





THE
SEASONS.

—
BY
JAMES THOMSON.

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LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

James Thomson, the son of a minister, well esteemed for his piety and diligence, was born September 7, 1700, at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, of which his father was pastor. His mother, whose name was Hume,* inherited as co-heiress a portion of a small estate. The revenue of a parish in Scotland is seldom large, and it was probably in consideration of the difficulty with which Mr. Thomson supported his family, having nine children, that Mr. Ricarton, a neighbouring minister, discovering in James uncommon promises of future excellence, undertook to superintend his education and provide him books.

He was taught the common rudiments of learning at the school of Jedburgh, a place which he delights to recollect in his poem of 'Autumn;' but was not considered by his master as superior to common boys, though in those early days he amused his patron and his friends with poetical compositions; with which, however, he so little pleased himself, that on every new year's day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

From the school he was removed to Edinburgh, where he had not resided two years when his father died, and left all his children to the care of their mother, who raised upon her little estate what money a mortgage could afford, and, removing with her family to Edinburgh, lived to see her son rising into eminence.

* This appears to be an error, as his mother's name was Beatrix Trotter. His grandmother's name was Hume.

The design of Thomson's friends was to breed him a minister. He lived at Edinburgh, as at school, without distinction or expectation, till, at the usual time, he performed a probationary exercise by explaining a psalm. His diction was so poetically splendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the Professor of Divinity, reproved him for speaking language unintelligible to a popular audience : and he censured one of his expressions as indecent, if not profane.

This rebuke is reported to have repressed his thoughts of an ecclesiastical character, and he probably cultivated with new diligence his blossoms of poetry, which, however, were in some danger of a blast ; for, submitting his productions to some who thought themselves qualified to criticise, he heard of nothing but faults ; but finding other judges more favourable, he did not suffer himself to sink into despondence.

He easily discovered that the only stage on which a poet could appear with any hope of advantage was London ; a place too wide for the operation of petty competition and private malignity, where merit might soon become conspicuous, and would find friends as soon as it became reputable to befriend it. A lady who was acquainted with his mother advised him to the journey, and promised some countenance or assistance, which at last he never received ; however, he justified his adventure by her encouragement, and came to seek in London patronage and fame.

At his arrival he found his way to Mr. Mallet, then tutor to the sons of the Duke of Moutrose. He had recommendations to several persons of consequence, which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief ; but as he passed along the streets, with the gaping curiosity of a new-comer, his attention was upon every thing rather than his pocket, and his magazine of credentials was stolen from him.

His first want was a pair of shoes. For the supply of all his necessities, his whole fund was his Winter, which for a time could find no purchaser ; till, at last, Mr. Millar was

persuaded to buy it at a low price; and this low price he had for some time reason to regret; but, by accident, Mr. Whatley, a man not wholly unknown among authors, happening to turn his eye upon it, was so delighted, that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence. Thomson obtained likewise the notice of Aaron Hill, whom, being friendless and indigent, and glad of kindness, he courted with every expression of servile adulation.

Winter was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, but attracted no regard from him to the author, till Aaron Hill awakened his attention by some verses addressed to Thomson, and published in one of the newspapers, which censured the great for the neglect of ingenious men. Thomson then received a present of twenty guineas, of which he gives this account to Mr. Hill:

‘I hinted to you in my last, that on Saturday morning I was with Sir Spencer Compton. A certain gentleman, without my desire, spoke to him concerning me: his answer was that I had never come near him. Then the gentleman put the question, If he desired that I should wait on him? He returned, he did. On this, the gentleman gave me an introductory letter to him. He received me in what they commonly call a civil manner; asked me some common-place questions, and made me a present of twenty guineas. I am very ready to own that the present was larger than my performance deserved; and shall ascribe it to his generosity, or any other cause, rather than the merit of the address.’

The poem, which, being of a new kind, few would venture at first to like, by degrees gained upon the public; and one edition was very speedily succeeded by another.

Thomson’s credit was now high, and every day brought him new friends; among others Dr. Rundle, a man afterward unfortunately famous, sought his acquaintance, and found his qualities such, that he recommended him to the Lord Chancellor Talbot.

Winter was accompanied, in many editions, not only with a preface and dedication, but with poetical praises, by Mr. Hill, Mr. Mallet (then Malloch) and Mira, the fictitious name of a lady once too well known. Why the dedications to Winter and the other Seasons, contrarily to custom, are left out in the collected works the reader may inquire.

The next year (1727) he distinguished himself by three publications: of 'Summer,' in pursuance of his plan, of 'A Poem on the death of Sir Isaac Newton,' which he was enabled to perform as an exact philosopher by the instruction of Mr. Grav; and of 'Britannia,' a kind of poetical invective against the ministry, whom the nation then thought not forward enough in resenting the depredations of the Spaniards. By this piece he declared himself an adherent to the opposition, and had therefore no favour to expect from the Court.

Thomson having been some time entertained in the family of the Lord Binning, was desirous of testifying his gratitude by making him the patron of his 'Summer;' but the same kindness which had first disposed Lord Binning to encourage him determined him to refuse the dedication, which was by his advice addressed to Mr. Dodington, a man who had more power to advance the reputation and fortune of a poet.

'Spring' was published next year, with a dedication to the Countess of Hertford; whose practice it was to invite every summer some poet into the country to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his friends than assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons.

'Autumn,' the season to which the 'Spring' and 'Summer' are preparatory, still remained unsung, and was delayed till he published (1730) his works collected.

He produced, in 1727, the tragedy of 'Sophonisba,' which raised such expectation, that every rehearsal was dignified with a splendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight

that was preparing for the public. It was observed, however, that nobody was much affected, and that the company rose as from a moral lecture.

It had upon the stage no unusual degree of success. Slight accidents will operate upon the taste of pleasure. There is a feeble line in the play

O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!

This gave occasion to a waggish parody!

O Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!

which for a while was echoed through the town.

I have been told by Savage, that of the prologue to 'Sophonisba' the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it, and that the concluding lines were added by Mallet.

Thomson was not long afterward by the influence of Dr. Rundle, sent to travel with Mr. Charles Talbot, the eldest son of the Chancellor. He was yet young enough to receive new impressions, to have his opinions rectified, and his views enlarged; nor can he be supposed to have wanted that curiosity which is inseparable from an active and comprehensive mind. He may therefore now be supposed to have revelled in all the joys of intellectual luxury; he was every day feasted with instructive novelties; he lived splendidly without expense; and might expect when he returned home a certain establishment.

At this time a long course of opposition to Sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamours for liberty, of which no man felt the want, and with care for liberty which was not in danger. Thomson, in his travels, on the Continent, found or fancied so many evils arising from the tyranny of other governments, that he resolved to write a very long poem, in five parts, upon Liberty.

While he was busy on the first book, Mr. Talbot died; and

Thomson, who had been rewarded for his attendance by the place of secretary of the Briefs, pays in the initial lines a decent tribute to his memory.

Upon this great poem two years were spent, and the author congratulated himself upon it as his noblest work; but an author and his readers are not always of a mind. Liberty called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises and reward her encomiast: her praises were condemned to harbour spiders and gather dust; none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded.

The judgment of the public was not erroneous; the recurrence of the same images must tire in time; an enumeration of examples to prove a position which nobody desired, as it was from the beginning superfluous, must quickly grow disgusting.

The poem of 'Liberty' does not now appear in its original state; but, when the author's works were collected after his death, was shortened by Sir George Lyttelton, with a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration or kindness of the friend.—I wish to see it exhibited as its author left it.

Thomson now lived in ease and plenty, and seems for awhile to have suspended his poetry; but he was soon called back to labour by the death of the Chancellor, for his place then became vacant; and though the Lord Hardwicke delayed for some time to give it away, Thomson's bashfulness or pride, or some other motive perhaps not more laudable, withheld him from soliciting; and the new Chancellor would not give him what he would not ask.

He now relapsed to his former indigence, but the Prince of Wales was at that time struggling for popularity, and by the influence of Mr. Lyttelton professed himself the patron of wit: to him Thomson was introduced, and being gaily inter-

rogated about the state of his affairs, said, 'that they were in a more poetical posture than formerly;' and had a pension allowed him of one hundred pounds a year

Being now obliged to write, he produced (1738*) the tragedy of 'Agamemnon,' which was much shortened in the representation. It had the fate which most commonly attends mythological stories, and was only endured but not favoured. It struggled with such difficulty through the first night, that Thomson, coming late to his friends with whom he was to sup, excused his delay by telling them how the sweat of his distress had so disordered his wig, that he could not come till he had been refitted by a barber.

He so interested himself in his own drama, that, if I remember right, as he sat in the upper gallery, he accompanied the players by audible recitation, till a friendly hint frightened him to silence. Pope countenanced 'Agamemnon,' by coming to it the first night, and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap; he had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed it in a poetical epistle sent to Italy, of which however he abated the value by translating some of the lines into his epistle to Arbuthnot,

About this time the act was passed for licensing plays, of which the first operation was the prohibition of 'Gustavus Vasa,' a tragedy of Mr. Brooke, whom the public recompensed by a very liberal subscription; the next was the refusal of 'Edward and Eleonora,' offered by Thomson. It is hard to discover why either play should have been obstructed. Thomson likewise endeavoured to repair his loss by a subscription, of which I cannot now tell the success.

When the public murmured at the unkind treatment of Thomson, one of the ministerial writers remarked, that 'he had taken a *Liberty* which was not agreeable to *Britannia* in any *Season*.'

* In this year an edition of Milton's *Areopagitica* was published by Millar, with a Preface by Thomson.

He was soon after employed, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, to write the mask of 'Alfred,' which was acted before the Prince at Clifden-House.

His next work (1745) was 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' the most successful of all his tragedies, for it still keeps its turn upon the stage. It may be doubted whether he was, either by the bent of nature or habits of study much qualified for tragedy. It does not appear that he had much sense of the pathetic; and his diffusive and descriptive style produced declamation rather than dialogue.

His friend Mr. Lyttelton was now in power, and conferred upon him the office of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands; from which, when his deputy was paid, he received about three hundred pounds a-year.

The last piece that he lived to publish was the 'Castle of Indolence,' which was many years under his hand, but was at last finished with great accuracy. The first canto opens a scene of lazy luxury that fills the imagination.

He was now at ease, but was not long to enjoy it; for, by taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a disorder, which, with some careless exasperation, ended in a fever that put an end to his life, August 27, 1748. He was buried in the church of Richmond, without an inscription;* but a monument has since been erected to his memory in Westminster-Abbey.

Thomson was of a stature above the middle size, and 'more fat than bard beseems,' of a dull countenance, and a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance; silent in mingled company, but cheerful among select friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved.

He left behind him the tragedy of 'Coriolanus,' which was, by the zeal of his patron Sir George Lyttelton, brought upon the stage for the benefit of his family, and recommended

* One has since been erected. See end of Life.

by a Prologue, which Quin, who had long lived with Thomson in fond intimacy, spoke in such a manner as shewed him 'to be,' on that occasion, 'no actor.' The commencement of this benevolence is very honourable to Quin; who is reported to have delivered Thomson, then known to him only for his genius, from an arrest by a very considerable present; and its continuance is honourable to both, for friendship is not always the sequel of obligation. By this tragedy a considerable sum was raised, of which part discharged his debts, and the rest was remitted to his sisters, whom, however removed from them by place or condition, he regarded with great tenderness, as will appear from the following letter, which I communicate with much pleasure, as it gives me at once an opportunity of recording the fraternal kindness of Thomson, and reflecting on the friendly assistance of Mr. Boswell, from whom I received it.

'Hagley, in Worcestershire,
October the 4th, 1747.

'My dear Sister,

'I thought you had known me better than to interpret my silence into a decay of affection, especially as your behaviour has always been such as rather to increase than diminish it. Don't imagine, because I am a bad correspondent, that I can ever prove an unkind friend and brother. I must do myself the justice to tell you, that my affections are naturally very fixed and constant; and if I had ever reason of complaint against you (of which by-the-bye I have not the least shadow,) I am conscious of so many defects in myself, as dispose me not to be a little charitable and forgiving.

'It gives me the truest heartfelt satisfaction to hear you have a good, kind husband, and are in easy, contented circumstances; but were they otherwise, that would only awaken and heighten my tenderness towards you. As our good and tender-hearted parents did not live to receive any material testimonies of that highest human gratitude I

owed them (than which nothing could have given me equal pleasure), the only return I can make them now is by kindness to those they left behind them. Would to God poor Lizy had lived longer, to have been a farther witness of the truth of what I say, and that I might have had the pleasure of seeing once more a sister who so truly deserved my esteem and love! But she is happy, while we must toil a little longer here below; let us however do it cheerfully and gratefully, supported by the pleasing hope of meeting yet again on a safer shore, where to recollect the storms and difficulties of life will not perhaps be inconsistent with that blissful state. You did right to call your daughter by her name; for you must needs have had a particular tender friendship for one another, endeared as you were by nature, by having passed the affectionate years of your youth together, and by that great softener and engager of hearts, mutual hardship. That it was in my power to ease it a little, I account one of the most exquisite pleasures of my life.—But enough of this melancholy though not displeasing strain.

* I esteem you for your sensible and disinterested advice to Mr. Bell, as you will see by my letter to him: as I approve entirely of his marrying again, you may readily ask me why I don't marry at all. My circumstances have hitherto been so variable and uncertain in this fluctuating world, as induce to keep me from engaging in such a state; and now, though they are more settled, and of late (which you will be glad to bear) considerably improved, I begin to think myself too far advanced in life for such youthful undertakings, not to mention some other pretty reasons that are apt to startle the delicacy of difficult old bachelors. I am, however, not a little suspicious that, was I to pay a visit to Scotland (which I have some thoughts of doing soon), I might possibly be tempted to think of a thing not easily repaired if done amiss. I have always been of opinion, that none make better wives than the ladies of Scotland; and yet, who more forsaken than they,

while the gentlemen are continually running abroad all the world over? Some of them, it is true, are wise enough to return for a wife. You see I am beginning to make interest already with the Scots ladies. But no more of this infectious subject.—Pray let me hear from you now and then: and though I am not a regular correspondent, yet perhaps I may mend in that respect. Remember me kindly to your husband, and believe me to be

‘Your most affectionate brother,
‘JAMES THOMSON.’

Addressed to ‘Mrs. Thomson in Lanark.’

The benevolence of Thomson was fervid, but not active; he would give on all occasions what assistance his purse could supply; but the offices of intervention or solicitation he could not conquer his sluggishness sufficiently to perform. The affairs of others, however, were not more neglected than his own. He had often felt the inconveniences of idleness, but he never cured it; and was so conscious of his own character, that he talked of writing an eastern tale ‘of the Man who loved to be in Distress.’

Among his peculiarities was a very unskilful and inarticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or solemn composition. He was once reading to Dodington, who, being himself a reader eminently elegant, was so much provoked by his odd utterance, that he snatched the paper from his hands, and told him that he did not understand his own verses.

The biographer of Thomson has remarked, that an author’s life is best read in his works: his observation was not well-timed. Savage, who lived much with Thomson, once told me, he heard a lady remarking, that she could gather from his works three parts of his character, that he was a ‘great lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent;’ but, said Savage, he knows not any love but that of the sex; he was perhaps never in cold water in his life; and he indulges him-

self in all the luxury that comes within his reach. Yet Savage always spoke with the most eager praise of his social qualities, his warmth and constancy of friendship, and his adherence to his first acquaintance when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind ; his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts is original. His blank-verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of its own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius : he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet ; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast and attends to the minute. The reader of *The Seasons* wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersections of the sense which are the necessary effects of rhyme.

His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of Spring, the splendour of Summer, the tranquillity of Autumn, and the horror of Winter, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment ; for he

is assisted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his discoveries and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.

The great defect of *The Seasons* is want of method; but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances subsisting all at once, no rule can be given why one should be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curiosity is not excited by suspense or expectation.

His diction is in the highest degree florid and luxuriant, such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts 'both their lustre and their shade;' such as invest them with splendour, through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

These poems, with which I was acquainted at their first appearance, I have since found altered and enlarged by subsequent revisals, as the author supposed his judgment to grow more exact, and as books or conversation extended his knowledge and opened his prospects. They are, I think, improved in general; yet I know not whether they have not lost part of what Temple calls their 'race;' a word which, applied to wines in its primitive sense, means the flavour of the soil.

'Liberty,' when it first appeared, I tried to read, and soon desisted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praise or censure.

The highest praise which he has received ought not to be suppressed: it is said by Lord Lyttelton, in the Prologue to his posthumous play, that his works contained

No line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

At the west end of the north aisle of Richmond Church is the following :—

In the earth below this tablet
are the remains of

JAMES THOMSON;

**AUTHOR OF THE BEAUTIFUL POEMS, ENTITLED THE
SEASONS, CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, &c. &c.**

Who died at Richmond, on the 27th day of August, and was
buried here on the 29th, old style, 1748.

The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man
and sweet a poet should be without a memorial,
has denoted the place of his interment
for the satisfaction of his admirers
in the year of our Lord 1792.

Father of light and life ! Thou good Supreme !
O teach me what is good : teach me thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice—
From ev'ry low pursuit ; and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.

Winter

SPRING.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and lastly on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford! fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation joined
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints, when nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets 20
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulfed,
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore

The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to thè listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more,
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven. 31

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used
plough

Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removés th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While through the neighbouring fields the sower
stalks,
With measured step, and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground,
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, heaven ! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend ! 50

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
 The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
 And some, with whom compared your insect-tribes
 Are but the beings of a summer's day, 61
 Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
 Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seized
 The plough, and greatly independent lived.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded. As the sea,
 Far through his azure turbulent domain, 70
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat

Of vegetation, sets the steaming power 80
 At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
 In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay green !
 Thou smiling nature's universal robe !
 United light and shade ! where the sight dwells
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.
 The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
 Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales,
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
 And the birds sing concealed. At once arrayed
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance , while the promised fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo unperceived
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 99
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 drops

From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ;
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,

And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath 111
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brushed from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage
shrinks,

Joyless, and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engendered by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp 120

Keen in the poisoned breeze ; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blackened core,
Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance, on whose course
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls :
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :

Or, when the envenomed leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repressed
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with
rain,

That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne 139
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.

At first a dusty wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether ; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom : 150

Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,

The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields ;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Pre-lusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap ?
Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth ;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered earth
Is deep enriched with vegetable life ;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,

Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs
around.

Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,
Mixed in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism :
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed 210
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy ;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory ; but amazed
Beholds th' illusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A softened shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes :
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search ; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account
Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock,
Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 229
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable mixed them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of man,
While yet he lived in innocence, and told
A length of golden years ; unfleshed in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd
race

Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;
For their light slumbers gently fumed away,
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.

Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,

Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away ; while in the rosy vale 250

Love breathed his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.

Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ;
For reason and benevolence were law.

Harnionious Nature too looked smiling on.

Clear shone the skies, cooled with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun 259

Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropped fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks, commixing, played secure.

This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart

Was meekened, and he joined his sullen joy ;
For music held the whole in perfect peace :

Soft sighed the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
Applied their choir ; and winds and waters flowed
In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

But now those white unblemish'd manners,
whence

The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life ! now the distempered mind

Has lost that concord of harmonious powers
 Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all
 Is off the poise within: the passions all
 Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Senseless and deformed, 280
 Convulsive Anger storms at large ; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base Envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
 E'en Love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no mote
 That noble wish, that never-cloyed desire, 290
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance ; and Grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells,
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mixed emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Formed infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling,
 grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding wiles,

Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence :
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless Inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturbed
Is deemed, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.
Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came :
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arched
The central waters round, impetuous rushed, 310
With universal burst, into the gulf, ;
And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth
Wide dashed the waves, in undulation vast ;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppressed a broken world : the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Greened all the year ; and fruits and blossoms
blushed, 320

In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
Perpetual reigned, save what the zephyrs bland
Breathed o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ;
Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
Swelled in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
While sickly damps and cold autumnal fogs
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,

From clear to cloudy tossed, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finished ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fired, ensanguined man 340
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her
milk,

Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity.
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But man, whom Nature formed of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap 350
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks
What have you done ? ye peaceful people, what,

To merit death? you who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
E'en of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough, 370
In this late age, adventurous, to have touched
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fixed us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatched from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonising folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,

Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
The next, pursue their rocky-channelled maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400

Just in the dubious point where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook : 410
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space

He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthened line ;
Then seeks the furthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The caverned bank, his old secure abode ; 431
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage ;
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours ; but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering
clouds, 441
E'en shooting listless languor through the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scattered wild the lily of the vale

Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade :
Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his eyry builds. 451

There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song ;
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye ;
Or by the vocal woods and waters lulled,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confused, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;
All but the swellings of the softened heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows ? If fancy then 470
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do ? ah, where find words
Tinged with so many colours, and whose power,

To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
 That inexhaustive flow continual round ?

Yet, though successful, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love ;
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song ! 480
 Formed by the graces, loveliness itself !

Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart :

Oh come ! and, while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets. 490

See, where the winding vale, its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossomed beans. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
 Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravished
 soul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,

The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild ;
Where, undisguised by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finished garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatched through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps ;
Now meets the bending sky : the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake, 520
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first :
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes : 529
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown ;

And lavish stock that scents the garden round :
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonics ; auriculas, enriched
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
 And full ranunculus, of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffused
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run ; and while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils,
 Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Being ! Universal Soul
 Of heaven and earth ! Essential Presence, hail !
 To thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts,
 Continual, climb, who with a master-hand
 Hast the great whole into perfection touched.
 By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,

Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew : 560

By Thee disposed into congenial soils
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerable-coloured scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world

My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570

My panting muse ! and hark how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse ! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame,—the passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air and on the heart 580
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled ; but no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up-springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn :

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse 591
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy-moisture o'er the heads
 Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600

The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Poured out profusely, silent. Joined to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love,
 That e'en to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,

With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspired,
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disordered ; then again approach ;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630
That Nature's great command may be obeyed :
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale, 639
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,

They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry through the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task
 Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight, 660
 Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows
 Her sympathising lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. 'Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
 Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young ;

Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
 And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustained alone by providential Heaven,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love,
 By the great Father of the Spring inspired,
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And, to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarmed, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover
 wheels

Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud ! to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the muse ashamed here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confined, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,

Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear.
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately framed
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonished mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
 Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough,
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding wo ; till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feathered youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky :
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,

When nought but balm is breathing through the
woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretched, to trust the void 740
Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Further and further on, the lengthening flight ;
Till vanished every fear, and every power
Roused into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,

* The furthest of the western islands of Scotland.

He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace, 760
 Unstained he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey

Of the mixed household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck before her train
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud threat'ning, reddens ; while the peacock
 spreads

His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781
 And swims in radiant majesty along.

O'er the whole homely scene, the cooling dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade

Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins,
The bull, deep-scorched, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food, 791
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling spray
Luxuriant shoot ; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous madd'ning fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight ; and idly-butting feigns
His rival gored in every knotty trunk. 799
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins :
Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix :
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seized in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong ;
Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
And by the well known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ; 810
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies.
And neighing, on the aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream

Turns in black eddies round ; such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused, 820
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind ;
How by this flame, their native wrath sublimed,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptured, to the British fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled, 840
Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where wealth and commerce lift their golden heads ;

And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world !

What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven, and through their
breast

These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
Inspiring God ! who boundless Spirit all, 850

And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone
Seems not to work, with such perfection framed

Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But though concealed, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears.
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,
And air, attest his bounty, which exalts 860

The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man ;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks

Of flowing Spring, ye sonlid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's wo,
Or only lavish to yourselves, away !
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide
thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam ; and on your open front
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor till invoked
Can restless goodness wait ; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored ; 881
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of Human race ! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head ;
Life flows afresh ; and young-eyed Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss 892
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the bosom ; till at last sublimed
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,

We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world! 900

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart informed by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the muse, through Hagley Park thou
stray'st ;

The British Tempé ! There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy
rocks,

Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees,
You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade 911

Of solemn oaks; that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice

Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots

Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the soothed ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world, 920

Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.

And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,

And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulf
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The muses charm : while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song, 931
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attuned. Then nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace,
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth
 In varied converse, softening every theme, 940
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptured drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy
 (Unutterable happiness !) which love
 Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosomed soft in trees, 951
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :
 Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt

The hospitable genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flushed by the spirit of the genial year, 960
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots less and less, the live carnation round ;
Her lips blush deeper sweets : she breathes of
youth ;

The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves,
With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
Dare not the infectious sigh ; the pleading look
Downcast, and low, in meek submission dressed,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

And let the aspiring youth beware of love, 980
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.

Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away, while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
 Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death;
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

E'en present, in the very lap of Love
 Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils and wine, and wanton hours;
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
 Shoots through the conscious heart; where honour
 still,

And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

But, absent, what fantastic woes, aroused
 Rage, in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
 Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorned affairs.

'Tis nought but gloom around: the darkened sun
 Loses his light; the rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

All nature fades extinct; and she alone, 1010

Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinished period falls : while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fixed
In melancholy site, with head declined, 1020
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream
Romantic hangs : there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love : or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.

Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his ; or, while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hushed in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;

And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
His idly-tortured heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fired. But, if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies,
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds ; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love : and then perhaps
Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest, 1050
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.

Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks ;
Sometimes in crowds distressed ; or if retired
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love, 1059
Snatch'd from her yielding hand, he knows not how,
Through forest huge, and long untravelled heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapped ; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The further shore ; where, succourless and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores ;
But strives in vain : borne by th' outrageous flood

To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelmed beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delighted misery no more,
But agony unmixed, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last? the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night 1081
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

Ah then! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffused and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poisoned soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,

Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love. 1099
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames through the nerves, and boils along the
 veins ;

While anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart :
 For e'en sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care ;
 His brightest aims extinguished all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind, 1110
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power.
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ; 1119
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence ; for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,

Well-merited, consume his nights and days :
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possessed 1130
Of a mere lifeless violated form :

While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish,
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face :
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven ?

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear

Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart :
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love :
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamoured more as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together feed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale—The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

S U M M E R .

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the
gloom ;

And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink 11
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration ! from thy hermit-seat.
By mortal seldom found ; may Fancy dare,
From thy fixed serious eye, and raptured glance
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite :

Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
 Genius, and wisdom : the gay social sense,
 By decency chastised ; goodness and wit,
 In seldom-meeting harmony combined ;
 Unblemished honour, and an active zeal
 For Britain's glory, liberty, and man :
 O Dodington ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, in spirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launched along
 Th' illimitable void ! thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men
 And all their laboured monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;
 To the kind-tempered change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful : such th' all-perfect hand
 That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole !

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fired,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the right ;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step,

Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward ; while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
 And from the crowded fold, in order drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake ;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song ? 70
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wildered, and tossing through distemper'd dreams ?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than nature craves, when every muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-deviuous morning-walk ? 80

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
 streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light !
 Of all material beings first, and best ! 91

Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
 Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous
 orbs

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life !

How many forms of being wait on thee,
 Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfettered mind,
 By thee sublimed, down to the daily race, 110
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam !

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of seasons ! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car,
 High seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious kuit, the rosy-fingered Hours, 122
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
 And softened into joy the surly Storms.

These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy
 touch,

From land to land is flushed the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enlivened earth, 130
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined :
 But, to the bowelled cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ;

Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace
 Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone. 141

The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact ; that, polished bright,
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
 At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.
 From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes,
 Its hue cerulean ; and of evening tinct, 150
 The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green emerald shows. But, all combined,
 Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams ;
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the sight varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,
 In brighter mazes the relucent stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blackened flood,

Softens at thy return. The desert joys
 Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
 And all the much-transported muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far ; great delegated Source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him
 Who, light himself, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
 From mortal eye or angel's purer ken,
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Filled, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven 180
 That beam for ever through the boundless sky :
 But, should he hide his face, the astonished sun,
 And all th' extinguished stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again !

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
 Almighty Father ! silent in thy praise,
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 E'en in the depth of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
 And to the choir celestial thee resound, 190
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all !

To me be nature's volume broad-displayed ;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,

Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptured, to translate,
 My sole delight ; as through the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds, 200
 And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills
 In party-coloured bands : till wide unveiled
 The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
 Far-stretched around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires ;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;
 While tyrant Heat, disspreading through the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpyting see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flushed bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam ? so fade the fair,
 When fevers revel through their azure veins.
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamored bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats ;
 His flock before him stepping to the fold : 221
 While the full-uddered mother lows around

The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health ! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight ;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embowered
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.

Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene ;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade, 231
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Outstretched, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale ; till, wakened by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song :
Not mean though simple ; to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come winged abroad ; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool

They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatched immediate by the quick-eyed trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray ; there lodged, amused and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed, 260
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death ; where, gloomily retired,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorred ! Amid a mangled heap 270
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes ; as oft the ruffian shows his front ;
The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts, 275
With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleased : the fluttering
wing

And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground :
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon ;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading e'en the microscopic eye !

Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organized, 290

Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the livid cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,

Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf

Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone

Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumbered to the playful breeze, 300

The downy-orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed

Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,

Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,

Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste

With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Though one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
 Void of their unseen people. These, concealed
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 The grosser eye of man ; for, if the worlds
 In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial and the nectared bowl
 He would abhorrent turn, and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative wisdom, as if aught was formed
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
 As if upon a full proportioned dome,
 On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art,
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole
 And lives the man whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things,
 Marked their dependence so, and firm accord, 331
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought ? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From Infinite Perfection to the brink
 Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss !

From which astonished thought, recoiling, turns ?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds 340
As on our smiling eyes, his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolved,
The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest-winged,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shrine,
A season's glitter ! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead ;
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
E'en stooping age is here ; and infant-hands
Trail the long-rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'erchanged, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
Wide flies the teded grain ; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,

And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compelled, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and-high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing hurls them in : 380
 Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the furthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banished by the sordid stream ;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race : where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill ; and, tossed from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white. the gathered flocks

Are in the wattled pen innumeros pressed.
Head above head ; and, rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned, 400
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace :
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side
To stamp the master's cypher ready stand ;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold were bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved ;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia sees

Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
 The treasures of the sun without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon ; and, vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all
 From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending steams,
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields 440
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharpening scythe : the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed ;
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
 Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, through th' unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus

Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night ;
Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crowned,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines : 460
Or in the gelid caverns woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his tempered mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbage brink. 475
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort
glides ;
The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
And life shoots swift through all the lengthened
limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustained;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands filled;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd,
That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse, provoked,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,

Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effused,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estranged to fear : his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength,
 Bears down th' opposing stream ; quenchless his
 thirst :

He takes the river at redoubled draughts,
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :
 That, forming high in air a woodland choir,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn and slow the shadows blacker fall 520
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation ; these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retired,
 Conversed with angels, and immortal forms,
 On gracious errand bent : to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favoured soul
 For future trials fated to prepare ; 530
 To prompt the poet who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes : to soothe the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engaged) to turn the death ;

And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform
 Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk.
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-roused. I feel 540
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus me-
 thinks

A voice, than human more, th'abstracted ear
 Of Fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
 Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we
 From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
 The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
 Toiled, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturbed
 By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 And voices chanting from the wood-crowned hill,
 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade, 560
 A privilege bestowed by us, alone,
 On Contemplation, or the hallowed ear
 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, Stanley,* of that sacred band ?
Alas, for us too soon ! though raised above 565
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleased remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love. a mother's tender wo,
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ; 570
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspired, where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art ; and virtue glowed,
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears,
Or rather to parental nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlightened mind und gentle worth. 580
Believe the muse : the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither, till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking
back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair and placid, where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And, from the loud-resounding rocks below,
 Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortured wave here find repose ;
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
 Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
 Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course and lessened roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions through the flood of day ;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disordered droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only through the forest coos,
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint
 (Short interval of weary wo !) again
 The sad idea of his murdered mate,

Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air ;
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lined, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded, where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th'extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lulled in noon, 630
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone :
Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compared,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-lived twilight, and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air !
He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
The general breeze,* to mitigate his fire
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crowned

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east ; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons * pass :
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills ; 650
Or to the far horizon wide diffused,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumbered fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclined
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fanned by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,

* In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig ; 671
Or, thrown at gayer ease on some fair brow,
Let me behold, my breezy murmurs cooled,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
Or, stretched amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine,
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice, 679
Which Bacchus pours ! Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegrauate scorned ;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid-race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp :
Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imaged in the golden age :
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove !
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretched below, interminable meads, 691
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixed, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring ; for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,

And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where, retired
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fat'ning seas,
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-concealed,
Like a fall'n cedar, far-diffused his train,
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
Behemoth* rears his head. Glanced from his side
The darted steel in idle shivers flies : 711

He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills,
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-raised in solemn theatre around, 720
Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
O truly wise, with gentle might endowed.
Though powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall ; regardless he

* The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Of what the never-resting race of men
 Project : thrice-happy could he scape their guile
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state 739
 (The pride of kings !) or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonished at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar ;
 Thick swarm the brighter birds ; for Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has decked
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
 Arrayed in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.* 740
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours, while in our shades,
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,
 The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my muse, the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky,
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar, ardent climb 750
 The Nubian Mountains, and the secret bounds

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth ;
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods, 762
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise,
And gardens smile around, and cultured fields : 770
And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray ; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault : there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowelled earth the virgin gold,
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind : 780

A land of wonders, which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamoured, and delighting there to dwell.

How changed the scene! In blazing height of
noon,

The sun, oppressed, is plunged in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mixed.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heaped ;
Or whirled tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dashed,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne ;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;
Till, in the furious elemental war 800
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.

There by the Naiads nursed, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along :
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn.
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave. 821
 His brother Niger too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretched through gorgeous Ind
 Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar ;
 From Menam's orient stream*, that nightly shines
 With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower :
 All, at this bounteous season ope their urns, 830
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.
 Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refreshed,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque

* The river that runs through Siam, on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called fire-flies make a beautiful appearance at night.

Rolls a brown deluge, and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swelled by a thousand streams, impetuous hurled
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana.* Scarce the muse 840
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata, to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoyed. Forsaking these, 850
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle,
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturbed
By Christian crimes and cruel Europe's sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe,
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth—
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss— 861

* The river of the Amazons.

This pomp of nature ? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
By vagrant birds dispersed, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool
draughts,

The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield ? Their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?

Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid,
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines,
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun ?

What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?

Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanising muses teach :—

The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast ;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world ; the light that leads to heaven ;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 881

And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man ;—

These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannise ;
And, with oppressive ray the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross : or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,

Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life, 891
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity : these court the beam
 Of milder climes ; in-selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost. The very brute-creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which e'en Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing founts, by which diffused
 He throws his folds ; and while, with threatening
 tongue,

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appalled,
 Or shivering flies, or checked at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more dreadful he
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Formed to humble man,
 This child of vengeful Nature ! there, sublimed
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
 His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doomed ;

The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man, 920
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell ;
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand,
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escaped,
 The wretch half wishes for his bonds again ;
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

Unhappy he who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below,
 Still fondly forming in the furthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds !

At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night. 950
Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappalled, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds,
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains
And all the green delights Ausonia pours,
When for them she must bend the servile knee
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commissioned demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
Let loose the raging elements. Breathed hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand;
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert ! e'en the camel feels,
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play ; 970
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,

Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
 Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells,
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon*, whirled from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
 And dire Ecnephia* reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †
 Compressed, the mighty tempest brooding dwells ;
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fixed the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppressed,
 His broad-winged vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

With such mad seas the daring Gama* fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape,
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumbered on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince†; who, Heaven inspired,
To love of useful glory roused mankind, 1011
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific armed with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
Demands his share of prey, demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight their mangled
limbs,

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

† Don Henry, third son to John the first, King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious stream from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads, or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul 1031

In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dared to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless wo,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man,
Such as, of late, at Carthagea quenched 1040

The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw
To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
Of agonising ships, from shore to shore ;
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse ; while on each other fixed
In sad presage, the blank assistants seemed, 1050
Silent, to ask whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,

Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends ? From Ethiopia's poisoned woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrifying heaped*,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape : man is her destined prey,
Intemperate man ! and o'er his guilty domes 1060
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death ;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stained
With many a mixture by the sun, suffused,
Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,
And hushed the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth vendure clad ; 1070
Into the worst of deserts sudden turned
The cheerful haunt of men, unless escaped
From the doomed house, where matchless horror
reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Fearing to turn, abhors society :
 Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savaged by wo, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air, is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourned.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretched around
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where draught and famine starve the blasted year :
 Fired by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
 The infuriate hill that shoots the pillared flame,
 And, roused within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100
 But 'tis enough ; return my vagrant muse :
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home,

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
 Unusual darkness broods, and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharged
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.

Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day
With various-tinctured trains of latent flame, 1110
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal roused,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull
sound

That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath. 1120
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance 1129
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,

The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140

Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquenched
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149

Black from the stroke, above, the smould'ring pine
 Stands a sad shattered trunk : and stretched below,
 A lifeless group, the blasted cattle lie :

Here, the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still

In Fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull,
 An ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane

Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.

Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud 1161

The repercussive roar : with mighty crash,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of Penmanmaur heaped hideous to the sky,

Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.

Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appalled, with deeply-troubled
thought ;

And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon

And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;

With equal virtue formed and equal grace,

The same, distinguished by their sex alone :

Hers, the mild lustre of the blooming morn,

And his the radiance of the risen day.

They loved ; but such their guileless passion was

As in the dawn of time informed the heart

Of Innocence, and undissembling Truth.

'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,

Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow, 1181

Beamed from the mutual eye. Devoting all

To love, each was to each a dearer self,

Supremely happy in th' awakened power

Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,

Still in harmonious intercourse they lived

The rural day, and talked the flowing heart,

Or sighed and looked unutterable things.

So passed their life, a clear united stream,

By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,

1190

The tempest caught them on the tender walk,

Heedless how far, and where its mazes strayed

While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate her bosom heaved
 Unwonted sighs, and, stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence 1199
 In Heaven, repressed her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceived
 Th' unequal conflict, and, as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumined high. "Fear not," he said,
 "Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,
 An inward storm ! He who yon skies involves
 In frowns of darkness ever smiles on thee
 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 Of noon, flies harmless ; and that very voice 1210
 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace
 (Mysterious Heaven !) that moment, to the ground,
 A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fixed in all the death of wo !
 So (faint resemblance !) on the marble tomb, 1220

The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lightened air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
Invests the fields, and Nature smiles revived.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Joined to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick nibbling through the clovered vale.
And shall the hymn be marred by thankless man,
Most-favoured, who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world ?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hushed the thunder, and serenest the sky,
Extinguished feel that spark the tempest waked,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own, 1241
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?
Cheered by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below,
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek

Instant emerge ; and through th' obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repelled, 1251
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;
 While, from his polished sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleased spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer-heats ;
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved, 1260
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm
 That rose victorious o'er the conquered earth
 First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.
 E'en from the body's purity the mind
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of a hazel copse,
 Where winded into pleasing solitudes
 Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat, 1270
 Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pangs
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
 played

Among the bending willows, falsely he
 Of Musidora's cruelty complained.
 She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,

The soft return concealed, save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
Touched by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He framed a melting lay to try her heart ;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo ! conducted by the laughing loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought :
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glowed ;
And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
Her fervent wings in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remained :
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplexed his breast, and urged him to retire :
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest what would you have done ?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
The banks surveying, stripped her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then ! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,

Than, Damon thou ; as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew ;
 As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone ; 1309
 And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth.
 How durst thou risk the soul distracting view,
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 Harmonious swelled by Nature's finest hand,
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn ;
 And fair-exposed she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarmed, and starting like the fearful fawn ?
 Then to the flood she rushed ; the parted flood 1320
 Its lovely guest with closing waves received ;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed :
 As shines the lily through the crystal mild ;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wantoned, now beneath the wave
 But ill concealed, and now with streaming locks,
 That half embraced her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew 1330
 Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul
 As for awhile o'erwhelmed his raptured thought
 With luxury too daring. Checked, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deemed
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love

Can e'er be deemed; and, struggling from the
shade,

With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my
fair,

Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye 1340

Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,

As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,

A stupid moment motionless she stood;

So stands the statue that enchants the world,*

So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,

The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes

Which blissful Eden knew not, and, arrayed 1350

In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatched.

But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,

Her terrors vanished, and a softer train

Of mixt emotions, hard to be described,

Her sudden bosom seized: shame void of guilt,

The charming blush of innocence, esteem

And admiration of her lover's flame,

By modesty exalted: e'en a sense

Of self-approving beauty stole across

Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360

Hushed by degrees the tumult of her soul,

* The Venus of Medici.

And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung she with the silvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carved,
 Which soon her Damon kissed with weeping joy :
 " Dear youth, sole judge of what these verses
 mean,

By fortune too much favoured, but by love
 Alas ! not favoured less, be still as now
 Discreet : the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost its rage : his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth, 1371
 And vital lustre, that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
 heaven,

Incessant rolled into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking Fancy. Broad below
 Covered with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes to him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
 With Nature ; there to harmonise his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attuned to happy unison of soul,
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms, whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light,

And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue the sons of interest deem romance, 1390
 Now called abroad enjoy the falling day :
 Now to the verdant portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lyceum forth they walk ;
 By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,
 Improving and improved. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the sire
 Of love approving hears, and calls it good. 1399
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we
 choose ?

All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest-glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ?* Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape : now the raptured eye,
 Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send,
 Now to the Sister hills † that skirt her plain, 1410
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,

* The old name of Richmond, signifying, in Saxon, *shining*
 or *splendour*.

† Highgate and Hempstead.

Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat :
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired.
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart, 1421
 The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
 And polished Cornbury woos the willing muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames ;
 Fair winding-up to where the muses haunt
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God ;* to Royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills !
 On which the power of cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
 spires,

And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays ! 1440

* In his last sickness.

Happy Britannia! where, the Queen of Arts
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfined, e'en to thy furthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought ;
Unmatched thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float
With golden waves ; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless, while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquelled
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard ; e'en Drudgery himself, ²¹ ;
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews ₇ ;
The palace-stone looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1461
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardships sinewed and by danger fired,
Scattering the nations, where they go, and first
Or on the listed plain or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plains 1470
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high ;
 For every virtue, every worth renowned ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provoked,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many ! Alfred thine,
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when governed well, 1480
 Combine ; whose hallowed name the Virtues saint,
 And his own muses love ; the best of kings !
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,
 Names dear to Fame ; the first who deep impressed
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous, though mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just, 1490
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
 Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine ;
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flamed thy spirit high ; but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden reign ?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mixed ;

Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ' whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burned, 1500
Nor sunk his vigour when a coward-reign
The warrior fettered, and at last resigned,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquished foe.
Then, active still and unrestrained, his mind
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enriched the world ;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,
In which he conquered and in which he bled.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass, 1510
The plume of war ! with early laurels crowned,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine (illustrious land !)
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemmed the torrent of a downward age,
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at its call, thy age of men effulged,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew 1521
The grave where Russel lies, whose tempered blood
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resigned,
Stained the sad annals of a giddy reign,
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him

His friend, the British Cassius,* fearless bled ;
 Of high determined spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to the enlightened love
 Of ancient freedom warmed. Fair thy renown
 In awful sages, and in noble bards, 1530
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and waked the muses' song.
 Thine is a Bacon ; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts
 With firm but pliant virtue forward still
 To urge his course ; him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature formed, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul, 1540
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully joined.
 The great, deliverer he ! who from the gloom
 Of cloistered monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void : he led her forth,
 Daughter of Heaven ! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to heaven again. 1549
 The generous Ashley† thine, the friend of man,
 Who scanned his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,

* Algernon Sidney.

† Anthony Ashley Cooper, earl of Shaftosbury

And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works
 The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met,
 A genius universal as his theme,
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime? 1570
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spencer, Fancy's pleasing son,
 Who, like a copious river, poured his song
 O'er all the mases of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own, 1580
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste; the faultless form.

Shaped by the hand of Harmony ; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, through the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul, 1591
 And by the soul informed, when dressed in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm,
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O Thou by whose almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving virtues round the land,
 In bright patrol : while Peace and social Love,
 The tender-looking Charity intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind :
 Courage composed, and keen ; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
 Disordered at the deep regard she draws ;

Rough Industry ; Activity untired,
 With copious life informed, and all awake :
 While in the radiant front superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train, 1621
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.

Air, earth and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs
 (So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb ;
 Now half-immersed ; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void, 1630
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,

This moment hurrying wild th' impassioned soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,

The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank :

A sight of horror to the cruel wretch

Who all day long in sordid pleasure rolled,
 Himself a useless load, has squandered vile,

Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheered
 A drooping family of modest worth.

But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640

That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
 To him the long review of ordered life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
 All ether softening, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air,
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye 1650
 Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy dust the fields of corn,
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thirsty lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 1659
 Of Nature naught disdains : thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feathered seed she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail,
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
 Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.

Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670
And valley sunk, and unfrequented, where
At fall of eve the fairy people throug,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village-stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd, whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge, 1681
The glow-worm light his gems ; and, through the
dark,

A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night ; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven 1692
Thence weary vision turns, where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherished gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky, or horizontal dart 1700

In wondrous shapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
 Portentous deemed. Amid the radiant orbs
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710

Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting
 spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky:
 While, from his far excursion through the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs

Through which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song,
Effusive source of evidence, and truth !
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon, and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day. [thee
Hence through her nourished powers, enlarged by
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and angel-winged,
The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye displayed :
The first up-tracing from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being ; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutored by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,

Never to die, the treasure of mankind,
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlightened man!
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds
In quest of prey, and with th' unfashioned fur
Rough-clad, devoid of every finer art 1760

And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mixed of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic, nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!

Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train,
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace,
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze

Creation through ; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the word,
And nature moved complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ; 1790
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfettered, and unmixed. But here the cloud,
So wills eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits, 1800
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom formed,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

THE ...

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AUTUMN.

ARGUMENT

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

A U T U M N.

CROWNED with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepared, the various-blossomed Spring
Put in white promise forth, and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Ouslow ! the muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear
Awhile engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue, she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,

And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enlivened, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beamed, and shedding oft through lucid
 clouds

A pleasing calm ; while, broad and brown, below 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
 The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumined field
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily-checkered heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings ! Industry, rough power !
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life :
 Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,
 Naked and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely poured around

Materials infinite ; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers ; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand
Of bounty scattered o'er the savage year :
And still the sad barbarian, roving mixed
With beasts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar,—a shivering wretch !
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
With winter charged, let the mixed tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost ;
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
For home he had not ; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
E'en desolate in crowds ; and thus his days 70
Rolled heavy, dark, and unenjoyed along,
A waste of time, till Industry approached,
And roused him from his miserable sloth,
His faculties unfolded, pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of art demanded ; showed him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gathered blast ; 80

Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finished fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands filled his tablē, poured
 The generous glass around, inspired to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :
 Nor stopped at barren bare necessity ; 90
 But, still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers com-
 bined

And formed a public, to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all,
 For this the patriot-council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented whole ; 100
 For this they planned the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguished orders, animated arts,
 And, with joint force oppression chaining, set
 Imperial Justice at the helm, yet still
 To them accountable, nor slavish dreamed
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have raised.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspired, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art ! the city reared
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ; 119
 Raised the strong crane ; choked up the loaded
 street

With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic. king of floods !
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
 Possessed the breezy void ; the sooty hulk
 Steered sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Rowed, regular, to harmony ; around
 The boat, light-skimming, stretched its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increased ; whence ribbed with
 oak,

To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
 The roaring vessel rushed into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heaved
 Its ample roof ; and Luxury within

Poured out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose ; the statue seemed to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flushed. 140

All is the gift of Industry, whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ;
His hardened fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.

The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick
Be not too narrow, husbandman ! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !
How good the God of harvest is to you, 170
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven, 180
She, with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale,
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty concealed.
Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride,
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstained, and pure

As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promised once, 199
 Thrilled in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
 Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorned adorned the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourished, blooming and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compelled
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the generous, and the rich,
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,

But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty concealed. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :
 And thus in secret to his soul he sighed :

“ What pity that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
 Recals that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
 Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days
 His aged widow and his daughter live, 250

Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak
 The mingled passions that surprised his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?
 Then blazed his smothered flame, avowed, and bold ;
 And as he viewed her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260

Confused, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flushed a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Poured out the pious rapture of his soul :—

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?
 She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
 The softened image of my noble friend,
 Alive his every look, his every feature,
 More elegantly touched. Sweeter than Spring ! 270
 Thou sole-surviving blossom from the root
 That nourished up my fortune ! Say, ah where,
 In what sequestered desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven,
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ?
 O let me now into a richer soil

Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and
showers

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence, 280

And of my garden be the pride and joy !

Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits

Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,

Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,

The father of a country, thus to pick

The very refuse of those harvest-fields

Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.

Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,

But ill applied to such a rugged task ;

The field, the master, all, my fair, are thine ; 290

If to the various blessings which thy house

Has on me lavished thou wilt add that bliss,

That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"

Here ceased the youth : yet still his speaking eye

Expressed the sacred triumph of his soul,

With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,

Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm

Of goodness irresistible, and all

In sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent. 300

The news immediate to her mother brought,

While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined

away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate ;

Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,

Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright gleam

Of setting life shone on her evening-hours,
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair,
 Who flourished long in tender bliss, and reared
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
 But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,
 Strained to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Exposed, and naked, to its utmost rage,
 Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
 Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
 Or whirled in air, or into vacant chaff 329
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood Still over head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens, till the fields around

Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave,
Sudden the ditches swell, the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
The river list, before whose rushing tide
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340
Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spared
In one wild moment ruined, the big hopes
And well-earned treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scattered round,
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes winter unprovided ; and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride ;
And oh be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice,
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game :
How in his mid-career the spaniel struck,

Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretched, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
Their idle wings, entangled more and more :
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun
Glanced just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again,
Immediate brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground, or drives them wide-dispersed,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song, 380
Then most delighted when she social sees
The whole mixed animal-creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
The falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death,
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn,
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunned the light,
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath

Of the worst monster that e'er roamed the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty rolled,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retired : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
 Stretched o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
 The thistly lawn ; the thick-entangled broom ;
 Of the same friendly hue, the withered fern ;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution, though she sits 410
 Concealed, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature raised to take the horizon in,
 And head couched close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep
 In scattered sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once : 420
 The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn

Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mixed in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd where long
 He ranged, the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, roused by fear,
 Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight ; 430

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
 Deception short ' though fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-aired mountain by the north.
 He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling through his every shift. 440

He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day,
 Where in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :
 Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarmed,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's wo.

What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450

Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;
He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checkered sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase ; behold, despising flight 460
The roused-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-hand, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die :
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell-destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons, then
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearthed,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;

And, as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tossed ;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between,
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
 For happy he who tops the wheeling chase,
 Has every maze evolved and every guile
 Disclosed ; who knows the merits of the pack,
 Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths
 Relentless torn. O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours graced, the fox's fur
 Depending decent from the roof, and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats Thessalian centaurs never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuelled chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretched immense
 From side to side, in which, with desperate knife
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced,
 While hence they borrow vigour ; or amain

Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.

Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
 Swelled high with fiery juice, steams liberal round,
 A potent gale, delicious, as the breath
 Of Maia to the love-sick sheperdess,
 On violets diffused, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.

Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist awhile
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
 Wreathed, fragrant, from the pipe, or the quick
 dice,

In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon ; while romp-loving miss
 Is hauled about, in gallantry robust

At last, these puling idlenesses laid 530
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulged apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,

And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues, 539
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses,
 hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplexed.
 Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart :
 That moment touched is every kindred soul ;
 And, opening in a full-mouthed cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennelled
 hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again.
 As when the tempest, that has vexed the deep 550
 The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,
 So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
 Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,
 Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance.
 Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above,
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
 As if the table e'en itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below, 560
 Is heaped the social slaughter : where astride
 The lubber power in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,

And steeps them drenched in potent sleep till morn.
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Outlives them all ; and from his buried flock
 Retiring, full of rumination sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But, if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.

Far be the spirit of the chase from them !
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ;
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.

In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at wo ;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush,
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears,
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man.

O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
 Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress ! 590

And, fashioned all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,

In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ,
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life ;
 To give society its highest taste ;
 Well-ordered-home man's best delight to make ;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life :
 This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank,
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub, 612
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade ;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree,
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair : 620
 Melinda ! formed with every grace complete,

Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfined ; and taste, revived,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.

A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared,
Of tempered sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mixed.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue :
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfettered verse,
With British freedom sing the British song :
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day.
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain,
Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view,
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prospect : yonder shagged with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravished eye, 660
New beauties rise with each revolving day ;
New columns swell ; and still the fresh spring finds
New plants to quicken and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all ! the muses' seat,
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay,
Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of Nature, ever open ; aiming thence, 670
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought,
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,

Hangs out her clusters glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increased, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew. 691

As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touched into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood,
That by degrees fermented, and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy : 700
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy ; and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Cnampagne.

Now by the cool declining year condensed,
Descends the copious exhalations, checked
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,

And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Which pours a sweep of rivers from its sides, 710
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety ; but, in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppressed, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ; 720
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear ; and, wildered, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard) 730
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urged
Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these
With weightier rains, and melted Alpine snows,

The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scooped among the hollow rocks ;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains
play,

And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740

Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drilled through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;
Amid whose angles, infinitely strained,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.

Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs !
But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750

That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day, and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream ! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet and a nearer bed ?

Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop 760
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
The attractive sand that charmed their course so
long ?

Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales ;
 Old Ocean too, sucked through the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again. 770

Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs
 That, like creating Nature, lie concealed
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?
 O thou pervading genius, given to man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare, and wide display
 Their hidden structure to the astonished view !
 Strip from the branching Alps the piny load ;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretched
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds !
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream ,
 O from the sounding summits of the north,
 The Dofrine Hills, through Scandinvia rolled
 To furthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
 Believes the stony girdle* of the world ; 791

* The Muscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki*

And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ;
 O sweep the eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base,
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! Unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs.

And of the bending Mountains of the Moon ! * 800

O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretched to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose,
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep, deep I hear them lab'ring to get free !

I see the leaning strata, artful ranged ;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810

Strew'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The guttered rocks and mazy-running clefts,
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard its motion and forbid its waste.

Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,

Camenypois, that is, the *Great Stony Girdle* ; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

* A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

I see the rocky syphons stretched immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious formed. 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Through the stirred sands a bubbling passage bursts ;
 And welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosomed hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burdened air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condensed
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warned of approaching Winter, gathered, play
 The swallow-people ; and tossed wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feathered eddy floats : rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank, 840
 And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer climes conveyed,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The stork-assembly meets, for many a day
 Consulting deep and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
 And now their route designed, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous wings,
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheeled round and round, in congregation full
 The figured flight ascends ; and, riding high
 The ærial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of furthest Thulé and the Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made ? what nations come and go ?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
 Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues, 870
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign ; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore ; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed

Of luxury. And here awhile the muse,
 High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees Caledonia, in romantic view :
 Her airy mountains from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
 Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
 Foured out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
 Full ; winding-deep, and green, her fertile vales ;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Washed lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak :
 Nurse of a people in misfortune's school
 Trained up to hardy deeds, soon visited
 By learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race,
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave,
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
 Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminished state ; 900
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flowed profuse, their piercing genius planned,

And swelled the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal morn.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is placed,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
Through late posterity ? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry ? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain,
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms 920
That heave our friths and crowd upon our shores ;
How ail-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe ;
And thus in soul united, as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep ?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye ; 930
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combined,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,

Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,
Calm and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow ;
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
While mixed in thee combine the charm of youth.
The force of manhood, and the depth of age. 941
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Planned by thy wisdom, by thy soul informed ;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown, a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether, whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current ; while, illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force 960
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm

To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things,
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is
heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil. 971
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye, 981

The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air 990

But, should a quicker breeze amid the bough
 Sob o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
 Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul. 1001

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power
 Of philosophic melancholy comes !
 His near approach the sudden starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The softened feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes ;
 Inflames imagination ; through the breast
 Infuses every tenderness ; and far 1010
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise.
 As varied, and as high. Devotion raised
 To rapture, and divine astonishment ;
 The love of nature unconfined, and, chief,
 Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,

To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth
 Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn 1021
 Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory through remotest time ;
 Th' awakened throb for virtue and for fame ;
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves and visionary vales,
 To weeping grottoes and prophetic glooms, 1030
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along,
 And voices more than human, through the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat
 Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
 In countless numbers blest Britannia sees,
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of Stowe !* 1040
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes, such various art
 By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed
 By cool judicious art, that, in the strife,
 All beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,

* The seat of Lord Cobham.

Or in that temple* where, in future times,
Thou well shall merit a distinguished name ;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods. 1051
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land,
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of nature, or th' unimpassioned shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou
To mark the varied movements of the heart, 1061
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks : O through her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence, that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal throne !
While thus we talk, and, through Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files 1070
Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts ! when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind.
Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war ;

- * The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-gardens !

When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polished robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy tempered ardour and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day ;
And humid Evening gliding o'er the sky, 1081
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orbed and breaking through the scattered
clouds,

Shows her broad visage in the crimsoned east.
Turned to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube describes, 1091
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide,
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ;

Or near extinct her dreaded orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beardless white ;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoot : ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick as quickly reascend, 1110
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws : armies in meet array,
Thronged with aërial spears, and steeds of fire,
Till, the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent ; and busy Frenzy talks
Of blood and battle, cities overturned,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm ;
Of pestilence, and every great distress ;
Empires subversed, when ruling fate has struck
The unalterable hour : e'en Nature's self
Is deemed to totter on the brink of time. 1130
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he

Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfixed,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.

Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;
Distinction lost ; and gay variety 1140

One universal blot : such the fair power
Of light to kindle and create the whole.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch
Who then, bewildered, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;

Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.

Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wildfire scatters round, or gathered trails 1150

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss,
Whither decoyed by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renewed, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf,

While still from day to day his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,

In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better genius of the night,

Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits, and shows the narrow path 1160

That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.

And now the mountain sun dispels the fog ;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ,
And hung on every spray, on every blade 1168
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robbed, and murdered, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatched,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fixed o'er sulphur ; while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoiced
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;
And, used to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes,
Convolved, and agonizing in the dust. 1181

And was it then for this you roamed the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toiled
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away ?
For this in Autumn searched the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ?
O man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage.
Awaiting renovation ? When obliged,

Must you destroy ? Or their ambrosial food 1190

Can you not borrow ; and, in just return,

Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ?

Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own

Again regale them on some smiling day ?

See where the stony bottom of their town

Looks desolate and wild ; with here and there,

A helpless number, who the ruined state

Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.

Thus a proud city, populous and rich,

Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200

At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep

(As late, Palermo, was thy fate,) is seized

By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurled

Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,

Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight ! for now the day,

O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm, and

high,

Infinite splendour ! wide investing all.

How still the breeze ! save what the filmy thread

Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210

How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply tinged

With a peculiar blue ! the ethereal arch

How swelled immense ! amid whose azure throne

The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below

The gilded earth ! the harvest-treasures all

Now gathered in, beyond the rage of storms,

Sure to the swain, the circling fence shut up

And instant Winter's utmost rage defined ;
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strong
 youth,

By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
 Darts not unmeaning looks : and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life !
 What though the dome be wanting, whose proud
 gate,

Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused ?
 Vile intercourse ! What though the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give, 1241
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not ?
 What though, from utmost land and sea purveyed,

For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250
What though he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estranged
To disappointment and fallacious hope :
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the
bough

When summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies 1261
Concealed, and fattens with the richest gap :
These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear
Here too dwells simple Truth ; plain Innocence ;
Unsullied Beauty ; sound unbroken Youth, 1272

Patient of labour, with a little pleased ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious Toil ;
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
 Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far-distant from their native soil,
 Urged or by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this through cities work his eager way
 By legal outrage and established guile,
 The social sense extinct, and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
 Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
 Fomenting discord and perplexing right,
 An iron race ! and those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight ;
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1301

Move not the man who, from the world escaped,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month
And day to day, through the revolving year ;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting
germs,

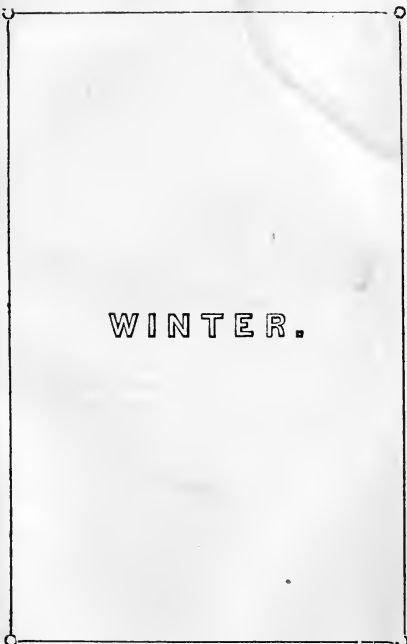
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale,
Into his freshened soul ; her genial hours 1311

He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain
In summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempé wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse of these
Perhaps has in immortal numbers sung,
Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
E'en winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste.
Abrupt, and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclosed, and kindled by refining frost,

Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea, Imagination roams ;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twined around his neck, 1340
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man !
 Oh Nature ! all-sufficient ! over all ! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works ;
 Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
 Show me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan : through the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way : the mineral strata there ;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;

O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals ; and, higher still, the mind, 1360
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
These ever open to my ravished eye,
A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust.
But if to that unequal,—if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition,—under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song ;
And let me never, never stray from Thee ! 1371





WINTER.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter-evening described; as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

W I N T E R .

SEE Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms !
Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I—in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,—
Pleased have I wandered through your rough
domain,

Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure, 11
Heard the winds roar and the big torrent burst,
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brewed
In the grim evening sky. Thus passed the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Looked out the joyous Spring, looked out and smiled.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The muse, O Wilmington ! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year ;
Skimmed the gay spring ; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the summer-blaze to rise ; 21
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;

And now among the wintry clouds again,
Rolled in the doubling storm, she tries to soar,
To swell her note with all the rushing winds,
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;
As in her theme, her numbers wildly great :
Thrice happy could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skilled in awful schemes alone, 30
And how to make a mighty people thrive ;
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit regularly free ;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot ; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
Record what Envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the centaur archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year,
Hung o'er the furthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air ; as clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.

Nor is the night unwished ; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrowed land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discoloured flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm ;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet, unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80

Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.

Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,
And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the roused-up river pours along :
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far :
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100
Calm, sluggish, silent : till again, constrained
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream :
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils and wheels, and foams, and thunders through
Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,

That sees astonished, and astonished sings ! 110

Ye too, ye winds, that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.

Where are your stores, ye powerful beings, say,

Where your aërial magazines reserved,

To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ?

In what far distant region of the sky.

Hushed in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,

With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb

Uncertain wanders, stained : red fiery streaks 120

Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds

Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet

Which master to obey ; while rising slow,

Blank, in the leaden-coloured east, the moon

Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.

Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,

The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray,

Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,

And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.

Snatched in short eddies, plays the withered leaf ;

And on the flood the dancing feather floats. 131

With broadened nostrils, to the sky up-turned,

The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.

E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,

With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,

The wasted taper and the crackling flame

Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,

The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.

Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They picked their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove. 142
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds ;
Ocean, unequal pressed, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves : while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discoloured deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lashed into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn : 160
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchored navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters : now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot

Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again before the breath 170
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts, if some sharp rock
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less on land the loosened tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
What of its tarnished honours yet remain ;
Dashed down and scattered, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
And on the cottage thatched, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
Then too, they say, through all the burdened air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant
sighs,
That, uttered by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of wo and death.
Huge Uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixed

With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky,
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's King who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ; 200
 Then straight air, sea, and earth are hushed at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night,
 And Contemplation her sedate compeer ;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life !
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train ! 210
 Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?
 Vexation, disappointment and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought ! and yet deluded man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,
 With new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme !
 O teach me what is good, teach me Thyself :
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit, and feed my soul 220
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

The keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,

Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed,
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower de-
scends,

At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar-head ; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide 239

The works of man. Drooping, the labourer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250

Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then hopping o'er the floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
'Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his tender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare
Though timorous of heart and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks, 260
Urged on by fearless Want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

Now shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind.
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict ; for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains 270
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms ; till upwards urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky,
As thus the snows arise, and, foul and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands, sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes, 280
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :

Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps.
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul ;
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned 290
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the trace and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throned the busy shapes into his mind
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300
Smoothed up with snow ; and what is land un-
known.

What water, of the still unfrozen spring.
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots

Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm
In vain his little children peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320
Stretched out and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud
Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround,
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste,—
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many sink in the devouring flood
Or more devouring flame ; how many bleed, 330
By shameful variance betwixt man and man ;
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from common air and common use
Of their own limbs : how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery ; sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty ; how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,

Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse, 340
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse ;
 E'en in the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation joined
 How many, racked with honest passions, droop
 In deep retired distress ; how many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work .

And here can I forget the generous band,*
 Who, touched with human wo, redressive searched
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail, 361
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans
 Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger
 burn,

And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.
 While in the land of liberty, the land
 Whose every street and public meeting glow

* The Jail Committee, in the year 172.

With open freedom, little tyrants raged,
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth,
Tore from cold wintry limbs the scattered weed,
E'en robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep, 370
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,
At pleasure marked him with inglorious stripes,
And crushed out lives, by secret barbarous ways
That for their country would have toiled or bled.
O great design ! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-tempered zeal.
Ye sons of mercy, yet resume the search,
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380
And bid the cruel fear the pains they give,
Much still untouched remains ; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade),
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right !

By wintry famine roused, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
And wavy Apennine and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave,
Burning for blood, bony, and gaunt, and grim,
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ;

And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
E'en beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguished prey.
But if, apprised of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave, o'er which,
Mixed with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they
howl.

Among those hilly regions where embraced
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell,
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they
come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all; 419
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops

Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelmed.

Now all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead,
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
With arts, with arms, and humanised a world.
Roused at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-lived volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
Invincible, calm Reason's holy law,
That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death :
Great moral teacher ! wisest of mankind,
Solon the next, who built his common weal
On equity's wide base, by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamped
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire
Whence in the laurelled field of finer arts, 450

And of bold freedom, they unequalled shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece and human kind.
 Lycurgus then, who bowed beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm devoted chief* who proved by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught,
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front, 459
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just,
 In pure majestic poverty revered,
 Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swelled a haughty rival's† fame.
 Reared by his care, of softer ray appears
 Cimon, sweet-souled, whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch, abroad
 The scourge of Persia's pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art,
 Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late called to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast
 Timoleon, happy temper ! mild and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled ;
 And, equal to the best, the Theban pair,‡
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord joined,

* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

‡ Pelepidas and Epeminondas.

Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.
He too with whom Athenian honour sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
Phocion the Good, in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm ;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smoothed his brow
Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train : 490
Aratus, who awhile relumed the soul
Of fondly lingering Liberty in Greece ;
And he her darling, as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
Turned the luxurious pomp he could not cure ;
Or toiling in his farm a simple swain,
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come,
A race of heroes, in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly loved : 501
Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who softened her rapacious sons :
Servius the king, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise :

The public father* who the private quelled,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad ;
 He whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes ; 510
 Fabricius, scorner of all conquering gold ;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy willing victim, † Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious called, and Honour's dire command ;
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retired ; 520
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
 Restrained the rapid fate of rushing Rome ;
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme ;
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged,
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend :
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand : but who can count the stars of heaven ?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?
 Behold who yonder comes, in sober state, 530
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :
 'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain !
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing
 Parent of song ! and, equal by his side,

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

The British muse ; joined hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.

Nor absent are those shades whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impassioned heart, and charmed
Transported Athens with the moral scene ;
Nor those who, tuneful, waked th' enchanting lyre.

First of your kind ! society divine ! 541

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refined,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.

Or from the muses' hill will Pope descend, 550

To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart ?
For, though not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond ? thou, the darling
pride,

The friend and lover of the tuneful throng !
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravished from our hope so soon ? 560
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast, that treasured store

Of knowledge, early gained, that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name ?
What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit, that rapture for the muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?
Ah ! only showed to check our fond pursuits, 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain !

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired,
With them would search if Nature's boundless frame
Was called, late-rising, from the void of night,
Or sprung eternal from th' eternal Mind,
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ; 580
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonished eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, though to us it seems embroiled, moves on
In higher order, fitted and impelled
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage historic muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time,
Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,
In scattered states, what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns, 591

And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talked
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doomed,
In powerless humble fortune to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
Then, e'en superior to ambition, we 600
Would learn the private virtues : how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest
stream

Of rural life, or, snatched away by Hope,
Through the dim spaces of futurity
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state and world to world.
But, when with these the serious thought is foiled,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
Of frolic Fancy, and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never joined before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise,
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;
While well-attested, and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,

Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleased ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;
 The kiss, snatched hasty from the side-long maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the slap, the haul, and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixed discourse
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulf
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mixed, and evolved, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ; 640
 The circle deepens ; beamed from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves ;
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
 Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks ;
 Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.

Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek : or else the comic muse 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh. .
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil * showed.

O thou whose wisdom, solid yet refined,
 Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Joined to whate'er the graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire. 660

Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polished life. Permit the rural muse,
 O Chesterfield ! to grace with thee her song,
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train
 (For every muse has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplished mind,
 To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power,— 670
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 E'en in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court,—
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,

* A character in "The Conscious Lovers," written by Sir Richard Steele.

And kind well-tempered satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent crowd 680
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then, dressed by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :
Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again
Her own enlightened thoughts ; called from the heart
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
And e'en reluctant Party feels awhile
Thy gracious power, as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
To thy loved haunt return, my happy muse ;
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed ; and through the blue serene
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace.
Constringent ; feeds and animates our blood ;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves
In swifter sallies darting to the brain, 701
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force

Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy Fire, and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen
 stores

Derived, thou secret all-invading power,
 Whom e'en th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hooked, or shaped
 Like double wedges, and diffused immense
 Through water, earth, and ether ? Hence at eve,
 Steamed eager from the red horizon round, 721
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused.
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,
 Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm ; till, seized from shore to shore,
 The whole imprisoned river growls below. 731
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects

A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief ;
The heifer lows ; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope 740
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night :
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair, 750
Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise ;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
And by the frost refined the whiter snow,
Encrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest, 761

Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved ; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train ! the raptured boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care.
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms.
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's dames
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal sun, 780
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff ;
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray ;
Or from the forest falls the clustered snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790

Worse than the season desolate the fields ;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of its grandeur, should our eye
Astonished shoot into the frigid zone,
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barred by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye but deserts lost in snow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and solid floods
That stretch athwart the solitary waste
Their icy horrors to the frozen main,
And cheerless towns far distant, never blessed,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,*
With news of human kind. Yet there life glows ;
Yet cherished there, beneath the shining waste, 810
The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
Sables, of glossy black ; and dark embrowned,
Or beauteous freaked with many a mingled hue,
Thousand besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together pressed, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows ; and, scarce his head
Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk

* The old name for China.

Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguined snows,
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There through the piny forest half absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift, 831
 And with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see Boötes urge his tardy wain
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus* pierced,
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame
 Of lost mankind in polished slavery sunk,
 Drove martial horde on horde,† with dreadful sweep,
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 841
 And gave the vanquished world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war ;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives ;

* The north-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time,
And through the restless ever-tortured maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage, 850
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heaped into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
E'en in the depth of polar night they find
A wondrous day, enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wished Spring returns ; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve,
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
And, as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky,
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,

Where pure Niemi's* fairy mountains rise,
 And fringed with roses Tengliot rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these at eve,
 They cheerful loaded to their tents repair,
 Where, all day long in useful cares employed,
 Their kind unblemished wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secured
 From legal plunder and rapacious power,
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice, whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
 Of faithless Love, their blooming daughters wo.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
 And furthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
 The muse expands her solitary flight,
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky. ‡
 Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the "Figure of the Earth," after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says, "From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seems rather a place of resort for fairies and genii than bears."

† The same author observes, "I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

‡ The other hemisphere.

Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is forever heard ;
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
Here arms his winds with all subduing frost,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe. 901

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main,
Where undissolving from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky,
And icy mountains high on mountains piled
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down, 910
As if old Chaos were again returned,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
Of tempest shaken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,
And bid to roar no more—a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they 920
Who here, entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun ;
While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,

The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's* fate,
 As with first prow (what have not Briton's dared !)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming' to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate sealed, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
 The sailor and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing
 stream

Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men ;
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
 Here human nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know ; nor aught of life
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till Morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quivered savage to the chase.

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by queen Elizabeth to discover
 the north-east passage.

What cannot active government perform, 950
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these
shores,

A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
By heaven inspired, from Gothic darkness called.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tamed, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And, while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he raised the man,
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toiled 960
Through long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince
Who left his native throne, where reigned till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power,
Who greatly spurned the slothful pomp of courts,
And, roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gathered the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charged with the stores of Europe, home he goes!
Then cities rise amid th' illumined waste!
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far-distant flood to flood is social joined;
Th' astonished Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foamed

With daring keel before ; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the north, 980
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
Of old Dishonour proud ; it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that roused the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade ;
For what his wisdom planned, and power enforced,
More potent still, his great example showed.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990
Spotted the mountains shine ; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ;
And where they rush the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas
That washed th' ungenial pole will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north,
But rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000
And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep, at once it bursts
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,

While night o'erwhelms the sea and Horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?
Heart-gnawing Hunger, fainting Weariness, 1010
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosened brine, while through the
gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famished monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye, 1020
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictured life ; pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent
strength, 1030
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled

Those dreams of greatness—those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness—those longings after fame—
 Those restless cares—those busy bustling days—
 Those gay-spent, festive nights—those veering
 thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life ?

All now are vanished ! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of man, 1040

His guide to happiness on high. And see !

'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
 Of heaven, and earth ! Awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,

In every heightened form, from pain and death

For ever free. The great eternal scheme,

Involving all, and in a perfect whole

Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,

To Reason's eye refined clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now, 1050

Confounded in the dust, adore that Power

And Wisdom oft arraigned : see now the cause

Why unassuming Worth in secret lived,

And died neglected,—why the good man's share

In life was gall and bitterness of soul,—

Why the lone widow and her orphans pined

In starving solitude, while Luxury

In palaces lay straining her low thought

To form unreal wants,—why heaven-born Truth,

And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060

Of superstition's scourge,—why licensed Pain,

That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed,
Ye noble few who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile ;
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil is no more ;
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all. 1069

A H Y M N .

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined,
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade,
 And all so forming a harmonious whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness
 breathes :

Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms !
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonished world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound,—
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale,—and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,—
 Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,

From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.

The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world ;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.

Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm

The list'ning shades, and teach the night His
praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join

The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,

And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting Seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll !
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the black'ning east ;
Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming Evil still educing Good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

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