They call their lambs that sport about the slopes.
Who shall explain this fond instinctive care,
This anxious interest in another's good,
Untaught by those reflections, those sweet hopes, 60
That in the human mind depict the days,
When with full joy the mother shall behold
Her offspring rise to manhood,---view in him,
All the best wishes of her soul complete !
Without such aid of hope, yon fleecy dams 65
Attend their charge, unconcious,---soon forgot,
Whether beneath the cruel knife they bleed,
Or grown mature, they mingle with the flock.

How different if you withered cripple knew
 A darling child :---saw health and vigour fill 70
 His form with manliness :---She all day long
 Would nurture anxious hope---would talk of him---
 Would tell her many cares in him repaid---
 Would boast of him, her honour and support :---
 When, 'mid her joy, disease, perhaps, or vice, 75
 Or the malignant breath of haughty power
 Blasted her branch of comfort !---down she sunk---
 Wrecked---ah, more piteously than he whose bark
 Long tempest-beaten, hails the wished for port,
 And founders in the entrance !---o'er her brain--- 80
 O'er all the traces of the tenderest hope,
 Creeps black Despondency---and in her heart
 Thro' every soft sensation darts his fangs,
 Till the delirious spirits sink subdued

BLACKHEATH.

29

Into cold torpor, and reluctant life 85
Rolls his dull stream of misery thro' her veins.

But ah, amid a scene so wide, so rich---
With all the luxury of joyful light
Diffusive round---while Nature seems to feel
The vernal kiss of Heaven's returning care, 90
And with the animated smile of love,
Utters delighted gratitude,---ah why
Dispel the genial pleasures?---why observe
The obtrusive sorrows of the human heart?
Is it that wheresoe'er we gaze, they rise! 95
That Nature's loveliest paths are but their stage
Where, with the contrast of her beauteous bowers
Their melancholy drama pains the more?
But who upon the gorgeous theatre
Shall fix his eyes admiring, while a tale 100

By Pity told in action woos his tears,
 And calls up all the interest of his soul ?

EVER, O SOCIAL SYMPATHY, be mine !

Thou art the human instinct,---and the breast
 That can annul thee, ceases to be man ! 105
 Wide our corporeal wants,---but wider far
 The wants of Science, Tenderness and Taste;
 Wants of the soul encreasing thro' our lives,
 Extend thy general empire :---Thou art all
 Of conscious happiness, that's known on earth :--- 110
 The mutual claims of fond reliance---Love,
 Duty and generous Friendship flow from thee.---
 For what is SELF ?---not solitary man :---
 That monster, Nature knows not :---the mean wretch
 Who in the compass of his narrow breast, 115
 Confines his hopes and wishes, knows no joy.

A deadening stupor is his highest bliss :---
 He hath no attribute of man, but form---
 He is not human :---madness, not self-love,
 Makes each encreasing misery all his own, 120
 And severs him from pleasure.---But when thou,
 CELESTIAL SYMPATHY, didst stamp thy law
 On reasoning mind and make our wants pronounce
 Man scarcely individual---a meer part 125
 Of social life, which separate, is nought ;---
 Then all the Virtues, all the Pleasures rose,
 And choirs of generous Duties sang aloud,
 “ Love one another, as ye would be loved :
 “ By that immeasurable, boundless rule 130
 “ Do good to all mankind :---so shall return
 “ Tenfold the bliss, wherewith ye seek to bless.”

RESUME, fair CHEERFULNESS, thy dulcet lute;
 And 'mid the clear expansive blue of heaven,
 Pursue yon lark and imitate his strain.
 For what, but the delightful scene beneath, 135
 Inspires him?---What but sunny meads---bright hills---
 The glow of Nature, bursting on his heart,
 Can tune his voice to such ecstatic airs
 Of sprightly melody?---Give me his song---
 Pour his expressive music through my verse, 140
 And let me half forgetful of all grief,
 Share with yon gladsome bird, the charms of Spring.

How far yon cultivated vale extends,---
 While eastward wave the darkly shaded elms
 In varied groups---between them streams the light,---145
 And o'er yon meadow,---down this furrowed steep,---
 Soft brightness, with deep shadows mingled, streaks

The beamy prospect:---Up you rise, a flood
Of tender radiance, fluctuating rolls
It's ruffled surface, when the young rye bends
Beneath the breeze, or when a passing cloud
Whose gauzy substance scarce restrains the rays, 155
Throws for a moment o'er the lucid scene
It's hesitating shade.---Yon ancient spire
By it's co-eval elms encompassed round---
(Where, late, the VOICE OF NATURE touched my ear
Loud swelling 'mid the venerable toms; 160
While the soft notes of Spring, symphonious, seemed
Thro' all their sweet varieties to close
In that deep solemn cadence)---and yon dome,
More fair in contrast with the ebon firs
That wave against it's side, crown the clear slope--- 165
Ere yet the tender distance spreads, confused,

Blending the lessening objects :---the faint mist
 Thence undulating,---between light and shade---
 Floats the 'mid landscape with imperfect tints:---
 Yet there a track of yellow blossomed herbs 170
 Shews its bright gold investing the gay hill,---
 And the pale green of yonder infant corn
 Reflects a softer lustre ;---while the cots
 Each lattice catching the refulgent beams,
 Glisten like silver stars amid the gloom. 175

 NEARER, fair villas rise---there where the hill
 Descends abrupt, gay gardens to the sun
 Offer their cultured fragrance and his beams
 Court with Hesperian fruits and Indian shrubs :---
 The cool Ananas---the rich Orange grove--- 180
 The rose of Candia and such myrtle boughs
 As might have shaded the Castalian fount

And crowned Anacreon when he sang of Love.
 There the Pavilion,* with fantastic roof,
 Reflects the glistening sun beams, while around 185
 Young Vegetation lifts his verdant brows
 And in a thousand forms obeys the call
 Of genial Warmth:---A beauteous PRINCESS here
 Receives the earliest offerings of the Spring---
 Congenial SPRING, o'er whose celestial front 190
 The expanding rose buds breathe, approaching, smiles
 Like a beloved sister, who presumes
 To aid the wishes of benignant Power,
 And share the task of blessing this fair isle.

HARK---how the shout of youthful merriment 195
 Bursts, startling, on the morn:---the jocund troop

* The name of a Summer-house in the garden of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, situated on the south side of Blackheath.

Proclaim their holiday and winged for sport
 Bound, buxom, o'er the hillocks :---Loud their joy,
 Elastic, mounting in the sprightly tides,
 That flush the full vermilion o'er their cheeks ; 200
 Brilliant, as when Aurora's rosy hand
 Unfolds the curtain of awakening Light.
 Not the wild fawns within some glen remote,
 Sheltered from fear by interwoven boughs
 Scarce by the sun transpierced,---more lightly leap 205
 The blossomed brambles or the mossy rills.
 How beautiful when young and void of care
 The human soul appears !---THAT MOMENT'S full,
 Full to the brim with pleasure unalloyed ;---
 While Joy unvalued---quick forgotten Grief 210
 Dart thro' each rapid, unremembered day !
 Yet, tell me, ye who cherish the fond thought
 And with regret review those infant hours,

When, Sorrow, with a momentary pang,
 Wounded but left no sting---when airy Joy 215
 Fluttered around you on resplendent wing,
 But scarcely settled;---say, wherein consists
 The happiness of intellectual man?
 Is it not in the number of desires,
 Whose sweet enjoyment Prudence may permit, 220
 Rather than in the dearth of tender hopes
 And dullness of oblivion?---If not so,---
 The brute is happier even than the child,---
 And in your scale of bliss, the purple bud
 With only one fair gift of smiling life, 225
 Cradled in tender verdure, happier still
 With soft insensibility exists;---
 But happiest far, the cold unconscious rock
 Whose torpor sheathed the breast of Niobe,
 Or modelled by the chissel, mocks the soul 230

With semblance of sensation.---Drop not thus
 Into the silent slumber of the tomb ;---
 But gaze with ardent eyes on Nature's charms !
 Lo, active Virtue strewing Pleasures round---
 Delights to Memory---transports to fond Hope ;--- 235
 While Science leads the persevering mind
 To high, yet mild enjoyments, ever new !
 NOR CHEERFULNESS in such a MORNING WALK
 Shall woo in vain thy weary heart from woe :---
 She from each object animates some train 240
 Of bright reflections---some renewed desires---
 And makes us feel how sweet it is to live
 While living we increase the powers of life,

How full,---how various spreads the scene around :
 The mind dilates o'er all the ample view, 245
 Like the expansive radiance of the sun ;---

But, weak Expression would in vain essay
To copy the rich picture from the sight.
Yonder gay hedges intermingling close
Or like loose net work o'er the distant hill, 250
Seem careless thrown : there, branchless and uncouth
Tall trees aspire, and the low pollard oaks
With their wide branches in the distance, mark
The slowly winding lane :---yon dell abrupt
Where the thick smoke from the high kiln ascends, 255
Houses and clustering trees of every hue---
Meadows and blossomed shrubs and flow'rets wild :---
The glistening Ravensbourn, scarce seen amid
His silvery willows---the loud mill---the herds
That in dark droves low o'er the echoing marsh, 260
The ploughboy's whistle as his side long share
Furrows the steep descent ;---the tinkling bells
Of the slow team, that, straining, labours up

The tedious road---the tedious road itself
 Lost in the umbrageous vale, whence roofs and boughs
 Close mingling rise in tiers---roofs above roofs, 265
 And boughs in rich perspective clustering spread
 Boughs above boughs, until embraced, thy faue
 Proud LEWISHAM,* who hast seen kings welcome kings,
 Nay more, hast seen a joyous multitude 270
 Leave the deserted capital to meet
 Their great victorious sovereign,---high appears
 'Mid the thick foliage :---then, receding hills 275

* Lewisham is a very ancient village on the Ravensbourn, and is famous for having been the spot of many great interviews. In 1415 the Emperor of Constantinople was here received by Henry IV. Here Henry VIII. met Ann of Cleves: in the same reign, a deputation here welcomed the high Admiral of France and Archbishop of Paris. In 1416 the Emperor Sigismund resided here; and in 1474 Edward IV. here received a convocation of Londoners. At Lewisham also, the Lords temporal and spiritual attended by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and crowds of the inhabitants of London met Henry V. on his return from the conquest of France.



Handwritten text, possibly a signature or a note, written vertically in cursive script.



Of various forms romantic, various tints,
That lead the piercing sight to farther hills, 275
And these to farther, till, more faint and faint,
The pale grey distance mingles into mist,
Floating the horizon with uncertain bounds.

O, if I dared to wish,---so frequent foiled---
Dared yet again to call on Fancy's aid, 280
And for a moment raise a dream of life,---
This were the moment !---this the lovely scene
The theatre of days, which ne'er must be !---
Alas, Imagination, sickening, sighs
And gives---reluctant gives---the faded forms 285
Of that ideal FUTURE,---fondly drawn
In vivid colours, ere the constant tear
Of Disappointment dulled their lucid tints.

Yet still the oft built cottage will appear
 On this delightful spot,---it's whitened front, 290
 Full to the south, resplendent with the sun ;---
 While, underneath the thick and curling vine,
 The panting Zephyrs wave their silky vans
 At every window :---fronting to the east,
 A smaller casement, opening to the morn, 295
 Should give, uncurtained, to my wakening eyes
 Life's earliest beams :---for nought I'd lose of life---
 No, I would grudge each instant, and Repose
 His short reign ended, should release my mind,
 Fresh kindling with existence :---straight with me, 300
 The mental part of the great dead should wake :---
 VIRGIL or HORACE or his deeper truths
 Should the persuasive TULLY speak again :---
 Or SPENSER wrap me in his fairy dream,
 Or SHAKSPEAR hurry me thro' every sense 305

Of trembling feeling,---Or to the theme sublime
 Of mighty MILTON should my soul attend,
 'Till the wide effluence uncreate of light
 O'erwhelm me,---or, the dark and hollow vault
 Suffused with lucid flame appear and shake 310
 Thro' all its echoes with the dire debate
 Of fallen Seraphs :---Or, with gentler verse,
 Should THOMSON lead me thro' the annual path
 Of genial Nature and the varying God !
 Or, in majestic numbers, should the strain 315
 Of AKENSIDE unfold the human mind
 And thee, Imagination ;--- by the light
 Of Genius kindled at the eternal throne
 Displaying thee,---thee beautiful, sublime,
 And wonderful !---Then should the sacred fire 320
 That burns for ever in their powerful verse,
 Illume my breast and give Ideas life :---

Ideas, that buried in the dark, cold grave
 Of death-like want, oft mid the silent night
 Gleam faintly forth and fondly whisper fame, 325
 And group their spectre forms around the shrine
 Of Poesy and Science :---they should live---
 Cherished should live, my pleasure and my pride !
 But not harmonious numbers should absorb
 Me wholly ; Science should recal my mind 330
 To studies decorate with Truth alone ;
 Beauteous without the robes that Fancy weaves,
 And to the ardent strength of manly thought,
 Most lovely thus by simple Truth attired.
 GEOMETRY, with slow and solemn pace, 335
 Should at my side explain the forms of things,
 And, patient, trace the fluctuating point*

* Those parts of Geometry which treat of curves are here alluded to. The relation, which many curves, particularly the circle, bears

Which, as the right line bends into the curve,
 Unsettled trembles :---or, indefinite,
 The millionth fraction of a viewless grain, 340
 Escaping human sense (yet, to the mind
 A mazy space, where thought perplexed is lost)
 Conceals infinity from mortal sight.
 Or thou, with all the light of all thy suns,
 Shouldst pour thy mighty splendor on my soul 345
 ASTRONOMY---and bid my Reason pierce
 Thro' vast surrounding systems to that power

to a right or straight line forms a series of investigations which have occupied the attention of all Mathematicians and still remains unresolved. Sir Isaac Newton, by his invention of the doctrine of Fluxions, endeavoured to overcome the difficulties which this incomprehensible relation or ratio creates in Science. By this wonderful doctrine we obtain any determined degree of approximation, but the exact coincidence lies probably beyond the powers of human conception. We therefore conclude that the relation between a curve and right line exists in infinite minuteness, subject to the same inscrutable laws that extend the unsearchable magnitude of the boundaries of the universe.

Creative and attractive---SOVEREIGN GOOD---

Felt thro' all space---the cause and sphere of all !

THEN not the Hesperian sun, whose orient beams,
 Unclouded o'er the clear cerulian vault 350
 Effulgent break,---should more serenely keep
 It's purple promise of a beauteous day,
 Than should my mind so rising, pour the rays
 Of Peace and mild Content and placid Joy, 355
 O'er my unruffled life :---my GRACIA'S love
 With anxious tenderness should animate
 The still, soft hours :---the temperate repast
 By her prepared, luxurious, should invite
 Content and Friendship to the frugal board. 360
 CONTENT, from whom each genial blessing flows,
 The genuine priest of Nature,---at whose voice
 The Hopes and Fears,---the tempests of our lives,

Breathe like light Zephyrs o'er the calm smooth lake,
 Rippling its sunny surface :---FRIENDSHIP, too, 365
 Free, independent Friendship, Social Mind,
 With sentiments unbias'd, uncontroled
 By timid obligations---strenuous,---just,---
 Pledged to the cause of Truth, should here converse,
 Expand the bosom and exalt the soul. 370
 Nor, from the board by GRACIA drest, should Love,
 Endearing Love, be absent; whom Esteem
 And the soft Fellowship of joy and woe
 And mutual consolation, mutual care,
 So fondly nurture, that e'en now the flame, 375
 E'en now amid affliction, the bright flame
 Sheds such a gleam of pleasure o'er my grief,
 That, let my wish be cancelled---let my cot
 Shaded with breezy foliage---let my morn
 Irradiate with science, blessed with songs 380

Of soul entrancing poets---let my Day
Of placid study, friendship and content,
E'en in idea perish---let me pass
In servile misery all my tedious hours,
Rather than lose that sweet domestic Love, 384
That lives on GRACIA'S lips and soothes all woe.



ARCH in LADY DACRE'S Park.

BLACKHEATH :

OR,

A MORNING WALK IN THE SPRING

OF

1804.

CANTO THIRD.

O ROVE around this blossomed HEATH with me,
Thou mental Spirit---energy of Song---
MUSE!---(for that name, so frequent heard, thou lovest,
And oft of old, by that invoked, hast culled
Sweet flowers of Fancy for thy favoured bards, 5
Shading their brows with amaranth and bays)---
Then rove this heath with me CELESTIAL MUSE!
Nor deem my subject mean, tho' my weak hand

Touch, tremulous, the faintly sounding strings.
 Or if the scene of rude romantic delves 10
 Coated with moss and rich with golden bloom
 Delight not now ;---if not the extensive plain---
 Yon mills, high placed and restless in the wind---
 This moated mound* surrounded with dark fir,
 Where it is said the bones of rebels sleep ;--- 15
 If not the objects of the busy road,
 The rapid horse--- the dust-enveloped chaise---
 The motley peopled stage---the trudging clown

* The heaths of Kent are remarkable for mounds of earth, surrounded with moats. Blackheath had many of these mounds formerly, but, at present, only one remains, encompassed by fir trees, and forming a picturesque object near the Park Wall. These mounds are supposed by some to be the burying places of such as have fallen in the many rebel armies that have been defeated in this county. On Blackheath it is said, that Wat Tyler assembled one hundred thousand men. Jack Cade, under the name of Mortimer, encamped here in the reign of Henry VI. and here in the reign of Henry VII. the Cornish rebels to the number of 20,000 were defeated.

His all upon his shoulders, sold his cot,
 About to sell himself for anxious cares 20
 And yon rank city's toilsome misery ;---
 If not the herd that heavily move on
 Along their clouded path, with hollow sounds
 Of feeble lowing and of bleating faint,
 And shepherd-dogs with sharp continued bark ;--- 25
 If not for these thou deignest the pictured strain,
 Yet rove with me and animate my song,
 Where COMMERCE, ARMS and SCIENCE o'er the scene
 From every object breathe the patriot theme !

WHAT tho' no mountain with terrific front, 30
 Star-crowned and robed with thunder here denote
 This center of mankind*---this social pole---

* It is almost needless to observe, that in the following lines, the Observatory in Greenwich Park is alluded to ; from which, the eastern

Round which our busied intermingling race
 Perpetual move as Commerce guides them round ;
 Yet from this beauteous hill, URANIA deigns 35
 To count her eastern and her western steps,
 Oft as she treads the circuit of this globe,
 Fixing her bright meridian's steadfast ring,
 Upon this favoured summit. Here reclined
 She meditates the great primeval law,* 40
 Which through the vast infinity of worlds,
 Was, ere the utterance ceased that bade them, BE,
 Felt in each center. Or, with mild discourse,

and western Longitude is reckoned on all British maps and globes: The residence of the Astronomer Royal is still called Flamsteed House, from Flamsteed the first Astronomer Royal, appointed in 1675. The present is the Rev. Dr. Nevil Maskelyne, who was appointed in 1765. To his project of a Nautical Almanac, and to his science in the conduct of it since the year 1767, is the Navigation and consequently the naval and commercial power of the kingdom, highly indebted.

* THE law of Gravitation.

In human diction her high thoughts compressed,
 She speaks of Number, Motion, Time and Space, 45
 'Till human diction sinks beneath the theme ;
 'Till e'en a Newton or a Maskelyne
 Whose swift perceptive minds precede her words,
 Cannot express the wisdom they attain.
 Tho' they the rapid series with the slow* 50
 Blend in refined relations,---or direct
 The flow of endless Number, † endless Space

* LOGARITHMS, the invention of Baron Neper, of Merchiston, in Scotland, are constructed on the analogies of two series of numbers. The natural numbers proceed in the order of their powers and therefore with accelerated velocity: the artificial numbers or Logarithms are the indices or gradations of the powers and therefore proceed in the common numerical order. Various species of Logarithms have been formed and calculated to an astonishing extent by Dr. Hutton of Woolwich, and by Dr. Maskelyne, who superintended those which are published under the authority of the Board of Longitude.

† FLUXIONS, the first and perhaps the most subtle of the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, is the Doctrine of the increase or decrease of quantity in relation to the regular progress of Time. By seizing the

And by the march immutable of Time,
 Compute the varying motion, Language droops,
 And leaves us scarce a sense of what they know. 55
 Or to the weak perspective* of our sight,
 SHE, Muse of the eternal Spheres, displays
 The great sidercal conclaves, where enthroned
 Each in his mighty orb, the Powers of Light,
 Profuse of vital effluence, sit convoked, 60
 Myriads of peopled worlds, attendant round :---

idea of such increment or decrement at each instantaneous formation, he put a new and irresistible edge to that most acute of all the instruments of human reason, Algebra or analytical Arithmetic.

* THE *perspective* consideration of the Universe, as suggested and investigated by Dr. Herschel, is one of the boldest conceptions of the human mind, and yet founded on the simple principles of vision. That which man has hitherto denominated the *Universe* is but one *Nebula* or assemblage of suns with their attendant planets about their common center of gravity; and those appearances which astronomers have termed nebulous Stars, are other similar assemblages, each an Universe to the minute inhabitants of the planets belonging to its collected suns.

But of our solar star and his vast train
Of planets and their planets, chief she speaks ;---
And of this Earth where circumscribed we move ;---
While in its mould involved, ethereal mind, 65
Informs this mortal frame with more than Life :
Then of the Moon, who shares her silvery day
With our nocturnal hours,---at whose approach,
Ocean, disturbed thro' all his waves, upheaves
His sides saline, and mighty rivers casts 70
Back on their sources ; while the Sylphs of Air,
Dilating their light pinions, rapid, rush
In panting bands, obedient to their Queen.
Of these she speaks :---Old Thames in silence hears---
Fair Commerce leaning on his azure breast 75
Listens delighted---Naval Power, who like
Some Guardian God involved in fearful clouds,

Sits on the borders of his favourite stream,
 Stills his deep thunder, and attentive bends.

GAZE eastward from the brow of this gay hill, 80
 Whose slopes the blue fir shadows,---there, behold
 The proudly swelling river welcome home,
 The numerous vessels of yon wealthy fleet.
 Slow and majestic 'mid the embracing waves,
 That glistening break against each sea worn prow, 85
 They move deep freighted---their long furrowed path
 Glows far behind refulgent, while the sails,
 Bosomed by native breezes, wide distend
 In snowy folds or at the changing helm
 Tremble disturbed and throw a wavering shade 90
 Across the sparkling current:---thus by night,
 When with the softer radiance of the moon,
 The full illumined concave smiles serene,

Arise light trains of silver vested clouds,
 Slow floating on the lucid waves of air.

Now swarm the busy banks and joyous shouts 95
 Salute the intrepid seamen, who with songs
 And loud huzzas reverberate the joy.
 Then from his dark and thunder bearing sides
 Their tutelary Lion shakes a peal
 Of dreadful exultation to announce 100
 The western wealth, confided to his charge,
 Protected from the foe, the insidious foe,
 Who like the cruel tiger, trembling, lurks
 In his dark den,---then, darts upon his prey.

UNFOLD yon lofty water-gates---for lo! 105
 The river Tritons heave the eddying flood,

And through their gurgling shells, impatient, pour
Deep murmuring music:---'mid the sedgy marsh
Behold the tropic Goddess moves along
Upon the rushing waters:---Commerce hails 110
Her lovely friend, and bids her palace rise
Beside the margin of a placid lake*
Where the dark tempest breathes not.---There her cane
Pours copious streams of juices, that surpass
The honied treasures of the peopled hive.--- 115
Ah, would that cane as innocently grew
As the wild thyme that vests the mountain's side!
Where, while the dew hangs glistening on its leaves,
And the moist zephyrs of the morning breathe
Its fresh perfume, the winged labourers swarm, 120
Extracting, eager, from uninjured flowers

* THE West India Docks, on the Isle of Dogs.

Delicious wealth---for which no brother bleeds !
 For which no hive of duskier wing, enslaved,
 Toils groaning, on the scorching southern steep,
 'Till the hot sickening air dissolve their bonds, 125
 And misery, at length with life, expires !

O COMMERCE, wilt thou still pursue the steps
 Of cruel Avarice?---Lo, beside him stalk
 Across the darkened regions of the earth,
 Rapine and Death---and clanking dreadful chains, 130
 Vindictive Slavery, muttering forth revenge !
 THEE, gentle intercourse of our wide race,
 Mingling the toils and wants of every clime,
 And making one great family of Man,
 THEE, Science, THEE Philanthropy implore--- 135
 To THEE, Philosophy with solemn voice
 Assigns delightful traffic---to diffuse

Fair Nature's varied blessings o'er the globe!--
 To solace the rude tenants of the pole
 With fruits that ripen in the tropic sun!-- 140
 To store the ice-barr'd caverns of the North,
 With that bright fluid which the mellow grape,
 On Ebro's banks distils, or where the Po
 Thro' purple plains rolls his harmonious stream:---
 To waft Arabian fragrance and the breath 145
 Of India's fervid spices thro' the air,
 Where the pale Frost sits silent, fixt as Death,
 In dreadful solitude!---'Tis thine to cull
 The silvery cotton's vegetable fleece,
 Whether its flossy filaments are seen 150
 Like floating snow o'er Ganges' tepid waves,
 Or whether as the sea-breeze faintly pants
 Upon the Atlantic isles, with downy showers,
 Wayward, it fills the undulated air;---

'Tis thine to bear it to the British loom, 155
Where in light woofs the tender texture grows,
Swells into folds transparent, or entwines
A close soft fabric with its mossy threads.
Had I the pastoral reed, that Dyer's lips
Touched with sweet descant, I would make resound 160
Thy favoured stream, O COMMERCE, and these hills
That rise in gentle verdure from his shores,
With praise of thy chief treasure.---Hark, the vales
The flowery mountains, the extensive plains
Of this blest Island, bleat aloud the theme! 165
From the mild borders of the gentle south,
Where the wild rose and woodbine freely yield
Their fragrant breath, far as the northern rocks,
Where SCOTIA hears the indignant Ocean heave
The heavy Arctic fetters from his limbs, 170
And roar enraged around her echoing coasts,

The fleecy vesture spreads.---The cheerful swains
 Proud of their numerous flocks---proud of those cares
 That make Britannia richer from herself,
 Than when she grasps each India and exerts 175
 Her awful strength to keep them both her own,
 Meet emulous and crown with festive song
 Their patriotic labours:---every hind
 Who watched the fold thro' many a wintry night,
 And rested not until his charge was housed, 180
 When from the dismal east, the dark thick sleet
 Fell transverse, driving thro' the turbid air,
 Rejoices now with Nobles of the Land,
 Who love this Island more than guilty spoil
 And Indian homage---and with fond delight 185
 Nurture the sinews of its native strength!

FOR what but its internal stores of wealth,
The wealth of Toil and energies of Art
Dost thou, O COMMERCE, claim this Island thine?
For what but that creative force of mind, 190
That calls the uncouth produce into form,
And makes the iron ore out value gold?
For not where nature with profusion pours
Unlaboured plenty o'er the sickening clime,
Not where on unpruned boughs the full fruit bursts, 195
And disregarded yields its nectared flood
To the hot sun; not where sweet odours sleep
Upon the motionless and heated air
And with oppressive languor lull the soul;---
No---nor where pleasure presses the rich grape, 200
While the bright foliage casts luxurious shade,
And soft voluptuous melody consumes
The enervated perceptions, wilt thou fix

Thine empire, POWERFUL COMMERCE:---tho' beneath
 The branching verdure, 'mid the dusky fruit 205
 The tender worm weave there his silken tomb;---
 Tho' there the streams display their golden sands;---
 Tho' there the Nereids bind their hair with pearls
 And plant the coral round their glittering grotts;
 Not there, tho' diamonds thro' the glistening earth 210
 Dart forth pellucid radiance, wilt thou deign
 To set thy central throne!---But here, where man,
 Performing the high task by heaven assigned,
 Improves for general use each several good
 Of every climate;---here, thy realm endures; 215
 And BRITAIN holds from THEE the high command
 To bless with all thy cares the human race.
 Her Manufactures form thy power and pride;---
 Whether SALOPIA moulds the vitreous vase,
 Or skilful SHEFFIELD into wond'rous shapes 220

Fashions the lucid steel---or BIRMINGHAM,
 With plastic touch, compresses the rude ore
 And makes it bend to all the wants of man;---
 Whether the wealthy loom, with powerful grasp,
 Connects the mingling fleece;---whether those stores, 225
 (The rough unshapen produce of the world,
 Which all its nations heap upon these coasts)
 Are wrought into new fabrics, and again,
 Increased in value more than if the hands
 Of the Mygdonian monarch had embraced 230
 Each bale transmuted, they by thee are borne
 Back to their native clime, or, o'er the globe
 In various ports delight and aid mankind:---
 Still, whatsoe'er the labour, thou beholdst
 Thy sceptre here supported, and it's sway 235
 By INDUSTRY and generous ART preserved.

BROKE into gentle vallies, lo the hills
 Yield sloping---where the bough that Maia loves,
 The blossomed hawthorn, spreads its snowy wreath,
 The halcyon chaplet of the genial year :--- 240
 In long majestic vistas, yonder elms
 Extend their solemn ranks :---the Iberian beech
 Waves wide its ample arms and leafy robes,---
 While crested with light pyramids of bloom
 Castania graceful spreads her tufted form, 245
 A canopy of foliage o'er the path ;---
 And deeper shaded pines, with azure gloss
 Floating luxuriant on their clouded boughs,
 Hang their dark tresses down the shelving steep.
 Already o'er the hill's more shady side, 250
 Where yet the dew bedrops the moistened herbs,
 The motley deer spread numerous, and this vale,
 Thro' which long shadows from each ridge oblique



Leabingh. House from 'Greenwich - Park'

Stream faintly, is with many a straggling group
 Loose scattered o'er. Proud of its lonely elm,* 255
 Yon height protrudes its brown and arid brow,
 A contrast to the verdant banks around :---
 Turrets with mock antiquity and spires
 Enveloped in thick verdure, farther rise,
 In darker forms, obtrusive 'gainst the beams, 260
 That, spreading from the east, preserve soft tints
 Of palest yellow, wheresoe'er the morn
 Throws her light veil upon the lingering clouds.
 O, might I wander 'mid so fair a scene,
 My mind unburdened with diurnal toil, 265
 How often would I fix my gaze on thee,

* ONE TREE HILL, rises on the North East part of Greenwich Park ; beyond it and without the walls of the park, are Vanburg Fields, famous for buildings in grotesque or antique architecture. That which was built by Sir John Vanburg, is said to be after the model of the Bastile, and was called the Bastile House ; it is now called Vanburg House.

Expressive Muse and strive to win thy song,
 That holds the tinted landscape in its verse,
 Glows with the sun---pant with the ethereal breeze,
 Or rolls, in meditated eloquence, 270
 The philosophic theme of Truth along!

PENSIVE beneath yon solitary elm,
 An aged seaman sits :---fixed is his eye
 On the refulgent stream that flows below,
 Where the rich radiance, an impervious mist 275
 Of brilliant light, plays on the sparkling waves,
 And with suffusive lustre veils the scene.
 His only arm o'ershades his aching sight,
 That pierces, anxious, thro' the dazzling air,
 And rests upon its object (scarcely seen, 280
 Yet known to the best feelings of his heart)
 The vessel that he fought in from his youth:---

She, on whose deck he often joined the shout
Of battle and of victory,---she, whose sides
Enclosed the field of all his manly force, 285
The scene of all his friendships:---not a plank
But bears some mark of blood, which once he loved!
On this side, by the foremost cannon, fell
His own right arm, when in pursuit she spread
Her crouded sails, and on the dastard foe 290
Bore down Britannia's thunder.---Slowly now,
She drifts up heavily upon the tide:
As when an eagle, wounded in 'mid air,
On languid pinions motionless awhile,
Floats on the aerial current, so she moves, 295
A shattered burden on those very waves,
That often with their sparkling spray have kissed
Her welcome prow and, resonant, have dashed
Their silvery spume against her rapid sides.

But ah, more swift than when the courted gales 300
 Swelled her expanded canvas, does the mind
 Of this poor mariner retrace her course
 On distant oceans :---by the tempest driven
 He braves the mountain billows, or, involved
 In all the dreadful dissonance of fight, 305
 Rends down the colours of the boarded foe !
 On his rough brow Remembrance fondly gleams :
 His brightened cheek thro' all its wrinkles smiles :
 While frequent 'cross his eye, his moistened sleeve
 Drawn hastily, wipes off some starting tear. 310

For you, ye Naval Warriors, you whose arms
 The trident sceptre of your Country's power
 Fearless sustain, and with it's terrors shake
 The shores of distant nations---yes, for you
 Your grateful Country frames the fondest cares. 315

What time, yon Palace* reared its glistening domes,
 And on the borders of the elated Thames,
 Magnificent upon its pillars stood,
 Then spake the patriot Monarch---" Not for me,
 " Tho' for the Sovereign of so fair an isle, 320
 " A dwelling thus majestic, well might suit ;---
 " Yet rather, let the veterans of the main,
 " Let those who on our widest empire bleed,

* GREENWICH HOSPITAL stands on the scite of a Royal Palace built by Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, and called *Placentia* or the *Manour of Pleasaunce*. That palace was the favorite residence of many Kings and Queens. Henry VIII. was born at it, as were his children Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth and King Edward VI. Charles II. intended to rebuild it, and completed one wing at the expence of £56,000, but James II. was too much engaged in his bigotted and false politics, to attend to works of art, and it was left in that state until the reign of William and Mary. From that amiable Queen, originated the design of converting the palace into an hospital for disabled seamen; by her persuasions, the plan of the rest of the edifice was rendered subservient to those purposes, but it was not until after her death that her intentions were put into execution.

“ Find here a home---find solace and repose :---
 “ Here let the voice of praise---their country’s praise---
 “ Sound loud and gladful :---here, let the cheering hand
 “ Their country’s hand, sustain their drooping limbs,
 “ Bind up their wounds and pour the generous balm
 “ Of patriotic love o’er all their pains !”

Ó, could my verse the mighty theme sustain, 330
 And like the flood of yonder copious stream,
 Roll upward, and with elevated course
 Bear Britain’s Commerce,---then the Patriot Muse
 Might with her awful numbers aid my song,---
 And as the ocean pours his mighty waves, 335
 Dark with the crouded sails of every port
 Upon the rising waters of the Thames,
 So thou, CELESTIAL HARMONY, should’st pour
 Thy resonant verse abundant with the fame

Of Britain's naval and commercial strength 340
 Into my daring accents :---Then, these heights
 With all their echoes should repeat my notes,
 These groves retain them and delighted Thames
 Command his vessels from their thundering sides
 To utter the deep cadence. But, to me 345
 Such awful strains belong not :---for, my hand
 That, unsupported, ventured to awake
 The British Lyre and to the lofty theme
 Essayed the music of its deep toned chords;---
 Weak---faltering---struck the notes with palsied hand :---
 The solemn notes, with cadence indistinct, 350
 Upon the silent sighs of air expired.

YET while from this delightful hill I gaze,
 And trace the river as it bends it's course

Round many a headland,---winding, slow, along 355
 With gentle majesty,---while I behold
 The anchored vessels lie like clustering towns
 Buoyant upon the waters---Or, the barks
 That dip their bending sails and onward dart
 Swift as, with moistened wings, the swallow skims 360
 Across the surface of a silent pool;---
 While yonder naval palace rears sublime
 Its glistening cupolas, the noble home
 Of the bold seaman!---where the mighty Queen,
 ELIZABETH, who round these echoing coasts 365
 Extended her winged barriers, thunder-fraught,
 And shook the astonished empire of the deep,
 And claimed that empire, first drew vital air;*---
 While thro' the cloud that stagnates in the west,

* QUEEN ELIZABETH was born at the Palace of Placentia, on 7th September, 1753.

Round whose dark sides the smoky volumes roll, 370
 Yon mighty city lifts his gleamy spires,
 And stretches his enormous bulk along
 The loud resounding borders of the Thames ;---
 While wheresoe'er I turn, the world's great mart,
 With all the mingling interests of mankind, 375
 Appears before me, let me bolder sweep
 A louder chord and, ardent, speak to thee,
 ALBION, my country !---of thy COMMERCE speak---
 And call thy merchants to attend my strain !
 Proud, wealthy, powerful ALBION---placed by God 380
 Amid his world of waters, that thy hand
 Might hold secure the bonds of social good,
 And make the partial blessings of the sun
 Common to all his creatures ;---O revere
 The solemn duties of this high behest !--- 83a
 Distain not with Oppression,---nor with blood

Of guilty conquest,---nor with Slavery's tears,---
 Nor yet with sordid Avarice that sway,
 Which, like the wide diffusive hand of Heaven
 Should scatter plenty---and o'er all the earth, 390
 Pour Sympathy; congenial Interest, Love,
 Inmeasurably forth.---What time the voice;
 Omnipotent, of the Eternal shook
 Thy parted shores and rent thy chalky rocks,
 And thro' the dreadful chasm poured the deep seas, 395
 Loud shouts were heard in Heaven and Seraphs sang,
 " Freedom and Justice and Commercial Power
 " Beneficent, uniting all mankind
 " By good reciprocal---yon Isle is yours!
 " Make ye it's hills and vallies ring with joy--- 400
 " With plenty crown its meadows,---let the Arts
 " Frequent its paths delighted, and let Peace
 " Sit undisturbed upon it's lofty rocks.

- “ And smiling view the bulwark of the waves
 “ That chafe their echoing bases. For, above 405
 “ The cruel glory of the conqueror’s fame,
 “ The splendid woes of triumph, and the shouts
 “ That thro’ depopulated regions roll
 “ Their dreadful celebration,---shall arise
 “ The Merchant’s honoured name :---with blessings, he
 “ Shall vanquish nations,---he shall strew the waste 410
 “ With generous plenty, and the barren rocks
 “ Where the red sun upon the horizon gleams
 “ With torpid radiance, or where burning skies
 “ Pour downward, vertical, their torrid fires ;--- 415
 “ Tracks where no human ever breathed before,
 “ Shall sound with population ; while subdued
 “ Nature herself shall yield and own the power
 “ Of human Reason :---the united power,
 “ Of Interest, Benevolence and Art.” 420

Thus sang the sacred chorus : FREEDOM reared
 His beamy forehead 'mid the holy host,
 And fixing on these promised plains his sight,
 Smiled such irradiate transport, that the heavens
 Shone brightened, and the awful Source of Light 425
 Gave sign of gratulation !*---JUSTICE gazed,
 Joyful, as when prophetic Hope illumes
 The abyss of Time and pictures loveliest scenes
 With tints transcending Nature :---COMMERCE rose
 More beautiful upon the lucid waves, 430
 Than young Dione, when suffusive light
 Empurpled all the Ocean where she stood ;
 And the bright drops, like pearls of orient hue,
 Rolled o'er her polished limbs : more lovely far

* The Earth

Gave sign of gratulation and each hill :

MILTON.

The POWER of COMMERCE rose and smiled benign: 435
 The varying breezes swelled her floating vest,
 And gently broke the sea's explainsive calm
 With silvery undulation:---round her ear
 In crouds the little nautili were seen
 Hoisting their filmy sails and o'er the waves 440
 Extending their innumerable fleet;
 While, armed like Love, appeared Magnetic Power,
 A cherub form, who shook his dingy wings,
 And shot his rapid arrows towards the north.

AND still are Freedom, Justice, Commerce ours? 445
 Still does the independent strength of Truth
 Uphold thy throne, O, Britain?---O remain
 Unsevered from fair Freedom, who alone
 Pours forth that reasoning Life, which animates
 Collective man,---those beams of Social Right 450

That vivify with individual worth
 Each member of the state. Let Justice reign,
 With mighty arm uplifting the oppressed,
 And hurling the accurst oppressor down,
 E'en from the pinnacle of countless wealth ! 455
 Else, shall corrupted Commerce pine away,
 And bloated Luxury and Avarice seize
 Thy unprotected laws:---the stranger, then,
 With caution shall avoid thy dangerous marts
 And from his ports exclude thy specious sails, 460
 With plunder freighted, by the greedy hands
 Of cruel Rapine, and no longer stored
 With Manufacture's famed, and high wrought toil !

But while with Freedom and with Justice blest,
 Thou needest not fear the vaunts of envious powers. 465
 True Commerce views her safety in those laws

That blend the human duties and regard,
 Like heaven itself, each individual claim.
 MERCHANTS of ALBION, then, support those laws!
 Courted by them alone, TRUE COMMERCE here 470
 Wafts her whole wealth;---here, centers her wide realm;---
 Of which the vast circumference surrounds
 The human race. Whether the Atlantic waves
 Amid her far extended fleet she treads,
 While western breezes from her sunny breast 475
 Distend the full folds of her flossy robe
 And bend the high plumes of her tropic crown;
 (Meantime the far extended fleet pursues
 Her watry steps, their guide her sceptre cane
 Dropping luxurious sweets)---to you she comes!--- 480
 Or, like some bright Sultana, moves she forth
 From the secluded chambers of the East,

Where Merchants sit enthroned,---the Monsoon knows
 The appointed time, and from Arabia wings
 His odorous car to bear her onward :---slow--- 485
 Sublime, she floats above the lofty prow
 Of some majestic vessel :---orient pearl
 Bedrops with snowy light her raven hair :---
 Her loose, light, silken stole, at every breath
 Of vagrant air, throbbing expands, and yields 490
 Fresh spicy fragrance to each scented breeze ;
 She comes to you,---to you in triumph leads
 The riches and the empire of the world !
 For you, a ruder vest she not disdains,
 But dares the horrors of the dreary pole, 495
 Where the dark tempests, fearless of the sun,
 Roll their eternal adamantine waves,
 Clashing continual !---direful dissonance !
 The shaggy monsters of the dismal coast,

Amid their periodic death, alarmed, 500
Shake shuddering their hoary sides, and howl,
And tremble thro' their trance. E'en there, for you,
Intrepid COMMERCE urges the bold bark,
In stormy chace, to track the enormous whale,
That sports upon the surges, and on high 505
Plays up his torrent-spouts upon the wind.
She hurls the heavy harpoon spear, and holds
The rapid cord, tenacious of its prey ;
While the surrounding waves enshafed arise,
And in tempestuous agony descends 510
The tortured monster.---Faintly from the deep
He lifts his panting bulk :---the billows foam
With his convulsive pangs, and 'gainst his sides
Break threatening :---while at every gasp he casts
A double flood, tremendous, towards the heavens. 515
Then swift another hurtling harpoon flies,

And trembles in his palpitating hide :
 Again he sinks in Ocean's depths,---again
 Exhausted rises : in long sobs he sucks
 The sickening air, and slowly to the sky 520
 Throws a red deluge : dragged by the tightening ropes
 He moves constrained :---a crimson furrow streaks
 His lengthening wake :---when lo, a third time pierced,
 A third time plunging in the deep, he groans ;
 Then floats, upturned, upon a sanguine sea. 525
 These toils undaunted COMMERCE dares for you ;
 Nor these alone :---for you she seeks the haunts
 Of every furry tribe ; whether amid
 Siberia's dreary deserts they conceal
 Their downy robes, the pride of regal pomp ;--- 530
 Or sheltered in the pine-crowned rocks that spread,
 Their gloomy horrors o'er the unpeopled tracks
 Of the vast western continent, they hope

Concealment from the eager eye of man.

For you she calls the savage Indian forth 535

From dark retreats, where, half the year engulfed,

Beneath an alp of snow he dwells entombed,

To traverse wilds immense, and to your marts

Bring his rich spoils.---For you the fearful tracks

Of dreary Afric's howling solitudes, 540

Where the hot earth burns dreadful to the tread,

And seas of sand roll on the fiery air,

And thirsty Lions roar, and the dark Snake

Rears high its panting throat, darts its dry tongue

And hisses loud for blood ;---e'en there, for you, 545

Roams eager COMMERCE: there the wily Moor

Or darker Ethiop, or from Niger's shores

People unknown by name, she fearless meets ;---

Or joins the wealthy Persians' wide array,

When superstition and desire of gain 550

Blend their thick ranks, and move along the waste.

Thus, every good, the growth of every clime,

Unwearied COMMERCE heaps upon your shores;

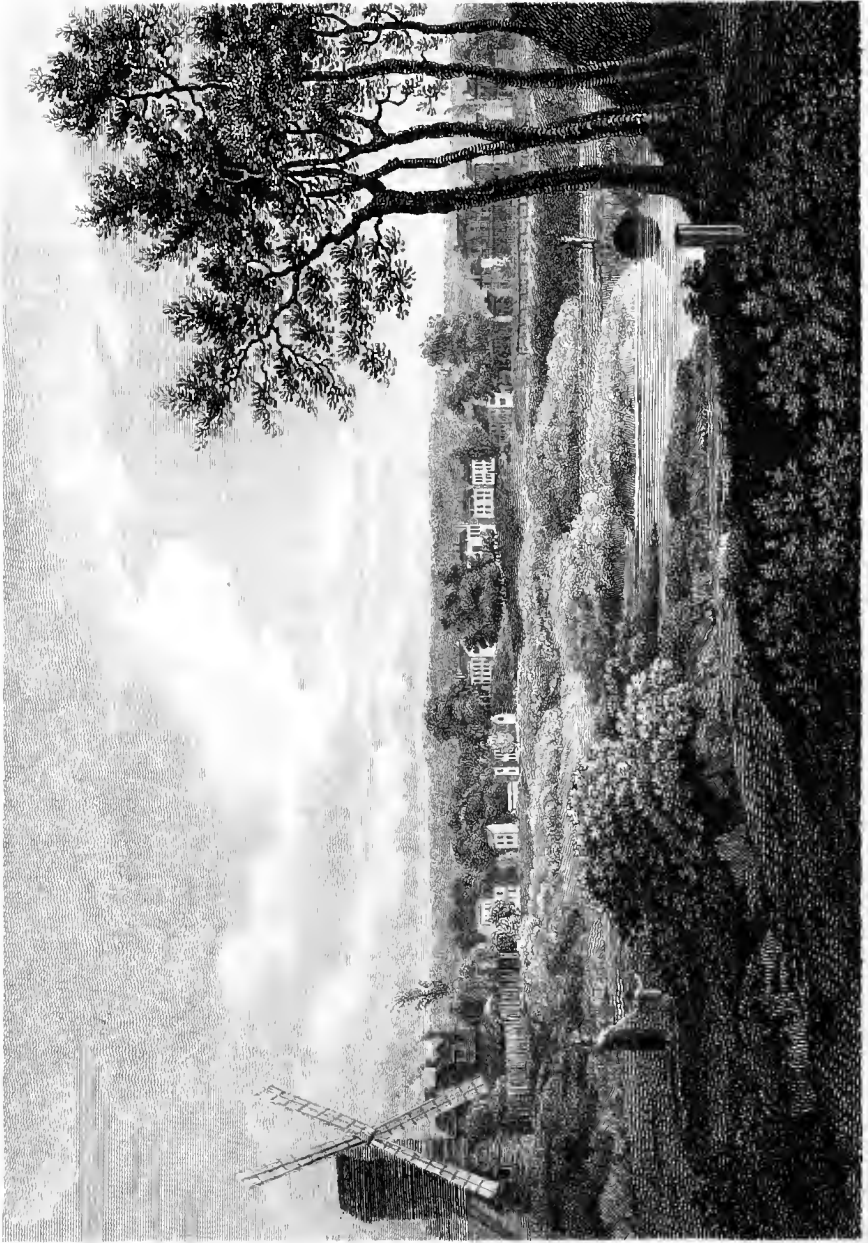
And bids all nations venerate that Isle,

Which, like the eternal treasury of Heaven, 555

Is with the blessings of mankind replete.



RESERVOIR IN GREENWICH-PARK.



Blackburn

BLACKHEATH :

OR,

A MORNING WALK IN THE SPRING

OF

1804.

CANTO FOURTH.

HAIL INDEPENDANT MIND ! whom every Muse
Wooes, with celestial numbers, to her bower ;
Where, with irradiate bloom, the eternal rose
Bends o'er the never-fading amaranth, and sheds
Perpetual odours on the ambrosial air !--- 5

Hail, INDEPENDANT MIND ! whom science loves,
And leads, delighted, 'mid the wonderous works
Of him who called existence from the void,

And breathed perception thro' the torpid clay !
 Thee, Wisdom honours !---Virtue wings to thee 10
 Her anxious flight, and glows in thy embrace !
 For thee, expressive Nature fondly spreads
 The dewy verdure, and the blossomed wreath ;---
 Fills the whole air with radiance ;---tints the clouds
 With all that rich diversity of rays, 15
 In loose refraction, trembling thro' the sky !
 O, may I frequent meet thee !---whether Morn
 Unveil her blushing forehead, and the hand
 Of ardent Fan̄cy strike the ethereal Lyre,
 Inviting thee o'er faintly-purpled hills ;--- 20
 Whether thou hear'st fair Evening, 'mid her shades,
 Wooe thee in whispers softer than the breeze,
 That fans the trembling foliage of the grove,
 Where Contemplation pours her soul to thee ;---
 Whether amid the innumerable stars, 25

Whose rapid rays thro' all their distant tracks
 Dart trembling, thou pursuest unchanging Truth,
 And, in the deep profound of Night, dost move
 Along the orbits of the wandering globes,
 Learning those laws (Creation's awful bonds) 30
 That sway Infinity ;--Or whether midst
 The walks of human life thou deignst appear,
 And hearst the murmurs of tumultuous day,
 And strivest to stem the impetuous flood of vice,
 That overwhelms the energies of Man ;--- 35
 O may I frequent meet thee !--frequent feel
 Thy sacred impulse elevate my soul,
 And, full of thee, contemn the oppressive world !

HAIL, INDEPENDANT MIND!---for surely now,
 'Mid the pure air of such a radiant morn, 40

I see thee rising from the clouds of care,
 And, farther---swifter---than the solar beams,
 Darting the clear effulgent light of thought !
 O might I win thee with some votive lay
 To shine with steadfast radiance o'er my path ! 45
 The song of RURAL LABOUR most thou lovest :---
 The song of RURAL LABOUR ; when the Earth,
 Responsive to the cheerful toil of Man,
 Smiles wide around thro' all her waving plains.
 Nature herself gave RURAL LABOUR birth :--- 50
 And when she bade him, strenuous, seize the plough,
 And sow the broken glebe with peaceful wealth,
 Thou, INDEPENDANT MIND ! around him---(like
 The animating presence of a God)---
 Divinely beamed :---beside him FREEDOM stood : 55
 Suspended on her spear, her helmet rung,
 In martial sport secure ;---but, quick resumed,

Appalled each Tyrant with its awful gleam !
 Then Meditation, Memory, and Song,
 (The Muses' earliest names*) pour'd solemn strains : 60
 They taught Mankind obedience to just Laws ;
 Domestic duties ;---Patriotic Love ;---
 And the firm policy of social strength !
 They sung the genial produce of the year ;---
 The varying Heaven with its directing signs ;--- 65
 Plenty and health ; gay vigour and content :
 While thou, delighted with the sacred lay,
 Glowed with diffusive fervour wide around !
 O would they now, descending on my path, 70
 From this rich prospect deign select their theme ;

*.....Pausanias Musas tres connumerat, quas ait ab Aloëi filiis Oto et Ephialte sic nominatas, primam scilicet *Μελέτην*, hoc est Meditationem: secundam *Μνήμην*, hoc est Memoriam. tertiam *Ἀειδῆν*, hoc est Cantilenam, quòd non ratione carere videbit is qui rem altius scrutari voluerit.

Lil. Greg. Giraldu de Musis.

This prospect, like Sicilia's lovely plains,
 Where Ceres first, with wheaten chaplet crowned,
 Enraptured, saw her long sought daughter raise*
 Her golden tresses o'er the yielding glebe, 75
 And for awhile, permitted, leave the throne
 Of gloomy Pluto for her Mother's arms ;
 This lovely prospect, like Sicilia's plains,
 Might bloom eternal in celestial verse !
 O then might I, with imitative lore, 80
 Breathe forth the faintest cadence of their song,
 Then would I win thee, INDEPENDANT MIND,
 To bless my Morning, and sustain my Day !
 Nor will the Muses hence, in silence, turn,

*.....*Proserpinam* vero quasi segetem voluerunt, id est terram radicibus
proserpentem, quæ et 'Εκάτη' græcè dicitur: ἑκατὸν enim græcè *centum*
 sunt: et ideo hoc illi nomen imponunt, quia centuplicatum Ceres
 proferat fructum.

Fulgentii Mythol.

BLACKHEATH.

93

Where in soft wavy verdure spread the banks 85

Of yonder WOODLANDS !---o'er the uneven ground

(The long herbs throbbing to the gentle breeze)

Contend the light and shadow, tremblingly :---

Thro' every break, between the hilloeks, streams

Reflected radiance from the silvery Thames ; 90

Or some swift vessel shews its snowy sails,

Quick glancing past.---The beech and lofty oak,

The azure fir prond of its pendant robes,

And the fair ash bending its graceful form,

Together blend their luxury of shade, 95

Sprinkled with fluctuant lustre from the rays

That pierce, half checked, amid the infant leaves.

'Tis here the generous MERCHANT finds repose,---

Courts Nature,---seeks that intellectual wealth,

Which, from the stores of Taste and beauteous Truth, 100

Yields never-fading splendour :---here he weighs

The real worth of riches ;---hears the claims
 Of Industry and Art ; and as the sun
 Throws from his orb of congregated light,
 Liberal, the beams of life ; so from his stores 105
 The powerful Merchant spreads with copious hand
 The social blessings round. The canvas breathes,
 For he sustains the artist :---The rough stone
 Melts into all the impassioned forms that fill
 The sculptor's mind ;---for liberate from care 110
 Each bright idea reigns with ardent force,
 And, like the great creative energy,
 Lives on the yielding marble. Nor alone
 The arts of Taste, but those of ruder mould,
 That purchase social life with urgent toil, 115
 Encouraged by the Merchant, rise improved
 In honest emulation : hence the fleece
 With finer threads repays the shepherd's care.

And from the loom in softer fabric spreads
Its downy folds : and hence the eager plough 120
Grasps with unwearied share the barren heath,
Till Plenty smiles upon the vanquished glebe,
And waves her wheaten tresses wide around.

Wox from the waste yon furrowed track extends
Its teeming bosom, whence the human food 125
Bursts forth from every pore ! Hail genial sight !---
On each green blade that struggles thro' the earth
Hang blessings, drawn from Heaven by the prayers
Of the delighted poor !---For more---far more,
Is he the benefactor of mankind, 130
Who wrests one acre from the steril waste,
And bids the corn supplant the plummy fern,
Than he who strews his native plains with ore,

And scatters with luxurious hand around
The envied produce of each distant clime.

REVEL ye Rich, in foreign luxuries ;--- 135
Unsated spread whate'er the glowing earth
Yields to the fervour of the tropic sun
Wide o'er your sparkling boards ;---but let the poor,
Who on his country's bosom seeks his bread,
Not from his country seek that bread in vain ! 140
False in the gorgeous splendour of that state,
Where the nutritious grain of foreign soils
Groans on the wharf of speculative trade.
Look round, and see how many wastes extend
Their steril bosoms ; where the yellow broom 145
The blushing eglantine, and snowy thorn,
Like beauteous braids around a harlot's neck,
Spread useless ; even where with matron pride,

The Earth, espoused to Labour, should unveil
 Her breast redundant with her children's food. 150

COME AGRICULTURE, independant source
 Of public good, and vindicate thy claims!
 The rugged mountain, and the desert plain,
 Demand thee :---and, with cries, the wretched poor
 Gaze, wistful, on the miserable wilds, 155
 Imploring thee to save them from the power
 Of cold, hard-hearted Avarice !---O extend
 Thy fruitful conquests---thy benignant realm---
 And bid thy husbandmen, with proud content
 Of generous independance, scorn the gains 160
 That greedy Speculation wrings from Want.

REMAIN there yet some spirits unseduced
 By wealth's pervasive pleasures? Live there yet

Who coldly look upon their neighbour's pomp,
 And see, unemulous, the chariot grace 165
 The gate of haughty meanness?---who can wrap
 Their limbs, unblushing, in their country's fleece?---
 Who not disown the cottage?---who not ask
 To steep in juices of the Hesperian vine
 That crust which Labour, with determined hand, 170
 Disdainful of submission, cheerful reaps
 From their abundant country's grateful soil?
 ---Preserve them, GUARDIAN ANGEL of this ISLE!
 Steel them against the taunts of bloated Pride,
 And with that independance that thou lovest, 175
 'Gainst all temptation fortify their hearts,
 For should a cruel mercenary power,
 Nursed in thè bosom of successful trade,
 Pervade the realm with venal influence;---
 Chill, poisonous, every patriotic vein, 180

And stife e'en the eloquence of Truth ;
 Still may the State, with all its rights, revive,
 Deep rooted 'mid you corn lands.---Those bold hands
 That hold the plough, and, independant, crush
 Their wants beneath the clods,---they shall support 185
 The crumbling fabric of corrupted laws ;---
 They, like their great forefathers, unsubdued,---
 Shall shout amid the storm (the hireling power
 Trembling upon its basis) " Thou art safe
 " BRITANNIA!---fear not---thou shalt still be FREE!" 190

BESIDE you blossomed brake, where the broad fern
 Rears high it's knotted tendrils, and o'erhangs
 The sand-pit's mossy ridge, a wretched man
 Drops down his weary limbs in short repose.
 His pendant rags display his shrivelled form,--- 195
 His sunk eyes scowl with famine,---his deep brows,

Contracted with habitual misery, lour,---
 And o'er his forehead---o'er his hollow cheeks,
 Mingle disease and grief their sallow tints.

---' Unhappy being, whom each human woe 200
 ' Hath so severely wounded,---whence art thou?---
 ' And whither tend thy feeble, sorrowing steps? '

“ ALAS, I strive to reach my native vale,
 “ Hence distant many miles ; where fruitful Kent
 “ Yields richest harvests to the labouring plough. 205
 “ Harvests, which oft these hands have sowed and shared,
 “ There health and hope smiled on my youthful days ;
 “ And Love, with all his promises of joy,
 “ Whispered soft transports to my throbbing breast.
 “ Thither I drag this miserable frame 210
 “ To pine out its sad residue of life
 “ Upon parochial alms ;---to lay this heart,

- “ Where, mouldering, it may mingle with that dust
“ Parental lessons taught it to revere,
“ The dust of it's forefathers ;---if their grave, 215
“ That only spot that now retains their name,
“ That last inheritance, be not denied !
“ Say, would you hear the tale of my sad days ?---
“ Why, once possessed of land and well stored barns,
“ I now implore the beggar's scanty boon, 220
“ And ask but to possess my father's grave !---
“ Attend ;---the tale is mournful, but not long.
“ One proud, and cold of heart, whose, wealth had grown
“ By Indian plunder, purchased large estates,
“ Around my humble dwelling. He his gold 225
“ Proffered to me for those my cherished fields ;---
“ Fields that our race, a hardy honest line,
“ Had clung to for whole ages ; for with love
“ Fond as the child, who on his mother's breast

- “ Presses sweet infant kisses, doted we 230
 “ Upon those lands, where, rooted like the oak,
 “ Our fair report extended far around.
 “ But who transplants the oak ?---’twere vain to hope
 “ To tear it up uninjured from it’s soil,
 “ And see it yet survive : its sap would fail, 235
 “ And thro’ the arid boughs a feverish drought
 “ Swift rushing, would devour the drooping leaves ;
 “ Burn up the withering branches ; and in scars
 “ Burst the dry bark, and scathe the lifeless trunk.
 “ His proffers I rejected :---then he sought 240
 “ Means more oppressive ; all the low revenge
 “ That wealthy Pride imagines when despised :---
 “ The tortured law was wrested from its sense
 “ To rack the victim of determined power.
 “ But British laws bend not with Indian ease : 245
 “ The sentence of my honest jurors oft

- “ Encouraged my resistance. Yet he still
“ Fostered new pleas ;---suborned a cringing herd
“ Of perjured slaves ; and led from court to court
“ A dark, entangled, sophistry of claims, 250
“ Embarassing the law he could not bribe.
“ Around my home he nurtured cruel lies,
“ Soul-wounding injuries, to make me quit
“ My steadfast hold. Alas, resolved, I held
“ Too obstinately firm. I might have saved, 255
“ By losing every sense of honest pride
“ In base submission, her I might have saved,
“ Who with torn nerves, all shuddering at my wrongs,
“ Fainted and left me ; in her clay-cold arms
“ Bearing my clay-cold infant to that grave,--- 260
“ My father’s grave !---the grave that shall be mine !
“ Cease agonizing memory,---cease regret !
“ Heaven in compassion snatched them from my woes,

- “ And spread the impenetrable calm of death
 “ O'er all their sorrows !---Yet would I repine,--- 265
 “ Yet frequent wish upon the breast of Love
 “ To breathe my tortured spirit ;---frequent weep
 “ That her closed eyes no longer shared my tears ;
 “ That she no longer to my trembling lips
 “ Prest my sweet infant,---for its future days 270
 “ Uttering her fears in sighs !---for who can bear
 “ A load of sufferings for himself alone ?
 “ No,---'tis for those we love,---for those on whom
 “ *Self* rests each sense of happiness,---for those
 “ We cherish hope, and struggle with the world ! 275
 “ Deprived of them, the apathy of grief
 “ O'erwhelms us,---and our best resolves expire.
 “ Ruined by dark chicane, compelled I left
 “ My little patrimony ;---sought, in trade,
 “ The sustenance of life.---Bankrupt in that,--- 280

- “ For I had neither knowledge, care, nor hope,
“ I sunk so deep in sorrow and in want,
“ That, as upon a worm, the feet of men
“ Seemed to tread on me ; and as one who was,
“ But is not, I was named.---Or, if I craved 285
“ The wretch’s pittance, where I might have claimed
“ The kind return of friendship, I was spurned
“ And shaken off, as the foul spider is,
“ Who with his disembowelled thread adheres
“ To the disgusted hand.---What then remains ? 290
“ A few short days must end this pilgrimage !
“ Yes---when upon that earth which oft I’ve wooed
“ With cheerful labour ;---when upon that earth
“ Whose summer verdure gladdened all my toils ;
“ When there I shall have crawled, an outcast wretch,
“ A miserable stranger, without home, 295

- “ Then will I quit this last, weak, hold of life.
 “ For there, what thoughts from Memory shall burst,
 “ Rending the exhausted fibres of the brain
 “ With dark recurring sense of blasted hopes;-- 300
 “ Of joys torn, bleeding, from the shattered heart;---
 “ Where they were wound round Life!--O God, the past,
 “ The painful past, seems like some dreadful hand
 “ Grasping my whole existence.---Yet awhile---
 “ (I must not wrong of these poor bones that grave 305
 “ Which with parental fondness calls me home)
 “ --O yet awhile, ye days that rend my soul,
 “ And I will pass the bounds of wretched time,
 “ And mingle in eternity with you.
 “ Let me but reach the spot where once ye smiled, 310
 “ Tho’ black oppression curst ye as ye passed,---
 “ There let me drop, unheeded and despised!
 “ The sacred spirits of the forms I loved,

“ My parents and my child,---my tender wife

“ Shall bind me welcome to my father's grave! ” 315

AND are there groans like these in Britain's realm?---

What, doth the very breath that fans the ear

Of generous Freedom bear such woeful plaints,

And from her chosen sanctuary of laws,

Doth Freedom hurl not vengeance on the head 320

Of the Oppressor?---POWERS of SOCIAL RIGHT!

Selected few, thro' whose exalted cares

Millions of men sustain the claims of life,

And independant each,---dependant still

Upon the mutual duties of the whole, 325

They form one great harmonious polity,

The glorious wonder of enlightened man,

The BRITISH CONSTITUTION ;---O reflect

That universal Justice bade you save

(What time ye, first embodied at her call, 330
 Stood round her tottering throne) the wretched poor
 From the rude grasp of Avarice and Pride !
 Protect the husbandman with strongest laws !
 Rescue his pittance from the sordid hands
 Of base Monopoly ! O let the field, 335
 Where Hope rejoiced beside his strenuous plough,
 And Plenty yielded to his glad embrace,
 While o'er his sickle bending, she would throw
 Her autumn tresses on his eager arm,---
 Be still his own !---Then, as the rooted vine 340
 Spreads forth its vigorous branches wide abroad,
 And hangs its clusters on the barren elm ;
 So should his sons, laborious, far around,
 People the waste ; and, with unconquered ploughs,
 Spread golden harvests o'er neglected plains, 345
 And clothe the rock's forbidding heights with corn.

HE shall not ask in vain, who asks from Earth
The wholesome food of Labour :---every want
That Nature, undepraved, hath laid on man,
Shall fall, like noxious weeds, beneath the plough ; 350
And in their stead shall genial blessings rise :
Blessings of health, of freedom, of content,---
Unpurchased pleasure, and remorseless joy !
This LACON thought, when, sad, beneath the weight
Of sorrow and of servitude, he bent, 355
And saw his wife and famished infants clasp
His shuddering bosom, and look up for food !
His eldest girl, LIRINA, whose mild form,
E'en in the garb of misery, graceful shone
With beautiful simplicity, would ply 360
Her tedious needle all the live-long day,
And strive, with duteous tenderness, to smile
Sweet comfort thro' a flood of glistening tears.

Ah! how she loved,---and with how pure a flame
 The young AMYNTAS breathed their mutual hopes, 365
 She would almost forget ;---nor let a tear
 That had not for its source parental woe
 Mix with her parent's sorrows.---'Twas her pride
 To soothe or bear their griefs, and but with them
 To think of happiness : Thus, o'er its root--- 370
 Its wounded parent-root, the lily droops,
 Nor heeds the smiling morn, nor breathing eve,
 No, nor the dewy kisses of the air
 That sighs beneath the shade ;---but lowly bends
 Its tender form, sad, o'er its parent-root, 375
 With that recovers, or with that expires.
 'Twas hence that vainly all the hopes of Love,
 Which ardent youth imagines, flushed the cheeks
 And eloquently breathed from the warm lips
 Of young AMYNTAS :---Hence it was that while 380

His manly beauty, softened by the glow
Of generous adolescence, spake in looks,
(When from the faltering tongue the feeble words
Trembled, unequal to the fervid sense)
It spake almost in vain.—Ere the soft blush, 385
In bright confession, o'er her downcast face
Mantled with orient hue, each gentle glance,
That would have beamed with love, was lost in tears :
Her parents sorrows mingled with her sighs,
And, with a chill, that shuddered thro' her frame 390
Her mournful accents breathed a cold adieu.
Awed by such grief, AMYNTAS dared not urge
His tender suit :---he saw its sacred cause ;---
And, silent, felt his bosom's fondest hopes,
Blending with thoughts of wretchedness, become 395
Corrosive cares :---then first, he longed for wealth :---
Then first, perceived how small his humble cot,---

How scanty, and how poor, his laboured field.
 Anxious, and restless, with this new desire,
 He scorned the tardy harvest,---left his home,--- 400
 And sought, in distant climes, those wealthy stores,
 That, healing all her wretched parents wants,
 Might soothe LIRINA's sorrows into love.

MEANTIME, by ruthless indigence subdued,
 The soul of LACON stooped to supplicate 405
 For public aid: yet with the generous pride
 Of manly industry, and conscious power,
 That feels its natural aids within itself,
 If not denied their natural source, he thus,
 Honest of purpose, fearlessly addressed 410
 The rulers of his district: " I implore
 " The means of sustenance.---I starve:---and those,
 " Who call me father, sicken at my side.

“ Yet, rank me not amid the abject crew,
“ That overwhelmed in vice, seek idle bread ; 415
“ Nor think I'd rob the aged and infirm
“ Of their poor pittance.---No :---these hands inured
“ To honest labour, ask the need of toil :---
“ That bread with which relenting Earth rewards
“ The moistened brow of man.---Yon swarthy waste 420
“ Whose rugged delves, o'erhung with barren shrubs,
“ Yield to the straggling brute his scanty fare ;---
“ Yon waste, by human industry subdued,
“ Might haply teem with human nutriment !
“ Grant me a spot of that neglected soil :--- 425
“ The morning dew,---the cheerful sun,---the rain,
“ And all the aids that heaven delights to grant
“ To him who struggles with the earth for food,
“ Shall, on the opening furrows, bounteous, smile,

- “ And bless my efforts :---soon the tender root,--- 430
 “ The blossomed herb,---and e’en the nodding sheaf,---
 “ (The plenty of content) shall be our own !
 “ Well-pleased ye shall behold our humble hut
 “ Encircled with its blessings :---ye shall hear
 “ The mingled gratitude to you and heaven 435
 “ Hymned from our cheerful hearts.---So shall ye raise
 “ (And, with unburdened bounty, raise) from woe
 “ Him, and his fainting wife, and wretched babes ;
 “ Who, else dependant on parochial alms,
 “ Must eat the bread of charity and scorn,--- 440
 “ Loathing the very life your cares sustain ! ”

HE spake, and gain’d his prayer :---For who with-holds
 The consentaneous wish and favouring aid
 From generous Industry ?---Who not applauds,
 When, firm, relying on itself and heaven, 445

The human soul looks fearless upon life,
 And dares trace out its individual path,
 Not separate,---yet its own?---Cruel is he,
 Lost to all sense of social good, whose hand,
 Stifling the honest pride of conscious worth, 450
 Restrains the independance of the poor.

Not dark of soul, oblivious of mankind,
 Involved in self, were those who heard the prayer
 Of humble LACON. They, with mild accord,
 And contribution of such present aid, 455
 As might procure him implements and food,
 Placed future good within the reach of toil,
 And gave exertion hope. Where thro' the sands,
 A bubbling stream pursued its channelled course,
 Banked with light ridges of the crumbling glebe, 460
 And skirted with loose herbage, they assigned

The basis of his wishes. Straight arose
 The thatch of interwoven boughs ;---the walls,
 Clay-built, but bright with chalk, that 'gainst the sun
 Shone cheerful ;---and the willow fence, still green 465
 With its surviving foliage, twisted round.
 Ah, what sensations mingled in the smile,
 With which the parent saw his infants' hands
 Toil sportful,---rending up the matted weeds ;
 The thorny furze ; the heath, and shadowy fern. 470
 To him they seemed as if from Nature's breast
 Their little fingers tore away the veil,
 To press her milky treasures.---Now the spade,
 Incessant labouring, shakes the adhesive sod,
 'Till freely each expanded pore imbibes 475
 The fragrant air ; the softly oozing dew ;
 The life-exciting heat, and genial showers.
 The powers of vegetation feel the aid ;

Where long supine they spread their stagnate veins
 They now, with vivifying force, rolled on. 480
 To them confided, lo, the embrio bursts
 Its husky shell, and hastens to indulge
 In draughts of generous light :---the sprouting root
 Protrudes its eager fibres, and connects
 Its wide prolific family beneath 485
 The fostering mould :---the plant of firmer stem
 Draws, thro its myriad tubes, the vital streams,
 Breathing with ample leaves the ambient air.

How anxiously he watched each tender growth
 When from the humble duties of the day, 490
 Which now were brightened with the thoughts of home,
 A home replete with hope, cheerful he came.
 His bosom's partner, soothed by happier scenes,
 Bade thro' their but congenial neatness smile,

And blythe domestic comfort:---crowding round, 495
 The joyous children told their mirthful tasks;---
 The weeded borders;---or the high-piled furze;---
 Or headstrong swine (his generous master's gift;)
 Which strayed from home, the whole surrounding troop
 In loose array, could scarce, with urgent shouts, 500
 Amid the brakes and brambled paths constrain.
 But ah, how sweet was his LIRINA'S voice
 Uttering the mixed sensations of her soul!
 A tender slip of vine and ruddy plum,
 Her pleasing charge, already spread their leaves 505
 Around the lattice:---o'er an arbour'd seat,
 Her chief delight, she taught the twining bean
 To wind its scarlet bloom: and, round an arch
 Of twisted willows, bade the woodbine creep,
 With the rose-blossomed briar; while, below, 510
 The saffron stertion skirted the rich sides

Mixed with the pea's bright purple. There she'd sit,
With mild attention to her needle's toil,
While her fond mind indulged its wandering thoughts :
There would its fears, anxieties, and hopes, 515
Winged with surmises, stretch their rapid flight,
With tender interest in AMYNTAS' fate.
Less widely circling flies the eager dove---
Floats, wheeling on still pinions ; or from high,
In spiral flight ascending, darts her gaze 520
O'er distant regions, anxious for her mate ;
Whom, or the ruthless fowler, or the kite,
Hath made his bleeding prey :---in vain she soars---
In vain she winds her still repeated round---
Cooes loud and mournful : while the dew of eve 525
Drops on her heavy pinions, and she moans,
Alone and wakeful, 'mid her native grove.
And thus, with more extensive flight of mind,

The tender maiden fondly thought of him,
 For whom, 'till now, she had not dared to sigh. 530

MEANTIME the circling years, each than the last
 More bountiful of good, round LACON'S cot
 Redundant bloomed :---the luxuries of toil,
 Gay vigour, blythe content, and ruddy health,
 Empurpled the bright cup of industry. 535
 Still in each year remembered rose that day,
 (An annual festival)---the day, which gave
 Strength to his hope, and ardour to his toil.
 With it, o'er LACON'S cheerful mind arose
 Renewed sensations :---pious gratitude, 540
 The tender memory of vanquished woe,
 And generous exultation (virtue'S pride,
 Her just designs accomplished.)---For that day
 LIRINA'S hands had ranged the cheerful feast,

Her arbour, rich with Nature's brightest tints, 545
 Brilliant with sunshine,---breathing with perfume,---
 Received her parents; while the genial board,
 Crowned with the sweets of Labour, stood beside,
 Surrounded by a sprightly youthful troop.
 Then honest LACON, on whose hardy front 550
 Beamed fond emotions, unrepressed, and full,
 Looked up to Heaven with fervour, and exclaimed,
 " Thank God we eat the happy bread of toil !
 " Thank God---for he hath blessed us ! When he gave
 " Labour and Earth, he gave us every good!--- 555
 " My children, my loved children, ask no more !
 " While ye have earth, determined hands, and heaven,---
 " Look in yourselves for joy, and ye shall find
 " Such honest transport as your father feels ! " *

* I should wrong the above Episode of an interest due to it, were I to withhold from my reader, that the principle incident is founded on a

As he thus spake, he pressed their lifted hands, 560
 And, with a glance that uttered happiness,
 Smiled on their mother :---e'en LIRINA'S heart
 Throbb'd with the gentle sympathy of joy !
 When lo, a sigh was heard, that pierced her soul ;
 And thus a mournful, well-known voice exclaimed---565

fact which occurred under my own observation. A gardener, employed at a large school in the county of Kent, was reduced by sickness and the encumbrance of a numerous family to the utmost distress. The workhouse seemed his only resource. To his master, who was officiating minister at the Parish Church, he ventured to regret that he had not possessed a small piece of ground, by the cultivation of which, he was confident he could have supplied all his wants. The Clergyman perceived that the genuine honest industry of nature dictated the idea, and with real benevolence determined to support it. He encouraged the man to apply at a vestry meeting, for a piece of waste ground belonging to the parish, and seconded his application. The ground was granted: a contribution was proposed; and the young gentlemen of the school raised, among themselves a considerable sum. A cottage was built similar to that described in the poem, and there the gardener and his family reside, and are rising to a degree of prosperity which, but a few years ago, was beyond their utmost expectations.

Such examples as these are numerous in Mr. PRATT'S notes to his poem of 'BREAD, OR THE POOR.' To them, as well as to the excellent observations which he deduces from them, I refer my reader.

- “ O LACON, may these sordid hands approach
 “ Thy hallowed board ?---ah no !---I feel how poor,---
 “ How mean,---how servile, are those stores of wealth,
 “ Won by destructive, and rapacious cares !
 “ False wealth !---thou art not worth LIRINA'S love 570
 “ Her father's wants despise thy feeble aid :---
 “ His strenuous arm hath cancelled them for joys,---
 “ Joys that thou canst not equal !---Yet permit
 “ This wealth, sweet maid, in thy instructed hands
 “ To succour thousands !---teach it how to bless ! 575
 “ Teach it to raise the cot,---to plant the waste,---
 “ To animate the hopes of arduous toil,
 “ And people, with content, the desert plain !
 “ O be my better angel !---Be my guide !
 “ Revive AMYNTAS with thy heavenly smiles ! 580
 “ Restore him to himself !---scatter this gold
 “ With open hand ; as when the farmer throws

“ Wide o’er the furrowed field the fruitful corn :---

“ The harvest shall be happiness and love !”

WHILE he yet spake, the quick recurring blush 585

Spake the soft tumult of LIRINA’S soul !

Upon her mother’s bosom, half concealed,

Hung down her burning cheek ;---yet her fond eye

Upon AMYNTAS fixt its humid gaze ;

As one who marks a new discovered star, 590

And fears to lose it in the expanse of heaven !

While thus her father to the youth replied---

“ Welcome AMYNTAS---welcome to a home,

“ Of which thy heart acknowledges the worth !

“ The independant home of gay Content ; 595

“ Where the light wants of Nature gently rouse

“ The genial cares, and summon healthful toil

“ To meet the kindling morning, and imbibe

- “ The freshening moisture of the opening earth !
 “ Welcome !---who feels the worth of such a home 600
 “ Cannot have heaped the spoils of eager guilt :
 “ Wealth, when by just, benignant, Commerce given,
 “ Is both the produce, and the source of good !---
 “ Welcome, fond Youth ! and hear a father boast :---
 “ And tho’ thou hast a lover’s ardent tongue, 605
 “ Yet shalt thou not outpraise me in my theme !
 “ A real treasure I bestow on thee !
 “ Tho’ thou hadst gold in heaps that touched the heavens,
 “ And orient gems unnumbered as the stars---
 “ ‘Thou couldst not match my gift’---he whose blest hands
 “ Consign a duteous daughter to her spouse, 610
 “ Bestows a pledge of every earthly bliss !
 “ Forgive me if I yield thee this, with tears !
 “ Fond confidence, domestic love, content,
 “ Unsullied health, long life, protecting heaven, 615

“ Fulfil each hope that from your father’s heart

“ Breathes in this prayer---“ The ETERNAL FATHER
bless you ! ”

HE said : and left LIRINA’S trembling hand
Locked in her lover’s ;---left her blushing cheek ;
That, while he spake, clung fearful to his arm, 620
Reclined, all yielding, on AMYNTAS’ breast !



GATEWAY IN VANEURGH FIELDS.

BLACKHEATH :

OR,

A MORNING WALK IN THE SPRING

OF

1804.

CANTO FIFTH.

ALAS, how rapid fly the MATIN HOURS !
Hours by the MUSE beloved ;---hours mild and pure,
Wide shedding round their tender influence,
As grateful to the soul, as is the warmth
Of their new beams to every opening flower ;--- 5
As are their robes of renovated light
To all that live !---O yet, ye GENTLEST HOURS,
Ye balmy-winged companions of the Muse,
O yet, ere fervid Day, with all its cares,

Usurp your pleasing empire, breathe the calm 10
 Of MENTAL INDEPENDANCE o'er my breast !
 For in the circlet of your hands alone,
 What time ye from the East your early dance
 Lead forth, with smiles of jocund innocence
 Purpling the expanded heavens, exists that flame 15
 That wakes the soul to Nature and the Muse !
 'Tis now luxurious Pride and eager Care
 O'erwhelmed, in restless langour, fearful lie,
 And struggle for repose. The scalding tear,
 That from the eye of Misery all night long 20
 Moistened the sleepless pillow, ceases now,---
 And round its arid, slowly-closing fount,
 Float dreams of hope, light-shaken from your wings !

THRICE happy ! happiest of the human race
 Is he who with the ascending lark beholds 25

Your starry-foreheads, HOURS of MORNING, beam
Clear o'er the shadowy twilight!---who the grass,
Brilliant with dew, or web-enveloped moss,
Treads unconfined, what time your softest rays
O'er every dew-drop, and each silvery web, 30
Blithsome ye throw!---for whom the blossomed Heath,
Conscious of you, with fragrant incense steams,
And fills the brightening ether, not in vain,
With breathing sweetness :---whom, the living song,
Chirped quick, or warbled thro' connecting notes, 35
Inciting you, ere yet your yellow hair
Floats, glistening, on the horizon's vapoury bounds,
Wins to sweet sense of lively melody.
To him the world, with its commingling griefs,
Its hopes, its terrors, like a distant storm, 40
Which, long foreseen, the sheltered herdsman views,

And with reefed sails the wary seaman braves,
 Appears undreaded. Wisdom, Virtue, Truth,
 And vigorous Health, and independant Mind,
 Confessed in all their beauteous forms, with you, 45
 Ye best of Hours, instruct and animate
 His ardent breast to meet the cares of day ;---
 To see his hopes fall round him unconcerned ;---
 To feel the scorn of Pride without a groan ;---
 To view, without a fear, the front of want ;--- 50
 And struggle 'gainst oppression, tho', with arm
 Gigantic, it would crush him to the earth.

O THOU, best, only, source of human bliss,
 Pervasive Soul !---etherial radiance !---God !---
 From whose eternal presence, these chaste Hours, 55
 Walk forth in all thy purity,---vouchsafe
 To let their influence rest on me this day !

Let that great sense of **THEE**, which glows in them,
 Support me !---nor permit the mental part,
 That thinks within me, and thy essence claims 60
 By sympathy with the creative good,
 Which, softened, vivifies the tender morn,
 Sink low, debased, beneath a tyrant world ;
 But thro' its duties, fearless, let it move,
THYSELF, the Muse, and Science, all its joys ! 65

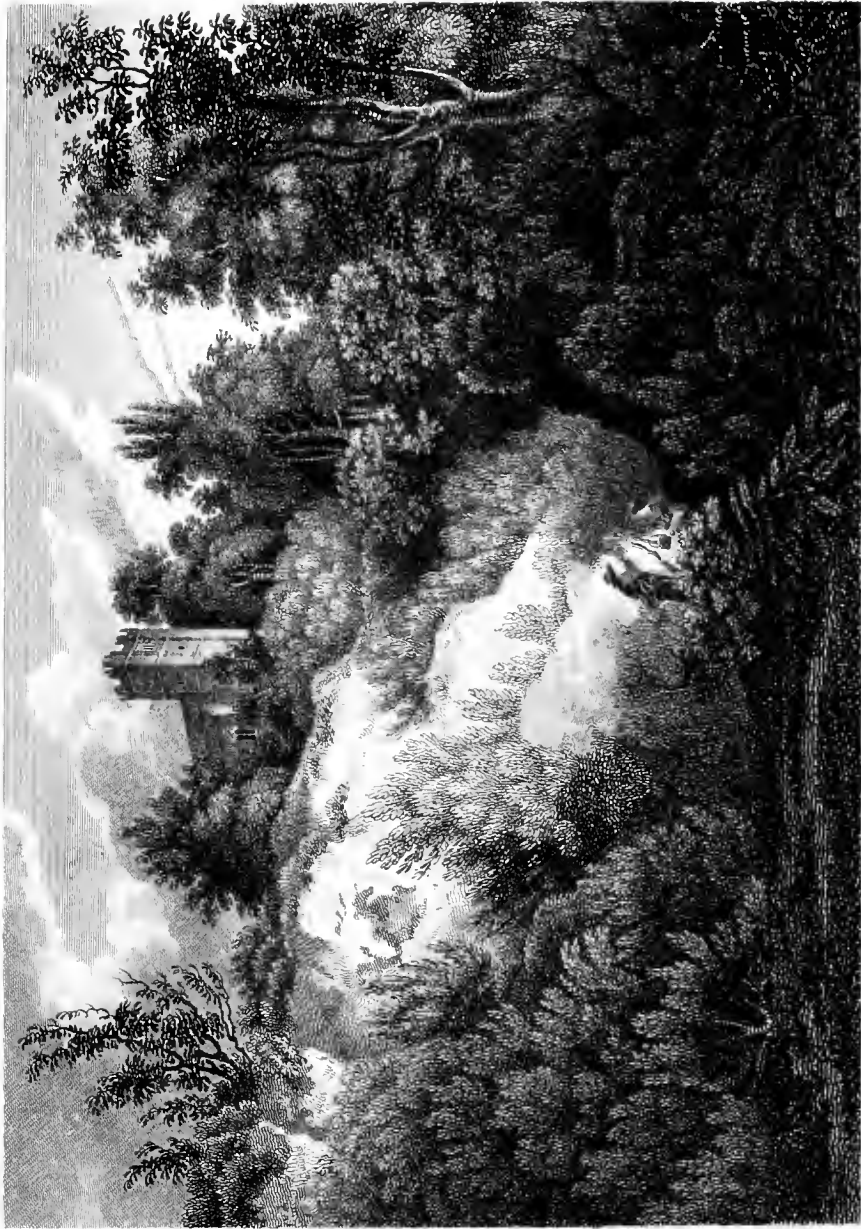
WHITHER would'st thou my vagrant steps entice,
 Sweet **SPIRIT** of **EXPRESSION**, gentle Muse,
 (If thou indeed dost hover o'er my path,
 And deign'st impart thy numbers to my lay,
 Breathing ideas from every living scene ;) 70
 O, whither would'st thou turn my truant feet,
 When toil, and care, and duty call me home ?
 Would'st thou, along the river's breezy bank,

Admire the light that seems to mount each wave,
 Then backward rolls, refulgent, from the shore ? 75
 Or watch the dark cloud with its hasty shower
 Thrown pattering on the bosom of the Thames ?
 Or catch the varying objects floating round,
 And fix them with the pencil of the mind ?---
 Rocked by the unsteady stream, the tilting boat 80
 Straining its anchored bow ;---the flying sail,
 Now dingy with deep shadow, now, with beams
 Of snowy brightness, glistening o'er its course ;---
 The grey-winged sea-gull, that, along the waves,
 Stoops in slow flight, and dips her mottled plumes, 85
 And flaps her heavy pinions as she soars ;---
 Or, would'st thou lead me o'er the verdant marsh,
 Where, 'gainst the urgent waves embanked, it spreads
 Its flowery herbage : there, the plover skims,
 With wailful cry, along the sedgy dykes ; 90

And water-locusts, on pellucid wings
 Azure or green, flit, circling, o'er the stream,
 Or, lightly settling on the tremulous reeds,
 Spread their cerulean vans, like glossy leaves
 Of some rich flower ; 'till, quick, they glance away 95
 In fluttering chase, pursuing or pursued.
 There the black oxen browse the lofty grass
 In pictured groups ; or on the clammy mound
 Stray singly, lashing slowly from their sides
 The buzzing swarms that rise along their path.* 100
 Or yon romantic slopes would'st thou attempt,
 Where, down each dark declivity, rich shade
 Lies in broad folds ?---Lo, there, with pendant boughs,
 The thick shrubs cling, and straggling oaks protrude

*and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still.

Their pollard trunks, with ivy close enwreathed ; 105
 While slender ashlines, o'er the stony brow,
 Bend their grey stems, and quiver in the breeze:
 There, the loud cuckoo rings her double chime,
 While, softly sweet, the blackbird fills the air
 With amorous descant, and the chattering jay, 110
 On streaky plumage, rustles thro' the wood.
 Or would'st thou wander where the turrets rise
 Of CHARLTON'S fane, where deeper foliage spreads,
 And Cultivation, with luxuriant vest,
 Robes the rich height : on this side, numerous hills 115
 More rudely heave their rugged, chalky, forms,
 And the dark, hollow, valley sinks, between,
 Its fearful depths : there, the wide-wandering sheep
 Climb the steep sides, and bleat along the ridge.
 There, oft, within some cavity obscure, 125
 Where the chalk crumbles, and the sallow smoke



Charley Church

... ..



Rolls heavy from the calcined lime below,
 The wizard gypsies, and their bantling crew,
 Huddle together thro' the stormy night ;
 Heedless of ill, their stolen feast enjoy ; 125
 And slumber sound, tho' loud the rattling blast
 Beat on their canvas awning, and the elm,
 Whose fibrous roots creep thick across their cave,
 Creak fearful as it rocks above their heads.

 O might I rove with thee, sweet POWER of SONG,
 And trace each aspect of the varying hours :--- 130
 Whether the broad impervious flood of noon,
 A radiant ocean, drown the southern hills,
 And pour, refulgent, o'er the dazzling meads ;---
 Or evening draw the fretted clouds aslant, 135
 Marking the ethereal current of the breeze,
 In silvery stripes, what time the crescent moon,

Light glimmering, trembles thro' their floating ranks ;--
 Or, in deep masses, indistinct and vast,
 The broken darkness rolls along the vales, 140
 And every sound, slow-undulating, spreads;
 Filling the hollow concave of the heavens,
 As tho' the solemn footsteps of the night
 Stopped, pausing, 'mid the echoes of the hills.
 Then might I frequent climb yon tower crowned steep,*
 And yield to thee and Fancy every thought,
 Wide wafted on the rapid solar beams,
 That glance across the prospect ;---or, amid
 Shadows confused, far mingling their loose forms
 O'er the uncertain objects, musing mark 150

* SHOOTER'S HILL. The tower upon Shooter's Hill, was erected by the Lady of SIR WILLIAM JAMES, in commemoration of the taking of Severn-Droog Castle, on the coast of Malabar, April 2nd, 1755. It is built after the model of the Indian fortress, and its vestibule is ornamented with armour and trophies taken there by Sir William.

Each indistinct, faint murmur of the world ;
 Smile at tumultuous Folly's eager cares ;
 And scorn the insatiate wants of clamorous Vice.
 Nature with mental pleasure fills each hour,
 And pours a current of perpetual joy 155
 Thro' all her vast variety of scene :
 Each moment, silent, works some magic change,
 And the whole day, diversified, invites
 The unwearied admiration of mankind !
 What then the year ?---its variegated months,---- 160
 Its seasons, stronger marked, that touch the mind
 With such fond awe, that e'en the insensate owns
 The great CREATIVE SPIRIT as it moves,
 Eternal, thro' its infinite of forms.

THEN whether SUMMER reign ; or bloomy SPRING :
 Or jocund AUTUMN, 'mid his golden sheaves,

Who, with delicious blush of mellow fruit,
 Laughs merrily, e'en while the genial power,
 His every end accomplished, slow retires,
 And shakes the withering foliage from his robes ;--- 170
 Or WINTER, wide across the glittering scene,
 Shower lucid snow ; while, rising in the north,
 The keen winged breezes beat their crackling plumes,
 Scattering the pointed frost drops thro' the air,
 And o'er the rattling boughs, suspended thick, 175
 The dripling crystal sparkles in the sun ;---
 Thou should'st not call me, GENTLE MUSE in vain :
 No---thro' all Nature's paths I'd follow thee,
 Could I but burst the torpid chain of want.
 Then whatsoe'er thy theme ;---the heath---the mead---180
 The murmuring streamlet, or the boisterous wave---
 The wood---the lake---the mountain---valley---rock---
 The stormy clouds---the winds---the orbs of heaven---

Or life in all its forms---or human mind,---
 The expanding bosom and enlightened soul ;--- 185
 Whate'er thy theme, I'd yield each thought to thee,
 Wooc all thy impulse, THOU EXPRESSIVE POWER ;
 Till the full utterance trembled on my lips,
 And raised my hymn thro' NATURE to her GOD !

THEN, might I not refrain to climb the brow 190
 Of yon broad hill, where INDIA'S captive tower *
 Frowns, like a bondaged giant, o'er the steep,
 Who, mocked with trophies of his former strength,
 Is borne aloft, the triumph of his foe.
 Then, when the SPRING, as now, with wanton wreaths
 Blossoms the boughs, and o'er the enlivened mead 195
 Scatters light verdure, scatters tinted flowers,
 Scatters soft fragrance on each ambient gale,

* SHOOTER'S HILL. See the note at verse 145.

Scatters prolific moisture from the sky
 While playful sunbeams dart amid the showers, 200
 Oft may I, from you hill, on evening's beams
 Gaze with delight, what time, with faintest glow
 The expiring purple trembles o'er the sky,
 And scarce those topmost battlements preserve
 The last pale glimmer of departed day. 205
 Then, 'mid the shrubs that skirt the sloping ridge,
 And rudely vest the rugged steep beneath,
 The blackbird sings his vespers ; and the thrush,
 Whirring thro' every coppice, pours his note
 With wilder cadence :---then, each object round, 210
 In soft succession, seems to fade away,
 And tender shadows, deepening as they blend,
 Roll slowly upward from the darkened vales,
 Cling to the hills, and on the cloudless air
 Steam, mantling, 'mid the lingering flush of day. 215

Yet still the dim, uncertain, scene delights ;---
 While, fearfully obscure, a shapeless mass
 Of houses, hills, and woods, o'erwhelms the scene.
 The slender spire of ELTHAM seems to pierce
 Thro' the deep gloom ; and, in their misty forms, 220
 You rows of elms spread with enormous shade :
 Where, with incessant voice, the busy rooks
 Flit o'er their airy dwellings :---wide around
 The glimmering tapers glance their feeble beams :--
 The lattice flashes with the wavering blaze 225
 Of the blown embers :---o'er the river rolls *
 A gleamy mist :---the vessels, still discerned,
 Move heavily along ; while, here and there,
 The lamp's pale radiance glitters on the waves :---

*the dim-seen river seems
 Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.

Thomson.

E'en yon vast city, to the attentive eye, 230
 Swells shadowy, with it's high cathedral dome,
 Majestic, like some towering, sculptured, rock
 That dents the horizon of the Indian main.

A DEEPER flow of shadow, eastward, plays
 In dusky folds, and o'er the landscape curls 235
 Its vapoury forms :---there, travellers are heard
 With hasty footsteps echoing on the path :---
 The distant wheel---the hoof resounding quick---
 At intervals disturb the silent air :---
 And, frequent, where the waves encurve their course 240
 A soft light sparkles :---o'er the leafy banks
 A snowy brilliance, hesitating, floats ;---
 Or on these lofty turrets, glittering rests :
 A brightening azure mantles o'er the heavens :---
 The Horizon shines intense ;---and soon appears, 245

In all the placid splendour of her beams,
The broad orb'd moon, who throws o'er all the scene,
In mild suffusion, her irradiate calm.

NOR when the fervid SUMMER thro' the air
Elances swift the lucid shafts of heat, 250
Would I neglect to climb this glowing height,
Tho' then the dazzling ether, full of Noon,
Stream thro' the tepid scene :---then, rich around,
The glossy verdure, streaked with gaudy tints,
Flaunts in the light, or, where the mowers bend 255
O'er the wide sweeping circuit of their scythes,
Falls in thick wavy heaps, and sheds abroad
Soft balmy odour as, embrowned, it dies.
Yet, 'mid the million tribes of bladed grass,
That with their dewy green invest the fields, 260
But one, of all the expiring mead, emits

The fragrant spirit that pervades the whole ;---
 So as the scythe of Death, tremendous, sweeps
 Among the generations of mankind,---
 The few, alas the very few, who seek 265
 The generous fame of virtue, and exalt
 The ethereal vigour of expanding soul
 Above the torpid crowd, those few alone
 Embalm whole ages with their sacred names,
 And shed rich odours o'er the fields of Time ! 270

 But whither leads the Muse my vagrant thoughts ?

Why thus seduce me from diurnal toil ?
 Why thus, with voice more sweet than when the lute
 Swells full of Love throughout the Italian night,
 Excite my soul to leave its world of woe, 275
 And wing its flight up yonder hill with thee ?---
 Alas, not now :---a happier day may come

(So Hope, deceitful still, yet still believed,
In siren music, whispers)---yes---a day
When, free from pale anxiety, each thought 280
May dart to thee delighted, and partake
The living impulse kindled by thy touch
O'er all the varying works of NATURE'S PØWER !



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