



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



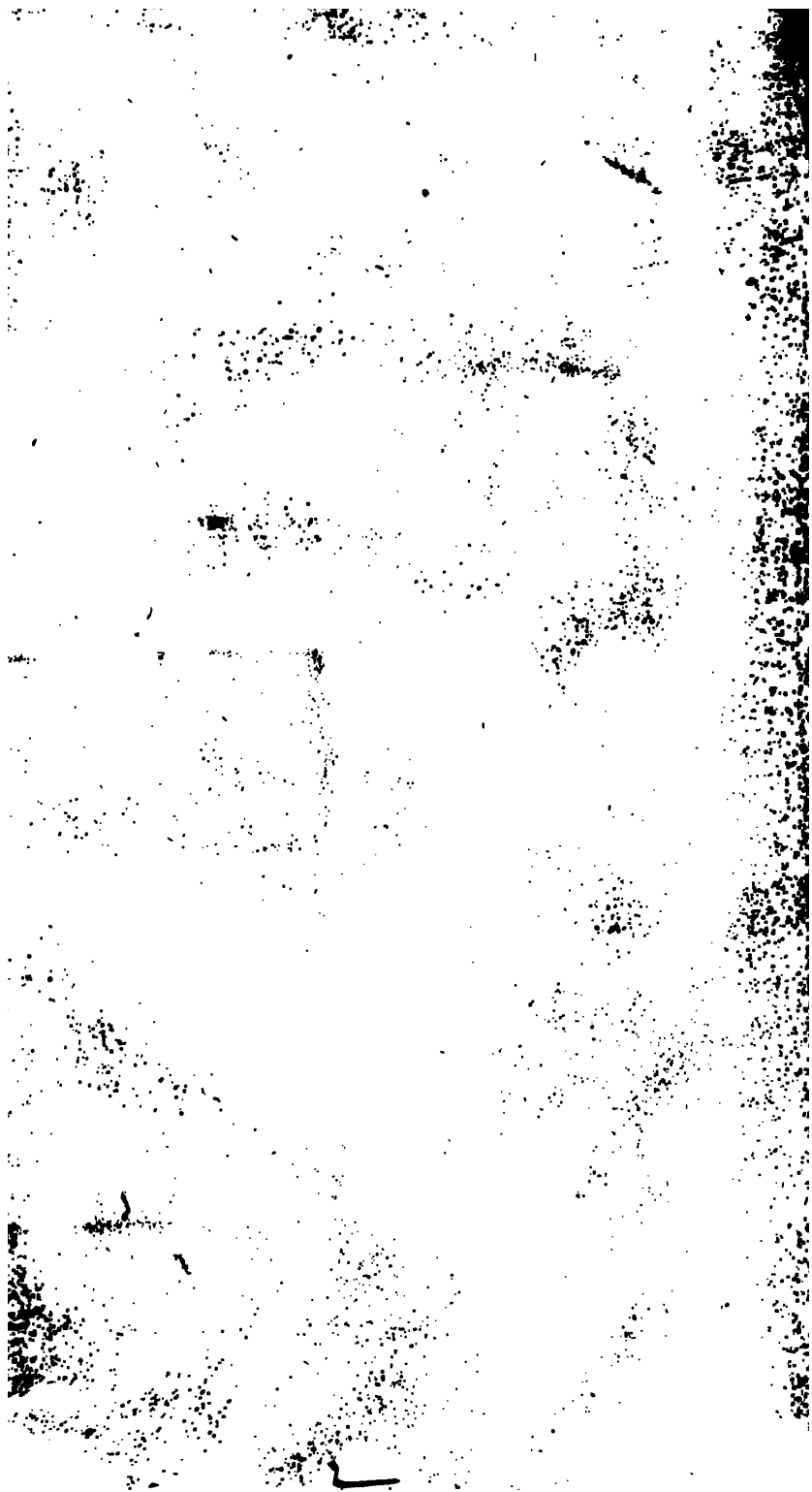
3 3433 07483192 0





(Cameron)

NC 1



P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

BY

THE LATE

REVEREND WILLIAM CAMERON,

MINISTER OF KILNEWTON.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY D. WILLISON, AND SOLD BY
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.

1813.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
240529
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1903

WYOMING
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

To

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE, EARL OF MORTON, K. T.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD,

&c. &c. &c.

IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM,

AND WARMEST GRATITUDE,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

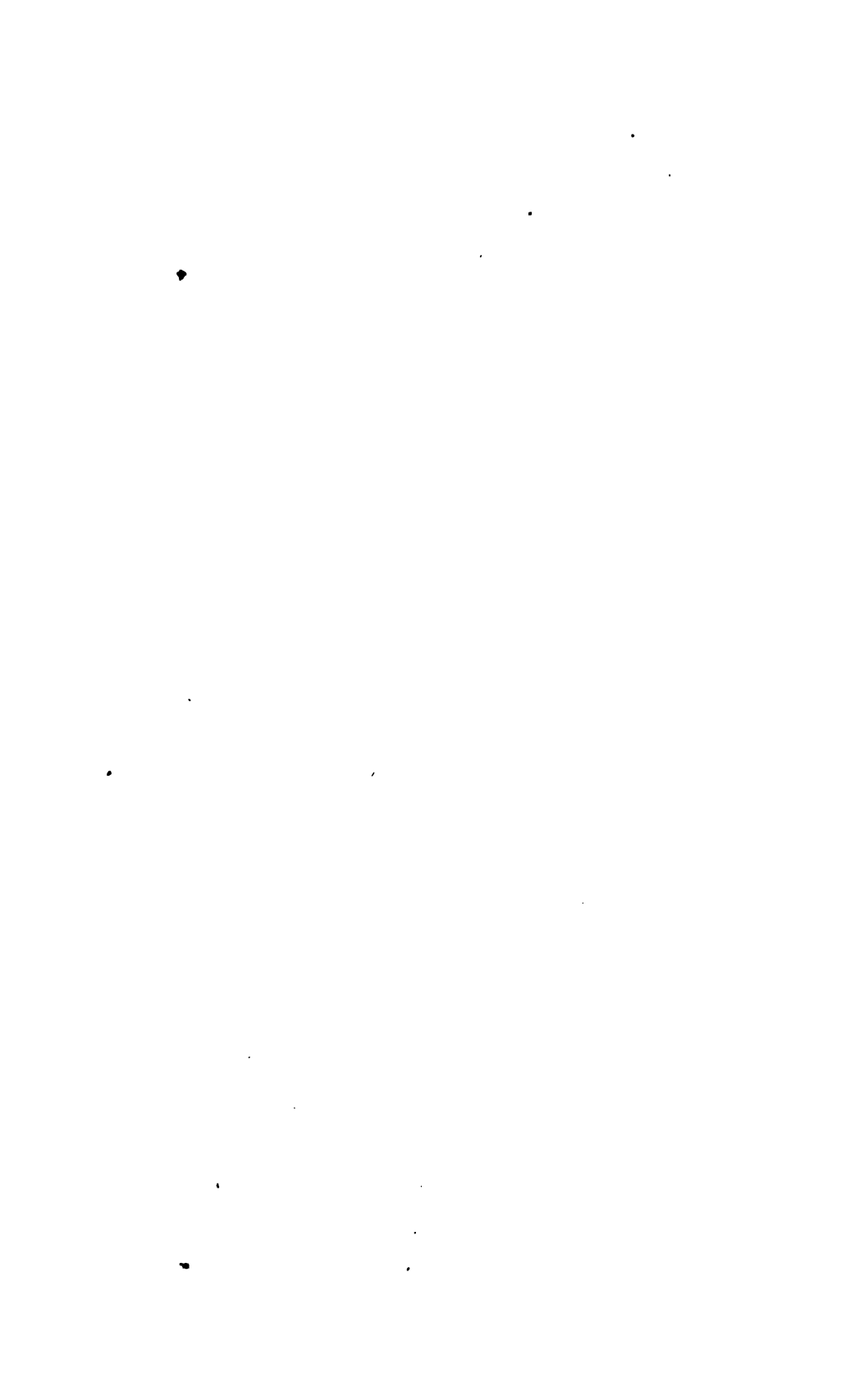
THE AUTHOR'S FAMILY.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Selection, though published under the usual disadvantages of a posthumous work, will yet, it is hoped, be received as a favourable proof of the Author's talents, and as a pleasing memorial of his amiable character, which long endeared him, not only to his Friends, but to all who enjoyed the benefit of his professional labours in the office of the Ministry.

Edinburgh, May, 1813.



CONTENTS.

<i>Luxury</i>	-	-	-	p. 1
<i>Melancholy</i>	-	-	-	8

FABLES.

<i>Fable I.—Jupiter and the Eagle</i>	-	-	10
<i>Fable II.—The Thrush and the Lark</i>	-	-	12

LYRIC ODES.

<i>Ode to Friendship</i>	-	-	-	14
<i>Ode to Industry</i>	-	-	-	16
<i>Ode to Innocence</i>	-	-	-	18
<i>The Muse—A Pindaric Ode</i>	-	-	-	19
<i>To the Sun</i>	-	-	-	25
<i>Hymn to Divine Love</i>	-	-	-	29
<i>Hymn to Benevolence</i>	-	-	-	32
<i>The Vision of Death—A Celtic Ode</i>	-	-	-	35
<i>Ode to the Memory of Mr Gray, Author of The Bard, and other Poems</i>	-	-	-	37
<i>The Wanderer's Midnight Soliloquy</i>	-	-	-	40
<i>Verses on A-n-d-e</i>	-	-	-	43
<i>The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius, Book III.</i>	-	-	-	45
<i>The Minstrel—Book IV.</i>	-	-	-	65
<i>Psalm VIII.</i>	-	-	-	85

<i>Psalm XV.</i>	-	-	-	-	87
<i>Psalm XXV.</i>	-	-	-	-	88
<i>Psalm XXXIV.</i>	-	-	-	-	90
<i>Psalm CXXXVI.—v. 1—9. and 23—26.</i>	-	-	-	-	92
<i>Matth. V. 44.</i>	-	-	-	-	94
<i>Matth. V. 3—12.</i>	-	-	-	-	95
<i>Matth VI. 25. to the end</i>	-	-	-	-	96
<i>Luke XII. 42—48.</i>	-	-	-	-	97
<i>Prob. exercises</i>	-	-	-	-	98
<i>The Poet's Manual, or a View of the Poetical Character—Part I.</i>	-	-	-	-	105
<i>The Poet's Manual—Part II.</i>	-	-	-	-	119

ERRATUM.

Page 40. line 4. for *college*, read *cottage*.

LUXURY,

A POEM.

—Savior armis

Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem
Nullum crimen abest.—Juv. Sat. 6.

I.

How blest the days of simple, early age,
When Love and Peace held absolute command;
Ere Pride and Luxury began to rage,
And roll destruction over sea and land!

II.

Propitious skies, perpetual mildness shed
On every clime, in this elysian reign:
And Ceres, with Pomona, largely spread
Spontaneous gifts o'er all their joint domain.

III.

Then fed the lion with the lambskins gay;
Whose snowy train nor felt nor fear'd annoy;
The stag and tyger mix'd in social play;
Love rul'd supreme and universal joy.

A

IV.

The scrip with herbs and nectar'd fruitage stor'd
 Man's food supplied, his drink the crystal rill ;
 And Nature's flowery carpet spread his board,
 O'erhung by vines that fring'd the fruitful hill.

V.

Nor mountains then were bleak and barren seen,
 Nor hanging rocks appall'd the ranging eye ;
 But all were crown'd with rich eternal green,
 And easy swell'd amid the scented sky.

VI.

Then would the Bard, immers'd in musings deep,
 Enraptur'd listen to glad Nature's choir ;
 His sacred harp to notes accordant sweep,
 Rais'd soft and strong from Inspiration's fire.

VII.

Still open, kindly, simple, and sincere,
 Mén liv'd in love, nor strife their peace destroy'd ;
 To each, another as himself was dear :
 Each, other's blessings as his own enjoy'd.

VIII.

None wish'd, with narrow, avaricious aim,
 In hoarded stores a selfish trust to place ;
 Nor lawless rapine privileg'd to claim
 Undue dominion o'er the heaven-born race.

IX.

Nor guile yet taught, by meretricious art,
 In show, each inward feeling to belie ;
 But pure and ardent from the honest heart,
 Truth flush'd the cheek, and sparkled in the eye.

X.

But ah! what woes o'erwhelm'd those happy days,
 When boundless lust of Luxury and Pride
 'Gan sear the human mind, its powers debase,
 And every law of Heaven and Earth defied!

XI.

Shock'd at the impious rebel-rage of man
 Astrea with her train then left the earth.—
 Then Nemesis her vengeful sway began;
 And every mortal woe then started into birth.

XII.

Now hung the tyger at the heifer's throat,
 The harpy-vulture seiz'd the thrush his prey;
 And check'd the tenor of his tuneful note,
 Which sweetly warbled from the blooming spray.

XIII.

Then clash'd the elements to curse the Earth,
 Blasted her soil, vindictive pour'd apace
 Fierce heats and storms to blight her early birth;
 Which ever since have scourg'd a wayward race.

XIV.

Forth flew the thunderbolts with fiery sweep,
 In sunder rending th' empyrean vault:
 From high Olympus to the infernal deep,
 All Nature tremblèd at the dread assault.

XV.

Loud warring winds, the Æolian monarch's care,
 Notus and Boreas burst their brazen caves;
 Tremendous rushing through the troubled air,
 Shook from their humid wings the swelling waves.

LUXURY.

XVI.

From black embattled clouds sprang sable Night,
With all her horrors, to complete the doom,
And darken'd day, save where, to dash the sight,
Red forked lightning flash'd athwart the gloom.

XVII.

Alas ! what crimes provok'd such vengeance dread,
And drew the deluge all the earth around ?
The crimes, that still by Luxury are bred,
The kingdoms crush in Ruin's dark profound.

XVIII.

Gay, tinsell'd fiend ! thy gifts and conquests dire,
With wider waste o'erspread each subject shore,
Than war or pestilence, or flood or fire ;
O'erthrow proud kingdoms to arise no more.

XIX.

What endless mischiefs, through a ravag'd world,
Have still been wrought by thy destructive sway !
What mighty empires to perdition hurl'd,
To Discord, Rapine, Riot sunk a prey !

XX.

How Græcia shone for arts and arms renown'd !
How triumph'd Rome on Glory's radiant height !
Till seiz'd by thee they felt a mortal wound,
Sank to a name in deep eternal night.

XXI.

All splendid, Luxury ! arose thy fane,
On haughty Gallia's shore, where votaries gay,
From every nation, form'd thy courtly train,
Ador'd obsequious thine enchanting sway !

LUXURY.

8

XXII.

Thy towers like Babel seem'd to brave the sky.
Man reign'd a God, creating heaven on earth ;
Boasted the power of Fortune to defy,
His days devoted to eternal mirth.

XXIII.

At length, full pamper'd in thy warm embrace,
Rebellion, Pride and Anarchy appear'd ;
Embroid'd thy conquer'd and corrupted race,
Till, all thy brightness streams of blood beamear'd.

XXIV.

Are these, O Luxury ! the demon-brood
That, nourish'd in thy train, now burst to view ?
The prostrate nations has thy art subdued,
A prey to these thy cruel, ravening crew ?

XXV.

Amidst the waste and struggle fierce for spoil,
Up starts a tyrant of terrific brow ;
With scorpion scourge to quell the dark turmoil,
The pride of man in dust to overthrow.

XXVI.

Unhappy man, still courting Freedom's smile,
And still abusing her indulgent sway ;
By thousand lawless tyrants scourg'd a while,
To one supreme thou fall'st a willing prey.

XXVII.

'Tis Slavery's thrall succeeds Rebellion's reign,
The only refuge from intestine rage,
By Faction rais'd in Luxury's domain ;
The doom deserved of a licentious age.

LUXURY.

XXVIII.

Now mortal Pride defies Immortal Power,
Scorns to acknowledge or to ask his grace ;
And vain Philosophy presumes to tower
Through pathless tracts of dark, forbidden space.

XXIX.

Dark Doubt and Anarchy, her spurious brood,
The laws of Nature, God and man, confound,
Of Right and Wrong, of Evil and of Good ;
And deal confusion all the earth around.

XXX.

Corruption's bloated bulk enthron'd, behold
The swarm of Commerce buzzing round her shrine,
Murder and Rapine offering gifts of gold ;
Adoring still their Idol all divine.

XXXI.

Arabia's spices on her altar view,
Plague-tainted spoils, admir'd with frantic joy ;
Bought on the shores of Indus and Peru,
With blood of thousands, thousands to destroy.

XXXII.

" Survey, " she cries, " the splendors of my court,
My trading train, as princes of the earth ;
Their gilded palaces, to which resort
The pompous crowd of Bacchanalian mirth.

XXXIII.

To sovereign Wealth let all obeisance pay,
The founder and supporter of my reign,
Faith, virtue, learning, honour, fame, give way
To lust of pleasure, and to lust of gain.

XXXIV.

The dignity of man, his power and pride
 Now shine triumphant in my golden beams.
 Now deep he drinks of Pleasure's gladdening tide,
 Till down he sink in soft elysian dreams."

XXXV.

While foul and fierce Corruption's billows roll
 From court to cottage, wasting hill and dale;
 Who then can dare the torrent to control?
 What then can Virtue's dying voice avail?

XXXVI.

What lordly seats now nodding ruins stand,
 Where liv'd their Fathers crown'd with just applause,
 Diffus'd their bounty o'er a grateful land,
 And stood the guardians of their country's cause!

XXXVII.

Wide, through the matted woods and empty halls,
 Silence and sadness unmolested reign.
 The warriors, hung along the cobweb'd walls,
 From tatter'd canvas frown with high disdain.

XXXVIII.

Ye honour'd chiefs of ancient noble name,
 Whose hardy sires were once their country's pride;
 Ah! why, your native dignity disclaim,
 Her fields of Independence why deride?

MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY.

HAIL, Melancholy! Power divine!
May I approach thy awful shrine;
Hung round with shrouds of raven-huc,
Deep-shaded with the mournful yew;
Where glimmering taper, 'midst the gloom,
Faint shows the frequent, heaving tomb.
There thou reclin'st in musing mood,
Thy visage veil'd in sable hood,
Indulging still thy doleful theme,
Contemplated in sad extreme,
Of man, degenerate, born to woe;
Unequal chance and change below,
Where Virtue oft is doom'd to groan,
Where prosperous Vice insults her moan.
These, Goddess! these are truths approv'd,
By these each generous breast is mov'd;
These claim our tears, our serious care,
Thy sorrows then I beg to share.
—Away! ye idle brood of Joy,
That all the powers of mind destroy!
Ye trifling toys of thoughtless youth,
That cheat the heart, disguise the truth!
Ye creatures of the giddy brain,
Your luring glare I hence disdain!
Far from the noisy haunts of folly,
Be mine thy converse, Melancholy!
To sit with thee in inmost bower,
In deepest vault of ruin'd tower,
Remote amid the forest wild,
Where day's effulgence never smil'd;

Whose pavement oft has drunk the gore
Of murder'd kings and chiefs of yore ;
Where shrieking ghosts yet oft complain,
And drag a length of clanking chain.
Still more the sons of day affright,
Than all the wailing Shades of night :
More dark and dangerous is man,
Than legions squar'd of spectres wan.
Hence worn with care, inur'd to grief,
Despairing still of kind relief,
I leave at length a world of woe,
Its empty pleasures all forego ;
To thee my future hours devote
Indulging strains of saddest note,
Hence let me shun the glare of day
Till Midnight rise in black array,
Till thro' the silent, dusky grove,
Uninterrupted I may rove.
Nor wish I mortal footing near,
Nor other sound desire to hear,
Save Philomela's nightly wail,
Slow quivering on the lonely gale ;
Or, save the owl's discordant song,
That scatters dread the woods among,
Responsive to the sullen wave,
Hoarse dashing thro' the shelved cave.
The gelid spring and acorns plain,
Shall still my meagre corps sustain.
Upon the cold and craggy steep
I throw my naked length to sleep ;
Regardless of the wintry skies,
Regardless though I ne'er arise.

 FABLES.

FABLE I.

Jupiter and the Eagle.

AN Eagle weary and forlorn,
 With hoary age and anguish worn,
 Lay panting, prostrate on the ground,
 And sudden heard a noisy sound
 Of footstep rude approaching near,
 Which fill'd his royal breast with fear.
 " O Jove ! omnipotent, he cried,
 My honoured patron and my pride !
 Must I thus low and abject lie,
 Unable now to mount the sky ;
 Expos'd to danger and disdain
 Of all the wingless, crawling train !
 O ! pity now my wretched state,
 And save me from impending fate.
 To yonder lofty elm, I pray
 Thou wouldst my weary weight convey ;
 Where I may safely sit on high,
 And all the grovelling herd defy. "

To this the thunderer, answering, said,
 " No lazy wish I mean to aid.
 Thy own endeavours first be tried,
 Then pray, but still resign'd, confide

hat, thus deserved, my guardian care
hall still thy sovereign good prepare."'
he feather'd king 'gan now to strain
ach nerve, the envied height to gain:
nd thrice he rose with ardent bound,
nd thrice fell baffled to the ground;
t last with desperate effort flew,
ut sunk despondent on a yew.
mid its boughs he lurk'd in fear,
hen arm'd a troop of swains drew near:
ho careful view'd the elm around,
With hatchets fell'd it to the ground;
hen left the place without delay,
nd through the grove pursued their way,
he eagle struck with glad surprise,
xclaim'd, "How fortunate and wise
hose who distrust themselves as blind,
nd pray to Heaven, with will resign'd!?"

TABLE II.
The Thrush and the Lark.

**A TUNEFUL thrush, with melting strain,
 Delighted long the sylvan train ;
 And emulous of honest praise,
 Still labour'd more his voice to raise ;
 Till, waken'd every power of throat,
 He ravish'd with resistless note.
 Once set amid th' admiring throng,
 He ask'd if any bird of song
 Was thought to match him in his art,
 Or more to captivate the heart.
 They all agreed he was renown'd
 For strength and melody of sound ;
 But that the nightingale had long
 Unrivall'd reign'd the Queen of song.
 With eager haste he strain'd his throat
 To emulate the envied note ;
 Again demanded of the crowd,
 Whom now they judg'd most sweet and loud,
 Then straight began the critic-tribe
 The close resemblance to describe.
 They own'd 'twas exquisitely done ;
 And doubted, which, the palm had won.
 At last the lark, approv'd for wit,
 They judg'd in this as umpire fit.
 He, call'd by universal choice,
 Thus spoke with sweet, persuasive voice,**

“ My friend the thrush I long admir’d,
As with uncommon powers inspir’d :
But this his imitative strain,
The work of drudgery and pain,
Is mere unnatural stretch of voice,
An unassuming, labour’d noise.
The nightingale’s mellifluous lay,
That ever charms with matchless sway,
Resembles this affected sound,
Where neither grace nor fire is found,
As breathing Beauty fair array’d,
Her form on Parian stone pourtray’d.”
Who strives, alone by servile art,
To imitate another’s part,
Must still a trammell’d mimic prove,
And awkward or ridiculous move.
Each, acting free with native ease,
A manner uses form’d to please ;
By which his every deed is known,
And mark’d peculiar as his own.



LYRIC ODES.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

I.

KIND cheerer of the pensive breast,
 By care and anguish oft oppress'd ;
 From thy pure flame what comforts flow,
 To ward the shocks of mortal woe !

II.

As Phœbus, with resplendence bright,
 Dispels the shades of dreary night ;
 So Friendship's smile is found to glad
 The soul benighted, sunk, and sad.

III.

Who cannot feel thy power benign,
 Let him, alone, unpitied pine ;
 But still may thou thy boon impart
 To each benevolent, tender heart.

IV.

Grief in the bosom close confin'd,
 With false dismay beclouds the mind ;
 But pour'd in thy attentive ear, -
 Its fancied terrors disappear.

V.

Joy, unimparted and conceal'd,
Its lustre loses ; but reveal'd,
And shar'd by friendly converse gay,
It brightens with redoubled ray.

VI.

Ah ! ne'er may earth-born Interest claim
The honours of thy sacred name !
Whose base affections servile steer,
As Fortune's gale is seen to veer.

VII.

How blest the amity divine !
When kindred souls in concord join ;
When virtue's laws the union bind,
With each sublimer gift of mind.

VIII.

On this foundation only sure,
Shall Friendship ever rest secure ;
Which fickle Fate can ne'er annoy,
Nor wide-devouring Time destroy.

ODE TO INDUSTRY.

I.

SPRIGHTLY Nymph! of aspect keen,
 Foe to Sloth and moping Spleen ;
 Thine the bright and cheerful day,
 Ever fed with fresh delight ;
 Thine the slumbers soft of night,
 Spirits ever pure and gay.

II.

From the gloom of listless rest,
 Which pale fancied fiends infest ;
 Lead me to thy busy scene,
 Where, on useful toil intent,
 Eager climbing Hope's ascent,
 Thou at peep of morn art seen.

III.

Glad thou seest her form on high,
 Dazzling to thy distant eye ;
 Now hast gain'd the long-sought joy.
 Nor can yet her favours please,
 Plunge thee in ignoble ease ;
 Soon the bliss is found to cloy.

IV.

Still, with fresh, redoubled force,
 Thou dost urge a different course,
 Searching after happiness.

Trial proves thy joys most true,
 Since 'tis sweeter to pursue
 Earth-born pleasures than possess.

V.

Rous'd by thee, the drooping soul,
 Bound in Lethargy's control,
 Mounts amid the gladsome day ;
 As the putrid pool set free,
 Lightly leaps along the lea,
 Brightening in the solar ray.

VI.

Light of life! in whom we find
 Health of body, health of mind ;
 Of thy smiling comforts rest,
 What were man in misery born,
 By disease and anguish torn,
 In deep, deadening languor left !

VII.

Virtue's nurse and safest guard !
 Rarely demon-Vice has dar'd
 To molest thy active hour.
 On the sons of Indolence,
 Destitute of thy defence,
 He exerts his fatal power.

VIII.

Barren deserts dark and drear,
 Bright and blooming soon appear
 Under thy auspicious eye.
 Art and Science, powers benign,
 Wait on thee, O! Nymph divine,
 Life-adorning Industry !



ODE TO INNOCENCE.

FAIR Nymph! of snowy virgin-stole,
 Thou Guardian of the placid soul!
 Let Fate capricious fawn or lower,
 I dare defy her partial power;
 That never can my peace destroy,
 While I thy smile serene enjoy.
 Ah! wretched he, defenceless left,
 Who, of thy charms and comforts rest,
 On Fortune's nod must servile rest
 The ease or anguish of his breast.
 While conscious guilt his bosom tears,
 Each face a frowning aspect bears;
 In every sound he seems to hear
 The deadly-screaming voice of Fear;
 Incessant deems some danger nigh,
 And reads reproach in every eye.
 As shrivell'd foliage, thro' the vale,
 Flies wild, the sport of every gale;
 So wild his hollow heart is whirl'd,
 Amid the tumults of the world;
 Fierce torn by each assailing care,
 A prey to Terror and Despair.
 Who dwells with Innocence his guide,
 Still drinks of Joy's heart-cheering tide,
 Inspiring strength to hold his course,
 Against Temptation's thwarting force;
 And still discerns Hope's orient light
 Fair gilding Sorrow's dreary night.

~~~~~

## THE MUSE:

*A Pindaric Ode.*

---

### TO POESY.

*Et dubitamus opes animo contemnere avari,  
Nec potius sequimur dulces ante omnia Musas? VIDA.*

#### I. 1.

ENCHANTING, sphere-descended Power!  
 Whose spirit swells the Poet's soul  
 With sacred rage, or high to tower,  
 On Rapture's wing, above the pole;  
 Or, lapt in music's gentler mood, to sing  
 Of Nature's charms, by tuneful grove or spring;  
 Wilt thou propitious now reveal,  
 What worth, what vows thy envied boon may gain,  
 Which thousands invoke and boast in vain;  
 Which, yet, thou didst so copious deal  
 To simple bards of yore, whose strains sublime  
 Have charm'd the wondering world thro' every age and clime.

#### I. 2.

Anon, a golden cloud appear'd,  
 Slow sailing down the yielding sky;  
 Whence, straight a cherub-voice was heard,  
 The soothing voice of Harmony.

Hush'd winds and waves, as magic-struck, gave ear :—  
 Rapt Nature listen'd through her silenc'd sphere.  
 " The mighty MAKER man design'd,  
 To pour his praise, to glow with social love ;  
 Resembling thus the hymning hosts above.  
 For this he tun'd his godlike mind,  
 Creation's pomp with pleasure to admire,  
 To move accordant still as sung Creation's Choir.

## I. 3.

'Twas then I still possess'd  
 His pure, unruffled breast ;  
 Whose numbers sweet and nobly plain,  
 Spontaneous flow'd the woodland scenes among ;  
 Or, while he breath'd the amorous dittied song,  
 Or rose to Adoration's strain.  
 But soon as guilt he hapless knew,  
 His heart deform'd and callous grew ;  
 Whose discord dire and grating crime,  
 Harsh jarr'd against the sphery chime.  
 Nor quite extinguish'd was the heavenly flame,  
 Its latent sparks the feeling mind rejoice ;  
 Which kindling, shoot warm transport thro' the frame,  
 When native Music wakes her kindred voice.  
 In choicer spirits still I bid it blaze,  
 And swell with rage divine the Bard's immortal lays.

## II. 1.

While, listening chief to Nature's call,  
 He breath'd unmix'd her living fire,  
 'Twas then he could the soul enthral,  
 Its passions soft and strong inspire ;  
 Barbarians rude and savage monsters tame,  
 And still rever'd and hallow'd was his name.  
 Such mighty power could he once prove,

Who rul'd the victor-Prince with timbrell'd sound,  
 Swift whirl'd at will his ravish'd heart around ;  
 Now lull'd him in the lap of Love,  
 Now pity rais'd, till tears his eyes o'erflow'd,  
 Now rous'd him to revenge, now made him move a God.

## II. 2.

Such flourish'd he, the Thracian swain,  
 Who wailing roam'd Riphæan snows ;  
 Thro' night till dawn prolong'd his strain,  
 From morning-dawn to evening-close :  
 Till urg'd by passion to propitiate, Hell,  
 He touch'd his lyre, the furies ceas'd their yell,  
 Stern Dis Eurydice restor'd.  
 She ever lost, the sad, despairing Bard,  
 Mad Bacchanals assault, whom tygers spar'd.  
 The Dryad-nymphs his death deplor'd,  
 Th' Ægean shores with sounds of sorrow rung,  
 While toss'd on Hebrus' flood Eurydice he sung.

## II. 3.

Thus prov'd my sacred Art  
 The sovereign of the heart ;  
 While sweet Simplicity bore sway.  
 Nor aught is known of her pure, ancient reign,  
 Save what my consecrated lays contain,  
 Which Druid-songsters wont essay,  
 Who warbled on the mountains hoar,  
 And still my hallow'd ensigns bore ; -  
 To whom mysterious power was given,  
 To scan the oracles of heaven,  
 To point the paths to bright celestial climes,  
 To soar the heights where only seraphs flew,  
 Explore the scenes in distant, darksome times,  
 On rapid wing transcending vulgar view.  
 Thus rose my sons in laurell'd dignity,  
 And shone the first in fame, the favourites of the sky.

## III. 1.

But where that dear, distinguish'd breast,  
 Sublim'd by energy divine,  
 By pristine purity possess'd,  
 Which now I can regard as mine?  
 How impotent the tinsel-rhymer's aim,  
 Whose flashy lays my inspiration claim,  
 Obscur'd in Wit's wild, devious glare;  
 While frigid Art and strange Conceit displace  
 Free Nature's fire and soul-enrapturing grace!—  
 While shackled Prose presumes to share  
 My laureate favours, heavily to climb  
 Parnassus' arduous heights, and mar the choral chime!

## III. 2.

Ne'er have I yet been known t' impart  
 The cheering influence of my smile,  
 To that dull, cold, benighted heart,  
 The haunt of cruelty or guile;  
 Where grovelling avarice, or envy fell,  
 Or conscious guilt or settled hate can dwell.  
 I spurn vain Fashion's fopling-crew,  
 Inured in canting, courtly phrase to prate,  
 To run the light, fantastic round of state;  
 Whose little, vulgar thoughts pursue  
 The meteor-gleam that glitters to their gaze,  
 From lucre, titled rank, and grandeur's specious blaze.

## III. 3.

Who cannot these despise,  
 May ne'er my favourite rise.  
 Far other gifts are mine to give.  
 The wide dominion, boastful, long parade  
 Of kings and kingdoms all thro' time decay'd,  
 My honours shall their fame outlive;

When Truth and Virtue fairer show,  
 Robed in the garb that I bestow ;  
 When pierced by my keen, pointed dart,  
 Or Vice or Vanity shall smart.  
 Can those my honour'd-born their lustre prize  
 Below the transient, twinkling, borrow'd rays,  
 That fall from Ophir's ore or Tyrian dyes ?  
 Ah ! ne'er may they the sacred Lyre debase,  
 For wealth or power to wake the hireling lay ;  
 ut free and willing still my prompting call obey.

## IV. 1.

Ill fitted they, the tuneful train,  
 In fawning guise to court the great,  
 To strive and spoil for guilty gain,  
 On other's ruin build their state ;  
 To combat fierce a jarring world's alarms,  
 Absorb'd in Harmony's refining charms !  
 Tho' none may greet the voice of Truth,  
 Disdain, my sons ! to prostitute the song ;  
 To listening wilds the native notes prolong,  
 Tho' flowing with lament and ruth :  
 Pride, malice, prejudice, and envy gone,  
 Ids shall resound the strain to ages yet unknown.

## IV. 2.

Thus oft have fared my Minstrel-choir,  
 A musing, solitary band ;  
 Whom frowning Fate had made retire,  
 In sorrowing plight, to foreign land,  
 Till rest of weary life ; when nations strove  
 Which, should their honour'd, natal region prove ;  
 Except for whose immortal lays,  
 Their heroes, potentates, and matchless might,  
 Had nameless perish'd in oblivious night.  
 Now kings, to share their deathless praise,



Empurpled royalty would glad forego,  
Endure their wanderings wild, their penury and woe.

## IV. 3.

'Tis then worst ills await  
My Votary's desperate state ;  
When Luxury's prevailing banè  
Each gentler instinct of the soul destroys,  
And steels it 'gainst my rapture-moving joys :—  
I fly her inauspicious reign,  
Ennobling realms to fame unknown,  
Where sacred Science never shone ;  
Where fraud and avarice less abound,  
More truth and tenderness is found.  
As warring Erebus I loathe the strife  
Where she her mischief-loving brood uprears ;  
The sure-intruding pests of polish'd life,  
Where Nature's face in falsehood's guise appears. ?—  
Nor more was heard, but o'er the darkening sky,  
The radiance fled afar from the pursuing eye.

## TO THE SUN.

## I. 1.

**RADIANT** Ruler of the year !  
 Source benign of joy and life,  
 How thou glad'st this cloudy sphere,  
 Hushing elemental strife !  
 Timely, at thy genial smile,  
 From the thaw'd, prolific soil,  
 Flowers and varied verdure spring.  
 Naked forests robe their sprays :  
 All, in wild, harmonic lays,  
 Plumy songsters joyous sing.  
 Rapture, on thy rapid beam,  
 Darts direct into the breast,  
 Dispels, with warm, enlivening gleam,  
 The vapoury glooms that there molest.  
 Thou wak'st the flame of all-creative Love,  
 Till ether, earth, and sea, with animation move.

## I. 2.

Dazzling Orb of liquid light !  
 Mocking search of mortal eye,  
 Dashing blind the daring sight,  
 That thy glories would espy.  
 Sad, to see thy setting ray,  
 Nature droops at close of day ;  
 Melancholy reigns around.  
 Darkness-loving monsters howl,  
 Lions roar and panthers prow !

Rending Night with Horror's sound,  
 Shriek, on Superstition's ear,  
 Spirits, wailing through the wild.  
 Faint shudders bristly, haggard Fear,  
 High hung on ridges loosely piled.  
 The felon-crew that fled the face of day,  
 Rush dreadless from their dens, intent on lawless prey.

## I. 3.

Golden-tressed Son of heaven !  
 When summon'd by thy darting fire,  
 Appall'd the hideous rout retire ;  
 By chiding light to dungeons driven.  
 Smiles afresh the sylvan reign,  
 Striking full its native strain.  
 In desarts, nighted and forlorn,  
 The storm-beat peasant hails thy car,  
 Effusing wide the sunny morn,  
 Descries his long lost path afar ;  
 Now gains his home, his mate embracing cheers,  
 Who, fearful of his fate, had watched the night in tears.

## II. 1.

Silver'd Sire of hoary Time !  
 Thee, the months and hours obey,  
 Rest of solar power sublime,  
 Soon should earth-born life decay.  
 How the howling tempests roll,  
 Restless vexing either pole ;  
 All the long, long wintry night !  
 How the red-wing'd thunder roars,  
 Over Zembla's frozen shores,  
 Spreading death and dire affright !

Famish'd furies fill the yell,  
 Plunging midst the mountain'd snow.  
 The natives rude are doom'd to dwell  
 In pitchy, crowded caves below ;  
 Till thy return straight bloom th' emerging plains ;  
 And half the alternate year a nightless summer reigns.

## II. 2.

Mighty Sovereign of the spheres !  
 Who can thy dominion trace,  
 Where each subject planet steers  
 Strait his course through boundless space ?  
 Rein'd by thy supreme control,  
 Worlds on worlds around thee roll,  
 Tun'd in loud seraphic song :  
 Swift as thought they wing their way  
 Through the radiant realms of day ;  
 Countless years the flight prolong.  
 What the tribes and what their kind,  
 That thy nobler orbs adorn,  
 Of matter form'd, or purely mind,  
 Or mortal or immortal born ;  
 That live on Jove or Saturn far retir'd,  
 Or bask on Mercury's side with fiercest radiance fir'd ?

## II. 3.

Noblest Image of thy Lord !  
 With vain essay shall reptile-man  
 Thy secrets, or thy essence scan.  
 To Him, at whose creating word  
 All thy glories instant grew,  
 What devotion high is due !

To Him your gratulation pour,  
Thou Sun, and all thy tuneful train.  
Ye mortals reverently adore  
Mysterious power in Nature's reign ;  
Till brighter suns upon the soul arise  
Erupt in argent plains of empyrean skies.

---

## HYMN TO DIVINE LOVE.

## I.

CELESTIAL, heart-ennobling Flame!  
From Deity effulgent spring;  
What numbers can thy power proclaim,  
From angel's harp, or seraph's tongue,  
That kindles love of heavenly joys,  
Contempt of vulgar, vain terrestrial toys!

## II.

Inspir'd by thine ethereal fire,  
The soul unfetter'd mounts on high,  
Inflam'd with ardent new desire,  
To range its empyrean sky;  
Indulging rapturous thought sublime,  
The while forgetful of this earthly clime.

## III.

Now led by Faith of eagle-eye,  
Contemplating Almighty Power;  
Let no harsh sound of Revelry  
Disturb the sacred silent hour,  
Unhallow'd dare profane the shrine,  
Or rudely break the intercourse divine!

## IV.

Ah! how forlorn the sensual soul,  
Which bright Perfection cannot move  
To burst a tyrant's base control,  
To burn with ecstasy of love!

How dead to every higher joy,  
While sordid Lust alone its cares employ!

## V.

Fast pinion'd 'midst his corrupt maze,  
Forgetful of its noblest end,  
Untun'd to sing its Author's praise,  
To adoration's glow ascend ;  
How shall it rise to strain divine,  
All prostrate worshipping at Mammon's shrine !

## VI.

Pure Piety, bright sun of mind !  
While wandering here and doom'd to mourn,  
We must not yet expect to find  
Full pleasure of thy influence born ;  
Till purified from earthly mold,  
Unclouded still we shall thy blaze behold.

## VII.

How feebly moral Virtue moves,  
Till thou his every deed inspire !  
How firm, immutable he proves,  
Enliven'd by thy sacred fire !  
How patient holds his onward course,  
By thy still active, still increasing force !

## VIII.

Man prone to vice appears debas'd  
With fiends to rage, or beasts to prowl ;  
By thee reanimated, rais'd,  
He seems to breathe th' angelic soul,  
To rise like Morn, assume the God  
New-born, new-wing'd, aspires to heaven's abode.

IX.

Yet, how may earth-chain'd Spirit rise  
 And hope to reach thy raptures high?  
 When full its native powers it plies,  
 The noble strife, with pleased eye  
 Its Father sees, descends to dwell,  
 His child supporting, in his clay-built cell.



## HYMN TO BENEVOLENCE.

## I.

BENEVOLENCE, meek child of Heaven!  
 Of bounteous hand and liberal mind;  
 By Providence to mortals given,  
 The cords of social bliss to bind,  
 Illume their clouded sphere below,  
 To heal the wound and blunt the dart of Wo.

## II.

Vain, helpless man! shall thou oppose  
 Thy generous Patron's blest design,  
 Thy fellow-men regard as foes,  
 Thy brothers born of race divine?  
 While wants and woes thy bosom grieve;  
 Thy duty learn, to give and to receive.

## III.

Canst thou so guilty, from above,  
 For grace, or love, or mercy call;  
 Thyself not granting grace or love,  
 Not wishing bliss supreme to all?  
 Thy selfish plaint and prayers profane  
 Benevolence shall hear with just disdain.

## IV.

Shalt thou avenge or judge thy foe,  
 Presume to scan the secret heart;  
 Thou, weak and erring dare to throw  
 Omnipotence's awful dart;

Nor pity that devoted head  
Which haply waits its gathering vengeance dread?

## V.

Propitious Power! 'tis thy design  
That Happiness may rule supreme :  
And he shall flourish most divine,  
Who most promotes thy generous scheme,  
Who Discord's shafts on earth destroys,  
Bids Peace prevail and her celestial joys.

## VI.

How sainted he and how serene !  
Who feels thy influence benign  
To glad his heart and grace his mien,  
Each social instinct to refine ;  
Who piteous human weakness bears,  
Forgets his private midst the public cares !

## VII.

How higher must his rapture rise,  
To make the bleeding breast rejoice,  
To wipe the mourner's tearful eyes ;  
To hear his grateful faltering voice  
Imploring Heaven to bless the deed !—  
And heaven decrees such prayers shall most succeed.

## VIII.

Thou sky-commission'd Prince of peace !  
Thou universal Friend of man !  
How soon should Sorrow's ravage cease,  
Could all pursue thy purpos'd plan,  
Thy spirit share of mutual love ;—  
How earth should emulate thy realms above !

## IX.

Thy beam, like yonder sun, how bright  
On man's dark, selfish heart it shone !  
Yet, still, what demon-passions blight,  
And rend and sear this heart to stone ;  
Exclude thy radiance pure, benign,  
That heaven creates where glows its warmth divine !

---

~~~~~

THE VISION OF DEATH:

A CELTIC ODE.

I.

STERN stalking o'er Morvena's heath,
 I mark'd the meagre form of Death ;
 Red like the lightning's glance,
 Around him flash'd his lance,
 Wide streak'd the raven-front of Night.
 As glares the moon with face of fire,
 O'er snow-clad Cromla's misty height ;
 So flam'd his crimson shield, and shed confusion dire,

II.

“ To-morrow's sun shall see, ” he cried,
 “ This bleak and lonesome desert dy'd
 With streams of human gore.
 Now hastening to the shore,
 The hosts of Lechlin cleave the wave,
 To meet the Lord of Isles with speed ;
 At morn shall many a warrior brave,
 Chief headlong hurl'd on chief, beneath this faulchion bleed.

III.

Long, anxious on the rocky strand,
 Shall Lochlin's blue-eyed daughters stand ;
 Prepar'd, with songs to greet
 The swift-returning fleet.

Vain hope! no more shall they descry
Afar the slowly-rising sail,
Where ocean mingles with the sky.—
Loud to the weltering waves shall pour their fruitless wail.

IV.

In Ullin's halls, the Bard shall raise
The notes of never-dying praise,
To Ullin fierce in fight,
To all his men of might,
From th' isles of song and freedom led
To combat on Morvena's heath,
Repel the invading foe, and spread
Their gash'd and sever'd limbs a prey to gorging Death."

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF MR GRAY,

Author of THE BARD, and other Poems.

I.

Now silent sleeps th' ecstatic lyre,
 That late was heard from * Snowden's height;
 That breath'd the pure ætherial fire,
 The strains of Sorrow's dread delight.
 Amid the morn, the Bard was borne
 On eagle-wing, with eagle-eye,
 The curse to trace of Edward's race,
 In distant, dark futurity:
 He reach'd the Muse's higher tracts of light,
 Beheld her radiant form that dazzles vulgar sight:

II.

By † Helicon's harmonious mount,
 He sails sublime on Music's stream,
 Pour'd copious from the crystal fount;
 Now richly roll'd in state supreme,
 And smooth and deep; now down the steep,
 He rides the torrent, rapid, loud;
 With equal force he holds his course,
 Half hidden in the foamy cloud.
 To suit the motions solemn, swift, or gay,
 He strikes the magic shell;—the native notes obey.

* The Bard, a Pindaric Ode.

† The Progress of Poesy.

III.

* In Contemplation's gravest mood,
 He sits a solitary sage,
 Embosom'd in the mountain wood,
 Safe from the sun's meridian rage.
 With seraph-eye he sees from high
 The transient tumults of the great;
 Like th' insect-cloud at noon-tide, proud,
 Gay buzzing, heedless of their fate.
 Soon wakes the watery breeze, and drowns their mirth,
 Wide sweeps the silent swarm low, lifeless, o'er the earth.

IV.

Before † Adversity he bows
 And invokes the rigid Power,
 To the dread Goddess pays his vows,
 Submiss reveres her heavy hour;
 By Heaven design'd to tame mankind,
 To check their pride, the truth to show,
 That all are born to err, to mourn;
 By patient discipline and woe
 That Virtue's votaries must earn her prize,
 Of rapturous bliss reserv'd amidst th' eternal skies.

V.

Immers'd in dread prophetic dream;
 Hark! how he chants the runic rhyme,
 Gloomng the horrors of the theme!
 Inspir'd with Druid-rage sublime,

* Ode to the Spring.

† Ode to Adversity, and that on a Distant Prospect of
 Eton College.

He dares explore the * cave of gore,
 To see the wayward Sisters ply
 The loom of hell, with mutter'd spell
 Close join'd in thrilling harmony.
 In † Odin's spirit rapt from mortal sight,
 He hies to Hela's shrine, and roams the realms of Night.

VI.

At the still hour of closing day,
 Behold him musing o'er the tomb,
 Deep-swelling th' † elegiac lay
 Wrapt in the slowly gathering gloom.—
 Thy strain shall raise the peasant's praise,
 When sculptur'd monuments shall fade,
 When marble bust in mouldering dust
 Has sunk, through wasting time decay'd.—
 But ah! the heavenly harp is heard no more,
 From heedless earthy ears Death locks its sacred store.

VII.

Still to the family of the Muse,
 Thou, purest Bard! shalt be endear'd:
 No tuneful brother shall refuse
 His tribute to thy fame rever'd.
 Till latest time, thy song sublime
 Shall ravish the ennobled mind,
 Which verse can charm or virtue warm,
 Above the vulgar tribe refin'd.
 Thou with the Master of th' Æolian lay,
 High on the Theban throne, shalt bear an equal sway.

* The Fatal Sisters. † The Descent of Odin.

‡ Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.


~~~~~

THE WANDERER'S MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

## I.

THRON'D on a sable cloud dread Midnight reigns,  
 The moon's last beam sinks through the western sky;  
 While wilder'd, faint, I roam these swampy plains,  
 No star, no college-lamp to cheer my eye.

## II.

The red, swoln torrent dashes down the hills,  
 Loud blows the bitter from the reedy lake,  
 His channels wide the roaring river fills,  
 Bursts all his bounds, uproots the flowery brake.

## III.

Within this hollow yew by lightning riven,  
 Now let me rest a while my weary head,  
 Implore the mercy of all-judging Heaven,  
 Before I sink among the worlds of dead.

## IV.

O welcome refuge from the battering blast,  
 Which more than downy pillow now can please;  
 On which, ungrateful, impious I have pass'd  
 Full many a night of unmolested ease:

## V.

Now, while the mighty waters swell around,  
 While rocks this crazy trunk above the tide;  
 Now, what is life? a dream, a passing sound!  
 How vain, how fleeting the career of Pride!

## VI.

What arm of strength can now be stretch'd to save  
A wretch, cold, trembling on the verge of Fate,  
Like autumn-leaf shook o'er this watery grave;  
Beyond this grave what doom may now await?

## VII.

Ah! let me ponder on the summer gone,  
On days, on years for my probation given;—  
Ah! can the God within pronounce, Well done!  
Ah! have I faithful wrought the will of Heaven?

## VIII.

How mean, how mad my chief pursuits appear!  
What struck me blind to this eventful hour!  
What airy bubbles have I toil'd to rear,  
Of worldly wealth, of vanity and power!

## IX.

Ye sons of earth, with headlong fury hurl'd,  
From stage to stage, till Death block up your way;  
O leave a while, O leave a giddy world,  
To sum th' account that Justice calls to pay.

## X.

Now at this dead and dismal hour of night,  
What thousands revel in licentious joys;  
While Reason, Conscience, Truth take sudden flight,  
Stunn'd into silence by obstreperous noise.

## XI.

How many slumber in repose profound,  
Shifting their task assign'd from day to day;  
Though Death inexorable, stalks his round,  
And heaps on heaps each moment mows his prey.

## XII.

O could my voice now reach the thoughtless crew,  
And make one soul conceive what now I feel ;  
One soul reclaim'd would cheer this darksome view,  
These agonizing wounds of conscience heal.

## XIII.

O might the days and nights mispent return ;  
Nor day nor night should prayers and incense cease ;  
Till with new joys this bosom cold should burn  
With fervid flame of Heaven's soul-gladdening peace.

~~~~~

VERSES ON A-N-D-E.

I.

FAR from the dark, tempestuous tide,
 Where proud Ambition spreads his sail;
 With Independence by my side,
 Free let me roam through A-n-d-e.

II.

How mean the grandeur courts display,
 Where Envy's darts the breast assail;
 While Nature's throne I here survey,
 Majestic rear'd in A-n-d-e.

III.

Here Art her humble handmaid tends
 The fruits and flowers that scent the gale,
 With gentle hand the osier bends
 Around her fane in A-n-d-e.

IV.

Through fretted arches ivy-bound,
 The torrent rolls from hill to vale,
 Through rocks now roars with savage-sound,
 Now murmurs sweet through A-n-d-e.

V.

Ye vocal grots and streams and trees,
 With joy your native voice I hail;
 While Wit and Elegance and Ease
 Conspire t' enliven A-n-d-e.

VI.

Retir'd from scenes of splendid strife,
Let these my weary soul regale ;
These Powers that sooth the cares of life,
The Genii bright of A-n-d-e.

THE MINSTREL:

OR

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS:

A POEM.

Books III. and IV.—Continued on the Original Plan of
DR BEATTIE.

Magnis tamen excidit ausis. OVID.

I.

AH! how shall I presume, with trembling hand,
To touch the tuneful harp which B—e strung,
Obsequious only to his high command,
In soul-subduing numbers while he sung,
While truth and harmony adorn'd his tongue!
The shepherds, listening to his moral lays,
Wak'd loud applauses, till, around them rung
The hoary Grampians, echoing to his praise,
Louder and louder borne, with growing length of days.

II.

Thou chastest Minstrel of the Scottish grove,
My friend, instructor, and my dearest pride;
The tribute due of gratitude and love,
Permit me here to pay; while I abide,

Still, in this bleak sojourn, rest of my guide,
 Lonely and sad, without thy wonted smile,
 In every wo that solace kind supplied ;
 Beset with snares of Selfishness and Guile,
 Extending now so wide their domination vile.

III.

To thee I owe whate'er this heart can boast,
 Of pious, just, benevolent or true ;
 When, in the Sophist's thorny labyrinth lost,
 With nought but Desperation dark in view ;
 Thy energetic voice of Truth I knew,
 Warning the wanderer of Confusion's fate,
 The gathering storm of Anarchy, t' eschew,
 By pride engender'd, and profane debate,
 Threatening each holy fane, each hoary tower of State

IV.

On fluttering pinions while I strive to rise,
 With ardour fir'd to emulate thy flight
 Sublime, pursued thro' pure ætherial skies,
 Thy Genius I invoke, to lead me right,
 With well known, kindly care ; if spirit bright
 Like thine, and gentle, still may condescend
 To animate the-soul of mortal wight,
 The Muse's steep, attempting to ascend,
 Her native charms divine, like thee, to recommend,

V.

Thus, I dependent on the inspiring Power
 Of heavenly song, thy Edwin's course shall trace
 From that lamented, inauspicious hour
 Of thy heart-breaking grief, when manly grace
 Seem'd to forsake his melancholy face,
 When clouds of sorrow quench'd his bursting flame,

That promis'd fair, the glory of his race
 To make him rise, and reach the height of Fame,
 Support, in strength mature, the MINSTREL's sacred name.

VI.

Tho', first, enamour'd of the flowery lay,
 Of hollow, tinkling sound and tinsel-show ;
 Yet, now, his nervous numbers 'gan display
 The chaster graces that spontaneous flow
 From inborn energy, and ardent glow
 Of thought, or plaintive, dreadful, or, sublime,
 In strains of triumph breath'd, or tender wo,
 Form'd to delight in Music's varied chime,
 With Nature's fervent voice thro' every age and clime.

VII.

As yet, he had attun'd his earliest song,
 Only, the rural beauties to display ;
 The simple, jocund, shepherd-train among,
 On Nature's bounty, who, from day to day,
 Contented lived, like th' aërial warblers gay,
 Fed and protected by the liberal hand
 Of Providence, that guides their certain way,
 Winter to shun and seek a foreign strand,
 In Summer's fruitful fields t' enjoy the zephyrs bland.

VIII.

His open heart, devoid of artful guile,
 Still warm and generous, beat with pure delight,
 His eye appear'd on all benign to smile,
 Esteeming others as himself upright.
 But, chiefly Phyllis, now, in beauty bright,
 With fascinating glance inspir'd his strain,
 Of all the fair, appearing in his sight
 Most fair. For, O ! what muse-enamour'd swain
 Was ever found t' escape Love's soft, bewitching chain !

IX.

The purest passion, too; her bosom warm'd,
 In grateful, kind return; and Edwin's lays,
 Breathing his fervid flame, melodious charm'd
 Her ear attentive, while he sung her praise,
 That the envy seem'd of rivals vain to raise.
 The swains repeating oft her honour'd name,
 Of singing choirs she drew the constant gaze;
 When every tongue was heard aloud t' exclaim,—
 " Charms so divinely sung deserve unfading fame."

X.

During this simple, patriarchal age,
 The ecstatic fire of Love and Song refin'd,
 Sublimed the soul, to look beyond the stage,
 Where grovelling, selfish Interest, ever blind
 To mental grace, the glory of mankind,
 Pursues his crooked path, to plant a snare
 For those of guileless, unsuspecting mind;
 With venom'd fang to seize them unaware,
 To chill their genial glow, to sink them in despair.

XI.

Such havoc dire was wrought by rebel-Pride
 And Luxury, among the shepherd-train,
 Who joyous hitherto, had lived, denied
 To pleasures that intoxicate the brain,
 And rouse to madness. Thus the lust of Gain,
 Ever insatiate, raging for supply
 Of fancied bliss, still proves a deadly bane:
 Contentment seems, still, farther off to fly,
 And every generous spark eternally to die.

XII.

Man, now, with jealousy and cautious care,
 Beheld his brother man, suspicious still

Of dark design, to inveigle and ensnare.
 Hence apathy and disaffection chill,
 Distant reserve and watchful cunning skill,
 To overreach, supplant and undermine,
 Was the prime lore that Wisdom seemed t' instil ;
 The Sophist's wisdom, taught in Mammon's shrine,
 Design'd, each sacred Truth with Error to entwine.

XIII.

" Arise, ye gods of earth, resume your pride,
 " Your native pride, disdainful of control :
 ('Twas thus the Sceptic to the nations cried,)
 " To you the page of Science I unroll,
 " Assert the rights of every free-born soul.
 " Shake off, at length the tyrant's galling chain,
 " Your reverence blind of sacerdotal stole ;
 " Your independence strenuously maintain,
 " And reinless roam at will thro' Liberty's domain.

XIV.

" Shall mighty man still drudge a menial slave,
 " In these auspicious and enlighten'd days !—
 " Man ! destin'd to command of wind and wave ;
 " When pure Philosophy wide spreads her rays,
 " Illuminating earth with fervid blaze ;
 " When priestcraft, prejudice and vulgar dreams
 " Of Superstition, conn'd in canting phrase,
 " Are sinking fast in dark Lethæan streams,
 " Like goblins grim of night before the morning beams.

XV.

" Reason adore, ye sons of new-born light,
 " Omnipotent director of the mind.
 " 'Tis she alone can lead her votary right,
 " Thro' many a labyrinth long, the truth to find,

- " Remove each scruple of the bigot-blind,
 " Attach'd to antiquated creeds and modes
 " Of Faith and Polity, contriv'd to bind
 " In durance dark, by legislative codes,
 " The human race, thro' all thron'd Tyranny's abodes.

XVI.

- " To Reason only, your devotion pay,
 " From her decision, mark the good from ill.
 " No more shall phantoms, then, your heart dismay,
 " Of future fate, with fearful presage, fill;
 " But, free t' obey your own almighty will,
 " Thus wisely regulated, then, with scorn
 " Of rule superior, proud ye shall fulfil
 " The end of men, all great and equal born,
 " Their dignity maintain, their nature bright adorn."

XVII.

Mankind, impatient, ever, of restraint
 On their rebellious will, gave greedy ear,
 Obstreperous roar'd unanimous consent
 To lore so flattering; to their heart so dear.
 They burn'd to drive thro' Freedom's boundless sphere,
 In bold defiance of; or earthly Power,
 Or heavenly, to oppose their fierce career;
 All bent to level, plunder and devour,
 To mingle with the dust each strong and stately tower.

XVIII.

Ah! who can fully number all the woes;
 So oft that have imbitter'd human life,
 Arising from unhallow'd lore, of those
 Promoters of sedition, hate and strife;
 Among the sons of Luxury so rife.
 Here, vain Philosophy, Religion vain,
 Have cruel torn the husband from the wife;

Brother from brother, bursting kindred's chain,
And all the sacred ties that family-love maintain !

XIX.

Edwin, instructed by the Hermit-sage,
In purer wisdom, beaming from on high ;
Had now deep studied Inspiration's page,
Celestial Truth revealing from the sky ;
To man prescribing much Humility,
Chief ornament of his degenerate kind,
In servitude, to Passion proud, who lie,
A tyrant dread, that drives him desperate, blind,
To work his wicked will inhumanly inclin'd.

XX.

Like wasteful Pestilence, in hottest rage,
The mental madness flew from heart to heart ;
As still it wont, in every hapless age,
When Hate and Envy, rous'd by demon-art
Of Sophistry, are furious seen to dart
Their flaming firebrands thro' each peaceful vale
Of human life, with violence to dispart
The bonds of Polity, and rude assail
Each loyal subject blest within her sacred pale.

XXI.

Yet, long before the conflagration dread
Had burst the establish'd barriers of Law,
And death and desolation widely spread ;
The sparks fast flying round, sage Edwin saw,
Fair order, right and truth, in Ruin's jaw,
High thrones and altars rocking on their base.
He marked gaunt Anarchy, with monstrous maw,
From the foundation, threatening loud to raze
Each hallow'd pile of State, the pride of ancient days.

XXII.

Now, all, within, his Spirit rose in arms,
 Now, burst in flame his pure, poetic fire ;
 All eager, timeously to sound alarms
 Of nigh-approaching doom. He seiz'd his lyre,
 Loud struck the notes of honest, generous ire,
 Waked by the assault of Truth's malignant foes,
 Who dared, in deep-concerted league, conspire—
 The established laws of Nature to oppose,
 To overwhelm mankind with flood of everlasting woes.

XXIII.

Ah ! why awak'd his warning voice in vain ?
 Why listened not the nations to his lay ?
 On pillage bent, they hugged black Error's chain,
 Darkness preferred to heavenly light of day ;
 Taught, only, philosophic rule, t' obey,
 By new-born Oracles of Truth profound.
 Among the wise these claim'd superior sway,
 Profess'd, all Nature's darkest depths, to sound,
 To push their labour'd course transcending Reason's bound.

XXIV.

Thus, wildly wandering thro' forbidden space ;
 Ah ! who can tell what terrors mark'd their way ;
 What thirst of blood inflam'd the human race,
 Render'd more fell than fiercest beasts of prey ;
 Raising the clouds, o'er every landscape gay,
 Of purple carnage ! Each, his neighbour chief,
 Desired to plunder, murder, or betray,
 As, armed assassin, or, as, nightly thief ;
 While Law, exil'd afar, could tender no relief.

XXV.

Loathing, like deepest Erebus, a theme
 That teems with sights and sounds of hellish wo ;

Leave we, my Muse, such scenes of guilt extreme,
 To History's records, that horrific show
 In characters of blood, what evils grow,
 When lawless Lust, false knowledge hath inflam'd,
 Hath still made earth with wretchedness o'erflow,
 From earliest date; when men have, bold, disclaim'd
 The sovereignty of Law, her hallow'd rights defam'd.

XXVI.

Proceed we, only, to describe the rage,
 Remonstrating aloud, that rose sublime
 In Edwin's bosom, when, on every stage
 Of human life, gigantic grew each crime,
 Of Nature, marring the harmonious chime;
 When all the bonds of social love he found,
 (The bliss, the praise of simple, pastoral time)
 In sunder rent, and scatter'd o'er the ground;
 Distraction and Distrust, scowl sullenly around.

XXVII.

" Ah! whither have ye sudden fled," he cries,
 " Ye days before enjoy'd of peace and love?
 " Why, thus, discordant and terrific rise
 " Sedition's broils in every cot and grove?
 " Where shepherds gay their olive garlands wove;
 " Who never thus had broke the sacred band
 " Of Amity, commission'd from above,
 " To guide them, careless sporting hand in hand,
 " Delighting still t' obey, unquestion'd, his command.

XXVIII.

" What feuds now spread! what lust of lucre fires
 " Each gentle nymph and swain! devoted, now,
 " Uncheck'd t' indulge Ambition's gross desires,
 " Alone, in Mammon's filthy fane to bow,

" Alone, the sovereignty of wealth t' avow.
 " The wreaths, here gather'd by her creeping crew,
 " The soul most sunk, seem richly to endow
 " With honour, dignity and splendor new,
 " Before, to Virtue's friends accounted, only, due.

XXIX.

" And reigns the Lust so wasteful and so wide,
 " That Phyllis, generous Phyllis, owns its sway;
 " Falls she the victim of ignoble Pride,
 " To venal Vanity a captive prey;
 " And must her vows, her virtues all give way.
 " To griping Avarice, that fiend most fell,
 " Low crouching, to entrap and to betray;
 " Who, from the breast so quickly can expel
 " Each feeling, tender, pure, as by Enchantment's spell?

XXX.

" This heart despairing, too, can Damon wound;—
 " He, too, insult my life-consuming pain;
 " Whom, long, so fond, so faithful I had found,
 " Till gorgeous Luxury began his reign,
 " Till he inlisted in her pageant-train?
 " Can he, thus harden'd, burst Affection's ties,
 " And scornful hear me bitterly complain,
 " While basest appetites imperious rise,
 " To rule the selfish soul, where every virtue dies?

XXXI.

" When joys of Love and Friendship pure are fled,
 " When gold alone can heart to heart unite,
 " To every kindly generous impulse dead;
 " When Interest sits sole judge of wrong and right,
 " When Sophistry, with ever shifting light,
 " Of sound Philosophy usurps the seat,
 " Creating doubt, misrule and black affright;—

“ Now, let me fly to some obscure retreat,
 “ For sad reflecting thought and melancholy meet.

XXXII.

“ This plaintive Harp, sole partner of my way,
 “ My only property, my only pride,
 “ Shall vibrate still, t’ alleviate my dismay.
 “ Tho’ now its woodland warblings be decried
 “ By those, whose pompous strains more gaily glide ;
 “ Yet, still, they shall awake in some lone dale,
 “ Some sweetly-murmuring rivulet beside ;
 “ Accordant to the Evening’s sighing gale,
 “ Or, Philomela’s lay, that pours her widow’d wail.

XXXIII.

“ Nor, yet, am I bereft of all relief,
 “ From the soft sympathy of human-kind.
 “ Still, happy, one may live, to ease my grief,
 “ My early friend, perchance, I yet may find,
 “ The Hermit of the cave. To him my mind,
 “ All it can boast of worth, or science, owes.
 “ From his calm shade, too far I have declin’d
 “ Thro’ climes estranged, embroil’d with splendid woes,
 “ Where Insurrection’s storm with ceaseless ravage blows.”

XXXIV.

This said, with hasty step he took his way,
 Eager to fly from Riot’s horrid roar,
 That overpower’d his unavailing lay,
 His gentle ear with dissonance that tore.
 Pining with anguish, he, alas ! no more
 Could strive and juggle with the stubborn crowd ;
 But sought, his fate, in silence to deplore,
 Under Retirement’s most impervious cloud,
 Remote from rabble-strife, and insult of the proud.

XXXV.

Onward he sped, plodding his dubious course:
 Strong, adverse, passions, struggling in his breast,
 Shook all his frame with rude, convulsive force,
 Sunk him to earth with agony oppress'd.
 Anon, his brighten'd eye, stern joy confess'd,
 A smile contemptuous as he cast, behind,
 On the dun towers which smoky clouds invest :
 Where cunning casuists more becloud the mind,
 With deep and learn'd debate, beyond its reach refin'd.

XXXVI.

Thus, agitated, now, like statue still
 He stood ; in wildering consternation lost.
 Now, starting quick, he hurried up the hill,
 His arms around him violently toss'd,
 At once, in love, in fame, in friendship, cross'd.
 His motions to behold, he seemed bereaved
 Of reason, while Despair his soul engross'd.
 But Hope, still glimmering, gradual he retrieved
 His wonted aspect mild, as by some charm relieved.

XXXVII.

At length the summit of a mountain high,
 With difficult and panting breath, he gain'd.
 O'er all the expanse below he cast his eye,
 That hamlets, groves and glittering streams contain'd ;
 But, here, soft silence unmolested reign'd.
 O ! what relief the lone Enthusiast found,
 When here, his swelling bosom unrestrain'd,
 He full commanded all th' horizon round,
 To where the welkin sinks in Ocean's hoar profound !

XXXVIII.

" Ye heavens and earth, expanding fair and wide ;"
 Loud he exclaim'd : " how little, low, appear

Yon fretted roofs and pinnacles of pride,
 'Midst this magnificence of Nature's spheres !
 Etherial Genii surely hover here,
 Inspiring elevation new of soul,
 Its native fields of Freedom who endear.
 Escaped from gorgeous Vanity's control,
 It mounts on seraph-wing, and looks beyond the pole.

XXXIX.

What son of earth, deep weltering in its mire,
 Can, silent, this stupendous frame survey,
 Not moved with ardour, heaven-ward to aspire,
 To love, to venerate, and to obey
 The Power omnipotent ? These scenes display
 Designs of goodness, wisdom infinite,
 Commanding men to lift th' adoring lay,
 With grateful voice of pious, pure, delight,
 With tongue devoid of guile, with all the heart upright.

XL.

O bliss ineffable ! for man design'd
 His chief, and, oft, his only stay below ;
 Untasted, unconceived by every mind
 Unjust and insincere, that must forego
 The smile of Heaven, and inly-soothing glow
 Of Innocence and firm Integrity.
 These brave the brandish'd darts of gloomy Wo,
 Upheld by mental might and energy,
 These, cheer'd by Faith and Hope, still stand secure and free.

XLI.

Be this my first, my unremitting care,
 For these propitious visitants divine,
 A heart, all honest, humble, to prepare,
 Where, these may shed their influence benign.

Then, shall I ne'er distrustfully repine,
 Tho' Fortune's blast I may endure a while :
 These, with redoubled ray again shall shine,
 With Heaven's decrees my sufferings reconcile,
 O'er all my clouded sphere, anew, make gladness smile."

XLII:

His oraison, thus warm, spontaneous, pour'd ;
 He slow descended to a woody dale,
 Felt his serenity of soul restor'd,
 While softly breath'd around the winning gale.
 A shady covert, far within the vale,
 He found, inviting him to calm repose ;
 And o'er his eyelids, Sleep 'gan now prevail.
 He laid him down, forgetful of his woes,
 In peace with all mankind, forgiving all his foes.

XLIII.

Soon as arose the grateful, dappled dawn,
 With darkness, quickly fled his slumbers light.
 His mossy couch he left, and, o'er the lawn,
 Refresh'd and sprinkled with the dews of night,
 Now, in the morning beam bespangled bright,
 His pathless course with vigour he pursued,
 The landscape green expanding to his sight :
 And, oft he stopp'd, and, eager listening, stood,
 To voice of purling streams, and warblers of the wood.

XLIV.

Full many a mountain, many a valley past,
 By route, it seem'd, no human foot had trod ;
 The abandon'd solitude he reach'd at last,
 Where th' aged Hermit long had his abode.
 Here, thro' the matted woods a streamlet flow'd ;
 And, from the cliffs, in awful grandeur pill'd,
 On mighty wing the eagle soar'd abroad,

As lord-unrivall'd of the rocky wild;
From whose tremendous tower all foes were far exil'd.

XLV.

In deep solicitude, he halted nigh
The cavern'd mansion of his Friend so dear;
Lest, hapless, he should find him lifeless lie,
Or, wanting needful aid, deserted here,
Worn out with age and abstinence severe.
Slow he approach'd, with reverence profound,
To every motion giving heedful ear;
When sudden, burst above, this welcome sound—
“ My Edwin, lost so long, my child, now have I found? ”

XLVI.

Raising his eye, he flew, and, in his arms
Received the Sage, descending from his seat
Of shelving rock, which banish'd his alarms,
With warmest transport made his bosom beat:
While thus each other cordially they greet,
The beams of Friendship, from their moisten'd eyes,
Like Heaven's mild lustre, shone benignly sweet.
O, how unlike the grinning smiles that rise
On Flattery's wreathed front, concealing fraud and lies!

XLVII.

“ Now, O my Father, and my only Friend
I yet have found in all this world so wide!
Here, let my rankling cares and sorrows end,
The treacherous lures of Lucre and of Pride.
The various paths of life I have descried,
For years on years, rolling their weary round,
Their criminal enjoyments all denied,
Of guile and vanity; have ever found,
The more those paths are trod, these, more and more, abound.

XLVIII.

Henceforth, let me remain with Heaven and Thee.
 Here, only, I can taste substantial joy,
 From bondage base of Pagantry set free.
 Here, her rude squabbles never can annoy,
 This sweet serenity of mind destroy.
 No more I wish to glitter with the vain,
 To indulge in pleasures that disgust and cloy.—
 Hide me, ye woods, from th' impious and profane,
 The barbarous rabble-rout, and Lucre's sneaking train!

XLIX.

'Twas these that stung thy honest, guileless heart,
 To shun the world's deceitful, crooked ways;
 Inflicting deep the agonizing smart,
 That seem'd to quench Love's warm celestial rays,
 That struck thee dead to earthly blame and praise.
 'Twas these that drove thee to this calm retreat,
 With Peace and Innocence to pass the days,
 Capricious Fortune's malice to defeat,
 Disdainful of her smile, and of her blackest threat.

Thy counsel sage oft warn'd my heedless youth,
 To aim against the menaces of Fate.
 Experience now has proved thy words of Truth,
 By demonstration dread. But, then; elate,
 And eager to ascend Fame's radiant height,
 I mingled with her votaries, in strife
 Profane and foul, of Jealousy and Hate;
 Lurking like vipers venomous and rife,
 Spreading distrust and fear thro' all the tracks of life.

LII.

This said, he told a melancholy tale
 Of sufferings long, severe, he had endur'd,

With others many, in this fearful vale;
 Whose youth, Ambition's clarion had allur'd,
 Of wealth and honour, whom she had assur'd;
 But left unpitied, overwhelm'd with wo,
 Their orient worth by Envy's breath obscur'd.
 The Hermit heard, and shook his locks of snow,
 And o'er his Time-bleach'd cheek arose a reddening glow.

LII.

" Thy generous indignation, O my Son, "
 In solemn tone he said, " I must approve,
 Rising from nameless sorrows undergone
 By thee, by many, which compassion move
 In every sympathetic heart, where Love
 Of Truth and clear Integrity resides,
 Warm flaming like the radiance from above.
 This Love cold-blooded Avarice derides,
 In whose phlegmatic soul no genial spark abides.

LIII.

He, deeming others, as himself, unjust,
 Dares not, in them, his own deceit arraign.
 He eyes mankind with callous, calm distrust,
 Patient of wrong, while hunting after gain,
 O'erlooking crimes, of which he would complain,
 If innocent, with full determin'd hate.
 Thus spread Corruption's boughs a deadly bane,
 Which, unrestrain'd, the enormous guilt create,
 That sinks in wreck at last the heart-corroded State.

LIV.

Ah! how unfit are plants of heavenly birth,
 To prosper in such unpropitious soil!
 Here every weed most noxious, from the earth
 Spontaneous springs, without or care or toil;

Whose rank luxuriance, oft is seen to foil
 The improver's nicest, best directed skill.
 How oft must he behold the fee, despoil
 Virtue's fair opening charms, as Mildew chill,
 The blossoms of the year is cruel seen to kill !

LV.

Thy Worth, my Son, deep rooted and matur'd,
 Can, now, defy the sporter's aim and art ;
 Whose force and fraud, unhurt, it has endur'd.
 Let not Despondence overcome thy heart,
 Susceptible, I own, of keenest smart,
 Felt from the stings of Insolence and Scorn.
 Allow not these, thy noble views to thwart,
 Condemn thee, here, in solitude to mourn,
 In many prime of life, of thy due laurels shorn.

LVI.

“ Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.”
 Let Opposition, only, rouse to flame
 More bright and vehement, thy slumbering fire,
 Rouse thee to mount thy firmament of fame.
 Tho' the earth-chain'd, selfish crowd refuse thy claim
 To meed deserved, yet, many shall be found,
 Still ready to respect the MINSTREL'S name,
 When just alarms, he gives his harp to sound,
 Of Anarchy and War, now, brooding close around.

LVII.

Let not the previous boon, bestow'd on few,
 To thee be given in vain : but mark the flight
 Of bold Mæonides, full to thy view
 Displaying scenes that ecstasy excite ;
 Or, when his thundering song provokes the fight,
 Or, when, to quell Sedition's wild uproar,
 He drags her forth, all monstrous to the sight,

With foamy jaw, and weltering deep in gore
Of Greek with Greek embroil'd, on the Dardanian shore.

LVIII.

Should th' arts of Peace demand a softer strain,
The loyal love of rural life to sing ;
Then, let the music of the Mantuan swain
Attune thy reed. Along the fields of Spring,
With him, like Zephyr, fly on downy wing ;
Marking varieties of clime and soil,
The sources tried which health and plenty bring,
The powers combin'd that aid the tiller's toil,
The causes most that speed, and most his labours foil.

LIX.

But, chief, against the visionary vain
Give warning due ; whose meteor leads astray,
From paths of sage Experience safe and plain,
Mialed by Fancy's ever flitting ray ;
Knowledge profound affecting to display.
Thus deep involved in mazy tracts unknown,
Desperate he drives along Perdition's way ;
Till, all his innovating schemes o'erthrown,
He sink amidst the wreck of his aerial throne.

LX.

More blest would pass my few remaining days,
Could I enjoy thy converse kind, and here
Join in thy heart-improving moral lays.
But, thus, my selfish bliss must interfere
With duties, in the world's beclouded sphere,
Which public danger calls thee to perform,
To admonish all, who happily may hear,
United, to repel the rising storm,
The assault of foreign foes, and rage of rash reform.

LXI.

Then, go my Son, again thy harp awake.
 For suffering-sunk Humanity I plead,
 For Truth expiring, wounded Virtue's sake.
 Shall these be suffer'd to complain, to bleed
 Contemn'd, abandon'd in their utmost need ?
 One zealous Champion yet remains, I know,
 Whose prowess high, I trust, may still succeed,
 In conflict with the impious, rebel foe,
 His treason to expose, and lay his laurels low."

LXII.

" My Friend revered, my Oracle of truth ;"
 Edwin, submissive, candidly replied,
 " Thy words I held as sacred law in youth ;
 Thro' age, may I regard them as my guide !
 Thy counsel to obey is still my pride ;
 Thy approbation still my highest aim.
 This sweeter consolation has supplied,
 In every heavy hour, than loud acclaim
 Of multitudes, that prove, full oft, their idol's shame."

LXIII.

By thee encouraged thus, I now depart :
 Nor shall I cease to wake my feeble strain,
 Too simple far, to develop the art
 Of cunning Sophistry's insidious train :
 Nor shall I hope, enjoyment pure to gain,
 Till, hither I return."—In close embrace
 They silent stood, but tears bespoke their pain.—
 Parting abrupt, the Minstrel turn'd his face,
 Down thro' this tearful vale, his footsteps to retrace.

~~~~~

THE MINSTREL:

## BOOK IV.

## I.

ON as the young adventurer, thro' the world,  
 dent begins his race, before him, still,  
 ir Hope he sees on high, with flag unfurl'd ;  
 sured, the smiling Goddess must fulfil  
 r gracious promise, to his utmost will :  
 io', often warn'd of its delusion vain,  
 t, trusting to his own unrivall'd skill,  
 ward he bounds, the blissful boon to gain,  
 tisfying still to her devoted train.

## II.

ould he, perchance, thro' many years of toil,  
 tain the darling object of his heart ;  
 hat unexpected plagues may quickly spoil  
 is happiness, subject him to the smart,  
 ll unforeseen, of Disappointment's dart !  
 anking, in room of Hope's obstructed ray,  
 ho, from her place, is sudden seen to part  
 far, still luring pilgrims on their way,  
 gaudy, tinsel toys, to dazzle and betray.

## III.

Of small account, tho' Edwin, such esteem'd  
 The lures of Vanity and vulgar Pride ;  
 From chaster charms, he, yet, too fondly deem'd  
 His worldly hopes should full be gratified.  
 In humble peace, he pray'd his days might glide  
 Smoothly along, unruffled by the cares  
 And tempests that convulse Ambition's tide,  
 Harsh grating to the Minstrel meek, who shares  
 The Muse's choir, enrapt with her melodious airs.

## IV.

Compell'd, her calm retirement to forego,  
 Where he had hop'd with her, and with one Friend,  
 To heal the bosom-festering stings of Wo ;  
 Down to the world, again, behold him bend  
 His plodded path, preparing to defend  
 With all his powers of warm, heart-breathing song,  
 Truth's falling fame; and now alone depend  
 On Heaven's high aid; to brave th' ungodly throng;  
 Solely to whom, dismay and sure defeat belong.

## V.

" No more," he cries, " shall earth-born Hope deceive  
 This soul, pois'd firm, that looks beyond her sphere :  
 Her spell, no more, shall gladden me or grieve;  
 Unbiass'd, while I hold a conscience clear.  
 Then, may I scorn the menace dark of Fear,  
 Lucre's base bribe, and Luxury's embrace ;  
 Yon demon-pair, so wide who domineer,  
 The gods chief worshipp'd by a recreant race,  
 Whose lustful sway is found, man's heavenly form t' efface."

## VI.

Thus, musing deep, while Mem'ry to his mind  
 Recall'd the sorrows of his pilgrimage,

Upon a mountain's brow, faint he reclin'd,  
 When sudden rose the storm in blackest rage.  
 Light'ning and hail seem'd ruthless to presage  
 Death instantaneous to the houseless wight:  
 Below, he spied an oak all gray with age,  
 Standing alone, the wanderer to invite,  
 Beneath its spreading arms, to ease his piteous plight.

## VII.

But leafless now; small shelter they could yield  
 Against the tempest; waxing still more dread.  
 Yet, close beside, a cave he found to shield  
 His batter'd frame, and rest his weary head  
 Upon the velvet moss. "O grateful shed!"  
 With panting breath and lifted hands, he cried;  
 "Nor, ever, lordly hall, nor downy bed,  
 "To scept'red prince more comfort sweet supplied,  
 "Than here I feel; while safe from Ruin's rage I hide."

## VIII.

Exclaiming thus, a crash, like earthquake, shook  
 The cavern'd rock. Up starting all aghast,  
 Forth o'er the wild he threw an ardent look,  
 Beheld the oak uprooted by the blast,  
 Adown the precipice in shatters cast;  
 Tearing along the threshold of his cave.  
 Thus sudden falls the pride of ages past.  
 Here, Edwin also would have found his grave,  
 Had HE who guides the storm not stretch'd his arm to save;

## IX.

Safely enjoying now the scene sublime,  
 Within his rocky tower, in raptur'd strain  
 Loud burst his heart.—"In this abandon'd clime,  
 The Lord of Nature I discern to reign  
 With providential power, while here I gain

Rescue from death and bounding joy of soul.  
 Ne'er let me, hence, with dark distrust complain,  
 Tho' round me blasts and fierce sea-billows roll,  
 While these are subject still to his supreme control.

## X.

Fly forth, ye winds! ye bolts of thunder, roar!  
 In you th' Almighty's warning voice I hear:  
 Your ministry, your message I adore.  
 By these, ye speak his awful presence near,  
 T' appal the guilty, and dispel the fear  
 Of hapless Innocence, meek and resign'd;  
 His child on earth whom he esteems most dear,  
 Most ready still his favour free to find;  
 Proffer'd alone to him of honest, humble mind."

## XI.

Here, tho' inwrapt with storm and blackest night,  
 Yet, warm he felt the sunshine of the breast;  
 Till joy and beauty, with the morning light,  
 Smil'd o'er th' horizon. From refreshing rest  
 He rose, his gratitude to Heaven confess'd.  
 Looking abroad, the mountain-tops he view'd,  
 His native glen, that bounded on the west;  
 On which he first the willing Muse had woo'd,  
 Prizing his highest bliss, her charms and solitude.

## XII.

Unnumber'd images of early loves,  
 Tumultuous rush'd on his transported mind;  
 While he beheld the well-known grots and groves,  
 Much shrunk tho' they appear'd. Eager to find  
 Some shepherd-swain, as erst, all courteous, kind,  
 The tidings of the vale who might relate;  
 Nor swain, nor flock, save hare, or startled hind,

He perceiv'd to move on plain or height ;  
 Hence reign'd around in melancholy state.

## XIII.

House approaching which he call'd his home ;  
 Hence he had a home, ere Fortune frown'd,  
 Though foreign realms ere he began to roam ;  
 House, the mirthful hamlet, all he found  
 Burn'd by fire, and strew'd along the ground.  
 He now turning from the dismal sight,  
 He sought the churchyard on th' adjacent mound,  
 Where ashes of departed friends invite,  
 Their surer of the dead, to pay religious rite.

## XIV.

Venerable dome appear'd to share  
 The unhallow'd rage of sacrilegious hands ;  
 Hence often he had join'd in psalm and prayer.  
 The wide wreck of houses, barren lands,  
 Were the marks of Desolation's brands,  
 Lying against a riven trunk of yew,  
 And most melancholy, Edwin stands.  
 He hid in grass, a tomb-stone struck his view ;  
 On the inscription rude, his father's grave he knew.

## XV.

Worn and fainting on the ground he fell ;  
 In time, as deep entranc'd, or lifeless lay :  
 He wak'd, - he gave his harp the notes to swell,  
 And all the emotions of his soul obey.  
 O happy dead, escap'd this evil day !  
 Why all leave me here to weep alone ?  
 O, angel-choirs ye join in white array,  
 Must I here abandon'd, friendless, moan,  
 Lying in the dust like this moss-cover'd stone ?

## XVI.

For, sure, if warmest piety of heart,  
 And truth, be aught of Heaven's peculiar care ;  
 If, never from their onward paths to part,  
 With crooked aim, the gains of Fraud to share ;—  
 If merit such may ever man prepare,  
 Mercy to find ; my parents, both rever'd !  
 Such worth was yours. Still, may I witness bear,  
 That, not in vain, your sacred lore I 've heard ;  
 Which knowledge of the world to me has more endear'd.

## XVII.

Such knowledge false, inculcating deceit,  
 By word and work, deep sapping Virtue's base ;  
 Such, had I never learn'd in school or street,  
 Pure, wise, like you, as in my early days,  
 Unchafed by censure, uneduc'd by praise,  
 With God and Nature, competence and peace.  
 I might have walked, escaping Error's maze :  
 But, still, my sorrows more and more increase ;  
 An outcast now from home, where shall my wanderings cease!

## XVIII.

Devoutly casting up his tearful eye ;  
 A bending form, in sable weeds, array'd,  
 Of widowhood, he saw, slow slipping nigh.  
 " Hail ! sweetly plaintive Minstrel," mild she said,  
 " What comfort has thy pious strains convey'd  
 " To this my broken heart ! Nor, to thy fame,  
 " Nor, to thy house and kindred now decay'd,  
 " Am I estranged. I feel thy fervent flame,  
 " I knew thy early worth, and honour Edwin's name."

## XIX.

This waste, by thee deplored, arose from pride  
 Of Wealth, and hate of old Baronial power,

Bursting the bounds established that divide  
 The ranks of life. Still, darker tempests lower  
 Of Anarchy, gaunt, gaping to devour  
 Whatever treasures, won by blood and toil,  
 Adorn th' escutcheon'd hall and hamlet bower.  
 These her rebellious rout have mark'd their spoil,  
 Join'd with a foreign force to ravage and embroil.

## XX.

There, lies my husband, butcher'd in the strife,  
 In my defence, who brav'd the barbarous foe,  
 Till I escap'd, so narrowly, with life,  
 Obliged our flaming mansion to forego,  
 To pass my every future hour in wo.  
 Happy, thy parents! whom kind Death retriev'd  
 From view of this dread, desolating blow,  
 In peace who died, and direful dirge receiv'd ;  
 While, now, of house and friends so many are bereav'd.

## XXI.

Nor, yet, has Discord spent his deadly rage.  
 Earl Ethelwold collects his warrior-train,  
 In battle all impatient to engage,  
 Against the murderous spoilers of the plain.  
 Though mild he rules within his own domain,  
 If wrong be offer'd, by a stranger's hand,  
 To one, his charge, the humblest shepherd-swain ;  
 The cause he counts his own, still proud to stand  
 The Guardian of his tribe, and his paternal land.

## XXII.

But, lo ! yon setting sun bids me depart,  
 To his high mounded castle, now my home ;  
 Whence, hither, to relieve my woful heart  
 In tears and meditation, I have come.  
 Nor, can I leave thee longer here to roam ;



Thy well-known worth a welcome shall procure  
 To this our patron's hospitable dome.  
 Till now, thy house, and mine, long stood secure,  
 Beneath his shielded arm, though untrophy'd and obscure."

## XXIII.

The pair arriving, Edwin's name declar'd,  
 His hand the venerable Earl receiv'd.  
 " I am full inform'd, " he said, " how thou hast far'd,  
 How often been distress'd, how oft reliev'd.  
 And, now, I feel how sorely thou art griev'd,  
 To see the effects so dire of mobbish-rage,  
 Our loss, our anguish, ne'er to be retriev'd.  
 With night-incendiaries I am forced to engage,  
 With hell-envenom'd worms a warfare vile to wage.

## XXIV.

But, ere that moon her nightly march renew,  
 Our blood, with blood, shall amply be repaid ;  
 Chiefly, of those ringleaders of the crew,  
 Whose poison'd principles and lust invade  
 Like pestilence the tenants of the glade,  
 Insatiate thirsting for the viands foul  
 Of foreign growth, the luxuries of Trade ;  
 Till men, like wolves, for blood and rapine prowl,  
 To gild their piles of clay, and fill their maddening bowl.

## XXV.

In this retreat, let thy wide wanderings end.  
 Still, here, the Minstrel's merit is rever'd.  
 Be mine the pride, this merit to defend,  
 Against the grovelling herd whose hearts are scar'd  
 With lucre's lust, deaf to his strains that cheer'd,  
 Rais'd to renown, the Fathers of our race,  
 In Honour's high abodes their souls inspir'd.

Here, long they have maintain'd their power and place,  
 Here, only, stand secure our glory and our grace.

## XXVI.

Now, filled the spacious hall, bold knights and squires,  
 And long-rob'd dames, in sovereign beauty bright,  
 That rapturous love and chivalry inspires,  
 The hero animates, to excel in fight.  
 A plenteous plain repast enjoy'd ; t' excite  
 Sublimar joys, the Chief majestic rose,  
 Enjoining silence, still as breathless night,  
 To hear a tale of wars or melting woes,  
 That tempest all the soul, or sweetly that compose.

## XXVII.

Edwin ascended to the Minstrel's seat;  
 With harp in hand, aback his robe he threw,  
 The strings attuned to harmony complete,  
 His head uprais'd and eyes clos'd on the view.  
 As swell'd the notes, his rage still warmer grew,  
 Till, rushing midst the battle's thickest throng,  
 Starting at once, to arms the warriors flew—  
 " Revenge ! Revenge ! immediate of our wrong !"  
 Thus sudden clamour check'd the high, heroic song.

## XXVIII.

" Here, still, has been rever'd the sacred lyre,  
 " And still shall be : " Lord Ethelwold exclaim'd.  
 " While breathing, as at present, purest fire,  
 " The deeds resounding of our Fathers, fam'd  
 " For patriot spirit, which it high inflam'd,  
 " And made them rise the heroes of its strain.  
 " Let us, with these, aspiring to be nam'd,  
 " The Poet's dignity, our own maintain ;  
 " Let no discordant sound the harmony profane. "

## XXIX.

Amidst the silence solemn and profound,  
 The harp was heard anew with varied tone,  
 And numbers, darting ecstasy around,  
 Tuned to the woes and wrath of Radnor's son,  
 Resistless Raymond, who unrivall'd shone  
 In battle's front, of stern, unbending pride ;  
 The bolts who brav'd, deep thundering from the throne,  
 His sword who drew each quarrel to decide ;  
 His sinewy arm his god, and sovereign will his guide.

## XXX.

In public danger, King and Country view'd  
 Raymond chief bulwark of the common cause ;  
 With mightiest force invasion who withstood,  
 Disdaining the control of lord or laws,  
 Scornful of every palm, save first applause  
 In tournament. . . Wherever, in the field  
 He rode, the advancing foe were seen to pause,  
 Appall'd by lightnings of his brazen shield,  
 When frowning he was seen his ponderous spear to wield.

## XXXI.

Count Orville ruled the neighbouring domain,  
 Elfrida's dower, gay Rosamonda's dale,  
 Wide scattering riches o'er the peopled plain ;  
 A mercenary host equipped to assail  
 Raymond's high tower that scowl'd upon the vale,  
 His hills and herds devoted as their prey.  
 Like lion roused, the Chief, in massy mail,  
 Forth with his vassals march'd in close array,  
 While, loud, the martial pipe proclaim'd the battle-day.

## XXXII.

The hirelings view'd the silken banner'd host,  
 Outnumbering far his chosen men of might ;

Advanc'd like bacchanals, with clamorous boast,  
 In Raymond's castle-hall t' enjoy the night,  
 And drown, in brimful bowls, the toils of fight.  
 To stem the torrent in a rocky strait  
 The Chieftain stood, all terrible in sight,  
 Here, to repel the foe-men from the gate,  
 Here fall, or, unimpair'd, maintain his ancient state.

## XXXIII.

Foremost he strode in strength, and challeng'd, loud,  
 Their Chief, with him the combat to decide.  
 A while they paused, then, onward rush'd the crowd,  
 Stung with reproach, to overwhelm his pride.  
 But ah! what carnage soon the faulchions dyed,  
 Of raging Raymond and his followers fierce,  
 Who, rolling red, like high-sworn mountain tide,  
 Their thickest throng were sudden seen to pierce,  
 Wide through the woodlands dark their columns to disperse!

## XXXIV.

Lurking in terror, 'midst a thorny brake,  
 Count Orville by his golden helm was spied;  
 Who, seeing Raymond's bloody rapier shake  
 Above his head, with tears for mercy cried.  
 "O, spare Elfrida's husband, now allied  
 To thee and to thy noble house! From thee,  
 Her guardian, I receiv'd my lovely bride.  
 O, never be disgraced thy pedigree,  
 With blood of stranger fallen thus low on bended knee!"

## XXXV.

"Such deed dishonourable I disdain.  
 Nor stranger, yet, nor supplicating foe,  
 This hand's protection ever sought in vain;  
 As thou, sleek traitor, hast been taught to know  
 Too well. Behind I leave thee, onward go,

To sweep from earth thy pestilential train,  
 By thee inflamed to work my overthrow,  
 With lust of liberty and lawless gain,  
 To whelm with ruffian-force this hospitable plain.”

## XXXVI.

Raymond rushed through the flame-disploding gate,  
 With headlong fury—to be seen no more.—  
 To weep the mighty fallen from princely state,  
 The woes of lawless Faction to deplore,  
 The widow's wail, the rabble's horrid roar ;  
 The impassion'd Minstrel made his harp resound  
 New strains accordant, that the heart-strings tore  
 With rage convulsive ; till the hall around,  
 Loud bursts of sorrow fill'd, the magic numbers drown'd.

## XXXVII.

Next morn, the day brave Ethelwold prepar'd  
 To hurl his vengeance on th' invader's crest,  
 His lovely consort, all his cares who shar'd  
 With deep concern, thus Edwin, meek address'd.  
 “ My heart, long time with anguish deep oppress'd,  
 “ This day I feel relief'd. The dubious fate  
 “ Of war, my Lord has ponder'd in his breast,  
 “ Trembles to think what ruin may await  
 “ His house and country dear, from dark Sedition's hate.”

## XXXVIII.

Thy thrilling verse, thy harp's alarming sound,  
 Seem'd, all the night, upon his heart and ear  
 Still dreadfully to peal. Th' assassin's wound,  
 The midnight yell, he seem'd to feel and hear.  
 His noble soul, unknown to coward fear,  
 Not for himself, but others, felt dismay ;  
 Amidst his threat'nings, awfully severe,

Against my brother, who provok'd th' affray,  
That gave these happy fields the cruel spoilers' prey.

## XXXIX.

Yet, none more bitterly the deed deplores,  
The secret-spreading roots of discord dire ;  
Now, when Invasion threatens all our shores,  
'Gainst Scotia's Crown when foreign foes conspire.  
He wishes, now, to soothe my husband's ire,  
His mighty arm, with treasures rich, to aid,  
In quenching Disaffection's smould'ring fire,  
Such frightful desolation which has made,  
Where prowling felons lurk in every gloomy glade.

## XL.

O that thy song, with like effect, might flow !  
Of civil broils, th' unhallow'd rage to tame,  
Wide o'er the realm, against the common foe  
To turn the hero's arm, and patriot's flame ;  
Then, honour'd still, should rise the Minstrel's name.  
If, to the royal ear access I find,  
And not rejected be, for him my claim ;  
The blooming laurel soon his brow should bind,  
Which, for their favour'd bard the Muses have entwin'd.

## XLI.

A council of his peers, our gracious king  
Has summon'd, with the northern tuneful train ;  
The mighty deeds of ancient chiefs to sing,  
Rousing the hero's fire, by martial strain,  
Our laws, our rights, our freedom, to maintain,  
Against yon merciless Usurper's power,  
Who, still, by force must hold despotic reign,  
Or none ; still bent to level and devour ;  
In whose suspicious eye eternal tempests lower.

## XLII.

At court, th' assembled nobles of the land,  
 Held consult high, on dangers of the state.  
 Here Edwin kneeling kiss'd the sovereign's hand;  
 Amidst the acclamations of the great,  
 Eager to hear the strains that celebrate  
 The glorious actions of their hardy sires,  
 Prompting the sons their fame to emulate,  
 Emblaze the innate, hereditary fires,  
 By which the ennobled soul to deathless fame aspires.

## XLIII.

The royal feast; how soon the peers had shar'd,  
 Edwin, in splendid Minstrel-robe array'd,  
 Was placed on high, with full-tuned harp, prepar'd,  
 That all the transports of his breast obey'd,  
 The listening throng with kindred passion sway'd:  
 Rapt into Minstrelsy of ancient time,  
 When flew the Roman eagle to invade  
 The nations prostrated; in every clime;  
 Its energy he felt, thus to inspire his rhyme.

## XLIV.

The spirit of your Fathers now I sing,  
 The patriot spirit, waked by patriot-rage  
 Of gallant Corbred, Caledonian king,  
 That rous'd them, the defensive fight to wage,  
 Dauntless, the conquerors of the world t' engage,  
 Their proud career to check. "My Barons brave,"  
 He said, "still unsubdued in every age;—  
 Now, shall we brook the indignity of slave?  
 All, sooner, let us sink in battle's glorious grave.

## XLV.

These badges, titles, which your Fathers gain'd  
 By valour, still unvanquish'd in the field,

These, shall their sons allow to be distain'd,  
 While, sword or javelin their arm can wield,  
 Their dearest homes and heritage to shield?  
 Our children's children, shall they curse our day,  
 Our crimes and cowardice, that could basely yield  
 Their lives, their property, an alien's prey,  
 Leave them to groan in chains of his tyrannic sway?

## XLVI.

Their blood, shall we exchange, for proffer'd gold,  
 Which now they plenteous waft around our shores;  
 Deeming our country ready to be sold,  
 Subdued by lust of their luxurious stores,  
 The bribes, we trust, each Scottish liege abhors?  
 Here, see the warfare of Corruption's crew!  
 Behold the wisdom the great world adores!  
 Convulsions swelling horrible to view,  
 Ripening to final wreck, their doom so justly due!

## XLVII.

They bid us welcome to their gilded towers,  
 Protection, riches, liberty, to share,  
 To abandon these our homely, native bowers,  
 As all unworthy of our love or care.  
 Of such enticing, serpent-guile, beware!  
 Design'd, our freedom and heroic fame  
 Eternally to crush. Still, let us dare  
 United, warm'd with patriotic flame,  
 To stem th' o'erwhelming tide of Slavery and Shame.

## XLVIII.

Their gorgeous palaces, already, see,  
 By guilt corroded, tottering on their base.  
 Their spoils of traffic, spread o'er land and sea,  
 Invite the envious robber's greedy gaze,  
 Virtue and valour from the mind erase.



Yon northern sky I see begin to lower,  
 With storms to blot their proud imperial blaze,  
 With vengeance to confound Corruption's power,  
 The gaudy plains of pride and luxury to devour.

## XLIX.

Now, unseduced by mad desire of change,  
 Of galling golden chains in pomp to shine,  
 In quest of wealth, thro' foreign realms to range;  
 Here, in our country's cause, let us combine,  
 With invocation of the Powers divine,  
 With mutual love, their gracious chief command,  
 That, long and happy, may remain our line  
 Of heroes, bulwark of their native land,  
 Impregnable in heart, invincible in hand.

## L.

Ye valiant chiefs of a redoubted race,  
 Our people, as your children, watch and guard  
 From avarice, man's curse and worst disgrace;  
 Then love and loyalty shall still reward  
 Your kindly care, and never shall be heard  
 Sedition's murmurs, glooming hill or dale.  
 Ye Fathers of your tribes, ne'er disregard  
 Of injur'd Innocence, the plaintive wail;  
 Thus, sovereign o'er the heart your power shall still prevail.

## LI.

The hand of Justice, let us firm unite  
 To strengthen and support; that sneaking Guile,  
 And Treason bold, may tremble at his might,  
 Supreme empower'd, th' usurpy and the vile,  
 As deadly bane of social bliss t' excite.  
 Still watch the putrid springs of civil strife,  
 Which, oozing unobserved, must soon defile,

With streams pestiferous, the walks of life,  
 Environ'd, then, with thief and fell assassin's knife.

## LII.

Before such fiends our dear domains infest,  
 Now breeding tumult thro' each neighbouring state ;  
 Let us, aware, their progress dread arrest,  
 Avoid the horrors of their certain fate,  
 Party's intrigue and villanous debate,  
 Forerunning ruin. Firm as clustering oaks,  
 Braving the tempest on the mountain's height,  
 Firm, as our rooted, surge-répelling rocks ;  
 Thus bound, we shall defy Invasion's fiercest shocks."

## LIII.

The battle signal now the Minstrel sung,  
 The Scottish with the Roman host engag'd ;  
 While, to the roar, the Grampian ridges rung,  
 As with redoubled din the combat rag'd,  
 Till thirst of blood began to be assuag'd.  
 In hurried strain he sounded the retreat,  
 Tumultuous, of the invading foe, who wag'd  
 No more the war, despairing to defeat  
 The files resolv'd, or death, or victory to meet.

## LIV.

The strains concluded, instant, with the bays  
 The Bard was crowned. All hastened to the coast,  
 Each leading on his troop in armour's blaze ;  
 Already, where the landed Danish host  
 Made all the shores reecho to their boast.  
 The Scottish clans advanc'd thro' clouds of night,  
 Their torches while the Danes in triumph toss'd ;  
 The anchor'd fleet seiz'd with resistless might,  
 And sudden set on fire, to bar their hopes of flight.

## LV.

With consternation these beheld the flame,  
 In wild disorder rushed their barks to save ;  
 While shrieks of terror their dismay proclaim.  
 Before they reach'd the red reflecting wave,  
 They met the spears, the bucklers of the brave,  
 The thick embattled Caledonian band ;  
 By thousands fell beneath their glancing glave,  
 To birds and beasts a prey, bestrew'd the strand,  
 Which they had rashly deemed subdued to their command.

## LVI.

The king return'd with his victorious train,  
 The feast to share—reward, with honours due,  
 Their deeds of arms, the glory of his reign.  
 Edwin, with higher swell inspir'd, from view  
 Of raging battle, 'gan his strains renew ;  
 Each hero's prowess gave to ring around,  
 To every voice and feat of valour true,  
 In varying verse and corresponding sound,  
 Thro' many a distant age decreed to be renown'd.

## LVII.

“ Thus, strike the string, thus, frame th' heroic rhyme, ”  
 The prince, now, Edwin ardently address'd,  
 The triumph of this day, to future time,  
 Recording faithful. Here, our honour'd guest,  
 Henceforth, in peace and independence rest,  
 Devoted solely to the sacred lyre.  
 Our patriot-zeal, this day, by deeds confess'd,  
 To thee we trust ; in lofty lays to inspire  
 Our children, yet unborn, with all their Father's fire.

## LVIII.

“ Be mine this charge, ” Earl Ethelwold replied ;  
 “ His choice is fixed, to enjoy the Poet's sphere,

In rural, calm retirement, to reside,  
 Still, to the Muse's votary, most dear.  
 Mine is the duty, to prevent his fear  
 Of future weary pilgrimage and woe.  
 Exempt from care, with conscious Freedom's cheer,  
 Then, only, can the Minstrel's raptures flow  
 In current pure, sublime, with Inspiration's glow."

## LIX.

With honours crown'd, Edwin from court retir'd,  
 His bosom burning, to impart the tale  
 Of his adventures, to his friend admir'd,  
 And best beloved, the Hermit of the dale.  
 'Twas he whose counsel kind had sooth'd his wail,  
 His youth inform'd, when rest of every stay,  
 When nought but Fortune's darts he found t' assail  
 His solitary walk, by night and day,  
 In bitterness of heart oft chiding Death's delay.

## LX.

The sage he found in life's extreme decline,  
 Yet, still, retaining energy of mind.  
 His narrative made rays of gladness shine  
 Upon his twilight-hours. "Now, all resign'd,"  
 He said, "I part in peace, no care behind  
 I leave. To thee, my son, my dearest care,  
 Up from thy early dawn, has been confin'd.  
 Thy star now beams on high serene and fair,  
 Smiles o'er thy earthly foes thro' fields of azure air.

## LXI.

While heroes, patriots, with deserving fame  
 Are celebrated, by thy living lays;  
 O, never prostitute the Minstrel's name,  
 To demagogues or tyrants yielding praise!

Still, let the moral strains, the mind that raise,  
 Ennoble and refine, thy harp adorn ;  
 Such as may most delight thy latest days,  
 When venal verse shall be review'd with scorn,  
 The hero and the bard of all their radiance shorn.

## LXII.

The heart-united pair their days employ'd  
 In meditation deep, on themes divine,  
 The transports pure of heavenly hymns enjoy'd,  
 With choirs celestial that the soul enshrine,  
 Where Truth and Harmony triumphant shine ;  
 Till Edwin clos'd the hoary Hermit's eyes,  
 Exclaiming—" Let my death be soft as thine,  
 " The purpose of my life, like thee to rise,  
 " Full ripened for the bliss of th' empyrean skies."

## LXIII.

The funeral rites perform'd, homeward he hied,  
 Where Ethelwold, his hermitage recluse  
 Had furnish'd, by a river's woody side,  
 To Edwin consecrated, and the Muse,  
 Their themes of Minstrelsy at will to choose ;  
 Among mankind, by melody subdued,  
 The love of peace and country to diffuse.  
 Here, lov'd, rever'd, the pride of Song, he stood  
 The friend of sovereign Law, the foe of rebel Feud.

## PSALM VIII.

## I.

O God ! how wondrous are thy works !  
 How worthy to be prais'd  
 Thro' all the earth ! Above the heavens  
 Thy glory high is rais'd.

## II.

Thou, from the mouth of simple babes,  
 Mak'st words of wisdom flow,  
 Which silence and confound thy foes,  
 And lay their knowledge low.

## III.

When I survey the spacious sky,  
 The moon and starry frame,  
 Which thy Almighty hand has form'd,  
 Astonish'd I exclaim—

## IV.

O ! what is man, that he with God  
 Should any favour find !  
 And what, O Lord, the son of man,  
 To whom thou art so kind !

## V.

His head, with grace and glory crown'd,  
 Thou hast exalted high,  
 And rais'd him next in power and place,  
 To angels of the sky.

## VI.

To him, o'er all the world below,  
Thou giv'st supreme command,  
O'er all the tribes, fish, beast and fowl,  
Of air, of sea, and land.

## VII.

O God! how wondrous are thy works!  
How worthy to be prais'd  
Thro' all the earth! Above the heavens  
Thy glory high is rais'd.

---

## PSALM XV.

## I.

LORD, who shall dwell with thee on high,  
 In Zion's temple bright ?  
 The righteous man who utters truth,  
 Breath'd from his heart upright :

## II.

He who his neighbour never harms,  
 Nor slanderous blasts his fame ;  
 Who never spreads the bad report  
 That blots another's name :

## III.

Who views vile men with just contempt,  
 But holds the pious dear ;  
 Who steadily maintains the right,  
 Tho' to his hurt he swear :

## IV.

Who ne'er for usury deals his coin,  
 With avaricious hand ;  
 To blame the guiltless ne'er is brib'd :—  
 This man unmov'd shall stand.



## PSALM XXV.

1. O LORD! I lift my soul to thee,  
I ever trust in thy great name :
2. Now from my foes deliver me,  
Nor let them triumph in my shame.
3. To shame let those be still unknown,  
Who humbly on thy power depend :  
Let wicked men be sham'd alone,  
Who without cause thy laws offend.
4. Inform my heart, incline my will,  
That I may keep thy perfect way ;
5. For thou art my salvation still,  
On thee, my God ! I wait all day.
6. Direct me in the paths of truth,  
To me thy former love renew,
7. Forgive the errors of my youth,  
In mercy blot them from thy view.
8. Sinners converted by thy grace,  
Thou wilt conduct in virtue's way ;
9. Thou, to the meek and lowly race,  
Thy truth and judgments will display.
10. They who obey thy precepts pure,  
And serve the Lord with upright mind,  
Shall in thy favour rest secure,  
And saving truth and mercy find.
11. For thy name's sake, O God ! forgive  
My sins so heinous in thy sight :
12. To those in godly fear who live,  
Thy covenant shines divinely bright.
13. The man of humble honest heart,  
Thou wilt with peace and safety bless ;

14. To him thy secret will impart,  
And make his seed the earth possess.
  15. To God I still direct my eyes,  
He from the snare will set me free :
  16. O Lord! in mercy now arise,  
From deep distress deliver me.
  17. The troubles of my soul are great ;  
Now send me speedy help from heaven :
  18. Pity my lonely wretched state,  
And let my sins be all forgiven.
  19. Now, from my numerous cruel foes,  
Let thy kind mercy rescue me :
  20. Thy servant ne'er to shame expose,  
Since I depend alone on thee.
  21. O let integrity of mind  
And rectitude preserve my peace :
  22. In God let Israel safety find,  
And hence let all his troubles cease.
-

## PSALM XXXIV.

1. **T**HIS is my glory, all my days,  
The Lord, continually to praise.  
To him, while I lift up my voice,  
With me the humble shall rejoice.
2. Together, let us now proclaim  
The honour due to his great name.  
I sought the Lord, he bent his ear,  
And freed my soul from every fear.
3. This poor man cried to God, in grief ;  
He heard, and granted him relief.  
His angels still encamp around,  
All who to him are faithful found.
4. O taste and see that God is good !  
For you providing daily food.  
Fear him, ye saints, on him rely,  
And all your wants he will supply.
5. The lions young may lack their prey,  
And famish'd thro' the desert stray :  
But every good shall those attend,  
Who seek the Lord, on him depend.
6. Ye children, hither come, and hear,  
How ye the Lord should serve and fear ;  
All ye who length of days desire,  
And after happiness inquire :
7. Your tongue, from speaking guile, restrain,  
And peace and truth strive to maintain :  
For God, the righteous views with joy,  
But wicked men will quite destroy.

8. To those who truly seek the Lord,  
In trouble, he will help afford ;  
Never, in time of need, depart  
From those of broken, contrite heart.
9. Many and great their griefs may be,  
But God at length will set them free ;  
Their life and limbs protect from harm,  
By his surrounding guardian arm.
10. Ruin and death shall be the fate  
Of such as injure them, or hate :  
God from the grave redeems the just,  
Who, his salvation only, trust.
-



## PSALM CXXXVI.—v. 1—9. and 23—26.

## I.

GIVE thanks unto the Lord,  
 For all his mercies great.  
 Still be our God ador'd,  
 Who did the heavens create,  
     The Lord adore,  
     Whose mercy sure,  
     And grace endure  
     For evermore.

## II.

By his almighty hand,  
 The starry arch was rear'd.  
 Earth rose at his command,  
 And swelling seas appear'd.  
     The Lord adore, &c.

## III.

To shine with brighter ray,  
 He hung two orbs of light ;  
 The sun to rule by day,  
 The moon to rule by night,  
     The Lord adore, &c.

## IV.

When sunk to low estate,  
 With all a father's care,  
 He saw our wretched fate,  
 And sav'd us from despair.  
     The Lord adore, &c.

V.

The might of God alone,  
Redeem'd us from our foes,  
Who all were overthrown,  
While we victorious rose.  
The Lord adore, &c.


VI.

For all that live below,  
The Lord provideth food.  
His boundless mercies show  
God only, great and good.  
The Lord adore, &c.

---



## MATTH. V. 44.

1. YE saints who serve the God of Love,  
O! learn the wisdom from above :  
Your love let all your brethren share,  
For friends and foes prefer your prayer.
  2. Hatred, with charity, repay,  
And thus the perfect law obey ;  
That evil thus may be subdu'd  
At length, when overcome with good.
  3. By this, ye shall be most approv'd,  
By God your Father most belov'd.  
With patience then your wrongs endure ;  
Strive to be pure as he is pure.
  4. Behold his goodness wide display'd  
O'er all the works which he has made !  
How beams his sun benignly bright,  
The good and evil to delight !
- 

~~~~~  
MATTH. V. 3—12.

1. BLESSED are they of humble mind,
Heaven's grace and glory they shall find.
 2. Bless'd are the penitent who mourn,
Comfort to them shall soon return.
 3. Bless'd are the meek who strife avoid,
By them the earth shall be enjoy'd.
 4. Bless'd they who thirst for righteousness,
Their heart's desire they shall possess.
 5. Bless'd are the merciful and kind,
Like mercy they from heaven shall find.
 6. Bless'd are the pure in heart, for they
Their God shall see in endless day.
 7. Bless'd they who peace on earth maintain,
They sons and heirs of God shall reign.
 8. Bless'd they, revil'd for Virtue's sake,
Celestial praise they shall partake.
 9. Rejoice exceedingly all ye,
Unjustly suffering wrong for me ;
 0. Your faith here prov'd by trial hard,
Above, shall gain a great reward.
 1. The prophets suffer'd thus before,
Who hate and persecution bore.
-

MATTH. VI. 25: *to the end.*

I.

Ye children of the Eternal God,
Of heaven immortal heirs,
Why thus distrust your Father's love?
Why pine with worldly cares?

II.

See, how he feeds the fowls of air,
Which neither reap nor sow:
See, how the lilies of the field
In fragrant beauty blow.

III.

If God so clothe the flowers of morn,
That ere the evening die;
Much more he shall provide for you,
Descendants of the sky?

IV.

With all your heart his laws obey,
Aspiring first to heaven;
Then trust secure, his choicest gifts
To you shall still be given.

 LUKE XII. 42—48.

1. WHO is that servant, faithful, wise,
To highest favour that shall rise?
He whom his Lord still findeth just,
Whom, in his absence he can trust.

 2. Blessed is he thus faithful found!
With honours due he shall be crown'd;
His master's household shall command,
In judgment sit on his right hand.

 3. But who shall wilful disobey,
Presuming on his Lord's delay,
His time in sloth or riot spend,
Against the clearest light offend;—

 4. He suddenly shall be surpris'd,
With double stripes shall be chastis'd;
As found unfaithful, unprepar'd,
He thus shall have his due reward.

 5. Wait on the Lord, to hear his call,
Still watch, O ye his servants all!
For, at an hour, he will appear,
When least ye may expect him near.
-

~~~~~

*Probus orator.*

How oft unjustly do we praise and blame,  
 Depreciate Worth, and villains crown with fame!  
 Oft, of ourselves how little do we know,  
 Warping the motives whence our actions flow! 5  
 Of those some worthy, some unworthy rise;  
 Self-love awakes, distorting Judgment's eyes;  
 Her partial voice we hear with fond applause,  
 Impute our conduct to the improper cause.  
 If Fortune favour, still a flattering crowd 10  
 Feed the deceit, extol our fame aloud;  
 On other's breath we live full-gorg'd with wind,  
 Nor heed the guile and foulness of the mind.  
 The liar, thus, long labouring to deceive,  
 Is brought at length his falsehoods to believe.

See Probus listen to the shouts of praise, 15  
 Which Adulation never fails to raise;  
 By which he boasts on Glory's wings to rise,  
 By which he hopes to gain her envied skies.  
 But Heaven, that marks the motions of the mind,  
 May here the springs of dark Corruption find; 20  
 May see the sources whence his honours flow;  
 Not to repel a fierce, invading foe,  
 But, robber-like, to seize his neighbour's store,  
 Or to revenge the quarrel of an ———.  
 Why has Flirtella, once so fair and gay, 25  
 Renounc'd the masquerade, the park and play?  
 Whence comes her sudden hate of pomp and show,  
 But most of all that thing they call a Beau?

Why is she seen no more abroad to roam,  
 But dully fond of solitude and home? 30  
 Herself she flatters, and approves her choice,  
 As listening now to Wisdom's heavenly voice:  
 But look within, the motives true are seen,  
 Pride disappointed, envy, spite and spleen.  
 These ne'er can vex, she cries, her sweet repose, 35  
 Not even that worst of errors, a ruby nose.

See Floris scatter, as he struts along,  
 His alms amidst the clamorous beggar-throng;  
 Hence sure his heart is liberal as his hand.  
 The face of Want he never can withstand, 40  
 Save only when his charity's unknown,  
 And when, unseen, he hears the sufferer's moan.  
 His poor dependants yet are left to grieve,  
 While none is found to pity or relieve.  
 But Floris trusts his sins are all forgiven, 45  
 For many a treasure has he heap'd in heaven.  
 A post or pension oft he gives a friend,  
 If not of merit, yet to serve his end,  
 To show his interest in affairs of State,  
 His generous soul, and influence with the Great. 50

Pyrrho behold, desirous of applause,  
 A champion bold in Truth's important cause:  
 Darkly and deep he plods his wildering way,  
 Beyond the confines of created day.  
 On Reason's lamp, full fix'd he keeps his eye, 55  
 Scorning the radiance of the spangled sky;  
 By which the multitude descry the road  
 That leads through Nature's paths to Nature's G-d.  
 Digging so deep at last he seems to find  
 Their faith unsound, themselves all deaf and blind; 60  
 Saps the foundation of their trust and hope,  
 And gives the wretch a pistol or a rope.

Yet, still, he glories in his great design  
 Of undermining Superstition's shrine.  
 Meanwhile Religion's temple tottering stands, 65  
 Shook by his cruel, sacrilegious hands.  
 But, hark ! what rais'd the wrangler to renown ?  
 'Twas spite : he missed a mitre and a gown.

The swinish herd in Pleasure's sty that roll,  
 With bloated body and corrupted soul, 70  
 Yet arrogate the great and generous mind,  
 That freely can enjoy while Heaven is kind.  
 Of taste and genius, too, they make their boast,  
 For, mark their table, count the skill and cost.  
 Behold, with worms the joints are half consum'd, 75  
 How short, how sweet, with spices how perfum'd !  
 The carcass putrid yet is trimm'd so pure  
 The sight and smell you almost can endure.  
 Puffing, huge, heavy, how they roll along,  
 With high contempt of Labour's active throng, 80  
 Who like the bounding fawn that crops the mead,  
 Healthful and gay on Nature's bounty feed.  
 The sons of Toil and Temperance they spurn,  
 And treat the poor with insolence and scorn.

Thus gaudy flowers on dunghill that arise, 85  
 With native odours taint the summer-skies.  
 Though reeking, rank, they show all fresh and fair,  
 The violet scorn that scents the desert-air.  
 A while expanding 'mid the noon-tide ray,  
 Quick as they rise, as quick in dirt decay. 90

Usorius, griping, grim, himself must pride,  
 To worldly pomp and pageantry denied.  
 He blames the profligate's unbridled rage,  
 Whose lust and crimes debauch a vicious age.

Though *cent. per cent.* he never thinks a crime, 95  
 But of frugality the true sublime.  
 Oft though he scourge his debtor to the bone  
 And leave him bare, he only takes his own.  
 "Justice," he cries, "strict Justice is my law ;  
 "Of justice still let villains stand in awe. 100  
 "Lives there a wretch who could purloin my purse ?  
 "That abject wretch should feel my darkest curse."  
 Yes, for a groat the thief may death deserve ;  
 And for a groat his worthy friend may starve.  
 Yet Virtue's meed is still his hope and trust ; 105  
 And still his glory to be styled, THE JUST.

Balbulius bold, the man of honour shines,  
 Provokes the broil, the challenge ne'er declines.  
 Who can pretend to reach his matchless merit,  
 Virtue sublime—an high, heroic spirit ? 110  
 But with his honour never dare to jest,  
 Else quick he claps a dagger to thy breast ;  
 Yet he'll debauch thy daughter dear, or wife :—  
 If you complain, his sword can end the strife.

Lo ! with what ardour Broglie loves his friends ; 115  
 One is a peer on whom his place depends,  
 Who loves a song, with whom he oft can dine,  
 And, if not hoarse, partake the richest wine.  
 One is a rake of credit and renown,  
 Refin'd in pleasure and who knows the town. 120  
 Such are the friends by Broglie priz'd and lov'd :  
 His free and social soul is hence approv'd.  
 To Damon, of his friendless youth the shield,  
 His black ingratitude is full reveal'd.

Numius' appears all polish'd and polite, 125  
 Whose constant smiles your confidence invite,

You thank your stars, now overjoy'd to find  
 A friend so courteous, affable and kind.  
 His vain professions, like the harlot's smile,  
 Lavish'd on all, conceal the darkest guile. 130  
 His falsely proffer'd kindness put to proof,  
 By thousand shifts well gloz'd, he flies aloof;  
 But still renews his vows of future aid,  
 Yet ponders deep how these he may evade.  
 The day he means your cause to undermine, 135  
 That day he begs, beseeches you to dine.  
 The day he means to plant the secret snare,  
 That day in church he bends at early prayer.  
 Is there a rival ruin'd by his hate?  
 He joins his friends, and sorrows for his fate. 140  
 Creeping, and crafty, still he works the mine,  
 Cautious, meanwhile, to cover his design;  
 Still from the world to turn his blacker side,  
 Even from himself his rotten heart to hide.  
 Man, what art thou who think'st to trace the course 145  
 Of human actions upward to their source;  
 Another's character distinct to show,  
 Or even thy own impartially to know?

This lore to fathom, view th' historic page,  
 And read the records of a distant age. 150  
 Patriots and heroes rise in order bright,  
 Their virtues, vices, all redeem'd from night;  
 Their motives follow'd through the endless maze  
 Of partial censure and of partial praise,  
 Of envy, malice, policy and pride, 155  
 The human soul that ravage and divide.  
 Behold arrang'd, with systematic art,  
 The various shifting movements of the heart;  
 Which lay for ages blended and conceal'd,  
 Now all in full-drawn character reveal'd. 160

To see the truth with equal lustre bright,  
View G—'s hero, or La Mancha's knight.

Caesar, the scourge and curse of human-kind,  
Is styl'd the Great, lord of the godlike mind.  
Behold him borne on the triumphal car ; 165  
You ask the reasons of his wasteful war,  
The patriot, hero, are held forth to view,  
Revenge and rapine are the motives true.  
The needy wretch must hang who steals a crown ;  
Who robs a realm is rais'd to high renown. 170

Why shares Miserius such applauses loud ?—  
With princely gifts a college he endow'd.—  
What! he who ne'er to Want a mite could spare?—  
But know, he died in hatred of his heir.

Benevolus, who drew his friend from jail, 175  
By wild Despair is hurried to assail  
The gilded coach, while wife and children mourn,  
Famish'd and faint, expecting his return.  
For them he bleeds, for them he dares to die,  
And loads the gibbet, crown'd with infamy. 180

Philo is scorn'd, who shares the frugal meal,  
That to the poor in private he may deal.

Thus we convert, by fatal artifice,  
Vice into Virtue, Virtue into Vice.  
Thus rank Adultery is fain to claim 185  
Of Gallantry the less opprobrious name.  
Thus Falsehood, Fraud, Hypocrisy and Guile,  
Shine forth the courtly mode and courtly smile,  
Slander and Murder holy saints may deal,  
And deem them sanctify'd by godly zeal. 190  
The cunning knave may cruel pleasures find,  
Blaming the failings of the noblest mind ;



Failings that rise from Virtue's bursting flame,  
More fair, more lovely than his varnish'd fame.  
Be still severe thy hidden heart to know,  
To judge of others diffident and slow.

~~~~~

THE POET'S MANUAL:

OR

A VIEW OF THE POETICAL CHARACTER,

A POEM.

IN TWO PARTS,

*Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis
Ludis imaginibus? — VIRGIL.*

HAIL, Goddess of the rapture-breathing lyre,
That leads on high the sphere-borne tuneful choir;
Warm'd with a ray of thy celestial flame,
What transport thrills the Poet's feeling frame!

While Nature's music cheers the summer plain, 5
How glows the bosom of the Mantuan swain,
Spontaneous pouring the mellifluous lay,
Soft as the breath of rose-expanding May!
To Love and Phyllis he attunes his song,
While echoing woods the melting notes prolong. 10
His eye now marks the bright Mæonian star,
That lights the fields of desolating War:
Fir'd with the view, he quits the shepherd-train,
To trace the Hero through the stormy main,

His every toil and triumph to proclaim ; 15
And each he consecrates to deathless fame.

Sweet Bard ! the Muse's pride and favourite care,
To whom she gave her purest flame to share,
To shine while Science pour'd her brightest ray,
Emblaz'd thy beauties in their full display. 20
" Come, gentle swain, " imperial Cæsar said,
" Enjoy my bounty in thy native shade.
" Thy flocks in safety hence shall range the plain,
" In safety thou shalt make thy woodland strain. "

From Mantua's cultur'd velvet-shaven lawn 25
Where laurell'd Poesy hails the rising dawn,
Where, taught by Nature, secret-working Art
Lops rambling branches, pruning every part ;
See Independence turn with cager eye,
To view her * champion Nero's frown defy ; 30
To see him shine triumphant in his fall,
And, daring Death, to 'scape tyrannic thrall.
Behold her bending o'er his laurell'd tomb !
My son, she cries, crush'd in thy early bloom !
Let others boast their due superior praise, 35
Of softer, purer, more harmonious lays :
Thy native fire, and zeal in Freedom's cause,
Resistless flaming claims her due applause.
If vernal verse did e'er thy honour stain,
Thy heart recoil'd, and quick revok'd the strain. 40
When Nero's crimes proclaim'd thy praise misplac'd,
How soon thy streaming blood the blot effac'd !
While others drag their godships from the skies,
Above these gods Pharsalia's heroes rise.
While rebel-rage demands a despot's powers, 45
Thy Cato's soul unstain'd, unconquer'd, towers,

* Lucan.

In frolic mood the * Latian lyrist sung,
 While curious Art chastis'd his flowing tongue.
 With happiest hand a wreath of flowers he wove,
 Pick'd from the plenty of th' Aonian grove, 50
 His waving hair, soft bound in simple braid,
 That native ease with elegance display'd.
 The Loves and Graces, from th' Ægean isles,
 With luring looks and nods, and dimpled smiles,
 Around him met, and lightly tripp'd the plain, 55
 In dance attemper'd to his Lesbian strain.
 Descending oft from Fancy's dazzling sky,
 Mankind he mark'd with philosophic eye;
 Saw coxcomb-Folly flaunt in plumage gay,
 And bared his baldness in the face of day; 60
 Laid Vice, unweeting, prostrate on the ground,
 And dealt, in playful guise, the cunning wound.

Amidst the slavery and succeeding gloom
 That whelm'd the splendour of imperial Rome,
 With honest rage bold Juvenal appear'd, 65
 The torch of Truth o'er Error's dungeon rear'd;
 Proud Luxury exposed to eternal shame,
 A painted fiend that blasted Roman fame.
 While Justice bled, rude trampled by her foes,
 Resistless, fierce his indignation rose, 70
 Despising danger, he espous'd her cause,
 Her rights asserted, and her injur'd laws;
 Arraign'd Corruption in decisive tone,
 And hurl'd the Demon headlong from his throne.
 But cruel Persecution crush'd the sage, 75
 Now hoary bending with the weight of age,
 Exil'd him far from friends and native home,
 Through Lybian wilds a fugitive to roam.

* Horace.

Dark scenes of anguish, haunts of grim Control,
 Scenes doubly dreadful to the Poet's soul ! 80
 Why, Goddess, why, in these are doom'd to pine
 Thy sons sublim'd by energy divine ;
 Why doom'd, by stern Necessity's command,
 To strike the sacred lyre with venal hand ;
 With courtly sounds to sooth rude Grandeur's train, 85
 Or rouse the vulgar rout with scrannel strain ?
 While they delight to roam the mountains wild,
 And climb the cliffs in pomp of nature pil'd ;
 On Fancy's wing, while they unfetter'd tower,
 And spurn the chains of lawless Pride and Power ; 90
 Never may they with demagogues conspire,
 To light red horrors of Sedition's fire ;
 Never may they calm Liberty abuse,
 The bands of mad Licentiousness unloose ;
 To thousand dunghill-tyrants bare their breast, 95
 Of one to beg protection from the rest.

Lo ! where Avona rolls his magic tide,
 The buskin'd * Hero moves in lordly pride.
 While wakes his voice, and waves his crimson lance,
 Deep thunders roar, the lurid lightnings glance. 100
 His mighty arm unbars the gates of Night,
 And drags her demons to the realms of Light.
 Grief, Joy and Terror, at his nod obey,
 And shake the soul with quick alternate sway.
 Nature, neglectful of corrective Art, 105
 Rais'd full her voice, and instant reach'd the heart.
 Ah ! now constrain'd, by Fortune's frown severe,
 To quit the precincts of his native sphere,
 In clownish guise enchain'd he limps along,
 A suppliant cringing to the idiot-throng. 110

* Shakespeare.

While Anglia's sceptre sage Eliza sway'd;
 A * shepherd sung in Gothic garb array'd.
 Wide thro' the air he wav'd a wizzard-wand;
 Pluck'd from a stem that grac'd th' Ausonian strand;
 When Fairyland was sudden seen to rise, 115
 A new creation strange to human eyes.
 Sidney alone enraptur'd could descry
 The forms ærial thro' the dubious sky.
 He placed the laurel on the Poet's brow,
 Caus'd Bounty's stream aróund his fields to flow. 120
 But ruthless Rigour with succeeding sway,
 Ravag'd his fold and dragg'd his flocks away,
 Left him to wail, hence reft of all relief,
 While sadly Mulla murmured to his grief.

† How bright o'er Eden's blissful bowers arose 125
 The Muse's beam, their beauties to diselose !
 While Genius, Learning, mingled thick their rays,
 Nor earth, nor heaven, confin'd the orient blaze.
 How shone its radiance o'er each distant clime,
 Each mazy tract of ancient dusky time, 130
 Down thro' the caverns of primeval Night,
 Her deeds of darkness full reveal'd to sight
 Pierc'd the deep files of dread, celestial war,
 While rode Messiah on cherubic car.
 He frowned—direct his bolts of vengeance sped, 135
 His lightnings flew, the rebel legions fled,
 With sudden terror and confusion driven,
 Rush'd thro' the rending battlements of heaven,
 Thro' yawning chaos, with tremendous yell,
 Plung'd 'midst the horrors of profoundest hell. 140
 Fierce flam'd the blaze that thro' the boundless sphere,
 Each path illum'd, untrodden, dark and drear :

* Spencer.

† Milton.

Unhail'd it rose and spreading fir'd the skies,
 It set unwept, unmark'd by mortal eyes.
 The Bard, desponding, left his seat sublime, 145
 Darkly to roam thro' an ungenial clime,
 Polemics, pedants, casuists to engage,
 With learned lumber clog the Muse's page,
 In marish dull his sky-wove weeds to drench,
 There wallowing low his mighty rage to quench. 150

Where sensual Riot yonder holds his reign,
 And scowls contempt on all the Muse's train ;
 * A mighty master of the Song appears,
 Who pours the strain to deaf, unwilling ears.
 Thro' classic fields he flies with rapid force, 155
 Each victor rivals in his various course,
 The † Roman now in sharp, satyric rhyme,
 And now the ‡ Græcian in his flight sublime.
 But rudely checked by fang of cruel Fate,
 Headlong he falls from his aerial state ; 160
 A hireling weltering in Corruption's tide,
 Weaving a wreath her Gorgon-front to hide,
 Wasting his giant-strength in deserts drear
 Their fabled forms where goblins, monsters rear.

A Bard who boasts a more propitious star, 165
 With rigid rein commands a steadier car ;
 Nor dares to mount with Dryden's lofty bound,
 While with unbridled rage he rides his ample round.
 Along the level lawn secure he hies,
 Shuns fen and fog with quick discerning eyes ; 170
 Whose finished verse harmonious, warm and clear,
 Oft melts the heart, still wins the willing ear ;

* Dryden.

† Juvenal.

‡ Timotheus.

Here sense and sound, where truth and fancy shine
 'ith blended charms in one bright nervous line.
 igh favoured Bard, above a thousand blest, 175
 t once by Fortune and the Muse caress'd,
 om youth to age allow'd to pour thy lay,
 nchill'd by Want, uncheck'd by cruel sway!
 ee Freedom fired to spurn the proffer'd bribe,
 ee Virtue roused, to lash the vicious tribe, 180
 o crown her votaries with honest fame,
 he villain damn to everlasting shame.
 Thee too, we mourn, as sharing adverse fate,
 'ith Dryden doom'd for lucre to translate,
 'ith servile drudgery to imitate; }
 'ith gilded chariot and sleek prancing pair, 186
 o drive Achilles; pranked in moodish air;
 ho dreadful frowned from high Mæonian car,
 at thundering shook the field, and swept the ranks of
 war;
 egging to glimmer in reflected light, 190
 hile shone thy native flame so warm and bright.

Pope would have been reduced to a dependent and necessitous
 tion, had it not been prevented by the translation of Homer, to
 h he owed his fortune, as he himself acknowledged. Notwithstand-
 the uncommon merit and success of this work, it appears to have
 d less to his fame than to his fortune. The loss of many excel-
 originals, which he might have produced in the long time thus
 t, must ever be regretted as a public misfortune. The majesty,
 t, and manner of Homer's versification, cannot be conceived from
 version, and may be better known from Paradise Lost than from
 English Iliad.

ope thus laments his own fate, and that of ingenious men in general.

While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends,
 Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
 And Pope's ten years to comment and translate.

Dunciad, Book III.

* What notes of rapture echoed to the roar
 Of Conway's waves fierce warring with the shore !
 Abrupt the Bard loud struck the Theban lyre,
 His breast inflam'd with more than Theban fire. 195
 Confounded, Dullness sullen stared around,
 The strain root-gnawing Envy clamouring drown'd ;
 Despondence chill his rising rage repress'd,
 Mute he retir'd to shades of listless rest.
 Fastidious, scornful of the glutton-crew, 200
 He sipped alone the pure ethereal dew ;
 Leaving the crowd gross garbage to devour,
 He sucked the sweets of each untasted flower.

† Where tuneful Tweed meandering rolls along,
 Thro' verdant vales renown'd in pastoral song ; 205
 Thy power inspir'd a Druid to proclaim,
 With music's voice, fair Truth's unstilled fame.
 The laurel twin'd with flowers that brightest blow,
 A dazzling wreath compos'd to shade his brow.
 With scanning eye he travers'd Nature's sphere, 210
 Marking her motions thro' the varying year ;
 With Fancy's pencil heighten'd Summer's bloom,
 And doubly deepened Winter's awful gloom.
 As the early lark high carols 'midst the skies,
 While yet the world below in slumber lies ; 215
 So he first wak'd his rich, descriptive strain,
 Unseen, unheeded on his native plain.
 Against his breast Misfortune aim'd her dart,
 Forc'd him to fly, with anxious heavy heart,
 Imploring refuge in a distant land, 220
 For help dependent on a stranger's hand.
 Long wandering wild, pursued by galling Care,
 Till verging nigh the brink of dark Despair,

* Gray.

† Thomson.

Kind * Pity lent at last a twinkling ray,
 And led him back from dungeons to the day. 225
 Yet urgent Want could ne'er his soul incline,
 By serving Gain to shame the Muse divine :
 Virtue and Truth he followed unrestrain'd,
 Till, Fate subdued, a spotless palm he gain'd.

† How sweetly sung yon generous simple swain, 230
 Who wailed the fate of Auburn's guileless train,
 By Rapine's rod expelled their native seats,
 The bowers of Innocence and Love's retreats ;
 To prove the horrors of the Atlantic deep,
 Thro' foreign climes to wander and to weep ! 235
 Behold, celestial Nymph ! in deep dismay,
 The fond adorer of thy genial sway,
 The scenes of song and rural bliss forego,
 Friendless and famished wade thro' Alpine snow.
 Ah ! see the heart refin'd by heavenly fire, 240
 The hand inform'd to wake soft Pity's lyre,
 Now waste their vigour in ignoble toil,
 With cheerless labour dig the barren soil,
 With dull compilers vulgar fame to share,
 The withering laurels won by creeping Care. 245
 " Farewell," he cries, " my glory and my shame !
 " Dear Poesy ! no more secure of fame ;
 " Nurse of each virtue and each art sublime,
 " Gone with thy train to bless a kindlier clime !"

‡ On Leven's banks bright shone a laurell'd Bard, 250
 Whose soul the Muse's loftier spirit shar'd ;

* Alluding to the famed generosity of Quin, who relieved Thomack when ready to be thrown into prison for a small debt.

† Goldsmith.

‡ Smollet.

Ambition's slave who still abhorred to yield,
 And Independence follow'd to the field ;
 With him undaunted rov'd from clime to clime,
 Sounded his praise in matchless verse sublime. 255
 * But chill Necessity soon checked his strain,
 Drove him for ever from thy hallowed fane.
 With tresses torn thy choir his fate bewail'd,
 Yet nought their love or piteous plaint avail'd :
 † Then no Mæcenas listened to their moan, 260
 Or stretch'd his hand to prop thy falling throne.

‡ Where Dee's hoarse torrents dash'd from mountains
 steep,

Wide cleave the billows of the German deep ;
 The blooming Minstrel waked his matin lay,
 To hail the beauties of the rising day. 265
 Enamoured of the Muse, her charms he sung,
 While Grampian mountains hoar responsive rung :
 But long ere Phœbus reach'd the western main,
 He dropt his harp, in sorrow ceas'd the strain.
 What baneful star, O Goddess ! ruled the hour 270
 When thus thy favoured son renounc'd thy power ;
 Whose morn auspicious promis'd to restore
 Thy long lost fame on Caledonia's shore,
 To rear a monument on Deva's tide,
 Of Græcian art, of Gothic strength and pride ; 275
 That laurell'd Thames no longer, with disdain,
 Might view th' inglorious streams of Scotia's plain.

* Smollet's fate as a poet is feelingly described under the name of Melopoyri in *Rod. Random*.

† Dr Armstrong, in his inscription to the memory of Smollet, says,
 Hoc seculo Musæ vix nisi nothæ
 Mæcenatulis Britannicis fovebantur.

‡ Beattie.

The Muse, now, Scotia, flies thy frozen land,
 Where joyous once she led her choral band,
 When Fortune's smile and Glory's bright reward 280
 Attended still each venerated Bard ;

Whose Celtic song the hero's breast inspir'd,
 Thro' future ages made his name admir'd ;
 When Truth and Honour, Love and Valour reign'd,
 By Faction, Fraud, and Avarice unstain'd. 285

Behold thy slaughter'd sons the field bestrow,
 Without the meed of due poetic woe :
 In heaps they fall, unpitied and unknown,
 Save by a friend's or brother's secret moan :
 Their gallant deeds attend them to the tomb, 290

All sink unheeded in oblivion's gloom.

No more thy heroes' or thy patriots' praise
 Is left recorded in immortal lays.

* Douglas alone of all thy warlike band,
 Is snatch'd from fate with harp-arousing hand ; 295

In simple majesty who treads the stage,
 In youth still green, and unabating rage.

See now each fame-commanding lyre unstrung,
 Thy echoes mute, and mute each tuneful tongue.

Now cease we, Muse, the sad, disastrous theme, 300
 My Fancy steep in dark Lethæan stream :
 No more let Memory her rolls display,
 Afresh to blot thy votary's chequer'd day.

* See the ballad of Chevy Chase, and Douglas, a tragedy ; either of which will immortalize the heroism of Douglas.

On Cheviot hill, still see the Baron bold,
 In armour flaming of refulgent gold !
 Who stood his country's bulwark and her pride,
 Heroic Percy and his host defied.

Yet ah! what forms of ghastly mien appear
 To claim the tribute of a parting tear! 505
 Along the dusky grove, with thorn o'erspread,
 They sullen glide by grim Misfortune led.
 Lo! * Arun's bards, a gentle, pensive pair,
 Condemn'd the scourge of Famine fierce to bear!
 There, Butler see, who wak'd the sparkling flame 310
 Of wit and learning bigot-rage to shame!
 There Chatterton mad driven by grief and pain,
 In dungeon dark the poison'd bowl to drain!

Alas, my early friend! I mark thy shade
 Moving majestic thro' the glimmering glade; 315
 I view thee L——n vulgar concourse fly,
 And darting back a stern contemptuous eye.
 I mark the emotions of his towering mind,
 By Learning, Genius, Harmony refin'd:
 In converse close with B——e he hies away 320
 To opening regions of unsetting day.

Sons of the Muse! with heavenly raptures fir'd,
 † Alive, despised; dead, honour'd and admir'd;
 Pure from your sacred choir what transports flow!
 What sighs of anguish from your shades of woe! 325

Queen of the Song! in whose wood-circled fane
 A thousand vows are daily breath'd in vain;
 If thus thy chosen few are found to fare,
 What hopes can hence inspire thy suppliant's prayer?

* Collins and Otway.

† ————— quatenus, heu nefas!
 Virtutem incolumem odimus,
 Sublatam ex oculis quærimus, invidi. Hor.

morning rays that op'd his early bloom, 330
 sees ere noon involv'd in deepening gloom ;
 sees gaunt Penury obstruct his way,
 icy-hand and heart-congealing sway.
 In this station there, allures with treacherous bribe,
 in his servile, mercenary tribe, 335
 quaff rich beverage from the golden bowl,
 e'er o'er it wave the scourges of Control.

Why thus, O Goddess ! with thy smile inspire
 stial passion, ardent pure desire ;
 votary then from promised bliss debar, 340
 frowning Fate to wage incessant war,
 inquisish'd led, with sorrow at her shrine,
 fame, his freedom and his lyre resign ?
 tune his fame to such refined accord
 Zephyr's breath may bend each trembling chord ;
 far expel him from thy vocal bowers, 346
 ere summer gales still fan the op'ning flowers ;
 o'er the waste where wintry tempests rave,
 crumpled and inglorious, chain'd in Mammon's cave ?
 bid him slowly from thy shades depart ! 350
 how he pours the sorrows of his heart !

Ye hills and dales, where streams of rapturous joy
 e copious quaff'd, nor ever found to cloy !
 Thou sweet inspirer of the tuneful breast,
 with whom on roseate beds I wont to rest ; 355
 while Fancy painted all th' horizon gay,
 and Hope illusive pour'd her dazzling ray :
 joys which now I must no more pursue,
 and thou dear Sovereign of my soul, adieu !
 no more thou lead'st a freeborn, votive train, 360
 from youth to age, thro' thy Arcadian reign ;
 no more that laurel thou canst now bestow,
 at wont to guard from Fortune's cruel blow ;

“ And now no more that genial gale supply 364
“ Which fans thy flame and makes it pierce the sky. ”

While thus he sung dark Tempest rose around,
The plaintive lyre with deafening clamour drown'd. 367

 THE POET'S MANUAL.

PART II.

*Et dubitamus opes animo contemnere avari
Nec potius sequimur dulces ante omnia Musas? VIDA.*

Now Night o'er earth her raven-mantle threw,
 And thunders roar'd and rapid lightnings flew ;
 When, sudden bursting on the Poet's eye,
 A golden cloud illum'd the darken'd sky ;
 Whence, thus respondent to the Muse's lyre, 5
 Awak'd the voice of her seraphic Choir.
 Hush'd winds and waves as magic-struck gave ear,
 Rapt Nature silenc'd all her reign to hear.

“ When Heaven's creating Lord first hung on high
 The ponderous spheres amid the radiant sky, 10
 To me, to Harmony he gave the power,
 Thro' boundless space to guide their circling tour ;
 And bade me cheer this seat of man below,
 Thro' hill and vale make strains of rapture flow ;
 With choicest influence of my sacred Art, 15
 Attune to ecstasy the human heart ;
 That thus each fibre of its frame might move
 In concord pure with hymning hosts above,

Thus, heaven-inspired in ardor-breathing lays
 * It first rejoiced to pour the Maker's praise, 20
 Creation's pomp admired with joy sublime,
 Accordant beat to Nature's perfect chime.

In these primeval days serene and gay,
 Mankind acknowledg'd my auspicious sway.
 While I presided o'er the rural throng, 25
 Each heart was rapture, and each voice was song:
 Thro' every vale and every blooming grove,
 † Melodious flow'd the strains of Piety and Love.

When demon-Pride and Luxury began
 To waste and gloom the blest abodes of man ; 30
 When Lust of Wealth, the source of every woe,
 Had seared his heart and knit his smiling brow ;
 I fled the earth now hostile and profane,
 With Peace and Love and Friendship in my train.
 Yet since, I oft revisit human-kind, 35
 And shed my spirit o'er the feeling mind,
 Which Nature's works and Nature's music charm,
 Which Glory's trump and generous flame can warm.

* Deo non solum.

† Hail, sacred Verse, says Dr Rundle, thou eldest offspring of human ingenuity!—before letters were invented, numbers, and the music of regularly unequal syllables, retained those histories in the memory of mankind, which then there was no outward learning to preserve. By thee those sons of Reason, arts, philosophy, and laws, were nourished and educated; men were civilized, and society made delightful. The chronicles of the Bards, and the instruction of the Druids on every duty and ornament of life, were adorned by Harmony, and by pleasing imagination were remembered with ease. How much better known is the hunting on Cheviot, than the glorious deeds of our ancestors at Cressy and Agincourt?

Bane me the breast sweet Poesy cannot pierce,
 Unthrill'd by harmony of Voice and Verse ; 40
 There mark the haunts of Treason, Rapine, Guile,
 Of every hell-hatch'd fiend, envenom'd, vile ;
 Deadly and dull its cold affections creep,
 As moves dark mist along the Stygian deep.
 Where Music fails to harmonize the soul, 45
 There Robbery, Lust, and Avarice shall prowl.
 Woe to the bard born in malignant hour,
 When these exert their persecuting power :
 And woe to those who rouse his honest rage,
 Their shame to sound thro' every future age ! 50

A favoured few, of energy divine,
 Fair Virtue's champions bright I give to shine,
 Her name to rescue from the wrecks of Time,
 Her deeds recorded in their strains sublime.
 Such glorious task employed the ancient bard, 55
 To crown Desert with honour's just reward ;
 To soar the heights where only seraphs flew,
 On rapid wing transcending vulgar view ;
 The mystic oracles of Heaven to scan,
 Its will reveal to blind apostate man ; 60
 * Explore the scenes in future darksome times,
 And point the paths that lead to heavenly climes.
 Thus sacred Song, of old by Gods inspir'd,
 By godlike men was honour'd and admir'd :
 Thus shone my sons in laurell'd dignity, 65
 † The first in fame, the favourites of the sky.

Such flourish'd Orpheus the Thracian swain,
 Who tam'd with song a wandering savage train,

* Quid autem.

† Satis notum.

Quench'd their desire of bloody lawless prey,
 And taught to own Religion's sacred sway. 70
 Hence, some report, his numbers could assuage
 The tyger's fierceness and the lion's rage,
 Could charm the rigid powers of death and hell,
 Make fiends and furies cease their hideous yell.

By Music's power the gloomy desert smil'd, 75
 While lofty Thebes arose amidst the wild.
 Hence rocks and groves, as mov'd by magic spell,
 Were feign'd t' obey Amphion's chorded shell.

Conspicuous rais'd amidst my choral train,
 Appears the Master of the lyric strain; 80
 Still to the Muse's love and honour true,
 To Gods and heroes paying tribute due;
 Exalting Virtue in sublimest lays,
 On Virtue's sons aloné bestowing praise.
 O'er cloud-wrapt Pindus eagle-like he flies, 85
 Now dazzling bright, now hid from vulgar eyes,
 Now soft, now strong, he sweeps th' Æolian lyre,
 * While states assembled listen and admire.
 See, sacred to the Muse his mansion rise,
 While wide around prōud Thebes in ruin lies. 90

† Nor sole to profit tends my sacred Art,
 But chief to captivate and charm the heart,
 To † wake false fear, or joy's transporting glow,
 And § sooth the heavy cares of want and woe.

Such power he prov'd who rul'd with timbr'd sound
 The || victor-prince, swift whirl'd his soul around, 96

* Pindarus si quando.
 † Ille per extentum.
 || Alexander.

† Aut prodesse.
 § —inopem (vates.)

Now rais'd his pity and provok'd his tears,
 With martial strain now pierc'd his tingling ears.
 As sudden rous'd by battle's dread alarms,
 The hero rose, aloud he cried "to arms." 109
 Sweet languid notes now softer passions move,
 And lull him ravish'd in the lap of Love.
 Loud o'er his dream now bursts the trump of Fame,
 His bosom fir'd with Glory's brighter flame :
 He mounts his throne wide waving empire's rod, 105
 In look and gesture speaks the conscious god.

What hosts of heroes, lords of mighty states,
 Deny'd my honours by th' invidious Fates,
 Have nameless sunk in Time's devouring tide,
 With all their monuments of power and pride! 110
 Yet sooner Time shall heaven and earth destroy
 Than blot the glory of my ancient Troy.
 Hark ! thundering still in Homer's lofty strain,
 How storms Achilles on the martial plain !
 His brandish'd spear and nodding crest behold, 115
 His helmet flaming with refulgent gold ;
 The lightnings darted from his moony shield,
 That far around with terror fill the field.
 Still hear the words that flow'd from Nestor's tongue,
 While on his lips the Argive armies hung ; 120
 Words sweet as honey bidding discord cease,
 The strife of princes charming into peace.
 Still know each labour sage Ulysses bore,
 Ere safe he landed on th' Ithacan shore ;
 Recorded all in matchless sacred song, 125
 Which age to age and clime to clime prolong.

* In gloomy grandeur, terrible in rage,
 Still see the mighty father of the stage.

* Æschylus.

The infernal furies chanting round him rise,
 With horror flashing from their livid eyes. 130
 In rhyme prophetic hear Cassandra sing,
 While high above bright Rapture claps her wing.
 Sicilia's lord the poet's guardian rose,
 His musing age to nurse in bland repose.

* Led by the light of his wide orient blaze, 135
 Yet hear Colone's hard exalt his lays ;
 Who guides his courser with a steadier rein,
 And soars sublime in grave majestic strain ;
 While Judgment tempers Fancy's darting fire,
 And Art subservient modulates his lyrc. 140

† Attentive listens Pity's tearful throng,
 As softly warbles the Pillæan song,
 Which sage Morality was wont to hear
 In Plato's shade with never sated ear ;
 Which once the scepter'd Macedonian prais'd, 145
 The buskin'd bard to highest honour rais'd,
 Refus'd his ashes to the native shore,
 Tho' begg'd with prayers and loads of golden ore.

As rises Lucifer with gladdening ray, 150
 The welcome harbinger of dawning day ;
 So Dante shone with fair auspicious light,
 Gilding the dark profound of Gothic night ;
 With Freedom's voice, in firm, indignant tone,
 Arraign'd fierce Tyranny and shook his throne ; 155
 Wide o'er a long enslav'd and slumb'ring world,
 The flag of Liberty and Truth unfurl'd.
 Thus he obtain'd the bard's and patriot's praise,
 Disdain'd the dastards who profane the bays,

* Sophocles.

† Euripides.

Who guilty greatness and their own disgrace, 160
Extol aloud to every future race.

* In glorious exile, with redoubled rage,
Dauntless he lash'd the vices of his age.
In tender lays now hear his lovers sigh ;
His dreadful notes now rend the scowling sky, 165
While far he darts thro' Pluto's drear abode,
Or soars aloft above the solar road.
Now see him shine his country's pride and shame,
O'er every nation spread his fervid flame.

From Tasso's height how bright my glory blaz'd, 170
While o'er the crescent high the cross was rais'd ;
When Salem's Muse victorious Godfrey sung,
When Jordan's banks with joyful pæans rung !
The Bard enraptur'd struck his magic shell,
Whose sound awak'd the powers of heaven and hell, 175
To join the Christian and the Pagan band,
To swell the conquest of the victor's hand.
From fields of fight, and Zion's lofty towers,
He now descends to Love's delightful bowers,
Where young Aminta and his Sylvia sing 180
In tenderest strains amidst the blooms of Spring.

When first I clasp'd him in my fond embrace,
And bade him rise the glory of his race ;*
A father cries, all trembling for his fate,
Infatuate youth ! beware what woes await 185
The wayward wight, whose dazzled eye pursues
The fatal favours of th' attuning Muse.

* Paul Jovius says of Dante—Sed exilium vel toto Etruriæ principatu ei majus et gloriosius fuit quam illam sub amara cogitatione excitatam, occulti, divinique ingenii vim exacuierit et inflammavit.

- Around her fane that crowns yon mountain wild,
 Has Fortune e'er with eye indulgent smil'd?
 Forbear, my son, to tempt the dangerous steep; 190
 Along the vale thy course securely keep,
 Where Epicurus leads his jovial crew,
 The paths of Wealth and Pleasure to pursue.
 Here see the bard by kings and courts caress'd,
 With honours loaded, but with cares oppress'd: 195
 Aghast he starts, as wak'd from wizard trance,
 Beholds a fiend with scowling brow advance,
 His name Dependence, bearing chains to bind,
 In durance vile, the free aspiring mind.
 Alarm'd he flies from scenes of splendid woe, 200
 Where, hid in roses, poison'd briars grow.
 Careless of grandeur and of sordid gain,
 He seeks the pleasures of the humble plain,
 The pleasures pure of harmony and song,
 Unaw'd by Pride, unruffled by the throng. 205
 Th' Aonian maids with grateful care prepar'd
 A garland rich to crown their generous bard;
 Which o'er the world its verdure shall display,
 When golden diadems in dust decay.
- On wider wing bold Ariosto flew, 210
 The regions wild of Fancy to review;
 Scorning thè critics' servile course to run
 With eye still fix'd on the Mæonian sun.
 He follow'd Nature through her boundless sphere,
 Nor stoop'd to Art amidst his high career. 215
 Rous'd with the sound of my harmonious choir,
 He dar'd the frown of an offended sire,
 Who long had chain'd him to the wrangling bar,
 To deal dispute, and wage the wordy war;
 Indignant fled to Rheggio's peaceful plain, 220
 And sung Orlando in heroic strain;

Now wav'd sublime keen Satire's flaming blade ;
 Now with the nymphs gay caroll'd in the shade.
 Leo with rapture listen'd to his lays,
 Imperial Charles adorn'd him with the bays ; 225
 Proud to appear the patrons of a name,
 Now bright in records of eternal fame.

More hapless Camoens, how I wail'd thy fate,
 The toils and miseries of thy mortal state ;
 Born to ennoble Lusitania's race, 230
 To shine at once their glory and disgrace !
 How gothic Grandeur and barbarian Pride
 Thy rightful tribute of renown denied,
 Bound thee a hireling to a master's board,
 While o'er thy head Dependence hung his sword ! 235

To escape the dungeons of soul-sinking Care,
 I saw thee roam o'er Afric's mountains bare.
 In wanderings wilder than thy Gama knew,
 I smooth'd thy way, presented to thy view
 The future glory that should gild thy name, 240
 And dash thy foes with ever-during shame.
 This round thy prison-walls a lustre spread,
 When every hope, save hovering Death, has fled.
 When oft invoc'd, he clos'd thy weary eyes,
 Loud o'er the world thy fame began to rise : 245
 Compassion's tears bedew'd thy plaintive page,
 Which still shall stream through each succeeding age.

Love's blooming Minstrel wak'd his melting lays
 By Arno's stream, my Petrarch gain'd the bays.
 Admiring Rome bestow'd the bright reward, 250
 With golden gifts allur'd the laurell'd bard.
 Blind to the glare of Fortune's transient ray,
 He scorn'd to shine her pageant of a day.

By Love invited, and the favouring Muse,
 He sought the shades and fountains of Vaucluse; . 255
 A shepherd here with Independence stray'd,
 Where Tumult's voice could ne'er his peace invade.
 The woodland fruitage and the silver springs
 He more enjoy'd than costliest feast of kings.

Hail Springs renown'd in his immortal lays, 260
 While here retir'd he sung his Laura's praise!
 Hail, favour'd nymph, whose charms still yield delight,
 When rival beauties long have set in night!

A chosen race of such ennobled name,
 I give through earth my honours to proclaim: 265
 Yet few Aonia's hallow'd heights have gain'd,
 Or borne the lyre unbarter'd, unprofan'd.

What breast, though glowing with my purest fire,
 Though love of virtue and of fame inspire,
 Can all the assaults of furious foes sustain, . 270
 That haunt the way to my exalted fane?
 When first his new-fledg'd wing my votary tries,
 His eye full fix'd on th' empyrean skies,
 Straight rouses Envy from his couch of slime,
 And marks him soaring tow'rds th' aerial clime. 275
 With venom rous'd, hot rankling in his heart,
 He bends the bow, and points the poison'd dart.
 How oft rude Ignorance loud roars around,
 Whose clamour drowns the lute's harmonious sound!
 How oft his raving rout are seen to raise 280
 Dark smouldering clouds to quench the Muse's rays!

Now views my son, before his eager eyes,
 The frozen form of Poverty arise.
 Aghast he sees, and sudden starts aside,
 To where the pompous train of Wealth abide. 285

Here sensual Joy applies her fatal force,
 To damp his rage, and check his daring course.
 Here sordid Lucre cries with tongue profane,
 " Resign the lyre, or raise the venal strain ;
 " For Fortune sacrifice an empty fame, 290
 " For present gain, a lasting noble name. "

O Thou, who would'st my cheering smile detain,
 The Syren's voice regard with just disdain.
 If Lust of Wealth e'er seize thy sinking soul,
 Or Pleasure bend thee in her base control ; 295
 Straight dies each impulse of sublime desire,
 Each transport kindled by the Muse's fire :
 Thy breast no more to Music's raptures known,
 By envy, pride and hate, is scar'd to stone.
 Ah ! fly such foes, and shun eternal shame, 300
 Which oft is found to dim the brightest fame ;
 While he, empower'd to sail the azure skies,
 At Grandeur's shrine enchain'd, inglorious lies.
 * Be such the bondage of the spurious throng,
 Who painful build the nerveless form of song ; 305
 Where native baseness is enamell'd o'er,
 With jewels ravish'd from my sacred store ;
 Where nought of Nature's fire is found t' impart
 Congenial raptures to the kindred heart.

Thus Beauty's shape of sallow clay may rise, 310
 Dazzle the eye with bright and borrow'd dyes ;
 Spotless may shine the alabaster-brow,
 And pure vermilion on the cheek may glow :
 Yet what avails the lifeless form refin'd,
 That boasts no beauty but of foreign kind, 315
 That, stript of gay disguise, betrays to view
 A mouldering mass of dark and deadly hue.

I

* Dammandum.

Thou, whom I claim among my honour'd born,
 The rhyming herd devoid of spirit scorn;
 On points and tinkling syllables who pore, 320
 And pick each glittering trinket of my store,
 With awe-struck eye on tinsell'd Pomp who gaze,
 And court his smile with mercenary praise;
 While round his altar they profusely throw
 The rude-cropt flowers that fair on Pindus blow; 325
 But rest of fragrance by their hands profane,
 Withering they heap the bleak and barren plain.

While these in Mammon's mine their labours ply,
 With breast congeal'd, and microscopic eye;
 My Minstrel see, a solitary wight, 330
 With vocal harp, in russet-weeds bedight,
 Wandering at large along the mountains hoar,
 With rapture listening to the torrent's roar;
 Insatiate gazing on the ridges pil'd
 In rustic grandeur 'midst the pathless wild. 335
 Now seems he sad, immers'd in thought profound,
 Now starts aghast, and eager stares around:
 Now dart the rapid lightnings of his eyes,
 And o'er his face the crimson flames arise:
 With quick transition, lo! he smiles serene, 340
 While inborn rapture brightens all his mien.
 Attun'd to Nature's voice still beats his heart,
 Disdains the thrall of guile-instructing Art.
 To 'scape rude tumult, servile toil and care,
 He braves the tempest with his bosom bare, 345
 O'erleaps the bounds that limit vulgar view,
 And treads in dust the toys that catch the crew.

In vain shall he, who bends at Fortune's shrine,
 Implore the influence of my power divine.
 How rarely he, wrapt in her warm embrace, 350
 Has e'er been number'd with my tuneful race!

Would'st thou, my son, aspire to spotless fame,
 And still, unquench'd, preserve thy native flame ;
 With venal strain near stoop to sooth her ear,
 Her golden boon the badge of shame to wear, 355
 That buys the freedom of thy towering soul,
 And binds it sunk in dungeons of Control ;
 Where rankling Care, and scoffing Pride conspire
 To tear thy heart, and quench thy kindling fire.

From Luxury's domain now turn thy eyes, 360
 To where gay Nature's sunny hills arise ;
 The seats of peace, of calm content and health,
 Unstain'd, unravag'd by imperious Wealth.
 What sights and sounds of joy attract thy view,
 Enamell'd meads and mountain-summits blue, 365
 That mock the mimic power of pigmy Art,
 And whelm with wonder the exulting heart !
 How every scene thy bosom must inspire,
 To pour the song, and join the general choir !
 The various voice of echoing wilds and woods, 370
 The roar sublime of loud-resounding floods,
 The summer-sun high flaming in his noon,
 And silent march of winter's midnight moon.

O Thou, whose breast the notes of Nature charm,
 Whose frame refin'd my thrilling fire can warm ; 375
 Shun Luxury's licentious gaudy court,
 To which the servile, sensual rout resort ;
 Where, 'midst the jargon of the jarring throng,
 Expires each power of harmony and song.
 With me retire to Contemplation's shade, 380
 Where no rude noise thy visions can invade.
 At Virtue's shrine here duteous homage pay,
 Her form adorning in my fair array,
 Which oft makes Vice, a fiend deform'd and vile,
 Assume her shape, and sweet angelic smile. 385

Though here thou share her frequent fate below,
 Her persecution, poverty, and woe ;
 Yet dauntless still her injur'd cause maintain ;
 To sooth her foes in fawning guise disdain :
 Arm'd with my flaming torch their force engage, 390
 Nor spare to pour the torrent of thy rage.-
 The clouds of strife a while may blot thy fame,
 But future time thy triumph shall proclaim.

To Glory's heights now raise thy languid eyes,
 My sons behold who have obtain'd her prize ; 395
 At length repaid for all the griefs they bore,
 With swelling pæans rung from shore to shore.
 Let this bright boon, still plac'd before thy view,
 In each distress thy drooping age renew.
 When hissing Envy, barbarous Power and Pride 400
 Shall perish, plung'd in dark oblivion's tide ;
 When scorn shall curse the vice-adorning strain,
 Or gentler Pity weep to wash the stain ;
 Thy purer praise ascending still shall rise,
 Till angels sound it through th' eternal skies. 405

FINIS.

ALPHABETICAL LIST

or

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.



A

Anderson, Rev. Dr Robert, 31, George's Square, 2 copies
Anderson, David, esq. of the Customs, 26, Buccleugh Place
Anderson, J. N., esq.
Abercrombie, Rev. Thomas S. of Glassau, 17, George's Square
Abercrombie, Miss, — of ditto — ditto
Ayton, Miss Mary, of Inchdarnie
Anstruther, Miss, Coats-House
Aitcheson, Miss Margaret, 55, Prince's-Street
Ainslie, Miss, Hill-Street
Alexander, Miss Jane
Allester, William, esq. writer
Auld, Mr William, Saltcoats
Arnot, Mr Peter, merchant, Leith Walk
Aitkman, Mr James, Listonshiels
Aikman, Mr James, 21, Blair-Street
Adamson, Mr John

B

Boyle, Right Hon. David, Lord Justice-Clerk, 30, Heriot
Row
Bruce, Hon. Mrs, Balchristie
Bower, Mrs, 141, George's-Street
Blair, Mrs, of Avonton, 56, George's Square
Blair, Miss, 34, Queen-Street
Brown, Mrs B., Leith
Bell, Mrs Dr, at Mrs Barclay's; 3, Middlefield, Leith Walk
Bruce, Mrs, 1, Hope-Street
Begg, Mrs, 15, James's Square
Balfour, Mrs, 1, Charles' Street
Briggs, Miss, Strathairlie

Baird, Rev. Dr George H.
 Brown, Rev. Dr Andrew, 13, Argyll Square
 Brown, Dr Thomas, 79, Prince's-Street
 Brunton, Rev. Alexander, St John Street
 Buchanan, Rev. Dr W., Reid's Court, Canongate
 Bonar, Rev. Archibald, Cramond
 Bonar, Thomson, esq.
 Brougham, J. W., esq.
 Bethune, Colonel
 Bryce, Rev. William, Aberdour
 Bell, Rev. John, Cariden
 Bell, Carlyle Bell, esq. W. S. Brown's Square
 Bell, Archibald, esq. advocate, 35, Heriot Row
 Bridges, D. junior, esq.
 Bridges, James, esq. W. S. Hanover-Street
 Bruce, Robert, esq. advocate
 Broughton, Charles, esq. accountant
 Black, James, esq.
 Brown, William, esq. Saltcoats, 3 copies
 Brown, Thomas, esq.
 Brown, John, esq. Saltcoats
 Brown, Nicol, esq. Glasgow
 Brown, Mr, Canongate
 Braidwood, Mr, junior, Hunter-Square
 Bauchop, Mr Robert
 Bisset, Mrs J., Leith

C

Colquhoun, Right Hon. Archibald, Lord Advocate for
 Scotland, 4 copies
 Colquhoun, Master J. C.
 Creech, Right Hon. William, Lord Provost of Edinburgh
 Craig, Hon. Lord, 10, York Place
 Clerk, Hon. Baron, 92, Prince's-Street
 Cunningham, Mrs Colonel, South Castle Street
 Cunningham, Robert Reid, esq. of Seabank, 4 copies
 Cunningham, R. esq. 2 copies
 Cunningham, William, esq. Frederic-street, 2 copies
 Crawford, Mrs, of Ratho, 6 copies
 Crawford, Hugh, esq.
 Cockburn, Henry, esq. advocate, 3, North Charlotte-street
 Clephane, Andrew, esq. advocate, 67, Queen-street
 Cochrane, Dr, Edinburgh, 21, Maitland-street
 Constable, Archibald, & Co., booksellers
 Campbell, Rev. Dr John, Edinburgh, Netherbow

Crichton, Dr James, Holywood
 Clunie, Rev. Mr, of Borthwick
 Coulston, Rev. Mr, Pennycuik
 Chaderton, Rev. William
 Cleland, Mrs, 8, Hope-street
 Campbell, Mrs, Grovemount
 Campbell, Miss, ditto
 Collymore, Mrs Dr
 Cowan, Mrs, Glasgow
 Carmichael, Mrs, Hope-street
 Campbell, Mrs
 Christie, Mrs
 Clarke, Mr G. R. bookseller, 2 copies
 Clarke, Rev. Mr, Ely
 Clark, Miss M., Balchristie
 Cadell, Philip, esq.
 Cowan, Duncan, esq.
 Chapman, Thomas, esq. Broomhouse
 Clark, Peter, esq.
 Cameron, Donald, esq; of Malta
 Cameron, Mr Robert, Bank-street
 Cameron, Mr Francis, ditto
 Crombie, John, Esq.
 Craigie, W. T. esq., Mitchell-street, Leith
 Carstairs, Mr Robert, Grange
 Crawford, Mr James, Saltcoats
 Cooper, Mr J., teacher, Dalmeny
 Cleland, Mr William, Hope-street
 Calder, Mr Joseph

D

Dundas, James, esq. of Dundas, 2 copies
 Dawson, William, esq. Heriot Row, 3 copies
 Duff, Wharton, R. esq.
 Drummond, H. Home, esq. advocate
 Dobie, Rev. Dr James, Linlithgow, 2 copies
 Dick, Rev. James, Currie, 2 copies
 Duncan, Rev. Dr Andrew, Ratho
 Dalrymple, Miss, of Hailes
 Davidson, Rev. Dr T., Heriot Row
 Dudgeon, Alexander, esq.
 Duncan, Dr, senior, Adams's Square
 Dick, Mrs Dr, 13, Gayfield Square, 2 copies
 Dalgliesh, Mrs Dr, Queensferry
 Dyce, Mrs, 23, Charlotte Square

Dewar, Miss M., Gilston
 Douglas, Mrs, 18, Buccleugh Place
 Douglas, William, esq. W. S. 5, Charlotte-street
 Dickson, Rev. Dr Robert, Bernard-street, Leith
 Douglas, Mr William
 Duncan, Rev. John, of Ardrossan
 Dickson, Walter, esq. W. S. 9, St David-street
 Davidson, James, esq. W. S. Castle-street
 Dundas, Mr Hamilton
 Duncanson, Mr, Airdrie
 Denniston, Mr J.
 Dallaway, Mr Peter
 Davidson, Mr D., Little-Vantage
 Davidson, Mr Adam
 Dickson, Rev. David, senior, 17, York Place
 Dickson, Rev. David, junior, West Church

E

Erskine, Hon. Henry, 3 copies
 Erskine, Mrs Colonel, of Pitodrie
 Erskine, Mrs William
 Elliot, Mrs
 Edie, Mrs, Coats
 Edgar, Rev. John, Symington
 Elder, John, esq. Frederick-street
 Edie, Mr Arthur, Muircambus
 Edgar, Mr, Drumeldry
 Edie, Mr, Monturpie
 Ellis, Mr James
 Edney, Mr David, Kirknewton
 Edgar, Mr James, Glasgow

F

Forbes, Sir William, Baronet, of Pitsligo, George's-street
 Fettes, Lady, Charlotte Square
 Fleming, Charles, esq. 2 copies
 Fotheringham, Mrs, 50, Frederick-street
 Fotheringham, P. esq. advocate, 80, George's-street
 Farquharson, Thomas, esq. of Howden
 Farquharson, Mrs, of ditto
 Farquharson, Miss, of ditto
 Finlay, Alexander, esq.
 Forsyth, Mr, Elgin, 3 copies
 Fleming, Rev. Dr Thomas, 24, Buccleugh Place
 Picming, Rev. John, Collington

Ferguson, Rev. John, Uphall
 Fisher, Rev. Mr, Cranston
 Fletcher, Mrs, North Castle-street
 Finlay, Miss, at Mr Finlay's, Frederic-street
 Fleming, Robert, esq. W. S. 41, Hanover-street
 Forrester, Archibald, esq.
 Forbes, Mrs, of Westfield
 Forest, James, esq. Leith
 Foreman, John, junior, esq.
 Ferric, Mr James
 Foster, Mr, Edinburgh

G

Grant, Rev. Dr Andrew, James's Square, 2 copies
 Grant, Rev. James, of Libberton, 2 copies
 Garnock, Rev. H., Union-street, 2 copies
 Greig, Rev. Mr, of Dalmeny
 Goldie, Rev. Mr, of Temple
 Gilchrist, William, esq. 2 copies
 Gillespie, Alexander, esq. 2, North St Andrew's Street
 Greig, Alexander, esq. accountant, Ramsay Garden
 Gibson, John, esq.
 Gibb, John, esq.
 Goldie, Mrs, Heriot Row
 Goldie, Mr, 5, Howe Street
 Galbreath, Miss
 Green, Robert, esq.
 Gibson, Mr Francis, G. P. O.
 Gordon, Mr, Canongate
 Glendinning, Alexander, esq. of Millrig
 Gray, Mr James, Bootlandhill
 Granger, Mr Alexander, Leithhead
 Garner, Mr Nicholas

H

Haddington, Right Hon. Earl of
 Hermand, Hon. Lord
 Hunter-Blair, Lady, 34, Queen-street
 Hamilton, Alexander, esq. of Grange, 3 copies
 Hay, Dr Thomas, 67, George's-street
 Hay, Captain
 Hay, James, esq.
 Hay, Charles, esq.
 Hare, James, esq. of Calderhall
 Hill, Peter, esq. 6 copies

Henry, Mr J.
 Hill, Rev. A. }
 Hill, Mr H. D. } 5, Howe-street
 Hill, Mr James
 Hunter, William, esq.
 Henderson, W. S. esq.
 Henderson, Rev. John, Queensferry
 Henderson, Mr Malcolm
 Hay, Robert, esq.
 Hutchison, Mrs, 2 copies
 Horne, Mrs, 9, Howe-street
 Horne, D., esq. 13, George's-street
 Home, J., esq. W. S. Charlotte-street
 Hamilton, Mrs, 143, Prince's-street
 Hart, Mrs, of Castlemilk
 Home, John, esq. W. S. South Charlotte-street
 Hunter, Mr William
 Hunter, Mr Robert
 Hossack, Mr William, Kirknewton
 Haston, Mr John, ditto
 Henderson, Mr Thomas

I

Ireland, Rev. Dr W. F. Leith, 12 copies
 Inglis, Rev. Dr John, 43 George's Square, 2 copies
 Jeffrey, Francis, esq. Advocate, 92 George's Street
 Inglis, William, esq. W. S., 49 Queen Street, 2 copies
 Inglis, Robert Harry, esq.
 Johnston, Rev. Dr David, Leith
 Irving, Alexander, esq. Advocate, of Newton, 27 Heriot Row
 Irving, J. W. Mackenzie, esq.
 Jollie, James, esq., W. S., 6 Duke Street
 Jardine, George, esq., College of Glasgow
 Jameson, R. esq. Advocate, No. 1 Dundas Street
 Johnstone, Mr J.
 Johnstone, Mrs, Strathairnie
 Johnstone, Mr John
 Johnstone, Mr John, Easthaugh

K

Kerr, Allan, esq. 2 copies
 Kennedy, John, jun. esq. Advocate, Albany Row
 Kyle, Mrs, 19 Duke Street
 Kerr, John, esq.
 Kermack, John, W. S., 5 North St David Street

Kinnear, Mr John
 Kay, Mr James, Kirknewton
 Keith, Rev. Dr Skene, 15 copies

L

Lawrie, Rev. Dr of Newburn, 3 copies
 Lawrie, Miss, 16 Queen Street
 Lawrie, Miss S., ditto
 Laing, Alexander, esq. 6 Gayfield Place, 2 copies
 Laing, Rev. Francis, Malta, 2 ditto
 Laing, Miss, Gayfield Place
 Laing, Mr Alexander, Thistle Street
 Lang, Mr, St David Street
 Liston, Rev. Henry, Ecclesmachten
 Landsbourgh, Rev. D. of Stevenson
 Leven, John, esq. W. S., 60 Frederick Street
 Lee, Miss, Duke Street
 Lindsay, Mrs Livingston
 Lindsay, Miss
 Leslie, Mr Alexander, Largo
 Leslie, Mr James, ditto
 Liddell, Mr James, Surgeon, Queensferry
 Learmonth, Mr Alexander
 Lamont, Mr James
 Lowden, Mr William, Kirknewton
 Law, Mr James, Dentist

M

Morton, Right Honourable Earl of, 6 copies
 Morton, Right Honourable Countess of, 6 ditto
 Moncrieff, Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood, bart., 13 Queen St
 Murray, Sir Patrick, Bart.
 M'Gill, Lady D. Hamilton, 14 George's Square
 Maconochie, Alexander, esq. Solicitor General, 3 copies
 Miller, Thomas H. esq. Advocate, 15 Northumberland
 Street, 2 copies
 Macdonald, Ronald, esq. of Staffa, 2 copies
 Macdonald, Mrs, of Staffa, 34 Frederic Street
 Macknight, Miss, of Ratho, 3 copies
 Macknight, Rev. Dr Thomas, 3 London Street
 Meek, Rev. Dr, of Torphichen
 Muir, Rev. Mr, of Cairnton
 Marshall, Rev. Mr, of Cockpen
 Martin, Rev. John, Kirkcaldy
 Morrison, W. Maxwell, esq. Advocate, 47 George's Square

More, John, esq. Glasgow, 12 copies
 Murray, Alexander, esq. Advocate, of Stewarthill, 141
 Prince's Street
 Mackenzie, Kincaid, esq.
 Manners, Thomas, esq. W. S., 3 Hay Street
 Macdonald, William, esq.
 Murray, John, esq. W. S.
 MacRitchie, John, esq. W. S. 392 Castlehill
 MacLaine, Donald, esq., Leith Walk
 M'Kormick, William, esq., 33 Dundas Street
 Mudie, Mrs Hay, York Place
 Miller, Mrs Major
 Maitland, Mrs
 Mitchell, Mrs
 Mercer, Mrs, Edinburgh, 2 copies
 M'Kenzie, Miss, North Castle Street
 Morrison, M. D.
 Mercer, James, esq. Writer, Buccleugh Place
 M'Kinlay, Miss Jane
 Murray, Mrs John, Queensferry
 M'Callem, Miss, Thornhill
 M'Gibbon, Mr Alexander, Writer, Queensferry
 Macdonald, Mathew, esq.
 Macfarlane, Mr James
 Mitchell, Mr Robert
 Milne, Mr John, High Street
 More, Mr John, Royal Bank
 Macvicar, Mr Andrew
 Miller, Mr John

N

Newton, Robert, esq. of Newton, 2 copies
 Napier, Francis, esq. 2 ditto
 Napier, Mr George
 Norman, Captain
 Nalder, Mr Francis
 Norie, Mr John

O

Orr, William, esq. sen. Paisley, 2 copies
 Orr, Patrick, esq. at Dr Finlay's
 Oliver, Rev. James, Corstorphine

P

Polkemet, Honourable Lord, 62 George's Street

Pollock, Lady, 9 South Charlotte Street
 Pagan, William, esq. of Linnburn, York Place, 2 copies
 Pagan, Mrs, 2 ditto
 Pagan, Miss, 2 ditto
 Patrick, William, esq. W. S., 2 ditto
 Paterson, John, esq., Leith, 2 ditto
 Porteous, Mrs Dr of Glasgow, 3 ditto
 Polson, Mrs, Broughton, 2 ditto
 Primrose, Miss
 Primrose, Miss Eleanor
 Pender, Mrs
 Paton, Rev. Charles, of Ettrick
 Paton, Rev. Mr, of Lasswade
 Pringle, Alexander, jun. esq. of Whitebank
 Pricarn, Mr, jun.
 Peat, John, esq., Forth Street
 Pringle, Mr Hall
 Playfair, John, esq., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the
 University of Edinburgh

R

Ramsay, Honourable Mrs, of Barnton
 Ramsay, Miss, of ditto
 Holland, Adam, esq. Advocate, 3 copies
 Ritchie, Rev. Professor David, 146 Prince's Street, 2 ditto
 Ritchie, Rev. Dr William, 5 Argyle Square
 Robertson, Rev. Dr James, Leith
 Rennie, Rev. Robert, of Kilsyth
 Robertson, Rev. J. M. Livingston
 Ramsay, Rev. Mr, Ormiston
 Ross, Matthew, esq., Dean of Faculty, 3 Queen Street
 Ross, John, esq. W. S., 16 Elder Street
 Ross, George, esq. Advocate, 16 Howe Street
 Richardson, William, esq., Glasgow College
 Ramsay, David, esq., Craighleith
 Ramsay, David, esq.
 Robinson, C. K. esq., W. S., 6 Abercromby Place
 Ritchie, Rev. Charles, of Kirkliston
 Robertson, J. H. esq., No. 1 Hill Street
 Reid, Cumberland, esq.
 Rogerson, Mrs
 Russell, Mrs George, North Charlotte Street
 Rawlins, Mrs Milburn
 Robb, Mrs P., 16 Broughton Place
 Ramsay, Mrs, of Drylaw

Russell, Miss, Barnton
 Rattray, Miss M., Buccleugh Place
 Robertson, Mrs, Merchant Street
 Robertson, Mrs, Porto-Bello
 Ramsay, Mr David
 Rankin, Mr John, Leith Walk
 Ross, Mr John
 Rae, Mr John
 Roxborough, Mr Robert
 Ross, Mr Alexander, Causewayend
 Russell, Mrs Claud, Northumberland-street

S

Simpson, General, of Pitcorthie
 Simpson, Rev. Dr William
 Simpson, Rev. Alexander L., of Kirknewton, 2 copies
 Sommers, Rev. John, of Midcalder, 3 ditto
 Scott, Rev. Mr, of Newton
 Scott, Rev. Mr, of Dalkeith
 Singers, Rev. Mr, Fala
 Sibbald, Rev. Dr William, Haddington
 Steele, Rev. Mr
 Scott, Walter, esq., Advocate, North Castle Street
 Scott, Mr, 11 copies
 Sandilands, Captain James
 Sandilands, Mrs
 Sands, Mrs, 15 Hope Street
 Sands, Mr W. H. ditto
 Sillar, Zachariah, esq., Irvine
 Simpson, James, esq. Advocate, 131 Prince's Street
 Stewart, J., esq. Accountant
 Stirling, Samuel, esq. Advocate, Wilson's Court, Canongate
 Smith, John, esq. W. S., 7 Argyle Square
 Smith, Rev. James, Canisbay
 Stoddart, John, esq., 52 Queen Street
 Stoddart, D. esq., Bankhead, Queensferry
 Selkirk, Robert, esq.
 Scott, James, esq., Leith
 Scott, James, esq., 2 copies
 Stewart, Mr John
 Steeres, Miss, London, 3 copies
 Spears, Mrs, of Glasgow
 Saunders, George, M. D.
 Semple, Miss, of Finnieston
 Stewart, Archibald, D. esq.

Spalding, Mrs Dr, George's Street
 Stott, Mr, Heriot Row
 Scott, Mr, Duke Street
 Scott, Mr A., Merchant Street
 Smith, Mr D.
 Smart, Mr James, Kirknewton

T

Torphichen, the Right Honourable Lady, 3 copies
 Trotter, Alexander, of Dreghorn, 2 copies
 Trotter, Mrs, of ditto, 2 ditto
 Trail, Miss, No. 21 St Andrew's Square, 2 ditto
 Thomson, Rev. Dr John, Edinburgh
 Thomson, Rev. Andrew, Edinburgh
 Thomson, Rev. John, of Duddingston
 Thomson, Rev. Mr, Newbottle
 Torrence, Rev. William, Glencorse
 Turnbull, Rev. Dr
 Thomson, David, Esq. W. S.
 Thomson, Mrs, Castle Street
 Taylor, Mr James, Queensferry
 Taylor, Mr Patrick, Merchant, Queensferry
 Taylor, Mr William, ditto
 Trotter, Mr James, ditto
 Trotter, Mr John
 Todd, Mr Alexander

U

Urquhart, Rev. R.

V

Veitch, Mrs, 2 Young Street
 Voe, Daniel, esq. Advocate

W

Watson, Mrs, of Saughton, 2 copies
 Walker, Mrs, of Dalry
 Walker, Miss, of ditto
 Wordie, Miss, at Mr Finlay's North Frederick Street
 Wylie, Miss, 50 Northumberland Street
 Warner, Patrick, esq. of Ardear, 2 copies
 Wedderburn, James, esq. Advocate, George's Street
 Walker, James, esq. ditto, 69 Queen Street
 Wallace, Rev. Mr James, Inningham
 Wallace, Rev. James, Whitekirk

Wilson, Rev. Dr, Falkirk
 Watson, Rev. James, Whitburn
 Wallace, John, esq. of Bowsie
 Wilson, William, esq. W. S. 113 Prince's Street
 Wylie, James, esq. W. S., 20 Howe Street
 Wilson, Francis, esq. W. S., 17 Buccleugh Place
 Whyte, Mr, York Place
 Wilson, James, esq.
 Wood, Alexander, esq. at Miss Wood's, 45 Queen Street
 Wilson, Andrew, esq.
 Williams, H. W. esq., Duke Street
 Watson, Samuel, esq. Solicitor, Hanover Street
 Wymes, Mr David
 Wright, Mr, Leith Walk
 Weir, Mr John, High Street
 Weir, Mr Duncan, East-Calder
 Wilson, Mr William
 Wood, Mr A.
 Williams, Mr Thomas
 Willison, David, printer
 White, Mrs Adam, Leith

Y

Young, Archibald, esq. Leith, 3 copies
 Young, Robert, esq.
 Young, Rev. Dr
 Young, John, esq., Phoenix Office
 Yomer, Mr L. H.
 Young, Mr Robert



