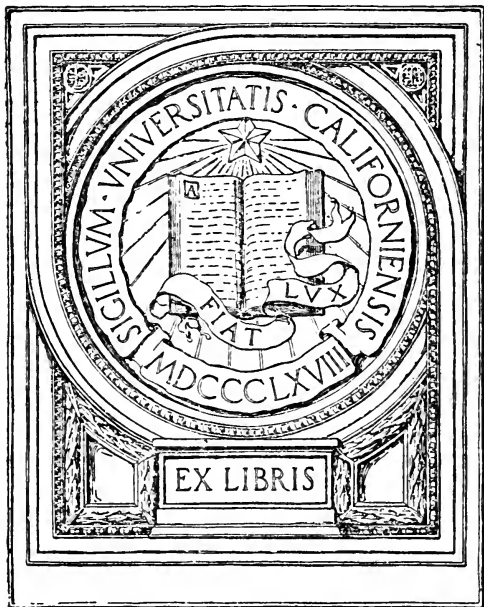


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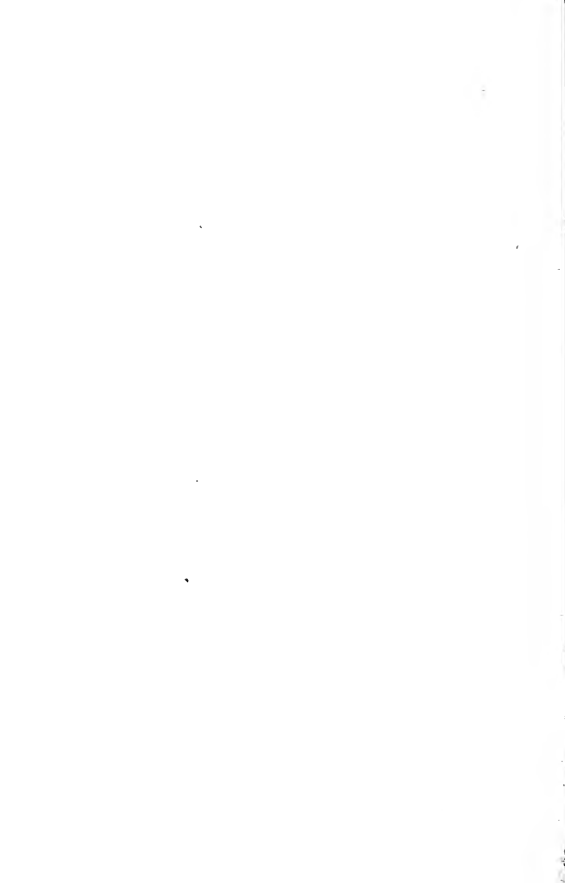
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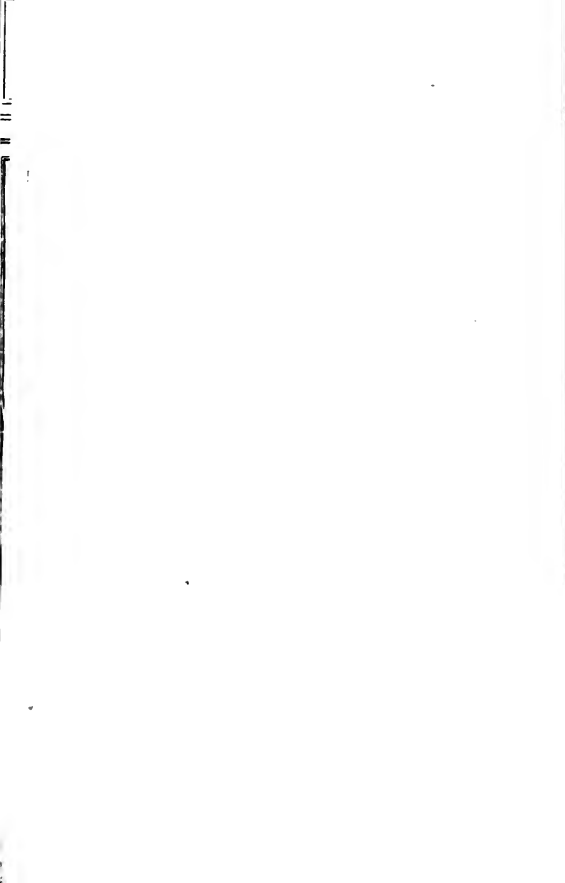


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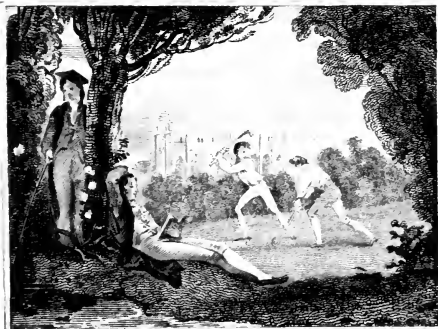






ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE
MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS;
BOOK THE FIFTH
ODES,
PINDARIC, HORATION &c.



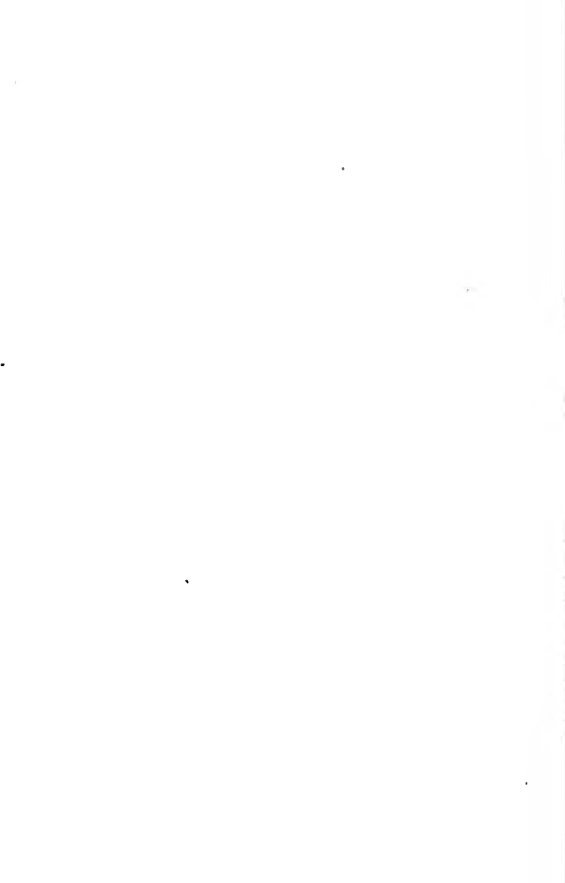
Drawn by T. Stothard R.A.

*To Anna, with the Ode, of the
Dissipation of the Poet.*

Engraved by J. Smith.

L O N D O N .
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE,
PICCADILLY,
& HECTOR McLEAN,

Printed by J. G. & J. S. B. 1810.



ELEGANT EXTRACTS:

BEING A

COPIOUS SELECTION

OF

INSTRUCTIVE, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING

PASSAGES,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

BRITISH POETS.

VOLUME III.

BOOK V. VI.

ODES, ELEGIES, MONODIES, AND EPITAPHS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY, AND
HECTOR Mc'LEAN, 16, SALISBURY STREET,
STRAND.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

FROM THE

MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK V.

PINDARIC, HORATIAN, AND OTHER
ODES.

THE BARD.*

I. 1.

‘RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’

* This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance :
 ' To arms ! ' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his qui-
 vering lance.

I. 2.

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

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hush'd the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

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

II. 2.

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

II. 3.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare,
 Reft of a crown he yet may share the feast:
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their
 way.
 Ye tow'rs of Julins, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.

Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread :
 The bristled boar in infant gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

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

III. 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine!
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play,
 Hear from the grave, great Talliessin, hear;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay
 Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured
 wings.

III. 3.

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

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the
 roar.

I. 2.

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

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their queen's approach
declare :
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay :
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way ;
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of
Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse ?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky :

Till down the eastern cliffs afar [of war.
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road, [roam,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom

To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chief, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame, [flame.
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinth creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled
 coast.

III. 1.

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

III. 2.

Nor second het, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long resound-
 ing pace.

* Shakspeare.

† Milton.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But, ah! 'tis heard no more——

Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear
 Sailing with supreme dominion

Through the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far—but far above the
 great. *Gray.*

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her HENRY'S holy shade*;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way:

* King Henry the Sixth, founder of the college.

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

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

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

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

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

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

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

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

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

Gray.

TO EDUCATION.

WHEN now on Britain's sea-girt shore,
 Resounds the threat'ning voice of war;
 Bursts the loud cannon's frequent roar;
 And glares the ensign from afar;
 The Muse, who shuns the harsh alarms
 That wake the madding world to arms,
 And scorns to share the factious rage
 That prompts to deeds of blood the age;
 Turns joyful to those happier seats
 Where sacred Science loves to rest,
 And Genius, midst the calm retreats,
 Pours all his influence o'er the breast:
 Not more rever'd, the hallow'd bow'rs,
 Where truth distill'd from Plato's honey'd
 tongue; [hours
 Nor those fair scenes, where Tully's happier
 In philosophic leisure fled along.

There Education, power divine!
 Her favourite temple long has plann'd;
 And calls around her sacred shrine,
 To guard her laws, a chosen band.
 Where you fair dome its front uprears,
 Her venerable form appears;
 To the young view one hand displays
 The wreath of honourable praise;
 With stronger grasp her left sustains
 The harsher emblems of Controul,
 That check wild Folly's headlong reins
 And bend the rude and stubborn soul:

In dreadful state, behind her glide
Her handmaids, Fear, and Jealousy, and Shame ;
By whom she knows the youthful step to guide,
To peace, to virtue, excellence, and fame.

Mark, how th' attentive votaries throng
Where she her genuine lore imparts !
And catch from her inspiring tongue,
The thirst of praise, the love of arts.
As she unveils the brighter day,
The shades of error melt away ;
And sacred Truth, of simple mien,
In all her native charms is seen :
—Not she who o'er her shadowy coast
Long led th' inquiring mind astray,
In dull scholastic reasonings lost ;
Whilst Aristotle led the way :
But she who Bacon's vows approv'd,
And o'er his hours of meditation stole ;
Who at one glance (each lingering doubt remov'd)
With charms congenial strikes the human soul.

What joy! whilst youth its aid supplies,
To trace the years that long have fled ;
And bid th' illustrious forms arise,
Of sages, and of warriors dead :
In soft attention catch the sound
That Virgil's genius pours around,
Sweet, as when first the matchless song
Spontaneous echo'd from his tongue ;
With sprightly Horace smile at care,
And every fleeting hour improve ;
With exil'd Ovid drop the tear ;
And with Tibullus melt in love ;

Or when, by Cicero taught to flow,
 Strong and unfetter'd rolls the nervous line,
 To feel his passions, catch the genuine glow,
 His conquering warmth, and energy divine.

But whilst elate the youthful bands
 Each beauty of past ages share,
 Her wonted victims life demands,
 And points to more substantial care:
 Severer studies then engage
 The seasons of maturer age,
 To fill with honour and with ease,
 The several stations Heav'n decrees.
 —Yon sprightly train, who erst were joy'd
 To trace each herb of varied hue,
 That decks the mountain's vernal side;
 And Nature's bashful steps pursue;
 Ere long improv'd by studious toil,
 Shall sooth the frame by fell disease oppress'd,
 Bid brightening Health diffuse her wonted smile,
 And give to Friendship's vow the kindred breast.

You few—as yet unknown to strife—
 Whom Tully's liberal spirit charms,
 —Foes to the silent paths of life,
 The thirst of elocution warms:
 Theirs be the task, to mark with awe
 The mighty edifice of law;
 And having caught the general view,
 Trace every varied chamber through:
 And may they scorn the vulgar tribe,
 Who sense for formal gingle slight;
 Superior to the guilty bribe,
 With learning grave, with wit polite:

By Blackstone's bright example taught,
Watch o'er each private right with generous fear;
And with th' unconquered love of freedom fraught,
Preserve those claims to every Briton dear.

Yet nobler paths for some remain,—
By hallow'd footsteps only trod ;
And these shall seek the sacred fane,
And give their studious hours to God.
Hark ! while th' inspiring diction flows,
Each breast with holy rapture glows ;
See trembling Guilt betrays his fears,
See sad Repentance pours her tears,
Till from her starry mansion charm'd,
The smiling cherub Peace descends,
And o'er the soul with doubts alarm'd,
Her guardian wings unseen extends.
Whilst those, attentive to the cause
Of Britain, shall to her devote their days ;
In the full senate meet unbought applause,
And place their glory in their country's praise.

Exulting Science now disdains
The ties of Custom's proud controul,
And break's the rude and barbarous chains
That fetter'd down the freeborn soul ;
Extinguish'd now her vengeful fires,
Lo ! Superstition slow retires ;
Or from some cloister's mouldering fane,
Pours out her mutter'd curse in vain ;
Whilst the warm breast, with generous joy,
Embraces all of humankind ;
And scorns each mean and narrower tie,
To climate and to sect confin'd :

Deaf to the bigot's frantic voice,
Conducts each dubious step by Reason's plan,
To her unerring rule conforms its choice,
Nor tamely yields the sacred rights of man.

O ye! whom Science chose to guide
Her unpolluted stream along,
Adorn with flowers its cultur'd side,
And to its taste allure the young;
O say, what language can reveal
Th' exalted pleasures you must feel,
When, fir'd by you, the youthful breast
Disdains to court inglorious rest;
And to the world's admiring gaze
(Each precept into action brought),
In full reality displays
The liberal maxims you have taught:
A transport this, superior far
To all the bliss th' exulting conqueror feels,
When crowds triumphant hail him from the war,
And conquered nations crouch beneath his
wheels.

Oft as those favour'd haunts among,
Your youthful bard delighted roves,
Attentive to the nobler song
That breathes along the list'ning groves;
He seems to tread on classic ground:
A sacred influence breathes around,
And whilst he feels its awe divine,
He fondly grasps the vast design.—
—But, ah! far weightier cares renew
Their claims, and check the rising strain,
Again he joins life's general crew,
The dull, the giddy, and the vain:

Thus echoing through the rural bow'rs,
Th' imprison'd songster hears each rival lay;
Whilst cold restraint represses all his pow'rs,
And unapplauded flies his joyless day.

Anonymous.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

NOT for themselves did humankind
Contrive the parts by Heaven assign'd
On life's wide scene to play:
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill
Can conquer Glory's arduous hill,
If Fortune close the way.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least in Fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands;
And knows what Nature's seal bestow'd,
And sees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he stands.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who rescued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views;
Content if thou, celestial Muse,
Didst rule my natal hour.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat

Stands far remote the bard:
 Though not with public terrours crown'd,
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,
 More lasting his award.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
 And Pompey to the Roman name
 Gave universal sway:
 Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
 Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
 And tongues and climes obey.

And thus when William's acts divine
 No longer shall from Bourbon's line
 Draw one vindictive vow;
 When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
 And Russel move the patriot's breast
 No more than Brutus now;

Yet then shall Shakspeare's powerful art
 O'er every passion, every heart,
 Confirm his awful throne:
 Tyrants shall bow before his laws;
 And Freedom's, Glory's, Virtue's cause,
 Their dread assertor own, *Akenside.*

TO TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
 Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,
 Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;
 Here wave his amber locks; unfold
 His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
 Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?

And you, ye host of saints, for ye have known,
 Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
 Though now ye circle yon eternal throne
 With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
 Will not your train descend in radiant state,
 To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud
 of Fate?

'Tis silence all. No son of light
 Darts swiftly from his heavenly height :
 No train of radiant saints descend.
 ' Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
 If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,
 Or saint to hear, or angel to defend.'
 So TRUTH proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
 Burst from the centre of her burning throne:
 Where aye she sits with star-wreathed lustre
 crown'd :

A bright sun clasps her adamant zone.
 So TRUTH proclaims; her awful voice I hear;
 With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

' Attend, ye sons of men; attend, and say,
 Does not enough of my refulgent ray
 Break through the veil of your mortality?
 Say, does not reason in this form descry
 Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
 The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing
 grace?

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
 With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye
 But emulates the diamond's blaze,
 Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
 Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
 Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,

Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
 Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
 Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
 Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
 Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear
 Flush'd with the bloom of youth through Heav'n's
 eternal year.

' Know, mortals know, ere first ye sprung,
 Ere first these orbs in ether hung,
 I shone amid the heavenly throng,
 These eyes beheld creation's day,
 This voice began the choral lay,
 And taught archangels their triumphant song.
 Pleas'd I survey bright Nature's gradual birth,
 Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,
 Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
 And ocean heave on its extended bed ;
 Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
 The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

' Last, man arose, erect in youthful grace,
 Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
 And, as he arose, the high behest was giv'n,
 " That I alone of all the host of heav'n,
 Should reign Protectress of the godlike Youth."
 Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and call'd
 me TRUTH.' *Mason.*

TO WISDOM.

THE solitary bird of night
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
 And quits the time-shook tow'r,
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
 Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes wait around,
 And sighing gales repeat :
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
 At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
 Beneath the lunar ray :
Here folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
 As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of every art
'That glads the sense, or mends the heart,'
 Bless'd source of purer joys ;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
 With pleasure and surprise ;

At thy unspotted shrine I bow :
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
 That breathes no wild desires ;
But, taught by thy unerring rules
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
 To nobler views aspires.

Not fortune's gem, ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
 Be objects of my prayer;
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
Those envied glitt'ring toys, divide
 The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
 By studious thought refin'd:
For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
For pow'r, his amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er the mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
 And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
 In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
 Of ignorance and spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
 Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
 In thy retreat I rest,
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
 In all thy graces dress'd.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme
 Of perfect, fair, and good :
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around,
 In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
 And felt its just control :
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
 O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
 The hero's gen'rous strife :
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
 Of still domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
 My thoughts direct their flight :
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
 Of intellectual light !

O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
 Through life's perplexing road ;
The mists of error to controul,
And through its gloom direct my soul
 To happiness and good !

Beneath her clear discerning eye
 The visionary shadows fly
 Of Folly's painted show:
 She sees through every fair disguise,
 That all but Virtue's solid joys
 Is vanity and woe. *Miss Carter.*

TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
 Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,
 Immortal Liberty! whose look sublime [clime.
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying
 What time the iron-hearted Gaul
 With frantic Superstition for his guide,
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
 The sons of Woden to the field defied;
 The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
 In Heaven's name urged th' infernal blow:
 And red the stream began to flow:
 The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood*!

* Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut. Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick, king of Denmark.

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horreur fled
 From altars stain'd with human gore ;
 And Liberty his routed legions led
 In safety, to the bleak Norwegian shore.
 There in a cave asleep she lay,
 Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main ;
 When a bold savage pass'd that way,
 Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd :
 The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest ;
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
 And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
 He stopp'd ; he gaz'd ; his bosom glow'd,
 And deeply felt the impression of her charms :
 He seiz'd the advantage Fate allow'd ; [arms.
 And straight compress'd her in his vigorous

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
 Old Time exulted as he flew ;
 And Independence saw the light.
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
 Where, under cover of a flowering thorn,
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
 Th' auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was
 The mountain dryads seiz'd with joy [born—
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;
 'The Doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy ;
 The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.

As rolling years matur'd his age,
 He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire ;
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage
 The fiercer flames of his maternal sire.

ANTISTROPHE.

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

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd
 Where blasted Nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adust
 To Freedom's adamantine shrine ;
 And many a Tartar-horde forlorn, aghast,
 He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing ;
 And taught amidst the dreary waste
 Th' all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.

He virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffus'd through every baser mould,
 Ev'n now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :
 My lips by him chastis'd to truth
 Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread ; -
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind,
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow ;
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow ;
 Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth ;
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train ;
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd ;
 So moves the sumpter mule, in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay ; -
 And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring ;

Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene ;
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts.
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove or cell,
 Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation
 There, Study shall with Solitude recline ; [dwell.
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains ;
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering Life sustains :
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door ;
 And Taste, unspoil'd, the frugal table spread ;
 And Industry supply the humble store :
 And Sleep, unbrib'd, his dews refreshing shed :
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night ;
 And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.
Smollet.

 SOLITUDE.

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid !
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' cleft side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
 Or, starting from your half-year's sleep,
 From Hecla view the thawing deep ;

Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey;
 You, recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.

Plum'd conceit himself surveying ;
Folly, with her shadow playing ;
Purse-proud, elbowing insolence ;
Bloated empiric, puff'd pretence ;
Noise, that through a trumpet speaks ;
Laughter, in loud peals that breaks ;
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
(Ignorant of time and place)
Sparks of fire dissention blowing,
Ductile, court-bred flattery, bowing ;
Restraint's stiff neck, grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd censure's artful sneer :
Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude !

Sage reflection, bent with years ;
Conscious virtue, void of fears ;
Muffled silence, wood-nymph shy ;
Meditation's piercing eye ;
Halcyon peace, on moss reclin'd ;
Retrospect, that scans the mind ;
Rapt earth-gazing revery ;
Blushing artless modesty ;
Health that snuffs the morning air ;
Full-eyed truth, with bosom bare ;
Inspiration, Nature's child ;
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retir'd,
The wise Euripides inspir'd :

You taught the sadly pleasing air
 That Athens sav'd from ruins bare.
 You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
 And unlock'd the springs of woe:
 You penn'd what exil'd Naso thought,
 And pour'd the melancholy note.
 With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
 When death snatch'd his long-lov'd maid;
 You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
 You strew'd with flowers her virgin-urn,
 And late in Hagley* you were seen,
 With bloodshed eyes, and sombre mien;
 Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
 And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
 But chief your own the solemn lay
 That wept Narcissa young and gay;
 Darkness clapp'd her sable wing,
 While you touch'd the mournful string,
 Anguish left the pathless wild,
 Grim-fac'd melancholy smil'd,
 Drowsy midnight ceas'd to yawn,
 The starry host put back the dawn,
 Aside their harps ev'n seraphs flung,
 To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young!

When all nature's hush'd asleep,
 Nor love nor guilt their vigil's keep;
 Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
 And wander o'er the works of men;
 But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
 By her dappled coursers drawn,
 Again you to the wild retreat,
 And the early huntsman meet,

* Monody on the Death of Lady Littleton.

Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view :
Devotion lends her heaven-plum'd wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game ;
And there, beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest :—
Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume ;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame ? an empty bubble :
Gold ? a transient, shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed ?
Man's not worth a moment's pain.
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain,
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sibyl grot repair ;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scoop'd by Nature's savage hands,

Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress, not with age decay'd :
Where the owl still hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing.
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale ;
Bend, great God ! before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

Save me ! what's yon shrouded shade,
That wanders in the dark-brown glade ?
It beckons me !——vain fears adieu,
Mysterious ghost, I follow you.
Ah me ! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe !
Its breast it bares ! what ! stain'd with blood ?
Quick let me stanch the vital flood.
O Spirit, whither art thou flown ?
Why left me comfortless alone ?—
O Solitude, on me bestow
The heartfelt harmony of woe,
Such, such, as on th' Ausonian shore,
Sweet Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore :
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more than Bion* was, thou wert.

O Goddess of the tearful eye,
The never-ceasing stream supply,

* Alluding to the death of a friend.

Let us with retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe ;
O'er friendship's herse low-dropping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where death and nun-clad sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted isles,
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail!
She burst from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave ;
Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown ;
Her right hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace ;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.
O goddess of the desert, hail !
And softer blow, thou western gale !
 ' Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
And disappointment seems entail'd ;
Since all on earth I valued most,
My guide, my stay, my friend is lost :
You, only you, can make me bless'd,
And hush the tempest in my breast.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden seat,
Where I may live at last my own,
Where I at last may die unknown.'
I spoke, she turn'd her magic ray,
And thus she said, or seem'd to say :

‘ Youth, you’re mistaken, if you think to find
 In shades a medicine for a troubled mind ;
 Wan Grief will haunt you whereso’er you go,
 Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow,
 There pale Inaction pines his life away,
 And, satiate, curses the return of day ;
 There naked Frenzy, laughing wild with pain,
 Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main :
 There Superstition broods o’er all her fears,
 And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.
 But if a hermit you’re resolv’d to dwell,
 And bid to social life a last farewell ;
 ’Tis impious !——

God never made an independent man,
 ’Twould jar the concord of his general plan :
 See every part of that stupendous whole,
 “ Whose body nature is and God the soul ;”
 To one great end, the general good, conspire,
 From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, sire,
 Should man through nature solitary roam,
 His will his sovereign, every where his home,
 What force would guard him from the lion’s jaw ?
 What swiftness wing him from the panther’s
 paw ?

Or should fate lead him to some safer shore,
 Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar ;
 Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,
 Sun shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water
 flows,

Fool, dost thou think he’d revel on the store,
 Absolve the care of Heaven, nor ask for more ;
 Though waters flow’d, flower’s bloom’d, and Phœ-
 bus shone,

He’d sigh, he’d murmur that he was alone.

For know, the Maker on the human breast
 A sense of kindred, country, man, impress'd ;
 And social life to better, aid, adorn,
 With proper faculties each mortal's born.

‘ Though nature's works the ruling mind de-
 And well deserve inquiry's serious care, [clare,
 The God (whate'er misanthropy may say,)
 Shines, beams in man, with most unclouded ray.
 What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole?
 Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll?
 What boots through space's furthest bourns to
 roam!

If thou, O man! a stranger art at home?
 Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
 The use, the pleasure, will the toil repay.
 Hence inspiration plans his manner'd lays,
 Hence Homer's crown; and, Shakspeare! hence
 thy bays.

Hence he, the pride of Athens and the shame,
 The best and wisest of mankind became.
 Nor study only, practise what you know,
 Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
 With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine;
 Those who in study, should in practice shine,
 Say, does the learned lord* of Hagley's shade
 Charm man, so much by mossy fountains laid,
 As when, arous'd, he stems corruption's course,
 And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
 When freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
 Then public virtue might to shades retreat:
 But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
 And freedom, Britain, still belongs to thee!

* Lord Lyttelton.

Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune frown;
 Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?
 Nor yet unrecompens'd are virtue's pains,
 Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns
 On each condition disappointments wait,
 Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate:
 Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,
 From love, the world, and all its cares, he's freed.
 But know, adversity's the child of God;
 Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod.
 When smooth old Ocean, and each storm's asleep,
 Then ignorance may plough the watery deep;
 But when the demons of the tempest rave,
 Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
 Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow?
 Who would not wish Anytus for a foe?
 Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate,
 The good can never be unfortunate:
 And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
 "The height of virtue, is to serve mankind."
 'But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
 When mem'ry fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
 Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat,
 Then hear aloof the human tempest beat;
 Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
 Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.'
Gruinger.

TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse!
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse;
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide;

To offer to thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine ;
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph ! with loosely flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare ;
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd ;
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand ;
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow ;
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey,
Through air, and over earth and sea :
While the vast, various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes ;
O lover of the desert, hail !
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside ;
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between :
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke ;
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd ;
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell ;
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor ;
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs

Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest.
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream;
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear;
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where joy, and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads,
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song:
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy!
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels, and the house of woe;
To gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek.
Or to some abbey's mouldering tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,

The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire ;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat ;
The trumpet's clangours pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear :
' Give me another horse,' I cry,
Lo, the base Gallic squadrons fly ;
Whence is this rage ?—what spirit say,
To battle hurries me away ?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war ;
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where tumult and destruction reign ;
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead ;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joys surveys the ground,
And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield.
O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks, and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun.
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou canst please me near my love ;
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss ;
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence !

When young-ey'd Spring, profusely throw
From her green lap the pink and rose ;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale ;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks ;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold ;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane,
To utter an unhallow'd strain ;
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing
O hear our prayer, O hither come,
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave :
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who fill'd with inexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre.
Who with some new, unequall'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng ;
O'er all our listening passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain :
With terrour shake, with pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk ;

Teach him to scorn with frigid art,
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart ;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce :
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critic's studied laws :
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece !

Joseph Warton.

TO EVENING.

HAIL, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves ;
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk ;
The drooping daisies bathe in honey dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk.

The panting dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bowers, and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning-dance,
Old Silvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene ;
And from the sheepcot, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His nibbling sheep, and lengthening shadow spies ;
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now every passion sleeps: desponding Love,
 And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
 An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
 Anger, and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
 A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
 Listening to every wildly-warbling throat
 That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

Joseph Warton.

TO LIBERTY.

O GODDESS, on whose steps attend
 Pleasure and laughter-loving Health,
 White-mantled Peace, with olive-wand,
 Young Joy, and diamond-sceptred Wealth,
 Blithe Plenty, with her loaded horn,
 With Science, bright-ey'd as the morn,
 In Britain, which for ages past
 Has been thy choicest darling care;
 Who mad'st her wise, and strong, and fair,
 May thy blest blessings ever last!

For thee the pining prisoner mourns,
 Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light;
 For thee pale slaves to galleys chain'd,
 That ply tough oars from morn to night;
 Thee the proud sultan's beauteous train,
 By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
 Tearing the roses from their locks;
 And Guinea's captive kings lament,
 By Christian lords to labour sent,
 Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspir'd by thee, deaf to fond nature's cries,
Stern Brutus, when Rome's genius loudly call'd,
Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
Unable to behold her power enthrall'd!
And he of later age, but equal fame,
Dar'd stab the tyrant though he lov'd the friend;
How burnt the Spartan* with warm patriot flame,
In thy great cause his valorous life to end!
How burst Gustavus from the Swedish mine!
Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine.

When Heav'n to all thy joys bestows,
And graves upon our hearts—be free!—
Shall coward man those joys resign,
And dare reverse this great decree?
Submit him to some idol king,
Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
Abhorring man, by man abhorr'd,
Around whose throne stands trembling Doubt,
Whose jealous eyes still roll about,
And Murder with his reeking sword?

Where trampling Tyranny with Fate,
And black Revenge gigantic goes;
Hark, how the dying infants shriek,
How hopeless age is sunk in woes!
Fly, mortals, from that faded land,
Though rivers roll o'er golden sand,
Though birds in shades of cassia sing,
Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
No storms disturb the smiling skies,
And each soft breeze rich odours bring.

Britannia watch!—remember peerless Rome,
 Her high tower'd head dash'd meanly to the ground;
 Remember, freedom's guardian, Grecia's doom,
 Whom weeping the despotic Turk has bound;
 May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads and
 (Fame, virtue, courage, property, forgot) [down,
 Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
 Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot;
 On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
 Long as the surge shall lash thy sea-encircled land.

Joseph Warton.

TO SUPERSTITION.

HENCE to some Convent's gloomy isles,
 Where cheerful daylight never smiles:
 Tyrant! from Albion haste, to slavish Rome,
 There by dim tapers' livid light,
 At the still solemn hours of night, [tomb.
 In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding

Thy clanking chains, thy crimson steel,
 Thy venom'd darts, and barbarous wheel,
 Malignant fiend, bear from this isle away,
 Nor dare in errour's fetters bind
 One active, freeborn, British mind; [sway.
 That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy

Thou bad'st grim Moloch's frowning priest
 Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
 Regardless of the frantic mother's woes;
 Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
 To wond'ring India's golden plain,
 From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo! how swiftly art thou fled,
 Wher. Reason lifts his radiant head ;
 When his resounding, awful voice they hear,
 Blind Ignorance, thy doating sire,
 Thy daughter, trembling Fear, retire ;
 And all thy ghastly train of terrors disappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
 When Phæbus mounts his early car,
 The shrieking ghosts to their dark charnels flock ;
 The full-gorg'd wolves retreat ; no more
 The prowling lionesses roar, [rock,
 But hasten with their prey to some deep-cavern'd

Hail then, ye friends of Reason, hail,
 Ye foes to Mystery's odious veil,
 To Truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
 Where Clarke and Wollaston reside,
 With Locke and Newton by their side,
 While Plato sits above enthron'd in endless light.
Joseph Warton.

TO ADVERSITY.

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

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

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse; and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

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

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand,
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
 Not circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, oh goddess! wear,
 Thy milder influence imparf,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.
Gray.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,
 Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
 O'erhang the craggy road,
 And whistle hollow as they wave;
 Within a solitary grave,
 A slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.
 Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies
 Damp mists invol'd the scowling skies,
 And dimm'd the struggling day;
 As by the brook, that lingering laves
 You rush-grown moor with sable waves,
 Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.
 I mark'd his desultory pace,
 His gestures strange, and varying face,
 With many a mutter'd sound;
 And ah! too late aghast I view'd
 The reeking blade, the hand embrued;
 He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.
 Full many a melancholy night
 He watch'd the slow return of light;

And sought the powers of sleep,
 To spread a momentary calm
 O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
 Of bland oblivion's dew his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
 He wore his endless noons alone,
 Amid th' autumnal wood;
 Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
 Abrupt the social board to quit, [flood.
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
 Despair, for ever in his view,
 A spectre pale, appear'd;
 While, as the shades of eve arose,
 And brought the day's unwelcome close,
 More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd

'Is this,' mistaken Scorn will cry,
 'Is this the youth whose genius high
 Could build the genuine rhyme?
 Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
 Had stor'd with all her ample views,
 Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime.'

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
 By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
 To strike the deathful blow:
 She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
 With many a feeling too refin'd, [woe.
 And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
 And the sharp stings of hopeless love:

To griefs congenial prone,
 More wounds than Nature gave he knew,
 While Misery's form his fancy drew
 In dark ideal hues, and horrors not his own.

Then wish not o'er his earthly tomb
 The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
 To drop its deadly dew :
 Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
 That rudely binds his turf forlorn, [anew.
 With Spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate

What though no marble-piled bust
 Adorn his desolated dust,
 With speaking sculpture wrought ?
 Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
 To build a visionary shrine, [brought.
 Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions

What though refus'd each chanted rite ?
 Here viewless mourners shall delight
 To touch the shadowy shell :
 And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
 Of Laura, lost in early bloom, [knell.
 In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
 This votive dirge sad duty paid,
 Within an ivied nook :
 Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
 More radiant shot its parting ray, [took :
 And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention

* Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise ;
 Nor thus for guilt in specious lays

The wreath of glory twine :
 In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
 Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow, [fine.
 Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds con-

' Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
 Permits through life at large to rove
 The tribes of hell-born Woe :
 Yet the same power that wisely sends
 Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
 Religion's golden shield to break the embattled foe.

' Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
 Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
 And stay'd the rising storm ;
 Had bade the sun of hope appear
 To gild his darken'd hemisphere, [form.
 And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted

' Vain man ! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
 To take, what first it deign'd to give,
 Thy tributary breath :
 In awful expectation plac'd,
 Await thy doom, nor impious haste
 To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of
 death.' *Thomas Warton.*

TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
 With all its shadowy shapes, is shown ;
 Who seest, appall'd th' unreal scene,
 While Fancy lifts the veil between :

Ah, Fear ! ah, frantic Fear !

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step ; thy haggard eye !
 Like thee I start ; like thee disorder'd fly.
 For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear !
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
 What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?
 Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm ;
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :
 And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
 O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preside ;
 Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
 On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
 Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait :
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee !

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last ?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?

Or, in some hollow'd seat

'Gainst which, the big waves beat, [brought ;
 Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests
 Dark power, with shuddering, meek, submitted
 Be mine, to read the visions old [thought,
 Which thy awakening bards have told :
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;

Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
 In that thrice-hollow'd eve, abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave;
 And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possesst
 The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast?
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke;
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel:
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O fear, will dwell with thee! *Collins.*

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, (for Madness rul'd the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd ; his eyes, on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings :
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings

With woful measures wan Despair—
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still, through all the song ;
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope, enchanted, smil'd and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung ;—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose : [down :
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe !

And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat;
 And, though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
 Dejected Pity, at his side, [tween,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
 from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd
 on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
 And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 stole,
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew;
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen [queen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear ;
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best :
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As, in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !

Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age;
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled word of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease;
 Revive the just designs of Greece:
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales thy sons relate!

Collins.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn, [unholy!
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
 And the night-raven sings; [wings,
 There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd
 As ragged as thy locks, [rocks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
 With two sister Graces more,
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat:
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
These let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
With Mask, and antique Pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eyes by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
It Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse ;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Milton.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred !
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams :
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :
Yet thou art higher far ascended :
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain :
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn,
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait ;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak :
Sweet bird, that shunns't the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy evening-song ;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,

To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar :
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine ;

Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wonderous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves
And, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,

Of pine, or monumen tal oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious Dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid,
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes!

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,

The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell,
 Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
 Of every herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live. *Milton.*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST: OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne :
 His valiant peers were plac'd around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd)
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia prest;
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of
the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then th' sweet musician
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young: [sung:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he
comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ; [the slain.
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes :
And while he Heav'n and Earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse ;
He sung Darius, great and good ;
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood :
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next degree :
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying :

If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais sits beside thee ;
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause :
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once opprest,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair !
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods !
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to
Thais led the way, [destroy;
To light him to his prey ;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, [fore.
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown be-
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. *Milton.*

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats.
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying dying fall.

By Music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:

Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main;
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when through all th' infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And, see! the tortur'd ghosts respire;
See shady forms advance;
Thy stone, O Sisyphus! stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their
heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore, Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!——
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus Song could prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes ;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan ;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost !
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows :
Sec, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies ;
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals'
cries—

Ah see, he dies !
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm :
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please ;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound,
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal powers incline their ear ;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from Heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;
 To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n :
 His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
 Her's lift the soul to Heav'n. *Pope.*



TO GENIUS.

THOU child of Nature, Genius strong,
 Thou master of the poet's song,
 Before whose light, art's dim and feeble ray
 Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day :
 Thou lov'st to steal along the secret shade,
 Where Fancy, bright aerial maid !
 Awaits thee with her thousand charms,
 And revels in thy wanton arms ;
 She to thy bed in days of yore,
 The sweetly warbling Shakspeare bore ;
 Whom every muse endow'd with every skill,
 And dipt him in that sacred rill,
 Whose silver streams flow musical along,
 Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount resounds with
 raptur'd song.

Forsake not thou the vocal choir,
 Their breasts revist with thy genial fire,

Else vain the studied sounds of mimic art,
 Tickle the ear, but come not near the heart.
 Vain every phrase in curious order set,
 On each side leaning on the (stop-gap) epithet.
 Vain the quick rhyme still tinkling in the close,
 While pure description shines in measur'd prose.

Thou bear'st aloof, and look'st with high disdain,
 Upon the dull mechanic train; [dain,
 Whose nervous strains flag on in languid tone,
 Lifeless and lumpish as the bagpipe's drowsy drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
 No poet offers up his lays;
 Inspir'd with energy divine,
 To worship at thy sacred shrine,
 Since Taste* with absolute domain,
 Extending wide her leaden reign,
 Kills with her melancholy shade
 The blooming scions of fair Fancy's tree;
 Which erst full wantonly have stray'd
 In many a wreath of richest poesy.
 For when the oak denies her stay,
 The creeping ivy winds her humble way;
 No more she twists her branches round,
 But drags her feeble stem along the barren ground.

Where then shall exil'd Genius go?
 Since only those the laurel claim,
 And boast them of the poet's name,
 Whose sober rhymes in even tenour flow;
 Who prey on words, and all their flowrets cull,
 Coldly correct, and regularly dull.

* By taste, is here meant the modern affectation of it.

Why sleep the sons of Genius now?

Why, Wartons, rest the lyre unstrung?
And thou*, bless'd bard! around whose sacred
brow

Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung,
Arise, and snatch the majesty of song,
From Dulness' servile tribe, and Art's unhallow'd
throng. *Lloyd.*

TO MEMORY, 1748.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!

Who glean'st the flowrets crop'd by time,
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,

Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight

With which my favour'd crook she bound
And bring that wreath of roses bright

Which then my festive temples crown'd,
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muses' bow'r,

Where Isis rolls her silver tide,
Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r

That shines on Cherwell's verdant side,
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

* Dr. Akenside.

The song it 'vails not to recite——

But, sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright

Than other banks, than other streams;
Or, by thy softening pencil shown,
Assume they beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly-vacant scene

When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,

I breathed in verse one cordial vow,
That nothing should my soul inspire
But friendship warm and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,

On thee the drooping Muse attends,
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,

On thy expressive pow'r depends,
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away

Which at Ambition's shrine I made,
Nor ever let thy skill display

Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,

And bring the hobby I bestrode,
When, pleas'd, in many a sportive ring

Around the room I jovial rode;
Ev'n let me bid thy lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
 ' Why did not these enjoyments last?
 How sweetly wasted I the day,
 While innocence allow'd to waste!
 Ambition's toils alike are vain,
 But, ah! for pleasure yield us pain.'

Shenstone.

TO HOPE.

I. 1.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
 More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
 Left all night long to mourn
 Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl;
 And shrieks of woe, as intermits the storm,
 Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
 And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
 And many a fire-eyed visage glares around,
 O come, and be once more my guest:
 Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
 And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
 And soothed him into rest.

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
 Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
 The sable bands combin'd,
 Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
 Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
 Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise;
 Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
 Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.

Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
 With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
 And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
 And sullen glides away :

I. 3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
 Dissolve—Above the sparkling flood
 When Phœbus rears his awful brow,
 From lengthening lawn and valley low
 The troops of fen-born mists retire.
 Along the plain
 The joyous swain
 Eyes the gay villages again,
 And gold-illumin'd spire ;
 While on the billowy ether borne
 Floats the loose lay's jovial measure ;
 And light along the fairy Pleasure,
 Her green robes glittering to the morn,
 Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
 To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
 Or westward, with impetuous flight,
 Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial Night.

II. 1.

When first on childhood's eager gaze [around,
 Life's varied landscape, stretch'd immense
 Starts out of night profound,
 Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.
 Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
 His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
 And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
 With beating heart the upland path pursues ;

The path that leads, where, hung sublime,
And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb.

II. 2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
While melting airs are heard,
And soft-eyed cherub forms around thee play :
Simplicity, in careless flowers array'd,
Prattling amusive in his accent meek ;
And Modesty, half-turning as afraid,
The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek !
Content and Leisure, hand in hand
With Innocence and Peace, advance and sing ;
And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
Frisks o'er the flowery land.

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below !
To-day though gales propitious blow,
And Peace soft gliding down the sky
Lead Love along and Harmony,
To-morrow the gay scene deforms :
Then all around
The thunder's sound
Rolls rattling on through Heaven's profound,
And down rush all the storms.
Ye days, that balmy influence shed,
When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither, ah whither are ye fled !

Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
 O leave him not midst tumult and dismay ;
 For now youth's eminence he gains :
 But what a weary length of lingering toil remains !

III. 1.

They shrink, they vanish into air.
 Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale ;
 And mingling cries assail,
 The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair.
 Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
 Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance ;
 Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
 Frowning Disdain, and haggard Hate advance ;
 Behold, amidst the dire array,
 Pale wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,
 And lo, his iron hand prepares
 To grasp its feeble prey.

III. 2.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
 Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage ?
 Such war can Virtue wage,
 Virtue that bears the sacred shield of Truth ?
 Alas ! full oft on Guilt's victorious car
 The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne ;
 While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
 In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
 Resigns to tears her angel form.
 Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly ?
 No friend, no shelter now is nigh :
 And onward rolls the storm.

III. 3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along ;
 Why shrink aghast the hostile throng ?
 Lo, from amidst Affliction's night,
 Hope bursts all radiant on the sight :
 Her words the troubled bosom sooth,
 ' Why thus dismayed ?
 Though foes invade,
 Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
 Who tread the path of Truth.
 'Tis I, who smooth the rugged way,
 I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,
 And with glad visions of to-morrow
 Repair the weary soul's decay. [heart,
 When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing
 Dreams of Heaven's opening glories I impart,
 Till the freed spirit springs on high
 In rapture too severe for weak Mortality.'
Beattie.



TO PEACE.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest !
 Return and make thy downy nest
 Once more in this sad heart :
 Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view ;
 We therefore need not part.
 Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
 From av'rice and ambition free,

And pleasure's fatal wiles?
 For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
 The sweets, that I was wont to share,
 The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
 The Heav'n that thou alone canst make?
 And wilt thou quit the stream,
 That murmurs through the dewy mead
 The grove and the sequester'd shed,
 To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
 For thee I gladly sacrific'd
 Whate'er I lov'd before ;
 And shall I see thee start away,
 And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
 Farewell! we meet no more? *Cowper.*

TO PATIENCE.

UNAW'D by threats, unmov'd by force,
 My steady soul pursues her course,
 Collected, calm, resign'd ;
 Say, you who search with curious eyes
 The source, whence human actions rise,
 Say, whence this turn of mind ?

'Tis Patience—lenient goddess, hail!
 O let thy votary's vows prevail,
 Thy threaten'd flight to stay ;
 Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
 Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
 And rul'd with gentle sway.

Through all the various turns of fate,
Ordain'd me in each several state

My wayward lot has known,
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
When sorrow weigh'd me down?

'Twas Patience—temperate goddess, stay!
For still thy dictates I obey,

Nor yield to passion's power;
Though by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown,
In one ill-fated hour.

When, robb'd of what I held most dear
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier

Of her I lov'd so well;
What, when mute sorrow chain'd my tongue,
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
Forbade the tide to swell?

'Twas Patience!—goddess ever calm!

Oh pour into my breast thy balm,
That antidote to pain;
Which flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chemistry divine can turn
Our losses into gain.

When sick and languishing in bed
Sleep from my restless couch had fled

(Sleep which e'en pain beguiles),
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
And dress'd my locks with smiles?

'Twas Patience!—Heaven descended maid!
 Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
 And lent her fostering breast;
 Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
 Repell'd the approaches of despair,
 And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dissever'd from his side,
 My friend, protector, and my guide—
 When my prophetic soul,
 Anticipating all the storm,
 Saw danger in its direst form,
 What could my fears controul?

'Twas Patience—gentle goddess, hear!
 Be ever to thy suppliant near,
 Nor let one murmur rise;
 Since still some mighty joys are given,
 Dear to her soul the gifts of Heaven,
 The sweet domestic ties. *Francis Sheridan.*

TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye!
 O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
 Receive my temperate vow:
 Not all the storms that shake the pole
 Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
 And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in simplest vest array'd,
 With all thy sober cheer display'd,

To bless my longing sight ;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gentle guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell ;
Where, in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity, in attic vest,
And Innocence, with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye ;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
A visit to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow ;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild, unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet :
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph, retir'd and coy !
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy

To tell thy tender tale?
 The lowliest children of the ground,
 Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
 And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
 I best may choose to hail thy power,
 And court thy gentle sway?
 When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
 Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
 And shed thy milder day:

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
 Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
 And every storm is laid;
 If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
 Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
 Low whispering through the shade.

Mrs. Barbauld

TO COURTESY.

HAIL! Courtesy, thou gracious power,
 Of Heaven-born Chastity the child;
 Remote from all that's rude and sour,
 Akin to all that's soft and mild!
 Earth-bred Politeness is thy feeble ape;
 Without thy soul, she only wears the shape.

For selfish ends her tricks she plays!
 She bows and smiles, devoid of heart:
 To impose she tries a thousand ways;
 The practised eye perceives her art.

Meanwhile that art thy real worth proclaims,
 Since to partake thy honours thus she aims.

Let polish'd Falsehood dazzle youth ;

Let Flatt'ry speak the style of courts ;

Give me Benevolence, and Truth,

Far from dark Treachery's resorts.

Clear as the sky that lights a sunshine eve,

Thy style, sweet Courtesy, can ne'er deceive.

Prompted by love of human race,

From generous motives bent to please,

Thy feelings answer to thy face,

Thy manners still are stamp'd with ease.

Each social being, in thy presence blest

With ardour clasps thee to his grateful breast.

The rich sometimes may succour want :

For ever to oblige is thine.

The great external gifts may grant,

To charm the soul, but few incline.

Sincere delight, would you each hour impart,

Make haste to learn the breeding of the heart.

Fordyce.

TO INNOCENCE.

'Twas when the slow declining ray

Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold,

No warbler pour'd the melting lay,

No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold.

When, by a murmuring rill reclin'd,

Sat, wrapt in thought, a wand'ring swain,

Calm peace compos'd his musing mind,

And thus he rais'd the flowing strain.

- ‘ Hail Innocence ! celestial maid !
What joys thy blushing charms reveal !
Sweet as the arbour’s cooling shade,
And milder than the vernal gale.
- ‘ On thee attends a radiant choir,
Soft smiling Peace, and downy Rest,
With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre,
And Hope, that soothes the throbbing breast.
- ‘ Oh ! sent from Heaven to haunt the grove,
Where squinting Envy ne’er can come !
Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
Nor auguish chills the living bloom.
- ‘ But spotless Beauty, rob’d in white,
Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin’d ;
Serene as Heav’n’s unsullied light,
And pure as Delia’s gentle mind.
- ‘ Grant, heavenly pow’r ! thy peaceful sway
May still my ruder thoughts controul
Thy hand to point my dubious way,
Thy voice to soothe the melting soul.
- ‘ Far in the shady, sweet retreat,
Let Thought beguile the ling’ring hour,
Let Quiet court the mossy seat,
And twining olives form the bow’r.
- ‘ Let dove-ey’d Peace her wreath bestow,
And oft sit list’ning in the dale,
While Night’s sweet warbler from the bough
Tells to the grove his plaintive tale.

‘Soft as in Delia’s snowy breast,
 Let each consenting passion move,
 Let angels watch its silent rest,
 And all its blissful dreams be love? *Ogilvie.*

TO YOUTH.

YOUTH, ah stay, prolong delight,
 Close thy pinions stretch’d for flight !
 Youth, disdaining silver hairs,
 Autumn’s frowns and Winter’s cares,
 Dwell’st thou but in dimple sleek,
 In vernal smiles and Summer’s cheek ?
 On Spring’s ambrosial lap thy hands unfold, [gold.
 They blossom fresh with hope, and all they touch is
 Graver years come sailing by :
 Hark ? they call me as they fly ;
 Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,
 ‘ Statesman, quit thy boyish dreams !
 Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,
 Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice !
 Deserting Virtue, yet assume her state ;
 Thy smiles, that dwell with Love, ah ! wed them
 now to Hate.

‘ Or in Victory’s purple plain
 Triumph thou on hills of slain !
 While the Virgin rends her hair,
 Childless sires demand their heir,
 Timid orphans kneel and weep ;
 Or, where the unsunn’d treasures sleep,
 Sit brooding o’er the cave in grim repose, [woes.
 There mock at human joys, there mock at human

Years away! too dear I prize
 Fancy's haunts, her vales, her skies;
 Come, ye gales that swell the flow'rs,
 Wake my soul's expanding pow'rs;
 Come, by streams embower'd in wood,
 Celestial forms, the Fair, the Good!
 With moral charms associate vernal joys!
 Pure Nature's pleasures these—the rest are
 Fashion's toys.

Come, while years reprove in vain,
 Youth, with me, and Rapture reign!
 Sculpture, Painting, meet my eyes,
 Glowing still with young surprise!
 Never to the Virgin's lute
 This ear be deaf, this voice be mute!
 Come, Beauty, cause of anguish, heal its smart,
 —Now temperate measures beat, unalter'd else
 my heart.

Still my soul, for ever young,
 Speak thyself divinely sprung!
 Wing'd for Heaven, embracing Earth,
 Link'd to all of mortal birth,
 Brute or man, in social chain,
 Still link'd to all, who suffer pain,
 Pursue th' eternal law!—one power above
 Connects, pervades the whole—that power divine
 is Love. *Lovibond.*

AGAINST SUSPICION.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
 And, meditating plagues unseen,

The sorceress hither bends :
Behold—her torch in gall imbrued :
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise ;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then many a demon will she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways ;
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main,
Through whirlwinds and through night.

No more can faith or candour move ;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reason would applaud,
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like injury and fraud.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times :
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear :
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrors form the rear !

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suspicion waits the sullen hour

Of fretfulness and strife,
When care th' infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the seats of life.

But come forsake the scene unblest'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd in the Sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
This tenderness of mind?
What genius smiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose wisdom our untoward frame
With social love restrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'st us to double all our joys
And half disarm our pains;

Let universal candour still,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preserve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise,
To injure humankind. *Akenside.*

TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the shades of evening close !
How pale the sky with weight of snows !
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
——Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins ;
While Winter's voice, that storms around,
And you deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting Horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour ?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please
Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care :
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen,
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest ;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræ's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye,
The year's returning pomp to spy.

He saw the radiant god of day
Waft in his car the rosy May ;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers ;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains and flocks and fields rejoice ;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou Cheerfulness, by Heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine ;
Thou, goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong ;
And, joining Nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the scene where thou art by :

No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power ;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs :
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend ;
The brother adds the name of friend :
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound ;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart ?
Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs ;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Informs his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again :
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which Earth and peopled Heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung ;

But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight :
Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd :
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd :
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom ;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell!
Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
Alone, beneath the mountain laid,
He sees the nightly damps ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend ;
He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole :
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for Nature's ways ;
But evil haunts him through the maze :
He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring ;

Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale :
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be bless'd.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace intruding care.
But most exert thy pleasing power
On friendship's consecrated hour ;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cause
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But, if by fortune's stubborn sway
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,

As just the struggling breast may cheer,
 And just suspend the starting tear,
 Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
 Which none but friends and lovers know.

Akenside.

TO GOOD NATURE.

HAIL, cherub of the highest heaven,
 Of look divine, and temper even,
 Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien !
 Of every virtue, every praise the queen !

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
 Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
 That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
 And great humility looks down on pride.

Oh ! curse on slander's viperous tongue,
 That daily dares thy merit wrong ;
 Idiots usurp thy title, and thy frame,
 Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
 Nor ear to hear, or sense to feel,
 Life idly inoffensive, such a grace
 That it should steal thy name and take thy
 place ?

No—thou art active—spirit all—
 Swifter than lightning, at the call
 Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
 And large with liberality thy heart.

Thy appetites in easy tides
 (As reason's luminary guides)
 Soft flow—no wind can work them to a storm,
 Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet if a transport thou canst feel,
 'Tis only for thy neighbour's weal; [move,
 Great, generous acts thy ductile passions
 And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
 Averse to envy, slow to blame,
 Bursting to praise, yet still sincere, and free
 From flattery's fawning tongue, and bend-
 ing knee.

Extensive, as from west to east,
 Thy love descends from man to beast,
 Nought is excluded, little or infirm,
 Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a
 worm.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms
 (For oh! I love thee) to my arms—
 All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
 So shall existence then be life indeed.
Smart.

ON ILL NATURE.

OFFSPRING of folly and of pride,
 To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
 Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled
 By pedant affectation taught and bred:

Away, thou hideous hell-born sprite,
 Go, with thy looks of dark design,
 Sullen, sour, and saturnine ;

[light.

Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly

Thy planet was remote when I was born :

'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,

What time the Sun exerts his genial ray,

And ripens for enjoyment every growing day :

When to exist is but to love and sing,

And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring,

There in yon lonesome heath,

Which Flora or Sylvanus never knew,

Where never vegetable drank the dew,

Or beast or fowl attempts to breathe ;

Where Nature's pencil has no colours laid ;

But all is blank, and universal shade ;

Contrast to figure, motion, life, and light,

There may'st thou vent thy spite,

For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,

Of all th' infernal crew the worst ;

The worst in genius, measure, and degree ;

For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

Or wouldst thou change the scene, and quit the den

Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,

Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,

Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd

their thorny bed :

There mayst thou all thy bitterness unload,

There may'st thou croak in concert with the toad.

With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,

Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,

The querulous frogs shall mix their dregs with

thine,

Th' ear-piercing hern, the plover screaming high,
Millions of humming gnats fit œstrum shall supply.

Away—away—behold an hideous band,
And herd of all thy minions are at hand ;
Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
And ever looks around her as she walks,
With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
And proud to listen at her neighbour's latch.
Next Scandal's meagre shade,
Foe to the virgin's and the poet's fame,
A wither'd time-deflower'd old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever sacred flame.
Hypocrisy succeeds with saint-like look,
And elevates ner hands, and plods upon her book.
Next comes illiberal scrambling Avarice,
Then Vanity, and Affectation nice—
See, she salutes her shadow with a bow,
As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
Starting antipathy is in her eye,
And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
To thee Ill Nature, all the numerous group
With lowly reverence stoop—
They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay !
Away—thou art infectious—haste away !
Smart.

TO HOSPITALITY.

DOMESTIC power ! erewhile rever'd
Where Syria spread her palmy plain,
Where Greece her tuneful Muses heard,
Where Rome beheld her patriot train ;

Thou to Albion too wert known,
 Midst the moat and moss-grown wall,
 That girt her Gothic-structur'd hall
 With rural trophies strown.

The traveller, doubtful of his way,
 Upon the pathless forest wild ;
 The huntsman, in the heat of day,
 And with the tedious chase o'ertoil'd ;
 Wide their view around them cast,
 Mark'd the distant rustic tower,
 And sought and found the festive bower,
 And shar'd the free repast.

E'en now, on Caledonia's shore,
 When Eve's dun robe the sky arrays,
 Thy punctual hand unfolds the door,
 Thy eye the mountain road surveys ;
 Pleas'd to spy the casual guest,
 Pleas'd with food his heart to cheer,
 With pipe or song to sooth his ear,
 And spread his couch for rest.

Nor yet ev'n here disdain'd thy sway,
 Where Grandeur's splendid modern seat
 Far o'er the landscape glitters gay ;
 Or where fair Quiet's lone retreat
 Hides beneath the hoary hill,
 Near the dusky upland shade,
 Between the willow's glossy glade,
 And by the tinkling rill.

There thine the pleasing interviews
 That friends and relatives endear,
 When scenes, not often seen, amuse ;
 When tales, not often told, we hear ;

There the scholar's liberal mind
 Oft instruction gives and gains,
 And oft the lover's lore obtains
 His fair-one's audience kind.

O gentle pow'r! where'er thy reign,
 May Health and Peace attend thee still;
 Nor Folly's presence cause thee pain,
 Nor Vice reward thy good with ill:
 Gratitude thy altar raise,
 Wealth to thee her offerings pay,
 And Genius wake his tuneful lay
 To celebrate thy praise. *Scott.*



TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born:
 Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
 Thy glittering colours gay,
 Around him Mirth, display;
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence:
 So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
 And flower-adorn'd, in new-born beauty glow;
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of the
 shade,
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
 Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray, [day
 And giid (a second sun) with brighter beam our

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
 And aged Poverty can smile with thee,
 If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
 And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.

The Morning opes on high

His universal eye ;

And on the world doth pour

His glories in a golden shower,

Lo ! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn :

The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,

Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering
 light,

[night.

Quick, as the lightning's flash, glide, to sepulchral

But whence the gladdening beam

That pours his purple stream

O'er the long prospect wide ?

'Tis Mirth. I see her sit

In majesty of light,

With Laughter at her side.

Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near

Wide waves her glancing wing in air ;

And young Wit flings his pointed dart,

That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now Affliction's power,

Fear not now wild Passion's rage,

Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,

Save the tardy hand of Age.

Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's prayer :

No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled
 air.

Smollet.

TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love ;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain,
Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course ;
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
The springing trout, in speckled pride ;
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherd's piping in the dale,
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,
And Industry, imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

Smollet.

DESPONDENCY.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh :
O life ! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I.
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sickening scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night
And joyless morn the same,
You bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How bless'd the solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,

Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wandering, meandering,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be bless'd!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchange'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!

Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage!
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim-declining age!

Burns.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE X.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse Fortune's pow'r ;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timourously creep
 Along the treach'rous shore.

He, that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
 Feels not the wants, that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues, that haunt the rich man's door,
 Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
 Of wintry blast ; the loftiest tow'r
 Comes heaviest to the ground ;
 The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,
 His cloudcapt eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin round.

The well inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
 And hopes, in spite of pain ;
If Winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
 And Nature laughs again.

What if thine Heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last ;
 Expect a brighter sky.
The God, that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
 And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen ;
But oh ! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvass in.

Cowper.

A Reflection on the foregoing Ode.

AND is this all? Can reason do no more,
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore .
Sweet moralist ! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee.
He holds no parley with unmanly fears ;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED
IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Sti' had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw ;
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish !

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,

Not knew the gulf between :
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :
Nor cruel TOM, nor SUSAN heard,
A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all that glisters gold.

Gray.

FALSE FRIENDS AND TRUE*.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made :
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn ;

* This poem, from its excellence, has been attributed to Shakspeare.

And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Feru, teru, by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon my own.
Ah ! (thought I) thou mourns't in vain ;
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee ;
King Pandion, he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing !
Whilst, as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call ;
And with such like flattering,
' Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment ;

But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus, of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe. *Barnfield.*

TO THE MOON.

THOU silent moon, that look'st so pale,
So much exhausted, and so faint,
Wandering over hill and dale,
Watching oft the kneeling saint—
Hearing his groans float on the gale—
No wonder thou art tired and pale.

Yet have I often seen thee bring
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep;
Then, with a smile, (their lustre fling
Full on the dark and roaring deep;
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
And when near lost the tossing sail.

Sure, that passing blush deceives;
For thou fair nymph, art chaste and cold!
Love our bosoms seldom leaves;
But thou art of a different mould.

Hail, chaste queen! for ever hail!
 And, prithee, look not quite so pale!

Yet stay—perhaps thou’st travell’d far,
 Exulting in thy conscious light;
 Till, as I fear, some youthful star,
 Hath spread his charms before thy sight;
 And when he found his arts prevail
 He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.

Miss Scott of Ancram.

TO THE OWL.

WHILE the Moon, with sudden gleam,
 Through the clouds that cover her,
 Darts her light upon the stream,
 And the poplars gently stir,
 Pleas’d I hear thy boding cry;
 Owl, that lov’st the cloudy sky,
 Sure, thy notes are harmony!

While the maiden, pale with care,
 Wanders to the lonely shade,
 Sighs her sorrows to the air
 While the flowrets round her fade,—
 Shrinks to hear thy boding cry,—
 Owl, that lov’st the cloudy sky,
 To her it is not harmony!

While the wretch, with mournful dole,
 Wrings his hands in agony,
 Praying for his brother’s soul,
 Whom he pierced suddenly,—

Shrinks to hear thy boding cry,—
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To him it is not harmony!

Miss Scott of Ancram.

TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four (the Seasons) flew:
First in green apparel dancing,
 Smiled the Spring with angel face;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
 Rushed into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
 For ever nearest to his smiles—
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
 Or India's citron-cover'd isles,
More remote and buxom brown
 The queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren Darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
 Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the pole where Runic Oden
 Howls his war-song to the gale:

Save when down the ravag'd globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form ;
Till night's returning lord assume
The shaft, that drives him to the northern field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume,
And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Phrensy with her blood-shot eye,
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel power of desolation,
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruined year ;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ;
To shiv'ring Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And mildly on the orphan head
Of innocence descend !

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds,
The sailor on his airy shrouds—
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep ;
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Breathe on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's bright billow freezes,
Where the dark-brown Danube roars !

O winds of Winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan?
Or start ye, demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?
Alas! e'en your unhallowed breath
May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death,
No bound to human woe. *Campbell.*

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gaily gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the Sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter through life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colours dress'd :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply ;
 ' Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone :
 We frolic while 'tis May.'

Gray.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos.
Coy May : full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.
Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill,
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound :
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower :
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps ;
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom :
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown ;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand :
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades :

Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge ;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green :
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring :
The butterfly, gay-painted, soon
Explores awhile the tepid noon ;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark ;
But when gleams the Sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his wat'ry veil
Looks through the thin descending hail,
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks enclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call ;
And, to the toils of nature true,
Wreathe their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees ;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine, cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.
Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's* low banks neglected smile ;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains ;
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noontide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side :
While far beneath, where Nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,

* The Glym is a small river in Oxfordshire, flowing through Warton's parish of Kiddington.

In loose luxuriance taught to stray
 A thousand tumbling rills inlay
 With silver veins the vale, or pass
 Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
 Midst her pensive solitude,
 Fancy, with prophetic glance,
 Sees the teeming months advance ;
 The field, the forest, green and gay,
 The dappled slope, the teded hay ;
 Sees the reddening orchard blow,
 The harvest wave, the vintage flow ;
 Sees June unfold his glossy robe
 Of thousand hues o'er all the globe ;
 Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
 And Plenty load her ample horn.

Thomas Warton.

ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

HENCE, iron-sceptred Winter haste,
 To bleak Siberian waste !
 Hasten to thy polar solitude ;
 Mid cataracts of ice, [rude,
 Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments
 From many an airy precipice,
 Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
 Thy gloomy gothic castle towers ;
 Amid whose howling aisles and halls,
 Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,
 On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
 Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Ev'n now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trinkling wing
(In the new world's first dawning spring),
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint, in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.

There, on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed ;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonaire ;
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile ;
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine :
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, nymph ! and, hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band ;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport that yellow-tressed boy :
Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly,
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn ;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess !
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lie
On river-margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain ?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air ;
'Tis May, the Grace—confess'd she stands,
By branch of hawthorn in her hands :

Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues ;
With whom the powers of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
Has dress'd the groves in livery green ;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build ;
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading streams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay ;
Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet,
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood ;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene :
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants,
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense ;
Nor tangled woodbines' balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume :
Nor lurking wild thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet :

Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell;
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot:
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Mean time, a thousand dyes invest
The ruby chambers of the West!
That all aslant the village tower
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze:
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting life subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lap'd, nor heed the way;
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill;
And on each moss-wove border damp
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the Sun, at noontide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;

Me, heart rejoicing goddess, lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead :
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath :
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down ;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil, that hums around ;
And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer show'r,
When the bright Sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam, has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form ;
By sweetbriar hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While, as I walk, from pearled bush
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush ;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue :
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock :
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
 Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
 O'er whose dim mouth an ivied oak
 Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock ;
 Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
 Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone ;
 Which, as they gush upon the ground,
 Still scatter misty dews around :
 A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
 Its side with mantling woodbines wove ;
 Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
 Whence Helicon's fresh fountain swells ;
 Or noontide grot, where Silvan sleeps
 On hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
 While all without is scorch'd in day ;
 Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
 His withering hawthorn on the heath ;
 The drooping hedger wishes eve,
 In vain, of labour short reprieve ;
 Mean time, on Afric's glowing sands,
 Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands ;
 Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
 Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
 Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
 Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
 How does he wish some cooling wave
 To slake his lips, or limbs to lave !
 And thinks, in every whisper low,
 He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
 Dim temple of sage Solitude !

There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark,
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus' laureate shore.—
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind !
Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak :
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant rivulet winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen :
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows :
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage ;
Fit place his pensive eld might choose
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease,
Some more romantic scene might please ;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spencer's lavish pencil drawn :
Or bower in Vallombrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.

Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where, waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud castle's painted bowers
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quivering lance and twanging string.
As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach inquiring later times,
What open force or secret guile.
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime.
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace ;
The misty streams that wind below
With silver-sparkling lustre glow ;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear ;
O ! every village charm beneath !
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath !
O beauteous, rural interchange !
The simple spire, and elmy grange !

Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
And cattle, rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild :
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes ;
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens ;
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take !
What charms like thine the Muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all !
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a bower of bliss !
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys, where mild whispers use
Of shade and stream, to court the Muse ;
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows ;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours :
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease !

Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit:
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, mean time, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise:
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroic, ancient deeds:
To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, stern in sable mail;
Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesy
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flowrets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,

The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride ;
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance. *Thomas Warton.*



WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN
AUTUMN.

'Tis past! No more the Summer blooms
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods ;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods.

Ah! well-known streams! Ah! wonted groves,
Still pictur'd in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind ;
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last ;
The wild-flower strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear.

Alas! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanish'd from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whispers hails
A stranger to his native bowers:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days;
With whom I sported on the green,
Or rov'd the woodland maze!
Long-exil'd from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of Time
Snatch'd to the shadows of despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find,
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued;
And, wandering o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnets-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imag'd woes,
Nor real life believ'd a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
 May Summer soon o'ercast ;
And cruel fate's untimely wind
 All human beauty blast !
The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
And promis'd fruits, and cherish'd flowers,
 The hopes of life in embryo sweeps ;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps !

Relentless power ! whose fated stroke
 O'er wretched man prevails !
Ha ! love's eternal chain is broke,
 And friendship's covenant fails !
Upbraiding forms ! a moment's ease—
O memory ! how shall I appease
 The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost ?
What charm can bind the gushing eye ?
What voice console th' incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost ?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
 That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
 I muse upon the tomb,
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed,
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
 They sadly sigh, that Winter's near :
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
 The sorrowing sense to steep;
 Nor drink oblivion of the themes
 On which I love to weep.
 Belated oft by fabled rill,
 While nightly o'er the hallow'd hill
 Aerial music seems to mourn:
 I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
 Then woo the walks of youth again,
 And pour my sorrows o'er th' untimely urn!
Logan

TO WILLIAM PULTNEY, ESQ.

REMOTE from liberty and truth,
 By fortune's crime my early youth
 Drank error's poison'd springs.
 Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,
 Wrapt up in reverential awe,
 I bow'd to priests and kings.

Soon reason dawn'd—with troubled sight
 I caught the glimpse of painful light,
 Afflicted and afraid.
 Too weak it shone to make my way,
 Enough to tempt my feet to stray
 Along the dubious shade.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar
 Lo Hooker shines! the friendly star
 Sent forth a steady ray.
 Thus cheer'd and eager to pursue,
 I mount, till, glorious to my view,
 Locke spreads the realms of day.

Now warm'd with noble Sidney's page,
I pant with all the patriot's rage ;
Now wrapt in Plato's dream,
With More and Harrington around
I tread fair Freedom's magic ground,
And trace the flattering scheme.

But soon the beauteous vision flies,
And hideous spectres now arise,
Corruption's direful train :
The partial judge perverting laws,
The priest forsaking virtue's cause,
And Senates, slaves to gain.

Vainly the pious artist's toil
Would rear to Heaven a mortal pile,
On some immortal plan ;
Within a sure though varying date
Confin'd, alas ! is every state
Of empire and of man.

What though the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise,
To break the eternal doom !
Though Cato liv'd, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
Yet perish'd fated Rome.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
Good Fleury pours the golden tide
On Gallia's smiling shores ;
Once more her fields shall thirst in vain,
For wholesome streams of honest gain,
While rapine wastes her stores.

Yet glorious is the great design,
 And such, O Pultney, such is thine,
 To prop a nation's frame.
 If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,
 The ruins of a falling state
 Shall tell the patriot's name. *Earl Nugent.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a state ?
 Not high rais'd battlement or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd ;
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
 Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
 Not star'd and spangled courts,
 Where low-brow'd Baseness wafts perfume to
 Pride.

NO :—Men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
 Men, who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and knowing, dare main-
 Prevent the long-aim'd blow, [tain
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain ;
 These constitute a state,
 And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill ;

Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend, Discretion, like a vapour sinks,
And e'en th' all dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-lov'd isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave..

Sir W. Jones.

END OF BOOK V.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE
MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS;
BOOK THE SIXTH,
ELEGIAC AND FUNERAL.



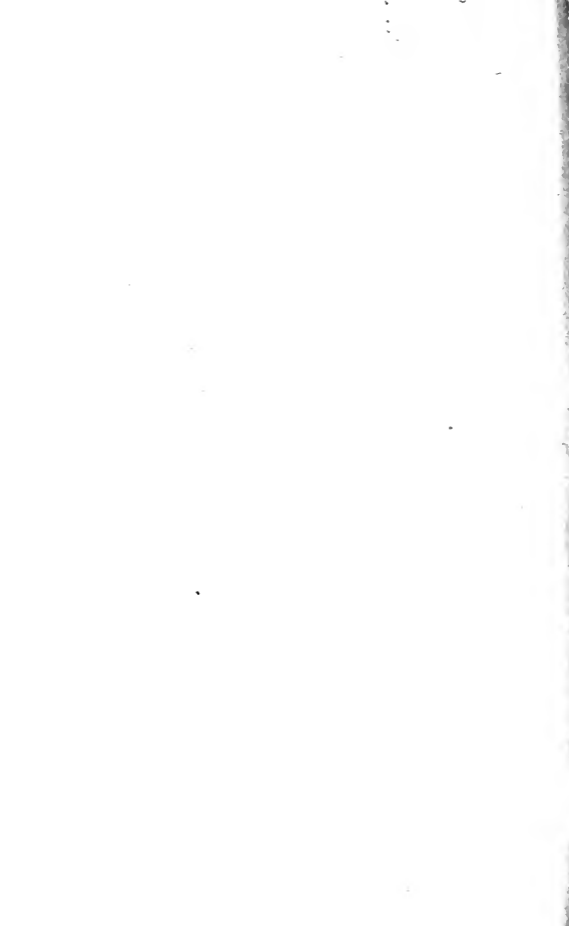
Engraved by W. Woodcut

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*The Ploughman in homeward plods his weary way,
but leaves the world to darkness and to me.*

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LONDON,
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE,
PRINTED BY
ROBERT MORRIS.



ELEGANT EXTRACTS,
FROM THE
MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK VI.

ELEGIAC AND FUNERAL:
INCLUDING MONODIES AND EPITAPHS.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE
LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in Heaven a crime, to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part,
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire!
Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:

Thence to their images on Earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps, (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
'Lo ! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For other's good, or melt at other's woe.'

What can atone (oh, ever-injur'd shade !)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd and by strangers mourn'd !
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year ;
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show ?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast ;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot :
A heap of dust alone remains of thee :
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !
~ Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

Pope.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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

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

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

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

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

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

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

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

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

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

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

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

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

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlett
The place of fame and elegy supply : [Muse,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;

‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne,—
 Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay,
 Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’

The Epitaph.

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

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav’n did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a
 friend.

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

Gray.

ELEGY ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF A CERTAIN
 LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE.

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
 Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies,
 Whilst heralds loud, with venal voice, proclaim,
 ‘ Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.’

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier ;
The faithful Muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art, [know ;
That odious art which Fortune's favourites
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound ;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare ;
Virtue he knew ; the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair.

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wandering sheep,
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold ;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
And for his friend his very crook was sold.

Ye sons of wealth ? protect the Muse's train :
From winds protect them, and with food supply ;
Ah ! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain,
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky !

He lov'd a nymph ; amidst his slender store
He dar'd to love ; and Cynthia was his theme :
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair ! the sweetest bud that blows
Revives less lovely from the recent show'r ;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose ;
Sweet bird ! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r.

He lov'd the Muse ; she taught him to complain ;
He saw his timorous loves on her depend :
He lov'd the Muse, although she taught in vain ;
He lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors ;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain :
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of Vice's brothel forth to Virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give ;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain ;
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint ! I saw him sink to rest !
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng ;
As though the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As though the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain ;
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply :
The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But Pow'r and Wealth's unvarying cheek was dry !

Such Alcon fell ; in meagre want forlorn ! [where?
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons
Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.
Shenstone.

OPHELIA'S URN, AN ELEGY.

TO MR. GRAVES.

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!

What shrouded spectres Superstition seen!

But you, secure, shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return;
Constant, as crystal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the relics of that virtuous maid;
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way
Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise,
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Then Fame, her clarion pendent at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
'Why has such worth, without distinction, died?
Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?'

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall, unmolested, breathe her softest sigh,
And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
 Shall cull fresh flowerets for Ophelia's tomb;
 And Beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
 That show'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And Fancy then, with wild un govern'd woe,
 Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
 For mournful sable all her hues forego,
 And ask sweet solace of the Muse in vain!

Ah! gentle forms! expect no fond relief;
 Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
 Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
 Your best, your brightest, favourite is no more.

Shenstone.

ELEGY, COMPLAINING HOW SOON THE PLEASING
 NOVELTY OF LIFE IS OVER.

TO MR. JACO.

AH me! my Friend! it will not, will not last:
 This fairy scene that cheats our youthful eyes;
 The charm dissolves; th' aërial music's pass'd;
 The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes?
 Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
 Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
 And we delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
 What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
 Ere Reason learns by studied laws to reign,
 The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the Sun seven annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shown the whole that Fortune can supply,
Since not the miser so caress'd his gold
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh, my foolish heart!
Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.

And you, ye works of Art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture and the living stone:
'Though gold, though splendour, Heav'n and Fate
deny,
Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!

Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas Nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er!
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul;
A fond aspiring candidate no more
I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting stage, profusely bless'd!
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd,
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as opening roses fair ;
 More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing ;
 Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
 Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
 Not science shall extort that dear delight,
 Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care !
 Parent of raptures, dear deceit! adieu ;
 And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
 Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
 Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
 Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
 The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
 We start false joys, and urge the devious race ;
 A tender prey ; that cheers our youthful morn,
 Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

Shenstone.

ELEGY, IN MEMORY OF A PRIVATE FAMILY IN
 WORCESTERSHIRE.

FROM a lone tow'r with reverend ivy crown'd,
 The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh ;
 Still, as the village caught the waving sound,
 A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd, [dead!'
'Our hope,' they cried, 'our kind support, is

'Twas good Palemon!—Near a shaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
The flocking rooks, by Instinct's native rule,
This peaceful scene for their asylum chose.

A few small spires, to gothic fancy fair,
Amid the shades emerging struck the view;
'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;
'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd;
In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky,
Blasts the fair crop—the sire is drown'd in tears!
And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend;
Heart-chill'd with grief—'My thread,' he cried,
'is spun!

If heav'n had meant I should my life extend,
Heaven had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

'Snatch'd in my prime! alas, the stroke were mild,
Had my frail form obey'd the Fates' decree!
Bless'd were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
Had Heav'n so pleas'd, and I had died for thee.

Five sleepless nights he stemm'd this tide of woes ;
Five irksome suns he saw, through tears forlorn !
On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose ;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those downs*, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers, rustic, unrefin'd !
Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd !
They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their
mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat ;
Wars deadly crimson had forsook the place,
And Freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,
To swell with empty sounds a spotless name,
If fostering skies, the sun, the show'r, were bless'd,
Their bounty spread ; their fields' extent the
same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend ;
Bade Luxury to lavish courts aspire,
And Avarice to city-breasts descend.

None to a virgin's mind preferr'd her dow'r,
To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir :
The sire, in place of titles, wealth or pow'r,
Assign'd him virtue ; and his lot was fair.

They spoke of Fortune as some doubtful dame,
That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere ;
From Lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her fame,
But never wish'd to place her banners here.

* Harborough Downs.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that Innocence can give ;
Those wholesome sweets that border Virtue's way ;
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore ;
From their own streams their choicer fare they
To lure the scaly glutton to the shore, [drew ;
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew !

Sincere themselves, ah ! too secure to find
The common bosom, like their own, sincere !
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind ;
'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r ;
Ah ! gentle souls ! enjoy your blissful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure to blissful realms the souls are flown
That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove ;
The friends of Science ! music all their own ;
Music, the voice of Virtue and of Love !

The journeying peasant, through the secret shade
Heard their soft lyres engage his listening ear,
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd ;
No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy Strife !
Solve Envy's charm, Ambition's wretch release !
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life,
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewell, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,
 The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
 Farewell! the virtues which deserve to live
 Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, Falemon, now no more
 The modest merit of his line display'd :
 The pious Hough Vigornia's mitre wore—
 Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

Shenstone.

ELEGY, DESCRIBING THE SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS MIND ON THE MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A LICENTIOUS AMOUR.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his down-
 cast eye? [shine ;

That eye where mirth, where fancy, us'd to
 Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh ;
 Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
 Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
 Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in every grace
 That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair!

'Damon,' said he, 'thy partial praise restrain ;
 Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore ;
 Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
 And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more

'For, oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,
 Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
 Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
 Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

‘ But led by Fortune’s hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir’d;
In Fortune’s train the siren Flattery smil’d,
And rashly hallow’d all her queen inspir’d.

‘ Of folly studious, ev’n of vices vain,
Ah, vices gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas’d the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropp’d the chase, till Jessy was my prey

‘ Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name
Expense, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain’d by virtue, but betray’d by love.

‘ School’d in the science of Love’s mazy wiles,
I cloth’d each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

‘ Then while the fancied rage alarm’d her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove,
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seiz’d the minute of returning love.

‘ To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur’d that virtue, by misfortune press’d,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

‘ Nine envious moons matur’d her growing shame,
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day,
When, scorn’d of Virtue, stigmatiz’d by Fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

“ Henry,” she said, “ by thy dear form subdued,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone !

I find, I find this rising sob renew'd ;
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

“ Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes re-
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply, [turn?
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

“ Alas ! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame,
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

“ The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan ;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

“ If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
' Hope not to find delight in us,' they say,
' For we are spotless, Jessy ; we are pure.'

“ Ye flowers ! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare ?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

“ Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee ;
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

“ Thus for your sake I shun each human eye,
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

“ Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove
And let me, silent, seek some friendly shore ;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

“ But be my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That Pity gave what Love refus'd to share.

“ Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew ;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed !
Not such the precept from his lips I drew !

“ Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
And pity welcome to my native soil.”—

‘ She spoke—nor was I born of savage race ;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign,
Grateful she clasp'd me in her last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

‘ I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,
I saw her breast with every passion heave ;
I left her torn from every earthly friend ;
Oh ! my hard bosom ! which could bear to leave !

‘ Brief let me be ; the fatal storm arose ;
 The billows rag’d, the pilot’s art was vain ;
 O’er the tall mast the circling surges close ;
 My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain !

‘ And—see my youth’s impetuous fires decay ;
 Seek not to stop Reflection’s bitter tear ;
 But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
 From Jessy floating on her watery bier !’

Shenstone.

THE NUN : AN ELEGY.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
 All beauty’s treasure opening on her cheek,
 Each flatt’ring hope subdu’d, each wish resign’d
 Does gay OPHELIA this lone mansion seek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
 The paths, thy birth and fortune strew with
 flowers ?

Through nature’s kind endearing ties to break,
 And waste in cloister’d walls thy pensive hours ?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
 That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate,
 Lest thy soft heart, (this friendship bids reveal)
 Like mine unblest’d, should mourn like mine too
 late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp’ring voice,
 Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
 Approve the dictates of thy early choice ?—
 Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base [steal,
(While streams of rapture from thine eye-lid
And smiling heaven illumines thy soul with grace)
Pronounce the vow thou never can'st repeal.

Yet if misled by false-entitled friends,
Who say, 'That Peace with all her comely train,
From starry regions to this clime descends,
Smooths every frown, and softens every pain:

' That vestals tread Contentment's flowery lawn,
Approv'd of Innocence, by Health caress'd :
That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,
Celestial Hope sits smiling at their breast :

Suspect their syren song and artful style, [conceal!
Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought
Full oft does Pride with sainted voice beguile,
And sordid Int'rest wear the mask of Zeal.

A tyrant-abbess here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of power, affects th' imperial nod,
Looks down disdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing Memory acts her busy part,
Its charms the world unfolds to fancy's eye,
And sheds allurements on the wishful heart.

Lo! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terrour on her crest :
Ev'n at the hallow'd lamp she lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh ! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three iustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,
When I was torn from every weeping friend,
A thoughtless victim to the temple led,
And (blush ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then, what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice!
The pealing organ's animating sound,
The choral virgin's captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around :

The train of youths array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along ;
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng :

The golden censors toss'd with graceful hand,
Whose fragrant breath Arabian odour shed :
Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,
While sacred ardour glow'd in every vein :
Methought applauding angels sung my name,
And heaven's unsullied glories gilt the fane.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,
My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :
E'er since, alas ! abandon'd, uninspir'd,
I tread this dome to misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my sullen breast,
Through opening skies no radiant seraph smiles,
No saint descends to soothe my soul to rest,
No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard discontent still haunts my view ;
The sombre genius reigns in every place,
Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
Chills every prayer, and cancels every grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood :
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gale, and hoarse resounding flood :

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)
When having seal'd the irrevocable vow,
I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Full well she then presag'd my wretched fate,
The unhappy moments of each future day :
When lock'd within this terrour-shedding grate,
My joy-deserted soul would pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
This cloister'd scene in all its horror dress'd,
Nor did she then my trembling steps withhold
When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah! could she view her only child betray'd,
And let submission o'er her love prevail?
The unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid?
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! she might not—her relentless lord [tear;
Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming
So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou who own'st a father's sacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim? [bleed?
And given (oh blasting thought! thy heart to

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,
O haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom!
In vain—no words can soothe his rigid ear:
And Gallia's laws have rivetted my doom.

Ye cloister'd fair—ye censure-breathing saints,
Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare,
Though mid these holy walls I vent my plaints,
And give to sorrow what is due to pray'r:

I fled not to this mansion's deep recess,
To veil the blushes of a guilty shame,
The tenour of an ill-spent life redress,
And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow;
From fatal symptoms if I right conceive,
This stream, OPHIELLA, has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave

Ah! when, extended on the untimely bier,
To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd,
Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
And breathe the *requiem* to my fleeting shade.

With pious footstep join the sable train, [way;
 As through the lengthening aisle they take their
 A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,
 Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay :

Behold the minister who lately gave
 The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
 (More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
 And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew :

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,
 The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh :
 Ev'n then no longer to his child unjust,
 The tears may trickle from a *father's eye*.
Jerningham.

ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,
 O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains;
 The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
 Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried, there lie many a broken bust,
 And obelisk and urn, o'erthrown by Time :
 And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
 From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the sound
 Of fragments tumbling from the tow'rs on high,
 Plung'd to their source in secret caves profound,
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reverend shrines in gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads ;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling
heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet,
Sits musing on a monumental stone,
And points to the Memento at her feet.

Soon as sage Evening check'd Day's sunny pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood ;
And seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd, as the mouldering monuments I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace [way !
Here Time hath pass'd—What ruin marks his
This pile now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain, and Melody her song sublime :
In vain, Philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride ;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tottering tow'rs with twisted ivy tied.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way !
In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
Religion-like, stands mouldering in decay !

Where the mild sun, through saint-encipher'd
Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky aisle, [glass,
Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
Trode oft the solitary path that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Through the grey grove, between those withering
trees,
'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears.

Low levell'd in the dust her darlings laid;
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest, [stands;
Where, mouldering in the niche, his statue
Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;
As, trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That Honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And Chivalry stood marshall'd by his side!

Though to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb
And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe ;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror Time
Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a softening sound.
Ravens and rooks, and birds of discord, dwell ;
And where Society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where, the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste,
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply !
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide: [dry!
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them

Though his rich hours in revelry were spent,
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew ;
And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew :

Fleet are the fleecy moments ! fly they must ;
Not to be stay'd by masque or midnight roar !
Nor shall a pulse, among that mouldering dust,
Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more !

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine
Soothe, with his melody, insatiate Death?

No:—though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom!
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
'Philip! remember, thou'rt no more than man!

'Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
Though thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust.'

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdued)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd when the perishable pomp he view'd.

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest dress'd;
Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest:

While thus the herald cried—‘This son of pow’r,
 This Saladin, to whom the nations bow’d,
 May, in the space of one revolving hour,
 Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!’

Search where Amotion rag’d, with rigour steel’d;
 Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning ran;
 And say, while Memory weeps the blood-stain’d
 field,
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

Vain then are pyramids, and motto’d stones,
 And monumental trophies rais’d on high,
 For Time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
 That, mix’d in hasty graves, unnotic’d lie.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant’s head,
 Soft as the lord’s beneath the labour’d tomb?
 Or sleeps one colder in his close clay bed,
 Than t’other in the wide vault’s dreary womb?

Hither, let Luxury lead her loose-rob’d train;
 Here flutter Pride, on purple painted wings;
 And from the moral prospect learn,—how vain
 The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

Cunningham.

- ELEGY ON WILLIAM BECKFORD.

WEEP on, ye Britons—give your gen’ral tear;
 But hence ye venal—hence each titled slave;
 An honest pang should wait on Beckford’s bier,
 And patriot anguish mark the patriot’s grave.

When like the Roman to his field retir'd,
'Twas you (surrounded by unnumber'd foes)
Who call'd him forth, his services requir'd,
And took from age the blessing of repose.

With soul impell'd by virtue's sacred flame,
To stem the torrent of corruption's tide,
He came, heav'n-fraught with liberty! He came,
And nobly in his country's service died.

In the last awful, the departing hour, [grew;
When life's poor lamp more faint and fainter
As Mem'ry feebly exercis'd her pow'r,
He only felt for liberty and you.

He view'd Death's arrow with a christian eye,
With firmness only to a christian known;
And nobly gave your miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own.

Thou, breathing Sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his laurel everlasting bloom;
Receiv'd his worth while gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his tomb.

The sword of justice cautiously he sway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right;
Each verial fault with pity he survey'd,
But murder found no mercy in his sight.

He knew, when flatterers besiege a throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a monarch's ear;
Knew, if oppress'd a loyal people groan,
'Tis not the courtier's interest he should hear.

Hence, honest to his prince, his manly tongue
The public wrong and loyalty convey'd,
While titled tremblers, ev'ry nerve unstrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd.

Look'd all around, astonish'd to behold,
(Train'd up to flatt'ry from their early youth)
An artless, fearless citizen, unfold
To royal ears, a mortifying truth.

Titles to him no pleasure could impart,
No bribes his rigid virtue could controul;
The star could never gain upon his heart,
Nor turn the tide of honour in his soul.

For this his name our hist'ry shall adorn,
Shall soar on Fame's wide pinions all sublime;
Till heaven's own bright and never-dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of time.

Chatterton.

ELEGY TO PITY

HAIL, lovely power! whose bosom heaves the sigh
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flowery meads, can with that sigh compare:
Not dewdrops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beautiful as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play ;
Emblem of peace the dove before thee flies ;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph ! and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And Nature droops beneath the conquering
gleam,
Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart ;
Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

Anonymous.

ELEGY TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN LEAVING THE
UNIVERSITY.

ERE yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire [vale,
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale ;

O! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay ;
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary Friendship pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear.

There, if Ambition pestilent and pale,
Or luxury should taint their vernal glow ;
If cold Self-interest, with her chilling gale,
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they
blow ;

If mimic hues, by Art or Fashion spread,
Their genuine simple colouring should supply ;
O! with them may these laureate honours fade,
And with them (if it can) my Friendship die.

—And do not blame, if, though thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyric string ;
The muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.

Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausible string ;
Go to the wayward world ; complete the rest ;
Be, what the purest Muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself—that open path of Truth,
Which led thee here, let Manhood firm pursue ;
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of Art ;
On Vice's front let fearful caution lour,
And teach the diffident, discreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for
power.

So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,
When Death's cold hand unstrings thy MASON'S
lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire :

He, to the amplest bounds of Time's domain,
On Rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly ;
For trust, with reverence trust, this Sabine strain :
' The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die.'

Mason.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

AN ELEGY.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muse's moan:

A swain, tow'rds full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sate sorrowing at the close of day;
At whose fond side a boy attending
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue:—

' My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
My prattling innocent, attend,
Nor fear rebuke or sour displeasure,
A father's loveliest name is friend.

' Some truths, from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants, receive;
For truths are wealth of Heaven's bestowing,
Which kings have seldom power to give.

' Since, from an ancient race descended,
You boast an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birthright to be good.

- ‘ In love for every fellow creature
Superior rise above the crowd ;
What most ennobles human nature
Was ne’er the portion of the proud.
- ‘ Be thine the generous heart that borrows
From others’ joys a friendly glow ;
And, for each hapless neighbour’s sorrows,
Throbs with a sympathetic woe,
- ‘ This is the temper most endearing ;
Though wide proud Pomp her banners spreads,
An heav’nlier power good-nature bearing
Each heart in willing thralldom leads.
- ‘ Taste not from Fame’s uncertain fountain
The peace-destroying streams that flow,
Nor from Ambition’s dangerous mountain
Look down upon the world below.
- ‘ The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds, long brav’d, at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirl’d in dust to lie ;
- Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing
Low in its un aspiring vale,
Amidst retirement’s shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with every gale.
- ‘ Wish not for Beauty’s darling features,
Moulded by Nature’s fondling pow’r,
For fairest forms ’mong human creatures
Shine but the pageants of an hour,

- ‘ I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
Upon a river’s bank, whose shadow
Bloom’d in the silver waves below :
- ‘ By noon-tide’s heat its youth was wasted,
The waters, as they pass’d, complain’d :
At eve its glories all were blasted,
And not one former tint remain’d.
- ‘ Nor let vain Wit’s deceitful glory,
Lead you from Wisdom’s path astray ;
What genius lives renown’d in story,
To happiness who found the way ;
- ‘ In yonder mead behold that vapour
Whose vivid beams illusive play,
Far off it seems a friendly taper
To guide the traveller on his way ;
- ‘ But should some hapless wretch, pursuing,
Tread where the treacherous meteors glow,
He’d find, too late his rashness ruing,
That fatal quicksands lurk below.
- ‘ In life such bubbles nought admiring,
Gilt with false light and fill’d with air,
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
To peace in Virtue’s cot repair ;
- ‘ There seek the never-wasted treasure,
Which mutual love and friendship give,
Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
And bless’d, and blessing, you will live.

‘ If Heav’n with children crowns your dwelling,
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondness fatherly excelling,
Th’ example you have felt pursue.’

He paus’d—for tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now Night her mournful mantle spreading,
Had rob’d with black th’ horizon round,
And dank dews, from her tresses shedding,
With genial moisture bath’d the ground ;

When back to city-follies flying
Midst Custom’s slaves he liv’d resign’d,
His face, array’d in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind ;

For seriously around surveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray’d and knaves betraying,
That play’d upon this human stage :

(Peaceful himself and undesigning)
He loath’d the scenes of guile and strife,
And felt each secret wish inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate’er above was fated
Obediently he bow’d his soul ;
For, what all-bounteous Heaven created,
He thought Heaven only should control.

Cocper.

AN ELEGY ON MAN.

BEHOLD Earth's lord, imperial man,
In ripen'd vigour gay ;
His outward form attentive scan,
And all within survey.

Behold his plans of future life,
His care, his hope, his love,
Relations dear of child and wife,
The dome, the lawn, the grove.

Now see within his active mind
More generous passions share,
Friend, neighbour, country, all his kind,
By turns engage his care.

Behold him range with curious eye
O'er Earth from pole to pole,
And through th' illimitable sky
Explore with daring soul.

Yet pass some twenty fleeting years,
And all his glory flies ;
His languid eye is bath'd in tears,
He sickens, groans, and dies.

And is this all his destin'd lot,
This all his boasted sway,
For ever now to be forgot,
Amid the mouldering clay ?

Ah, gloomy thought ! ah, worse than death !
Life sickens at the sound ;
Better it were not draw our breath,
Than run this empty round.

Hence, cheating Fancy, then away,
O let us better try,
By reason's more enlighten'd ray,
What 'tis indeed to die.

Observe yon mass of putrid earth,
It holds an embryo brood ;
Ev'n now the reptiles crawl to birth,
And seek their leafy food.

Yet stay till some few suns are pass'd,
Each forms a silken tomb,
And seems, like man, imprison'd fast,
To meet his final doom.

Yet from this silent mansion too
Anon you see him rise ;
No more a crawling worm to view,
But tenant of the skies.

And what forbids that man should share
Some more auspicious day,
To range at large in open air,
As light and free as they ?

There was a time when life first warm'd
Our flesh in shades of night,
Then was the imperfect substance form'd,
And sent to view this light.

There was a time, when every sense
In straiter limits dwelt,
Yet each its task could then dispense,
We saw, we heard, we felt.

And times there are, when through the veins
The blood forgets to flow,
Yet then a living power remains,
Though not in active show.

Times too there be, when friendly Sleep's
Soft charms the Senses bind,
Yet Fancy then her vigils keeps,
And ranges unconfin'd.

And Reason holds her separate sway,
Though all the Senses wake,
And forms in Memory's storehouse play
Of no material make.

What are these then, this eye, this ear,
But nicer organs found,
A glass to read, a trump to hear,
The modes of shape, or sound?

And blows may maim, or time impair,
These instruments of clay,
And death may ravish what they spare,
Completing their decay.

But are these then that living pow'r
That thinks, compares, and rules?
'Then say a scaffold is a tow'r,
A workman is his tools.

For aught appears that Death can do,
That still survives his stroke,
Its workings plac'd beyond our view,
Its present commerce broke.

But what connections it may find,
 Boots much to hope and fear :
 And if Instruction courts the mind,
 'Tis madness not to hear.

Jago.

ELEGY ON THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

A VISION.

WHAT time the jocund rosie-bosom'd Hours
 Led forth the train of Phœbus and the Spring,
 And Zephyr mild profusely scatter'd flowers
 On Earth's green mantle from his musky wing,

The Morn unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,
 Westward the raven-pinion'd Darkness flew,
 The Landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
 And to their graves the sullen ghosts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat
 With love-lorn plainings tremulous and slow,
 And on the wings of Silence ceas'd to float
 The gurgling notes of her melodious woe :

The god of sleep mysterious visions led
 In gay procession, 'fore the mental eye ;
 And my freed soul awhile her mansion fled,
 To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air, methought I took my flight,
 Through every clime, o'er every region pass'd,
 No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,
 Hesperian garden, or Cimmerian waste.

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear
 To wind with eddies fond round Shakspeare's
 tomb,
 The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
 And vi'lets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here Fancy sat, (her dewy fingers cold
 Decking with flow'rets fresh th' unsullied sod)
 And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mold,
 Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

' Ah! what avails,' she cry'd, ' a poet's name?
 Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath
 To snatch from dumb Oblivion others' fame?
 My darling child here lies a prey to Death!

' Let gentle Otway, white-rob'd Pity's priest,
 From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,
 Or Southern captivate th' impassion'd breast
 With heartfelt sighs and sympathy of woe.

' For not to these *his* genius was confin'd,
 Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
 Poetic transports of the madding mind, [ven;
 And the wing'd words that waft the soul to Hea-

' The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
 Piercing all objects of creation's store,
 Which on this world's extended surface lie;
 And plastic thought that still created more.'

' O grant,' with eager rapture I reply'd,
 Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye
 To view each being in poetic pride,
 To whom thy son gave immortality.'

Sweet Fancy smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,
When straight these visions felt her pow'rful arm,
And one by one succeeded at her nod,
As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form (of azure hue,
Whose mantle, bound with brede ethereal, flow'd
To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
Swift down the sun-beams of the noontide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,
With fenny vapours he obscur'd the day, [wind.
Lanch'd the long lightning, and let loose the

He whirl'd the tempest through the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunder-clap on high,
And rais'd the roaring elemental war
Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

Then like Heaven's mild ambassador of love
To man repentant, bade the tumult cease,
Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in spirit or in mien
Another form succeeded to my view ;
A two-legg'd brute which nature made in spleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

scarce could he syllable the curse he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a witch and devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
The flow'ry margin of a silent stream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by silver Cynthia's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of the unbended grass,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the wat'ry glass,
That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

Through these the queen Titania pass'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to see great Oberon, her lord,
Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A stouter warrior never took the field,
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,
The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd ;
Each little helmet sparkled like a star, [rear'd,
And their sharp spears in pierceless phalanx
A grove of thistles, glitter'd in the air.

The scene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three swart sisters of the *weird* band
Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcass with the weight of years,
And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourn
Of a drear island, where the pendant brow
Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the boist'rous waves which rag'd below.

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,
Where smiling Comfort never show'd her face
Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
Discovering all the terrors of the place.

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,
Whilst ghastly spectres glided slowly by,
The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,
The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
Each *weird* sister vanish'd into smoke,
Now a dire yell of spirits underground [broke;
Thro' troubled Earth's wide yawning surface

When lo! each injur'd apparition rose;
Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current
froze,
And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen—but now the god of day
O'er Earth's broad breast his flood of light had
spread,
When Morpheus call'd his fickle dreams away,
And on *their* wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear enchantress of the brain
My waking eyes with wishful wand'rings sought,
Whose magic will controls th' ideal train,
The ever-restless progeny of Thought.

' Sweet power,' I said, ' for other's gild the ray
Of Wealth, or Honour's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude astray
To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

' Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss engage,
Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,
Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,
In calm contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

' If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
Thro' Error's maze my devious footsteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

' Let not my reason impiously require
What Heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow span,
But teach it to subdue each fierce desire,
Which wars within its own small empire, man.

' Teach me, what all believe, but few possess ;
That life's best science is ourselves to know,
The first of human blessings is to bless,
And happiest he who feels another's woe.

Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While Time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.

‘ And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e’er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame.’

Cooper.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

AN ELEGY.

BENEATH that mouldering turret’s gloomy shade,
Where yonder pines their wide-spread branches
A gallant veteran rests his weary head, [wave,
And with him sleep his sorrows in the grave.

No breathing art adorns the sacred ground,
Points the tall spire, or bids the trophy rise,
A scanty turf, with twisted osier bound,
Scarce marks the spot where buried honour lies.

Ah, what avails him, that in youth’s gay prime,
Each unremitting toil of war he bore.
Each sickly change of every varying clime,
From Europe’s strand to Asia’s sultry shore?

How short the glory of the poor man’s deeds!
How slight the fame he fondly thinks his own!
In vain he triumphs, or in vain he bleeds,
Alike unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

Yet though no plumed steeds, no sable car,
Call’d forth the hireling’s mercenary tear,
No blazon’d banners streaming from afar
Flaunt their vain honours o’er thine humble bier;

Yet on the margin of the path-worn green,
Near the lov'd spot where thy cold relics rest,
Fair Virtue's angel-form shall oft be seen
To bid the turf lie lightly on thy breast.

The thoughtless many, the misjudging crowd,
Whose glance scarce beams beyond the present
May idolize the follies of the proud, [hour,
Or bend submissive at the shrine of pow'r ;

But with the chosen band, the manly few,
Whose sober approbation far outweighs,
In reason's scale, the clamorous fickle crew,
And the vain tumult of their fleeting praise—

—(Scorning the pageantry of pomp, and place)
Their hearts shall pay the tributary sigh
To that poor virtue, from whose humble base
Tow'r'd the proud columns that insult the sky.

Though she, whose beauty's all-enchanting pow'r
Could every sterner care of life beguile [hour,
Whose charms could sooth reflection's sickening
Or bid the cheerless brow of sorrow smile ;

Far from these dreary scenes for ever torn,
No more shall animate each rapturous strain,
Now sweetly smiling, now with looks of scorn,
Hiding her heart, that sunk at giving pain :—

Yet when emerging from the giddy throng,
When every eye but mine is seal'd in rest,
Pensive I walk these time-mark'd walls among,
And kiss the hallow'd ground her footsteps press'd ;

Here while the scenes of former bliss arise, [flow]
 (Sad source from whence these tears of anguish
 Far from the sneering fool, or censuring wise,
 I nurse in solitude the seeds of woe—

—Deaf to the voice of pleasure, or of fame,
 Yet not from pity's milder influence free,
 E'en then, not unregardful of thy name,
 This aching breast shall heave one sigh for thee.

Sir J. H. Moore.

THE DEBTOR,

AN ELEGY.

CHILDREN of Affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
 O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom;
 Let not the hand of comfortless despair
 Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
 With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear,
 Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
 Weave the feign tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
 To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born;
 The hand of pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
 And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah, how quick the change!—the morning
 gleam,
 That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
 Fled like the garish pageant of a dream,
 And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below !

Fond hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears ;
Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted :—(who from faults is always free ?)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid ?
To whom the ruins of my state commend ?
Left to myself, abandon'd and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend !

Ev'n he amid the rest, the favour'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred wreaths that Hymen wove,
While pale-ey'd Avarice, from his sordid stand,
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,
And faintly strove with sickly smiles to hide
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd—but pitied, and forgave :
Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of Affluence, hear a poor man's prayer!

O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom;
Let not the hand of comfortless despair

Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Sir J. H. Moore.

THE LEGACY.

MY dearest love! when thou and I must part,
And th' icy hand of Death shall seize that heart
Which is all thine; without some spacious will
I'll leave no blanks for legacies to fill:

'Tis my ambition to die one of those
Who but himself hath nothing to dispose,
And since that is already thine, what need
I to regive it by some newer deed?

Yet take it once again, free circumstance
Does oft the value of mean things advance:
Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before,
Proclaims his bounty richer than his store.

But let me not upon my love bestow
What is not worth the giving. I do owe
Somewhat to dust: my body's pamper'd care
Hungry corruption and the worm will share.
That mould'ring relic which in earth must lie
Would prove a gift of horreur to thine eye.

With this cast rag of my mortality
Let all my faults and errors buried be.
And as my cere-cloth rots, so may kind fate
Those worst acts of my life *incinerate*.
He shall in story fill a glorious room
Whose ashes and whose sins sleep in one tomb.
If now to my cold hearse thou deign to bring
Some melting sighs, as thy last offering,

My peaceful exequies are crown'd, nor shall
I ask more honour at my funeral.
Thou wilt more richly 'balm me with thy tears
Than all the 'nard fragrant Arabia bears.
And as the Paphian queen by her grief's show'r
Brought up her dead love's spirit in a flow'r:
So by those precious drops rain'd from thine eyes
Out of my dust, O may some virtue rise!
And like thy better genius thee attend,
Till thou in my dark period shalt end.
Lastly, my constant truth let me commend
To him thou choosest next to be thy friend.
For (witness all things good) I would not have
Thy youth and beauty married to my grave;
'Twould show thou didst repent the style of wife
Should'st thou relapse into a single life.
They with preposterous grief the world delude
Who mourn for their lost mates in solitude;
Since widowhood more strongly doth enforce
The much-lamented lot of their divorce.
Themselves then of their losses guilty are,
Who may, yet will not, suffer a repair.
Those were barbarian wives that did invent
Weeping to death at th' husband's monument,
But in more civil rights she doth approve
Her first, who ventures on a second love;
For else it may be thought, if she refrain,
She sped so ill she durst not try again.
Up then, my love, and choose some worthier one
Who may supply my room when I am gone;
So will the stock of our affection thrive
No less in death, than were I still alive.
And in my urn I shall rejoice, that I
Am both testator thus and legacy. *King.*

THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND.

FAIR Rosamond within her bower of late
(While these sad storms had shaken Henry's state,
And he from England last had absent been)
Retir'd herself; nor had that star been seen
To shine abroad, or with her lustre grace
The woods or walks adjoining to the place.

About those places, while the times were free,
Oft with a train of her attendants she
For pleasure walk'd; and, like the huntress queen,
With her light nymphs, was by the people seen.
Thither the country lads and swains, that near
To Woodstock dwelt, would come to gaze on her,
Their jolly May-games there would they present
Their harmless sports and rustic merriment,
To give this beauteous paragon delight,
Nor that officious service would she slight;
But their rude pastimes gently entertain.
When oft some forward and ambitious swain,
That durst presume (unhappy lad) to look
Too near that sparkling beauty, planet-struck
Return'd from thence, and his hard hap did wail.
What now, alas! can wake or fair avail
His love-sick mind? no Whitsun-ale can please,
No jingling Morris-dances give him ease;
The pipe and tabor have no sound at all,
Nor to the Maypole can his measures call;
Although invited by the merriest lasses,
How little for those former joys he passes?
But sits at home with folded arms; or goes
To carve on beeches' barks his piercing woes,
And too ambitious love. Cupid, they say,
Had stol'n from Venus then: and, lurking, lay

About the fields and villages, that night
To Woodstock were, as once in Arcady
He did before, and taught the rural swains
Love's oratory, and persuasive strains.
But now fair Rosamond had from the sight
Of all withdrawn ; as in a cloud, her light
Envelop'd lay, and she immured close
Within her bower, since these sad stirs arose,
For fear of cruel foes ; relying on
The strength and safeguard of the place alone :
If any place of strength enough could be
Against a queen's enraged jealousy.

Now came that fatal day, ordain'd to see
Th' eclipse of beauty, and for ever be
Accurs'd by woeful lovers, all alone
Into her chamber Rosamond was gone ;
Where (as if Fates into her soul had sent
A secret notice of their dire intent)
Afflicting thoughts possess'd her as she sate.
She sadly weigh'd her own unhappy state,
Her feared dangers, and how far, alas !
From her relief engaged Henry was.
But most of all, while pearly drops distain'd
Her rosy cheeks, she secretly complain'd,
And wail'd her honour's loss, wishing in vain
She could recal her virgin state again ;
When that unblemish'd form, so much admir'd,
Was by a thousand noble youths desir'd,
And might have mov'd a monarch's lawful flame.
Sometimes she thought how some more happy dame
By such a beauty, as was hers, had won,
From meanest birth, the honour of a throne ;
And what to some could highest glories gain,
To her had purchas'd nothing but a stain.

There, when she found her crime, she check'd again
That high-aspiring thought, and 'gan complain
How much, alas! the too too dazzling light
Of royal lustre had misled her sight;
O! then she wish'd her beauties ne'er had been
Renown'd: that she had ne'er at court been seen:
Nor too much pleas'd enamour'd Henry's eye.
While thus she sadly mus'd, a ruthful cry
Had pierc'd her tender ear, and in the sound
Was nam'd (she thought) unhappy Rosamond.
(The cry was uttered by her grieved maid,
From whom that clew was taken, that betray'd
Her lady's life), and while she doubting fear'd,
Too soon the fatal certainty appear'd;
For with her train the wrathful queen was there.
Oh! who can tell what cold and killing fear
Through every part of Rosamond was struck?
The rosy tincture her sweet cheeks forsook,
And, like an ivory statue, did she show
Of life and motion rest: had she been so
Transform'd in deed, how kind the Fates had been,
How pitiful to her! nay, to the queen!
Even she herself did seem to entertain
Some *ruth*; but straight revenge return'd again,
And fill'd her furious breast. 'Strumpet,' quoth she,
I need not speak at all; my sight may be
Enough expression of my wrongs, and what
The consequence must prove of such a hate.
Here, take this poison'd cup' (for in her hand
A poison'd cup she had), 'and do not stand
To parley now: but drink it presently,
Or else by tortures be resolv'd to die.
Thy doom is set.' Pale trembling Rosamond
Receives the cup, and kneeling on the ground,

When dull amazement somewhat had forsook
Her breast, thus humbly to the queen she spoke :
' I dare not hope you should so far relent,
Great queen, as to forgive the punishment
That to my foul offence is justly due,
Nor will I vainly plead excuse, to show
By what strong arts I was at first betray'd,
Or tell how many subtle snares were laid
To catch mine honour. These, though ne'er so true,
Can bring no recompense at all to you,
Nor just excuse to my abhorred crime.
Instead of sudden death, I crave but time,
Which shall be styled no time of life but death,
In which I may with my condemned breath,
While grief and penance make me hourly die,
Pour out my prayers for your prosperity :
Or take revenge on this offending face,
That did procure you wrong, and my disgrace.
Make poisonous leprosies o'erspread my skin ;
And punish that, that made your Henry sin.
Better content will such a vengeance give
To you, that he should lothe me whilst I live,
Than that he should extend (if thus I die)
His lasting pity to my memory,
And you be forc'd to see, when I am dead,
Those tears, perchance, which he for me will shed :
For though my worthless self deserve from him
No tears in death ; yet when he weighs my crime,
Of which he knows how great a part was his,
And what I suffer as a sacrifice
For that offence, 'twill grieve his soul to be
The cause of such a noble tragedy.' [done ;
' No more,' reply'd the furious queen ; ' have
Delay no longer, lest thy choice be gone,

And that a sterner death for thee remain.
No more did Rosamond entreat in vain ;
But, forc'd to hard necessity to yield,
Drank of the fatal potion that she held.
And with it enter'd the grim tyrant Death :
Yet gave such respite, that her dying breath
Might beg forgiveness from the heavenly throne,
And pardon those that her destruction
Had doubly wrought. ' Forgive, oh Lord, said she,
Him that dishonour'd, her that murder'd me.
Yet let me speak, for truth's-sake, angry queen :
If you had spar'd my life, I might have been
In time to come th' example of your glory ;
Not of your shame, as now ; for when the story
Of hapless Rosamond is read, the best
And holiest people, as they will detest
My crime, and call it foul, they will abhor,
And call unjust the rage of Eleanor.
And in this act of yours it will be thought
King Henry's sorrow, not his love, you sought.'
And now so far the venom's force assail'd
Her vital parts, that life with language fail'd.
That well built palace where the Graces made
Their chief abode, where thousand Cupids play'd
And couch'd their shafts, whose structure did de-
Ev'n Nature's self, is now demolish'd quite, [light
Ne'er to be rais'd again ; th' untimely stroke
Of Death that precious cabinet has broke,
That Henry's pleas'd heart so long had held,
With sudden mourning now the house is fill'd :
Nor can the queen's attendants, though they fear
Her wrath, from weeping at that sight forbear.
By rough north blasts so blooming roses fade ;
So crushed falls the lily's tender blade.

Her hearse at Godstow Abbey they inter,
 Where sad and lasting monuments of her
 For many years did to the world remain.
 Nought did the queen by this dire slaughter gain,
 But more her lord's displeasure aggravate ;
 And now when he return'd in prosperous state,
 This act was cause, together with that crime
 Of raising his unnatural sons 'gainst him,
 That she so long in prison was detain'd,
 And whilst he lived, her freedom never gain'd.
T. May.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
 Less gloomy now, the bitter hour is o'er ;
 The man of many sorrows sighs no more. }
 Up yonder hill behold how sadly slow
 The bier moves winding from the vale below !
 There lies the happy dead, from trouble free,
 And the glad parish pays the frugal fee
 No more, O Death ! thy victim starts to hear
 Churchwardens stern, or kingly overseer :
 No more the farmer claims his humble bow ;
 Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou !

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
 Sedately torpid, and devoutly dumb :
 The village children now their games suspend,
 To see the bier that bears their ancient friend ;
 For he was one in all their idle sport,
 And like a monarch rul'd their little court ;
 The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
 The bat, the wicket, were his labours all ;

Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
 Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand ;
 While bending low, their eager eyes explore
 The mingled relics of the parish poor :
 The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
 Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound ;
 The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
 Defers his duty till the day of prayer,
 And waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
 To think a poor man's bones should lie unbles's'd
Crabbe.

FUNERAL OF THE LADY OF THE MANOR.

NEXT died the lady who yon hall possess'd,
 And here they brought her noble bones to rest.
 In town she dwelt · forsaken stood the hall,
 Worms eat the floors, the tap'stry fled the wall ;
 No fire the kitchen's cheerless grate display'd :
 No cheerful light the long-clos'd sash convey'd !
 The crawling worm that turns a summer fly,
 Here spun his shroud, and laid him up to die
 The winter-death, upon the bed of state ;
 The bat shrill shrieking woo'd his flickering mate :
 To empty rooms the curious came no more,
 From empty cellars turn'd the angry boor,
 And surly beggars curs'd the ever-bolted door. }
 To one small room the steward found his way,
 Where tenants follow'd to complain and pay ;
 Yet no complaint before the *lady* came,
 The feeling servant spar'd the feeble dame,
 Who saw her farms with his observing eyes,
 And answer'd all requests with his replies :

She came not down her falling groves to view ;
Why should she know what one so faithful knew ?
Why come from many clamorous tongues to hear
What one so just might whisper in her ear ?
Her oaks or acres why with care explore,
Why learn the wants, the sufferings of the poor,
When one so knowing all their worth could trace,
And one so piteous govern'd in her place ?
Lo ! now, what dismal sons of darkness come
To bear this daughter of indulgence home,
Tragedians all, and well arrang'd in black !
Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack ;
Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by,
And shake the sables in the wearied eye,
That turns disgusted from the pompous scene,
Proud without grandeur, with profusion mean.
The tear for kindness past affection owes,
For worth deceas'd the sigh from reason flows ;
Ev'n well-feign'd passions for our sorrows call,
And real tears for mimic miseries fall ;
But this poor farce has neither truth nor art
To please the fancy, or to touch the heart ;
Unlike the darkness of the sky, that pours
On the dry ground its fertilizing showers ;
Unlike to that which strikes the soul with dread,
When thunders roar, and forky fires are shed :
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene ;
Presents no objects, tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.

When woes are feign'd, how ill such forms appear,
And oh ! how needless when the woe's sincere !

Slow to the vault they come with heavy tread,
Bending beneath the *lady* and her lead ;

A case of elm surrounds that ponderous chest
 Close on that case the crimson velvet's press'd ;
 Ungen'rous this, that to the worm denies
 With niggard caution his appointed prize ;
 For now, ere yet he works his tedious way
 Through cloth, and wood, and metal, to his prey,
 That prey dissolving shall a mass remain
 That fancy loathes, and worms themselves disdain.

But see, the master-mourner makes his way
 To end his office for the coffin'd clay,
 Pleas'd that our rustic men and maids behold
 His plate like silver, and his studs like gold ;
 As they approach to spell the age, the name,
 And all the titles of th' illustrious dame :
 This as (my duty done) some scholar read,
 A village father look'd disdain, and said—
 ' Away, my friends ! why take such pains to know
 What some brave marble soon in church shall
 show ?

Where not alone her gracious name shall stand,
 But how she liv'd the blessing of the land ;
 How much we all deplor'd the noble dead,
 What groans we utter'd, and what tears we shed ;
 Tears true as those which in the sleepy eyes
 Of weeping cherubs on the stone shall rise ;
 Tears true as those, which, ere she found her grave,
 The noble *lady* to our sorrows gave.' *Crabbe.*

FUNERAL OF ISAAC ASHFORD, A VIRTUOUS
 PEASANT.

NOBLE he was, condemning all things mean,
 His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene ;

Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd ;
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approv'd,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd :
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance when he needed none ;
Good he refus'd with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caus'd reflection's sigh ;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd ;
Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favour which their neighbours find,
Yet far was he from stoic pride remov'd,
He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd :
I mark'd his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;
The still tears stealing down that furrow'd cheek
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew,
None his superior, and his equals few :
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd ;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;

Pride in a life that slander's tongue defy'd ;
In fact, a noble passion, misnam'd *pride*.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim,
Christian and country was *all* with him:
True to his church he came, no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour,
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new light, direct :
' On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.'

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it is pride, his comfort, to complain ; [hide,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed, and his labour done ;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,
But lost his wife, and saw his children poor :
'Twas then a spark of—(say not discontent)
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent :
' Kind in your laws, 'tis not to be deny'd,
That in yon house for ruin'd age provide ;
And they are just ; when young we give you a'l
And then for comforts in our weakness call ;
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor, and eat the parish bread ?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed,
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need ;
He who by contract all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look :
On some old master I could well depend ;
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend ;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die.

Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain.'

Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew,
Daily he plac'd the workhouse in his view;
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropp'd, expiring at his cottage gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compell'd to kneel, and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith, to give it force, are there:
But he is bless'd, and I lament no more
A wise good man, contented to be poor. *Crabbe.*

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF LADY LYTTTELTON.

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now with fond delight,
 And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore,
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes, where, beaming, us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring:
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell;
 For Death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry!
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide

Along the valley, can she now be found :
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.
O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :
To your sequester'd dales
And flower embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly :
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,

Perform the duties that you doubly owe!

Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;

From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love

To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?

Could not your favouring power, Aonian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,

For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,

You open'd all your sacred store,

Whate'er your ancient sages taught,

Your ancient bards sublimely thought, [glow?

And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,

Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,

Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;

Nor then on Mincio's bank

Beset with osiers dank,

Nor where Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,

Nor where, through hanging woods,

Steep Anio pours his floods,

Nor yet where Meles or Ilissus stray.

Ill does it now beseem,

That, of your guardian care bereft, [left.

To dire disease and death your darling should be

Now what avails it that in early bloom,

When light fantastic toys

Are all her sex's joys,

[Rome;

With you she search'd the wit of Greece and

And all that in her latter days,
 To emulate her ancient praise,
 Italia's happy genius could produce ;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favoured with your smile,
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd ?
 At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd
 tomb :
 But foremost thou in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad, [urn
 Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn :
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.
 Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace ?
 How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
 spoke !
 Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,

And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence !
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and
joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To Guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow !
E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to
all.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind ;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown ;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize ;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that temperately bright,
With inoffensive light

All pleasing shone ; nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts her beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise
On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen.
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows :
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,
and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;

Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by the skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate, [move.
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain :
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live ?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
 E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
 could raise.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find ?
 On whom for consolation shall I call ?
 Support me, every friend ;
 Your kind assistance lend,
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all :
 Each favourite author we together read [dead.
 My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy

We were the happiest pair of human kind :
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again ;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain :
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,

And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!—
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will
 obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is every mortal bliss;
 E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his power, ne'er to divide you
 more. *Lord Lyttelton.*

MONODY WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge,
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd ;
Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine,
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles inclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above th' embowering shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant offering made,
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe ;
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand ;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall ;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terrour leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

Thomas Warton.

TO THE MEMORY OF GARRICK.

IF dying excellence deserve a tear,
 If fond remembrance still be cherish'd here*,
 Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
 For fabl'd suff'ers, and delusive woe?
 Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
 Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
 Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign—
 One kind regret—one tributary line!

His fame requires to act a tenderer part:
 His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,
 The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
 The throng that mourn'd as their dead favourite
 pass'd,
 The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
 While Shakspeare's image from its hallow'd base,
 Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place,
 Nor these—nor all the sad regrets that flow
 From fond Fidelity's domestic woe—
 So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due—
 As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenious fame,
 Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
 To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
 Obedient Fame immortal wreathes supplies:
 Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
 Raphael still boasts contemporary praise:
 Each dazzling light, and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
 With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:

* *Widely* Lane Theatre, in which it was spoken.

E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art ;
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace :
But once achiev'd—tho' barbarous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low ;
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to day,
Grac'd by defect, and worshipp'd in decay ;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire—
O, proud distinction of the sacred lyre!—
Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendour gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse ;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
Attempt no prize but favouring Beauty's smile ;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love—
Whate'er the theme—through every age and clime
Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme :
The pride of glory—Pity's sigh sincere—
Youth's earliest blush—and Beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honours thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
The actor only, shrinks from time's award ;
Feeble Tradition is his memory's guard ;

By whose faint breath it must abide,
 Unvouch'd by proof—to substance unallied!
 Even matchless Garrick's heart to heav'n resign'd,
 No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind!

The grace of action—the adapted mien,
 Faithful as nature to the varied scene: [draws
 Th' expressive glance—whose subtle comment
 Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
 Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
 A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
 Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
 Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;
 As light from gems assumes a brighter ray;
 And cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the day;
 Passion's wild break—and frown that awes the
 And every charm of gentler eloquence— [sense,
 All perishable!—like th' electric fire,
 But strike the frame—and as they strike expire;
 Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear, [air.
 Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with

Where then—while sunk in cold decay he lies,
 And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes;—
 Where is the blest memorial that ensures
 Our Garrick's fame!—whose is the trust?—'tis
 yours.

And O! by every charm his art essay'd
 To soothe your cares!—by every grief allay'd!
 By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
 By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
 By all those thoughts, which, many a distant night,
 Shall mark his memory with a sad delight!

Still in your heart's dear record bear his name ;
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame ;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask be-
neath,

For these—when Sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The dear memorial of a loss so dear !—

O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse ! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurel'd shrine.

As Fancy, oft by Superstition led

To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom

A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb— [bier,
So thou, sweet Muse ! hang o'er the sculptur'd

With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear ;

With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief,

With meek regret, and fond enduring grief ;

With looks that speak—he never shall return !—

Chilling thy fender bosom clasp his urn ;

And with soft sighs disperse th' irreverend dust,

Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.

R. B. Sheridan.

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
 This vast unutterable weight of woe?
 This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
 Or all the complicated ills below—
 She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
 Is gone—for ever fled—
 My dearest Emma's dead ;
 These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes, beheld her fall;
 Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
 She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no
 more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
 Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
 Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
 And fondly blame the slow return of night ;
 How, how shall I endure
 (O misery past a cure!)
 Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
 Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?
 Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
 Did ever mind so much of Heaven partake?
 Did she not love me with the purest flame,
 And give up friends and fortune for my sake
 Though mild as evening skies,
 With downcast streaming eyes,
 Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows, [vows.
 Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her
 Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
 Teach me each moving melancholy strain ;
 And, O! discard the pageantry of phrase :

Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine?

Thus, haply, as I paint

The source of my complaint,

My soul may own th' impassion'd line;

A flood of tears may gush to my relief, [grief.

And from my swelling heart discharge this load of

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear

To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell—

'How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!'

In pity cease—alas! I know too well

How, in her sweet expressive face,

Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,

Yet heighten'd by exterior grace

Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,

But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,

While smiles of affability

Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow:

Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,

Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,

Stranger to every female art,

Alike to feign, or to disguise:

And O—the boast how rare!

The secret in her faithful breast repos'd

She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,

In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there

O feeble words—unable to express

Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless Death! that, steel'd to human woe,

With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,

Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,

And leave such wretched multitudes behind?

Hark ! groans come wing'd on every breeze !
 The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow ;
 Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
 And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :
 In vain—Perverse, still on th' unweeting head
 'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;
 Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
 And drench in tears the face of Joy.

But, oh ! fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour
 When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r ;
 When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
 Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
 Alas : the day—where'er I turn my eyes,
 Some sad memento of my loss appears ;
 I fly the fatal house suppress my sighs,
 Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears ; [place
 But ah ! in vain—no change of time or
 The memory can efface

Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air, [spair.
 Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and de-

Where were the delegates of Heaven,—oh where ?

Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep !
 Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
 She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep :
 Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
 'To see her force th' endearing smile,
 My sorrows to beguile,
 When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd ;
 Sure they had warded that untimely dart [heart.
 Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's
 How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
 When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,

My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears:—

‘ Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd
in vain:

If it has been my sole endeavour, still
To act in all obsequious to thy will;
To watch thy very smiles, and wish to know,
Then only truly bless'd when thou wert so;
If I have doated with that fond excess,
Nor love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
If this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word, more—(I cannot bear thy tears)
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
Where, safe, thy blandishments it may partake;
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake:
Wilt thou?—
I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content!

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
 The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
 Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,

But sink beneath the weight : [day

' Just Heaven !' I cried, ' from memory's earliest
 No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
 Misfortune still with unrelenting sway

Has claim'd me for her own.

But O !—in pity to my grief, restore
 This only source of bliss ; I ask—I ask no more—'
 Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is pass'd,
 Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—
 Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
 And, with rebellious heart, protest against her
 death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
 How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow !
 With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
 How curse my fate in bitterness of woe !
 But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead ?

Fond man, forbear,

Thy fruitless sorrow spare,

Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed ;
 In humble reverence kiss th' afflictive rod,
 And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
 Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach :
 To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
 And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach ;
 To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
 Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
 One fatal moment can destroy,
 And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.

Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain ;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain ;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no displeasing
calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage :
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain ;
Moping awhile in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song ;
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings reddens all the
place.

Forgive me, Heaven! yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past !
My bubbling joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast !
My hours, that laughing went to fleet away,
Move heavily along ;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund
song ?

Time creeps unconscious of delight :
How shall I cheat the tedious day ?
And O——the joyless night !
Where shall I rest my weary head ?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed ?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
 To my torn heart its former peace restore;
 Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
 Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
 Haply when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,
 Again I shall behold my Emma's face;
 Again with transport hear
 Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,
 And taste, at least, of visionary bliss.

But, ah! the unwelcome morn's obtruding light
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss deplore,
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
 And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
 If to the verdant fields I stray,
 Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
 Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
 And darkens all the scene with woe.
 By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
 Sorrowing I rove
 Through valley, grot, and grove:
 Nought can these beauties or my loss restore;
 No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
 And my sad sighs are borne on everypassing breeze

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
 Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
 With lenient hand support my drooping head,
 Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
 Should worldly business call away,
 Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
 Count every minute of the loitering day,
 Impatient for my quick return!

Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory——Cease, O cease——
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs an infant mind,
And thy sweet-lipping tongue shall ask the cause?
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face:
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.
My little darling!—dearer to me grown [hear!]
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments bless'd,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone——Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,

When years thy judgment shall mature,
 And reason shows those ills it cannot cure :
 Wilt thou, a father's grief t' assuage,
 For virtue prove the phœnix of the earth,
 (Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
 And be the comfort of my age ?

When sick and languishing I lie,
 Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply ?
 And, oft as to thy listening ear
 Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
 Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
 Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?
 Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
 Whene'er thou see'st the soft distress,
 Which I would vainly seek to hide,
 Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?
 To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
 And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?
Shaw.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER*, 1761.

O! CROWN'D with honour, bless'd with length of
 days,
 Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise ;
 Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,
 And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—

* Philip, first Earl of Hardwicke.

Though still the fairest from Heaven's bounty
flow,

For good and great no monarch can bestow :
Yet thus of health, of fame, of friends, possess'd,
No fortune, Hardwicke ! is sincerely bless'd :
All human-kind are sons of sorrow born ;
The great most suffer, and the good must mourn.

For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,
Can Fortitude, without a sigh resign ?
Ah ! no : when Love, when Reason, hand in hand
O'er the cold urn consenting mourners stand,
The firmest heart dissolves to soften here,
And Piety applauds the falling tear.

Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
Adorn the living while they grace the dead ;
From tender thought their source unblam'd they
draw,

By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd child the Roman could not save,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave,
No common forms his home-felt passion kept,
The sage, the patriot, in the parent wept :
And, O ! by grief allied, as join'd in fame,
The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
She whom the Muses, whom the Loves, deplore,
Ev'n she thy pride and pleasure is no more ;
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Lost to thy hopes and silent in the tomb.

O season mark'd by mourning and despair !
Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair !
For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease ;
Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
That scatter'd fever, agony, and death.

What funerals have thy cruel ravage spread!
What eyes have flow'd! what noble bosoms
bled!

Here let Reflection fix her sober view;
O think who suffer and who sigh with you.
See, rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms!
In climes far distant see that husband mourn,
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall!
See her lov'd lord with speechless anguish bend!
And mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
Thy Pelham, turn on Heav'n his streaming eye;
Again in her he sees a brother die!

And he who, long unshaken and serene,
Had death in each dire form of terrour seen,
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans
By love subdued, now weeps a consort lost; [tost,
Now sunk to fondness all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his soul in tears.

Yet more; nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
Who fondly tries to soothe a father's pain—
Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball,
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields!
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
Swept in one grave, in one promiscuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too, and reason will confirm the thought;
Thy cares for her are to their period brought,

Yes she, fair pattern to a failing age
 With wit chastis'd, with sprightly temper sage ;
 Whom each endearing name could recommend,
 Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend
 Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd !
 The prize of virtue has for ever gain'd !
 From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
 Where sin, and pain, and errour, are no more ;
 She now no change, nor you no fear, can feel ;
 Death to her fame has fix'd th' eternal seal.

Mallet.

MELANCHOLY : AN ODE.

OCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

ADIEU, vain mirth, and noisy joys !
 Ye gay desires, deluding toys !
 Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
 To hide me in thy pensive train !

If by the fall of murmuring floods,
 Where awful shades embrown the woods,
 Or if, where winds in caverns groan,
 Thou wanderest silent and alone ;

Come, blissful mourner, wisely sad,
 In sorrow's garb, in sable clad ;
 Henceforth, thou Care, my hours employ !
 Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy !

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk,
 Familiar with the dead I walk ;
 While to my sighs and groans, by turns,
 From graves the midnight echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
Thou earth conceal me in thy womb !
And you, ye worms, this frame confound ;
Ye brother reptiles of the ground !

O life, frail offspring of a day !
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away !
Swift as the short-liv'd flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath :
While round, stern ministers of fate,
Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow wait.

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy ;
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice ;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost ;
Wither'd and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes.

O happiness, thou empty name !
Say art thou bought by gold or fame ?
What art thou, Gold, but shining earth ?
Thou, common Fame, but common breath ?

If virtue contradict the voice
Of public Fame, applause is noise ;
Ev'n victors are by conquest curs'd,
The bravest warrior is the worst.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is show !
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toy-shop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow :
Lo ! sad and serious, I pursue,
Thy steps—adieu, vain world, adieu ! *Broome*



ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid !
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold !
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb !

Untimely gone ! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red ;
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd ;
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And ' dust to dust' the mourner cries

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne !
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu !

Fair, with my first ideas twin'd,
Thine image oft will meet my mind ;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead !
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye !
What deaths we suffer ere we die !
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more !

No after-friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days ;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower ;
And love, the blossom of an hour ;
The spring of fancy cares control,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Vers'd in the commerce of deceit
How soon the heart forgets to beat !
The blood runs cold at Interest's call :—
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely Nature is expell'd,
And Friendship is romantic held ;
Then Prudence comes with hundred eyes :
The veil is rent—the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last ;
The era of enchantment's past ;
The wild romance of life is done ;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more ;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old ;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor Nature yield to frigid Art !

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er Beauty's urn ;
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear ! *Logan.*

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge my bosom, by your own!
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things
Through rows of warriors and through walks of
kings!

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montague,
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart!

Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue ;
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment unchastis'd by thee!

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown ;
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd ;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n,
And saints, who taught and led the way to Heav'n!
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th'unbodied mind!
A winged Virtue through th' ethereal sky
From world to world unwearied does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees where wondering angels
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell [gaze!
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius! lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,

In silent whisperings, purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join nor death can part us more.

That awful form which, so the Heavens decree,
 Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me,
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care, [sight ;
 I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato, there ;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious
 song ;

There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor and a friend sincere ;
 There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill! whose brow the antique structures
 grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, when'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
 How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and
 Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air! [fair
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noontide shadow and thy evening breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
 No more the summer, in thy glooms allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes and thy noonday shade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
 O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs, in death, to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song! [laid,
 These works divine, which, on his death-bed
 To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring sage convey'd,
 Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim;
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
 Bless'd pair! whose union future bards shall 'ell
 In future tongues: each other's boast, farewell!
 Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship tried,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

Tickell.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

YE fabled muses, I your aid disclaim,
 Your airy raptures, and your fancied flame:
 True genuine woe my throbbing breast inspires,
 Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires;
 The soul springs instant at the warm design,
 And the heart dictates every flowing line.
 See! where the kindest, best of mothers lies,
 And death has shut her ever-weeping eyes;

Has lodg'd at last peace in her weary breast,
And lull'd her many piercing cares to rest.
No more the orphan train around her stands,
While her full heart upbraids her needy hands!
No more the widow's lonely fate she feels,
The shock severe that modest want conceals,
Th' oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy
And poverty's unnumber'd ills beside. [pride,
For see! attended by th' angelic throng,
Through yonder worlds of light she glides along,
And claims the well-earn'd raptures of the sky:—
Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye;
She seeks the helpless orphans left behind;
So hardly left! so bitterly resign'd!
Still, still! is she my soul's divinest theme,
The waking vision and the wailing dream:
Amid the ruddy Sun's enlivening blaze
O'er my dark eyes her dewy image plays,
And in the dread dominion of the night
Shines out again the sadly pleasing sight.
Triumphant virtue all around her darts,
And more than volumes every look imparts—
Looks, soft, yet awful, melting, yet serene,
Where both the mother and the saint are seen.
But ah! that night—that torturing night remains;
May darkness dye it with the deepest stains,
May Joy on it forsake her rosy bow'rs,
And screaming Sorrow blast its baleful hours,
When on the margin of the briny flood*
Chill'd with a sad presaging damp I stood,
Took the last look, ne'er to behold her more,
And mix'd our murmurs with the wavy roar,

* On the shore of Leith, when he embarked for London.

Heard the last words fall from her pious tongue,
 Then, wild into the bulging vessel flung,
 Which soon, too soon convey'd me from her sight,
 Dearer than life, and liberty and light!
 Why was I then, ye powers, reserv'd for this?
 Nor sunk that moment in the vast abyss?
 Devour'd at once by the relentless wave,
 And whelm'd for ever in a wat'ry grave?—
 Down, ye wild wishes of unruly woe!—
 I see her with immortal beauty glow,
 The early wrinkle, care-contracted, gone,
 Her tears all wip'd, and all her sorrows flown:
 Th' exalted voice of Heav'n I hear her breathe,
 To soothe her soul in agonies of death.
 I see her through the mansions bless'd above,
 And now she meets her dear expecting love.
 Heart-cheering sight! but yet, alas! o'erspread
 By the damp gloom of Grief's uncheerful shade.
 Come then of reason the reflecting hour,
 And let me trust the kind o'er-ruling POWER,
 Who from the night commands the shining day,
 The poor man's portion, and the orphan's stay!

Thomson.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT
WALPOLE.

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

But what can man?—Ev'n now the sons of light,
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss
Yet am not I deterr'd, though high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire
In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest?
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,
Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the suns
And planets, to their spheres! th' unequal task
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
The pride of schools, before their course was known
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone. [strong!

What were his raptures then! how pure! how
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome?
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this Earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he by the blended power
Of gravitation and projection saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracks were seen.
He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning: till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

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

O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! And, O believ'd

Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd
The comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerable worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling vortices, and circling spheres,
To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun.

The ærial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
E'en light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming red
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,

Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost,
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watery bow ;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain : infinite source
Of beauty, ever-blushing, ever new.

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

Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends ?
Ev'n now the setting Sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.

The noiseless tide of Time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stem'd alone ; and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours ! who
His high discoveries sing ? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew : in fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge ! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw

The finish'd university of things,
 In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
 Forbear incessant to adore that **POWER**
 Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
 Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
 All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
 Oh speak the wond'rous man! how mild, how calm,
 How greatly humble, how divinely good;
 How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
 And panting for perfection: far above
 Those little cares, and visionary joys,
 That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
 Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
 You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
 That reach impatient at immortal life,
 Against the prime endearing privilege
 Of being dare contend,—say, can a soul
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
 Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
 And then for ever lost in vacant air?

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
 Solemn as when some awful change is come,
 Sound through the world—'Tis done!—The mea-
 sure's full;

And I resign my charge.—Ye mouldering stones,
 That build the towering pyramid, the proud
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports

The worshipp'd name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time? Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And elegiac song. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders through those endless worlds
He here so well described, and wondering talks,
And hymns their author with his glad compeers.
O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-bless'd,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light himself; oh look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee
forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

Thomson.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED
TO LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid;
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here;
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest:
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And, oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire*,
And mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail!
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

* Richmond church, in which Thomson was buried.

Yet, lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard! may Fancy die;
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb,

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
'O! vales, and wild woods,' shall he say,
'In yonder grave your Druid lies!' *Collins.*

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen ;
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

Collins

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER

No more of mirth and rural joys,
The gay description quickly cloy,
In melting numbers, sadly slow,
I tune my alter'd strings to woe ;
Attend Melpomene, and with thee bring
Thy tragic lute, Euphranor's death to sing.

Fond wilt thou be his name to praise,
For oft thou heard'st his skilful lays ;
Isis, for him soft tears has shed,
She plac'd her ivy on his head ;
Chose him, strict judge, to rule with steady reins
The vigorous fancies of her listening swains.

With genius, wit, and science blest,
Unshaken Honour arm'd his breast,
Bade him, with virtuous courage wise,
Malignant Fortune's darts despise ;
Him, ev'n black Envy's venom'd tongues commend,
As scholar, pastor, husband, father, friend.

For ever sacred, ever dear,
O much-lov'd shade ! accept this tear ;
Each night indulging pious woe,
Fresh roses on thy tomb I strow,
And wish for tender Spenser's moving verse,
Warbled in broken sobs o'er Sidney's herse.

Let me to that deep cave resort,
Where sorrow keeps her silent court,
For ever wringing her pale hands,
While dumb Misfortune near her stands,
With downcast eyes the Cares around her wait,
And Pity sobbing sits before the gate.

Thus stretch'd upon his grave I sung,
When straight my ears with murmur rung,
A distant, deaf, and hollow sound
Was heard in solemn whispers round—
' Weep not for me, embath'd in bliss above,
In the bright kingdoms bless'd of joy and love.'

Joseph Warton.

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS WARTON.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIS DAUGHTER.

ACCEPT, O sacred shade, this artless verse,
 And kindly, O ye mourning friends, forbear,
 To tear, disdaining, from his decent herse,
 All I can give except the tender tear.
 He must not lie in his cold grave among [sung.
 Poor shrieking ghosts, unpraised, unwept, un-

Ah! where was I, when fiercely-frowning Death,
 With brandish dart stood at still midnight nigh,
 Why came I not to catch thy dying breath,
 And close with trembling hand thy languid eye?
 And on my sad breast lay thy drooping head,
 And bathe with tears thy hand so cold and dead?

Thee do I view in yonder flying cloud?
 Or do I hear thee in the hollow wind?
 Or dost thou still sleep in thy sable shroud,
 Where the dread judgment trumpet thee shall
 find?

O till that day, ye pitying angels, come,
 Shield with your wings, and sing around his tomb.

But if advanc'd to Heaven's empyreal height,
 Above with glorious martyr'd saints to live,
 'Midst heavenly hymns, and harps, and visions
 bright,
 And all the joys a smiling God can give;
 O be my watchful guardian angel still,
 Save me from slavish vice, from folly, and from ill.

J. W.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold, and fear,
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within these heap of stones;
 Here they lie, had realms, and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands;
 Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
 They preach, in greatness is no trust.
 Here's an acre sown indeed,
 With the richest, royal'st seed,
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man dy'd for sin:
 Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
 Though gods they were, yet men they dy'd:
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropp'd from the ruin'd sides of kings.
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by Fate.

Francis Beaumont.

 EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULD'ST thou hear what man can say
 In a little? reader stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die:
 Which in life did harbour give
 To as much virtue as could live.
 If, at all, she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.

Jonson.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,
SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

UNDERNEATH this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee. *Jonson.*

EPITAPH ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children, ow
To Drayton's sacred name ; whose dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, preserve his story,
And be a lasting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins shall disclaim,
To be the treasury of his name ;
His name, which cannot fade, shall be
A lasting monument of thee. *Jonson.*

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS.

THE lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone ; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth :
If any of them (reader) were
Known unto thee, shed a tear ;

Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee, as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs, thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy darling in an urn. *Carew.*

EPITAPH ON THAT HOPEFUL YOUNG GENTLEMAN,
THE LORD WRIOTHESLEY.

HERE lies a soldier, who in youth desir'd
His valiant father's noble steps to tread,
And swiftly from his friends and country fled,
While to the height of glory he aspir'd,

The cruel Fates, with bitter envy fir'd,
To see war's prudence in so young a head,
Sent from their dusky caves to strike him dead,
A strong disease, in peaceful robes attir'd.

This murderer kills him with a silent dart,
And having drawn it bloody from the son,
Throws it again into the father's heart,
And to his lady boasts what he hath done.

What help can men against pale Death provide,
When twice within few days Southampton died!
Sir Francis Beaumont.

EPITAPH ON MR. ASHTON, A CONFORMABLE
CITIZEN.

THE modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man ;
One whose conscience was a thing,
That troubled neither church nor king.
One of those few that in this town,
Honour all preachers ; hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any.
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preach'd them o'er again.
His parlour-sermons rather were
Those to the eye, than to the ear.
His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness nor the length.
He was a protestant at home,
Not only in despite of Rome :
He lov'd his father, yet, his zeal
Tore not off his mother's veil.
To th' church he did allow her dress,
True beauty to true holiness.
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end :
When Age and Death call'd for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for ;
Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife
Gently untwin'd his thread of life.
What remains then, but that thou
Write these lines, reader, in thy brow,

And by his fair example's light,
 Būrn in thy imitation bright.
 So while these lines can but bequeath
 A life perhaps unto his death,
 His better epitaph shall be,
 His life still kept alive in thee.

Crashaw.

EPITAPH ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM, SUSSEX.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
 Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died !
 The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
 Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state :
 Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
 His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
 Bless'd satirist ! who touch'd the mean so true,
 As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
 Bless'd courtier ! who could king and country
 please,
 Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
 Bless'd peer ! his great forefathers' every grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his race ;
 Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
 And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

Pope.

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO KING
WILLIAM III.

*Who having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement
at Easthamsted, in Berkshire, 1716.*

A PLEASING form, a firm yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle confest,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fili'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was, who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd. *Pope.*

 EPITAPH ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT.

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

Pope

EPITAPH ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear!
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd,
Pope.

EPITAPH INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
 And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
 Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.
Pope.

EPITAPH ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense:
 No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
 No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd.
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures tried ;
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

Pope.

EPITAPH ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON.
 R DIGBY AND OF HIS SISTER MARY.

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER LORD DIGBY,

In the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom and pacific truth :
 Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great :
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear,
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind !
 Go live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine ;
 Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hath follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give! *Pope.*

EPITAPH ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a master taught,
 Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
 Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
 Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

Pope.

 EPITAPH ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, Withers! rest; thou bravest, gentlest mind,
 Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
 O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
 O soft humanity, in age belov'd!

For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit or thy social love!
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
 Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

Pope.

EPITAPH ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED, BERKS, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, Here lies an honest man ;
 A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate, [great ;
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
 From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

Pope.

 EPITAPH ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild ;
 In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age :
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n among the great :
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust :
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—' Here lies Gay !'

Pope.

EPITAPH INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,
IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.
Pope.

EPITAPH ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, BISHOP
OF ROCHESTER.

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732.

[*His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.*]

DIALOGUE.

She. Yes, we have liv'd—One pang, and then we
part!

May Heav'n, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

He. Dear shade! I will!
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on Earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—'Save my country, Heav'n!'—he said, and
died. *Pope.*

EPITAPH ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state,

This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
 Or sadly told how many hopes lie here !
 The living virtue now had shone approv'd ;
 The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
 Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
 Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham :
 In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
 Ends in the milder merit of the heart :
 And, chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
 Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heav'n.

Pope.

EPITAPH FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED
 IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

HEROES and kings! your distance keep;
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you:
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Pope.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
 Or under this turf, or e'en what they will ;
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin,
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within ;
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God, that as well as he was he shall be.

Pope.

EPITAPH ON MRS. CLARKE.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps :
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image here below
Sits smiling on a father's woe :
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear ;
A sigh ; an unavailing tear ;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love. *Gray*

EPITAPH ON LADY LYTTLTON.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
Though meek, magnanimous ; though witty, wise ;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.
Lord Lyttelton.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

HERE, Stanley, rest ! escap'd this mortal strife,
 Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
 Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
 And sternly try thee with a year of pain :
 No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
 Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief :
 With tender art to save her anxious groan,
 No more thy bosom presses down its own,
 Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere :
 Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !

O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm ;
 To show us Virtue in her fairest form ;
 To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
 What boastful Science arrogates in vain ;
 Th' obedient passions knowing each their part ;
 Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey ;
 When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
 Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye :
 'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
 Bless'd be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,
 Where death-divided friends shall part no more :
 To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
 Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

Thomson.

 ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind ;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride ;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then, with no fiery, throbbing pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And fore'd his soul the nearest way.

Johnson.

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS HANMER, BART.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
 Pause at this tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie;
 His various worth through varied life attend,
 And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
 With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
 His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
 Charm'd every ear, and gain'd on every heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
 His country call'd him from the studious shade;
 In life's first bloom his public toils began,
 At once commenc'd the senator and man.
 In business dexterous, weighty in debate,
 Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state;
 In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
 In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
 Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
 To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the senate's choice,
 Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice,
 Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
 When Hanmer fill'd the chair, and Anne the throne!

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
 When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
 The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
 Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
 Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
 Strict on the right he fix'd his stedfast eye,
 With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;
 Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
 To pluck the flowers of pleasure or of pride.
 Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
 And Fame pursued him where Conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
 With honour sated, and with cares opprest;
 To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,
 To rural grandeur and domestic worth:
 Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
 The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience then, his former life survey'd,
 And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
 Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
 And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

Johnson.

ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN*.

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
 The pangs of guilty power, and hapless love,
 Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
 Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
 Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

* Phillips was a travelling fiddler up and down Wales, and greatly celebrated for his performance.

EPITAPH FOR HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
 That drew th' essential form of grace ;
 Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
 That saw the manners in the face.

Johnson.

ANOTHER ON HOGARTH.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,
 Who reach'd the noblest point of art ;
 Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
 And through the eye correct the heart
 If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;
 If nature touch thee, drop a tear :—
 If neither move thee, turn away,
 For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Garrick.

EPITAPH ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

APPROACH, ye wise of soul, with awe divine :
 'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this shrine !
 That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
 Kindled the gloom of nature into day !
 That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
 That genius which ennobled human kind !
 Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride ;
 And half esteemed an angel—till he died :
 Who in the eye of Heaven like Enoch stood,
 And through the paths of knowledge walk'd with
 God :
 Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore !
 Who but forsook one world to know the laws of
 more.

Anonymous

EPITAPH ON JAMES QUIN, IN BATH CATHEDRAL.

THAT tongue, which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more:
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke before the tongue what Shakspeare
writ.

Cold are those hands which, living, were stretch'd
forth,

At friendship's call, to succour modest worth,
Here lies James Quin! Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Garrick.

ON AN INFANT.

To the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew,
I no gay delights could view;
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy infant, early blest!
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescued from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay ;
Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain :
Lasting only and divine,
Is an innocence like thine. *Anonymous.*

EPITAPH ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS ONLY SON,
WHO WERE BOTH INTERRED IN THE SAME GRAVE.

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son ;
By virtue, as by nature, close allied,
The painter's genius, but without the pride ;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth
divine.

The son, fair rising knew too short a date ;
But, oh ! how more severe the parent's fate !
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept and died !

Mallet.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave though no proud structures
grace,
Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place ;
Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid ! now weeps upon thy tomb.

O 'scap'd from life! O safe on that calm shore
 Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
 What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
 Regard and Pity, wait sincere on thee:
 Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear,
 And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

Mallet.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON,
 IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy Earth! all that my soul holds dear:
 Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave,
 And die! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to
 charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
 And if so fair, from vanity as free;
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die, [trod,
 ('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God.'

Mason.

EPITAPH ON MISS DRUMMOND,

IN THE CHURCH OF BRODSWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty once was grace;
 Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
 To form that harmony of soul and face,
 Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
 In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
 Bless'd with each art that owes its charm to truth,
 Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.

He weeps: Oh venerate the holy tear!
 Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
 The parent mourns his child upon her bier,
 The christian yields an angel to his God.

Mason.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF MR. HAMILTON.

PAUSE here, and think: a monitory rhyme
 Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
 Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
 Seems it to say—'Health here has long to reign?
 Hast thou the vigour of thy youth, an eye
 That beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?
 Yet fear. Youth, oft-times healthful and at ease,
 Anticipates a day it never sees;
 And many a tomb, like Hamilton's, aloud
 Exclaims, 'Prepare thee for an early shroud.'

Cowper.

STANZAS SUBJOINED TO A YEARLY BILL OF
MORTALITY.

COMPOSED FOR A PARISH CLERK.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All these, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the grave.

Was man (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did famine or did plague prevail,
That so much death appears?

No; these were vig'rous as their sires,
Nor plague nor famine came;
This annual tribute Death requires,
And never waves his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,
I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure
 For yet an hour to come ;
 No medicine, though it oft can cure,
 Can always balk the tomb.

And O! that, humble as my lot,
 And scorn'd as is my strain,
 These truths, though known, too much forgot,
 I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,
 And ere he quits the pen,
 Begs *you* for once to take *his* part,
 And answer all—Amen!

Cowper.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

COULD I, from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage
 To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
 As I can number in my punctual page,
 And item down the victims of the past ;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet
 On which the press might stamp him next to die;
 And, reading here his sentence, how replete
 With anxious meaning, heav'nward turn his eye!

Time then would seem more precious than the joys
 In which he sports away the treasure now!
 And pray'r more seasonable than the noise
 Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler on the brink
 Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore
 Forc'd to a pause, would feel it good to think,
 Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceiv'd! Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileg'd to play;
But, naming *none*, the voice now speaks to ALL

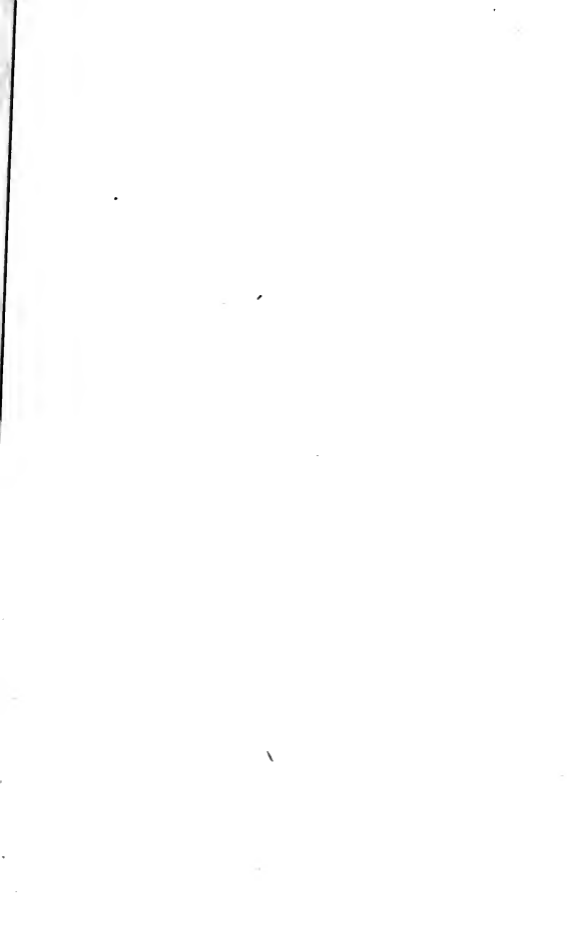
Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade—
One falls—the rest, wide-scatter'd with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

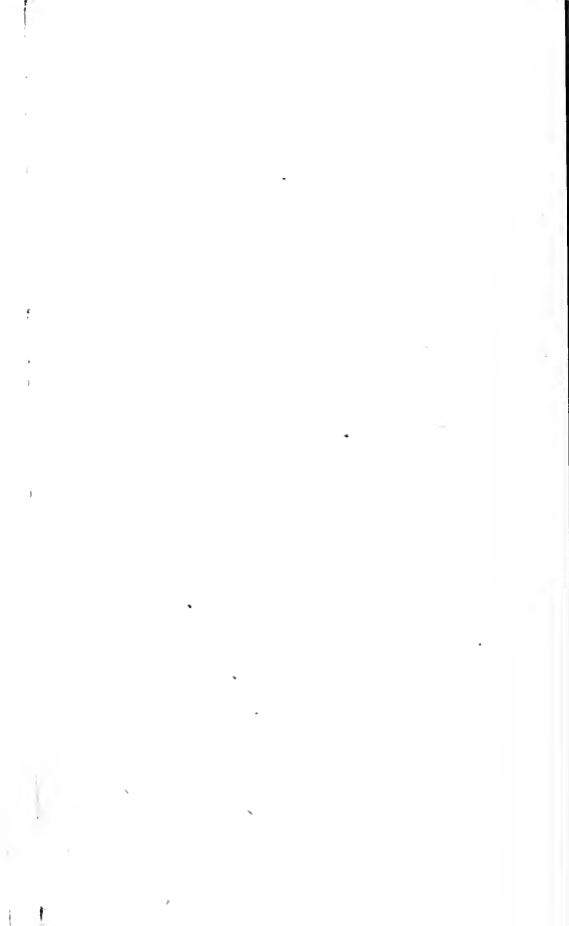
Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,
Die self-accus'd of life run all to waste?

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones.
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;
Dew-drops may deck the turf, that hides the bones
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next op'ning grave may yawn for you.
Cooper.

END OF VOL. III.





Seaside, Oregon, June 10, 1862.

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