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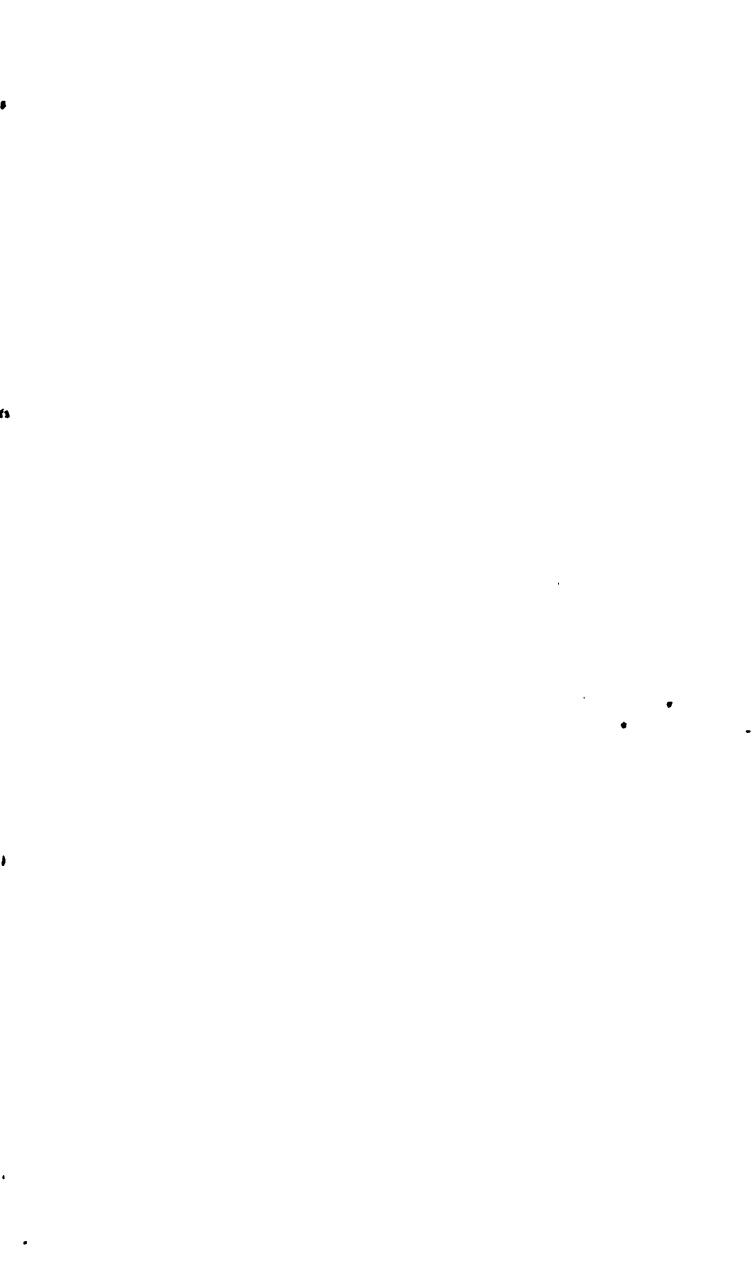
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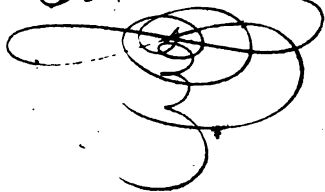


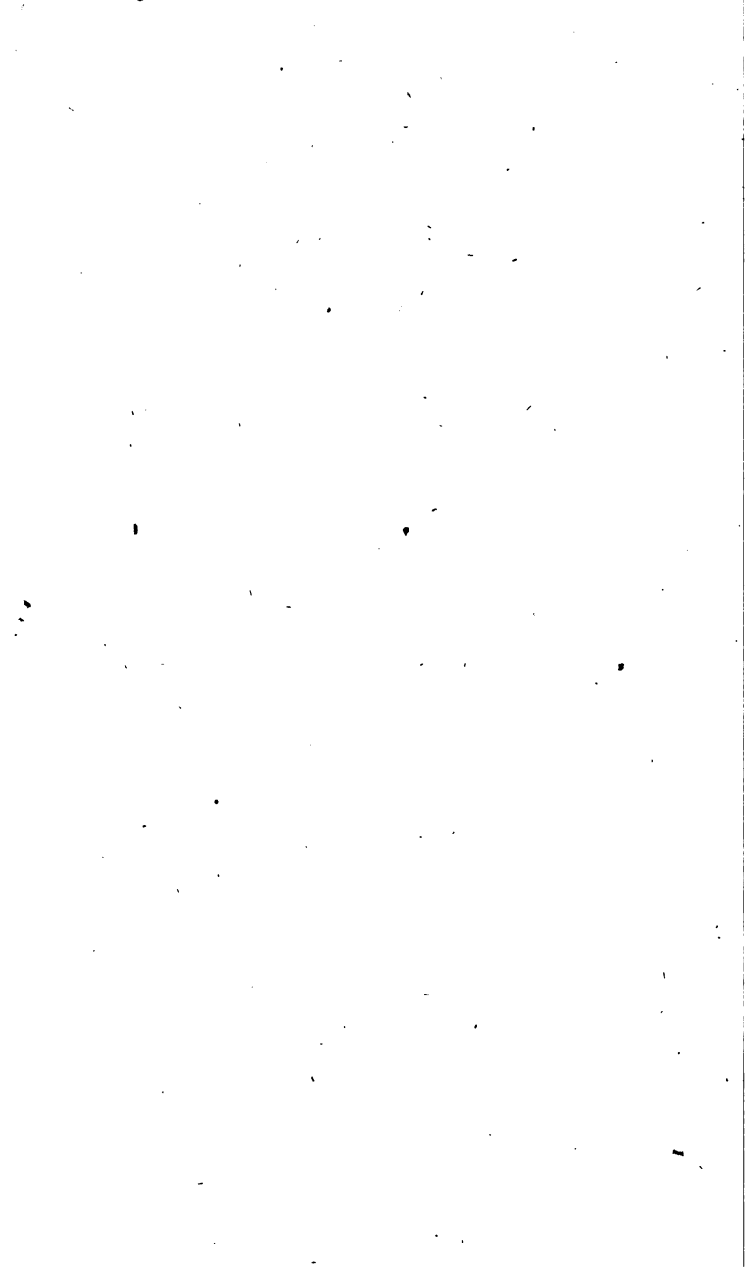


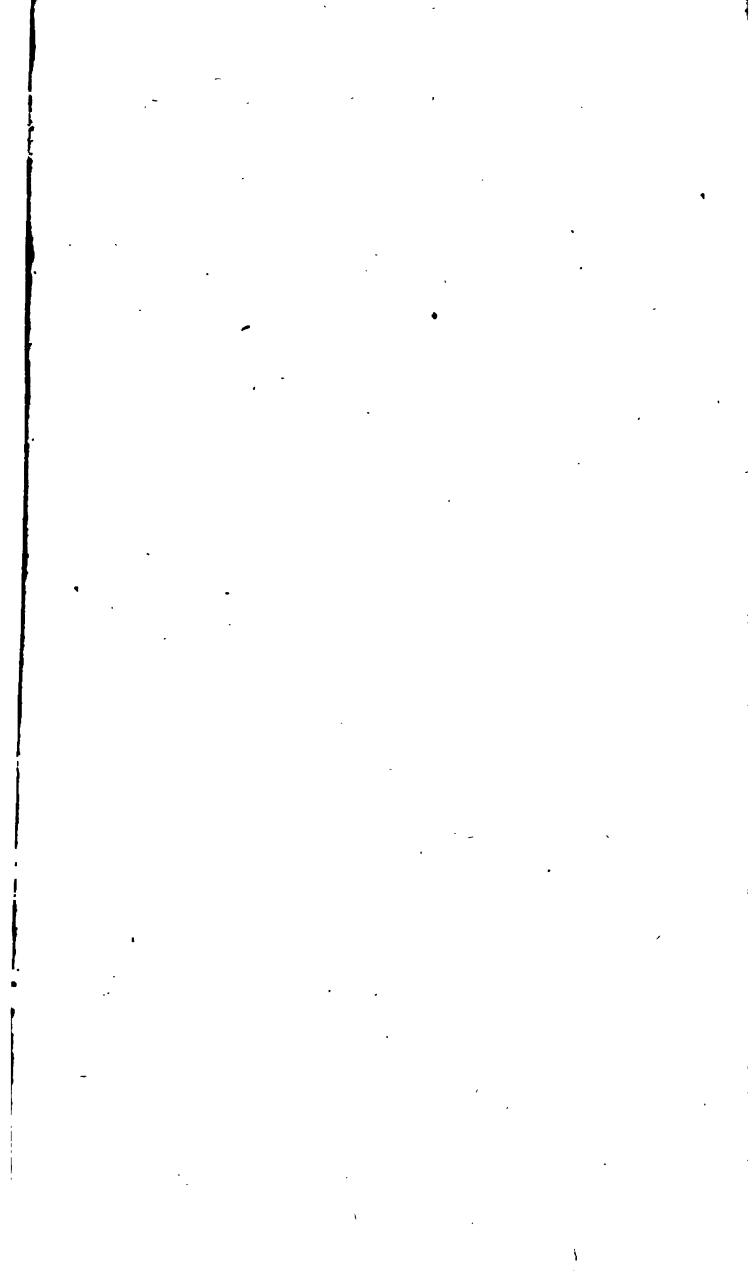


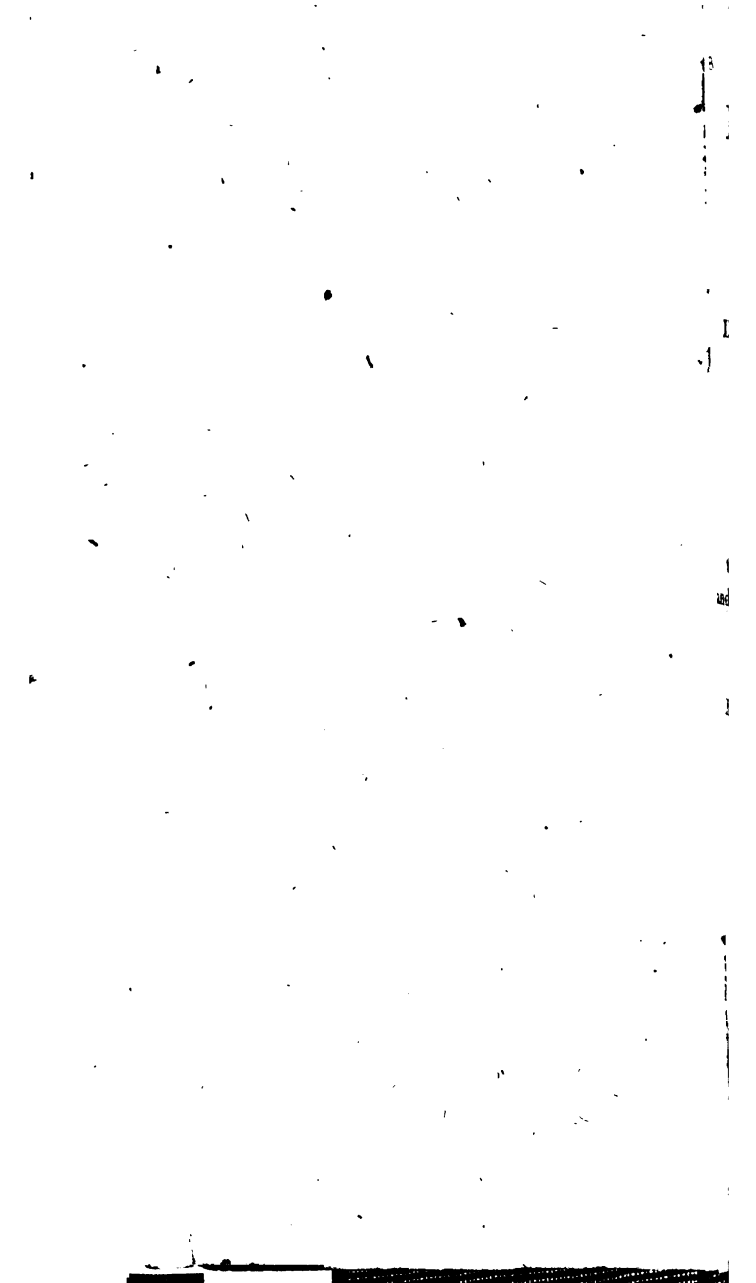


M. R. G. Parker,
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PRACTICAL
ENGLISH PROSODY
AND
VERSIFICATION;

OR

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE
DIFFERENT SPECIES OF ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH

EXERCISES

IN

SCANNING AND VERSIFICATION,

GRADUALLY ACCOMMODATED

to the various Capacities of Youth at different Ages,
and calculated to produce Correctness of Ear and Taste
in reading and writing Poetry;

the whole interspersed with occasional Remarks on
ETYMOLOGY, SYNTAX, AND PRONUNCIATION.

BY JOHN CAREY, LL. D.

PRIVATE TEACHER,

Author of "*Latin Prosody*," and various other Publications.

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PREFACE



It is *not* with the view of making poets and poetesses, that I send forth this little publication. *That* must be the work of Nature alone: it is not in *my* power to create them; and, if it were, I might be accused of doing more harm than good, in tempting any of my young readers to quit a gainful calling for the gainless trade*. My aims are more humble—

1. to teach the learner to read poetry with propriety and grace;—
2. to improve and polish his style for prose composition.

However unprofitable the writing of poetry (as a professional occupation) may in general prove, the reading of it is universally allowed to be far from unprofitable. It softens and humanises the heart: it inspires the soul with generous and exalted sentiments: it inculcates every virtue with greater energy and success, than the most labored, the most animated, prose. But it loses much of its effect,

* *Trade.*—My profound respect for the inspired sons and daughters of genius would have forbidden me to apply this ignoble term to their sublime pursuit, if a great poet had not himself set me the example—

I left no calling for this idle trade. (Pope.)

when dis-harmonised and enfeebled in the recitation, by an injudicious mode of utterance ; and this will ever be the case, when the reader is not thoroughly acquainted with the metre — not aware of what latitude it allows in the changes of feet, and other poetic licences of different kinds*. Nor can that necessary knowledge be so well acquired from precept alone — often ill understood, and quickly forgotten — as it may be gained by practice. For this obvious reason, it has been deemed expedient, in all the chief schools of this and other countries, to train the young student to Latin versification, for the purpose, not of making him a Latin poet, but of qualifying him to relish the beauties of the ancient poetry, and to improve his style for prose composition. And shall we pay more attention to a dead language than to our own? It were a shame if we did — a flagrant shame, if, while we carefully cultivate the Latin versification, we wholly neglected the English ; hardly one individual in a thousand ever feeling any temptation to write Latin poetry after he has quitted college ; whereas there are very few

-
- * With studied impropriety of speech,
 He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach ;
 To epithets allots emphatic state,
 While principals, ungrac'd, like lacqueys, wait.....
 Conjunction, preposition, *adverb*, join,
 To stamp new vigor on the nervous line.
 In monosyllables his thunders roll : —
He, She, It, And, We, Ye, They, fright the soul. (Churchill.)

of the thinking part of mankind, who do not, at some time or other, find occasion to pen a few verses in their native language. In such cases, which may daily and hourly occur, what a pity, that, for want of due acquaintance with the technical part of the business, they should, by the unmetrical rudeness of their lines, disparage perhaps good ideas, which, in a more terse and polished form, might command the reader's applause! Indeed every person, whether poet or not, who has received any tolerable education, and pretends to write decent prose, ought likewise to be qualified for the occasional production of a few verses, smooth, at least, and metrically correct, whatever may be their merit or demerit in other respects.

That the practice of versification materially improves the style for prose composition, there cannot be a doubt. The ear which is acutely sensible to the harmonies of verse, will naturally revolt against inharmonious harshness in prose; and the pains, bestowed in searching for a variety of words of different lengths, quantities, and terminations, to suit the exigencies of the metre—

..... the shifts and turns,
Th' expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts in chase of terms,...
T' arrest the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind*—

* Cowper, Task, book 2.

will copiously enlarge the writer's stock of expressions — will enable him to array his thoughts in a more elegant and attractive garb, and to vary that garb at pleasure, by the ready aid of a diversified phraseology. It will at the same time produce a more important and beneficial effect — it will enrich the intellectual store of thought : for, while in search of an *epithet*, for example, or a *periphrase*, he is obliged to view the subject in all its possible bearings and relations, that he may choose such particular word or phrase as shall exhibit it in the most advantageous point of light. And what study more effectual to call into action the powers of the mind, to exercise the judgement, to whet the sagacity, and give birth to a variety of ideas, which might otherwise have lain for-ever dormant, like those deep-buried seeds, which sleep inert and barren in the womb of earth, until the hand of Industry have turned them up, to feel the genial influence of the sun and air*?

* I have some-where read, that earth, turned up from deep pits, produces plants before unknown in the vicinity. — Have the seeds of those plants lain dormant in their dark recesses, from the time when the general deluge, or some later inundation, providentially overwhelmed the forests of our isle, to preserve them for remote posterity under the more convenient form of pit-coal? — That question, if answerable by any other than the Creator alone, I leave to be answered by those who are better qualified, than I, to investigate and explain the wondrous operations of almighty wisdom and power.

For these weighty considerations, the practice of verse-making has been recommended by Locke, Chesterfield, Franklin, &c. and, although it has not yet been publicly adopted as a necessary part of an *English* education, it is to be hoped that every teacher who aspires to eminence in the profession, will henceforward bestow on it that serious attention which it so evidently deserves. Indeed, from the opinions which I have heard on the subject, I entertain not a doubt, that those heads of seminaries who shall make it a regular branch in their system of instruction, will, in the estimation of all good judges, gain a decided preference over those who neglect it*.

Nor is the business a matter of any difficulty, if the following simple plan be pursued. 1. Let the learner begin with single lines, which, without any mixture of alien feet, have all the even syllables regularly accented, and the odd syllables un-accented; and in which the words, barely transposed from their poetic order, require only metrical arrangement, to produce the proper feet, which shall stand the test of scansion. 2. Let him have transposed single lines, containing other feet besides the Iambus. Let him be directed to mark every such foot in each verse

* I do not say this with the interested view of recommending my book: for the simple method, which I point out in the ensuing paragraph, may be pursued by any teacher, without the assistance of my book, or any other publication of the kind.

that he has made, and thus to lay a foundation for correct and elegant reading; being taught, of course, in repeating his lines, to give no emphasis to un-accented syllables, but to lay the chief stress of utterance on those which are accented — and carefully to observe the cæsura, with its attendant pause*. 3. Let him have distichs, in which the words of the two lines are blended together. 4. When his ear is well attuned to metre — when he thoroughly understands all the admissible variations of the feet, and has sufficiently accustomed and reconciled his ideas to those frequent deviations from the natural order of syntax, produced by the poetic inversions of style — let him undertake single lines, and afterwards blended distichs, in which, besides the derangement of the words, the teacher has suppressed one or more *epithets* †, to be supplied by the pupil; as, for example, the following distich—

Hear, how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day—
 may thus be given for an exercise —

Hear, how, on ev'ry *spray*, the birds
 Wake the *day* with *music* —

care being taken to point out the particular words which require epithets. 5. At a more advanced stage of the pupil's progress, besides the derange-

* See page 56.

† See the note in page 177.

ment of words, and the suppression of epithets, let an occasional word or phrase be altered; and, in lieu of the new word or phrase introduced, let the pupil be directed to substitute a word or phrase of his own, either synonymous, or in some degree equivalent, as — to exemplify again in the same distich —

Hear, hōw, on every *bush*, the birds
Wake the *day* with *music*.

Some of my readers may perhaps be surprised that I have not made *nonsense verses* a preliminary part of my plan. Of that expedient, or of another practice which usually follows it in our British system of education — I mean the practice of *writing themes* — it would ill become me to speak with disrespect, since both have long enjoyed the sanction of so many teachers in this country. I hope, nevertheless, that I may, without offence to any person, be allowed to state a simple, but important fact, which is well entitled to serious consideration. In some highly and justly celebrated schools on the continent, where the delicate and difficult art of education has been *carefully studied* and *systematically cultivated*, both the nonsense verses and the themes (though calculated to save trouble to the preceptor) have long since been exploded, as less useful, less efficacious, than other methods, which at once prove more simple, easy, and pleasant to the learner, and are found perfectly to answer the desired purpose in each respective case. With all due deference, therefore, to the advocates of nonsense

verses and theme-writing, I must take the liberty of saying, that, when I consider the simplicity, the utility, and the success of the continental methods, I cannot withhold from them my approbation, though I am far from presuming to censure the practice of those teachers who differ from me in opinion, and who still continue to follow the old modes. — But, to return to my subject —

The mode, above proposed, is perfectly easy and simple: it is the mode in which I myself was taught Latin versification in my youth, and have since taught it to others. From my experience of the pleasantness and efficacy of the method in Latin, I thought I could not do better than adopt the same in English; and, accordingly, such is the plan that I have pursued both in private practice, and in the versificatory Exercises which here follow the Prosody*. As Easy as the first of those Exercises are, I have studied to render the task still more easy, by premising near thirty pages of Scanning Exercises, that the learner's ear may be formed to the metre, and he may understand the poetic licences in the different variations of feet, before he attempt to make a single verse.

In the Exercises, in consequence of my necessary transposition of the original words, the reader will find occasional instances of harsh or ambiguous phraseology — sometimes perhaps an awkward anti-

* And on a plan as nearly similar as the difference of the two languages will allow, I am preparing for the press "*Exercises in Latin Versification.*"

climax, or other violation of the rules of elegant writing: but it is to be remembered that these Exercises are *not* given as models of style: they are only the rude materials, from which, by a new and better arrangement, the young student is to produce more polished and harmonious lines; and those defects were absolutely un-avoidable, unless I had fastidiously determined to reject every verse, however elegant in its poetic form, which should not appear equally elegant when deranged into prose. To have indulged in that over-nice delicacy of selection, although it would have multiplied my labor ten or twenty fold, could not have benefited the student, who, when once apprised of the nature and design of those transpositions, incurs no greater danger of having his taste corrupted by them, than the young grammarian incurs from the exercises in *bad* English, which are every-where put into his hands to be corrected.

With respect to the pupil's performance in the latter stages of his progress, where he has to furnish epithets, to alter terms, and supply poetic periphrases, it cannot be expected that he shall always give the same words which appear in the original lines. Every object is capable of being viewed in various points of light; and, according to the light in which he views it, he will characterise it by an epithet, or describe it by a term or phrase, which, though it happen to differ from that in the "KEY," may be equally good and commendable: or, if gifted

with a poetic genius, he may, in some cases, surpass the original. And here the teacher will have an opportunity of exercising his own judgement, guiding that of the pupil, developing, appreciating, and improving his talents; and forming his youthful taste on principles of sound criticism.

In my selection of examples for exercise, I have labored under a very awkward and unpleasant difficulty, more particularly in the first half of the book, where the words are barely displaced from their metrical arrangement in the verse. I have frequently been compelled to omit the very best lines of a passage, because I could not satisfactorily transpose the language from the order in which I found it; and it would have been useless to the end which I had in view, to present the pupil with ready-made verses, which he could only transcribe. And, although, in some few instances, I have, for the sake of preserving the continuity of a piece, admitted a ready-made distich, it is what I do not myself approve, and would, as far as possible, wish to avoid; the object of this publication being, not to produce a selection of the best poetry, but a selection of poetry best calculated to instruct and exercise the learner in versification.

Respecting the sources from which I have derived those examples, I am sorry that I cannot, by affixing to each piece the writer's name, gratify that very natural wish, felt by every reader, to know the author of what he reads. A compliance with that

wish was impossible, for two reasons — 1. Many of the pieces, from which I have made extracts, are anonymous. 2. It would have been treating an author very unfairly, to give, under his name, a garbled extract of a few lines, when (for the reason above mentioned) I had omitted some verses immediately connected with them, which are perhaps far superior to those that I quote, and without which, the passage must necessarily appear to very great disadvantage. Any author, whom I had thus misrepresented, would, I presume, be far from pleased with me for taking such unjustifiable liberty with his writings and his name. So at least I judge from my own feelings: for, although I have occasionally inserted some extracts from poetic trifles of my own, I should be very unwilling to set my name to them in that mutilated condition.

But some authors may perhaps be offended with me upon a different ground. They may fancy that they see their verses altered in my pages, and condemn me for having taken the liberty of making the supposed alterations. I beg leave to remove that mistaken idea. I do not presume to alter or amend any man's lines: I do not arrogate to myself that superiority of taste and judgement which is requisite to any person undertaking the invidious task; nor have I a sufficiency of leisure time to bestow on the thankless employment. The case is simply this — If a line from one author, and a line from another, together made a distich better calculated for an exer-

cise than either poet's lines could separately furnish, I made no scruple to unite them: and, if a line and half, or a line and three quarters, suited my purpose, — in borrowing so much from one writer, I held myself equally at liberty to take from another, or to supply from my own stock, a half or quarter line to complete the distich, without meaning to pass any censure on what I did not think it necessary to borrow*. Had I not thus acted, I should, on many occasions, have been forced to omit a good couplet, from the circumstance of its not making complete sense, when detached from the context; whereas, by taking only a part of the original couplet, and supplying a word or two from another source, I obtained what I wanted.

It remains to say a few words relative to the marking of the feet in the KEY. — I have thought it wholly superfluous to mark the regular and principal feet, which every child can discover, and have confined my marks to poetic licences in the introduction of the alien or auxiliary feet, which are thus rendered more conspicuous. If, in doing this, I have perhaps, through haste or oversight, occasionally suffered a foot to pass, otherwise marked than a censorious critic might wish, I am willing to hope that such deviations are neither very numerous, nor likely to be

* Whoever will take the trouble of making the experiment, will find that he may often read many hundred lines, without gleaming a single distich, in every respect fit to be given as an exercise in versification.

attended with any ill consequences to the youthful reader, as they will probably occur only in a few cases, which may fairly admit a difference of opinion, and where, though one person may condemn, another will approve. And, with respect to such cases as *Many a, Virtuous, Happier, &c.* — in which some prosodians would make dactyls or anapæsts, but *I* would make dissyllabic feet by the aid of synæresis — I have sometimes marked such combinations as two syllables, sometimes as one; not choosing, by an invariable observance of the one or the other mode, either to force my own opinion upon the reader, or to give my unqualified sanction to a doctrine which I disapprove; and thus leaving him an opportunity of exercising his own judgement on a point in which he will perceive that I have not scrupulously studied uniformity, though I have clearly enough expressed my sentiments on the subject in page 50 of the *Prosody*, to which I refer him. Neither have I deemed it necessary to be very particular in always marking a *Pyrrhic* at the close of the line, where the final pause and emphasis will render such foot *almost* an *Iambus*. Though I have, in some places, marked such feet, that I might not appear to have entirely overlooked that licence, I have perhaps as often left them unmarked; not thinking it of any consequence whether they were marked or not, as the youngest reader can easily discover a *Pyrrhic* in that station, without having it pointed out to him.

I now conclude with a request; that, as this is (I believe) the first attempt which has yet been publicly made to introduce English versification into our school system — and as absolute perfection cannot reasonably be expected in first attempts of any kind — the public will indulgently excuse whatever imperfections may be found to blemish my pages, and will give me credit for zeal at least, if not for complete success in the outset of my undertaking.

Of this new Edition, I shall only say, that I have taken pains to improve my work, and hope it will enjoy a continuance of that approbation which was bestowed on it by the readers of the former very limited impression.

May 10, 1816.

J. CAREY.

✎ Addition to the remark on *Grown*, *Grown*, &c. in page 6.

To a similar syncope we are indebted for the word *Own*, in the phrases, “*My own*,” “*Your own*,” &c. which (though considered by some grammarians as an adjective, and, in some dictionaries, most un-accountably marked as a *substantive*!) is, in reality, the contracted preterite participle of the verb *Owe*, viz. *Owen*, *Ow'n*, which, in other phrases, is still universally sounded as two distinct syllables, though improperly pronounced *Owing*, as the plural *Shippen* is corrupted to *Shipping*: ex. gr. “It is *owing* [instead of *owen*] to you, that this happens”— “There is money *owing*” [instead of *owen*.]

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PROSODY.

PROSODY teaches the proper quantity and accent of syllables and words, and the measures of verses.

Quantity, in prosody, means the length of syllables in pronunciation—that is to say, the length of time necessary for the proper utterance of each syllable:

Some syllables are long, as *Nōte, Hāte, Nēat*: others are short, as *Nōt, Hāt, Nēt*: but the quantity or length of syllables is little regarded in English poetry, which is entirely regulated by their number and accent.

Accent is the emphatic tone with which some one syllable of a word is more forcibly sounded than the other syllable or syllables; as, in the words *Lóvely, Lóveliness, Béauty, Béautiful*, the first syllable of each is accented; and, in *Adóre, Albóne, Remáin*, the accent is laid on the final syllable.

A *verse* is a single line of poetry.

A *hemistich* is a half verse*.

* In strict propriety, it means an exact half verse: but, in the Greek and Latin prosodies, whence the term is borrowed, it is

A *distich*, or couplet, is two verses; and the name is generally applied to two verses comprising a complete sentence.

A *stanza* (called likewise a *stave*) is a combination of several verses, wholly dependent on the poet's will, with respect to number, metre, and rhyme, and forming a regular portion or division of a song, or other poem.

Metre is the measure by which verses are composed, and by which they are divided in scanning; and, in English poetry, this measure consists in the number of the syllables, and the position of the accents.

To *scan** a verse is to divide it into its component parts, or feet.

Rhime is a similarity and agreement of sound in

also applied to a portion of a verse exceeding or falling short of the half, by one half foot.—The word *Hemistich*, and likewise *Tetrastich* and *Acrostich*, being sometimes erroneously written with *CK*, merely in consequence of a typographic error in Johnson's Dictionary, I wish my young readers to observe, that the former three, derived from the same Greek source with *Distich*, ought, like it, to terminate with *CH*, pronounced, of course, hard, as in *Epoch*, *Stomach*, *Antioch*.—Having incidentally mentioned the *Acrostich*, let me add to Dr. Johnson's definition of it, that the acrostich law extends to the *final*, as well as the initial, letter of each verse; there being still extant some ancient trifles of that description, in which the same words are acrostichally displayed at both extremities of the lines.

* Originally, to *scand*, from the Latin *scando* (to *climb*) the term used for this process by the ancient Latin grammarians.

final syllables, as *adore*, *deplere*,—*overthrow*, *interpose*. In regular verses, it includes only one syllable, as

Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song!
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.

(Pope.)

In *hypermeter* or redundant verses, i. e. verses exceeding the regular measure, it extends to two, the penultimate accented, the other not, as

For what has Virro painted, built, and *plānt-|ēd*?

Only to show how many tastes he *wānt-|ēd*. (Pope, and, in careless burlesque versification, as that of Swift and Butler, we sometimes find redundant lines with a triplicate rhyme,—the accent falling on the antepenultimate, which terminates the regular measure, and no accent on either of the two supernumerary syllables, as

Uniting all, to show their *ā-|mity*,

As in a general *calā-|mity**. (Swift.)

but such triplicate rhyme is wholly inadmissible in any verse which at all aspires to the praise of dignity or harmony.

Blank verse is verse without rhyme.

The *Cæsura* (which means a *cut* or *division*) is the separation, or pause, which takes place in the body of a verse in the utterance—dividing the line, as it were, into two members: and, in different species of

* These were not intended for regular ten-syllable lines: the piece from which they are quoted, is in eight-syllable verse.

verse, or different verses of the same species, this pause occurs in different parts of the line, as, for example—

How empty learning,⁵|| and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life,⁶|| and guides the heart !

Poetic Feet.

A *foot* is a part of a verse, and consists of two or three syllables.

A *semifoot* is a half-foot.

The feet, chiefly used in English poetry, are the following*—

* The names, here given to the feet and verses, are not, in strict propriety, applicable to English versification. In the Greek and Latin languages, from which they are borrowed, they have no reference to accent; the feet being there solely determined by the *quantity*, or length of syllables, and consisting—the *Iambus*, of one short syllable, and one long;—the *Trochee*, of one long and one short;—the *Spondee*, of two long;—the *Pyrrhic*, of two short;—the *Anapest*, of two short and one long;—the *Dactyl*, of one long and two short;—the *Tribrachys*, of three short;—and the *Amphibrachys*, of one long between two short.—However, as these Greek and Roman names of feet and verses have (with the substitution of English *accent* for Greek and Latin *quantity*) been applied to English versification by other writers before me, and as they are convenient terms to save circumlocution, I have deemed it expedient to adopt them after the example of my predecessors, and to apply to our *accented* and *un-accented* syllables the marks generally employed to indicate *long* and *short* syllables in the Greek and Latin prosodies; as, for example, the marks, thus applied to the Greek *Pēgāsōs*, or the Latin *Pēgāsūs*, signify that the first syllable

The *Iambus**; consisting of two syllables, the first un-accented, and the latter accented, as *ădôre, bĕ-hînd*.

The *Trochee*, of two syllables, the first accented, the latter un-accented, as *hōly, thŭndĕr*.

The *Spondee*, of two syllables, both accented, as *whĭ chārgē* in the following line—

Whĭ chārgē | we heav'n in those, in these acquit ?

(Pope.)

The *Pyrrhic*, of two un-accented, as *is tō* in the following verse—

A choice collection ! what | is tō | be done ? (Young.)

The *Anapæst*, of two un-accented, and one accented, as each of the four feet in the following line—
ăt thĕ clōse | ôf thĕ dāy, | whĕn thĕ hŭm-|lĕt is stĭll...

(Beattie.)

The *Dactyl*, of one accented, and two un-accented, as *hōlĭnĕss, thŭndĕrĭng*.

of that animal's name is long, and the other two short; whereas, in English prosody, the same marks are to be understood as simply meaning, that the first syllable in *Pĕgŭsŭs* is accented, and the other two un-accented. This observation applies to every other case.

* This foot is sometimes improperly called an Iambic; which is equally wrong, as to say a *Boyish* or a *Girlish*, for a *Boy* or a *Girl*.—*Iambus, Trochee, Anapæst, &c.* are the substantive names of the feet themselves: but *Iambic, Trocheic, Anapæstic, &c.* are adjectives, solely applicable to the metre, verse, or poem, consisting of such feet.

The *Tribrāchys*, of three un-accented, as *-ritūāl* in the word *Spiritūāl*.

The *Amphibrāchys*, of one accented, between two un-accented, as *rēmōvāl cōēvāl*.

Elision.—Synæresis.—Diacresis.

In our versification, we have very frequent examples of *elision* and *synæresis*—none, or very few, of *diacresis*.

Elision is of three kinds, viz.

1. *Aphæresis*, which cuts off the initial letter or syllable of a word, as 'squire, 'gainst, 'gan, for *esquire*, *against*, *began*.

2. *Syncopè**, which strikes out a letter or syllable from the body of a word, as *sp'rit* † for *spirit*—*lov'd*, *thund'ring*, *lab'rer*, for *loved*, *thundering*, *laborer*—*se'nnight* for *sevensnight*.

* The use of *syncopè* is not confined to verse: in prose also, numberless instances of it occur, as *don't* for *do not*—*wond'rous* for *wonderous*—*hast*, *hath*, for the obsolete *havest*, *haveth*—*grown*, *sown*, for the antique *growen*, *sowen*—*midst*, for *middest*, an old superlative from *mid*, &c. &c.

Right in the *mīddēst* of that paradise,

There stood a stately mount.....(Spencer.

The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,

Which she herself had *sōwēn* all about,

Now *grōwēn* great, at first of little seeds. (Spencer.

† Converted, by the addition of E to lengthen the sound, into *Sprite*, which, together with *Sprightly*, proves that the *syncopè* took place in the *first* syllable, and that the *syncopated* word was intended to be *Sp'rit*, rhiming with *Grit*, not *Spir't*, rhiming

3, *Apocōpē*, which cuts off a final vowel or syllable, or one or more letters, as *Gi'* for *give*, *Fro'* for *from*, *O'* for *of*, *Th' evening* for *the evening*, *Philomel* for *Philomēla*.

Synæresis is the contraction of two syllables into one, by rapidly pronouncing, in one syllable, two or more vowels which properly belong to separate syllables, as *AE* in *Israel*, *IE* in *Alienate*, *EE* in *E'en* and *E'er*, *IO* in *Nation* : for, though the *IO*, in such terminations, be usually accounted a diphthong*,

with *Squirt*, as I have seen it printed in the following line of Milton, Par. L. 5, 877—

O alienate from God! O spirit accurst!

* *Diphthong*.—Some late writers have directed us to pronounce this word as *Diphthong*, and some have even adopted that mode of spelling it; because, as one of them observes, “two aspirations in succession are disagreeable to an English ear.” This may be partly true in some cases, on account of the accompanying consonants, as “worth their while,” “both those men,” “come forth thence:” but, in “worth his while,” “both his eyes,” “he led forth his army,” the double aspiration will, I believe, be found *more easy* to the tongue, and *more grateful* to the ear, than the single one in “worth is esteemed,” “the merit of both is equal,” “the Forth is a Scottish river;” the continued aspiration more softly blending and combining the syllables in “worth his,” “both his,” “forth his,” without leaving that disagreeable chasm, or requiring that effort of the voice, which necessarily attend the utterance of “worth is,” “both is,” “Forth is.” But, to return to *PHTH*, let us see how the doctrine of the double aspiration applies to it. That the Greek consonant, which we render by *PH*, was an aspirated *P*, is certain; and that,

and *TION*, of course, a single syllable, yet, in strict propriety, *TI-ON* are two distinct syllables; and

instead of writing, as we do, *stop him, up hill, kept him*, a Greek would have written *stoph him, uph hill, keptth him*. How he pronounced the *P* thus aspirated, is of no consequence to us: but, in our pronunciation, the Greek *PH* and the English *F* are sounded so exactly alike, that any objection, which lies against the *PH*, will bear with equal force against *F*. Now I submit to any of my readers, young or old, whether, in the following combinations with *TH*, the *F* (or its equivalent *GH*) be not in reality much less difficult to the tongue, and less grating to the ear, than *P*—Charles the *fifth*, Charles the *fiptth*—a tough thong, tup thong—a stiff thorn, stip thorn—a rough thimble, rup thimble—the gruff thunderer, grup thunderer—you have not enough thought on it, enup thought—put off their clothes, op their—a whiff through a pipe, whip through—quaff thick beer, quap thick—a cough threatens a consumption, cop thseatens—if Theodore's wife thinks, ip Theodore's wips thinks. In all these examples, I confidently anticipate the unanimous vote of my readers in favor of *F*: and so far indeed is the English ear or tongue from being shocked or embarrassed by the sound of *F* before *TH*, that the vulgar (whom one of the advocates of *Diphthong* holds up to us as “no contemptible guides” in pronunciation) are often heard to aspirate the *T*, in *after, laughter, left her*, pronouncing *asther, lafther, lefth her*; to which may be added the Yorkshire “thruff the world,” for “through the world.” Hence it would appear, that the harsh and irregular *diphthong* did not originate from any repugnance of the English tongue or ear to the more smooth and regular *diphthong*, but from some other cause—very probably from the ignorance of some of those village dames of former days who initiated children in spelling—and who, not knowing the power of the *H* added to *P*, taught the younglings to convert

the same remark applies to *Dubious, Duteous, Plenteous, Warrior, &c.* Besides these, and similar examples of synæresis, which take place in prose, the licence is carried further in poetry, where we find *Virtuous, Arduous, Gradual, Patriot*, used as dissyllables, with many others which will occur in the following pages.

Diæresis is the division of one syllable into two, as when *Puissant, Puissance*, which are properly dis-

Scrapp into *Syrup*, *A nymph* into *An imp*, *Pheasant* into *Peasant*, *Diphthong* into *Diphthong*, &c.—From them the corruption spread among the lower class of the community, until at length their example was held up for the imitation of their betters, as a late writer has seriously recommended to us to adopt their *Sparrow-grass* instead of *Asparagus*. If the natural order of things is to be thus inverted—if the vulgar, instead of learning from their superiors, are to become their models and their teachers—then let *Sphinx* also be altered to *Spink*, which I suppose to be the prevalent pronunciation among the private soldiers of his majesty's foot-guards; for so I have heard the word very distinctly pronounced by one of them, who was explaining to the bystanders the ornaments on the carriage of the Egyptian gun in St. James's Park. I hope, however, that none of my young readers will ever adopt either *Spink, Sparrow-grass*, or *Diphthong*, but invariably pronounce *PH* as *F*, wherever they can so pronounce it; which they *always* can do in the *body* of a word, as *Diphthong, Naphtha, Ophthalmia, &c.* There may indeed be some excuse for not so pronouncing it before *TH* at the *beginning* of words, as *Phthisis, Phthia, Phthiriasis*, because it is there *thought* to be difficult of pronunciation; though, for my part, I see no difficulty in it, if custom would only allow us to utter these words with the sound of *FTH*.

syllabics, are (by a licence hardly allowable even in poetry) sounded *pu-issant*, *pu-issance**, as in Somerville's *Hobbinol*, 3, 131—

.....Though great the force
Of this *pu-issant* arm, as all must own—

* In the original French, the *UI* of *Puissant* and *Puissance* (as is well known to all who pronounce that language with propriety) is an inseparable diphthong, though very difficult of utterance to those who have not, in early youth, enjoyed good opportunities of acquiring the genuine French pronunciation. Witness the broad *W* in our *Etwee*, instead of the thin delicate French *U* in the original *Etui*—and the words *Suite*, *Cuisse*, and *Cuirass*, which even our pronouncing dictionaries pervert into *Sweet*, *Quiss*, and *Queer-ass*; by which pronunciation, the true sound of the French diphthong is destroyed.—But, notwithstanding the difficulty of utterance, Milton has used the word as a dissyllable—

Our *puissance* is our own: our own right hand... (P. L. 5, 864.

...His *puissance*, trusting in th' Almighty's aid.... (6, 119.

Shakespear also has employed it as a dissyllable, in his *Henry V.*—

Guarded by grandaimes, babies, and old wōmēn,

Or past or not arrived at pith and *puissance*—

the latter being, not an Alexandrine of six feet, but a common five-foot Iambic with a redundant un-accented syllable at the end, like the verse immediately preceding it, and ten thousand others every-where occurring, more particularly in dramatic poetry. Spencer, too, (*F. Q. 1.*) has the *puis-* in this word a single syllable—

To prove his *puissance* in battle brave—

the final *E*, with its consonant, being sounded as a separate syllable; a practice very frequent with Spencer and our other

But it were utterly wrong to shelter under this title the very improper division of the diphthong *EU*, in *Orpheus*, and many other Greek names of similar termination—a division, unsanctioned by our poets, and justly reprobated by classical scholars, for reasons which will be found in a note to No. 248 of the following Exercises.

early bards, who, in that particular, imitated the example of the French poets, but with this difference, that, in French, even to the present day, the final un-accented *E*, though mute in prose, *must* necessarily be accounted a syllable in verse, unless elided by a vowel immediately following: e. gr.

Je chanté le héros qui régna sur la France,

Et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance—

whereas, in English poetry, it was optional with the writer either to leave it mute, or to make it sound in a separate syllable, as Spencer has here done—pronouncing it, I presume, nearly like *puis-san-cy*; for we can still catch a last dying echo of the antique pronunciation in the words *Bravery, Slavery, Finery, Nicety, Roguery*—to say nothing of *Handiwork, Handicraft*, and the vulgar *Workyday*, which were originally *Hande-work, Hande-craft, Worke-day*, i. e. in modern orthography, *Hand-work, Hand-craft, Work-day*. From the licence of thus arbitrarily sounding or not sounding the final *E*, seems to have arisen that very convenient duplicity of termination (*ANCE, ANCY*—*ENCE, ENCY*) which our language has allowed to a pretty numerous class of words adopted from the French, as *Repugnance, Repugnancy, Indulgence, Indulgency*; though, as most of those words were originally borrowed from the Latin, which terminates them in *ANTIA* and *ENTIA*, if any person choose to maintain that we took *ANCY* and *ENCY* from the Latin, *ANCE* and *ENCE* from the French, I am not disposed to quarrel with him on that account.

Verses.

Every species of English verse, of whatever denomination, *regularly* terminates with an *accented* syllable: but every species, without exception, admits, at the end, an additional un-accented syllable, producing (if it be rhimed verse) a *double rhyme*, that is to say, a rhyme extending to two syllables, as

<i>Beautŷ</i>	<i>Pursuŷng</i>	<i>Resoundŷd</i>
<i>Dutŷ</i>	<i>Renŷwing</i>	<i>Confoundŷd</i> —

and this additional syllable does not at all affect the measure or rhythm of the preceding part of the verse, which remains precisely the same as if the supernumerary syllable were not added. But, in all such cases, it is indispensably necessary that the rhyme should thus begin on the penultimate *accented* syllable, which receives so great a stress of pronunciation: otherwise, there would, in fact, be no rhyme at all, as *Party*, for example, could not be said to rhyme with *Beauty*, nor *Retreating* with *Pursuing*, though the final syllables are, in both cases, the same.

A verse, of whatever kind, thus lengthened with a redundant syllable, is called *hyp̄ermeter* (which literally signifies *over-measure*, or exceeding the due measure).

In our *blank* heroic verse, this addition to the metre frequently renders a very important and advantageous service, in producing a soft easy cadence at the close of a long period, where the hypermeter verse stands *single*: but, in our *rhimed* Iambic distichs, of whatever measure, the hypermeter (neces-

sarily coupled in *pairs*) is, little, adapted to solemn, grand, or lofty themes; it generally gives to the couplet a cast of levity and flippancy, better suited to light compositions on more familiar subjects *. [In the Trochaic verse, on the other hand, it produces a very happy and pleasing effect: in that light, sprightly, dancing metre, it is perfectly in character; the duplicate rhyme—or, to speak more correctly, the supernumerary un-accented syllable, independent of the rhyme—improving its natural lightness and sprightliness.

English verses may be divided into three classes, and, from the feet of which they principally consist, may be denominated *Iambic*, *Trochaic*, and *Anapaestic* †.

* Mrs Barbauld, however, has not unhappily employed double-rhimed Iambics in some of her Hymns.

† It might be thought improper to pass, wholly unnoticed, a fourth species—the *Dactylic*—of which Mr. Murray observes, that it is “*very uncommon* :” and indeed he has not quoted any admissible example of such metre; for, as to that which he adduces, thus marked with the *appearance* of three dactyls—

From the low pleasures of this fallen nature—

I cannot discover in it even one *real* dactyl.—If the fault be mine, I am sorry for it; but I have been taught (whether right or wrong, I leave to better scholars than myself to determine) that, in scanning verse, whether Greek, Latin, or English, we are not allowed arbitrarily to connect or disjoin syllables, with the view of producing whatever kind and number of feet we choose; much less to alter, at our pleasure, the accent or quantity of syllables for that purpose, as in *From*, *Low*, and *Fall*, in the exam-

Iambic Verses.

Pure Iambic verses contain no other foot than the Iambus, and are uniformly accented on the se-

ple above quoted; but that each foot must independently stand on its own ground, without any violation of accent or quantity; and that we must produce the due number of feet, whatever these feet may be: otherwise there would be an end of all metre; and no reader could tell the difference between verse and prose. The observance of those rules, of which I never have heard the propriety disputed, compels me, however reluctant, to differ from Mr. Murray, and to scan the verse as follows—

Fröm thē | lōw plēa-|-sūres ðf | thīs fäll-|-ēn nā-||-tūre—
 making it a five-foot Iambic, with a redundant syllable at the end, as is common in every kind of English metre, without exception. And, with respect to the measure of the five feet (exclusive of the odd syllable), it is only such as may often be found in our five-foot Iambics, as in the following examples, which have the words *From the rich*, and *Treasures of*, in exactly the same positions, and to be of course accented and scanned in the same manner, as *From the low* and *Pleasures of* in the verse above—

Fröm thē | rīch stōre | one fruitful urn supplies,

Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise. (Goldsmith.)

...Extols | the trea-|-sūres ðf | his stormy seas,

And his long nights of revelry and ease. (Goldsmith.)

On the subject of dactyls, let me observe, that, of fourteen different forms of dactylic metre, which I have described in my "*Latin Prosody*," twelve are utterly repugnant to the genius of our language, except indeed that some few of the twelve might perhaps, by means of that troublesome expedient, the double rhyme, be rendered tolerable to an English ear.—Some attempts were made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to intro-

cond, fourth, and other even syllables; the odd syllables being un-accented. But the number of pure

duce the dactylic metre, as witness the following curious sample.—

ō Phārāōh, māy wē gō? Phārāōh sād, “Gāng, ān yē cān gāng”—
but it did not succeed. Nor was it more successful in France, where it was also attempted about the same period; though it appears to somewhat less disadvantage in the following specimen—a translation from Martial, 8, 21—

Aübē, rēbāillē lē jōūr : pōūrquōi nōtre āisē rētiens-tū?

Cēsār dōit rēvērīr : aübē, rēbāillē lē jōūr.

An elegant and ingenious poet of the present day has, in one of his sportive moments, made a new attempt at English dactyls, without rhyme: but he unfortunately chose one of those “*un-English*” forms of the dactylic, in which he could not reasonably hope for success; and, though his other poems will undoubtedly pass to posterity with applause, I venture to predict that his dactyls will not find many admirers or imitators. Captain Morris, however, has, with ludicrous felicity, employed *rhimed dactyls* in some of his pieces: but neither will he, I presume, have many imitators: for, as the metre in question consists entirely of dactyls, if we wish to render it in any degree tolerable to an English ear, we must close the verse with a trisyllabic rhyme, as *thāndērīng, wōndērīng—sociētī, notoriētī*; it being necessary, as I have before observed, that the rhyme should always begin on an accented syllable: and what one of a thousand poets will have the patience to seek, or the ingenuity to find, a sufficient number of such rhymes? Besides, this triplicate rhyme, however well it may occasionally be suited to light, careless, jocular compositions, would leave our dactyls wholly destitute of poetic dignity and grace.—There are, however, two forms of the dactylic metre, which our language might very well admit, the one consisting of two, and the other of three dactyls, followed, in each case, by an

Iambics, found in the writings of our poets, bears a small proportion to that of the *mixed* Iambics, in whose composition are admitted other feet besides the Iambus, as I shall hereafter show; contenting myself

accented syllable. Thus constituted, they would be exactly equivalent to anapæstics deprived of the first semi-foot, as will appear by the following exemplification—

Anapæstic—

We spēak | ōf thē pō-|ēts, whō chōose, † fōr thēir lāy,
 The mē-|trē dācty-|llc, sō live-|lŷ and gāy—
 The pō-|ēts, whō chōose, | fōr thēir | lāy,
 A mē-|trē sō live-|lŷ and gāy—

Dactylic—

Spēak ōf thē | pōēts, whō | chōose, fōr thēir | lāy,
 Mētrē dāc-|tyllc, sō | livelŷ and | gāy—
 Pōēts, whō | chōose, fōr thēir | lāy,
 Mētrē sō | live-|lŷ and | gāy—

and indeed I have, in different poems, seen some odd verses of the kind accidentally interspersed among anapæstics; though I did not think them worthy of notice, accounting them only as imperfect anapæstics; which, in fact, they were, since it was for anapæstics that the writers had intended them. But, if adopted as a distinct and independent metre, and professedly used as such, I conceive that the longer of the two measures could hardly fail to command the approbation of the public. At the same time, however, I foresee that the poet who adopts either of them, will find sufficient exercise for his patience and ingenuity, from the difficulty of *always* finding an accented emphatic syllable for the beginning of his line, where *Or, For, To, In, And,* or some equally undignified monosyllable, will often importunately obtrude itself for admission: and, from this circumstance, he will frequently find anapæstic lines steal in un-observed among his dactylics, as Iambic lines steal in upon writers who are composing in Trochaics.—See "*Trochaic.*"

meanwhile with describing the different kinds as pure Iambics.

The following rude line of fourteen monosyllables —

Hōw blithe whēn first frōm fār I cāme, tō wōo ānd wīn thē māid—

contains an exemplification of all the regular forms of English Iambics, amounting to seven, viz.

How blithe, when first from far I came, to woo and win the maid.

When first from far I came, to woo and win the maid.

From far I came, to woo and win the maid.

I came to woo and win the maid.

To woo and win the maid.

And win the maid.

The maid.

and, with the addition of the un-accented syllable *EN* at the end of each, to convert *Maid* into *Māidēn*, it will moreover furnish seven hypermeters—in all, fourteen forms of the Iambic*.

The seven regular forms are likewise found in the following lines †.—

Behold,

How short a span

Was long enough, of old,

To measure out the life of man.

In those well-temper'd days, his time was then

Survey'd, cast up, and found but three-score years and ten:

And yet, though brief, how few would wish to live their term again!

* To which if we add the six regular forms of Trochaic, and six more with the additional syllable, this same line will serve to exemplify *twenty-six* different forms of English metre, consisting of alternate long and short syllables.—See "*Trochaic*."

† The first six of these lines are a stanza of a curious old poem, published in the *Lady's Magazine* for 1806, page 556—the se-

Iambic of seven feet, or fourteen syllables.

- and thrice [hē roūt-| -ēd āll | hīs foēs, | and thrice |
Hē slēw | thē slāin. (Dryden.

This is the old English ballad-measure, and was originally intended for a single verse, as appears by the following line of Cowley, which has not the *cæsura* after the eighth syllable, but which, on that account, is certainly less pleasing to the ear—
Thē vēssēl brēaks, and out thē wrēchēd rēliques rūn
āt lāst.

It was indeed usual to make the *cæsura* take place between the eighth and ninth syllables, as we see in our old ballads, and likewise in our metrical version of the Psalms—

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran, || to chase the
fallow deer— (Chevy Chase.

Behold, the wicked borrows much, || and payeth
not again— (Psalms.

from which circumstance, it became easy to divide the line into two verses, and thus convert each distich into a tetrastich stanza, as modern writers have done, sometimes without and sometimes with rhyme to the first and third lines, as

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd,

venth, an extempore supplement of my own, added merely for the purpose of exemplification.

Before the ocean's mighty *springs*

Their liquid stores display'd. (Mrs. Rowe.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail

To reach the distant coast.

The breath of heav'n must swell the *sail*;

Or all the toil is lost. (Cowper.)

When written with only a single pair of rhimes, as in the former of these examples, it is by far the most easy and convenient metre in the English language, not only because it has the fewest rhimes, but because, in that simple and homely form, it admits a certain degree of quaintness, a familiar simplicity of thought and diction, which would hardly be allowable in any other species of verse. But, when it is furnished with two pair of rhimes, as in the latter example, it commonly assumes a higher character, refuses to stoop so low in quaintness of idea and language, and may, from the great frequency of its rhimes, be considered as one of the most difficult of our metres.

There sometimes occurs, in old ballads, a variety of this metre, which I should not have deemed worthy of notice, if it had not been studiously adopted by some polished writers, who have thus given to it a degree of consequence, which otherwise it never would have enjoyed *. The variation con-

* I purposely omit, in the following pages, several wild irregular violations of metre, occurring particularly in songs written

sists in the omission of the eighth semifoot, leaving a single syllable instead of the fourth foot, as

Thēn down | she sunk, | despair-|*ing*,_Δ || upon the
drifted snow,

And, wrung | with kill-|ing an-|*guish*,_Δ || lamented-
loud her woe—

so that, if the line be divided into two verses, the first contains only three feet and a half, or seven syllables, while the latter has its due measure of three feet: e. gr.

’Twas when | the seas | were roar-|*ing*

With hollow blasts of wind,

A dam-|sel lay | deplo-|*ring*,

All on a rock reclin’d. (Gay.

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

When he was dead, and laid in grave, her heart was
struck with *sōr-|rōw*.

“O mother! mother! make my bed; for I shall
die to *mōr-|rōw*.” (Ballad of “Barbara Allen.”)

2. Iambic of six feet, or twelve syllables.

Thy rēalm | fōr ē-|vēr lāsts : || thy ōwn | Mēssī-|
-āh rēigns. (Pope.

by persons either regardless or ignorant of the laws of versification. To constitute verse, it is not sufficient that a number of jarring syllables be ranged in uncouth lines with rhyme at the end: order, regularity, symmetry, harmony, are requisite; otherwise we might apply the name of verse to Swift’s “*Petition of Mrs. Harris*,” because the terminations of the sentences are made to rhyme †

This metre is called the *Alexandrine*; and the verse, when properly constructed, ought always to have the cæsura between the sixth and seventh syllables. It is, comparatively, little used in English composition, though adopted, as their common heroic measure, by our French neighbours, who have in it entire poems, tragedies, comedies, &c. &c. which, from the dull unvaried uniformity of the cæsura perpetually recurring after the third foot, cannot, to an English ear, be otherwise than disgustingly monotonous*. To my ear, at least, they are so, though accustomed to them from early youth.—In our English poetry, the *Alexandrine* appears to much greater advantage; not being uniformly continued in succession †, but employed as the closing line in the

* Why is not our English ballad-measure equally tiresome and disgusting, since it is as regularly divided at a particular stage of the verse, as the French *Alexandrine*?—The difference is obvious and striking. Our line of fourteen syllables is not divided into *exact halves*, but into members of unequal lengths, viz. eight syllables and six; the eight-syllable portion admitting, moreover, within its own compass, an additional and *varied cæsura*: and these two circumstances sufficiently guard against that monotonous sing-song uniformity which is so irksome in the French heroics, where we find nought but six and six and six and six—the same numbers, the same cadences, from the beginning of a volume to the end, without the smallest variety, to relieve the *ennui* of a wearied and impatient ear.

† I here speak of our *general* practice only; for there are some particular exceptions of English poems entirely written in the *Alexandrine* metre.

old heroic stanza of Spencer and his imitators, or sparingly introduced (in single lines) among our ten-syllable heroics, and in bold, irregular odes; in both which situations, it often produces a very fine effect, by giving a strongly impressive weight, emphasis, and dignity to a concluding sentiment or image.

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

.... That never thought one thing, || but doubly still
was *guī-|dēd.* (Spencer.)

3. *Iambic of five feet, or ten syllables.*

This is our heroic metre—the principal metre in our language—and is perhaps* the only species of English verse which can nobly sustain its dignity without the artificial jingle of rhyme—that metrical ornament of barbarous origin, wholly unknown to the immortal bards of ancient Greece and Rome. The five-foot Iambic is happily adapted to themes of every color and every degree, from the most exalted to the most humble and familiar, and is used with or without rhyme, as

The swāin | wīth tēars | hīs frūs-|trāte lā-|bōr yiēlds,
ānd fā-|mīsh'd dīes | āmīd | hīs rī-|pēn'd fiēlds.

(Pope.)

In sāblē pōmp, wīth āll hēr stārry trāin,
The Nīght rēsūm'd hēr thrōne. Rēcāll'd frōm wār,
Hēr lōng-prōtractēd lābōrs Grēece fōrgēts. (Glover.)

* I say "*perhaps*," because Mr. Southey's *Thalaba* might be quoted to prove that others also of our metres may sometimes dispense with rhyme.

Further on, I shall make a few remarks on the structure and variations of this species of verse.

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

In moderation placing all my glō-|-rÿ,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tō-|-rÿ.

(Pope.)

Iambic of four feet, or eight syllables.

ōf Plēa-|-sūre's gīld-|-ēd bāits | bēwāre,
Nōr tēmt | thē Sī-|-rēn's fā-|-tālsnāre. (Cotton.)

This metre is chiefly used in songs, fables; and other light compositions, and is frequently alternated in stanzas with the Iambic of six syllables—the two together constituting, as before observed, the old ballad-measure of fourteen: e. gr.

Alas! by some degree of woe,

We ev'ry bliss must gain.

The heart can ne'er a transport know,

That never feels a pain. (Lyttelton.)

The four-foot Iambic is sometimes called *Hudibrastic*, from Butler's poem of *Hudibras*, written in such measure. But that appellation is not applied to verses which have any claim to poetic terseness or harmony: it is only when the lines are carelessly scribbled in a coarse, uncouth, slovenly, prosaic manner, that they are termed *Hudibrastic*.

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

Exulting, trembling, raging, fāint-|-īng,

Possess'd beyond the Muses* pāint-|-īng. (Collins.)

* See the note on this orthography in page 44*.

Iambic of three feet, or six syllables.

Thōu lōv'st | tō līe, | ānd hēar

Thě rōar | ōf wā-|-tērs nēar. (Southey.)

This metre is hardly used, except in stanzas, alternately with the Iambic of eight syllables, and in irregular odes.—Sometimes, however, it is used unmixed, and with alternate rhyme, as

Our English then in fight

Did foreign foes subdue,

And forc'd them all to flight,

When this old cap was new.

(Song of "Time's Alteration.")

Hypermeter; with double rhyme—

'Twas when the seas were rōar-|-īng.....

A damsel lay deplōr-|-īng. (Gay.)

This latter is the measure to which *Anacreon* tuned his lyre, in those sweet little songs, which, after the lapse of above two thousand years, are still universally admired by all readers of taste. He, however, made an occasional variation, which would not be quite so agreeable in our language as it is in the Greek, and which shall be noticed under the head of *Trochaics*:

Iambic of two feet, or four syllables.

With rā-|-vīsh'd eārs

Thě mō-|-nārch hēars,

āssūmes | thě gōd,

āffēcts | tō nōd.....(Dryden.)

This metre is occasionally blended with verses of

different kinds, to diversify the irregular ode—the only purpose for which it can be advantageously employed; for, although it might, as a continued metre, be well enough suited to light sportive themes, it would be next to impossible, even in a moderate number of successive lines, to find a rhyme for every fourth syllable.

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

With other *ān-|-guīsh*

I scorn to *lān-|-guīsh*. (Thomson.)

The Iambic of one foot, or two syllables,

cannot be used as an independent metre, but may, as an auxiliary, be employed in stanzas of diversified measure, for the sake of variety—as the following eight, which are the first lines of as many stanzas in that curious old poem from which I have quoted one for an exemplification of the Iambic metres, in page 17.

Bēhōld!

ālās!

oūr dāys

wē spēnd.

Hōw vāin

Thēy bē!

Hōw sōon

Thēy ēnd!

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

Surroūnd-|-ēd,

Confoūnd-|-ēd. . . . (Anon.)

Trochaic Verses

are, in reality, only defective Iambics—that is to say, Iambics wanting the first syllable, as

Vītāl spārċ ōf hēav'nly flāme. (Poŋe.
which line, scanned as Iambic, has a broken foot at
the beginning—

Λ VĪ-| tāl spārċ | ōf hēav'n-|ly flāme —
scanned as Trochaic, it has the broken foot at the
end—

Vītāl | spārċ ōf | hēav'nly | flāme Λ—

In like manner, if we cut off the first syllable from
any other form of the Iambic, we shall equally find
that it may be scanned in both ways, with the defi-
ciency of a semifoot at the beginning or the end, ac-
cording as we scan it in Iambuses or Trochees.

Thus, the line which I have given as an exempli-
fication of the Iambic metres in page 17, if de-
prived, in each form, of its first syllable, becomes
Trochaic, viz.

how) Blithe, whēn | first frōm | fār y | cāme, tō | wōo ānd | wīn
thē | māid.

when) First frōm | fār y | cāme, tō | wōo ānd | wīn thē | māid.

from) Fār y | cāme, tō | wōo ānd | wīn thē | māid.

i) Cāme, tō | wōo ānd | wīn thē | māid.

to) Wōo ānd | wīn thē | māid.

and) Wīn thē | māid.

and thus we see, that what we call Trochaics, *regu-
larly* terminate in an accented syllable, as is the case
in every other form of English metre; though, like
every other form, they also admit an additional un-
accented syllable at the end, producing a double
rhime; so that, by changing *Māid* to *Māidēn* in each
of the preceding lines (as heretofore in the Iambics,

page 17) we shall have twelve forms of Trochaic metre*.

* It may, at first sight, appear capricious in me, and even preposterous, to consider the defective verses as the *regular* Trochaics, and to account those as *irregular*, which have the additional un-accented syllable, and are thus divisible into exact trochees, without either deficiency or redundancy. Had I been unacquainted with the Latin Trochaics and Iambics, I should certainly have done just the reverse. But, when I reflected, that, in Latin versification, the affinity between the Trochaic and the Iambic is very intimate, as indeed it also is in English—that the grand Latin Trochaic of seven feet and a half is only the greater Iambic deprived of its first semifoot, as I have shown in my "*Latin Prosody*"—and that those two forms are indiscriminately blended in the ancient comedies—I naturally paused to examine how the case stood in our English versification. Here too I found that the Iambic and the Trochaic were in fact the same, with only the difference of the first syllable, sometimes inserted, sometimes omitted, as we very frequently see in our Anapaestic verses, where the omission of the first syllable hardly produces any perceptible difference in the measure, and none in the rhythm or cadence; the remainder of the line being accented, scanned, and pronounced in the same manner, whether the first foot consist of two syllables or of three. Accordingly, Milton makes no distinction between the Iambic and the Trochaic. In the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso*, he mixes them without the smallest discrimination, uniting them even in the same couplet, of which the one line contains *eight* syllables, while its fellow is stinted to *seven*, accented, however, in the same manner as the corresponding syllables of the longer line, measured backward from the end, as, for example—

▲ Côme, | but kée | thy wónt-|-ed státe,|

With é-|-ven stép | and mú-|-sing gáit. | (*Il Penseroso*.)

In modern times, the practice is the same. To instance from

But, of the six regular forms above exemplified, and the six hypermeters related to them, the first

an elegant poetess of our own day, we see, in Mrs. Barbauld's address "to Wisdom,"

▲ Hópe|with eá-|ger spár-|kling éyes,|
And eá-|sy fáith,|and fónð | surpríse.|

With respect to the additional un-accented syllable, making double rhyme and exact trochees, *that* is a purely adventitious and accidental circumstance, as is sufficiently proved by the example of Milton, who, in one and the same couplet, equally makes the addition to the complete Iambic, as to the defective line which we call Trochaïc, viz.

▲ Thén|to cóme, | in spíte | of sór-||-rűw

And at | my wín-|dow bíd | good múr-||-rűw— (L'Allegro,

for surely nobody can suppose that he intended the latter of these lines for Trochaïc.—On the whole, then, as all our other metres *regularly* terminate with an accented syllable; as the addition of the supernumerary un-accented syllable is an arbitrary licence of the poet, and, in fact, only a privileged anomaly, which equally takes place in *every other* form of English verse; as the omission of the first syllable creates no difference in the nature of the Anapæstic verse; and as the poets make, in reality, no distinction between the Iambic line of eight syllables and the Iambic or Trochaïc of seven; I conclude, that what we call Trochaïcs, are only defective Iambics, *regularly* terminating in an accented syllable; and that those which have the additional un-accented syllable, are *irregular hypermeter* lines, although they *accidentally* happen to make even trochees, and although some poets have written entire pieces in that irregular measure, as indeed every other kind of defective, redundant, or otherwise anomalous metre, has occasionally pleased the fancy of some writer, who chose to employ it in his compositions.

three in each class are either not at all used, or at least so very rarely, as not to be worthy of further notice in these pages. Indeed, not one of them would be at all pleasing to a poetic ear; their too great length being inconsistent with that rapid easy lightness and volubility which we wish and expect from the defalcation of the regular Iambic metre. The longest regular Trochaic which has any claim to our attention, is the

Trochaic of three feet and a half.

Mān ā-|lōne, ĩn-|tēnt tō | strāy,
ēvēr | tūrns frōm | wīsdōm's | wāy. (Moore.

This metre is admirably calculated for light, lively, cheerful subjects: but it is an extremely difficult metre to any poet who wishes to write *all* Trochaics, without a mixture of eight-syllable Iambics: and the cause is obvious—*a, the, and, of, for,* and other un-emphatic monosyllables, will frequently present themselves for admission at the beginning of the line, where one of them will prove a very awkward stumbling-block in the poet's way. If he adopt that puny monosyllable to begin a *seven-syllable* line, he spoils his verse, which is thus destitute of the necessary accent and emphasis on the first syllable. If he seek to avoid that inconvenience, and cannot entirely discard the obnoxious monosyllable, he must make the line a perfect Iambic of four feet complete, with the accent on the even syllables: and such indeed is

the practice of our best poets, in whose effusions we very frequently observe that the perfect Iambic has un-avoidably and imperceptibly crept in among the Trochaics, so that it is very rare to find even a score of Trochaic lines unmixed with perfect Iambics.

This form of the Trochaic is sometimes called *Anacreontic*, but very erroneously, as Anacreon's metre is quite different*.

* It is easy to account for the error.—Some English poet, acquainted with Anacreon, wrote, like him, on light lively subjects—like him, also, in light easy style—like him, too, in short metre, though different from that of the Greek songster. From those features of partial resemblance, he styled his pieces *Anacreontic*, as we give the name of *Pindaric* to odes composed in the bold irregular manner of Pindar, though not written in Pindar's metre. Hence the English reader, equally un-acquainted with Anacreon in the original Greek, and with the imitations of his metre in Latin, erroneously conceived, that, in those English productions, the *metre* itself was Anacreontic—an egregious error, excusable however in him, though it would be unpardonable in any classical scholar. In short, as already observed in page 24, the metre in which Anacreon chiefly wrote, and which alone bears the title of Anacreontic in Greek and Latin, is our three-foot Iambic with a supernumerary short syllable, and with the first foot sometimes an anapæst, as here exemplified in two of his own lines—

ōlō-|lā, mā-|tēr, ēi-|pēn.....
 āpōlōi-|tō prō-|tōs aū-|tōs...

in the former of which lines, his metre is exactly this—

'Twas wĕn | thĕ sĕas | wĕre roār-|ŷng...
 ā dām-|sĕl lāy | dĕplōr-|ŷng—

in the latter,

It wās wĕn | thĕ sĕas | wĕre roār-|ŷng...
 Thāt ā dām-|sĕl lāy | dĕplōr-|ŷng.....

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

Trēmblīng, | hōpīng, | līng'rīng, | flýīng.
ōh! thě | pāin, thě | blīss, ōf | dýīng! (Pope.)

Trochaic of two feet and a half.

Prīthēe, | whý sǒ | pāle? (Suckling.)

This measure is little used, and cannot be employed to advantage, except occasionally, for the sake of variety, in mixed stanzas of various metre.

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

Lōudlý | rōars thě | thūnděr. (Anon.)

The Trochaic of one foot and a half

may not unaptly be called the *Lilliputian Trochaic*, partly from the brevity of its measure, partly from the circumstance of its having been so characteristically employed by Gay in his *Lilliputian* odes to Gulliver; e. gr.

Sēe hīm | strīde
Vāllěys | wīde,
ōvěr | woōds,
ōvěr | flōods, &c.

Except on some Lilliputian occasion of similar kind, this metre cannot otherwise be employed than in diversifying mixed stanzas consisting of different kinds of verse.

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

Soft de-|nīāls
Are but | trīāls. (Hughes)

Anapæstic Verses

properly consist of anapæsts alone, as

Thě mĭsför-| -tūnes thăt fäll | tō thě lōt | ōf thě greāt.

(Ainsty.

The first foot, however, in all the different forms of Anapæstic metre, may be a foot of two syllables; and, provided that the latter syllable of that foot be accented, as is the case in the spondee and iambus, the syllabic difference between either of those feet and the anapæst, in the first station of the verse, hardly produces (as before observed under the head of *Trochaics*) any perceptible difference in the measure, and none at all in the rhythm or cadence; the remainder of the line being accented, scanned, and pronounced in the same manner, whether the first foot consist of two syllables or of three. But the Pyrrhic and Trochee, which have not the second syllable accented, are, on that account, inadmissible.

The Anapæstic metre is happily adapted to themes of every kind, except the heroic, for which it does not possess, in an adequate degree, the necessary character of masculine energy and dignified elevation.—In stanzas of four-foot lines with alternate rhyme, it well accords with grave, solemn, melancholy musings*: in stanzas alternately subjoining verses of three feet to verses of four, or entirely consisting of three-foot verses with alternate rhyme, it is admi-

* 'Tis night; and the landscape is lovely no more.

I mourn: but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;

rably suited to soft, tender, sentimental, pathetic subjects; while, in rhimed couplets of the long measure, it is conveniently subservient to wit, humour, mirth, festivity, ridicule, satire—to the animated effusions of martial enthusiasm, or the proud exultation of triumph*.—On subjects of terrific complexion, Mr. Lewis has very successfully employed Anapæstic stanzas of five lines, of four feet and three.

Anapæstic of four feet.

'Tis thē vōice | ōf thē slūg-|-gārd : ĩ hēār | hīn
cōmplāin :

For incen is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn :—

Kind Nature the embryo blossom shall save :

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?

Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave? (Beattie.

* If, like Tyrtæus of old, I had to awake dormant valour with the voice of song, I would, in preference to every other form of English metre, choose the Anapæstic of four feet in couplets, which—if well written, in real anapæsts un-encumbered with an undue weight of heavy syllables, and judiciously aided by appropriate music—could hardly fail to martialise even shivering cowards, and warm them into heroes; the brisk animating march of the verse having the same effect on the soul, as the body experiences from the quick lively step, which, by accelerating the circulation of the blood, at once warms and dilates the heart and renders the warrior more prompt to deeds of prowess.—Many lines may be found in Mr. Lewis's productions, which would justify my choice, and a few in No. 776 of the following Exercises.

“ You have wak'd | mě too soon : | Y must slūm-|-bēr
 āgāin.” (Watts.

The spār-|-rōw ānd līn-|-nēt will fēed | frōm yōur
 hāud,

Grōw tāme | āt yōur kīnd-|-nēss, ānd cōme | āt cōm-
 mānd. (Garrick.

This metre is sometimes called *Ansteian* or *Ainsteian*, from Mr. Ainsty, who successfully employed it in his “*New Bath Guide*,” and it is perhaps (with the exception of the old ballad-measure) the easiest metre in our language, to a writer who can reconcile his ear to more than one heavy or accented syllable in each foot. But, to a poet who wishes to write *real* anapæsts of two perfectly light syllables and only one heavy or accented, it is perhaps the most difficult—more so even than the pure Trochaic—because the number of monosyllabic substantives, adjectives, and verbs, with which our language abounds, and which cannot be made to glide off smoothly without any accent, renders it almost impossible to find a constant supply of pure real anapæsts. Accordingly, in the very best of our anapæstic productions, we frequently meet with lines in which we are compelled either to injure the sense by slightly passing over syllables which justly claim notice and emphasis, or to retard the speed of the verse, by laying on those syllables a weight of accent too heavy for the rapid course of the real anapæst. For this reason, unwilling to deviate from the line of propriety on either side, I have, in the “KEY,” avoided

to mark the quantity of any syllables in the Anapæstic verses, except the final syllable of each foot, which, at all events, must necessarily be accented.

There is a variation, or violation, of this metre, which here requires notice, as it not unfrequently occurs. It consists in the omission of one syllable from the third foot, which thus becomes a spondee or an iambus; e. gr.

In fil-|lets of brass, | *rōll'd ūp* | to his ears. (Swift.

And observe, | while you live, | *thāt nō* | man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by. (Swift.

But such lines, by whomsoever written, cannot be considered in any better light than that of lame, aukward, imperfect verses, which, though they may sometimes be tolerated for the sake of the matter, can certainly not be praised, and ought never to be imitated.

The same remark is, *in general*, applicable to a similar licence sometimes occurring in the fourth foot, when a spondee is substituted for the anapæst. On particular occasions, however, this latter species of spondaic Anapæstic may (like the Greek and Latin *Scazon*, or *limping Iambic*) prove a perfectly eligible metre. In skilful hands, it may sometimes be successfully applied to the purposes either of ridicule or of pathos. Some striking word or words, forming a grave spondee at the close, thus become the more impressive, where the reader, after having lightly skimmed over the preceding anapæsts, finds

his speed unexpectedly checked by that heavy foot, as when a racer, in his rapid course, is suddenly startled and stopped by some unforeseen impediment.—In the following line of Mr. Campbell, who concludes several stanzas with the same two words, the final spondee will probably please many readers—

And, where-e-|ver I went, | was my poor | *dōg Trāy.*

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

But thanks | to my friends | for their care | in my
brēed-|-ing,

Who taught | me betimes | to love work-|-ing and
rēad-|-ing. (Watts.

—————
Anapæstic of three feet.

Bŭt thĕ swĕet-|-ĕst ōf mō-|-mĕnts wīll flŷ. (Anon.
Shĕ shī-|-vĕr'd wīth cōld, | ās shĕ wĕnt. (Southey.

This metre (as observed in page 32) is very pleasantly combined in stanzas with the anapæstic of four feet, as

Ye powr's, | who make Beau-|-ty and Vir-|-tue your
Let no sor-|-row my Phyl-|-lis molest! [care !

Let no blaſt | of misfor-|-tune intrude | on the fair,
To ruf-|-fle the calm | of her breast. (Anon.

Used by itself in stanzas with alternate rhyme, it is ineffably sweet, and is perhaps the happiest metre in our language, for soft tender themes, as

Ye shepherds, so cheerful and gay,

Whose flocks never carelessly roam !

Should Corydon's happen to stray,

Ah ! lead the poor wanderers home. (Shenstone.

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

So foul | and so fierce | are their *nā-||-tūres*. (Watts.)

Anapæstic of two feet.

Thě bēnt | ōf thě mīnd,

Frōm ĩts pleā-|-sūres, wě fīnd.

As I cannot say much in praise of this metre, I briefly dismiss it, in company with its fellow

Hypermeter, double-rhimed—

If sor-|-rows corrōde || ūs,

And cares | overlōad || ūs.....

Anapæstic of one foot.

ās yōu wrīte
īn dēspīte
ōf thě Mūse,

ānd rēfūse

Tō āmēnd

Whāt yōu've pēnn'd...(Anon.)

This trifling metre cannot be used to advantage in continuation, but may sometimes be usefully employed in giving variety to the stanzas of irregular odes, or other compositions.

Hypermeter, with double rhyme—

It is *pleā-|-sūre*

Without *mēa-|-sūre*. (Anon.)

Mixture of Feet in the Iambic Metre.

I shall here exclusively confine my view to the heroic line of ten syllables: but the same remarks, which I make on it, will equally apply to the other forms of Iambic metre—with only this difference, that, according as they are longer or shorter, they allow more or less scope for poetic licence.

As already observed in page 14, *pure* Iambic verses properly contain no other foot than the Iambus, as

Hēr beāu-|tŷ noūght | ĩmpāir'd | bŷ lēngth | ōf
 yēars,
 ěccēd-|īng fāir * | hēr ān-|gēl fōrm | āppēars.

* *Exceeding fair*.—Some modern writers appear to have conceived an irreconcilable antipathy to the word "*Exceeding*," thus used in conjunction with an adjective, and have, on every occasion, substituted "*Exceedingly*" in its stead. Nevertheless, if I rightly understand the import of the former, as used by very respectable authors, (and, among others, our translators of the Bible, who have furnished us with near *sixty* examples of "*Exceeding*," in conjunction with adjectives) it is not only a legitimate, but a fine, significant, emphatic expression. When, for example, it is said of a woman, that she is *exceeding fair*, *passing fair*, or *surpassing fair* (which are all synonymous phrases), if we but rightly parse the sentences, we shall readily come at the true meaning, which is, that she is *fair*, not merely in the positive and ordinary degree, but superlatively fair, * *exceeding*," "*passing*," or "*surpassing*," what is usually deemed "*fair*;" the participle being in the nominative case agreeing with "*she*," and "*fair*" in the accusative [or objective] case, governed by the participle:—or, both the adjective and the participle may be considered as nominatives; i. e. "She is *fair*, *surpassing* all others in that respect."—Thus, when Goldsmith, in his "*Deserted Village*," describes the curate, as

.....*passing rich* with forty pounds a year—

the meaning is obviously this, that the good man, according to his own ideas, *surpassed* in riches all the *rich*—fancied himself as rich as Croesus.—See the note on "*Ever so*" and "*Never so*," in page 64.

But, however sweet and pleasing this construction may appear in a few verses—however superior it may be (or be thought) to any other—certain it is, that, if continued with unvarying uniformity, it would soon cloy the taste by its unmixed, uncontrasted sweetness—would finally prove nauseous and disgusting, and would grievously disappoint that love of variety, which the Almighty has, for a wise and beneficent purpose, made a characteristic of the human race.—In the present, as in many other cases, our taste happily accords with the condition in which Nature has placed us: we dislike uniform sameness; and lucky it is that we do, since uniform sameness is here un-attainable: for no poet, however great his talents and his *patience*, could possibly produce a good poem of any considerable length, entirely consisting of pure Iambics. To obtain an accent on every second syllable, he must be obliged entirely to exclude from his pages a very great number of fine expressive words—to lengthen, curtail, new-mould, and transform many others*—to commit frequent violations of syntax, with as frequent perversions of style and sense: and, after having tired himself with this laborious trifling, he would tire his reader with the monotonous drone of his stiff uniform

* After the example of Homer and other ancients, who blended various dialects in their verse, and used poetic licences of every kind, in a manner which never could be endured in our language, though custom has reconciled us to it in the Greek.

versification. But our poets were too wise to make the attempt: they bowed obedient to Nature: they prudently chose the smoother, easier path, which she had pointed out; and, availing themselves of that copious variety of words and of accent which our language affords, they have pleasingly diversified the forms of their metre, by occasionally obliging the Iambus to resign its station to a foot of different kind, as the Trochee (- ∪), the Spondee (- -), the Pyrrhic (∪ ∪)—each a very useful auxiliary in Iambic composition. (*But, see the "Hint on Song-writing," in page 60.*)

Of these the *Pyrrhic* has the foremost claim to notice, as being the most necessary: for, though a poet *might* perhaps dispense with the Spondee and the Trochee, he could not possibly exclude the Pyrrhic from his lines, in a poem of any considerable length. This foot, however, is rarely productive of any beauty, other than the general beauty of variety: but it is un-avoidably admissible, from the nature of our language, in which *A, And, In, Of, For, To, Or,* and many other light monosyllables, must so frequently follow or precede an un-accented syllable, that it would be utterly impossible to write Iambic verse, if we were to exclude the Pyrrhic.—In the second, third, and fourth, stations, it passes un-objectionable, particularly if the foot immediately following be a strong emphatic spondee. In the first station, it is rather detrimental to the beauty and harmony of the line, though somewhat less in-

jurious when followed by a spondee, than when succeeded by an Iambus; because, in the former case, the third syllable of the verse has an accent; whereas, in the latter, there are three un-accented syllables together—a portion, too great to be wholly destitute of accent at the beginning of the line; although, in the body of the verse, an equal portion may very well dispense with accent. But, even there, two successive Pyrrhics, or four un-accented syllables in continuation, seldom produce any other than an unpleasing effect.—In the fifth station, the Pyrrhic materially weakens and unnerves the verse, notwithstanding our utmost effort to crutch up the limping line by the support of a strained and unnatural pronunciation, giving an undue emphasis to the final syllable, as when the verse terminates with such a word as *Vanity*, *Emily**, &c.

The *Spondee* claims admission into every station of the metre; and, in every station, it is welcome, if we except the fifth, where, by attracting to the penultimate syllable of the line too much of the accent and emphasis which peculiarly belong to the final syllable, it generally shocks the ear; though, in some special cases, it is productive of a striking beauty, as where Dryden, having to bend the stubborn bow,

* What could be worse, than never more to see
 His life, his soul, his charming *Emily*? (Dryden.
 Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
 Where, next the queen, was plac'd his *Emily*. (Dryden.

reserves his main effort for the close of the line, and there, with more striking and impressive effect, exerts his utmost strength in straining the "*tough yew*"—

At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almost join'd, the horns of the *tough yew*.

Too many spondees render the verse heavy and prosaic. Although *three* may *sometimes* be tolerated, *two* are, in general, as great a weight as the line can well bear, if we wish it to move with easy step, and with poetic grace. Two, in fact, are no incumbrance, particularly if they be not placed together, but separated by the intervention of one or two Iambuses, or a single Pyrrhic.—In every case, indeed, unless where some striking and impressive effect is intended to be produced by the tardy weight of continued spondees, it is always advisable to keep them asunder.

The *Trochee* very frequently occupies the first station, where it is almost always blameless, and often highly laudable*. In the third, it may sometimes

* It is worthy of remark, however, that, when the initial trochee divides a word, it is much less pleasing to the ear, than when the foot and the word terminate together: e. gr.

issū-|ing forth, the knight bestrode his steed. (Thomson.)
Rēason is here no guide, but still a guard. (Pope.)

Lōose tō | the winds their airy garments flew. (Pope.)

But *what* is the cause?—In Latin, as observed by Quintilian and other ancient writers, the interruption in the continuity of the voice, between the termination of one word and the com-

pass uncensured : but, in the second or fourth, it generally has a tendency to enfeeble and unharmonise the line ; though, in some rare instances, it may be made to produce a happy effect—as indeed almost every species of poetic deformity may, by skilful management, be occasionally converted into a charm, like the artificial spot on the cheek of Beauty, or the rugged ruin amid the cultured landscape.

Without further remark, I proceed to quote a few verses containing examples of the auxiliary feet*.

men^cement of the next—however short, and almost imperceptible, the pause may be—gives nevertheless an additional length of time to the final syllable of the former : and we perfectly well know, that, in Greek and Latin poetry, that little pause frequently produces a dactyl or a spondee from syllables which, to an inexperienced prosodist, would appear to make only a tribrachys in the former case, in the latter an Iambus, as I have shown in my "*Latin Prosody*."—Is the same doctrine applicable to our English language? I leave that point to be determined by others : but, in the mean time, whatever may be the cause of the difference, certain it is that the initial trochee which terminates a word, more completely fills and satisfies the ear, than that really shorter trochee, which, embracing only part of a word, admits no interruption in the continuity of the voice, no pause whatever, that can at all aid in giving weight and emphasis to its second syllable : and the same effect is produced in every other station of the verse where a trochee occurs, as may easily be proved by altering such trochee and the following syllable to one solid trisyllabic word, corresponding in accent with the three syllables displaced.

* I reserve to a future occasion to enter into a minute analytical examination of this our principal metre, foot by foot.

The Pyrrhic—

ānd tō | the dead | my will-|-ing shade | shall go.
(West.)

To qua-| lity | belongs | the high-|-est place. (Young.)

And all | the te-|-nōr ōf | his soul | is lost. (Parnell.)

His heart | dilates, | and glo-|-ries in | his strength.
(Addison.)

And speak, | though sure, | with seem-|-ing dif-|-fidence.
(Pope.)

ānd tō | be ta-|-kēn with | a sud-|-den pain. (Young.)

ās ōn | a day, | reflect-|-ing ōn | his age... (Lowth.)

Solem-|-nity's | a co-|-vēr fōr | a sot. (Young.)

The Spondee—

ō bōrn | to thoughts, | to plea-|-sures, more | sublime!
(Langhorne.)

Forbear, | grēat mān | in arms | renown'd, | forbear.
(Addison.)

The west-|-ern sun | nāw shōt | a fee-|-ble ray.
(Addison.)

That touch'd | the ruff | that touch'd | *Queēn Bēss-|-es**
chin. (Young.)

and syllable by syllable, in all its different forms and modifications, on the extensive plan of the "*Analysis*" of the Hexameter Verse, in the last improved edition of my "*Latin Prosody*."

* *Queen Besses chin*.—This spelling, though different from that of the printed copy now before me, is undoubtedly correct, and sanctioned by former usage, as may be seen by recurring to early editions of books written before the commencement of the last century: and it has reason on its side, as well as custom. Our modern genitive *S* with the apostrophe (as *John's*, *Peter's*,

For who | can write | so fast | as men | *rūn mād*?

(Young.

Hēre dwēlls | *kīnd ēase*, | and un-repro-|ving joy.

(Thomson.

(&c.) is evidently nothing else than a contraction of the antique genitive termination *ES*, in which, for brevity's sake, we omit the *E* in pronunciation, as we do in the preterites of most of our regular verbs, *Lov'd*, *Walk'd*, *Compos'd*, &c. But there are cases, in which we cannot suppress the *E*, of either the preterite or the genitive. To verbs ending in *D* or *T*, we cannot, in pronunciation, add the *D* for the preterite without the aid of a vowel; whence we are compelled to retain the sound of the *E* in speaking, and also to express it in writing; as *Sound-ed*, *Lament-ed*, &c. and, in verbs ending in *DE* or *TE*, as *Divide*, *Recite*, the mute *E* becomes sonorous in the preterite, and furnishes an additional syllable, *Divided*, *Recited*, &c. In nouns, a similar cause produces a similar effect, which has the universal sanction of oral usage. As we cannot, without the assistance of a vowel, add *S* to nouns ending in *S*, *X*, *Z*, *CH*, *SH*, we retain, in pronunciation, the full original sound of the *ES* in the genitive, as, a *Foxes* brush, a *Lasses* beauty, a *Witches* art, a *Thrushes* nest; and in nouns ending in *CE*, *SE*, *GE*, the mute *E* becomes sonorous; and productive of an additional syllable, as, her *Graces* concert, a *Horses* mane, a *Sages* wisdom. Now this is all as it should be: we speak properly, though we choose to write incorrectly, and contrary to the practice of our fore-fathers. But I ask, is it reasonable to retain, in writing, the *E* of the preterites *Loved*, *Walked*, &c. which is not at all sounded in speech, and to reject the *E* of the genitives *Foxes*, *Thrushes*, &c. which is universally sounded? For my part, in my edition of *Dryden's Virgil*, I thought myself bound to adopt the pure old orthography which I found in his own original edition, and, after his example, to

New scēnes | arise: | *nēw lānd-*|scapes strike | the
eye. (Thomson.

Yōn blēss-|ed sun, | and this | *grēen ēarth* | so fair.
(Thomson.

Or where | *ōld Cām* | *sōft pā-*|ces o'er | the lea.
(Thomson.

Wipe off | the faint | *cōld dēws* | *wēak nā-*|ture sheds.
(Thomson.

ōne dārk | *rōugh rōad* | of sighs, | *grōans, pūins,* | and
tears. (Cotton.

Rōcks, cāves, | *lākes, dēns,* | *bōgs, fēns,* | and shades |
of death. (Milton.

The Trochee—

Tyrānt | and slave, | those names | of hate | and fear.
(Denham.

.....*Was* lent, | *nōt tō* | assure | our doubt-|ful way.
(Dryden.

terminate such genitives in *ES* without an apostrophe.—If it be objected, that this orthography would create ambiguity by leaving no distinction between singular and plural, I reply, that the context will, in most cases, prevent that ambiguity; and the apostrophe, usually added to the plural genitive, will sufficiently guard against it in the few remaining cases where alone any doubt could possibly exist.—Or, as a medium between impropriety and inconveniencē—and a small sacrifice to modern fashion—the *apostrophe* (though neither necessary nor strictly proper) might be retained, *together with the E*, in the singular genitive, thus—*Queen Bess'es* chin, a *fox'es* brush, a *Thrush'es* nest, &c. and this practice I have myself adopted in a work of considerable magnitude, which has lately passed under my revision, as editor.

And spar-|-kling wine | *smiles in* | the tempt-|ing
glass. (Roscommon.

ēchōes | at best, | *āll wē* | can say | is vain.
(Buckingham.

The auxiliary Feet promiscuously blended—

Tō thē | *thīck wōods* | the wool-|ly flocks | retreat.
(Addison.

Frōm thē | *vāin cōn-|vērse ōf* | the world | retir'd.
(Young.

ānd ā | *rīch knāve's* | a li-|bēl ōn | the laws. (Young.

Whēn yōu | the dull-|ēst ōf | *dūll thīngs* | have said.
(Young.

ānd tō | a life | *mōre hāp-|pŷ ānd* | refin'd. (Thomson.

ōf ān | *āll-wīse,* | *āll-pōw'r-|ful Pro-|vīdēce.* (Gay.
ōf thēir | *exo-|tic min-|strēls ānd* | *shrīll pīpes.*

(Somerville.

The gen-|tle move-|mēt ānd | *słow meā-|sur'd pace.*

(Young.

Grēat sōuls | by in-|stīnct tō | each o-|ther turn.

(Addison.

āll in-|strūmēts, | *āll ārts* | of ru-|in met. (Denham.

Dēath, wrāpp'd | in chains, | *lōw āt* | the ba-|sis lies.

(Young.

Mākes āll | *Jōve's thūn-|dēr ōn* | her ver-|ses wait.

(Roscommon.

Hīgh stā-|tions tu-|mūlt, büt | *nōt blīss,* | create.

(Young.

Nātūre | *wās in* | alarm: | some dan-|ger nigh.

(Dryden.

Whēthēr | by na-|ture form'd | *ōr bŷ* | *lōng ūse.*

(Somerville.

Scēptrēs | and thrones | are de-|stin'd tō | obey.

(Addison.

Spīdērs | ensnare ; | *mākes pōi*-|son ; ti-|gers prowl.

(Beattie.

Wīnd thē | shrill hōrn, | or spread | the wa-|ving net.

(Pope.

Eūrōpe's | loud crīes, | that Pro-|vidēce | assail'd.

(Addison.

...*Tēpt thē* | last fū-|ry ōf | extreme | despair.

(Denham.

Virtue's | the paint | thāt cān | *māke wrīn*-|kles shine.

(Young.

...*Brōught dēath* | īntō | the world, | and all | our
woe.

(Milton.

To launch | from earth | īntō | eter-|nity. (Gay.

Trōops ōf | bold yōuths | bōrn ōn | the di-|stant Saōne*.

(Addison.

What na-|ture hās | denied, | *fōols wīll* | pursue.

(Young.

The balls | ōf hīs | broad eyes | rōll'd in | his head.

(Dryden.

'Tis tri-|umph all | and joy : | nōw, mý | brāve
yōuths...

(Somerville.

Concerning the Trochee, the Spondee, and the Pyrrhic, there can be no doubt. But, with respect to the Dactyl, the Anapæst, and the Tribachys, the

* *Saōne*—pronounced like the English word *Sown*, with its fullest sound ; whence, in some editions of Addison, it is erroneously printed *Soane*.

case is different: and, how far they prevail in our Iambic verse, is a question which never can be determined by the opinion or authority of any grammarian; because, in ten thousand instances where we may fancy that we discover those trisyllabic feet, there occurs not perhaps a single one, in which we can *to a certainty* tell whether the writer did not intend, by a synæresis, a syncope, or some other poetic licence, to make the foot in question a Trochee, a Spondee, or a Pyrrhic*. The author alone can

* This uncertainty is an inconvenience inseparable from the nature of our language, and un-avoidably resulting from our want of a nicely-discriminated syllabic quantity to guide us, as in the Greek and Latin; in which languages, it is, for the most part, evident at the first glance, whether the poet meant a syncope, a synæresis, or any other licence, and what foot he intended; the reader finding an un-erring guide in the quantity, aided besides by that well-known rule, that one long syllable is equal to two short—a spondee to a dactyl, anapæst, or præcelesmatic (*i. e.* a double Pyrrhic). If that rule were really applicable to our language, we should have fewer doubts respecting the feet; but it does not hold good in English; since we see that a Pyrrhic, of two light, un-accented syllables, equally makes a foot with us, as a spondee of two heavy, accented syllables; and this, not only in cases where a contiguous spondee might be supposed to compensate, by the additional length of its time, for the stinted brevity of the Pyrrhic, but also in verses innumerable which contain no spondee, though sometimes *two* Pyrrhics occur in the same line, as may be seen among the examples quoted in page 44. This circumstance proves that the *number* of syllables (exclusive of their accent or quantity) is a much more important considera-

decide the question in each particular case : but, how that decision is to be obtained, I know not. In the mean time, it may be proper to observe, that wherever, in our Iambic metre, we find the appearance of a dactyl, an anapæst, or a tribrachys, such appearance usually presents itself in some word, or combination of syllables, that is susceptible of syncope or synæresis,—very rarely, if at all, in any others. Now this circumstance alone is sufficient to authorise a doubt whether those feet were ever intended : for, if intended, why do they not as frequently occur in words or combinations which admit no licence, and in which the trisyllabic foot would evidently and unquestionably appear? That they do not, is certain : and this consideration naturally suggests the following easy and simple mode of ascertaining how far the dactyl, the anapæst, or the tribrachys, is an ornament or a disparagement to our Iambic metre—and, consequently, how far we ought to court or avoid the appearance of such feet in poetic composition or recitation.

If, from any verse of ordinary construction, we

tion in our English poetry than in the Latin, where, without the smallest difference in the metre, the heroic verse of six feet may vary from thirteen to seventeen syllables, and the common six-foot Iambic from twelve to eighteen. At the same time it furnishes an argument against the hasty and unnecessary introduction of trisyllabic feet into our Iambic metre, to alter the number of the syllables, on which our versification appears so much to depend.

remove any number of syllables, and substitute an equal number of others, exactly corresponding with them in accent—although the sense may be impaired; the *metre* at least will still be perfect: e. gr.

Pētīdēs' wrāth, tō Grēece the direful spring
ōf wōes ūnnūmbēr'd, heav'nly goddess, sing.

The Frēnchmān's ārts, tō Spāin the direful spring
ōf frēuds ānd cārņāge, heav'nly goddess, sing.

Hark! the *nūmbĕrs, sōft* and clear,
Gēntly stēal upon the ear.

Hark! the *thūndĕrs, loūd* and clear,
Rūdely būrst upon the ear.

With *hōrns ānd wīth trūmpĕts,* with fiddles and
 drums,

They'll *strīve tō dīvērt* him, as soon as he comes.

With *dāncīng ānd cōncĕrts,* with fiddles and drums,
 They'll *grĕet ānd āmūse* him, as soon as he comes.

Here, in three different species of verse, three different kinds of feet are altered: and yet, so far as mere sound and metre are concerned, the altered lines are equally good as the original.—Let us now apply the same test to some of those Iambic verses, in which a hasty reader might fancy that he perceives some of the trisyllabic feet: e. gr.

Which *ma-|nŷ ā bārd* | had chant-|ed *ma-|nŷ ā dāy.*
O'er ma-|nŷ ā frō-|zen, *ma-|nŷ ā frē-|ry Alp.*

In these lines, we four times discover the *appear-*

ance of anapæsts, as marked *. If they be *real* anapæsts; and the chastened ear approve them as such, it will equally admit other, less questionable, anapæsts in their stead. Let us try—

Which Ho-|*mēr thē bārd* | had chant-|ed once |
in his dāy.

O'er hor-|*rīd ānd frō-*|zen smō-|*kīng ānd fīe-*|ry
 Alps.

* I have seen these verses so scanned in print, as to make | *whĭch mānŷ* | *-ēd mānŷ* | *Ōer mānŷ* | *-zēn mānŷ* | *ā fīē* | so many examples of the amphibrachys. But the amphibrachys (as well observed by Mr. Dawes in his *Miscellanea Critica*) is not admissible on the same footing with the spondee, the dactyl, or the anapæst; and it is repugnant to the nature of our English versification, which requires the accents on the first or last syllables of such feet as have any accent: for I cannot consider the three concluding syllables of a double-rhyming Iambic as a single foot, much less an amphibrachys, because the first and second of these syllables may be, and often are, both accented.—Besides, in the following lines—the first from Dryden, the others from Gray—

....By guns, invented since, | *fūll mā-*|*ny a day*—

Fūll mā-|*ny a gem* | of purest ray serene....

Fūll mā-|*ny a flow'r* | is born to blush unseen....

we cannot make an amphibrachys of *Full many*, the word *Full* requiring too strong an accent. *Full ma-* will necessarily be a spondee; and, as *ny a* must here, in each case, be together taken into the following foot, we may hence learn how to dispose of the same syllables in the verses above quoted.—With respect to the *Fie-* in *Fiery*, it must be considered as a single syllable, and ought, indeed, (agreeably to its obvious etymology) to be written without the *E*, as *Miry*, *Spiry*, *Wiry*, from *Mire*, *Spire*, *Wire*.

If any reader, of poetic ear, will seriously pronounce these altered lines to be good and admissible verses, I have not one word more to say on the subject. But, if every person of taste joins with me—as, no doubt, he will—in declaring them to be most detestable verses, or rather indeed no verses at all—then it seems to follow that the anapæst mars our Iambic metre: for it is not merely the badness of *my* anapæsts that has done the mischief; as the reader will, upon trial, experience the same result from the introduction of any others, that have all their syllables distinctly pronounced. In reading, therefore, unless certain that a real anapæst occurs, let us beware of conjuring up anapæstic phantoms, to scare away the metre and harmony of the lines—especially when it is so easy to avoid them, as here, for example, where we have only to employ a synæresis in *my a*, and make each of those four feet an Iambus, by rapidly pronouncing the two vowels as a single syllable, as the *IA* in *Britannia, Hibernia, Spaniard, Italian, Valiant, &c.*

By a similar synæresis, *-ry aspires* may be sounded nearly as two syllables, to make an Iambus, in the following line of Milton—

...Of ignominy; yet to glo-|-*ry aspires*—
and, in many other cases, an un-accented final vowel may, without elision, be made to coalesce with the initial vowel immediately following. In such words, too, as *Echoing, Following, Bellowing*, the two latter syllables may be rapidly sounded together as one

by synæresis: and, in the following lines of Milton—

Of *hie*-|*rarchies*, of orders, and degrees—

The great | *hierar*-|*chal* standard was to move—
the syllables, *hi-e*, become one by synæresis, as *Liar*
is made by Pope to rhyme with 'Squire, and *Higher*
by Somerville*.

Let us now examine the dactyl and tribrachys,
which may, in *appearance*, be both found in the
following lines of Milton—

...*Mūrmūring* ; | and, with him, fled the shades of
night—

...*Innu*-|*mērāblē* | before th'Almighty's throne.

But let us try a *real* dactyl, and a *real* tribrachys—

...*Sōrrōwful* ; | and, with him, fled the shades of night—

...*Distin*-|*guīshāblē* | before th'Almighty's throne.

Here again the real feet most sadly limp and falter,
and the lines bear little resemblance to verse; while,
in the original, the *apparent* dactyl and tribrachys
move along with steady graceful step, and the lines
are perfectly metrical. But the fact is, that we really
do *not*, in the utterance of those lines, pronounce
Murmuring as three complete syllables, or *Innume-*
rable as five: in each case, we instinctively and

* Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;

The next, a tradesman, meek, and much a liar.

A 'squire of Wales, whose blood ran *higher*

Than that of any other 'squire....

If, however, any person prefer the use of syncope, to make
Hi'rarchies, *Hi'rarchal*, *Li'r*, *High'r*, I am not disposed to con-
test the point.

imperceptibly make a syncope, which converts *Murmuring* into a trochee, and *Innumerable* into an Iambus and a Pyrrhic, thus —

...*Mūrm'ring*; and, with him, fled the shades of
night—

...*innū-|-m'ráblē* | before th' Almighty's throne.

I do not, however, deny, that, on some *very rare* occasions, a real dactyl, tribrachys, or anapæst, may be productive of beauty, in the way of picturesque or imitative harmony. But, where there is not some particular and striking effect of that kind to be produced by the trisyllabic foot, its admission, instead of being contributive to harmony or beauty, generally proves inimical to both. In the latter of those two verses, for instance, it would have been much better to load the line with slow heavy spondees, for the purpose of retarding the reader's progress, and affording him time for a leisurely survey of the countless throng, than to hurry him away on the wings of a rapid tribrachys, before he has enjoyed one moment's pause, to cast his eyes around.

In the following line of Milton—

:: All judgement, whe-|-*ther in heav'n* | or earth or hell—
it is not at all necessary to make a trisyllabic foot: we can reduce it to a proper Iambus by pronouncing *wheth'r in*, for which we have the authority of Swift—

And thus fanatic saints, though *neith'r in*

Doctrine or discipline our *brethren*—

furnishing a hint to adopt a similar expedient in

many other cases, which, at first sight, are calculated to embarrass the inexperienced reader * ; as, for example, in this line of Dryden—

The care-|-ful *De-| vil is still* | at hand with means—
we can easily pronounce *Dev'l* is short, as we do *Dev'lish*, and make the third foot an Iambus

On the whole, I recommend to my young readers, never, without irresistible necessity, to make a trisyllabic foot in Iambic or Trochaic verse. And here I drop the subject for the present—intending, however, to treat it more largely and minutely on a future occasion—and observing in the mean time, that, although I have, in compliance with the ideas of others, occasionally marked in the “KEY” a trisyllabic foot in Iambic metre, I by no means wish them to consider it as really such, but, by shortening it in the pronunciation, to reduce it to an Iambus, a Trochee, or a Pyrrhic, as the case may require.

The Cæsura.

As already observed in page 3, the *Cæsura* (which literally means a *cutting* or *division*) is a

* Although some instances of synæresis and syncope, such as I recommend, may, to the English reader, appear harsh and portentous, I feel confident that the classical scholar, accustomed to the much bolder licences of Homer, will account these English licences perfectly moderate and warrantable: and, as Milton was well versed in Greek and Roman literature, we need not be surprised that he should, in these as in many other respects, have copied the practice of the ancients.

pause, which usually takes place somewhere near the middle of the verse, affording a convenient rest for the voice, and enabling the reader or speaker to renew the effort necessary for the delivery of the entire line; ten successive syllables, uttered together in unbroken tenor, being in general too many to be pronounced with proper emphasis, and due poetic effect.

The most advantageous position for the cæsura is generally held to be after the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable, though it occasionally takes place, without disadvantage, after the third or seventh. Its position is, for the most part, easily ascertained by the grammatic construction and the punctuation, which naturally indicate the place where the sense either requires or admits a pause: e. gr.

The saviour comes, ⁴ || by ancient bards foretold.

(Pope.

From storms a shelter, ⁵ || and from heat a shade.

(Pope.

Exalt thy tow'ry head, ⁶ || and lift thy eyes. (Pope.

Exploring, ³ || till they find their native deep. (Boyse.

Within that mystic circle, ⁷ || safety seek: (Boyse.

When the grammatic construction does not require any pause, and there is no punctuation to mark the place for the cæsura, more accurate discrimination is requisite to ascertain it: but, even in these cases, it is, in general, a matter of no difficulty, for a reader of any judgement, to discover, at first sight, the proper station for the pause: e. gr.

Virtue alone ⁴ || is happiness below. (Pope.

With all the incense ⁵ || of the breathing spring.

(Pope.

Nor ardent warriors meet ⁶ || * with hateful eyes.

(Pope.

Deluded ³ || with the visionary light. (Boyse.

Yet be not blindly guided ⁷ || by the throng.

(Roscommon.

Sometimes we see the *cæsura* take place after the second syllable, or the eighth, as

Happy ² || without the privilege of will. (Boyse.

In different individuals ⁸ || we find... (Boyse.

for no reader of taste would separate the adjective from its substantive in the latter of these verses, or the preposition from its regimen in the former.

Sometimes, moreover, the line requires or admits two pauses, as

His cooks, ² || through long disuse, ⁶ || their trade
forgot. (Dryden.

Cæsar, ² || the world's great master, ⁷ || and his own.
(Pope.

Or pierc'd, ² || with half so painful grief, ⁸ || your
breast. (Dryden.

* If, by a (not very elegant) alteration of the final syllable, this line were converted into

Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful foes—
the *cæsura* should be made after *Warriors*: but to place it so in Pope's line above, would entirely mar and pervert the sense, as the reader will clearly perceive, on pronouncing the words *meet with* together in close conjunction.

And goodness, ³ || like the sun, ⁶ || enlightens all.

(Boyse

And raise thee, ³ || from a rebel, ⁷ || to a son. (Boyse.

Most perfect, ³ || most intelligent, ⁸ || most wise. (Boyse.

From the examples above quoted, and innumerable others occurring in the works of our most admired poets, it will evidently appear that the British Muse is much less fastidious with respect to the cæsura, than the Muse of ancient Rome—or, at least, the Roman grammarians, who condemned, as “*un-verse*,” every line, however well constructed in other respects, which had not the cæsura in such or such particular position *. In English—thanks to Phœbus and the Nine!—no such rigid, pedantic, tasteless law has yet been enacted: poets may make the cæsura where they please, and, by widely diversifying its position, may give to their numbers a grateful variety, which they would not otherwise possess. Dryden well understood the value of that advantage, and judiciously availed himself of it, to a greater extent, perhaps, than any bard before or since his time.

* Those learned gentlemen (as noticed in my “*Latin Prosody*”) had the modesty to condemn, as not proper verses, certain lines in Virgil’s most polished productions—merely because the cæsura happened not to take place in exact conformity to their notions!

A Hint on Song-writing,

in addition to the remarks in page 39, on the use of the irregular or auxiliary Feet in Iambic Metre.

Although, in other species of iambic composition, the employment of such feet be productive of a pleasing variety, they very frequently produce a very disagreeable effect in songs intended for music, by setting the notes at variance with the words. In general, the musical composer adapts his notes only to the first stanza: and, when this is the case, how frequently does it happen, that, although the tune be composed with the most consummate skill and taste for *that* stanza, it does not suit any one of those which follow! The fault here lies, not with the musician, but with the poet, who has not observed the necessary uniformity in the structure of his stanzas. To a songster, therefore, who intends his verses for music, I would say: Either take no liberties whatever in the introduction of any other than the regular feet; or, if, in the first stanza, you have any-where introduced a trochee, a pyrrhic, or a spondee, by all means contrive, if possible, to have a similar foot in exactly the correspondent part of the correspondent line in every succeeding stanza.—From inattention to such minutiae, trifling in appearance, but serious in their effects, the consequence ensues, that we often hear those musical flourishes, which, in the first instance, were happily applied to grave, sonorous, emphatic syllables, afterwards idly wasted on *A, The,*

Of, To, In, -ed, -ing, &c. while syllables of the former description are stunted of their due emphasis, because they unluckily happen to correspond with light, un-emphatic syllables in the first stanza.

Of the displeasing effect produced by that incongruity, I have, in my own practice, found a striking instance, on occasion of my undertaking, some years since, to gratify a lady with a few songs to favorite old tunes. In my first attempts, though my lines were written in the same metre as the original, and (whether good or bad in other respects) were intricately correct, they did not at all accord with the music.—On examination, I discovered the cause to be an accidental difference between the original verses and my own, in the admission of irregular feet; and, in short, I could not satisfy either the lady or myself, until I had so modified my lines, as to make them perfectly agree with the original, foot by foot, and syllable by syllable.

To place this point in a clearer light, let us suppose the first stanza of Pope's Universal Prayer set to music, and the subsequent stanzas sung to the same tune: then, in these three corresponding lines of different stanzas—

<i>Fā</i> -	<i>-thēr</i>	<i>ōf</i>	all,	<i>īn</i>	<i>ev'ry</i> age.....
Thou	<i>grēat</i>	<i>first</i>	cause,	<i>lēast</i>	understood....
<i>Tō</i>	<i>thēe,</i>	<i>whose</i>	tem-	-ple	is all space....

the notes admitting no distinction between long and short syllables, between accented and un-accented—we shall hear the corresponding syllables, *Fā*- and

to, made perfectly equal in musical importance, and the same equality established between *wher, grēat,* and *thēe* — *ōf,* and *fīrst* — *in* and *lēast,* &c.

Such discordance between the words and the music is a very serious defect—an evil, which cannot possibly be obviated by any thing short of perfect uniformity in the corresponding feet and verses of the different stanzas, unless the musical composer shall set the entire piece to music, from beginning to end.—The necessity of that uniformity seems to have been forcibly felt by Horace, the most accomplished songster that ever tuned the Roman lyre: for, in all his Sapphic effusions, which are pretty numerous, there occurs *not one* variation of a single syllable, though the Sapphic metre would admit some variations; and he has, with *very few* exceptions, observed the same uniform regularity in every other species of metre throughout the entire four books of his odes.

EXERCISES.

SCANNING.

Pure Iambic verses of eight syllables, or four feet, having the accent uniformly placed on the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth syllables, as

*Begín, my lórd, in éarly yóuth,
 To súffer, náy, encoûrage, trúth.*

The learner is to be taught to divide each line into feet, and to notice each syllable, on which the accent falls. If the pupil writes out the verses (which would answer a better purpose than the simple act of reading them), the divisions into feet, and likewise the accented and un-accented syllables, may be thus marked—

*Begín, | mý lórd, | in éar-|l-y yóuth,
 Tò sáf-|fër, náy, | êncou-|r-áge trúth.*

(This part of the Exercises, and all as far as p. 75, is too simple and easy to require notice in the "Key.")

*Assist me, o ye tuneful Nine,
With ease to form the flowing line.*

*And oft his voice, in accents sweet,
Shall friendship's soothing sounds repeat.*

*Alas! thou know'st not, winter drear
In snowy vest will soon appear.*

Though *ne'er so rich**, we scorn the elf
Whose only praise is sordid pelf.

* *Never so rich*.—Some modern grammarians condemn phrases of this kind, as improper, and, in their stead, recommend *Ever so*..... I would very cheerfully subscribe to their opinion, if I only could understand the latter phrase, so as to extract from it a satisfactory meaning: but *that*, I own, is a task which exceeds my abilities. For example: “*It is a fine day: will you take a walk?*”—“*No: if it were EVER SO fine a day, I would not go out.*”—To discover the meaning of this reply, I first consider that *Ever* signifies *Always*; and then I understand it thus—“*If it were ALWAYS [from the present moment to the end of time] as fine a day as it now is, I would not go out this day.*”—Surely this cannot be what is intended by those who use or recommend the phrase: they cannot mean that my walking or not walking *this day* shall depend on the state of the weather ten thousand years hence, and that, in the interim, we are to have *no nights*, but, all along, one un-interrupted fine day! Yet such is the only meaning that I can discover in the sentence.—But what means *Never so*? On examination, it will prove to be a beautiful phrase, and pregnant with energetic sense. It is, in fact, an elliptic expression, as the French *Non-pareil*, and the well-known English *None such*.—When, for example, we say, of a lady, that “*She is a none such,*” we certainly do not mean that she is *A NONE*, or *A NOBODY*, *such* as some other lady, whose name is charitably suppressed; but that *she is a woman so good, so fair*, (or whatever else may be her praise) *that none such* [none equal to her in that respect] *can be found*. Let us, in like manner, supply the ellipsis in the phrase, *Never so fine*. “*If this day were fine to such degree, that NEVER SO FINE a day has smiled from the heavens, I would not go out.*”—This simple and obvious interpretation gives us good and satisfactory sense, perfectly according with the

Each heart, in suff'ring virtue's cause,
Shall swell amid the loud applause.

For thee shall bud the purple vine,
For thee her sparkling juice refine.

invariable import of the phrase *Never so...*, as used by the best writers of past days, and, among others, by our translators of the Bible, who have more than once employed it. Hence it appears that we may, with equal propriety, and equally strong significancy, use the expression, "*Were she NEVER so fair;*" as "*She is a NONE-SUCH;*" which latter, I believe, no grammarian has yet ventured to change into *One-such*; though the innovation might be attempted on equally good [or bad] grounds in this case as in the former, since *Never so*, and *None-such* are twin phrases, which must stand or fall together. In fact, *Never so fair* is, as nearly as possible, equivalent to *None so fair*, and *None-such* to *Never such*; the negative producing, in both cases alike, the effect of asserting that the world has *not* [or *never*] yet possessed her equal.—A nearly similar idea of unparalleled, and, as it were, *exclusively* superlative excess, was evidently intended to be conveyed by the antiquated form, "*who but....?*" as in the following passage of Dryden—

Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate?

i. e. "*Who can now be at all said to mourn, in comparison with Arcite?—What grief could ever equal his?—Never so poignant grief was felt by human being.*"—In like manner we are to understand these two other passages of the same poet—

Who now but Palamon exults with joy?

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd

No more to try the fortune of the field?

See the note on "*Exceeding*" and "*Exceedingly*," page 38.

To him the joyous hours I owe,
That Bath's enchanting scenes bestow.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around:

The pilot warns, with sail and oar
To shun the much-suspected shore.

From nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.

How soft the chain, the bond how sweet,
Where merit, virtue, wisdom, meet!

The man alone is truly great,
Who knows to conquer adverse fate.

The louring clouds portend a show'r :
With hasty steps I quit the bow'r.

The angry storm in thunder roars,
And sounding billows lash the shores.

Through woods and wilds, we vagrant roam,
And never reach our destin'd home.

With mingled roar, resounds the wood :
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood.

Adieu, ye flow'rs, so sweet and fair,
That droop for want of Myra's care.

To humbler strains, ye Nine, descend,
And greet my poor sequester'd friend.

With awe we view thy placid form,
Serene amid the raging storm.

A day as welcome, sure, to you,
As any day you ever knew.

While Ev'ning sheds her balmy dews,
I court the chaste inspiring Muse.

A cheerless waste before me lay,
Where, wand'ring, soon I lost my way.

When life's the stake for which we play,
Our *lesser* * int'rests all give way.

* *Lesser* and *Worse* are condemned by many grammarians, as barbarisms; and it must be owned, that, at first sight, they might naturally enough be considered as such. But, on more minute examination, I humbly conceive, with all due deference to the learning and judgement of those grammarians, that the words may be defended. Our language is universally allowed to be of German origin: and, on tracing the family likeness between the features of the present English and those of the German which gave it birth, it appears to me that the expressions in question are perfectly legitimate, and entitled to respect, or at

The fox, with prowling fearful mien,
At ev'ning pac'd the dewy green.

My musing solemn way I took,
Where craggy rocks a stream o'erlook.

Mistaken* fair! thy plaints give o'er,
Nor ever wish for tempting ore;
For gold too often proves the bait,
By which we purchase scorn and hate.

least to indulgence, as venerable reliques of antiquity. The termination ER is not here a *comparative* termination, any more than in *Sell-er, Buy-er, &c.* It has no reference whatever to comparison; and, to this day, the Germans add it, for the masculine gender, to the adjective in the abstract, as *Gut, good—Ein guter mann, a good man* (not a *better* man); in which cases, it produces an effect not very dissimilar to that which it produces on verbs; that is to say, as ER, added to a verb (*Sell, Seller*), designates a man who *does* what the verb imports, so ER, added to an adjective, designates a man who *is* what the adjective signifies. This application, however, is not confined to *man* alone, but extends to every masculine noun.—And be it observed, that *Lesser* and *Worser* are not the *only* examples of that Germanism which have survived the various changes of language in this island, since we see the old adjective *Yond* still retaining the syllabic addition ER in *Yonder*, where no comparison is intended. Some philologists may be disposed to view in the same light the adjective *Nether*, from the antique *Neth* or *Neath* [Low], which we still retain in *Beneath* [Be-low]: but, as *Nether* will, in most cases, *admit* (though *not* absolutely *require*) a comparative interpretation, I leave it to the decision of others.

* *Mistaken*.—Some grammarians have condemned this expression, though approved by all our best and most accurate

And what avails the voice of fame,
 The laurel'd bust, the deathless name,
 The only meed the poet gains,
 For all his sorrows, all his pains ?

writers, and, in its stead, have recommended *Mistaking*. But this *Mistaking* quite alters the sense, and would, in many cases, produce the assertion of a falsehood: e. gr. "He thought the law could not reach his crimes: yet he was hanged for them." Here a *mistaken* man was hanged, but not a *mistaking* man: for he was under *no mistake* at the time of execution; his previous trial and condemnation having completely removed his *past* mistake respecting the law.—Further, if *Mistaken* (actively and adjectively used) is to be banished from our language, what is to become of *Sworn*, *Drunken*, *Fallen*, *Grown*, *Rotten*, *Swollen*, and some other participles, used in the same manner, and with acknowledged propriety? Must we convert a *sworn* appraiser into a *swearing* appraiser, i. e. an appraiser *addicted to swearing*?—a *fallen* tower into a *falling* tower, i. e. *now falling*, though it has fallen several centuries ago?—a *drunken* man into a *drinking* man, i. e. a man *now drinking*, though perfectly sober, and drinking pure water? a *grown* man into a *growing* man, i. e. a youth or boy of any age or size, *growing up* to manhood, but *not yet* arrived at his full growth?—a *rotten tree* into a *rotting tree*, perhaps only just *beginning to rot*, instead of being completely *rotten* throughout? My readers, I presume, will hardly vote for these preposterous innovations, but wish to retain the good old forms, *Sworn*, *Fallen*, *Drunken*, &c. Together with them, let us also retain *Mistaken*, and, both in writing and in speaking, congratulate ourselves on having a few such very convenient participles of the past tense active, as *Come*, *Gone*, *Risen*, *Sprung*, &c. Every classical scholar justly admires the beauty, the harmony, the conciseness, the perspicuity, resulting from the active participles of the past tenses in the Greek

A rosy smile o'erspreads her face :
 Her mien assumes a softer grace :
 She waves her snowy hand ; and, see !
 My gentle lyre, she points to thee.
 She takes, she tunes my trembling lyre ;
 And, swelling, lo ! the notes aspire.
 She strikes the chords ; and, all around,
 The list'ning Echoes drink the sound.

Pure Iambic verses of ten syllables, or five feet, having the accent uniformly placed on the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth syllables, as

ă sūd-l-dĕn blūsh | ȳnflāmes | thĕ wā-l-vīng skȳ,
 and nōw | thĕ crīm-l-sōn cūr-l-tāins ō-l-pĕn flȳ

Again, my Muse, expand thy feeble wing,
 And wake, with bolder touch, the trembling string.

If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain.

The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
 Where'er it floats, on earth and sea and main.

language, and regrets that the Latin has so few of them. Let not us, who have still fewer, consent to diminish our number, and thus reduce ourselves to the necessity of an awkward periphrase, to express an idea which we can now conveniently comprise in a single word.—In the preceding remarks, I have used the term *active*, merely in opposition to *passive*, without regarding the distinction (unnecessary in this place) between transitive and intransitive verbs.

He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty space, where late the coursers stood.

With these, of old, to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led.

There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight;
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.

The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow;
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below.

Th' assembly seated—rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address'd.

To honor Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.

A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes.

So short a space the light of heav'n to view!
So short a space, and fill'd with sorrow too!

At this, the sire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.

While thus, with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r....

She said ; and, sighing, thus the god replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies.

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force ;
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.

The thund'rer spoke ; nor durst the queen reply :
A rev'rent horror silenc'd all the sky.

Apollo tun'd the lyre ; the Muses, round,
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.

She'll lead thee on to seek a deathless name,
And snatch the wreath which binds the brow of Fame.

The Muse astonish'd drops her feeble lyre ;
And baffled art gives way to nature's fire.

Aghast she started back, and shook with pain,
As rising breezes curl the trembling main.

The tale of woe no longer strikes the ear ;
And ev'ry eye is dried from ev'ry tear.

The pow'r, that bids all cares and troubles cease,
Will kindly crown our future days with peace.

His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears:
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears.

She thus in hasty words her grief confess'd,
While Lucy strove to soothe her troubled breast.

Their splendid domes and busy streets declare
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And *passing rich* * with forty pounds a year.

*Iambic verses of eight syllables—in other respects,
pure Iambics—but containing examples of synæresis,
marked in Italic character.*

Reclaim'd, the wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth.

Beneath an aged oak reclin'd,
The various scenes engross'd my mind.

I saw thy youthful mind expand,
And still the spark of genius fann'd.

He bids the piteous tale of woe
In tender cadence sadly flow.

* *Passing rich.*—On the syntax of this passage from *Goldsmith*, and of similar phrases, see the note in page 38.

Amid the endless ills of life,
 The stings of care, the storms of strife,
 In all the anxious hours of grief,
 My soul anticipates relief.

Content to court the cooling glade,
 Inhale the breeze, enjoy the shade....
 No anxious vigils here I keep;
 No dreams of gold distract my sleep.

Superior worth your rank requires:
 For that, mankind reveres your sires.

Prepare the way; your banners spread;
 Around *ambrosial* odors shed.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
 The patriot's free, unbiass'd tongue.

The dewy leaves *luxurious* shed
 Their balmy essence o'er his head.

Where'er I go, I play my part,
 And bring a *social, jovial* heart.

I know, as false thy prospects glare,
 As flits the *meteor* through the air.

Th' electric flame of glory runs
Impetuous through her hardy sons.

Iambic verses of ten syllables — in other respects, pure Iambics — but containing examples of synæresis, marked in Italic character.

Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.

Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall;
And nodding *Iliou* waits th' impending fall.

The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispens'd the flowing bowls around.

To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king.

Terrestrial Jove, whose pealing thunders roll
From realm to realm, from pole to utmost pole.

A Madhouse.

Amid those gall'ries drear, those doleful cells,
The unrelenting despot, Mem'ry, dwells....
Insatiate Fury clanks his pond'rous chains:
Suspicious Av'rice counts ideal gains....
While maddest Murder waits the sword to draw,
And Ostentation flaunts in robes of straw.

No more the neck invidious kerchiefs shade;
The waist no more the tyrant stays invade.

But, goddess, thou thy suppliant son attend :
To high Olympus' shining court ascend.

A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, sheds its light.

This *echoing* voice will rend the yielding air :
" For judgement, judgement, sons of men, prepare !"

Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall.

Iambic verses of eight syllables, with a mixture of other feet besides the Iambus, as pointed out in the "KEY."

1

I court the Muse, and mark the day
Steal, calm and undisturb'd, away.

2

When shall I have the pow'r to bless,
And raise up merit in distress?

3

See Peace, with all her rural train,
Health, Plenty, Joy, return again.

4

Peace and content would bless each day,
The hours serenely glide away....

5

Not all the world can now impart
A charm to glad my drooping heart.

6

Wrest from vindictive Rage his prey :
Destroy Oppression's iron sway,

7

He now feels wants unknown before,
Wants still increasing with his store.

8

Cowards are cruel: but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save,

9

The spring, that gave her blossoms birth,
Tore them for ever from the earth.

10

The noble palms of conquest crown
The godlike victor with renown.

11

Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?

12

Lord! in thy sure protection bless'd,
Submissive will I ever rest.

13

I mark his true, his faithful way,
And, in my service, copy Tray.

14

Shall Britain, on her native strand,
Shrink from a foe's inferior hand?

15

Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to Contemplation.;

And, from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

16

Heedless of int'rest, many an hour*
He loses in the myrtle bow'r.

17

Yon tow'ring oak, extending wide,
Provokes destruction by its pride.

18

Teach me to bless my lowly lot,
Confin'd to this paternal cot.

19

The gentle Zephyrs, as they fly,
On balmy wings, shall bear a sigh.

20

Each youth of martial hope shall feel
True valour's animating zeal.

21

Who dwells in yonder little cot,
And envies not the monarch's lot?

22

She softly breathes, "Ah! sigh no more:
"Thy Nelson gains th' Elysian shore."

23

See, rushing from the farm and fold,
Her sons in glory's lists enroll'd.

24

O Goddess! yet assert thy claim,
And vindicate thy injur'd name.

25

More fatal than the Siren's song

* See the remarks on "*Many-a*," in page 52.

The crafty flatt'rer's wily tongue.

26

Some love the clash of hostile arms,
The trumpet's clang, the camp's alarms.

27

Here faithful mem'ry may review
The scenes that time can ne'er renew.

28

Once time is past, we call in vain.
No tears can bring it back again.

29

Wanton in Sol's meridian ray,
Sip nectar from each bloomy spray.

30

Thy glitt'ring pinions charm mine eyes,
Stain'd with bright beauty's brilliant dies.

31

The thought would mar thy present joy,
Mix with thy bliss a base alloy.....

32

Though blest with friends, with youth, and health,
And all the gay parade of wealth.....

33

The records of departed worth
To noblest sentiments give birth.

34

Down in the green sequester'd shade,
'The streamlet pours its clear cascade.

35

Possess'd of all the charms that grace

The brightest of the female race.

36

I find in thee a tender friend,

In thee a patron to defend.

37

In ev'ry clime, from pole to pole,

Where wind can blow or billow roll,

Britannia's barks the coast explore,

Waft science, peace, and plenty o'er.

38

Improving and improv'd, they'd learn

New charms in wisdom to discern.

39

You cherish feelings too refin'd.

For him who mingles with mankind.

40

He rises from his sleepless bed,

His soul convuls'd with secret dread.

41

His income regularly spent,

He scarcely saves to pay his rent.

42

A temper affable and kind,

A noble and a gen'rous mind.

43

Although I long have rack'd my brains,

I've nought but labor for my pains.

44

In terrors clad, thy foes surround,

And hurl thy turrets to the ground.

45

Nor blasting envy's tainted gale
Pollutes the pleasures of the vale.

46

She's prompt to shed the pitying tear,
To Mercy and to Virtue dear.

47

A coach and four, to take the air,
Besides a chariot, and a chair.

48

His head was silver'd o'er with age;
And long experience made him sage.
In summer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold.
His hours in cheerful labor flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew.
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

49

The shepherd modestly replied:
I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roam'd to foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts....
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?

50

The prostrate game a lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies.

51

So shines his light before mankind,

His actions prove his honest mind.

52

He never needs the screen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise.

53

Wild fancy forms unnumber'd woes :
To end his life the maniac goes.....
Forward I rush'd, and seiz'd his arm,
And forc'd him back, secure from harm.

54 — *England.*

O happy isle ! thy fertile plains
Repay with golden sheaves the swains ;
Thy verdant vales, and mountains steep,
Are whiten'd o'er with fleecy sheep.

55

Dear rural scenes ! the tufted tree,
The flow'ry mead, have charms for me,
That far exceed the joys of courts,
Where splendid mis'ry oft resorts ;
Where grief, disguis'd, like joy appears,
And hollow smiles hide starting tears.

56

Much rather let me stem the tide,
Without a helm my bark to guide,
The sport of waves and fickle winds,
Than trust to such capricious minds,
Where whim and passion hold the rein,
And slighted reason pleads in vain.

57

Fond mem'ry o'er thy grave shall give
A tear, to bid thy virtues live.

58

Still o'er the genial hours of spring
Fell Discord waves her crimson wing :
O'er bleeding Europe's ravag'd plains,
The fiend, in state terrific, reigns;
Nor oaten pipe, nor past'ral song,
Resounds her waving woods among.
Yet far from Albion's tranquil shores
The storm of desolation roars.

59

Now ev'ry brilliant moment seems
Replete with fancy's airy dreams.

60

Not from the warrior's laurel leaves
The votive garland now she weaves.

61

Beneath thy fost'ring reign benign,
O best of kings ! let mercy shine.

62

From scene to scene we rove and smile ;
Fond Hope our leader all the while.
We fear no brooding storms of care ;
We dread no spell, no murd'rous snare.

*Iambic Verses of ten syllables, with a mixture of other
feet besides the Iambus.*

63

She points to Honor and her gorgeous train,
But shows not disappointment, want, and pain.

64

Bewilder'd Pride the swelling crest uprears,
And causeless Penitence is drown'd in tears.

65

A second Paradise our senses greets,
And Asia wafts us all her world of sweets.

66

Already, see! each schoolboy, 'prentice, clerk,
Assumes the pistol, and demands the Park.

67

Nor deem, that all, the tuneful chords who strike,
Are curs'd with base ingratitude alike.

68 — *Canute.*

He vainly bade each boist'rous wave retreat,
Nor tinge the surface of his royal feet.

69

But ah! how chang'd! The Muse, that once was gay,
And wanton laugh'd the dancing hours away,
No more shall wander o'er the flow'ry plains,
Or waken Echo with her rural strains.

70

See, most tremendous! o'er his beardless face,
Th' enormous beaver, cock'd with soldier grace,
Aslant and edgewise confidently hurl'd,
Inviting broils, and braving all the world.

71

Though my dejected spirits pant for breath,
And my soul flutters on the verge of death.....

72

And why should such (within herself she cried)

Lock the lost wealth, a thousand want beside?

73

One tranquil eve, when Sol had sunk to rest,
And gilt with splendid tints the glitt'ring west,
Their daily task perform'd, this loving pair
Walk'd forth to breathe the pure salubrious air.

74

Friends, country, children, wife, no more restrain ;
And fate and nature boast their laws in vain.

75

Flush'd with revenge, each miscreant drew his dart,
And plung'd it in the constant Oran's heart.

76

Alas ! Hope's rain-bow visions, how they fade !
How soon the sun-bright landscape sinks in shade !

77

Go, seek distress ; explore the tents of woe :
Bid the wan cheek with rosy tints to glow.

78

To Eve's fair daughters various virtues fall :
But thou, lov'd charmer, hast excell'd them all.

79

Blest she descends into the vale of years,
With the lov'd partner of her youthful cares.

80

Smiles oft are fraudulent ; beauty soon decays ;
But the good woman shall inherit praise.

81

Rouse all thy pow'rs, for better use design'd ;
And know thy native dignity of mind.

82

Such were the hours, and such the scenes that charm'd:
So nature glow'd, and so her beauties warm'd.

83

The glow of youth blooms lovely in his face,
And fills each active limb with manly grace.

84

The wrinkled matron opes her treasur'd store
Of fairy tales and legendary lore.

85

Their tyrant rule has blighted all thy time,
And marr'd the promise of thy early prime.

86

Her love instructs a fair and num'rous race
To share his glories, and supply his place.

87

See, with what calmness, what contempt of breath,
The sons of Newgate hear the doom of death.

88

Why pass in slav'ry here the ling'ring hours,
While Oran dwells in amarantine bow'rs?
Where rivers of delight for ever flow,
And blushing fruits on trees immortal grow;
Where no rude tempests howl, no storms arise;
Where suns eternal gild the genial skies,
Unfading flow'rets deck the verdant plains,
And spring in gay profusion ever reigns.

89

Fain would the Muse each beautiful plant rehearse
And sing their glories in immortal verse.

90

Oh ! heed not, youth, yon Siren's 'witching lay :
 Fly from her tempting accents : fly away.
 False are her sounds, her visions vain, though bright—
 A fitting rainbow's varied transient light.

91

Each manly sense, each charity refin'd ;
 Whate'er illumines or exalts the mind.

92

For wisdom fam'd, for probity renown'd,
 She sits in council, with bright honor crown'd.

93

Peace crowns our cities, plenty loads our plains ;
 And æther rings with gratulating strains.

94

Greater than he who vanquish'd first the main,
 The Persian with a million in his train,
 Himself soon vanquish'd by the Grecian chief,
 And homeward sent in solitary grief.

95. — *Epitaph on an Infant.*

Repose in peace, sweet babe ! this still domain
 Gives no admission to the tyrant, pain.
 Thy noblest part, thy spotless soul, is flown
 To scenes where dread misfortunes are unknown.

96

At length thy long-lost liberty regain :
 Tear the strong tie, and break th' inglorious chain :
 Freed from false hopes, assume thy native pow'rs,
 And give to Reason's rule thy future hours.

To her dominion yield thy trusting soul,
And bend thy wishes to her strong control.

97

Pleas'd have I oft our little babe caress'd,
And view'd him smiling at his mother's breast.

98

Early she rises, ere bright Phœbus shines,
And to her damsels sep'rate tasks assigns.

99

If to her farm some field contiguous lies,
With care she views it, and with prudence buys.

100

Benignant, from her ever open door,
She feeds the hungry, and relieves the poor.

101

Hope promis'd future bliss without alloy,
And Fancy's pencil pictur'd scenes of joy.
Ah, gilded visions! fleeting, as they're fair!
How soon those day-dreams vanish'd into air!

102

Yes, Europe's polish'd sons approve the plan
That fetters and enslaves their fellow man....
The wretched captive leaves his native shore,
Ne'er to behold his much-lov'd country more.

103

Soon will misfortune their bright hopes destroy,
And dash with gall the mantling cup of joy.

104

Nature would droop in everlasting night,
Unbleas'd by Sol, great source of heat and light.

105

When tyrant Frost his strong dominion holds,
 And not a blade expands, a bud unfolds.....
 When gather'd thunders burst abrupt and loud,
 And midnight light'ning darts from cloud to cloud,
 Or rends, with forceful momentary stroke,
 The ivied turret and the giant oak,
 Can faint remembrance of meridian mirth
 Bedeck with visionary charms the earth?

106

She calls grim phantoms from the shadowy deep,
 And sends her Furies forth to torture sleep.

107. — *The kidnapped Negro Woman.*

Excess of grief forbade her tears to flow :
 She stood a living monument of woe.
 No tender friend was near, with kind relief
 To calm the wild extravagance of grief :
 No pity could the hapless maiden find :
 No scenes of sorrow touch the brutal mind.
 Th' inhuman villains bore their prize away,
 And gain'd the harbour where the vessel lay.
 Convey'd on board, she join'd a num'rous band
 Of fellow captives, pinion'd hand to hand.

108. — *A Slave-Ship.*

There husbands, torn from all their hearts held dear,
 In sullen silence drop the fruitless tear.
 Fond mothers there, to gloomy grief consign'd,
 Mourn for the tender babes they left behind.
 Heart-cheering hope forsook the horrid place ;
 And desperation lour'd in ev'ry face.

109

The undertakers say, on corses fed,
" Ah! there's no man of value, till he's dead."

110. — *True Beauty.*

What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind, and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words and deeds compare?
No! those at first th' unwary heart may gain:
But these, these only, can that heart retain.

VERSIFICATION.

Lines to be made into Iambic Verses of eight syllables, or four feet, with the accent on the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth syllables:—each line to make one verse; and the two lines of each couplet to rhyme with each other.

111

And, while I feel thy gracious gifts,
My song shall reveal all thy praise.

112

Bless'd with freedom, at early dawn,
O'er the verdant lawn I wander.

113

Unheard I mourn, I sigh unknown,
Live unfriended, die unpity'd.

114

The fleecy mothers stray'd below;
And their sportive lambkins play'd round.

115

My friend, thy days flow serenely,
Nor know any interruption.

116

The search shall teach thee to prize life,
And make thee good, wise, and grateful.

117

The flock fly in wild disorder,
And cast a frequent eye behind.

118

At last the contest rose so high,
From words they almost came to blows.

119

Religion's beams shine around thee,
And cheer thy glooms with divine light.

120

Henceforth I go to rural haunts,
Through winter's snow and summer's heat.

121

Thou fly'st to scenes where Joy and Youth
Employ their time with Love and Mirth.

122

With ease you wear a thousand shapes;
And still you please in ev'ry shape.

123

Leander bow'd to Hero's eyes:
Her cheek glow'd with yielding blushes.

124

The Muse, ever true to merit,
Prepares the meed due to valour.

125

We raise the choral song to thee,
To whom belong sublimer strains.

126

Supine beneath embow'ring shades,
In wine he loves to drown his cares.

127

The impatient steed spurns the ground :
The full-ton'd horns sound harmonious.

128

Neither wealth I pursue, nor pow'r,
Nor hold in view forbidden joys.

129

And will you then conceal this wealth,
For time to steal, or age to rust ?

130

Observant eyes confess her ways :
Pursuing praises bless her steps.

131

The tim'rous breed knew the robber,
And flew o'er the meadow, trembling.
The wolf o'ertook their nimblest speed,
And courteous thus bespoke the dam.

132

The genial hours and fragrant airs
Were shedding dews and flow'rs round him :
Aurora pass'd before his wheels ;
And last was Hesper's golden lamp.

133

Their board is crown'd with flow'rs by thee ;*
Their walks resound with songs by thee ;
Their sprightly mornings shine by thee,
And ev'ning hours decline in peace.

* N. B. *Thee, thee*, terminating two successive lines, will not make allowable rhyme.

Iambic Verses of eight syllables, with a mixture of different feet.

134

Repose, sweet babe ! cease thy crying :
For thine 's an age of peace and truth.

135

Without another word, this fact
Might afford a useful lesson.

136

Ever bound to one dear object,
I've search around for that.

137

Thousands bend, where'er she passes ;
And thousands attend where she moves.

138

The flow'rs, disclos'd in early bloom,
Repos'd upon her fragrant breast.

139

A mother may forsake her son :
But I will ne'er break my covenant.

140

As a simple swain, one ev'ning,
Attended his flock on the plain,
He chanc'd to spy the shining bow,
Which warns us when a show'r is nigh.

141

From the north if Winter bellow,
The sweet Spring soon comes forth dancing.

142

Disputes are far too long, though short,
When both are in the wrong alike.

143

Ye great and rich, shut not your hearts
Against the wand'rer at your gate.

144

Must I still complain of thy pow'r,
And arraign thy too partial hand?

145

But must the kind and the gentle
Find thy fury, undistinguish'd?

146

Yet base and cruel I am call'd,
Who seek to release the wretched.

147

The fox, vers'd in deeper cunning,
Rehears'd the beauties of her mind.

148

Now mounting high, now sinking low,
The sailors cry, "We're lost! we're lost!"

149

Who would combine mirth and wisdom,
Should confine his stint to three cups.

150

While I thus prolong my stay here,
The silent night steals along, swift.

151

Now toil, thirst, and hunger, combin'd,
To wring her mind, and numb her limbs.

152

Matur'd to happier days, he may
Repay your care with filial love.

153

The cares that fill *thy* tale, are past :
I bewail my present troubles.

154

But ah ! what dismal and dim shade
Casts o'er the glade this strange horror ?

155

But now the rugged North no more
Pours forth half her population.

156

Through the thick mist of fears and doubts,
How hideous appears Death's fair form !

157

Lovely Health ! divinest maid ! come,
And lead me through the rural shade.

158

'Tis he, who still keeps his promise,
Though he sleeps wrapp'd in Death's cold arms.

159

Howe'er depress'd or exalted,
Be the feeling breast ever mine.

160

Alike, the vain and the foolish
Are strangers to the humane sense.

161

Fill'd with grief's distressful train, life
For ever asks the humane tear.

162

Oh ! woman ! loveliest work of heav'n !
Giv'n for man's solace and delight.

163

Now the eastern breeze, soft rising,
Plays through the quiv'ring trees, rustling.

164

If you scan all nature's system,
Man is the only idle thing.

165

Discourse like this claim'd attention :
Grandeur inflam'd the mother's breast.

166

So saying, he flies on the lamb.
The victim dies beneath his jaws.

167

Each well-known scene now appears dead,
The meadow green, the glassy brook.

168

They soon shall learn humility,
And discern their own emptiness.

169

The watchman cried, " Past twelve o' clock !"
The studious lawyer plied his brief.

170

The wretch shook with thrilling horror ;
Pale his look, and loose ev'ry joint.

171

Lend to wiser heads attention,
And from a friend learn this lesson.

172

Still share my bosom with the Muse,
And soothe corroding care to peace.

173

So shall he discern right from wrong,
And learn mercy from oppression.

174

Be thou the vessel's guide, kind heav'n:
Divide the whelming waves for her.

175

Thy kindness knows no ebbing tide:
It flows like some perpetual stream.

176

'Tis thine to dwell, sweet modest flow'r!
In the thorny dell, secluded.

177

Carus, worn with pain and sickness,
Sighs for morn, and chides the slow night.

178

I raise my song in bolder notes,
To praise the deeds of Hercules.

179

When altars were dress'd to his name,
His tears confess'd that he was man.

180

I survey with indignation
Such judgement and skill thrown away.

181

The sublime Heliconian fount
Flows in rhyme marvelously well.

182

Suspend your follies, if you can,
And from a friend learn instruction.

183

We toil to find a happiness,
Which, like the wind, still avoids us.

184

His light dissolv'd those mists and clouds,
Which long involv'd our dark nation.

185

They say, a poor astrologer
Went out, one luckless day, to walk.

186

While such pursuits engage your thoughts,
You'll live an age in a few years.

187

And time, which removes all things else,
Still heightens and improves virtue.

188

He who is a fool at fifty,
Is grown far too stubborn for school.

189

Let others shine in foreign spoils :
Intrinsic excellence is thine.

190

I descried a smiling landscape,
Dress'd in the robes of summer pride.

191

Oh ! take me to some peaceful dell,
To dwell with sweet content and thee.

192

Night and day had now already
Held an equal sway o'er the world.

193

Thy deep abode is tremendous,
And the fury of thy flood dire.

194

And now, at thy side, immortal,
The beauteous captur'd bride still blooms.

195

The surgy din grows still louder ;
The gale blows with wilder fury.

196

Ample pow'r and wealth attend me ;
And my realms extend o'er the plains.

197

Alas ! thy page, poor Zimmermann !
Betrays thy age and indolence.

198

Disabled in the race, and tir'd,
Ambition's fruitless chase I quit.

199

The British banner flies aloft
To the skies in triumphant folds.

200

The Lesbian lute can charm no more,
Nor warm my once-panting bosom.

201

Not that those prizes shine with me ;
For neither fame is mine, nor wealth.

202

Ask, of heav'n, virtue, health, wisdom ;
But never let wealth be thy pray'r.

203

Still there remains one more labor,
A greater perhaps than before.

204

Fear precludes the light, like a fog,
And swells the object to the sight.

205

Honorio turns from side to side,
And now burns with insatiate thirst.

206

This frightful monster came from hell :
Guilt was his name, and Sin his sire.

207

Let virtue be ever my guide,
And preside o'er my secret thoughts.

208

The lucid waves roll along, soft,
And gently break among the rocks ;
Explore the strand in playful lapse,
And waft to shore a pallid corse.

209

To foreign climes why do you roam,
To study modes, times, and nations—
A science often bought dearly,
And often what nought avails you ?

210

If heav'n, wise in ev'ry purpose,

Denies the envied lot of wealth,....
 Still true to thee, Humanity,
 The good I cannot do, I'll wish,

211

Our pleasures must decay shortly,
 And vanish away with ourselves;
 But virtue shall sustain the soul,
 And soothe each agonising pain.

212

See terrific Mars advance next,
 Who joys in wars, uproar, ruin.—
 Fear, Flight, Fury, stand beside him,
 Prompt to fulfill his dread command.

213

The summer past thus in plenty;
 At last revolving winter came.
 The trees no more yield a shelter:
 The verdure withers from the field.

214

Array'd in white, plain Innocence:
 Lifts her fearless head before thee:
 Religion's beams shine around thee,
 And cheer thy glooms with divine light,

215

The flow'rs, that deck the field, are sweet*:
 The smell, the blossoms yield, is sweet:
 The summer gale, that blows, is sweet;
 And the rose sweet, though sweeter you.

* N. B. Sweet,....sweet, will not be allowable rhyme.

216

When Zephyrs stray o'er the blossom,
 And convey sweets along the air,
 Sha'n't *I* inhale the fragrant breeze,
 Because *you* breathe a sweeter gale ?

217

The much-admiring crowd, awe-struck,
 Bow'd before the virgin vision ;
 Gaz'd with an ever new delight,
 And, at the sight, caught fresh virtue.

218

A fearful, profound, and black gulf
 Appears, the bound of either world,
 Leading up to light, through darkness.
 Sense shuns the sight, and shrinks backward.

219

With silent tread fate steals along,
 Oft'nest found in what we dread least,
 Frowns with angry brow in the storm,
 But strikes the blow in the sunshine.

220

All external things combine now
 To make thy days shine unclouded ;
 And kindly has providence shed
 On thy head its choicest blessings.

221

Near him stood his fav'rite spaniel,
 And shar'd his food with his master,.....
 Till, sated, he now lay supine,
 And snor'd away the rising fumes.

222

The noblest minds prove their virtue
 By love, sympathy, and pity.
 These, these are truly fine feelings,
 And prove their owner half divine.

223

I reach my native plain once more,
 Where reign all the peaceful pleasures:
 My longing eye devours once more
 Her shady bow'rs and crystal stream.

224

Grown restive by long indulgence,
 She minded no will but her own.
 She'd oft scold and fret at trifles,
 Then take a seat in a corner,
 And, moping all the day sourly,
 Disdain alike to play or work.

225

Divines confess that life's a game;
 This says, at cards, and that, at chess.
 But, if we centre our views here,
 I fear 'tis all a losing game.

226

The furious god of war too long
 With his iron car has crush'd us,
 Along our ruin'd plains has rag'd,
 With his cruel stains has soil'd them,
 In endless sleep has sunk our youth,
 And made the widow'd virgin weep.

227.—*Virtue.*

I tell unwelcome truths, indeed :
 But mark well my sacred lesson :
 Whoever lives at strife with me,
 Loses, for life, his better friend :
 Who lives in friendship's ties with me,
 Finds all that 's sought for by the wise.

228

I keep, with watchful diligence,
 His fleecy sheep from prowling wolves ;
 Secure his midnight hours at home,
 And drive from his door the robber.
 His breast glows with kindness for this* :
 His hand bestows the food for this.

229

A long farewell to Britain's isle,
 Where pleasures dwell, and plenty smiles !
 Ye woods all waving wide, farewell,
 Ye vales attir'd in summer's pride,
 Ye tow'rs, that rise in air proudly,
 Ye cots, so fair and so cleanly !

230

But, if thou com'st with austere frown,
 To nurse the brood of fear and care,
 Wisdom, I disclaim thine empire,
 Thou empty boast of pompous name !
 Dwell in gloomy shade of cloisters ;
 But never haunt my cheerful cell.

* *This...this*, cannot be admitted as proper rhyme.

231

Let me but hope content from wealth,
 Still rememb'ring it was but lent ;
 Spread my store to modest merit,
 My hospitable door unbar,
 Nor feed an idle train for pomp,
 While unpitied want sues in vain.

232

A prowling cat spies the sparrow,
 And expands her amber eyes wide.
 Grimalkin draws near and more near ;
 She protends her claws, wags her tail ;
 Then, springing on her thoughtless prey,
 She bears away the shrieking bird.

233

No costly paintings grace my rooms :
 The humbler print supplies their place.
 My garden lies behind the house,
 And opens to the southern skies.
 The distant hills yield gay prospects,
 And, in ev'ry field, plenty smiles.

234

Would'st thou bind the gen'rous lion ?
 Bribe him to be kind by kindness.
 He gives with multiplying hand
 The good he receives from others,
 Or makes fair return for the bad,
 And pays scorn for scorn, with int'rest.

235

The love, that cheers life's latest stage,

Proof against old age and sickness,....
 Is kind, delicate, and gentle,
 Compassionate or blind to faults,
 And will endure with sympathy
 Those evils it would cure gladly.

236

The prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
 The blushing rose and the lily,
 Will screen her charms from public view,
 And rarely be seen in the crowd.

237

Opress'd with heaviness and toil,
 Seek not the flow'ry bank for rest,
 Though the bow'ring woodbine spread there
 O'er thy head its fragrant shelter,
 Though Zephyr should long linger there,
 To hear the sky-lark's tuneful song.
 Heedless youth, thou shalt awake there
 The vengeance of the coiling snake.

238.—*To Zimmermann, on Solitude.*

Fond enthusiast, cease to obtrude.
 The love of solitude on man :
 Cease, cease, with faint and gay colors,
 To paint that sickly nymph's retreat.
 Her slothful ease and silent shades
 May please the old and impotent ;
 But the brisk eye and firm muscle
 Shall fly at distance from her haunts.

239

As the maid now grew in stature,

(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
 She oft stray'd through her native lawns,
 And play'd with the lambkins, wrestling.
 Her looks bequeath'd diffusive sweets :
 As she breath'd, the breeze grew purer :
 The morn assum'd her rosy blush :
 The spring bloom'd with earlier fragrance ;
 And nature took delight yearly
 To dress the world in white, like her.

240

The morning blush'd ; the shades were fled ;
 The winds were hush'd in their caverns ;
 When Hymen, sedate and pensive,
 Held his musing gait o'er the fields.
 Through the green-wood shade, behind him,
 The god survey'd Death's meagre form,
 Who, with gigantic stride, quickly
 Outwent his pace, and join'd his side.
 The chat ran on various subjects,
 'Till angry Hymen began thus.

241.—*To a Redbreast.*

From icy sprays and snowy plains,
 From sunless days and moonless nights,.....
 Helpless, panting guest ! thrice welcome !
 In my breast I'll fondly warm thee.....
 A captive's doom thou need'st not dread.
 No ! flutter round my room freely....
 At my lonely meal, no longer
 I'll feel alone, while thou art by :
 For, devoid of all distrust, soon

Thou'lt share my humble crust, nibbling....
 Heedless of the raving blast, thus,
 Till winter's past, thou'lt dwell with me.

242

Friend ! forbear, o'er this sepulchre,
 The pitying tear, the plaintive sigh.
 My death supplies no just pretence
 To dim thine eyes, or heave thy breast.
 Grac'd with children's children, one wife
 Walk'd down the vale of life with me.
 My joyous hands three blooming youths
 Entwin'd in Hymen's blissful bands.....
 I shed, through life, no streams of grief
 O'er child or grandchild, dead or sick.
 To my departed shade, by them,
 The rite was paid, the tear was pour'd :
 Cōnvoy'd to eternal rest thus,
 Supremely blest in life, in death.

243

In triple row, the pine-apples
 Were basking hot, and all in blow.
 A bee of most discerning taste,
 As he pass'd, perceiv'd the fragrance.
 The spoiler came on eager wing,
 And search'd in the frame for crannies,
 Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
 Applied his trunk to ev'ry pane,
 But still in vain : tight was the frame,
 And pervious to the light only.
 Having wasted half the day thus,

Another way he trimm'd his flight.
 Methinks I find in thee, said I,
 The madness and sin of mankind.
 Man aspires to forbidden joys,
 With vain desires consumes his soul ;
 Folly the spring of his pursuit,
 And all the fruit, disappointment.....
 Such are often our dear delights,
 To view, but not to touch, expos'd.
 The sight inflames our foolish heart ;
 We long for pine-apples in frames.

244

The prophet of the Turk says thus,
 " Abstain from pork, good musselman.
 In ev'ry swine, there is a part,
 No friend of mine or follower
 May taste, whate'er his inclination,
 On pain of excommunication."
 Such Mahomet's mysterious charge ;
 And he left the point at large thus.
 Had he express'd the sinful part,
 They might eat the rest with safety :
 But they thought it hard, for one piece,
 To be debarr'd from the whole hog,
 And set their wit at work, to find
 What joint the prophet had in mind.
 Straight arose much controversy :
 These chose the back, those the belly.
 'Tis confidently said by some,
 He meant not to forbid the head ;

While others rail at that doctrine,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat the hog up..
You laugh! 'tis well.—The tale, applied,
May make you laugh on t'other side.
The preacher cries, " Renounce the world."
A multitude replies, " We do;"
While one regards, as innocent,
A friendly and snug game at cards,
And, whatever you may say, one,
In a play, can see no evil.
Some love a race or a concert,
And others the chase or shooting.
Revil'd and lov'd, follow'd and renounc'd,
The world is thus swallow'd, bit by bit.

245

My course is sped in youth's soft prime ;
Yet many a flow'r has spread my path.

246

If presumptuous foes dare invade,
Our country cries for aid to us :
Our children spread their hands to us :
We guard the nuptial bed from wrong.
From us, who feel the joys of home,
The vengeful steel falls like lightning.

Iambic verses of ten syllables.

247.

As Orpheus* tunes his song in Thracian wilds,
The raptur'd beasts throng around him in crowds.

* *Orpheus*.—This word contains only two syllables. In *Orpheus*, *Theseus*, *Proteus*, and a very numerous list of Greek names of similar termination, the *EU* is a diphthong, as in *Europe*, *Eucharist*, *Eulogy*, *Euterpe*, &c. In the original Greek, it is invariably a diphthong: in Latin, likewise, it is almost always so; for the examples of diæresis in such names are so very few, as not to merit the slightest attention. This I can safely venture to assert, after the pains which I have bestowed in minutely searching through the entire collection of the ancient Latin poets, for authorities and examples of every kind, to be inserted in my "*Latin Prosody*:" and let me further observe, that Milton, Dryden, Pope—in short, every English poet, who had any pretensions at all to classical knowledge, has paid due regard to classic propriety in these cases, by making the *EU* a diphthong. I therefore advise my young readers carefully to avoid, in prose as well as in poetry, the gross impropriety of dividing the *EUS* of *Orpheus*, &c. into two syllables, and always to pronounce it as a single syllable, nearly like the French verb *Eusse*, or the English noun *Use*. At the same time be it remembered that *Penæus* and *Alphæus* (the names of two celebrated rivers) are trisyllabic words, and have the middle syllable long and accented.—There are several other Greek names in *EUS*, which have the *E-U* in separate syllables, with the *E* long and accented in some instances, and in others short and un-accented: but to enumerate and discriminate them would be a tedious and laborious task. *Timotheus*, however, and *Briareus*, seem to require parti-

The mountain seems to throw a sable gloom,
Shades the glen below, and imbrovns the steep.

cular notice—*Timotheus* contains *four* distinct syllables: and, although Dryden has, by *poetic licence*, used it as *three*, in the following and some other lines of his “*Alexander's Feast*—

“Revenge! revenge! *Timotheus* cries”—

it is clear that he did not consider it as a proper trisyllabic; because, in such case, he must have accented it on the *first* syllable, like its English offspring, *Timothy*; the second being originally short, and our usual mode of pronunciation forbidding us to place an accent on a short penultimate; whereas, in *Ti-mo-the-us*, the syllable *-MO-*, being then the autepenultimate, naturally admits the accent, which he has correctly preserved. In his lines, therefore, (the *EU* not being a diphthong) the *EUS* is not to be pronounced like the French *Eusse*, as in *Orpheus*, *Proteus*, &c, but like the *EOUS* in our English *Beauteous*, which, though in reality a word of *three* syllables, is usually pronounced as *two*, by synæresis. — In *Briareus*, the case is different: the *EU* is here a proper diphthong: the word contains only *three* syllables; and so we find it in Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, and other Latin poets, who all have its second syllable short, as it likewise is found in a verse of Homer, which I shall presently notice. Accordingly, Dryden, in his translation of Virgil, has, with perfect propriety, used *Briareus*, as a trisyllabic word, with the second syllable short, and the accent on the first, viz.

Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,

And *Briareus* with all his hundred hands. (*Æn.* 6. 401.)

If it be said that Milton has made it *four* syllables, because, in the common editions of his “*Paradise Lost*,” (l. 199) we find

Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den

By ancient Tarsus held—

I have only to reply, that the passage is falsified and disguised

249

How long shall man survey creation's boons,
And madly throw away its richest pearls ?

250

The fresh'ning breezes sweep away the clouds,
That hid the golden orb of day awhile.

251

She made a little stand at ev'ry turn,
And thrust her lily hand among the thorns.

by the inaccuracy of either printers or editors, and that, in better editions, we read *Briareos*; the name being written in two ways, viz. *Briareus*, of three syllables, as in Virgil, Ovid, and Lucan, above noticed—and *Briareûs*, of four, which occurs in Homer's *Iliad*, 1. 493, and in Hesiod, *Theog.* 149. In Pope's translation of Homer's line, the common editions make him guilty of a gross violation of prosody in lengthening and accenting the short penultima of the trisyllabic *Briareus*—thus—

Whom gods *Briareus*, men *Ægeon* name. (v. 523.)

But I doubt not, that, after the example of his author, and of Milton, he intended *Briareos*, which, as a word of four syllables, properly admits the accent on the second—and that he meant a *synæresis* of the third and fourth, such as he had before his eyes in the very line which he was translating, where the accusative, *Briareûs*, is reduced by *synæresis* to three—and such as Shakespear three times exhibits in the name *Romeo*, in the following line—

O *Romeo* ! *Romeo* !; wherefore art thou *Romeo* ?

which is only a common five-foot Iambic, with a redundant syllable. [*.* Part of this note is extracted from a letter of mine, in reply to a querist in the "*Lady's Magazine*," for November, 1809.]

252

He brought back the beauteous dame in triumph,
With whom came her sister, fair Emilia.

*Iambic Verses of ten syllables, with a mixture of other
feet besides the Iambus.*

253

To partake of those sublimer pleasures,
I would forsake the world and all its charms.

254

While the shepherd, free from passion, thus sleeps,
A monarch might see his state with envy.

255

Fair order and rule dwell in her mansion :
What she earns so well, she eats with temp'rance.

256

With more than mortal sound the pavement rang ;
Huge stones, uprooted from the ground, flew wide.

257

Fiends incarnate, who, void of shame or fear,
Dare to assume the Christian's sacred name.

258

At length I sink to rest, sad and hopeless,
Oppress'd by solitude, sorrow, silence.

259

Led on by me, bravely dare the danger ;
Share the perils and the glory with me.

260

Thirsting for immortal fame, the hero

*Had rather** die nobly, than live with shame.

261

We tend to th' appointed place, like pilgrims :
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

* *Had rather*.—Dr. Johnson has somewhere stigmatised this phrase as a vulgar barbarism; and many modern writers, influenced, I presume, by his authority, have utterly discarded it, to adopt *Would rather* in its place. But, however great the veneration, which I entertain, in other respects, for Dr. Johnson's transcendent abilities, I cannot, in the present instance, subscribe to his opinion, without wilfully shutting my eyes against the light. *Had rather*, is genuine English, and a very good expression, if rightly understood. *Had* is here in the imperfect tense subjunctive: and, when a man says, for example, "*I had rather die than submit*," the meaning is, "*I would rather have [or take, or choose] to die, than to submit*."—But, as some modern grammarians deny the existence of a subjunctive mood in English, it may be well to recollect that the ground-work of our language is borrowed from the German. Now the German language most evidently and undeniably has a subjunctive mood, which is more particularly conspicuous in the very numerous host of irregular verbs, because, in the generality of these, the present and imperfect of the subjunctive mood are found materially to differ from the same tenses of the indicative. I shall here quote two examples, which we can exactly parallel in English—Indicative, "*Ich war*," *I was*—Subjunctive, "*Ich wäre*," or "*wäre*" [pronounced, in either case, *wayrè*] *I were*, i. e. *I would or should be*:—Indic. "*Ich hatte*," *I had*—Subj. "*Ich hätte*, or *hatte* [pronounced, in either case, *hayttè*] *I would or should have*. Now this *hatte*, or *hätte*, is the very word used in our good old English form, "*had rather*," and in such phrases as "*had I the means, I would do it*,"—"*had I been there, I would have done it*,"—and its present want of a distinctive

262

Take what God gives, since to rebel is vain.
The bad, which we sustain well, grows better.

263

A holy and a happy pair lie here,
They now share in glory, as once in grace.

264

He strove, in Scythia, with the warrior queen,
Whom, first by force, then by love, he conquer'd.

character to discriminate it from *had* of the indicative, is easily accounted for. When the *hatte* of the indicative was changed to *had*, the subjunctive *hätte* naturally underwent a similar metamorphosis, and became *häd* [pronounced *hayd*]. In process of time, particularly after the Norman conquest had banished the Anglo-Saxon language from the court and the polite circles, the distinction between *had* and *häd* was gradually obliterated, till at length both words were indiscriminately pronounced *had*. — If Dr. Johnson had looked to the German, he certainly would not have reprobated, as barbarous, a long-established and perfectly grammatical form of expression. But, of his unfortunate want of acquaintance with that language (so indispensably requisite to an English lexicographer) a truly ludicrous instance occurs in his Dictionary, under the word, *Booby*. At a loss for its etymology, he quotes the authority of a fanciful predecessor, who derives the word from *Bull-beef*!!! Whether this was intended as a compliment to Mr. *John Bull*, as if honest John and his progeny were the most notable boobies in Europe, I pretend not to determine. But, be that as it may, the word *Booby* is pure German, viz. *Bube* [pronounced *boobè*] which signifies a *child*, a *boy*, a *great awkward boy*, an *oaf* — in short, a *booby* — without a single particle of John Bull's beef in his whole composition.

265. — *The Planet Saturn.*

A wond'rous circle clings round his huge form,
And, with lucid rings, girds his frozen globe.

266. — *The Planet Jupiter.*

Four bright *satellites** attend his orb,
And lend their borrow'd radiance to his night.

267

My breast labors now with oppressive care ;
And the falling tear descends o'er my cheek.

268

Distrust mankind : confer with your own heart ;
And dread to find a flatterer e'en there.

* *Satellites*. — Although *Satellites* be commonly pronounced, in *English*, as three syllables, and accented on the first, it must, in the present instance, be pronounced as four, and accented on the second ; the word being here pure *Latin*, as in Pope's *Essay on Man*, Epist. i. 42 —

“ Or ask of yonder argent fields above,

“ Why *Jove's satellites* are less than *Jove*.”

Pope, it is true, has been accused of an almost *unpardonable* poetic licence in thus accenting the word : but there was not the slightest ground for such accusation, as there is not even a shadow of poetic licence in the case. Had he, as a *Latin* word, accented it on the first syllable after the English fashion, he would have shown himself grossly ignorant of what is well known to every school-boy who has learned the Latin declensions, viz. that the *Latin Satellites* neither is nor can be otherwise accented than on the second syllable : and he would have been equally ridiculed by every classical scholar, as if he had accented *Themistocles* and *Achilles* on the first, and curtailed them to *Them'stocles* and *Ach'les*.

269

Lov'd Charity, seraph of earth, appears,
And drops celestial tears on human griefs.

270

Tell them, I still hope to live triumphant,
And revive in bliss with them after death.

271

The honor, which the Muse conveys, is faint,
If, void of truth, she lavish wanton praise.

272

O genial Nature ! preside o'er my soul :
Guide the trembling hand of feeling friendship.

273

I'll deck his humble tomb with pious care,
And bid the mem'ry of his virtues bloom.

274

To gain *your* praise, was all my ambition,
And to please *you* alone, all my pleasure.

275

He bids his car to rise from earth's low orb,
And sails through the trackless skies, advent'rous.

276

Though, with her laughing eyes, Pleasure hail thee,
Thy crimes will soon rise in direful judgement.

277

Conceive a maid crown'd with ev'ry virtue,
Renown'd alike for wit and for beauty.

278

His speech restrain'd the tempest of her grief;
And the maid regain'd awhile her lost peace.

279

The sun turns, revolving on his axis,
And burns intensely with creative fire.

280

Alas! the gilded prospects fled too soon,
Leaving, in their stead, despair and mis'ry.

281

Jack may well be vain of his fine feelings;
For he has felt a cane most acutely.

282

Succeeding ages shall hear his triumph,
And blend a tear with their admiration.

283

Oh! discard for a while the vulgar joys
Of unmeaning noise and empty pageant.

284

Where'er he flies, suspicion haunts the wretch:
He lives hated, and dies unlamented.

285

Though he shine here, bright in polish'd lustre,
His fainter light is scarce seen in the heav'ns.

286

Stern Diana's altar stood in *Tauris**,
Drench'd with human blood, and girt with terrors.

* *Tauris*.—This appellation of the Crimea (or Tauric Chersonnesus), lately revived by Russian Catharine, is sometimes improperly written *Taurida*; an error, which originated in hasty translations from the French, by persons who happened not to recollect the ancient name, or the French usage in form-

287

See stern defiance lour on Satan's brow,
And Hell's grim legions pour all around him.

288

Then man, blest with universal concord,
Shall clasp to his breast each brother and friend.

289

Vain the giddy strife for honors and gold:
A useful life is the first of honors.

290

Modest Worth pines there in secret sorrow,
And reclines his head, far from ev'ry joy.

291

If you want, earn : impart, if you abound.

ing terminations. In this and many similar cases, where the ancient name of a *country* (I do not say, of a *town*) ends in *IS*, the French closely follow the practice of the Italians, who, in almost innumerable instances, form their nouns from the Latin ablative, as *Libro, Vino, Castello, Pane, Cesare, Cicerone*. Thus the Latin *Tauris* (ablative, *Tauride*) becomes, in Italian, *Tauride*, of three syllables, and, in French, *Tauride*, of two—as *Aulis, Colchis, Phocis*, are rendered *Aulide, Colchide, Phocide*, in Mons. Dacier's *Horace*, and Madame Dacier's *Homer*. And, since it has not been judged proper, in English, to transform the names of these last-mentioned countries into *Aulide, Colchide, Phocida*, it is much to be regretted that some respectable writers, who cannot be suspected of ignorance, have, with too great a facility of condescension, adopted from those translators the irregular appellation of *Taurida*, instead of setting them right by their own example, which would have been deferentially received as authority, and have finally preponderated with the public.

To the feeling heart, these both are pleasures.

292

The fav'rite child, without strict discipline,
Runs wild, like a neglected forester.

293

Can gold make reason shine, or calm passion ?
Can we, from the mine, dig wisdom or peace ?

294

If attir'd in heav'nly truths, religion,
To be admir'd, needs only to be seen.

295

The slaves of establish'd mode and custom,
We keep the road with pack-horse constancy.

296

He that has a father's heart, will not blush
To take a childish part in childish plays.

297

Lofty hills now display their verdant crowns,
Emerging into day in vernal pomp.

298

The boasted skill of old *practitioners**
Could avail nought to check the growing ill.

* *Practitioners*.—How this word could ever gain an established footing in our language, I am utterly at a loss to conceive: but I hope that the gentlemen of the liberal professions, to whom it is usually applied, may brand it with their marked disapprobation, and, as a mis-created monster, hunt it from the circles of polished society, to herd' in future with vulgar "*Musitioners*" and "*Polititioners*."—As, from the French *Musicien*, *Logicien*, *Mathématicien*, we have formed *Musicians*,

299

The eye of morn lends its brightness in vain :
 The eve sends its frolic Zephyr in vain.
 For me, whom fate beguiles of ev'ry joy,
 No beauty smiles, and no music warbles.

300

Wafted by thy gentle gale, blest Mem'ry !
 I oft turn my sail up the stream of time,
 To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
 Blest with far fresher flow'rs, far greener shades.

301

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
 Of undesery'd disdain and fancied scorn,
 And bear, upon a blushing face, the marks
 Of self-impos'd disgrace, and needless shame.

302

We come from our eternal rest with joy,
 To see th' oppressor oppress'd in his turn
 'Tis thus Omnipotence fulfils his law ;
 And, what Justice wills, Vengeance executes.

303

Without her heav'nly guide, Philosophy

Logician, Mathematician, so we ought to form *Practician* from the French *Praticien*—re-instating, of course, the *c* or *k* of the original Greek, *Practicos*, which is omitted in the French, only for the sake of a softer sound.—With respect to *Parishioner*, improperly formed from the French *Paroissien* in the same irregular manner as *Practitioner* and *Musitioner* above, it were fruitless to attempt the extirpation of an error now inveterate in the language, and too deeply rooted to allow any hope of success.

May nourish pride, and blow up self-conceit,
 But, while the reas'ning part is her province,
 Has still on her heart a veil of midnight.

304. — *The Christian.*

With unmanly fears he holds no parley :
 He confidently steers, where duty bids ;
 At her call, faces a thousand dangers,
 And surmounts them all, trusting in his God.

305

When life is new, our joys are not num'rous ;
 And some of the few are falling yearly.

306

Seek not thou, with vain endeavour, to find
 The secret counsels of almighty mind.
 The great decree lies involv'd in darkness ;
 Nor can the depths of fate by thee be pierc'd.

307

Oh ! wipe the falling dew from Sorrow's cheek :
 The sons of want renew to you their plaint.
 Impart the balm of kind relief again,
 And glad the aching heart with timely aid.

308

The morsel valour gains, is sweet to me :
 The homely cup which freedom drains, is sweet :
 The joys which independence knows, are sweet ;
 And revenge, wreak'd on insulting foes, sweet.

309

A naked new-born child, on parent's knees
 Thou sat'st weeping, while all smil'd around thee.
 So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,

Thou may'st smile calm, when all weep around thee.

310

Pleasures are few ; and we enjoy fewer :
Pleasure is bright and coy, like quicksilver :
With our utmost skill we strive to grasp it :
It eludes us still, and it still glitters.

311

“ Can this be true ? ” cries an arch observer.—
“ True ! yes, 'tis true : with these eyes I saw it.”—
“ On that ground alone, sir, I believe it :
Had I seen it with my own, I could not.”

312

A tale should be succinct, clear, judicious ;
The incidents well link'd, the language plain.
Tell not what ev'ry body knows, as new ;
And, new or old, hasten still to a close.

313

Though array'd in Vulcanian panoply,
*Patroclus** betray'd his native weakness,

* *Patroclus*.—This name must here take the accent on the first syllable, and have the second short; which, in fact, is the genuine classic pronunciation, though Mr. Pope, in translating Homer, chose to make it *Patroclus*, for the sake of metrical convenience; *Patroclus* being better suited to the nature of iambic verse than *Patroclus*. A late writer, after having quoted the authority of some modern lexicographers, and given his own vote in favor of *Patroclus*, calls for a reason why he should not be at liberty to accent *Patrocles* and *Patrocli* in the same manner.—A very simple and obvious reason might easily have been given, without recurring to modern authorities in a case where:

When, tempting the unequal fight rashly,
 Beneath resistless Hector's might he fell,
 Taught by *his* superior prowess to know,
 How different real worth from empty show.

314

Oh ! could some poet rise, bold in wisdom,
 And unfold half thy beauties to the world,

they cannot possibly have the smallest weight, as the question must be decided by one universal and invariable rule, well known to every school-boy who has read even the first page of the Latin prosody. The rule is, that a short vowel, immediately preceding a mute and liquid, is rendered, by such position, *not necessarily long, but simply common*; that is to say, that, although it still remain *short in prose*, it may, in poetry, be made either long or short, at the writer's option, as I have shown by various examples in my "*Latin Prosody*." Now, *Patrōclus, Patrōcles, Andrōcles, Nicōcles, Metrōcles, Damōcles, &c.* being written in Greek with the *O-micron*, or short *O*, that *O*, though rendered common in poetry by the following mute and liquid, still continues short in Greek and Latin prose: consequently, it ought to be so pronounced in English prose; and, as our language does not admit a licentious two-fold pronunciation, it ought to be equally short in our poetry. Indeed the warmest admirer of ancient literature would certainly laugh at any writer who should, in English verse, transform the well-known prosaic names of *Perōcles, Sophōcles, Themistōcles*, to *Perīcles, Sophīcles, Themistīcles*, though such transformation is perfectly allowable in Greek and Latin.—The same unvarying rule applies to *Dorŷclus, Iphŷclus*, and many other names, which are too often mis-accented and mispronounced by persons un-acquainted with the ancient languages.—See the note on *Androcles*, page 129, No. 321.

Roving on fancy's wing, impart thy fire,
 And feel thy genius beaming on his heart—
 I'd wish humbly, though the wish would be vain,
 That on me some small portion might alight.

315. — *To England, on the Roman Invasion.*

At this distant moment, thy language shows,
 How much the country owes to the conqueror:
 Refin'd, energetic, and expressive,
 It sparkles with the gems he left behind.
 When he came, he brought thy land a blessing:
 Savage he found thee, and tame he left thee.

316

The scenes of life, when confess'd and present,
 Stamp on the breast but their bolder features:
 Yet not an image, when view'd remotely,
 However rude, and however trivial,
 But wakes the social sigh, and wins the heart,
 With ev'ry claim of close affinity.

317

Rich harvests fill each undulating vale:
 Trees crown the waving hill: flow'rs deck the mead.
 Oaks throw a show'r of acorns from their boughs:
 In the trunk below, bees hoard their nectar.
 Large flocks, that whiten and spread o'er the field,
 Yield to the shepherd their fleecy tribute.

318. — *Sir Robert Walpole.*

Thus was he form'd to please and to govern:
 Dignity with ease, familiar greatness,
 Compos'd his frame: in ev'ry state, admir'd;
 Great in public, amiable in private;

In pow'r, gentle, but, in disgrace, daring;
His love was liberty, peace was his wish.

319

Darius tow'r'd in pride high on his throne:
The fair *Apame** grac'd the sov'reign's side;
And she smil'd now, and, with mimic frown, now
Plac'd the monarch's sacred crown on her brow.
He bends o'er her faultless form in transport,
Loves ev'ry look, and commends ev'ry act.

320. — *A Miser.*

He wore a threadbare cloak, and rusty hat:
At charge of other *folk*† he din'd and supp'd:
And, had he held out his palms, by his looks,
An object fit for alms he might be thought.
So, if he refus'd his pelf to the poor,

* *Apame*.—The elegant and ingenious author of these lines has used a poetic licence in lengthening the middle syllable of this name, which must here accordingly be made *Apāme*, though its real quantity is *Apāme*.—But, as some of our dictionaries say otherwise, it may be necessary to add, that, although perhaps no ancient verse can be produced, in which the name appears, there occurs, in Priscian's geographical poem, a line (quoted in my "*Latin Prosody*," sect. 3) which mentions the city of *Apāmēa*, denominated from *Apāme*; and, by a well-known rule of ancient prosody, the quantity of the derivative proves that the primitive *Apāme* has the middle syllable short.

† *Folk*.—These lines are from Swift, whose suffrage we thus luckily have in favor of grammatic propriety; *folk* being a singular noun of multitude, like *people*; and neither of them admitting a plural, unless (like the Latin *populi* and the French *peuples*) we were to say *folks* or *peoples*, for *nations*.

Full as kindly as himself he us'd them.

321. — *Androcles and the Lion.*

When the lion rears his terrific form,
Lo! *Androcles** appears half dead with fright.
But, when the lion views his well-known face,
How soon he renews his former friendship!
The grateful brute lies on the ground, fawning,
And licks the hand that had erst heal'd his wound.

322. — *The Planet Jupiter.*

Revolving earth must run her course twelve times,
Ere, round the sun, the vast planet journeys.
Four radiant moons guide the mighty monarch,
And dance by his side in bright succession;
Eclips'd and eclipsing, move around him,
And light the night of Jove with changing beams.
Round the sacred oak, gay with garlands, thus
In bright array the rural virgins dance.

323

We die in part, as those we love decay:
String after string from the heart is sever'd;
Till loosen'd life, but breathing clay at last,
Is glad to fall away without one pang.

* *Androcles*.—This name, like some other Greek names of kindred derivation, is written in two ways, *Androclus* and *Androcles*, as, in Homer, we find one and the same individual indiscriminately called *Patroclus* and *Patrocles*.—In Aulus Gellius, the name is *Androclus*—in Ælian, *Androcles*; which latter is preferable, as the more usual form of such derivatives. In either shape, it has the middle syllable short, and the accent on the first.—See the note on *Patroclus*, page 125, No. 313.

Unhappy he, who feels the blow latest,
 Whose eyes, o'er ev'ry friend laid low, have wept ;
 Dragg'd on from partial death to death, ling'ring,
 Till, dying, breath is all he can resign.

324. — *The Post Horse.*

Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
 Or reviving ardor burn through his frame, [ing :
 He must come forth, though sore, maim'd, and limp-
 The chaise is at the door : he hears the whip.
 The collar tightens : and he feels again
 His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd ; the wheels again
 In his ears resound with tiresome sameness,
 O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.
 Thus robb'd nightly, and ev'ry day injur'd,
 His piece-meal murd'ers wear away his life.

325

The blackbird, the thrush — all the tuneful throng,
 That with their melodious song cheer the groves,
 And spend their days harmless — spare, ye gunners !
 But the *predacious** tyrants of the air,
 Whose fierce attacks annoy the peaceful tribes —
 Ye gunners! employ all your skill on these.

* *Predacious*. — This word being frequently mis-spelled, even in dictionaries, and converted into *PredaCEous*, I wish my young readers to observe, in this and numerous other cases, the very material distinction between the terminations *ACIOUS* and *ACEOUS*, which convey meanings as widely different as the terminations *ING* and *ED* annexed to our English verbs. Adjectives in *ACEOUS* (in Latin *ACEUS*, and either always or most commonly derived from substantives) signify, of the same nature

326

Say, in his own proud esteem, what is man?
 Hear him — himself the theme and the poet —
 A monarch cloth'd with awe and majesty ;

or substance as the original noun, or resembling or belonging to or consisting of it, as *Argillaceous*, *Farinaceous*, *Sebaceous*, *Saponaceous*, &c. &c. But adjectives in *ACIOUS* (in Latin, *AX* — Italian, *ACE* — French, sometimes *ACE*, as *Ténace*, sometimes *ACIEUX*, whence our English *ACIOUS*, as *Audacieux*, *Audacious*) are mostly derived from verbs, and signify fond of, or addicted to, or fit for the action of the original verb, as *Loquacious*, fond of talking, *Rapacious*, addicted to snatching or plundering, *Tenacious*, apt to hold or retain, *Capacious*, fit or able to contain, or of fit size to contain much; and so in a variety of other examples. — Agreeably to this analogy, from the Latin verb *Prædor* (to prey or plunder) we form the adjective *Prædax* — In English, *Prædacious* — apt to prey or plunder — addicted to preying or plundering; and, from the substantive *Præda* (prey, plunder, booty) comes the Adjective *Prædaceus* — in English, *Prædaceous* — belonging to prey or booty — consisting of prey or booty. — Hence it is evident that birds or beasts of prey must be described as *Prædacious*, but cannot correctly be called *Prædaceous*. Indeed the word *Prædaceous* can hardly be used with propriety, except by a writer, who, little scrupulous respecting quaintness or novelty of diction, should employ it in some such combination as the following —

With rav'ning appetite, the bird of Jove

In haste dispatches his *predaceous* meal —

i. e. his meal consisting of prey — or (speaking of Gil Blas in the robbers' cavern) —

He looks around, and, with astonish'd gaze,

Silent surveys the rich *predaceous* hoard —

i. e. the hoard consisting of prey or plunder.

His will his law, and his mind his kingdom ;
 In his mien grace, and in his eyes glory ;
 Supreme on earth, and worthy of the skies ;
 Dominion in his nod, strength in his heart ;
 And quite a god, thunderbolts excepted.
 So sings he, charm'd with his own form and mind ;
 The theme a worm, the song magnificent.

327

See the peacock, that self-applauding bird !
 Mark what a haughty Pharisee he is.
 Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
 His radiant glories, gold, green, and azure.....
 He seems to say, " Give place, ye meaner fowl :
 I am all grace, dignity, and splendor."
 The pheasant presumes not so on his charms,
 Though he has a glory in his plumes too.
 He, with modest mien, retreats, Christian-like,
 To the far-sequester'd green, or close copse,
 And, without desiring to be seen, shines.

328

Plac'd on this bustling stage for his trial,
 From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
 Free in his will to refuse or to choose,
 Man may abuse or improve the crisis.....
 Conscience from within, and heav'n from above,
 Cries in his startled ear, " From sin abstain."
 The world around solicits his desire,
 And kindles a treach'rous fire in his soul,
 While, to guard all his purposes and steps,
 Peace follows Virtue, as her sure reward ;

And Pleasure brings in her train as surely
Vindictive pain and sorrow and remorse.

329.

The lapse of rivers and time is the same :
With a restless stream both speed their journey.
The silent pace, with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay :
Both, when past, alike irrevocable ;
And at last a wide ocean swallows both.
Though, in ev'ry part, each resemble each,
A diff'rence at length strikes the musing heart.
Streams never flow in vain : where streams abound,
How the land laughs, crown'd with various plenty !
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves behind a dreary waste.

330. — *Written in a hollow Tree.*

Dispos'd to philosophic mental peace,
I sit compos'd here in this hollow trunk,
In this sequester'd cell, far from the world,
Content to dwell, like old Diogenes ;
Inspir'd to moralise, and trace the time
When this oak, once tow'ring, was in its prime,
When its verdant branches spread o'er the lawn,
Though now dead from mutilation and age.....
This relic then shall be a temple now
To those who, like me, love Arcadian scenes ;
Who with rapture hear all the warbling throng
Hail, with grateful song, the sweet morn of spring.

Iambics of five feet, or ten syllables, with examples of synæresis.

331

The fragrant blossoms of the vernal field
Yield mellifluous essence to artful bees.

332

He was a virtuous and brave veteran,
Who ne'er bent the knee to foul dishonor.

333

The *aloë** blooms, when o'er her tow'ring head
A hundred years have shed their fost'ring dews.

* *Aloë*, though properly three syllables, must here be reduced by synæresis to two, and so pronounced as nearly to rhyme with *Tallōwŷ*, when shortly and rapidly uttered — not with *Tallow* or *Fallow*, as it is sometimes erroneously sounded. The word is pure Greek; and, in that language, as likewise in the Latin, it is invariably a trisyllable, like *Pholoë*, *Eunoë*, *Danaë*. — With respect to *Aloës*, improperly used as the name of the drug, and as improperly made to rhyme with *Fallows*, I can only say (what is sufficiently known to every school-boy who has but learned the Latin grammar, and a couple of declensions in the Greek) that no such form as *Aloës* does or can exist in the Greek or Latin, except in the genitive case singular, very correctly used by physicians in their prescriptions, as *Tinct. Aloës*, *Tincture* (i. e. *Aloë*); from which prescriptions, I presume, the word accidentally made its way into common conversation, as a singular nominative; for, as to *plural*, it has none in either Greek or Latin, as is equally well known to even the youthful novices in those languages. — Were there question, however, of mentioning *Aloë plants* in the plural, my young readers need

334

She seeks the vale of death with hurried steps,
And resigns her breath in wild delirium.

335

The morning beams, that impart life and joy,
Shall warm my heart with their genial influence.

336

He then flew lightly from his lofty steed,
And he rais'd the suppliant crew, one by one.

337

Regardless of the divine spark, they strive
To shine in fashion's transient and dim beams.

338

In days of yore, thou wast the veriest slave,
That ever tugg'd an oar, or dragg'd a chain.

339

Whoe'er can lead forth a patriot statesman,
Replete with worth, fortitude, and wisdom,
I give this golden chain and scarf to him.
His name shall ever live, engrav'd with mine.

340

While, amid the pomp of state, *Damöcles* *
Sate enraptur'd at the regal banquet,
O'er his head he spied the sword suspended;
And all pleasure and joy fled at the sight.
From the sumptuous board he started, alarm'd,
And wish'd his humbler, safer, fare restor'd.

not scruple to say *Aloës*, pronouncing the word in three syllables; the last to rhyme with *These*.

* *Damöcles*—the middle syllable short, and the accent on the first. — See the note on *Patroclus*, No. 313, page 125.

341

Has nature denied that force to my nerves,
 With which my happier fellows are supplied?
 Or does my shrinking mind, to toil averse,
 Lazily recoil from labor's duties?
 No! the bounteous hand of heav'n to these limbs
 Has giv'n a more than common share of force:
 Nor were their pow'rs, by pride or indolence,
 Denied to the severest claims of toil.

342. — *To Mrs. Siddens.*

Expos'd to scenes where varied pleasure glows,
 And all the lures which vice throws for beauty,
 'Tis thine to remain, 'midst danger, unhurt,
 And, though thou feel'st its influence, prove it vain.
 Thus th' asbestos defies the pow'r of fire,
 And lies un-injur'd, 'midst its violence;
 And, though destructive flames roar around it,
 Quits the fierce furnace perfect as before.
 But whence canst thou tread with un-injur'd feet
 The world's dire path, spread with burning plough-
 shares?
 Whence can thy heart disdain temptation's pow'r,
 While Envy's darts in vain assail thy fame?
 Religion's shelt'ring pinions wave o'er thee;
 And the wreath, that Justice gave, Virtue guards.

Iambics of eight and six syllables alternately; the first line to rhyme with the third—the second, with the fourth.

343

Ah! what is life?—The road to death

Through dismay and anguish,
With ev'ry breath we inhale ill,
Along the devious way.

344

The sweet songsters of the grove now
Prepare their matin hymns,
Which, tun'd to love and gratitude,
Declare their maker's pow'r.

345

We still rove together at eve,
To hear the nightingale,
Who chants sweetly the notes of love,
So tremulously clear.

346

He clad too and taught the orphan,
Reliev'd the widow's wants,
Brought kind assistance to prisons,
Where captive debtors griev'd.

347

His drear abode is yon hovel,
Which scarcely yields shelter:
He sits beside the road all day,
Or walks the fields slowly.

348

Round me glows th' Elysian prospect,
O'erspread with vernal hues:
My heart o'erflows with ecstasy,
As I tread these lov'd scenes.

349

But now, plann'd by judgement and taste,

We find, throughout these scenes,
The works of Art's improving hand
Join'd with ancient splendor.

350. — *The Glow-worm.*

Near the stream, or beneath the hedge,
A worm is known to stray,
That shows a lucid beam by night,
Which by day disappears.

351. — *The Antiquary.*

He bore a druid's sacred form :
A girdle bound his robes :
In ancient lore he was deep vers'd,
In old, profound customs.
He'd trace old kings, by musty coins,
And know their mien and air.
By face he well knew king Alfred,
Though he'd never seen George.

Iambics of eight and six syllables alternately; the six-syllable lines to rhyme — the others, not.

352

Could we obtain our present wish,
Should we rest contented?
That wish might perhaps prove fatal —
If possess'd, lamented.

353

Come, ye faithful! come triumphant!
Repair to Bethlehem.
Behold the king of angels born :
With pray'r adore the Lord.

Let the holy host of heav'n now
 Raise the cheerful chorus :
 Praise to the Lord in the highest :
 Let all nations praise him.

*Iambics of eight syllables, with alternate rhyme ;
 i. e. the first line to rhyme with the third — the second,
 with the fourth.*

354

My soul, stop thy rapid flight here,
 Nor depart from the pleasing groves,
 Where great Nature first charm'd my sight,
 Where first Wisdom inform'd my heart.

355

In vain they search'd, to find the wretch,
 Whose breast never knew soft pity ;
 Whose heart ne'er felt a refin'd joy,
 But still drew its pleasure from guilt.

356

Why so soon retir'd from the world ?
 Why have you fled to solitude —
 Your heart fir'd with friendship and love,
 And poetic dreams in your head ?

357

Now morning and gentler gales came ;
 And hope cheer'd our bosoms again :
 We trimm'd our tatter'd sails gaily ;
 And England's coast appear'd at length.

358

On the Gallic shore soon landed,

And allow'd to roam on parole,
 Hope once more fill'd my faithful breast
 With thoughts of peaceful home and thee.

359

What, though the miser's painful hand
 Should drain the rich Peruvian mines?
 Could these command one single joy,
 Or mitigate one moment's pain?

360

As her rapid thoughts arise, she
 Can, in glowing phrase, express each,
 With charms, which Nature's self supplies
 To all she says, to all she does.

361

The fervid source of light and heat,
 Through the western skies descending,
 Though veil'd from mortal sight awhile,
 Shall rise with golden beam again.

362

In dire amaze, o'er the sad scene,
 With courage not her own, she went.
 She cast her gaze on many a corpse,
 And to many a groan turn'd her ear.

363

When I first began life's journey,
 With the load of care unburden'd,
 I ran with giant strides, in thought,
 To scenes that Fancy painted fair.
 My wishes would fly already
 To many a great and arduous height.

Nought was too high, nought too distant,
To tempt my fancy's daring flight.

364. — *To a sleeping Infant.*

Seraphic boy, sleep, sleep in peace,
Thou tender pledge of sincere love!

Thy wretched parents' only joy,

And their only solace here now.....

Smiling innocence, sleep secure!

May heav'n's sustaining arm be near,

And aid thee to endure calmly

The evils which here await thee.

365

Honeysuckles and new hay lend

To the breathing vale their fragrance;

While nameless flow'rs blend their odors,

And regale the smell with their sweets.

366

Thy moral grace, thy peerless charms,

Far excel the pow'rs of fiction.

Each beauty decorates thy face:

All the virtues dwell within thee.

367

Soft regard, dear, dove-like kindness,

And wit combin'd with loveliness —

At once our reward and our bonds —

Shall make captives of all mankind.

368

Some hapless wretch, a prey to grief,

Opress'd with more than common woes,

Pines away the night in sorrow,

Unbless'd by peace, uncheer'd by hope.....
 Fair queen of night! I call on thee:
 Hear my pray'r, O silver Cynthia!
 Unveil to my sight thy radiance,
 And to the child of care guide me.

369.

Madd'ning with her woe, Lucy now
 Tore her garments in frantic rage.
 She wildly view'd the sea below;
 Then plung'd headlong, no more to rise....
 They pass'd along the wave-worn beach.
 Their wand'ring search was vain some time.
 At last they saw poor Lucy's corpse,
 Where on the main it floated loose.

370

When the tempests roar loud and drear,
 When the billowy mountains rise high,
 And 'gainst the rocky shore, headlong,
 The vessel flies, driv'n by the blast,
 Say, does the seaman's daring mind
 Shrink from the angry frown of fate?
 Does he, resign'd to abject fear,
 Wait th' impending stroke in silence?

371. — *The Negro Slave.*

With guilty hands, force, ruffian force,
 Has torn me away from my joys,
 Condemn'd in distant lands to toil,
 And doom'd each passing day to weep.
 The clanking chain, and sounding whip,
 Disturb my rest with horrid din;

And dire curses, from profane lips,
 Shoot through my breast sudden terrors.
 From all I love, far divided,
 From all my heart holds dear, remov'd,
 I each day prove death's sharpest pangs,
 And shed the fruitless tear, each hour.

372

O'er their flutt'ring bands shall gay Youth
 Preside as chief, still attentive
 To watch thy nod, bear thy commands,
 And execute thy mighty will.
 From thy amarantine bow'r, lo!
 At his call, their host rushes quick;
 And each opposing pow'r shall soon
 Fall beneath their conqu'ring legions.
 Then, bound in thy silken fetters,
 Around thy throne, earth's various tribes
 To ground shall bow their heads, captive,
 And own THEE their sov'reign ruler.
 E'en stubborn Mars, enchain'd, subdu'd,
 Shall kneel submit before thy shrine,
 Shall rend the wreath gain'd by valour,
 And break the deadly steel, sighing.
 He'll tear from earth his once-lov'd palm,
 Embru'd with tears and gore and gall,
 And rear, in its place, the myrtle,
 Bedew'd by thee with nectar's juice.
 His shrill clation shall no more fire
 The warrior train with madd'ning notes,
 A tyrant's rav'ning ire to sate,

And drench the plain with kindred blood.
 Amid th' embattled throng, himself
 Shall tune his lay to the soft lute,
 And prolong sweet Lydian measures,
 'Till frowning Discord hie away.
 And, lo! their louring knitted brows
 The adverse hosts unbend gradual;
 Each bosom glows; each heart relents;
 Each hails his former foe a friend.
 Join'd in Concord's flow'ry bands, now
 They shout joyous the sacred name
 Of Brother! and, uniting hands,
 Proclaim eternal peace on earth.

*Iambics of eight syllables; the second and fourth lines
to rhyme—the first and third, not.*

373

Her visage was pale, her cheek wan;
 Yet her languid eye beam'd sweetly.
 Her faded form own'd a grace still,
 Which might almost vie with beauty.

374

The sky was serene, the sea calm,
 And the eastern gale blew gently,
 When, seated on a rock, Anna
 View'd the Lavinia's less'ning sail.
 She thus address'd her pray'r to heav'n:
 "Thou, who canst destroy, or canst save,
 Guard from each surrounding danger

My little sailor boy much-lov'd."

Iambics of five feet, or ten syllables, with alternate rhyme; i. e. the first line to rhyme with the third—the second, with the fourth.

375

Whither, whither art thou flown, lone wand'rer?
 To what gloomy dell or sequester'd bow'r?
 Say, dost thou go where sorrow is unknown?
 Dost thou dwell where trouble never enters?

376

Through the sky the ev'ning radiance gleams faint:
 The sober twilight darkens round dimly:
 The shrill bat flits by, in short quick circles;
 And along the ground the slow vapor curls.

377

Quench the sacred fire, ye sons of science!
 No more awake the vocal shell for fame:
 Let sordid gain inspire your stooping souls,
 And bid the soaring dreams of Hope farewell.

378

Ye Muses, say, what now avail your gifts,
 The poet's fire, and the poet's feelings?
 They but teach me to bewail keener pangs:
 They but inspire deeper lamentations.

379

Diffusing gladness all around, Spring now
 Courts the western breeze with alluring smiles,
 Scatters o'er the ground her gayest flowers,

And clothes the spreading trees in green foliage.

380

A friend I had: now that friend is no more.

His cold remains lie beneath the marble.

I deplore his loss with bitter anguish,

And often heave a sigh to his mem'ry.

381

But, lo! with crowded sail he comes at last!

See, what eager figures bend o'er the cliff!

And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!

He hears the welcome of a friend, in each.

382

Huge cover'd tables stood in the wide hall,

Crown'd with rich viands, and wines high-flavour'd,

Whatever tasteful food or sprightly juice

Is found on the green bosom of this earth.

383

The rooms were hung with costly tapestry,

Where many a gentle tale was inwoven,

Such as the rural poets sung, of old,

Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale.

384

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,

Shield the midnight gloom from frightful visions:

Be near, angels of love and of fancy,

And diffuse a bloom o'er the blank of sleep.

385

Man was a rugged wight, the worst of brutes:

He prey'd on his own wretched kind, ruthless:

The strongest still over-ran the weakest:

Mighty robbers sway'd in ev'ry country.

386

Th' inferior demons of the place, alarm'd,
 Rais'd around rueful shrieks and hideous yells.
 Stormy black clouds deform'd the welkin's face;
 And a wailing sound was heard from beneath.

387

How vast this wond'rous scene appear'd, how fair,
 When hope display'd its op'ning buds at first!
 How dull and comfortless, how mean and poor,
 Has reason since portray'd this mighty world!

388

Pour thy melting notes on my fainting soul,
 Softer than spring's lone minstrel can bestow.
 While thy cadence floats through the list'ning air,
 The sigh shall cease, the tear forget to flow.

389. — *Retirement.*

On a faithful shore, ambition's vessel
 Rests in peace here, sweet content her anchor.
 No more is curiosity seen here
 Exploring each event with prying eye.

390

The Muses rove o'er the grassy meads here,
 Or by yon stream that strays through the valley;
 While through the grove inspiration whispers,
 And sportive fancy plays 'mid the foliage.

391

Ye sublime hills, that o'er the wild landscape
 Frown wild and drear in terrific grandeur,
 Thou crystal Tay, that roll'st in mild cadence,

I come to sooth here my childish sorrows.

392

Charmer of the anguish'd hour, Patience! come,

Skill'd to beguile each desponding horror.

Sweet but serious pow'r! come, benignly mild,

And with thy melancholy smile sooth me.

393

The rooks are hush'd to rest in yonder grove,

Within their nests, among the topmost boughs;

The light-wing'd lark has press'd his lowly bed:

The glossy blackbird his song has forgot.

394

The tall tomb uprears its pompous head there,

Spread o'er with praise and with high-sounding verse,

As though the fulsome theme the dead could please,

Or on eternity's vast shore sooth them.

395

Thou hast pow'r, sweet child of fancy, Fiction,

To move each various passion that we know;

Canst bid the brow lour with imag'd sorrows,

Canst make the breast glow with imag'd pleasures.

396

How oft shall we be told, in reason's spite,

(And told it in Britain's lib'ral air too)

By those who hold Afric's sons in bondage,

That they fare better than Scotia's peasants?

397

O Peace! I resign all the world for thee;

I fly from all the haunts of men for thee.

O divine maid, I ask but this on earth,

To wander with thee, and to die with thee.

398

Where'er they go, obedient Fortune waits :
 Th' inconstant elements are kind, for them :
 The prottest streams forget to flow, for them ;
 And the fav'ring wind springs up at their wish.

399

I now stand alone on the world's bleak waste :
 I am left an unprotected orphan.
 The names of kindred are unknown to me :
 I'm bereft of each endearing comfort.

400

Gentle villager, pause here a moment :
 Forego the thoughts of earthly cares awhile :
 Drop one pitying tear, or breathe a soft sigh,
 If for others' woe thy bosom e'er throbb'd.

401

Days of my youth ! are you flown for ever ?
 Blest days of ease and innocence, adieu !
 Are you gone, dear rustic recreations—
 Pastimes of youth, when ev'ry sport could please ?

402. — *May.*

No frowning moments dare intrude their gloom :
 But from ev'ry spray melody is heard.
 The fleecy wand'ers crop their plenteous food,
 Or sport away the sunny hours gaily.

403

Affection's glance can pierce the dreary gloom,
 That curtains round the unknown land with clouds.
 She wails and sobs o'er thy tomb in anguish ;

Alas! her moan unheard, her tears unseen.

404

Let busy Scandal, with tongue malignant,
Repeat thy piteous tale with savage joy:
Wrung by thy sorrows, the feeling soul shall
Bewail thy fate in sympathetic strains.

405

Anxious for his country's weal, some statesman
Perhaps scans the fate of mighty empires.
His lab'ring mind can feel no soft repose,
While he weighs th' important plans in his breast.

406

I strike thy trembling strings once more, my lyre;
But I raise not again thy notes to joy.
Grief flings her hand o'er the chords, distressful,
And oft delays the song, faintly pausing.

407

I beheld a youthful stripling with him:
His mien was modest, and his gait careless;
And he held a half-strung lyre in his hand,
Which he oft struck, between each idle pause.

408

If e'er you chose, sweet pensive jessamine,
To deck an humble spot to fame unknown;
And thou, fair virgin rose, of modest blush,
If kindred worth and charms claim thy notice;
Oh! round yon tomb interweave your branches,
And embalm the air with united sweets:
For beauty's bloom, and truth, and innocence—
All that the poet lov'd—is there buried.

409

Sterne! thy poetic pow'rs are dear to all:

We sit and moan near sick Le Fevre's couch;
And, wrung with anguish, drop the piteous tear
For poor Maria, wild, wand'ring, alone.

Nor less thy poignant wit and mirth delights:
The angled fence, the martial bowling-green,
Old Shandy's arguments, are fit emblems
Of ruling passions mast'ring common sense.

410. — *Indolence.*

He wish'd sometimes to shake off his stupor,
And break the charm which bound his senses thus,
Awake to deeds of noble enterprise,

And join the busy crowd which buzz'd around.
But still he ever found some vain excuse,
And said, "It will do as well to-morrow."

It came, and fled:—the same unvaried round
He pass'd, nor could repel its numbing pow'rs.

411

That breast, the seat of refin'd sentiment,
Those pow'rs, that could explore ev'ry science,
Are now consign'd to Death's unfathom'd gulf—

Alas! no more to charm th' admiring world.
What avails now that divine eloquence,
That on the dubious mind stamp'd conviction?
The savage and sage must resign their life:
Time leaves behind no wreck of human pow'r.

412

What, if the smiles of Fortune play round me,
Or if through the land my name be echo'd?

What, if a servile train obey my voice,
 Or honors, or length of days, stand round me?
 Can these impart one ray of bliss to mind,
 Or spread o'er the breast the glow of virtue,
 From a love-sick heart remove the anguish,
 Lull our fears to rest, or disperse our doubts?

413

There, too, was he, who stemm'd nobly the tide
 Of corruption foul, with breast undaunted;
 Who liv'd for his country, and would have died,
 Could he, dying, have seen his country blest.
 He pitied its woes, and redress'd its wrongs;
 Devoted each successive day to it:
 But the iron arm of pow'r oppress'd him,
 Strewing o'er his way the thorns of sorrow.

414

Long-lost Peace, hail! divine dove-ey'd maid, hail!
 See a suppliant vot'ry bend at thy feet:
 Oh! with an eye benign deign to view him:
 So dying Hope shall find a friend in thee.
 Ah! turn not away thy angelic face!
 If thou'lt be mine, I'll quit this vale no more,
 But sit all the live-long day beside thee,
 And list to thy rural tale in silence.....
 There may we live, unseen and unsought for,
 By Fortune's train, rude, cold, and fantastic;
 Nor let the sons of Comus mark the green,
 Nor lounging triflers intrude on our hours.....
 If to our sylvan shed aught be welcome,
 Be it the trav'ler who has lost his way,

Who knows not where to rest his anxious head,
 Who knows not where to lay his weary limbs.

The second and fourth lines to rhyme—the others, not.

415

To chase the clouds of gloom, and sooth my grief,
 The beauties of the painted vale I sought.

I often water'd the flow'rs with my tears,
 And loaded the passing gale with my sighs.

416. — *A dying Father, to his Children.*

Pious offspring! go, and restrain those tears.

To regions of eternal bliss I fly:

Heav'n hears my dying pray'rs in your favor:

Take, in this clay-cold kiss, my last blessing.

*Iambics of eight syllables; each paragraph to make
 two verses, with rhyme.*

417

Blest spirit! forgive the mournful rites we keep.—

We weep for ourselves.

418

How soothing sweet nature's music to the troubled
 mind! how refin'd!

419

A swain, unvex'd with all the cares of gain, liv'd
 remote from cities.

420

I never overbear in conversation, with important air.

421

Nor would I invade my neighbour's right by stealth,
 with felonious slight.

422

Frail man is ever prone to err: but gen'rous
minds will own their faults.

423

Sweet to rove the tangled thickets of the grove at this
twilight hour.

424

To enrich her cells, the bee sucks honey from
cowslips' golden bells.

425

The drooping Muse, now dropp'd for news and poli-
tics, lay neglected.

426

And the hands, that plough the soil, shall guard
well the produce of their toil.

427

Then let us kneel here on your hallow'd threshold,
while we seal our vows.

428

The earth keeps her richest, proudest treasures within
her cavern'd deeps.

429

Benumbing frosts, which chill'd fair nature's genial
fire, retire at length.

430

Atrides! my Muse, with daring wing, would fain
sing thy glorious deeds.

431

But the melting notes soon again begin to flow in
slow murmurs.

432

The fav'ring Muse had stor'd his mild bosom with
all her ample views.

433

The surges force their way o'er the labor'd mole,
with resistless sway.

434

In the vale below, sparkling 'midst heaps of drifted
snow, I've found thee.

435

The sun has now nearly run his headlong course in
the kindling west.

436

Old Simon, remov'd to the manor-house, now prov'd
ev'ry comfort.

437

Oh! haste! restore the blessings of sweet peace to
this once-favor'd shore.

438

The Muses stray, far, far from Grandeur's noisy way,
to vales and groves.

439

Hence, the ant is found to tread the ground with
anxious steps, ev'ry day.

440

Thus died the wicked, wanton sparrow, in her pride
and cruelty.

441

The hoary swain strove, with cautious steps, to gain
the river's margin.

442

With anxious bleat, the playful lamb pursues his
dam, and seeks the teat.

443

Contentment, and sincere piety, and truth, lov'd to
shelter here.

444

The river-god, beguild by music's trilling notes,
sat up, and smil'd.

445

But see how regular the motion of the heav'nly
spheres appears.

446

A clown took his way across the forest before the
break of day.

447

Lo! a mother, a friend, a wife sleeps, where weeps
this silent marble.

448

The suff'rer, no more oppress'd with earthly cares,
soon sinks to rest there.

449

Haply, some angel whisper'd low in his ear, that his
hour was near.

450

Why should *he*, whose life is pass'd with fair renown,
fear the tyrant's frown?

451

Her lovely face, her faultless form, add new grace to
the diadem;

and Dārīūs, subject to a woman's laws, sees, and smiles applause.

452. — *Memory.*

She flies far from the busy world, to taste that peace
the world^d denies.

From youth to age, she sits entranc'd, reviewing life's
eventful page,

and noting the little lines of yesterday, as they fade
away.

453. — *To Dr. Thornton, on his beautiful representation of the Agave, or American Aloë*.*

Agāvě, nurs'd by a length of rolling years, rears her
stately form,

with wise delay, still protracting the beauty follow'd
by decay;

till, urg'd by time's resistless date, she braves ap-
proaching fate nobly,

and, conscious of impending doom, bursts forth into
bloom, impatient;

while the golden gems profusely shoot, rich, from all
their curving stems;

then the vegetable martyr, fading 'midst admiring
eyes, dies.

But, at thy command thus flow'ring, her finish'd form
shall stand unchang'd,

and, through ages yet to come, shall smile, glorying
in perennial bloom.

* See the note on *Aloë*, No. 333, page 134.

Iambics of ten syllables; each paragraph to make two verses, with rhyme.

454

The Thracian herdsman so stands full in the gap
with his spear, and hopes the hunted bear.

455

And a temple, sacred to the queen of love, was
rais'd above, o'er its eastern gate.

456

The form of Mars, all sheath'd in arms, stood high
on a chariot; and the god look'd gruffly.

457

The huntress Cynthia pursues the deer, with her
nymphs around: the woods resound with horns.

458

Then she preferr'd her chaste request thus lowly,
kneeling with her hands across her breast.

459

The war, and stern debate, and immortal strife,
shall then be the bus'ness of my life.

460

They were scarce seated, when a promiscuous rude
crowd at once rush'd in with loud clamors.

461

But, whither his soul went, let those, who search
the secrets of the future state, relate.

462

But, alas! why do mortal men in vain complain of
Providence, Fate, or Fortune?

463

He snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound in slumber,
and drown'd in long oblivion.

464

In days of old, there liv'd a valiant prince, of mighty fame;
and his name was *Theseus**.

465

Indulgent Heav'n vouchsafes the sweet vicissitudes
of night and day, for our delight.

466

O thou, with whom, from reason's dawn, my heart
was wont to share each care and each pleasure!

467

Oh! from our fate and our example learn, ere too
late, learn repentance and wisdom.

468

Thus, always teas'd, always teasing others, to be dis-
pleas'd is his only pleasure.

469

The rhet'ric they display, like quicksilver, shines, as
it runs, but, gras'd at, slips away.

470

To catch from the sight new rapture, angels had
stopp'd, when Mercy's mandate wing'd their flight.

471

We pay the tributary tear at learning's tomb, with
sincere grief and due rev'ence.

472

How much of learning, how much of knowledge,

* *Theseus*, two syllables. — See the note on *Orpheus*, No. 247,
page 112.

bade the world farewell, when Horatio fell!

473

The careful housewives make an ample cake for me
at home, rich with almonds and plums.

474

Pride of the land! you largely share whate'er of fair
or good celestial bounty gives.

475

The fool, who presumes to utter one opposing word
'gainst his sov'reign lord, is rash.

476

Scotia's queen now rose on her couch, and gaz'd away
her soul, as the day faintly dawn'd.

477

Ever working on a social plan, God attaches man to
man by various ties.

478

Yet depend not much upon your golden dream, al-
though it seem feasible and fair.

479

The sage, who late diffus'd the blessings of Britan-
nia's reign o'er India's wide domain.

480

There was a time, when the light wak'd me at morn
cheerfully, and, at night, peace was mine.

481

Ill-fated Greece saw both her taste and her genius
expire beneath a victor's ire.

482

Lo! lame Tyrtæus wakes slumb'ring Sparta's half-
extinguish'd fire with his martial lyre.

483

No tongue can express, no pen describe, and no
thought figure poor Orra's dire distress.

484

We thank the hand, that points the wholesome lancet
to some morbid part, with gentle art.

485

Theodosius, a youth endu'd with worth of early
growth, woo'd this beauteous virgin.

486

Dārīūs, tir'd with the toilsome pleasures of the day,
now lay reclin'd on his couch.

487

E'en now, e'en now, pale Despair weeps, and writh-
ing Anguish roars, on yondler western shores.
E'en now fierce Slav'ry stalks in Afric's groves with
hideous yell, and slips the dogs of hell.

488

The prophet spake well, " Let the desert sing: the
spiry fir shall spring where the thorn sprang;
and the luxuriant yew and myrtle shall grow, where
grew rank and unsightly thistles."

489

But these fond dreams of happiness are not confess'd,
'till time has calm'd the ruffled breast.
Heav'n's sweet smile is not reflected on the wave, 'till
the rushing winds forget to rave.

490

Ye careless and supine, from a voice like mine, take
counsel and caution, if you can.

I would teach truths, which the theorist could never reach, and observation taught me.

491

Just Heav'n approves the work of gen'rous love and filial fear, as sincere and honest :
but the omniscient judge scorns, with averted eyes, the slavish drudge, and the base hireling.

492. — *To Death.*

Ah ! why dost thou thus, capricious, still turn aside, with tyrant pride, from the wretched ?
and why love to stray, an un-invited guest, where thy presence strikes with wild dismay ?

493. — *The Planet Mercury.*

Swift Merc'ry, scorch'd as he moves around the solar blaze, first displays his vivid orb.

494

Surrender'd, ev'ry hour, to the ruling pow'r of some ungovern'd passion, the heart finds the truths that once bore sway, and all their deep impression, wear away by degrees.
So coin, pass'd current in traffic, grows smooth, 'till at last Cæsar's image is effac'd.

495

I saw thee, thwarted by storms of elemental strife, cross the troubled sea of life.
I saw thy skiff, on the raging main, maintain unequal fight with fearful tempests.
I saw the whirlwind's breath heave up the mighty billows of the deep, with dreadful sweep.

496

The Gipsy's faggot blaz'd, at ev'ning, down by yon
hazel copse. — l'here we stood, and gaz'd —
gaz'd, with silent awe, on her sun-burn'd face, her
hood of straw, and her tatter'd mantle.....

As she drew the silver piece o'er my palm, and, with
searching view, trac'd the line of life,
how my flutt'ring pulse throbb'd with fears and hopes,
to learn the color of my future years !

497

Amid the wreck of time, so Tully paus'd, to trace the
sublime truth on the rude stone,
when th' immortal sage of Syracuse, disclos'd in ho-
nor'd dust, repos'd at his feet.

*Iambics of eight and six syllables alternately; each
paragraph to make a line of eight, and one of six—
the first rhiming with the third — the second with the
fourth.*

498

Her plaintive strains play'd in mournful accents on
Echo's ear ;
and the warbling notes sweetly decay'd on the di-
stant plains.

499

Though my fortune has denied show, pomp, and daz-
zling splendor,
yet content has well supplied more than grandeur
can bestow.

500

Lo ! impetuous torrents dash down the mountain's
rugged side,
and the tide, with horrid crash, bears down mingled
rocks and trees.

501

Ye verdant groves, adieu ! ye plains, where nature
smiles, adieu !

The view no more proves my solace, no more be-
guiles my thought.

502. — *Epitaph on a Child.*

With friendly care, Death came, ere sorrow could
fade or sin blight,
convey'd the op'ning bud to heav'n, and there bade
it blossom.

503

Alas ! the little victims, regardless of their doom,
play.

They have no care beyond to-day, no sense of ills
to come.

504. — *Migratory Birds.*

On weary wing, from remote climes, a helpless train
arrive,
which in vain seek food and rest, low circling in
airy ring.

505

The sons that Britain leads to combat on the main,
are firm,
and firm her hardy race that treads the plain in steady
march.

506

The peaceful eve spread her twilight mantle, with
serene smile;
and Cynthia shed her argent lustre o'er the dewy
green.

507

Fair fountain! may tufted trees arise on thy green
margin,
and spreading boughs screen from summer's fervid
skies thy bosom!

508

Ah me! what charms the prospect wears to youth's
untutor'd eye!
The opening world appears bright as the portals of
the sky.

509

Old chieftains, who knew no refinement, dwelt here
in rude state.
The wants their bosoms felt, were small, and few their
enjoyments.

510

Sure, sacred friendship shall glow, not confin'd to
life's short span.
The ardent mind shall know its best delights beyond
the grave.

511

The panting herds repose: the toiling hand of Care
is still:
the busy murmur of insects glows through the peo-
pled air.

512

The swallows compose their useless wing in their
torpid state ;
and bees wait the call of early spring as idly in
hives.

513

I ask not, ye great, your repose, laid on swelling
velvet,
while the oak-leaves close their venerable shade o'er
my head.

514

If we saw each inward grief written on man's out-
ward brow,
how many would then draw our pity, whom we
now envy !

515

In black attire the church was deck'd, the saints ar-
ray'd in black,
and a bloody corpse was laid in the middle of the
choir.....
and he found the altar stain'd with blood, as he came
nearer ;
and there stream'd a crimson flood on the steps, and
all around.

516

O'er the vale I wander'd, while balmy Zephyrs blew
gently.
The blue violet and white lily gave fragrance to the
gale.
The feather'd tribes hail'd Sol's refulgent beam with
tuneful song :

the finny race sail'd down the stream swiftly, in
sportive throng.

In the following stanzas, of the same measure as the preceding, the rhyme is confined to the second and fourth lines.

517

And they hail'd the bridal day with joy, when it
came at length ;
and they went their willing way onward to the house
of God.

518

The day's last splendors shine bright on the moun-
tain's heathy slope,
and gaily gleam o'er the Rhine, rich with many a
radiant hue.

519

Your strong compassion glows, where Mis'ry spreads
her deepest shade :
the balm, that softens human woes, distils from your
blest lips.

520

While the thoughtless many glide down the summer
stream of vice,
you stem the rushing tide, and steer your steady bark
upward.

521

Never durst the fisher cast his net in the lake be-
low ;

nor would ever swallow wet her passing wing in its
waves.

522

From beneath, th' unfathom'd lake sudden sent forth
strange music;
and the solemn sounds of death sail'd slowly o'er the
waters.

523

Yet the wishes I disclose, arise not from discon-
tent:
my heart o'erflows with gratitude for blessings I
enjoy.

524. — *The double-blossomed Cherry-tree.*

How this tree shone lately, array'd in beauty's fairest
vest!

I fondly said, "Thou shalt henceforward be my
garden's pride:"

But now not a vestige of my late fav'rite tree re-
mains.

✓ see its snowy blossoms in scatter'd heaps all
around.....

I stand rebuk'd, who could turn my eyes thus from
real worth,

and prefer to that worth a flow'r, which only
blooms and dies*.

* The double-blossomed cherry-tree produces no fruit.

*Iambics of eight syllables, with alternate rhyme —
i. e. the first line rhiming with the third — the second,
with the fourth.*

525

Thou object of my mournful tear! when last we met,
thy smiles were glad.
But thy sun is now set in shades, no more to cheer
mine eyes with smiles.

526

In our youthful days, how gaily on the vernal plain
we gambol'd,
where the pure streamlet strays swiftly to the main,
through woodlands and vales!

527

Each sabbath morn, duly is seen, with herbs and
flow'rs, a weeping troop
of virgins and youths, to adorn, within the sacred
green, thy grave.

528

To the subjugated mind fell Despotism shows his
giant form,
as the meteor of the storm, the horror, the dread of
mankind, glares.

529

While, with bare bosom, Jessy rov'd, the boist'rous
blast of heav'n roar'd loud:
the fleecy snow was driv'n in heaps: the black'ning
tempest fill'd the air.

530

Sorrow's child! tranquil and serene be thy rest! be
thy slumbers soft!

Thy smiles have oft beguil'd my tears, and sooth'd
my agitated breast.

531

Oh! see yon chief go to battle. As he flies, the stroke
arrests him.

He falls; and the husband and the father dies, in
that fatal blow.

532

Too full to speak, Laura's fond heart sigh'd a soft
adieu to Arthur.

As Arthur withdrew mournfully, down her cheek
stole love's gentle tear.

533

Now releas'd from the cares of worldly bus'ness,
impatient Arthur
repairs with ardor to the spot where all his cares
ceas'd in rapture.

534

The moon, with pallid beam, shot temporary light
through louring clouds,
on the rippled stream now glitt'ring, now fading from
the sight slowly.

535

What mournful voice sounds sad along the winding
vale with plaintive sighs?

What piercing shrieks of anguish rise, and float
upon the passing gale?

536

Each fragrant flow'r, that drinks the dew, shall spring
 around my ivted porch ;
 and Lucy, in russet gown and blue apron, shall sing
 at her wheel.

537

Contending hosts drop the brandish'd blade from
 their grasp, in mute surprise,
 forget th' affray, and turn on th' angelic maid their
 eyes, transported.

538

At op'ning day, the thrush, high on the thorn, be-
 gins his sprightly song ;
 and the blackbird tunes his varied lay, where the
 streamlet winds along.

539. — *To Friendship.*

Men call thee vain, changing, sordid, scarce known,
 and rare to see, on earth ;
 and on thee they lay the heavy blame, when they
 feel base treach'ry's pain.

540

As late I stray'd along the flow'ry side of Derwent's
 murm'ring stream,
 in the sunny glade I spied a rosy sweet-briar bush
 full blooming.
 Its blossoms, as they spread o'er the glassy wave,
 glow'd with crimson die ;
 and their delicate perfume was shed on the gales that
 sported by.

To the spot returning this day, to view the bush so
richly blown,
I mark'd its lot with tearful eye; for its crimson bloom
was all gone.

541. — *To the Nightingale.*

Why, tell me why thy troubled heart sighs for ever,
plaintive warbler?
Cannot that glowing sky, these groves, impart to
thy woes a solace?
See, Nature renews her robe of gayest green, at thy
wish'd return:
and, when Nature wakes the rural scene, can thy
wayward bosom mourn?
In dews Aurōra steeps the new-born flow'rets of the
dale, for thee;
On the western gale she strews her fragrance with
lib'ral hand, for thee.

542

Gentle Sleep, come! steal softly upon my senses
with drowsy charms:
In thy downy arms infold me, and set thy seal on
my eye-lids.

543

Fancy! come, weave for thy vot'ry the dreams that
own thy soft control.
Lift thy wand high: my willing soul shall bless and
believe thy fictions.
I long have known the louring sky, the with'ring
blast, the cheerless path.
Fancy! come, aid me: we'll descry a world of our
own, far happier.

There fine forms alone, with soften'd mien and gentle
voice, shall visit :

nor cold Distrust, nor Selfishness, nor severe Pride,
shall be seen there.

And Hope shall light up our skies and our landscapes
with her gay sunshine ;

and Sensibility, with dewy eyes and swelling heart,
stray there.

The sentient plant, whose feeling frame turns away
from the stranger's touch,

exists but in the soften'd beam, which art can con-
vey around it.

Distress'd by ev'ry passing gale, by coarser stems
that rise near it,

oppress'd by ev'ry rude impulse — expose it, and it
dies, like me.

*In the following stanzas, of the same measure as the
preceding, the rhyme is confined to the second and fourth
lines.*

544

Thus propitious Nature grac'd my natal hour, with
indulgent care,
and gave the flow'r, the sunshine, and the gale, with
superior sweetness.

545

He went, and he spake sweet mercy's mild accents,
with a parent's voice.

His love return'd, he long'd to strain his sorrowing
child within his arms.

Iambics of ten syllables, with alternate rhyme.

546

Mark how the frequent gale delights to play around
 the grave of her I still adore,
 forsakes the rosy bow'r and spicy grove, to wave the
 grass that clothes this hallow'd clay.

547

Immortal Liberty, the heav'nly guardian of the Bri-
 tish isles, stood triumphant,
 and, with fav'ring smiles, view'd her gallant sons,
 undaunted heroes of the flood or field.

548

Farewell, fleeting, false hopes, and vain desires!
 Anxious, fond wishes, that within my breast
 dwell with un-availing anguish and sighs, leave me,
 oh! to my wonted rest leave me.

549

Alas! I myself must never know the consolation I
 would grant to others;
 but, if I want the means, the pow'r to bless, I can
 commiserate, though not bestow.

550

When the orient sun expands his roseate ray o'er the
 sky, the rising morn is fair;
 and the meek radiance of departing day fades lovely
 to the bard's enraptur'd eye.

551

The flow'r, though so sweet once, so lovely to the
 eye, thus fades, nipp'd by the frozen gale:

when boist'rous storms assail, the tall oaks, torn
from the earth, thus lie a mighty ruin.

552

The shipwreck'd stranger's weary bones should lie
far, far beyond the hated billow's reach :
but blest the hands, that, with pious care, supply
this hasty grave on the wave-worn beach.

553

Oh! could I hide the pencil'd story of my early
years from Mem'ry's steadfast eye!
She heaves the ling'ring sigh o'er the sad view, and
drops her fruitless tears at ev'ry glance.

554

The lucid orb of day now gilds the verdant beauties
of the lawn with mellow tints :
his slowly-setting ray smiles unclouded — sure pre-
sage of a mild dawn succeeding.

555

Heav'n saw her meek submission to her maker's will,
and with pitying eyes view'd the maid,
and, from ev'ry future ill, caught her pure soul to
the blissful mansions of the skies.

556

Pomp shall no more display her charms for him, nor
ceremony with a smile greet him.
Servile swarms of sycophants, veil'd in flatt'ry, shall
no more attend him, to beguile.

Iambics of ten syllables; the first line to rhyme with the fourth — the second, with the third.

557

From thy bright abode, O Mercy! descend; and bid
Ambition's direful contests cease.

Oh! haste! and bring sweet smiling Peace with thee,
and all the blessings bestow'd by her hand.

558

Ah! I thought once, this bosom, that had throbb'd
so much with varied pangs, was steel'd at length
by sullen apathy, nor would more yield to sensibi-
lity's impressive touch.

559

The shepherd, rous'd from his dream, hears a sound
of rustling plumes, that seek a distant clime;
and their clamors strike his ears at intervals, as he
marks them steer their sublime course.

560

I do not dread the vivid lightning, glancing, with
awe-inspiring glare, o'er the plain;
nor all the horrors, now spread around me, give one
moment's pain to my aching breast.

561.—*To the Owl.*

Melancholy, cheerless bird! I woo thee. Thy fu-
nereal cry is soothing to me.

Build thy lonely nest here; and be thy sullen wail-
ings ever heard nigh my dwelling.

Iambics of eight syllables. — *Epithets** are to be added to the substantives which are printed in *Italics*, and each line to make one verse.

562

Through yon *grove* of mournful *yews*,
I muse with solitary steps.

563

The sland'ring *thief* is worse
Than the *rogue* who steals your purse.

564

One night, when *slumbers* shed
Their *poppies* o'er my head.

565

Does not the *ox* bow
His *neck*, to draw the plough?

566

Now *Cambria's* † *wilds* appear,
Her drear valleys, and rude mountains.

* Although the word, *Epithet*, in its original signification, simply means an *adjective*, it is, in treating of poetry, exclusively employed to designate an *ornamental adjective* — ornamental to the poetry, I mean, whether ornamental or disparaging to the subject to which it is applied—as *bounteous* nature, the *fostering* sun, the *sordid* miser, the *noxious* viper.—Where an adjective is not used for poetic ornament, but is necessary to complete the sense, it is not, in this point of view, considered as an epithet: ex. gr. An *old* gentleman of *high* rank met a *young* man of *low* degree.

† *Cambria* is the Latin name for Wales.

567

In ev'ry shade, fancy now dreads
The midnight robber's *blade*.

568

Releas'd from Winter's *arms*,
Spring unfolds now her early charms.

569

Is there no *pow'r* in nature
To sooth affliction's lonely hour,
To blunt the edge of *disease*,
And teach these wint'ry shades to please?

570

When, sunk in *despair* by guilt,
Repentance breathes her *pray'r*,
Thy voice cheers the *suppliant* ;
And mercy calms her *fears*.

571

As he who travels Libya's plains,
Where the *lion* reigns lawless,
Is seis'd with fear and *dismay*,
When the *foe* obstructs his way.....

572

Methought I spy'd a spacious road,
(And *trees* adorn'd its side)
Frequented by a *crowd*
Of *mortals*, loud and vain.

573

Before us lay a *heath*,
And *clouds* obscur'd the day ;
In *spires* rose the darkness ;
The lightnings flash'd their *fires*.

574

O wisdom ! if thy *control*
 Can sooth the sickness of the soul,
 Can bid the *passions* cease,
 And breathe the calm of *peace*,
 Wisdom ! I bless thy *sway*,
 And will ever, ever obey.

575

Whene'er we meet, the hours flow soft,
 And *virtue* is our treat.
 Our *breasts* know no envy ;
 And hence we fear no *foe*.
 Ambition ne'er attends our walks ;
 And hence we ask no *friends*.

Ten-syllable Iambics. — *Epithets to be added to the words printed in Italic.*

576

What *offence* springs from am'rous causes ;
 What *contests* rise from trivial things....

577

Goddess, say, what *motive* could impel
 A *lord* t'assault a gentle belle ?

578. — *The Hunted Stag.*

He flies so fast, that his *eye*
 Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry.

579

By my sire, I claim superior lineage,
 Who warm'd the *clod* with heav'nly fire.

580. — *The Mariner.*

With *day* his labors cease not ;
 But perils and toils mark his nightly way.

581

Mem'ry wakes me now to the *review*
Of joys, that, like the morning dew, faded.

582

As the grave Muse awakes the *strings*,
In airy rings the Graces dance round you.

583

The *years* lag slow, worn in anguish ;
And these *conqu'rors* mock their captives' woe.

584

A happy offspring bless'd his *board* :
Fruitful were his fields, and well stor'd his barns.

585

There his *horses*, warm with toil, browse
Their *canopy* of pendent boughs.

586

When hell's *agent* found him so stagg'ring,
While *virtue* scarce maintain'd her ground....

587

Not that I contemn your father's mildness ;
But *force* becomes the diadem.

588

Nor happier they, where sandy wastes extend,
Where *Arabs* tend their parch'd cattle:

589

And Fame's *trumpet* shall tell to the world,
Nelson fell in Vict'ry's arms.

590

The *hand* of Time may heal perchance
The guilty pangs, the *remorse* I feel.

591

To this *shore* we bid thee welcome,
Where adverse winds no more shall thwart thy course.

592

'Twas night. The chiefs lie beside their vessel,
Till *morn* had purpled o'er the sky ;
Then launch, and hoist the mast : *gales*,
By Phœbus supplied, fill the *sails*.

593

The *quarrels* of the mortal state
Are far unworthy of your debate, Gods !
Let men employ their days in *strife*,
We * in constant joy and *peace*.

594

The woodbine, faintly streak'd with red, blows here,
And rests its *head* on ev'ry bough :
Its *branches* meet round the young ash,
Or crown the hawthorn with its *odors*.

595

The prophet spoke ; and, with a *frown*,
From his *throne* the monarch started :

* My young readers will observe, that this passage, though from the pen of Mr. Pope, is not grammatically correct ; for, on supplying the ellipsis, they will find, “ *let we* employ our days ;” which is a solecism. It should have been *us* : but, as *us*, standing singly in this place, would have been harsh and awkward, he ought to have either repeated the verb *Let*, with an infinitive after *us*, or adopted the other form of the imperative, in some such manner as the following—

Pass *we* our years in constant peace and joy.

Choler fill'd his breast, that boil'd with ire ;
And the *fire* flash'd from his eye-balls.

596

The *prey*, in each conquest, is thine ;
Though the danger and sweat of the day [be*] mine.
I bear to my ships some trivial present ;
Or *praises* pay the wounds of war.

597

Let not Britannia's sons deem ignoble
The task that guides the team or sows the corn,
That watches o'er the *grain*, anxious,
And clothes the *plain* with *crops*.

598

Now has Autumn assum'd her *reign*,
And the *mists* remain upon the hills :
The *whirlwind* roars o'er the *heath* ;
The *torrent* pours through rocky vales.

599. — *The lost Child.*

The *mother* flies through ev'ry grove,
Tries each *glade*, each *path-way*,
'Till the light leaves disclose the *boy*,
Long stretch'd in *repose* on the wood-moss.

600

They press'd the ground, laid close by each other ;
Their bosoms pierc'd with many a *wound*.
Nor were they well alive, nor wholly dead :
But some *signs* of *life* appear.

* The word between crotchets is to be omitted.

601

Should sleep surprise, on Mississippi's bank,
 The *peasant*, in ambush close lies
 The *alligator*, gorg'd with blood:
 Beneath the *flood* he lurks conceal'd,
 Or ranges around the *shore*, fierce,
 Climbs the *bank*, and crouches on the ground.

602

Beneath the hawthorn shade I oft have seen
 A rustic maid reclin'd on the *turf*,
 With anxious eye watching her *lambs*
 Sporting round their dams in *circles*;
 Have heard her, o'ercome with *heat*, hail
 The *freshness* of the rising gale.

603.—*Rooks and Crows.*

The flock goes increasing from field to field,
 Most formidable foes to level crops.
 The *plund'ers* well know their danger,
 And, on some *bough*, place a watch.
 Yet oft, by surprise, the *gunner*,
 As they rise, will scatter death among them.

604

May the spirits of the dead descend oft,
 To watch the *slumbers* of a friend;
 Round his evening walk, unseen, to hover,
 And, on the *green*, hold *converse*;
 To hail the spot where first grew their friendship,
 And nature and heav'n open'd to their view.

605

O'er dale and hill, Night extends her *wings*,

And spreads a *veil* on shadowy earth ;
 The pictur'd forms of *nature* fade,
 And sink in *shade*, melting.
 The dews descend, unheard : the show'rs, unseen,
 Cool the *earth*, revive the *flow'rs*....

606

The *lab'ers* bless their *home* now,
 When midnight and the *tempest* come.
 The farmer wakes, and, with *dread*, sees
 The *shafts* of heav'n gleam round his head.
 The *cloud* roars re-iterated,
 Shakes his *roof*, and jars his *doors*.

607

O'er the village green steal twilight's *dews*,
 To harmonise the scene with magic tints.
 The hum is still, that broke through the hamlet,
 When, round the ruins of their *oak*,
 To hear the minstrel play, the peasants flock'd,
 And carols and games clos'd the *day*.

608.—*To Memory.*

His ev'ning ray when Joy's *sun* has shed,
 And Hope's *meteors* cease to play ;
 When clouds on clouds close the *prospect*,
 Thy star still glows serenely through the gloom :
 She gilds the brow of night, like yon *orb**,
 With the *magic* of reflected light.

609

Distracting thoughts rul'd his bosom by turns,
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now cool'd by reason.

That prompts his hand to draw the *sword*,
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their *lord*;
 This whispers soft, to control his vengeance,
 And calm the *tempest* of his soul.

610

Achilles bore not his loss so :
 But, returning to the *shore*, sad,
 He hung o'er the *margin* of the deep,
 That kindred deep, from which sprung his mother ;
 There, bath'd in tears of disdain and anger,
 Lamented loud to the *main*, thus.

611.—*The Farmer's Boy.*

He hies, with many a shrug, from the fire-side,
 Glad, if the *moon* salute his eyes,
 And, through the *stillness* of the night,
 Shed her beams of *light* on his path.
 The distant stile he climbs with saunt'ring step,
 Whilst all wears a *smile* around him ;
 There views the *clouds* driv'n in clusters,
 And all the *pageantry* of heav'n.

612

The goddess flies swift* to the *seas*,
 Jove to his *mansion* in the skies.

* As some grammarians loudly condemn an adjective thus employed in conjunction with a verb, and maintain, that, in all such cases, in poetry equally as in prose, the adverb alone is correctly admissible, viz. "the goddess flies *swiftly*"—let me caution my young readers against that doctrine, which, if adopted, would prove the ruin of poetry, and debase it to the

The *synod* of th' immortals wait
 The god coming, and, from their thrones of state,
 Arising silent, rapt in *fear*,
 Appear before the Majesty of heav'n.
 While Jove assumes the throne, they stand trembling,
 All but the god's *queen* alone.

low level of tame, vulgar prose. In poetry, an adjective may very properly be thus used—agreeing, of course, with the nominative to the verb, as here, “*the goddess, swift* in her motion, *flies* :” and, in cases innumerable, it is by far more elegant and poetic than the adverb. That such has ever been the unanimous opinion of our best and most admired poets—in short, of all our poets most distinguished for correctness of diction and taste—is evident from their own practice, in which they have judiciously copied the example of the Greek and Roman bards, who, much oftener than our English writers, use the adjective in lieu of the adverb, and with very fine poetic effect, as must be acknowledged by every reader who is capable of perceiving and relishing their beauties. To *my* conception, the mode or quality, thus expressed by the adjective, appears more perfectly identified with the substantive—becoming, for the moment at least, one of its characteristic features, and forming with it a more complete unity of object, than could possibly result from the addition of the adverb.—At the same time, I cannot approve the improper substitution of the adjective for the adverb, which too often takes place in careless conversation, as when a person says he is “*very bad*,” instead of “*very ill* :” and, although Dr. Johnson (*without authority*) has inadvertently suffered *Bad*, for *Sick*, to steal into his dictionary, I advise my young readers to avoid the phrase, lest they lay themselves open to such answer as a gentleman of my acquaintance jocularly made to a lady who complained that she was “*very bad*”—“I always thought you *bad* : but now, that you confess it, I cannot doubt of your *badness*.”

613

Lo! Faith's *visions* burst upon the sight,
 And put to flight the *host* of Fear.
 Terror's *Myrmidons* recede afar,
 Before the beams of Hope's *star*,
 That shoots *rays*, for ever clear sparkling,
 Through Sorrow's realms, and Doubt's *hemisphere*;
 Cheers the *pilgrim* on his *way*,
 With a happier day, and finer prospects;
 And points the *sage*, oppress'd by toils,
 To lasting pleasures, and a land of rest.

614

From this *cliff*, whose impending rough brow
 Frowns o'er the cataract that foams below,
 I view the plain, where many a *hand*
 Tills the *land* for another's gain.
 Borne on the ev'ning breeze, their *song*
 Stamps *images* of ease on my soul.
 Ah! why, dead to man and social converse,
 Do I alone tread the *mountain*,
 Where Nature, stubborn and coy, seems to fly
 The human race, and defy all approach?

615

When *gates* diffuse on closing flow'rs
 The fragrant tribute of the *dews*,
 When, at her *pail*, the milkmaid chants,
 And, o'er the vale, *reapers* whistle,
 Charm'd by the murmurs of the *shade*,
 I stray'd along the river's *banks*,
 And, through the twilight way, calmly musing,

I fram'd my rustic lay in pensive mood ;
 When lo ! a golden gleam, from *clouds*,
 O'er the shadowy stream pour'd *splendors*,
 And its guardian queen arose from the wave,
 Known by her *stole* of *green*.

616

Oh ! say, *Muse*, whose purer birth
 Disdains the low *ties* of earth,
 By what *images* shall be defin'd
 The *nature* of th' eternal mind ?
 Or how shall thought explore the *height*,
 When to adore is all that reason can ?....
 Through the *tracts* of space,
 Go, *Muse*, and trace present Godhead....
 Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
 The *morning's* lucid pinions bear,
 His *presence* should shine confess'd there,
 His *arm* arrest thy course there.

617.—*The imprisoned Debtor.*

Hear the *debtor's* pray'r, O stranger !
 From despair let *pity* snatch him.
 Though here *guilt* and folly revel,
 Many a *tear* the guiltless oft shed ;
 And they devour many a wrong in silence,
 And feel the *hand* of *pow'r*.
 For aid, my woes, my wants, cry loud in vain,
 Since *laws* are obey'd with rigor.
 On sickly and damp bed my wife lies there,
 Her spirits and youth fled, her peace destroy'd.
 She saw her child expire, with tearless eye—
 Indiff'rent to all—her sole desire, death.

618

O lasting infamy! O disgrace
 To chiefs of manly race, and youth!
 In you and the gods I trusted, to see
 Greece victorious, and her navy free.
 Ah no! you disclaim the combat,
 And one day clouds all her former fame.
 Heav'ns! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
 Unseen, unthought, 'till this day!
 Fly we at length from Troy's bands oft conquer'd?
 And falls our fleet by such hands—
 A straggling train, a rout,
 Not born to glories of the plain;
 Like fawns, pursu'd from hill to hill,
 A prey to ev'ry savage of the wood?

619

I dart my eye, with look erect,
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky.
 I strive, but, alas! strive in vain, to mount,
 Tied with magic chain to this globe.
 Now from pole to pole I range with swift thought,
 View worlds roll around their centres;
 What pow'rs guide their motions
 Through the same paths of void.
 I trace the comet's tail,
 And in a scale weigh the planets.
 While I eager pursue these thoughts,
 Some trifle, offer'd to my view,
 A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,

Erase* from my mind the *image* :
 Some *want*, importunate, craving,
 Vile as the *mastiff* at my gate,
 Calls off this reas'ning ME from *truth*,
 And tells me I'm a brute as much as *he*,

620. — *May*.

Hail, *May*, dear to nature's vot'ries !
 Thou loveliest offspring of the *year* !
 In thy train advance the *Graces*,
 Move their *feet*, and form the *dance*.
 Village *maids* bring their garlands to thee,
 Feel the *spring*, and blush with *health*—
 A little space, ere *years* o'ershade,
 To flourish like thee, and to fade like thee.
 Hail, chosen month of old, when *show'rs*
 Nurs'd the *flow'rs*, and enrich'd the meads ;
 When fruits ran in *disorder*, uncropp'd,
 God convers'd with man, and on earth peace dwelt ;
 What time, from dark, wild, and stormy Chaos,
 Sprang creation, and *spring* smil'd ;
 When the *air*, shedding health and life,
 Chas'd all darkness ; at whose *breath*, Despair
 Might feel a sullen joy, and *Disease*
 Spring from her couch, to catch the *breeze*.
 The Zephyrs stray'd through th' Elysian fields thus,
 And sooth'd the *hero's* shade, murm'ring ;
 Sigh'd, sadly pleasing, through the cypress wood,
 Whose *branches* wav'd o'er Lethe's flood.

* Grammar is here sacrificed to metre. The verb should have been in the singular number, *Erases*.

621. — To the Deity.

Let *Israel* praise thee potent,
And raise their *homage* to thy name.
Let Egypt's land declare thee potent God,
That felt thy awfully severe justice.
How did thy frown benight the *land*,
Nature revers'd, how own thy *command*,
When *elements* forgot their use,
And the sun felt thy *blot* ;
When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And into blood the *stream* was crimson'd !
How deep the horrors of that *night*,
The fright how wild, and the terror how strong,
When thy *sword* pass'd o'er the land,
And infants and men breath'd their last at once !
How did thy arm convey thy favor'd tribes,
Thy *light* point the *way*,
Ocean divide to their march,
The wat'ry wall on either side distinct,
While the *procession* sped through the deep,
And saw the wonders of its *bed* !
Nor long they march'd, 'till, in the rear, black'ning,
The *tyrant* and his host appear,
Plunge down the steep—the waves obey thy nod,
And whelm the *storm* beneath the sea.

*Iambics of eight syllables, with alternate rhyme.—
Epithets to be added to the words printed in Italic.*

622

Zephyrs fan the grove now,
And scatter *perfumes* around ;
And feather'd songsters, warbling love,
Are found in ev'ry *bush*.

623

Oh ! is there not, when *eve*
Spreads o'er the vale her light texture,
Some *fay*, that loves to leave
Her *pastime* in the dale,
And, where sits the *poet*
To view the *mists* spread around,
Flits across his mental vision,
And wraps in *peace* his thoughts ?

*Iambics of ten syllables, with alternate rhyme.— Epi-
thets to be added to the words printed in Italic.*

624. — *On the Death of a Daughter.*

So fair, so gay, where is fled my blossom ?
Ah ! see ! by *Death* 'tis ravag'd :
See her *honors* spread in the dust,
All pale, and blasted by his *breath*.

625

Go, *rose*, and on Ella's breast bloom ;
And, while thy buds adorn the *maid*,

Be blest beneath the sunshine of her eyes :
But, ah ! fair flow'r, conceal thy *thorn*.

626

When, in Utopian *dreams*, youth
On the *sea* of life first launches,
He trusts to sail on pleasure's *streams*. —
Alas ! to woe and scenes of strife he wakes.

627. — *Evening*.

The *shades* o'erspread the *west* :
Before the breeze, the *clouds* sweep on :
Labor leaves his *sons* to rest ;
And, among the trees, *murmurs* sound.

628. — *Night*.

The poor enjoy now within yon hamlet
The *bliss* that flies the great and rich.
No factious cares annoy their *breasts*,
No sorrows agitate, no guilt disturbs.

629

Verdure adorns the plain here,
There the *team*, and the grey fallows,
The farm's *mansion*, and the village fane,
Whose *tow'r* reflects the solar beam.

630. — *Spring*.

Spring ! I taste thy *gales* :
Pregnant with life, they cheer my *soul*.
Creation smiles : the dales, the hills, the woods,
Hail the *morning* of the new-born year.
Expand your *bloom*, ye groves :
Ye streams, warble : ye *buds*, unfold :
Waft all the plenty of your *perfume* ;

And wave, wave your leaves of gold, ye flow'rets,

631.— *To a Snow-drop.*

Harbinger of *spring*, welcome!

Thy *beauties* caught my *eye*.

Solitary flow'r, I've pluck'd thee, to bring

Thy tender frame where no *blasts* are nigh.

I see, thou canst scarce rear thy *head*;

For *frosts* pierce thy lovely form :

But to a safer bed I'll transplant thee :

My fire shall warm, and my hand shall raise thee.

632

Behold! past is the *storm* :

The sun relumes the *face* of day :

Each *flow'r*, that shrunk before the blast,

Spreads to the cheering ray its *bosom*.

Its reviving tints glow bright and more bright ;

Its *petals* catch the *gale* :

Zephyrs blow o'er its *breast*,

And through the *vale* waft new fragrance.

633.— *Summer.*

Spring withdraws now her milder-beaming ray,

And summer, glowing o'er the *corn*,

To these northern climes leads the *day*,

Borne refulgent from *Afric's plains*.

No cloud steers its course across the welkin,

To pour its *show'rs* upon the earth :

No fountain bubbles from its *source* :

No *dews* refresh the *flow'rs*.

634

O Nature! may thy *sway* ever

Lead me a vot'ry to thy *shrine*.
 May no *passion* chase away that sense,
 That feels a bliss in *charms* like thine;
 Whether, enshrin'd in autumn's *clouds*,
 You* touch the *leaves* with yellow tints,
 Or raise, before the reaper's *mind*,
Grain to fill his future sheaves;
 The *wand'rer* with the Zephyr's breeze
 Whether you cheer 'mid summer's *blaze*,
 Or paint the *trees* with liveliest green,
 When Spring's *warmth* endears her milder days.

635. — *Evening*.

When *eve*, fair child of *day*,
 Throws o'er the verdant ground her *mantle*,

* I wish my young readers to observe, that, after *Thy* and *Thine* preceding, uniformity requires *Thou t ouchest, raisest, &c* in the singular number; and that a sudden transition from *Thou* and *Thy* to *You* and *Your*, or the reverse, ought, if possible, to be avoided; though metrical necessity, and a regard to euphony occasionally compel poets to fall into that irregularity, which however, is much less blamable than Mr. Pope's ungrammatical change of number in the following passage, where the nominative is singular, and the verbs plural—

Thou first great cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;
 Yet *gave* me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill,
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.....

How sweet to stray adown the *vale*,
 While Cynthia sheds her *radiance* round !
 How sweet to hear the *bird* of 'woe *
 Pour to the *grove* her *murmurs*,
 As the warbled numbers flow through the air,
 Fraught with the melody of *love* !
 How sweet to mark the *landscape* near,
 The *tow'r*, and the *cottage* !
 How sweet to hear the village *peal*,
 Borne on the gale at this silent soft hour !

*The first line to rhyme with the fourth — the second
 with the third.*

636

Ah ! pleasing scenes, where my childhood stray'd once,
 Securely blest in *innocence* !
 No *passions* inspir'd my breast then ;
 No *fears* sway'd my *bosom*.

*Iambics of eight syllables. — The Italic words to be
 altered to other expressions, either synonymous or in
 some degree equivalent.*

637

Why can no poet, with *magical* strain,
 Steep the heart of pain in *sleep* ?

* The Nightingale.

638

Possess'd of conscious rectitude,
Can grief pierce the good man's bosom?

639

Justice shall yet open her eyes,
Yet arise terrific in anger,
And tread on the tyrant's bosom,
And make oppression groan oppress'd.

Iambics of ten syllables.—The *Italic words to be altered, as above; and the elided syllables to be discovered by the pupil's own sagacity*.*

640

While former desires still continue within,
Repentance is only want of power to commit sins.

641

The white-robed priest stretches forth his upraised
hands:

Every voice is hushed: attention bends, leaning.

* N. B. When two or more *Italic words* come together without a line separating them, they are to be taken collectively, and altered to some other word or phrase of similar import. But, when they are divided by a perpendicular line interposed, each division is to be separately taken, and altered independently of the other. The following example will make this plain—

She receives *with gratitude* what heaven has sent,

And, rich in poverty, possesses } contentment—

She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent,

And, rich in poverty, enjoys content—

in which lines, the words, *with gratitude*, are together altered to *gratefully*—*possesses*, separately altered to *enjoys*—and *contentment*, to *content*.

642

Whence flows the strain that *salutes* the dawn of
morning?

The Red-breast *sings* in the flowering *haw-thorn*.

643

Now *unbounded* snows *disfigure* the withered heath,
And the dim sun *hardly* wanders through the storm.

644

When her *husband* | *dies*, the widowed Indian
Mounts the *dreadful* pile, and braves the funeral fires.

645

Alas! how *un-availing* is pity's tear with thee,
The orphan's *terror*, or the widow's anguish!

646

Not by the *assistance* that marble or brass *affords*,
Lives the *remembrance* of the noble patriot.

647

I would soon, with *pleasure*, | *exchange* existence
For the *lasting* sleep of one *endless* night.

648

Courageous and *undismayed* as the god of war,
When prostrate legions fall *round* his *chariot*.

649

Here early rest makes early rising *certain* :
Disease or *does not come*, or finds easy cure, —
Much prevented by neat and *simple* diet,
Or *speedily* starved out again, if it enter.

650

He comes! *tremendous* Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring *anger*, and thunders from *above*.

Under his warrior form, heaven's fiery horse
Gallops on the *tempest*, and paws the light clouds.

651

He ceased; and the *crowd* still *continued* silent,
While rapt* attention *acknowledged* the power of
music:

Then, loud as when the whirlwinds of *winter* blow,
The thundering *applauses* flow from *all* voices.

652

When *the Egyptians*, a rude untutored *people*,
Learned to *ornament* the obelisk with wild figures,
And *fashion* the idol god † in ductile *clay*,
The polished needle and loom took their *origin*.

* Let my young readers carefully distinguish this elegant and expressive Latin word from the common English *Wrapped*, with which it is too often confounded;—a circumstance, to which it perhaps owes its exclusion from some of our modern dictionaries, under the mistaken idea of its being only a corruption of the English word.—*Rapt* (of the same origin as *Rapture*, *Rapid*, *Rapine*, and *Rapacious*, which have no connexion with *wrapping*) signifies *snatched or hurried away, transported, enraptured, ecstasied*. Thus Pope—

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :

“ A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son.”

† *Idol god*. — This expression, which I print as two separate words, suggests to me that it may not be improper in this place to notice the hyphen, which has, of late years, been employed in our typography to a truly blamable excess, and, on some occasions, to the utter perversion of the syntax and the sense, as, for example, in *Each other* and *One another*, which we sometimes see improperly coupled with the hyphen as compounds, though totally distinct in the grammatical construction; since, in those

How short is *the life of man!* Time descends *rapidly* :
Our friends and our fathers *go away* with him ;

elliptic phrases, there is *always* a suppressed word *understood* to intervene, and to govern the word *other* or *another*. — Without entering into a general and minute investigation of the various uses of the hyphen, I shall here offer a few cursory remarks on *some* of the cases in which I conceive that it ought to be inserted or omitted ; previously observing, that the rules are not to be taken separately, but in connexion, as far as they agree ; — that the *accent* will, in most cases, prove a sure guide ; and the ear may more safely be trusted than the eye. — 1. When each of two contiguous substantives retains its original accent, *omit* the hyphen, as *Máster búilder*. Where the latter loses or alters its accent, *insert* the hyphen, as *shíp-builder*. — 2. When two substantives are *in Apposition*, and each is separately applicable to the person or thing designated, *omit* the hyphen, as the *Lord chancellor*, who is both a *lord* and a *chancellor*. When they are *not in Apposition*, and only one of the two is separately applicable to the person or thing, *insert* the hyphen, as a *horse-dealer*, who is a *dealer*, but not a *horse*. — 3. When the first substantive serves the purpose of an adjective expressing the matter or substance of which the second consists, and may be placed after it with *Of* (not denoting *possession*) *omit* the hyphen, as a *Silk gown*, a *Cork jacket*, i. e. a gown *of* silk, a jacket *of* cork. When the first does *not* express the matter or substance of the second, and may be placed after it with *Of* (denoting *possession*) or with *For* or *Belonging to*, *insert* the hyphen, as *School-master*, *Play-time*, *Cork-screw*, *Laundry-maid*, i. e. Master *of* a school, Time *of* or *for* play, Screw *for* corks, Maid *belonging to* the laundry. — 4. Between an adjective and its substantive (used as such in the sentence) *omit* the hyphen, as *High sheriff*, *Prime minister*. When the adjective and its substantive are together used as a kind of compound

While we, *melancholy* mourners, lag behind, to shed
tears,

To utter | *un-availing* sighs, and keep wakeful vigils.

654

As wild imaginary *figures* | *terrify*

The child all darkling in the *obscurity* of night,

Fond dreams, as wild as infant *terrors*, dismay

Our souls with *fear* in the glare of *day-light*.

adjective to another substantive, insert the hyphen between the two former, as *High-church doctrine*.—5. When an adjective or adverb, and a participle immediately following, are together used as a kind of compound adjective, merely expressing an inherent quality without reference to immediate action, and (in the order of syntax) precede the substantive to which they are joined, insert the hyphen, as a *quick-sailing vessel*. When they imply immediate action, and (in the order of syntax) follow the substantive, omit the hyphen, as The ship *quick sailing* o'er the deep, or *Quick sailing* o'er the deep, the ship pursues her course. — The same distinction may likewise be made in other cases, which do not exactly fall under those descriptions, as the *above-mentioned* circumstances, and the circumstances *above mentioned*.—The preceding rules are undoubtedly liable to many exceptions, which I cannot here undertake to enumerate. Imperfect, however, as they are, they may prove useful: and it is worthy of remark, that, in every one of the cases which I have noticed, the accent, as before observed, is a sure guide. In the following, its effects will be evident. A *gláss hóuse*, a *tín mán*, an *íron móuld*, a *négro mérchant*, pronounced as separate words, each with its natural accent, will mean a *house made of glass*, a *man made of tin*, a *mould made of iron*, a *merchant who is a negro*: but a *gláss-house*, a *tín-man*, an *íron-mould*, a *négro-merchant*, taken as compounds, with a change of accent, will mean a *house for manufacturing glass*, a *man who works in tin*, a *mould or stain caused by the-rust of iron*, a *merchant who buys and sells negroes*.

655

The *unfortunate* | *maid* strays, in *profound* despair,
 Through tangled paths, and *roads* | *not frequented*,
 While *cold* vapors shroud the moon's pale *ray*,
 As she *roams*, wild, by the murmuring stream.

656

[*ship*,

Wicked men, professing the *hallowed* name of *friend*—
 Form a covenant of shame *instead* of it,
 A dark *confederation* against the laws
 Of *virtue*, and the *glorious* cause of *religion*.

657

[*her*,

Extended | *upon* that bier in death's last heavy *slum*—
 Lies, cold and *motionless*, the friend for whom I
shed tears.

658. — *The Picture of Venus.*

When first the Rhodian's *imitative* art arrayed
Venus in the shade of *Cyprus*,
 The happy master *mixed* in his *picture*
 Each look that *delighted* him in the *beautiful* women
 of *Greece*.
Faithful to nature *free* from *fault*, he *borrowed* a
 grace
 From every more *beautiful* form, and sweeter *coun*—
tenance.

659

Luminous as the pillar rose at the *command* of *heaven*,
 When the *Israelites* | *travelled* along the *wilderness*,
 Blazed, *during* the night, on *solitary* wilds, afar,
 And told the path — a star, that *never* set :
 So, *celestial* Genius! in thy *divine* career,

Hope is thy star : her light ever is thine.

660

Babylon ! to grace the feast, thy daughters
Weave the *flowing* robe, and paint the vest *ornamented*
with flowers :

They braid the glossy hair with wreaths of roses ;
They *color* the cheek, which Nature formed so *beau-*
tiful,

Learn the *delicate* step, the glance *which subdues the*
soul,

Swim adown the dance, and melt in the song.

661

Mild Peace, come from realms of *everlasting* | *repose* !
Bid the *troubled* earth be *happy*, like thy own heaven.
Bid *destructive* war cease his *mad* ravage,
And Plenty *gladden* the earth with new increase.
Oh ! bid deploring nations cease to *lament*,
And *convert* guilty swords *into* smiling ploughshares.

662

Ah ! of *what use* is it, if the *fire* of the *Muse*
Must *die*, like the meteor's *transitory* flash ?
Alas ! what *does it boot* ? since the hero's *fate*
Is *Death's obscure* | *cave*, and the oblivious *grave* —
Since not *Fame's loud trumpet* can *bestow* | *durable*
praise ;

And *neither* bays nor laurels live in the grave.

663

Retired from the noisy court and loud camp,
In rural *diversion* and honorable ease
He *securely* | *spent* the remainder of his days,

And did not find they flew too fast, or lagged too *slowly*.
 He made his *desire* comply with his estate,
Glad to live, yet not afraid of *dying*.

664

The adventurous boy, who *asks for* his little *portion*,
 And hies from home with *the prayer of many a gossip*,
 Turns *upon* the neighbouring hill, to *behold* once *again*
 The *beloved* | *residence* of privacy and peace;
 And, as he turns, the *thatched roof* among the trees,
 The smoke's blue wreaths, *mounting* with the breeze,
 All rouse reflexion's *mournfully* pleasing train;
 And he *often* looks, and *sheds tears*, and again looks.

665

Oh! at the hour of *moonlight*, let me *roam*
 To some silent bower, or *private grove*,
 When the *songs* of the plummy *multitude* cease,
 And *the nightingale* her plaintive song *commences*.
 Sweet bird of *evening*, I *delight in* thy liquid note,
 That, from thy quivering throat, *floweth* mellifluous.
 O Zephyr! fleeting Zephyr! *delay* longer,
And do not bear away that lovely *musical sound*.

666

When *the western gale* breathes upon the *blue waves*,
 My panting *bosom* | *defies* the peaceful *sea*,
 Glows with the scene, inhales those *more soft* | *delights*
 Dropped from the balmy *wings* of the *breezes*.
 But, when the *curled* | *wave* | *lifts up* its form,
 And silent horror broods on the *tempest*,
 I *direct my steps* to yon sheltering *wood*,
 The retreat of love, *the refuge of misfortune*.

667. — *The Carrier Pigeon.*

Guided by what chart, transports the timid *pigeon*
 The wreaths of *victory*, or the *professions* of love?
 Say, what compass *directs* her flight through the clouds?
Kings have gazed, and nations *have blessed* the sight.
Heap up rocks on rocks: bid mountains and *fu-*
rests | *arise* :

Hide from view her native skies, her native shades:
It is to no purpose: she *proceeds* through æther's
 wilds *where there is no path*,
 And at last *alights* where all her cares *rest*.

668

Where should we *discover* (those *consolations* at an end,
 Which Scripture *affords*) or hope to *discover* a friend?
Grief might then muse herself *into* madness,
 And, seeking *banishment* from the sight of *mankind*,
 Bury herself in *deep* solitude,
 Grow *mad* with her pangs, and bite the *earth*.
 Thus *frequently* unbelief, *become weary* of *living*,
 Flies to the felon knife, or *inviting* pool.

669

And shall I *be afraid* to *wander* at this dark hour
In the solemn stillness of the *wood*,
 Or where *rise* the battlements *worn by time*,
 Or the *haughty* turret *lieth* low in ruin?
 I *disdain* the *idea* — *being assured* that sovereign power
Rules the noontide or the *nightly* hour alike:
 And I *roam*, as free from *groundless* alarm, here
In the midst of these shades, as in the blaze of *sun-*
shine,

While to thy *attention*, O thou almighty *protector*,
I commend my spirit, by night or day.

670

Friend of my *bosom*, companion of my *early age*,
As *renowned* for learning, as *respected* for truth,
Combined in whom we admire *equally*
The wisdom of the philosopher and *the fire of the poet*,
A generous *disposition* and an *elevated mind*,
Unlimited genius, and undamped *warmth*;
Equally skilful to raise the *sublime* song,
Or sport *playfully* among the flowery *meadows*;
The smiling *Muse* has taught thee all her *skill*,
To catch the *imagination*, and to take possession of
the heart.

671.—Tobacco.

Noxious weed! whose *odor* | *molests* the *ladies*,
Unfriendly to society's *greatest* | *pleasures*!
Thy *most mischievous* effect is *driving away* for hours
The sex whose *society* civilises ours.
Thou art indeed the drug, of *which a gardener stands*
in need,
To *destroy* vermin that infest his plants.
But are we so *blinded* to beauty and *genius*,
As to *set no value upon* the glory of our *species*,
And show to the *fairest and softest* forms
As little *lenity* as to worms and grubs?

672

[view,

Nobody sends his arrow to the mark *which he has in*
Whose aim is *false*, or whose hand *weak*.
For, *although*, | *before* the arrow is yet on the wing,

Their sorrows, their desires, and their hearts the same—
 Oh! in that spot, | prophesying Hope, bestow thy smile,
 And drive away the pangs that worth should never
 experience.

There, as the parent distributes his insufficient store.
 To young children | bereft of friends, and weeps to
 bestow no more,

Announce, that his manly offspring shall yet alleviate
 Their father's wrongs, and protect his advanced age.

675

At eve in summer, when the ærial bow of heaven
 Spans with brilliant arch the glittering hills beneath,
 Why does the musing eye turn to yonder mountain,
 Whose top, | bright with sun-shine, mingles with the
 sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy coloring | seem
 More sweet than the entire landscape | which smiles
 near?

It is distance, lends enchantment to the prospect,
 And arrays the mountain in its blue | coloring.
 In the same manner, we linger with pleasure, to view
 The promis'd delights of life's unmeasur'd road:
 Thus, from a distance, each scene dimly discovered
 Appears more captivating than all the past has been;
 And every form, that imagination can repair
 From dark forgetfulness, glows there divinely.

Ten-syllable Iambics, in which some of the Italic
 words are to have epithets added—some are to be al-
 tered—some are both to be altered and to have epithets;

—each particular case to be distinguished by the pupil's own sagacity.

676.—*Botany Bay.*

Here we are *secure* : on this *peaceful* shore,
 No *lions* roar, no *tigers* *prowl* :
 No *wolf* is heard : no *brake*
Hides the *venom* of the *coiling serpent*.
 The *summers* smile as *mildly* here as in *England* ;
 As *mild* *winters* *terminate* the *year*. [this country ;
 Nor is the *breath* of the *autumnal whirlwind* heard in
 Nor *spring* | *storms* breathe the *blast* of *death*.
 Without a *single* | *regret* to call *my tears*,
 Or *awake* one *desire*, I feel *myself satisfied* here.
 And we shall yet *enjoy happiness* : yonder *beam*,
 The *mild radiance* of *departing day-light*,
 As *gaily* *gilds* over this *humble habitation*,
 As the *superb* | *edifices* on *England's remote* shore.

677.—*The Slave-Trade.*

The *ties* of *friend*, *husband*, *father*,
 All *bonds* of *nature*, *cease* in that *moment*.
 And each *suffers*, while he yet *breathes*,
 A *stroke* not *less fatal* than | *Death's scythe*.
 The *black* *warrior*, *mad* with *regret* [remembrance,
 Of the *woman* he *loves*, and never can *lose* from his
 Loses in *his tears* the *shore* *retiring* to a *distance*,
 But not the *idea* that they must *never again* meet.
Robbed, at a *blow*, of her and *liberty*,
 What has he *remaining*, that he yet can *forego* ?
 Yes, *sullenly* *resigned* to *melancholy*,
 He feels in his *mind* the *bondage* of his *body*,

*Divests himself of his generous disposition, and, to suit
His manners with his destiny, puts on the brute.*

678 A.

Ye spirits, who *dwell in* unknown worlds,
Formidable spectres! *to what place* are you flown?
I have *often* heard, you *delight*, at this *awful* hour,
To *resort to* the moss-grown tower, or aisle *lying in*
To flit along the glade in shadowy *figures*, [ruins;
Or stalk *giant-like* 'midst the *shade*.

Yet here, *un-accompanied*, I *walk* with silent steps,
Where broken walls spread their *ruins*;
Where the *remains* of the great and fair
Rest in awful state, vainly enshrined;
Where the dark ivy *embraces* the embattled tower,
And lengthens out its *last hour for a time* :
But *every thing* is quiet; no *ghost* appears;
No *phantom* uprears its huge *figure* ;
No spirit, *robed in white*, glides *through* the *darkness* ;
No *groan* | *lowly* mutters from the *grave*.

678 B.

As when a *criminal*, whom *the laws of his country*
Have *with just reason* | *sentenced* for some atrocious
cause,
Expects, in darkness and *terrors*,
The *ignominious* | *termination* of all his years *which*
he has spent amiss ;
If, chance, slowly borne on heavy *wings*,
A *storm* | *introduce* the dreaded *morning*,
The *lightning* plays upon the *walls of his dungeon*,
The *thunder* appears to *call* him away ;

The warder applies his key at the door,
 Shoots the bolt *backward*, and all his *fortitude* dies.
 If, *at that moment*, just *at that moment*, all thought
 of mercy *being lost*,

When hope, long lingering, at last *gives up* the ghost,
 The sound of pardon *penetrate* his startled ear,
 He drops *at the same moment* his *chains* and his *terror* ;
 In *every thing* that he speaks and looks, a transport
 glows ;

And the first tears of *gratitude* | *wet* his cheeks.

679.—*Cosciusko.*

Warsaw's last champion *viewed*, from her *summit*,
 A waste of *destruction* laid *widely* over the field.
 He *exclaimed*, " Oh! Heaven! *preserve* my bleeding
 country! [*valiant?*]

Is there no hand *in the regions above*, to *protect* the
Nevertheless, though *ruin* sweep these lovely plains,
Arise, fellow men! our country remains yet.

By that *awful* name we *brandish* the sword on high,
 And swear to live for her, to *perish* with her."

Thus he spoke, and, on the heights of the ramparts,
 arrayed

His *warriors*, few, but *undaunted*.

Firm in their pace, and slow, they form a horrid front,
As still as the breeze, but *as terrible as the tempest*.

Sounds *lowly* murmuring fly along their banners :
 The watch-word and reply, " *Revenge or death!*".....

To no purpose, alas! *to no purpose*, ye *brave few*,
 Your volleyed thunders flew from rank to rank.....

For a *time*, Hope bade farewell to the *world* ;
 And *Liberty* | *uttered a shriek* as *Cosciusko* fell.

680.— *Beauty's Eclipse.*

The *storm* of a winter's night howled loudly,
And *lamps* | gave a *dim* light.

No *star* illuminated the vault of heaven
But *clouds* were wildly driven over its face.

In each *street*, | *silence* | prevailed*,

Except where the *blast*, or *sleet*,

Was heard to whistle, or to beat rudely.

It was then, that, *leaning* on a *step*,

Resigned to all the power of wretchedness,

With *famine* in her eye, and *with* *grief* on her cheek,

A child of *misfortune* was *observed* to lie.

The wind blew *roughly* | *round* her shivering *frame* :

Her sighs were lost *in* the *storm*.

Exposed was her bosom, once so *beautiful*,

Now the *abode* of *despair*.

Her *hair* lay loose down her back—

Those *locks*, once dressed in *showy* colors.

Her temples were damp with the dews of death,

And her struggling and thick *respiration* slowly drawn.

Life's *taper* hastened to an end :

She *invokes* *Death*—an *acceptable* friend to her.

I *observed* the *termination* of her *tempestuous* day :

I saw her, lingering *graces* *gradually* *vanish*—

Heard the last *sounds* tremble on her lips,

While nature *heaved* a *sigh* at the *eclipse* of *Beauty*.

* Here is a triplet—three verses rhiming together.

Iambics of eight and six syllables, with alternate rhyme; the Italic words subject to alteration and addition, as in the preceding examples.

681

Do not inquire of me the essential form
 That highly-prized beauty weareth.
 Ah! who is able to paint the magical charm,
 That ensnares each | bosom?
 Search for the reply in your breast;
 For the secret is discovered there.
 It is your own taste that points the arrow,
 And causes our beauty to wound.

Iambics of eight syllables, with alternate rhyme; the Italics, as above.

682

I am pleased with the tear, the pearl of sorrow,
 That adorns the eye affected by sympathy—
 To behold the stream of grief | flowing,
 To hear deeply-heaving sighs.

683

Yes, let the miser reckon his money,
 And labor and sorape to increase the heap:
 Say, can the heart, that is cold and hard,
 Enjoy the fruitful pleasures of riches?

684

I delight to hear the woodlark singing,
 As, rising from her nest,
 She makes the valleys and woods resound,
 And pleasingly soothes my soul to peace.

685

Tortured by the hand of *disease*,
See, our favorite *bard* lies ;
 While every object, *calculated* to give *pleasure*,
Ungratefully flies to a distance from his couch.

*Iambics of ten syllables, with alternate rhyme; the
 Italics, as above.*

686

No wisdom of *man* can foresee the *injury* :
 No prudence of *man* can turn aside its force.
 Like the *whirlwind*, | *behold!* it *rushes* along ;
 And *nothing* but heaven can check its *career*.

687

Come, Sleep! and *assuage* this *sickness* of soul :
 Come, Sleep! and clasp me to thy *bosom*.
Offspring of oblivion! roll over my *imagination*,
 And grant *me* *repose* in some long, long slumber.

688

Not affected by care, the whistling hind goes
 To *you* bank, where high the poplar *moves*
Its limbs : as he *makes ready* his *repast*,
 His *dog* craves the morsel *which he expects*.

689

Ah! of *what advantage* is it, that the face of day
 Wears the *verdure* of returning spring?
 Alas! it *does not shed any* genial beam on me:
 Its approaches *do not bring any* soft feelings.

690

Though pearls enrich the *depths* of the *sea*,
 No eye *sees* the beauty of their ray.

They sleep in *deep* caves *under* the waters,
 And from the gaze of day *conceal* their *brilliancy*.

691.—*To a Red-breast.*

Wanderer! to this shed thou art welcome:
 For thou hast *endured* the cold pitiless *tempest*,
 Felt the *blast* on thy *undefended* head,
 And heard destruction *threaten* thy gentle *frame*,

692

Perking in my face, and *perching* upon my book,
 The Robin, *void of guile* | *appears* to watch my
Ah! he is not *acquainted* with man's *race*, [thoughts,
 By whose allurement *birds* are *taken*.

Even man to man is but rarely *true*:

The love, *which he professes*, is *art*.

Though heaven's *image* appear on his *forehead*,
 Yet *Robin* boasts a heart of *greater purity*.

693

Oh! she was *as beautiful* as lilies of the *valley*:

Her voice was *divine*: on her *cheek*,

Pale with *pain* and *long* sickness,

Sat *patience* ever *mild*, and *calm-eyed* faith.

Family | *affection* would watch the *whole* day,

Smoothing her *pillow*: | *in the mean time*, she

Passed the hours in thankful *silence*,

Reviving *hope* with many a *smile*.

694.—*To the Violet.* [are past,

Now winter's *gloomy* and *uncomfortable* | *mornings*

And the *sun's* renovating warm beams prevail.

Now wandering over the *waste* of the *common*,

To breathe the *scents* | *conveyed* on the *wind*

From the pale primrose or *gold-colored* furze-broom,
 I *discover* thy *blue* gems, spread so lowly
 Beneath some *solitary* thorn adown the *valley*,
Hardly rearing thy *head* from the ground.

695

Delightful Hope, that with *fond* delusive dreams still
 Cheerest the *melancholy* heart, surcharged with
sorrow and care,

My *mind* longs for those healing streams [rison.

Which flow from thee, and *delight* beyond *compa-*

Oh! *vouchsafe* | *therefore* to visit my *solitary* cell,

And breathe thy influence on my *fatigued* soul:

Pleasing flatterer, come, and, *with a smile*, | *declare*

That my hours shall yet *pass* in *felicity*;

That *the tide of Fortune* shall flow again,

That *foes* shall relent, and friends smile;

That I shall *increase* in wisdom, as in years,

And find *all my moments* crowned with sweet con-

696

[tentment.

Where *woods* extend their *shade*, [night,

And give *additional* horrors to the *obscurity* of

If, chance, the swain bend his *steps*,

In *fear* pausing for some *light*; [the glade,

How *joyously* | *does his heart*, *beat*, when, through

He *perceives* the moon's *ray* | *penetrating* the clouds!

With vigorous and light *step* he springs onward,

And *salutes* the empress of the fainter day.

Thus, while I *ramble* through life's *paths*,

Should *despondence* spread the gathering *darkness*,

May Hope's *lustre*, streaming from *on high*,

Dispel the bodings of a *sad* | *destiny*.

697

*Solitary** and full of thought, near some unfrequented
shore,

At a distance from the resorts of men, I love to
wander,

And with caution | explore my path at a distance,

Where the step of man never marked the way.

I endeavour to fly far from the gaze of the public,

And communicate my sorrows to the winds alone,

While, in my eye and cheek,

The fire, that consumes my inmost heart, appears.

But, alas! I fruitlessly go to scenes far removed:

No solitude allays my thoughts.

Methinks, even lifeless things must know

The flame that secretly preys on my soul.

698

Farewell, autumn! I feel the breath

And influence of winter's reign.

How extensively the empire of death spreads round,

Usurping pleasure's | domain.

The sun now ascends slowly over eastern hills,

While fogs besiege the vale;

His oblique beams now shine faintly at mid-day,

And the valley is only half illuminated.

Clouds sail through the sky in rapid succession,

And obscure all the solemn view round:

The wood murmurs to the gale:

The storm | rapidly rushes along the ground.

* Compare this piece with No. 822.

699.—To a Candle.

Hail, *luminous* companion of my *solitary* hours,
 My midnight sun with *light* faintly glimmering!
 Thy master now pours a sonnet to thee:
 Accept the *poetry*: it is all the *poet* can pay.
 When *darkness* veils the *earth*,
 And Night with *black* sceptre *exercises her dominion*
 over the plain,
 When | *Fear* gives *spectres* birth,
 And imaged horrors fill the *brain of the vulgar*;
 Then I *withdraw* to my *chamber*,
 Where books and *solitude* invite;
 Trim my *fire* with secret *satisfaction*,
 And light my *taper* from its flame.
 More *pleasing* to me thy little quivering rays,
 Which *hardly* | *enlighten* my *study* round,
 Than the *glare*, where thousand torches *burn*,
 And Folly and Mirth pour their *united* sound.

700

Inconstantly seen through dust driven in whirlwinds,
 The swords *thickly* flash: the frequent victim, *dies*;
 While, over his *mutilated* trunk, and ghastly *visage*,
Armies rush trampling, where *fury* calls.
Tell me, soldier, grim spectacle of pain, *tell me*,
 What Siren *decoyed* thee from thy *home*,
 To *abandon* thy poor, thy small domestic train,
 To *wander* over billowy deeps for *labors* of arms?
 No beams of glory cheer thy *unfortunate* | *destiny*;
 Thy name *does not descend* to *future* ages—
Forced to fight for thou knowest not what,

And impelled to *butchery* by the rage of another
person.

Thy *widow*, thy *children* weep,

And beg their *subsistence* from door to door,

While thy limbs, *mangled* with wounds, sleep with-
out honor,

And waste and rot on the shore of a strange country.

The first line to rhyme with the fourth.— the 2d with the 3d.

701

At a distance from the disturbance of the busy multi-
tude,

I court the *grove's* | *shade*;

And, as I *behold* the tints of the sun | *fading*,

I *perceive* the hours *dragging* along heavily.

I *ramble* onward, and, rapt* in pensive gloom,

Meditate on the various evils of wayward life,

On falsehood's *wiles*, ambition's *contention*,

And virtue *rapidly* going to an early grave.

702

Ah! dear *pleasures* of youth, for ever gone!

Ah! were I once again a *child* here,

Again this *strand*, these *wood-walks*,

And *dells*, I would tread with careless step.

The *wanderings* of more mature years

Would then present no *unpleasant* retrospect;

Nor regret for time *imprudently* | *wasted*

Would fill my *foreboding* | *bosom* with fears.

* See the note on Rapt, No. 651, page 199.

703.—*To a Red-breast.*

In autumn's *decline*, thy lay *which sweetly sooths*,
 Thy *querulous* warblings, lulled my cares to *peace*:
 When winter came, *arrayed in horrors*,
 I beheld thee silent on the *spray*.
 The trees again *dressed in gay leaves*,
 While reflected rays streak the *west*,
 Thy cadence again sooths my *uneasy* | *bosom*,
 And trills the requiem of *day-light* departing.

*The first and third lines to rhyme — second and fourth —
 fifth and eighth — sixth and seventh.*

704

The *transitory* | *little flower* is no sooner born*,
 Than, *quickly* ripening, it *hastily proceeds* to decay:
 Nursed by the *beams of morning*,
 Its little year is *terminated* at evening.

* *Born*.— Although many persons confine this word to the birth of living creatures, and some even exclusively restrict it to the human species, there is no impropriety — none in poetry at least — in applying it to irrational creatures, or to inanimate productions. As a cow *bears* a calf, and the earth *bears* flowers, the calf is *born* of the cow, and the flowers *born* of the earth; which, in reality, means nothing else than *borne* by the cow or the earth; *born* and *borne* having been originally the same identical participle from *Bear*, though they now happen to be differently pronounced. But that difference of sound is purely accidental, and such as we may every day observe in *Torn*, *Shorn*, and *Forlorn*; some speakers making them to rhyme with *Horn*, others with *Sworn*; which latter pronunciation, by the way, is more agreeable to etymology; those words being formed by syncope from the antique *Tōrēn*, *Shōrēn*, *Forlōrēn*, as *Born* and *Sworn* from *Bōrēn* and *Swōrēn*; whereas the other sound (rhim-

And thus *man's life* : — the *child*
Speedily enters into youth's *spring* ;
 Then *remains* a while, 'till Time, with *quick* wing,
Drives him on to Age's dreary *wilderness*.

*The first and fourth lines to rhyme — second and third
 — fifth and eighth — sixth and seventh — ninth and
 eleventh — tenth and twelfth.*

705

Man of the *grey* | *hair*, thou must *wander*
 Through [the*] *waste destitute of water*, and over
 [the*] *hill destitute of herbs*,
 Where no blossom blooms, and where no *rivulet*
 rolls,
 To cheer thy *journey to Death*, thy *journey* | *void of joy*.
 But youth, whose soul is hope, *anticipates no evil* :
 Trees are his *path* ; and *cheerful* landscapes
 Smile all *round* him, while the *sun*
 Shines on shades *resounding with the song of birds*,
 and *quiet* valleys.
 He looks *right before him* with that eye *void of fear*,
 Which *does not discover* a *sorrow* in futurity :
 But age, that heaves *many sighs* over past *pleasures*,
 Shall soon *humble* his fond *aspiring thoughts*.

ing with *Horn*) was originally only a provincialism, such as, to this day, we may perceive in many of the natives of certain distant counties, who often pronounce the long *O* like *AW*, thus converting *Joe* into *Jaw*, *Know* into *Gnaw*, *Whole* into *Wall*, sounded exactly like the *wall* of a house.

* "*The*" is to be omitted, in both cases.

Trochaic Verses to be scanned — some of them pure Trochaics, as

'Quīps ānd | crānks ānd | wāntōn | wīles,
 Nōds ānd | 'bēcks ānd | wrēathĕd | smīles—
*others having an admixture of different feet, or a super-
 numerary un-accented syllable at the end.*

706

Laura's eyes, in soft dismay,
 Chiding frowns would fain betray.

707

Hail to Pleasure's frolic train!
 Hail to Fancy's golden reign!
 Festive Mirth, and Laughter wild,
 Free and sportive as the child!

708.—*To the Sky-lark.*

Sweetest warbler of the skies,
 Soon as morning's purple dies
 O'er the eastern mountains float,
 Wake me with thy merry note.

709.—*Written in a Garden.*

Here, amidst this blest retreat,
 May each fairy fix her seat:
 May they weave their garlands here,
 Ever blooming, ever fair...
 May the songsters of the vale
 Warble here the tender tale,
 Pour the thrilling cadence sweet,
 Each blest habitant to greet.
 May Pomona, ever gay,
 Here her smiling gifts display,

And with autumn's mellow hoard
Heap the hospitable board.

710

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home.

711

Haste, ye sister pow'rs of song !
Hasten from the shady grove,
Where the river rolls along
Sweetly to the voice of love ;
Where, indulging mirthful pleasures,
Light you press the flow'ry green,
And, from Flora's blooming treasures,
Cull the wreath for fancy's queen.

Trochaics to be made.

*Each line to be one verse ; each couplet to rhyme ;
the Italic words requiring alteration or addition, as in
page 196.*

712

Now battle glows with fury :
In torrents flows hostile blood.

713

Earth résumes all her verdure :
All its splendor illumines heav'n.

714

The voice, the dance, obey thee,
To thy warbled lay temper'd.

715

Wherever she directs her welcome step,

Poverty | *ceases to grieve* :
 Where her smiles *enliven* the prospect,
 Anguish dries the *tear*.

716

Here you will *meet with* | *intellectual pleasures*—
 Pleasures that *ornament* the mind.
 The *pleasures of sense* are *transitory* :
 They *give* no solid *happiness*.

717

Be no longer alarmed, little trembler :
 Thou hast *plentiful crops stored up*—
 Seed, sown by *genial sorrows*,
 More than all thy scorners *possess*.

718

Rise, | *amiable* | *repentant* ;
 Come, and *lay claim* to thy kindred *heaven*.
 Come ! thy sister angels *declare*
 Thou hast wept *out* thy stains.

719

Charming songster, begin the *song*,
 Ever new *and gay*.
 Bring the wine *which inspires joy*,
 Ever fresh *and fine*.
 Gentle boy, whose *feet*
 Move lightly to *melodious cadence*,
Quickly fill us the *wine*,
 Ever fresh *and fine*.

720

Now let experience *determine*
Between the good and evil of *which you have made trial*.
 In the *level ground where enchantment reigns*,

Declare, unfold the treasures that you discovered....
 Seas that lie smoothly dimpling,
 While the *tempest* | *threatens* | *above*.
Exhibiting, in an obvious glass,
Pleasures that *vanish* in possession ;
 Gay, light, fickle, and *transitory*,
 Flattering, only for the purpose of *betraying*.

721

With prophetic *voice*, sisters,
 Let us pour now the dirge of death.

722

Will the stork, when she intends rest,
 Build her nest on the *wave* ?

723

Listen! among yonder | old trees,
 The breeze sighs, wandering.

724

Over the head of a parent, hast thou
 Shed drops of filial affection ?

725

Heaven shall conduct thy *unbefriended* steps,
 Enliven thy hours, and protect thy side.

*Trochaics with alternate rhyme, requiring alteration or
 addition, as the preceding.*

726

The roar of the battle brayed faintly,
 At a distance, down the hollow wind.

Terror fled before :

In the rear were left wounds and Death.

727

“ We will still keep our arms ;”

Thus *answered* the noble king :
 " Helmet and mail shall remain,
 And the sword *tinged* in *blood*."

728

The shepherd dines *beside* the *rioulet*,
 From the fierce heat of *noon*
 Protected by the *pin*es,
 Which hang over his seat.

729

But from *river*, dell, or mountain,
 Not a *Zephyr* | rises,
 Afraid, lest the beam of *noon*
 Should scorch his silken, his *delicate* wings.

730

With the rose, the plant of love,
 Let us tinge our *wine* ;
 With the *most beautiful* flower that *bloweth*,
 Let us entwine *crowns*.

731

The *sword*, in the *king's* hand,
 Cleft *brazen* | *helmets*, like water,
 While, *over* | *valiant* Hacon's head,
 Sword and lance pass, *without hurting* him.

*The first and third lines hypermeter, with double rhyme ;
 the other two of the regular measure.*

732

Behold! the *spirited* band comes forward,
 Sabres brandished aloft.
 Hope dances in *each breast* ;
 In *each eye*, courage speaks.

733

*Amiable, gay, whimsical creature,
 Source of every pain and pleasure,
 Beautiful, imperfect production of nature,
 Vain, tender, and too apt to believe.*

734. — *To the Rose.*

Thou delicious, sweet flower, hail!
 Once more summer bids thee welcome
 To my agreeable and neat bower—
 Thee, the most sweet of her train.

735

While every | ancient poetic mountain
 Breathed inspiration round about,
 Every shade and hallowed spring
 Deeply murmured a solemn sound.

736

With declining motion, *in the west,*
 The sun, the monarch of day, goes down,
 From the eastern sea early
 To emerge with golden beam.

*The first and third lines regular — the second and
 fourth, hypermeter, double-rhined.*

737

Shall the budded rose blow,
 Wasting its beauties on the air,
 Not cropped by any desiring hand,
 None enjoying its early sweets ?

All of the regular measure; each couplet rhiming.

738

Begone hence, mistaken* *woman!*
Do not attend to what the Sirens say.
 Pleasure, *as rapidly fleeing as* the wind,
 Leaves *after it* pain and *repentance*.

739.— *To the Cricket.*

Diminutive inmate, full of *merriness*,
 Chirping on *the hearth of my kitchen*,
 Wheresoever be thy *residence*,
 Always *the forerunner* of good!
 For thy warm *shelter*, | *reward* me
 With a *softer and sweeter* song.
 Thou shalt *have*, in return,
 Such a strain as *I am able to give*....
 Neither night nor *morning*
 Puts *an end* to thy *sport*.
 Sing, *therefore*, and *lengthen out* thy span
 Far beyond the date of *mankind*.
 Miserable man, whose days are *passed*
 In *discontentment*,
 Does *not live*, | *although* he be *old*,
 Half a span, *in comparison* with thee.

* See the note on *Mistaken* and *Mistaking*, page 68.

The second and fourth lines rhiming; the first and third, without rhyme.

740

First trace her glossy locks:

Paint them soft, and *as black as jet*:

And, if thy *imitative* power *be such*,

Paint them breathing ev'ry *sweetness*.

From the cheek, luxuriant, full,

Partially appearing through her *dark-colored* hair,

Let the *forehead* rise,

Fair, smooth, and glittering *bright*.

The first and third lines hypermeter, without rhyme; the second and fourth, regular, and rhiming.

741. — *To Sleep.*

My eyes have a *long time* sought thee to *no purpose*.

Come, and bring the relief *which I wish for*.

Come, and *assuage* my *tormented* | *breast*,

Sick with care and *sorrow* | *at the same time*.

Stealing over my *eye-lids*,

Steep my sense in *rest*,

Shedding from thy *wings*

Kind *forgetfulness* over my *sorrows*.

Under thy friendly *shade*, *Hope*

Shall spread her *fairy colors*,

And with *acceptable*, | *cheerful* *illusions*,

Dance *round* my head *again*.

Regular, with alternate rhyme.

742

Behold! what storms | are gathering round,
Gloomy, and pregnant with England's destiny!
 England! rouse thyself at the sound!
Behold! the Frenchman is at thy door!
Before the arrow of war be sped,
 Meet it, and anticipate the stroke.
European powers! lend your assistance,
 To exterminate the common enemy.

Anapæstic Verses to be scanned. — See "*Anapæstic,*"
in the Prosody, page 32.

743

The spirit of chivalry reign'd o'er the laws,
 When the glances of beauty decided the cause.

744

No arbour, no shade, and no verdure is seen;
 For the trees and the turf are all colors but green.

745

My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine;
 And I'll barter all joys for a goblet of wine.
 In search of a Venus, no longer I'll run;
 But I'll stop, and forget her, at Bacchus's tun.

746 (See Nos. 755, and 756.)

All bold and erect ev'ry ruffian we meet; [street.
 And the coachmen, in tremors, scarce trot through the

With a flourishing whip they once gallop'd along,
 And crush'd out the souls of the beggarly throng.
 To fracture a leg was but reckon'd-a joke,
 While the chariot was whirling through foam and
 through smoke.

747

Let them talk of the beauties, the graces, that dwell
 In her shape, in her face, in her air.
 I, too, of those beauties, those graces, could tell :
 But, ah ! what avails that she's fair ?
 I could say, that, in nature, each emblem is faint,
 To express all the charms of her face.
 Her form—oh ! 'tis all that young Fancy can paint ;
 And her air, the perfection of grace.
 But the frost of unkindness those blossoms can blight—
 Each charm, each perfection, can stain—
 Make the sweet-smiling Loves and the Graces
 take flight,
 And ease the fond fool of his pain.
 Come, Mirth, and thy train ! Of thy joys let me share—
 Those joys that enliven the soul.
 With these, I'll forget that my Phyllis is fair.—
 Love and care shall be drown'd in the bowl.

748

Ye pow'rs, who make Beauty and Virtue your care ;
 Let no sorrow my Phyllis molest !
 Let no blast of misfortune intrude on the fair,
 To ruffle the calm of her breast !

749

I have march'd, trumpets sounding, drums beating,
 flags flying,

Where the music of war drown'd the shrieks of the
dying.

750. — *Warranted Razors.*

“ You warrant those razors which now I have
bought?”—

“ Yes, truly, I warrant them not worth a groat.”

751. — *Robinson Crusoe**.

I am monarch of all I survey :

My right there is none to dispute.

From the centre all round to the sea,

I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O solitude ! what are the charms

That sages have seen in thy face ?

Better dwell in the midst of alarms,

Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach ;

I must finish my journey alone,

Never hear the sweet music of speech—

* It may be proper to inform some of my young readers that the fictitious tale of *Robinson Crusoe* was built on the real story of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who had lived several years in total solitude on the island of Juan Fernandez. Upon his return to England, he intrusted his papers to Daniel De Foe, to prepare them for the press, with the reasonable hope of deriving benefit from the publication of his extraordinary adventures. But De Foe, shamefully betraying his trust, stole from those papers the ground-work of his tale, which he published, for his own benefit, as an original piece—leaving poor Selkirk to lament the confidence which he had unluckily placed in a man who could thus basely and cruelly rob him of all the advantages which he was entitled to reap from his past sufferings.

I start at the sound of my own.....
 Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon men !
 Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !.....
 Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.

Anapæstics to be versified.

Anapæstics of four feet. — Each line to make a verse, and each couplet to rhyme. — N. B. It is of no consequence whether the first foot of each verse consist of two syllables or of three, provided that the last syllable of that foot be accented. — See page 32.

752

Adieu to the woodlands, where, gay and sportive,
 The cattle play so frolicsome, light bounding.

753

Adieu to the woodlands, where I have rov'd oft,
 And, with the friend that I lov'd, convers'd sweetly.

754

Content and joy are now fled from our dwellings ;
 And, instead, disease and want are our inmates.

755. — *The French Revolution.*

Now chivalry is dead, and Gallia ruin'd ;
 And the glory of Europe is fled for ever.

756

No distinctions remain : lost is all order :
Crosses, ribbons, and titles, obtain no rev'rence.

757

All ranks, all ages, all nations, shall combine
In this divine and just war of benevolence.

758

Though, from dunghills, meteors arise with lustre,
Is the filth, left behind, like the flame in the skies ?

759

A singular custom prevails at Pavia,
To protect, from jails and bailiffs, the poor debtor.

760

In my eye there's no grief, though my cheek may be
And 'tis seldom I give a sigh to sad mem'ry.

761

You'll soon fly afar from country and from friends,
To havoc and to camps, to war and to rage.

762

His case I remember'd, though scant was my wallet,
Nor, to his pitiful face, refus'd my last crust.

763

Blind, forsaken, and poor, where shall I now go ?
Can I find one so kind and faithful, to guide me ?

764

Her limbs could then no more support their faint
And she sank on the floor breathless and exhausted.

765

The hotter the fight, we still grow the fiercer.
So we conquer the foe, the loss we heed not.

766

Queen of the fairies, so gay and rosy ! come !
As the daughter of May, with flow'rs we must crown
you.

767. — *The impressed Sailor.*

Because I've ventur'd my life for my country,
From my wife and my home I'm dragg'd, like a thief.

768. — *The Soldier.*

After marching all day, sore and hungry and faint,
On the swamps of the moor, at night I have lain down,
Unshelter'd, and by fatigue forc'd to remain,
By the wind all chill'd, and by the rain benumb'd.

769. — *On a Vintner.*

While Balderdash vends the vilest of compounds,
And, for all his good friends, brews his dear poison,
No wonder they can never get him to dine :—
He's afraid they'll oblige him to drink his own wine.

770

From my brother the post has just brought a letter ;
And, to write him another, I am seated here.
Wo'n't it be very clever, if I can do't in rhyme ?
And I could for ever scribble, I'm so fond of rhyme.

771

She pass'd still fearless o'er weed-cover'd fragments,
And at last arriv'd at the innermost ruin,....
When, on her ear, the sound of a voice seem'd to
All eager to hear, she listen'd, and she paus'd. [rise.

772

Prostrate is laid the elm, beneath whose broad shade
I have play'd and gambol'd in childhood's blithe day.
The gay thrushes shall no more sing on its boughs,

Nor goldfinches hail the commencement of spring.
 The musical choir, depriv'd of their shelter,
 Retire to the shade of the thickets, with regret.

773. — *Woman.*

'Tis woman, whose charms impart ev'ry rapture,
 And to the pulse of the heart add a soft spring.
 Her sway is so supreme—the miser himself
 Resigns her his key, and to love grows a convert.
 Sorrow lifts up his head, at the sound of her voice,
 And, from his shed, Poverty, well pleas'd, listens.
 Even Age, hobbling along, in an ecstasy,
 Beats time to the tune of her song, with his crutch.

774

We cheerfully hope to find in our cottage
 The solace of mind, and the transport of life.
 Nature may shine there with unborrow'd beauty,
 And read some divine lecture through all seasons ;
 Excite the ambition pursu'd by wisdom,
 And point to the giver of good, from his gifts.
 Friends, ever welcome, shall pay glad visits there,
 And books shall display the science of ages.

775.—*To a Daughter, with a Chaplet of Flowers,*
 A more beauteous garland may adorn thy breast,
 Than courts the soft dew-drops of May's lucid morn,
 If, kind and obliging, good-humour'd and mild,
 The fruits of the heart aid the blossoms of mind.
 If love and duty join with ease and spirit,
 The dear chaplet they form, that will ever please.
 In thy bosom, my sweet little Jane, wear these ;
 And unfaded will remain the flow'rs that we prize.

776

Oh ! burn the tall heath which waves in the gale now :
 Let nought prevail but the war-songs of Erin*.
 The prows of the strangers swell the green wave now :
 Unsheathe then the sword of the brave, ye heroes.
 Far from the shore, far, chase the deer of black Mor-
 'Till the banquet of Odin and of Death is o'er. [vern,
 Of our fathers of old sing the deeds, ye bards,
 And rouse the bold and the brave to new glory....
 From the heath-cover'd dell shall start the heroes,
 Determin'd to fall as fell their forefathers.
 Ye bold hunters of Colna's dark plain ! bend the bow :
 Rejoice again in the strength of your arrows.
 Now the spears of the strangers darken the sky :
 Dread Odin is nigh, and the eagle has shriek'd thrice.

*Anapæstics of four feet and three alternately — with
 alternate rhyme.*

777

The beauties, so rare, that adorn my Phyllis,
 To those of her mind are inferior.
 The forlorn orphan, and aged, she succours,
 And is kind to all the afflicted.

778

A slave to passion, of Fancy a vot'ry,
 With a heart that of guile 's unconscious,
 Of each plodding mean knave e'er shall I be the dupe,
 And of each villain's dark wile the prey.

* *Erin*, the Gaelic name of *Ireland*.

779

A maiden cried, Ah me! ah! where can I fly,
 For aid, from so wild a tempest?
 Can you now, my rigid stern sire, mock the sigh
 Of your wandering, houseless, poor child?

780

Ev'ry care and sorrow I sooth tenderly:
 I toil; unwearied, to ease thee.
 I ensnare, by my wiles, the fish of the stream,
 Despoil of their flowers the meads.....

781

When our forefathers stray'd wide o'er the woodlands,
 As rude as the rocks of our isle,
 Along the deep glade wanton'd fair Liberty,
 And with a smile deck'd ev'ry face.

782

The wide world is a desolate waste to me,
 Where to roam Fortune has doom'd me,
 Expos'd to the blast, a care-haunted pilgrim,
 And denied a home or companion.

783

“Fond visions of joy! vain illusions! hence! hence!
 In my breast no more shall you reign.
 The frown of my Phyllis can annoy no more:
 Her smile can make me blest no more”.....
 Resolv'd to shake off the soft chain, young Strephon,
 Among the gay shepherds, sang thus.
 But his triumph is short: for, o'er the plain, see!
 Lightly trips along his Phyllis.

Anapæstics of four feet, with alternate rhyme.

784

From the blush of young Morn the trees borrow tints,
 As to the gale they expand their beautiful bloom,
 Where they adorn the cottage, and shadow the path,
 Of Emma, the pride of the vale, sweet Emma.

785

Stern winter has stripp'd the trees of their honors,
 And strew'd blighted beauties around in ruin :
 Now by the breeze the pride of the woodlands is toss'd,
 And the still streamlet is bound in strong icy chains.

786

I have, as I pass'd, seen how the rose, gay blushing,
 Display'd her bosom to the gale of the morning :
 I return'd : but away had her beauties faded ;
 And, ere the ev'ning, was the pride of the morn dead.

787

The look was gone, that spoke gladness and welcome :
 The blaze was no more, that in the hall shone bright.
 A stranger, with a bosom of stone, was there ;
 And, as I enter'd his door, his look was cold.

788

A strange contest arose between nose and eyes :
 Unhappily the spectacles set them wrong.
 As ev'ry one knows, the point in dispute was,
 To which ought to belong the said spectacles.....
 So his lordship decreed, with a solemn, grave tone,
 Clear and decisive, without one *but* or *if*,
 That, whenever the nose put on his spectacles,
 By candle-light or day-light, eyes should be shut.

The first and third lines with double rhyme.

789

How sweet is the thought of to-morrow to the heart,
 When Hope's fairy pictures display bright colors!
 How sweet, when we can borrow from futurity
 A balm for the griefs that to-day afflict us!

790

The last torrent was streaming from his bosom that
 heav'd;
 And his visage, deep mark'd with a scar, was pale:
 And dim was that eye, once beaming expressively,
 That kindled in war, and that melted in love.

Anapæstics of three feet: — rhyme alternate.

791

I was cast upon the wide world,
 A little boy, fatherless, poor:
 But, at last, Fortune, kind Fortune,
 Has turn'd to joy all my sorrow.

*Anapæstics of four feet: — each couplet to rhyme.*792.—*Diana.*

While she follows the chase, Táygetus* sounds
 With the cry of the hounds, and the notes of the horn.

* *Táygetus*.—In ancient Greek names, the *Y* never unites with a preceding vowel to form a diphthong, but always makes a separate syllable, as in *Cē-yr*, *Cā-yster*, &c. though (strange as it may appear to the English reader) *THYI* is but one syllable in *Ilithyia* and *Orithyia*, which, in Greek and Latin poetry, contain only four syllables each, as I have shown in my "*Latin*

793

Let order preside throughout your whole household ;
For order is ever allied with prudence.

794

For departed moments, ah! ne'er to return—
For scenes of past bliss, we mourn, un-availing ;
When, blooming with health, our little ones and our-
selves
To indolent Wealth were objects of envy ;

Prosody ;" the *YI* being, in the original, a diphthong (*UI*), sounded, probably, by the ancient Greeks, as it is by the modern French in *Lui*, *Nuit*, *Puis*, though difficult of pronunciation to an English tongue, as observed in my note on the word *Puis-sance*," under the head of "*Diæresis*," in page 10.—With respect to *Täygetus*, agreeably to the practice of Virgil, Homer, and other ancient writers, it contains four syllables—the third, short ; and the accent falls on the second—*Tä-y-gëtus*. In my edition of *Dryden's Virgil* (Geo. 3, 74), I chose rather to presume that our English bard had intended a syncope, however harsh, in the third syllable, than that he could have been so grossly ignorant of the classical quantity and pronunciation, as to make *Tay* a single syllable, and to lengthen the *ge*. Accordingly, I thus printed the line—

Thy hounds, *Täy-g'ëtus*, open, and pursue their prey.

Such of my readers, however, as prefer dactyls and anapæsts to the use of the syncope, may avoid the harsh elision, by making the third foot an anapæst, thus—

Thy hounds, | *Täy-* | *-gëtüs, ð-* | *-pen*, and pursue their prey—
though neither that nor any other management in the reading can ever render it a pleasing line, destitute, as it is, of the *middle caesura*, which is indispensable in the Alexandrine metre.

When, at the close of each day, innocent sports
 Could banish away our sorrows and our cares.
 Ah! when will sweet pastime the plain revisit,
 And content and joy smile again around us?

Alternate rhyme.

795

[man,

When, in the vale, had ceas'd the stroke of the wood-
 And night's lonely warbler* her sweet song com-
 menc'd,
 Her tale a heart-broken maiden repeated,
 And to the stream, as along it murmur'd, sigh'd.

Blank Verse.

Ten-syllable Iambics, in which some of the Italic words are to have epithets added—some are to be altered as directed in page 196—and some are both to be altered and to have epithets.

796

Oh! if I had but the envied power of choosing
 My residence, no sound of city bell should come to
 My ear—not even the cannon's roar.

797

Agreeable to see the laborer hasten homeward,
 Light-hearted, as he supposes his steps [family.
 Will soon be welcomed by the smile of his young

798

Ah! who can describe the mother's joy,
 When first her infant leaps, quivering,
 With extended arms, to meet her embrace?

* The nightingale.

799

Now the sun, from the burning *heaven*, [ness
Has *driven away* each cloud: with unīversal *bright-*
Blazing, the earth repels the *eye*.

800

Amid the *nocturnal* prowlers of thy *wild commons*,
Britannia, man walks *safe*; in all their tribes, [aim
None *calculated* to bid him *shake with fear*, none to
Claw or fang against their *master*.

801

Thus, when his *army* over the Alps, to no *purpose*
opposed,
Hannibal led, the last ascent, [now trod,
Laboriously proceeding over ice-built rocks, as they
Gasping for breath, the *myriads* | *halted*.

802

Far from being *the same*, wisdom and knowledge
Frequently have no connexion. Knowledge *resides*
In heads *stored* with *other men's thoughts*,
Wisdom in minds *that attend* to their own.

803

One *spring evening*, as, rapt in *solitary* thought,
He traced his confines, from the bordering *common*
An *old* man came forth: his *steps*
A *young woman* watch'd, with looks of filial *affection*.

804

Hypocrisy, *hate* her as we may,
May still *lay claim* to this merit, that she *acknowledges*
The *value* of what she *imitates* with such care,
And thus gives virtue *praise* | *indirectly*.

805

But, my friend, *before we separate*, let us ascend
 You *mountain*, and trace back our *journey*.
 Easy the ascent, and many an *agreeable herb*
 Has Nature *lavishly* | *strewed* round.

806

[feet

There are, whom *more humble* walks *please*: *their*
 Can visit the close *cottage*, | *in which* Poverty
Patiently sits, and *in which* Industry, retired
 From daily *labor*, | *breathes* the poisoned air:

807

[soundedly,

Charming | *baby!* oh! mayest thou ever sleep as
 Smile as softly, while over thy little bed
 Thy mother sits, with *enraptured* gaze
 Catching each *feature's* sweet expression.

808

How *rapid* the falcon's *wing* in *pursuing*!
 Less *rapid* the linnet's flight. Alas! *unfortunate* bird!
 Weak and weary is now thy *wing*,
 While the *foe* draws close and closer.

809. — Spring.

When the waking flowers and imprisoned leaves now
 Burst from their tombs, the birds, that lurked, *without*
being seen,

In the midst of the hybernal shade, in busy tribes
 Pour their forgotten *crowds*, and *derive*,
 From the smile of Spring, new rapture, new life.

810

[scene,

Thou mayest then *peacefully* | *endure* the passing
 Sure of *more noble* life beyond the tomb,

Where vice, pain, and error, shall *no longer* | *exist*,
 But untainted *happiness*, and *consummate* wisdom,
 Fill the *capacious* soul, and crown the *everlasting*

811

[scene.

The *pure* stream now, from *the showers of April*
 Refined, shows each *pebble*, that *ornaments*
 Its bottom, and each *scaly inhabitant*
 Glancing quick in the *shallow parts*, or, in *pursuit*
 Of *prey*, sailing slowly in the deep.

812

How soft the *harmony* of the *bells of the village*
 Falling upon the ear at intervals
 In *pleasing* cadence, now all dying away,
 Now again *loudly* pealing, and still *more loudly*,
 Clear and *sounding*, as the gale *approaches!*

813

The moon rides high *in the clouds*,
 That glisten, as they *are wafted* athwart her disk.
Charming is the glimpse, that, for a *little while*, plays
 Among these mouldering pinnacles. But, *listen!*
 That dismal sound! it is the *owl*.

814. — *Young Birds stolen from the Nest.*

In the mean time, the younger victims, *one after*
another,

Drop off, destroyed by *attention*, and *improper* food.
 One perhaps, *more hardy* than *the others*, survives,
 And, 'tween the *bars* with *weeds*
 Entwined, *suspended* at some *high* window, hops
 From *one stick* to *another*, his unvaried *little* round.

x 3

815. — *To Fancy.*

Friend of my *solitary* hours! thou *conductest* me
To such *peaceful* | *pleasures*, as Nature, wise and
good,

Vainly proffers to all her *miserable* sons —

Her *miserable* sons, who pine with want, *in the midst of*
The abundant earth, and blindly *prostrate themselves*
Before the Moloch *altars* of riches and power.

816

Do summer suns load the *meadow* with grass,
And *color* the ripening year *? With sudden *fury*
The thunder-storm descends: the river *rises*,
Impatiently leaps the mound; and, while the waves
Devour the *crop*, calls on thee,
O man, to *be alarmed* for thy daily *sustenance*.

817

Come, pensive *Sadness*, thou, who *avoidest*
The *haunts* of *mankind*: it is thee I woo.
Come, *appease* the tumults of an *agitated* mind.
I will cherish thee as an *acceptable* | *visitor*,
And, in some *place of retirement*, indulge in *freedom*
The gloom of *sorrow*, unknown and unnoticed.

818

The heart is hard in nature, and *not calculated*
For human *society*, as being *devoid*
Of *fellow-feeling*, and therefore *equally* dead
Both to *affection* and friendship, that is not *delighted*

* In the original, it is "Year," which, if not a typographic error for *Ear* [of corn], seems intended by the author as a metonymy — the year, for the produce of the year.

With sight of *living creatures enjoying existence,*
And does not feel their happiness augment *his.*

819

While, with their heads *under* their ruffled *feathers*
 Concealed, the birds, that *pursued their sport* during
the day time,

Repose in those *bushes,* at the *roots of which*
 The vivid worm illumines her spark *that shines in the*
night,

And, couching in that brake, the *deer*
Sleeps, | *forgetting* each past alarm,
 The *evening tribes* come out of their cells.

820

And what is *the life of man?* a day's short journey,
 Fraught with *vicissitudes.* Now up the *wonderful*
 height

Hope *ascends,* and views *wistfully,* and again views
 The prospect *which extends in length* — calls the pro-
 spect *beautiful* —

Now, like the *kid,* over *the lawn*
 She springs; then, *in the midst of* the waste,
Cheerfully sings, though *she does not hear any voice*
 around.

821. — *Children employed in Manufactories.*

Behold! the poor elves, *with pale faces,* in *torn* |
garments,

Motley with half-spun threads, and *flakes of cotton,*
 Trudge, drooping, to the *lofty* | *building,*
In which, thousand spindles whirling *deafen* the ear,
 Confused. There, *closely* | *imprisoned,* they moil,
 wretched.

Charming age! perverted from its proper end!
When childhood *labors*, the field *ought to be* the
scene.

822

[solitary wilds,

*Full of thought,** | *without a companion*, I walk the
Pacing the earth with sluggish and *lingering* steps,
Vigilantly avoiding all haunts of *human kind*;
Intently watchful to shun with speed
The *impertinent* stare and prying eyes of *the world*:
For, long bereft of cheerful and gay thought, [me.
My appearance betrays the *internal* fire that *consumes*

823

Fresh from his *lurking place*, yon hollow trunk, *see*
The wild-cat, *the most deadly* of the savage tribes
That *wander* in British woods, | *accustom'd* on high
To seize the *squirrel*, or by *stratagem*
Pluck the *dove* from her nest,
Or, *coming down* to the ground, thin the race
That bores the sandy warren.*****

824. — Home.

In that little *expression*, there is an *enchantment*:
It is a *mystical* circle, that *encompasses*
Comforts and virtues *which are never known* beyond
The hallowed *boundary*. My heart has *frequently*
Asked for that *peaceable* haven: *at present* havened,

* The reader may compare these lines with the first eight of No. 697; both being translations from the twenty-eighth sonnet of Petrarch: The former was first published; the latter given afterwards by a different hand, as a literal translation.

I reflect on those, in the wilderness of this world
Who stray on, and do not find any home of rest.

825

In the mean time, the little songsters, eager to cheer
Their partners | closely brooding in the brake under-
neath,

Strain their throats, or, with the attention of parents,
Conduct their offspring from twig to twig;

Instruct them to seize the gnat, to balance

Their wings in short flights, to make trial of their
strength,

And venturously | commit themselves to the bosom of
the air.

826

Whither shall I turn myself? whither shall I direct
My weary way? thus exhausted with labor, and faint,
How, through the mazes of this forest,

Reach my dwelling? That deep cry,

That echoes along the wood, | appears to sound

My knell: it is the midnight howling

Of monsters prowling for their prey.

827.— *Civilised Society.* [multitude

Happy | the man, though undistinguished from the

By riches or dignity, who securely | resides

Where man, naturally fierce, has put off

His fierce disposition, having learned, though tar-
dy | in learning,

The arts and the manners of civilised life.

His necessities indeed are numerous: but supply

Is obvious, being placed within the reach

Of industrious hands and temperate desires.

828

O ye, who court the silent *peaceful* retreats
 Of contemplation, and who *above all* prefer
 The *lonely* walk—as *being best suited to* [haunts
 The *views of those* who sigh to *penetrate* the secret
 Of Nature, *observing* her *vagaries*,
 And, as *bold* and *free from restraint* as she, to muse
 The free, the rapturous lay—*continue to pace* along
 Your *solitary* way; and *delightful* be your musings.

829.—*Parental Authority.*

See your friend, your best, your *most sincere* friend,
 A parent, whose authority, in *appearance*
 When *severest*, and *collecting* all its force,
 Is *only* the graver countenance of *affection*,
 Whose favor may lour, like the *spring clouds*,
 And *sometimes* utter a *tremendous* voice,
 But has a blessing in the *darkest of its frowns*,
 At the same moment threatening and *feeding* the plant.

830 —*Profusion.*

It is a hungry vice. It *devours* | *every thing*
 That gives to society its strength, beauty,
 Security, and convenience, and *utility*;
Converts men into mere vermin, *deserving* to be trapped,
 And *hanged on gibbets*, as fast as catchpole claws
 Can *lay hold on* the slippery prey; *loosens* the knot
 Of union, and *changes* the *band*,
 That holds the *human kind* together, *into* a scourge.

831.—*The Owl.*

She mourns *during the whole night*, | *being perch'd*
 in some vacant niche,
 Or time-rent crevice. To the *forests* sometimes

She bends her silent wing, *which moves slowly,*
 And on some *tree*, dead of old age,
 Sits on the *watch* for her prey. But, should the foot
 Of man *force its way* into her *shades*,
 He, *being startled*, hears the *decayed* breaking branch.
 Crash, as she rises :—further in the *obscurity*,
 She wings her way to deeper solitudes.

832.—*The Swallows.*

A long time before the *gusts of winter*, with chilly
 sweep,

Sigh through the *groves*, the swallow tribes,
Warned by heaven, | *assemble* in airy be vies,
 Or sit in *clusters*, as if in deep *consultation*
When to launch : but they *linger and wait*,
 Until the *weak* of the *last* broods
 Have *collected* strength to *venture* on the seaward path.
 At last, the twitter of *adieu*, spreading, sounds :
 They fly *up*, and melt in *the air at a distance*.

833.—*Death.*

Death ! where the magic in that *name*,
 That *freezes* my inmost heart ? At the *idea*, why
 Starts, on every limb, the *dew* of fear ?
 There are no terrors to *environ* the grave,
 When the *mind*, collected *within* itself,
Views that narrow *habitation*. The ghastly train,
 That haunt the midnight of *Guilt*,
 Then *disappear*.—In that home of *everlasting* | *repose*,
 All sorrows cease.****

834.—*A January Night in Town.*

Folly and Vice run their *rounds* there :

There *multitudes* are *hastily* going to the sight
 Of *fictitious* distress, yet have not *leisure* to hear
The prayer of the shivering orphan. The flaring lamps
 Of *chariots*, drawn by pampered *horses*,
Illuminate the snowy street: the wheels, *rolling with-*
out noise,

Steal, unperceived, on *incautious* passenger,
 Conveying the *fair* to flutter round
 Amid the *labyrinths* of the dance.

835.—*A February Night in a Village.*

While the night *continues* long, and *dreary*, and *chilly*,
 As soon as the *oblique* sun has sunk from view,
 The sound of the *anvil* cheerily invites
 The *fatigued* | *rustic* to leave his [own*] *fire*,
 And bask himself before the *glare of the furnace* ;
 Where the *rustic circle*, blest with *merriment* | *which*
costs them nothing,
 (*While their faces are tinted* with the yellow blaze)
 Beguile the hours, and do not *envy* rooms of state.

836.—*April.*

The western gale now sweeps *lightly* over the plain ;
 It gently waves the *cascade of the rivulet* :
 It gently *divides* the lock on *the brow of Beauty*,
 And *raises* the tresses from the *white neck*,
 And bends the flowers, and *causes* the lily to *stoop*,
 As if to kiss its image in the *water*,
 Or curls the *pool*, with softest breath. [sparkles,
Conduct, where, through the glade, yon *spring*
 Over whose *brink* the *narcissus* bends,

* The word, " own," is to be omitted.

That *delights* to trace in the wave its beauty ;
 Where the *western breeze*, whispering through the
 Dips his wings in the current, [leaves,
 And sprinkles freshness over the flowers.

837.—May:—Birds' Nests.

The little bird, from the *bank of wild flowers*, now
 Picks the *moss*, and flies to the thicket,
 And returns *repeatedly*, and renews the work *repeatedly*,
 'Till all the *fabric* hangs complete ;
Ah! but ill hidden from the *eye of the school-boy*,
 Who, *regardless* of the *bird's* saddest plaint,
 Snatches from the bush the *labor* of many an hour.

838.—June.

Unfortunate is the man, who, in this season, pent
 Within the *gloom* of city lane,
 Pines for the *flowery paths*, and *shades of the woods*,
 From which the *desire* of gain or of power
 Enticed his youthful steps. He *un-|availingly* turns
 The rich descriptive *pages* of Thomson's poem,
 And *endeavours* to *persuade himself* that the lovely
 scenes
 Are *before his eyes*. | *In the same manner* the hand of
 childhood tries
 To grasp the bunch of fruit or flowers *represented in*
 a picture,
 But, *being disappointed*, feels the canvas smooth.

839.—September.

At hour of noon, the reaper band
 Repose from their *labor**. Around their simple fare,

* See the note in the following page.

Spread upon the stubble, they *blithesomely* form
 A circling groupe, while behind humbly waits
 The *dog*, and, with *significant* look
 And pawing foot, *begs* his little *portion*.
 The short *meal*, seasoned with *mirth*,
 And not without *singing*, gives place to sleep.
 With sheaf *under* his head, the *young rustic*
 Enjoys sweet *sleep*, while the *young woman* he loves
 Steals to his side, and *shelters* him from the sun.

840.—October.

The *woods* are hushed: *not a bird* is heard,
Except where the red-breast mourns the *fall of the leaf*.
 At close of day *now grown shorter*, the reaper*, *fa-*
tigued,
 With sickle on his shoulder, hies *towards home*.
 Night comes with *menacing* | *tempest*, first *lowly*
 whispering,
 Sighing amid the *branches*; then, *gradually*,
 With violence *increased* at each pause,
 It rages *furiously*, | *terrifying* startled sleep.

841.—December.

The blast *loudly* blows. While, *screened* from its *fury*,
 The social circle feel their *pleasures* enhanced,
 Ah! little *do they think* of the *ship*,
In the midst of the uproar of the winds and *billows*—
 The *billows* unseen, *except* by the *glare of the lightning*,
 Or *flash of the cannon*, | *melancholy* signal of distress!

* These descriptions were written in Scotland, where the harvest is not so early as in the southern parts of our island.

Each moment the crew | fancy they feel
 The shock of a sunken rock. At length they strike.
 Wasted on the blast, their voices reach,
 Faintly, the sea-girt hamlet. Assistance is un-availing.

842

Can prolific nature present to the eye
 A more noble scene, than when the retiring sun
 Gleams on the fading prospect, and illuminates
 The extensive view with a last stream of brightness?
 The death of Virtue is similar; similar the glow
 Of her last hour, that enlivens the mind,
 When on the course of a life properly spent
 The eye of the mind reverts, and continues to gaze,
 Till the shades of death overwhelm the sight,
 And lull the senses in a durable | sleep.

843

[thee,

England! notwithstanding all thy faults, I still love
 My native land! and, while yet a corner is left,
 Where English manners and minds may be found,
 Shall be forced to love thee. Though thy climate
 Be changeable, and thy year, for the most part, de-
 With rains, or withered by a frost, [formed
 Yet I would not exchange thy sullen skies
 And fields destitute of flowers, for warmer France
 With all her vineyards, nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruits, and her bowers of myrtle.

844

How the delighted | breast swells, when the eye
 Roves, unsated with pleasure, from shade [hand
 To shade, from grove to thicket, from groups near at

To yon primæval forests, with darkening sweep
 Retiring; and perceives the whole with beauty
 Kindling, and glowing with renewed life!
 For now, at the re-animating call of spring,
 Each native of the wood—from the trunk
 Huge and towering, down to the bush—
 Again assumes its own peculiar character.

845

Behold, from his cavern | under yon brambly bank,
 The fox glide forth, scenting the prey
 Perched at the cottage in the vicinity. | Slowly creeping,
 The weasel, and silently, through the fern,
 Comes unawares on the dozing leveret. From her seat
 She starts, and carries away the assailant, fastened
 Firmly to her neck, and, from the flowing vein,
 Sucking the vital current. Behold! she drops down:—
 The murderer slinks into the brake
 From the carcass, sated with the blood.

846

Thus, when art her standard
 Plants on some barbarous shore, to mountains
 And fastnesses in craggy rocks his warrior sons
 The irritated Genius of the wilderness withdraws,
 There bids them, from the detested influence
 Of science free, their bloody rites,
 Their unpolished manners, and savage laws, uphold;
 'Till destiny shall again pour them from their caverns,
 Eager over their long-lost plains again
 To extend the veil of ignorance and night.

847.— Botany Bay.

Why, stern Memory, must thy hard hand

Harrow my soul? why recalls thy power
 The fields of England to my eyes *here in exile*—
 The pleasures which once were mine? Even now I
 The lowly, lovely *habitation* : even now [behold
 See the woodbine clasping its *walls*,
 And hear the *red-breasts* chirp around,
 To ask their morning *repast* ; for I was *accustomed*,
 With friendly hand, to *furnish* their morning *repast*,
 Was *accustomed* to love their song, when lingering
morning
 Streaked the *light* over the chilly landscape.

848

See yon pool, by *springs*.
 Still nurtured, *attract* the *crowds* that graze
 The plain *lying near*. — On the bank worn bare,
 And *marked* with ten thousand steps, the colts
Join together in shifting groups ; or, to the brink
Going down, dip their pasterns in the *water*.
 The tribes *that have horns*, being bolder, or less of heat
 And *insects* patient, far from shore
 Immerse their chests ; and, while the *swarm*
 Now soars *up*, now *resolutely* descends,
 Lash their *sides*, and, stamping *quickly*
 And *frequently*, scatter the *fluid* round.

849

The glow of *evening* is faded. The West *hardly*
 Retains a pale memorial of the *sun-beams*
 That *made it blaze*, when the horizontal clouds,
 With purple dies, and fissures *bordered* with gold,
 Streaked the calm æther ; while, through *haze*,

The faint hills glimmered, *more faint*, as their chain
 Came near to the fount of brightness, still *more faint*,
 As the *departing orb descended*, and with the sky
 United in undistinguishable splendor....

The subsiding glow, *more mild*, still *more mild*,
 Spared the pained *eye*, and, with sober rays
 Extinguished in the gathering dusk, refreshed the
eye-sight.

850. — *The Finding of Muses.*

The Nile glides *slowly*. Amid the flags *on the margin*,
 The babe is left, *shut up* in a bulrush ark,
 Left by *the hand of a mother*. His sister waits
At a distance; and, pale *between* hope and fear, sees
 The royal *virgin*, surrounded by her *attendants*,
Draw near to the river bank, *draw near* to the spot
 Where sleeps the *child*. She sees them stoop
 To view the ark. The lid of *rushes* is *opened*,
 And wakes the *babe*, smiling in his tears;
 As when, along a *small lake on a mountain*,
 The south-wind of *summer* breathes with gentle sigh,
 And *separates* the reeds, *showing*, as they bend,
 A water-lily, *which floats* on the wave. —

851

What *wonders* can the *divine power* perform
 More grand than it *annually* produces,
 And all in sight of *man-kind* | *who pay no attention*?
Being familiar with the effect, we *disregard* the cause,
 And, in the constancy of *the course of nature*,
 The regular *recurrence* of genial months,
 And *renewal* of a faded world,

*Discover nothing to wonder at. Should God again,
As on a certain occasion in Gibeon*, interrupt the
career*

*Of the punctual and undeviating sun,
How would the world be astonished! But does it speak
less*

*A divine agency, to make him know
His moment when to descend, and when to ascend,
Age after age, than to stop his course?
Every thing that we behold, is miracle: but, being
seen*

So duly, every thing is miracle to no purpose.

852. — *Cruel Punishment of a Negro Slave.*

Inhuman Europeans! not satisfied

*With sentences of death, aloft you hung your victim
Confined in a cage, to scorch beneath the torrid ray,
And feed, while yet alive, the fowls of heaven!*

Behold! already they cling round the bars!

*The head of the vulture looks through: she ineffectually
strives*

To force her passage. The lesser birds wait*

*'Till exhausted nature sinks: then they pounce on,
And tear the flesh. In excruciating pain*

The victim awakes, and rolls his eyes,

*And with feeble effort drives away the ravening multi-
tudes of birds.*

* *Gibeon*—The first syllable to be accented, the two latter reduced by synæresis to one, as *big* in *Gabion*.

† See the remarks on *Lesser* and *Worse*, in page 67.

He groans in the most dreadful manner : it is thirst,
thirst, thirst,

The most dire of human torments ! Down again
He sinks : again he feels the *beak*.

853. — *Ovid's Departure into Exile**.

While I scan in memory's *mirror*

The *scenes* of that *night*—

That night of deepest woe, when, *forcibly dragged* by
destiny

From *every thing* that my heart held dear, to *Rome*
I *sorrowfully* bade adieu — the *tear*

Even at *this moment* rolls down my cheek. The *morn-*
ing | *was approaching*

Of that *day*, by *Cæsar's* will

Preciously ordained to be the period, when, within
thy *boundaries*,

Ah ! *dearly-beloved* Italy ! my *steps*

Might *not any longer* dare to tread :—nor *sufficient*

Had been the time *allowed*, nor had my mind

(However *submissive* to the *severe* decree)

Exerted *sufficient* energy, to *prepare myself*

For the hour *which impended* : — the *delay*,

Indulged *during too long a time*, had frozen up my soul,

And *benumbed* the thinking *power* within me.

Heedless, I *did not select*, from the menial throng

What *slave* should, in the *wilds of Scythia*, ease

My various wants, what *friend*

Escort me on my *journey* ; nor store of dress

* From his *Tristia*, book 1, elegy 3:

Proper for this ungenial rude *climate*, nor *any thing*
Necessary to life's enjoyment, *occupied*
My providential care. Bereft of *intellect*
I stood, as *a person who*, stunned by lightning, retains
The vital spark, *without being conscious* that he is
alive.

At length *the excess of my grief* | *dissipated* the cloud
That *before* had *darkened* my reason; and, thought
Recovering its lost empire, I address,
In last, *melancholy*, parting speech, the *sorrowful* few
Who now remain, of friends *that were lately* so nu-
merous.

THE END.

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