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THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH  
PREFACES,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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VOLUME THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

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LONDON:

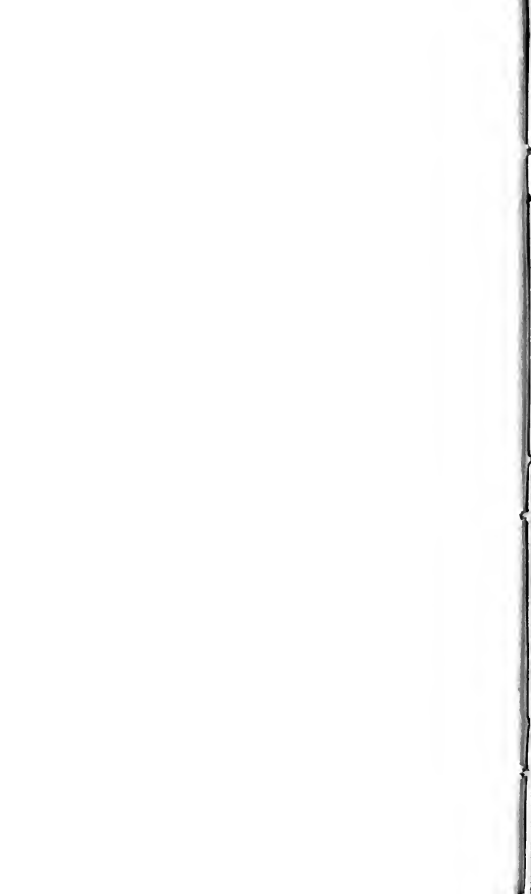
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THE  
SEVENTY-FIRST VOLUME  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS;  
CONTAINING  
ARMSTRONG AND LANGHORNE.



T H E A R T

O F

PRESERVING HEALTH, 1744

B O O K I.

A I R.

**D**AUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,  
HYGEIA\*; whose indulgent smile sustains  
The various race luxuriant nature pours,  
And on th' immortal essences bestows  
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend! 5  
Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,  
Whether thou wanton'ft on the western gale,  
Or shak'ft the rigid pinions of the north,  
Diffuseft life and vigour through the tracts  
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain. 10  
When through the blue serenity of heaven  
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host  
Of Pain and Sicknefs, squalid and deform'd,  
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,

\* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Where in deep Erebus involv'd the Fiends 15  
 Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,  
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,  
 Swarm thro' the shudd'ring air: whatever plagues  
 Or meagre famine breeds, or with flow wings  
 Rise from the putrid watry element, 20  
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,  
 That smother earth and all the breathless winds,  
 Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field:  
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;  
 Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change 25  
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;  
 They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all  
 The secret poisons of avenging heaven,  
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train  
 Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught 30  
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,  
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd  
 Portend disastrous to the vital world;  
 Thy salutary power averts their rage,  
 Averts the general bane: and but for thee 35  
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy chearful active energy  
 No rapture swells the breast, no Poet sings,  
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.  
 Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay! 40  
 Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,  
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:  
 " How best the fickle fabrick to support  
 " Of mortal man; in healthful body how

" A healthful



" A healthful mind the longest to maintain." 45  
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse  
 The best, and those of most extensive use ;  
 Harder in clear and animated song  
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.  
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace 50  
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed  
 Through paths the muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,  
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind  
 Which taught to check the pestilential fire, 55  
 And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.  
 O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,  
 Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,  
 Indulge, O MEAD! a well-design'd essay,  
 Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I 60  
 My little knowledge with my country share,  
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,  
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

YE who amid this feverish world would wear  
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind; 65  
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;  
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke  
 And volatile corruption, from the dead.  
 The dying, sickning, and the living world  
 Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome 70  
 With dim mortality. It is not Air  
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,  
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,  
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw

Of nature; when from shape and texture she 75  
 Relapses into fighting elements:  
 It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass  
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.  
 Much moisture hurts; but here a fordid bath,  
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more 80  
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.  
 Besides, immur'd in many a fullen bay  
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze.  
 This slumbring Deep remains, and ranker grows  
 With sickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor 85  
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)  
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,  
 Roll'd from so many thundring chimneys, tame  
 The putrid steams that overwarm the sky;  
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode 90  
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,  
 In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;  
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn  
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin  
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood, 95  
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.  
 While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds  
 Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;  
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze  
 That fans the ever undulating sky; 100  
 A kindly sky! whose soft'ring power regales  
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.  
 Find then some Woodland scene where nature smiles  
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive,

'To us there wants not many a happy Seat! 105  
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise  
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice,  
 See where enthron'd in adamantinè state,  
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor fits;  
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove 110  
 Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where  
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,  
 (Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise  
 Rural or gay). O! from the summer's rage  
 O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides 115  
 Umbrageous Ham!—But, if the busy Town  
 Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,  
 Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess  
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;  
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood; 120  
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds  
 Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.  
 Green rise the Kentish hills in chearful air;  
 But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads  
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet. 125  
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,  
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,  
 Quartana there presides: a meagre Fiend  
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force  
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens, 130  
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest  
 With sev'rish blasts subdues the sickning land:  
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,  
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains

That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,  
 And rack the joints and every torpid limb; 136  
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats  
 O'erflow : a short relief from former ills.  
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;  
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ; 140  
 The chearful, pure, and animated bloom  
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy  
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.  
 And oft the Sorcerers, in her fated wrath,  
 Refigns them to the furies of her train ; 145  
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow Fiend  
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.  
 In quest of Sites, avoid the mournful plain  
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;  
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow : 150  
 Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll  
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main,  
 For from the humid soil and watry reign  
 Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air  
 For ever weeps : or, turgid with the weight 155  
 Of waters, pours a founding deluge down,  
 Skies such as these let every mortal shun  
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,  
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh :  
 Or any other injury that grows 160  
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,  
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood  
 In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;  
 For Air may be too dry. The subtle heaven, 165  
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,  
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,  
 Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph  
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.  
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay  
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,  
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws,  
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood  
 A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide  
 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins: 175  
 Unactive in the services of life,  
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current through  
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.  
 The melancholic fiend (that worst despair  
 Of physic), hence the rust-complexion'd man 180  
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain  
 Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adult  
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,  
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes 185  
 Of Air: the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.  
 But as the power of chusing is deny'd  
 To half mankind, a further task ensues;  
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,  
 How breathe unhurt the withering element, 190  
 Or hazy atmosphere: Though Custom moulds  
 To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;  
 And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd

So

(So kind is native air) may in the fens  
 Of Essex from inveterate ills revive 195  
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.  
 But if the raw and oozy heaven offend:  
 Correct the foil, and dry the sources up  
 Of watery exhalation: wide and deep  
 Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog; 200  
 Sollicitous, with all your winding arts,  
 Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;  
 And weed the forest, and invoke the winds  
 To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;  
 Or through the thickets send the crackling flames. 205  
 Mean time at home with chearful fires dispel  
 The humid air: And let your table smoke  
 With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds  
 Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds  
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase. 210  
 Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years;  
 But frugal be your cups: the languid frame  
 Vapid and funk from yesterday's debauch,  
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of watery heavens.  
 But neither these nor all Apollo's arts, 215  
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,  
 Unless with exercise and manly toil  
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.  
 The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease  
 Avoid; if indolence would wish to live, 220  
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year  
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch  
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood;  
Deep

Deep in the waving forest chuse your feat,  
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;  
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,  
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.  
 Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,  
 The moist relaxing vegetable store  
 Prevail in each repast: Your food supplied 230  
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,  
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,  
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass  
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave;  
 That through the thirsty channels of the blood 235  
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.  
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess  
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour  
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl  
 Of keen Sherbet the sickle taste relieve. 240  
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream  
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups  
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.  
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls  
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge 245  
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach  
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air  
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts  
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.  
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250  
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop; incumbent still  
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.  
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise

Th' im-

'Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades  
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night, 255  
 Till black with thunder all the South descends.  
 Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge  
 Our melting clime; except the baleful East  
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks  
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk 260  
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.  
 Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes  
 This dismal change! The brooding elements  
 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,  
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague? 265  
 Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above  
 That lofty Albion melt into the main!  
 Indulgent Nature! O dissolve this gloom!  
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds  
 That drown or wither: Give the genial West 270  
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:  
 And may once more the circling seasons rule  
 The year; not mix in every monstrous day.  
 Mean time, the moist malignity to shun 274  
 Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign  
 Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram  
 And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;  
 And where the\* Cynorrhodon with the rose,  
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirly foil  
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. 280  
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep

\* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.



Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.  
 And let them see the winter morn arise,  
 The summer evening blushing in the west ;  
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285  
 O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,  
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.  
 O! when the growling winds contend, and all  
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm ;  
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din 290  
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights  
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.  
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain  
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,  
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest. 295  
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,  
 Where health is studied ; for whatever moves  
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just  
 And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.  
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes 300  
 The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,  
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change  
 Of purest element, refreshing still  
 Your airy seat, and uninfected Gods.  
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds 305  
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides  
 Th' etherial deep with endless billows chafes.  
 His purer mansion nor contagious years  
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.  
 But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain, 310  
 Involve my hill! And wherefoe'er you build ;

Whether

Whether on fun-burnt Epfom, or the plains  
 Wash'd by the filent Lee; in Chelfea low,  
 Or high Blackheath with wintry winds affail'd;  
 Dry be your houfe: but airy more than warm. 315  
 Elfe every breath of ruder wind will ftrike  
 Your tender body through with rapid pains;  
 Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarfenefs bind your voice,  
 Or moift Gravedo load your aching brows.  
 Thefe to defy and all the fates that dwell 320  
 In cloifter'd air tainted with fteaming life,  
 Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;  
 And ftill at azure noontide may your dome  
 At every window drink the liquid fky.

Need we the funny fituation here, 325  
 And theatres open to the fouth, commend?  
 Here, where the morning's mifty breath infests  
 More than the torrid noon? How fickly grow,  
 How pale, the plants in thofe ill-fated vales  
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap 330  
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope  
 To feel, the genial vigour of the fun!  
 While on the neighbouring hill the rofe inflames  
 The verdant fpring; in virgin beauty blows  
 The tender lily, languifhingly fweet; 335  
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,  
 And autumn ripens in the fummer's ray.  
 Nor lefs the warmer living tribes demand  
 The foft'ring fun: whofe energy divine  
 Dwells not in mortal fire; whofe gen'rous heat 340

Glowe

Glow's through the mafs of groffer elements,  
And kindles into life the pondrous fpheres.  
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,  
We court thy beams, great majefly of day!  
If not the foul, the regent of this world,  
First-born of heaven, and only lefs than God!

345

## T H E A R T

O F

## P R E S E R V I N G H E A L T H.

## B O O K I I.

## D I E T.

**E**NOUGH of Air. A defart subject now,  
 Rougher and wilder, rises to my fight.  
 A barren waste, where not a garland grows  
 To bind the Muse's brow; not ev'n a proud  
 Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath, 5  
 To rouse a noble horror in the soul:  
 But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads  
 Through endless labyrinths the devious feet.  
 Farewel, ethereal fields! the humbler arts  
 Of life; the Table and the homely Gods 10  
 Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu!  
 The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,  
 The generous stream that waters every part,  
 And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys  
 To every particle that moves or lives; 15  
 This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes  
 Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again  
Refunded;

Refunded; scourg'd for ever round and round;  
 Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets  
 Its balmy nature; virulent and thin 20  
 It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates  
 Are open to its flight, it would destroy  
 The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.  
 Besides, the flexible and tender tubes  
 Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide 25  
 That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream  
 Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force  
 Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,  
 That very force, those plastic particles  
 Rebuild: So mutable the state of man. 30  
 For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,  
 Daily with fresh materials to repair  
 This unavoidable expence of life,  
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.  
 Hence the concoctive powers, with various art, 35  
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;  
 The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide  
 To liquors, which through finer arteries  
 To different parts their winding course pursue;  
 To try new changes, and new forms put on, 40  
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind  
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal  
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;  
 By violent powers too easily subdu'd, 45  
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,  
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass

That falt can harden, or the fmoke of years;  
 Nor does his gorge the lufcious bacon rue,  
 Nor that which Ceftria fends, tenacious pafte 50  
 Of folid milk. But ye of fofter clay,  
 Infirm and delicate! and ye who wafte  
 With pale and bloated floth the tedious day!  
 Avoid the ftubborn aliment, avoid  
 The full repaft; and let fagacious age 55  
 Grow wifer, leffon'd by the dropping teeth.

Half fubtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food  
 Readieft obeys th' affimilating powers;  
 And foon the tender vegetable mafs  
 Relents; and foon the young of thofe that tread 60  
 The ftedfaft earth, or cleave the green abyfs,  
 Or pathlefs fky. And if the Steer muft fall,  
 In youth and fanguine vigour let him die;  
 Nor ftay till rigid age, or heavy ails,  
 Abfolve him ill-requited from the yoke. 65  
 Some with high forage, and luxuriant eafe,  
 Indulge the veteran Ox; but wifer thou,  
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs,  
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;  
 A race of purer blood, with exercife 70  
 Refin'd and fcanty fare: For, old or young,  
 The ftall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd,  
 Not all the culinary arts can tame,  
 To wholefome food, the abominable growth  
 Of reft and gluttony; the prudent tafte 75  
 Rejects like bane fuch loathfome lufcioufnefs.  
 The languid ftomach curfes even the pure

Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:  
 For more the oily aliments relax  
 Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph 80  
 Fond to incorporate with all it meets)  
 Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles  
 The woo'd embrace. Th' irrefoluble oil,  
 So gentle late and blandishing, in floods  
 Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence, 85  
 What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.  
 Choofe leaner viands, ye whose jovial make  
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:  
 Choofe sober meals; and rouse to active life  
 Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' infeebling down,  
 Irrefolute, protract the morning hours. 91  
 But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,  
 With chearful ease and succulent repaft  
 Improve his habit if he can; for each  
 Extreme departs from perfect sanity. 95

I could relate what table this demands  
 Or that complexion; what the various powers  
 Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,  
 And fifty more before the tale were done.  
 Besides there often lurks some nameless, strange, 100  
 Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,  
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;  
 Which finds a poison in the food that most  
 The temp'ature affects. There are, whose blood  
 Impetuous rages through the turgid veins, 105  
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind  
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.

Of chilly nature others fly the board  
 Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers  
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.  
 Some even the generous nutriment detest 110  
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.  
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts  
 Of Pales; soft, delicious and benign:  
 The balmy quintessence of every flower,  
 And every grateful herb that decks the spring; 115  
 The fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life;  
 The best refecti<sup>o</sup>n of declining age;  
 The kind restorative of those who lie  
 Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife  
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death. 120  
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,  
 There is not such a salutary food  
 As suits with every stomach. But (except,  
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,  
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which 125  
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all;)

Taught by experience soon you may discern  
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates  
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;  
 Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face, 130  
 Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue;  
 Or much diminish or too much increase  
 Th' expence, which nature's wife œconomy,  
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.  
 Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger loose, 135  
 And bid the curious palate roam at will;



They scarce can err amid the various stores  
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.  
 Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king  
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives; 140  
 The Tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,  
 Would at the manger starve: Of milder feeds  
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain  
 Confines his wish; though fabling Greece resound  
 The Thracian feeds with human carnage wild. 145  
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,  
 Each creature knows its proper aliment;  
 But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,  
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.  
 Directed, bounded, by this power within, 150  
 Their cravings are well-aim'd: Voluptuous Man  
 Is by superior faculties misled;  
 Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.  
 Sated with Nature's boons, what thousands seek,  
 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste, 155  
 And mad variety, to spur beyond  
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite!  
 Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;  
 And know that temperance is true luxury.  
 Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim. 160  
 Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;  
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,  
 Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,  
 The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.  
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen, 165  
 Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.

Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm  
 But that which binds the mercenary vow?  
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom  
 Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade; 170  
 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,  
 Or by a heart too generous and humane,  
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,  
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?  
 There are, while human miseries abound, 175  
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,  
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,  
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.  
 But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,  
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste. 180  
 Such various foods, though harmless each alone,  
 Each other violate; and oft we see  
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,  
 From combinations of innoxious things.  
 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine 185  
 To hermit's diet needlessly severe.  
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,  
 Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal  
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,  
 Of every realm. It matters not mean while 190  
 How much to-morrow differ from to-day;  
 So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,  
 To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.  
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste  
 With caution fruits you never tried before. 195  
 For want of use the kindest aliment

Sometimes

Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage  
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste  
Of all its gifts; so custom has improv'd 200  
This bent of nature; that few simple foods,  
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,  
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense  
Of light refection, at the genial board  
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast 205  
To dull satiety; till soft and slow  
A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul  
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.  
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,  
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues 210  
The softest food: unfinish'd and depriv'd,  
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns  
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams  
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain,  
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt 215  
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill  
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?  
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund  
Of plagues: but more immedicable ills  
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows 220  
How to disburden the too tumid veins,  
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood;  
But to unlock the elemental tubes,  
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,  
And with balsamic nutriment repair 225  
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid

Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;  
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the foil,  
 Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.  
 When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait 230  
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:  
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond  
 What nature well can bear; and one extreme  
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.  
 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb 235  
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers  
 Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.  
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege  
 And famine humbled, may this verse be borne;  
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds 240  
 Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wintry main;  
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore  
 Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy;  
 Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:  
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,  
 Than war or famine. While the vital fire 246  
 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;  
 But prudently foment the wandering spark  
 With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch:  
 Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give 250  
 At first; that kindled, add a little more;  
 Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame  
 Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But though the two (the full and the jejune)  
 Extremes have each their vice; it much avails 255  
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow

From

From this to that: So nature learns to bear  
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite  
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues  
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury 260  
 Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.  
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast  
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;  
 Then is a time to shun the tempting board,  
 Were it your natal or your nuptial day. 265  
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves  
 The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once  
 Might cost you labour. But the day return'd  
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge  
 Most in the tender vegetable breed: 270  
 Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame  
 The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds  
 A feverish taint through the still gulf of air.  
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup  
 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand, 275  
 Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world  
 'The dreaded \* Caucasos roll his wasteful fires.  
 Pale humid winter loves the generous board,  
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;  
 And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer 280  
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide  
 Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,  
 Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen  
 Impose. Through autumn's languishing domain  
 Descending, nature by degrees invites 285

\* The burning fever.

To glowing luxury. But from the depth  
 Of winter when th' invigorated year  
 Emerges; when Favonius flush'd with love,  
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends  
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride; 290  
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;  
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check  
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits  
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky:  
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand 295  
 The prone creation; yields what once suffic'd  
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;  
 Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd  
 The human breast.—Each rolling month matures  
 The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where 301  
 Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste  
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole:  
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants  
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother, 305  
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,  
 Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave:  
 Pomona hates them, and the clownish God  
 Who tends the garden. In this frozen world  
 Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal 310  
 Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn  
 Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board  
 With generous fare and luxury profuse.  
 These are their bread, the only bread they know;  
 These, and their willing slave the deer that crops

The

The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills. 316  
 Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South  
 Her swarthy sons in either Ind, maintains:  
 Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins  
 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams 320  
 Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,  
 Adult and dry, no sweet repast affords;  
 Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,  
 So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals  
 Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood 325  
 Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain  
 Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course;  
 Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.  
 But here in livid ripeness melts the Grape:  
 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns, 330  
 Through the green shade the golden Orange glows;  
 Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields  
 A generous pulp: the Coco swells on high  
 With milky riches; and in horrid mail  
 The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets. 335  
 Earth's vaunted progeny: In ruder air  
 Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live;  
 Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire  
 To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile  
 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn. 340  
 Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th' autumnal sea  
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.  
 What suits the climate best, what suits the men,  
 Nature profuses most, and most the taste  
 Demands, The fountain, edg'd with racy wine  
 Or

Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.  
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs  
 Supports in else intolerable air:  
 While the cool Palm, the Plaintain, and the grove  
 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage 350  
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.  
 Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;  
 Now let me wander through your gelid reign.  
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din 355  
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.  
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks  
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.  
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep  
 First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po  
 In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves 361  
 A mighty flood to water half the East;  
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,  
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.  
 What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades 365  
 Enwrap these infant floods! Through every nerve  
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear  
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;  
 And more gigantic still th' impending trees  
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.  
 Are these the confines of some fairy world? 371  
 A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds  
 What unknown nations? If indeed beyond  
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,  
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain, 375  
 That



That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,  
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread  
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing  
 Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health  
 Command) to praise your crystal element: 380  
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;  
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,  
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;  
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment  
 And life, to all that vegetate or live. 385

O comfortable streams! With eager lips  
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff  
 New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.  
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;  
 None warmer fought the fires of human kind. 390  
 Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days  
 Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,  
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd  
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.  
 Blest with divine immunity from ails, 396  
 Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate  
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of Gods  
 Return to visit their degenerate sons, 400  
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,  
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!  
 Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,  
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without disdain  
 The choice of water. Thus the \* Coan sage 406  
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every School.  
 What least of foreign principles partakes  
 Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch  
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air; 410  
 The most insipid; the most void of smell.  
 Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides  
 Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale  
 For ever boil, alike of winter frosts  
 And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream, 415  
 Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile  
 O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome, pure  
 And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,  
 And half the mountains melt into the tide.  
 Though thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid 420  
 The fordid lake, and all such drowsy floods  
 As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals;  
 (With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;  
 Squalid with generation, and the birth  
 Of little monsters;) till the power of fire 425  
 Has from prophane embraces disengag'd  
 The violated lymph. The virgin stream  
 In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes  
 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow. 430  
 But where the stomach indolent and cold  
 Toys with its duty, animate with wine  
 Th' insipid stream: Though golden Ceres yields

\* Hippocrates.

A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;  
 Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all 435  
 The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyfs  
 Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,  
 And furious with intoxicating fire;  
 Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd  
 Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,  
 Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine, 441  
 The puny wonders of the reptile world,  
 The tender rudiments of life, the slim  
 Unravellings of minute anatomy,  
 Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain. 445  
 We curse not wine: The vile excess we blame;  
 More fruitful than th' accumulated board,  
 Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught  
 Faster and surer swells the vital tide;  
 And with more active poison, than the floods 450  
 Of grosser crudity convey, pervades  
 The far remote meanders of our frame.  
 Ah! sly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,  
 Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck  
 Of sober vows!—But the Parnassian Maids 455  
 \* Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,  
 The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;  
 Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.  
 Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,  
 Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife, 460  
 Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels  
 The loitering crudities that burden life;

\* See Book iv.

Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.  
 Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force  
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes; 515  
 Its various functions vigorously are plied  
 By strong machinery; and in solid health  
 'The Man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.  
 But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,  
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downward tend.  
 For still the beating tide consolidates 521  
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still  
 To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.  
 This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees  
 To hard unyielding unelastic bone, 525  
 Through tedious channels the congealing flood  
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;  
 It loiters still: And now it stirs no more.  
 This is the period few attain; the death  
 Of nature; thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life 530  
 Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd,  
 Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;  
 And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood  
 The crush of thunder and the warring winds, 536  
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,  
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.  
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,  
 Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;  
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down. 540  
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.

This

This huge rotundity we tread grows old;  
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun,  
 The sun himself, shall die; and ancient Night 545  
 Again involve the desolate abyss:  
 Till the great FATHER through the lifeless gloom  
 Extend his arm to light another world,  
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.  
 For through the regions of unbounded space, 550  
 Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,  
 BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still  
 Between creation and abhorr'd decay:  
 It ever did; perhaps and ever will.  
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep; 555  
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

## T H E A R T

O F

## P R E S E R V I N G H E A L T H.

## B O O K I I I.

## E X E R C I S E.

**T**HRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse has past;  
 But half the toil, and more than half, remains.  
 Rude is her Theme, and hardly fit for Song;  
 Plain, and of little ornament; and I  
 But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts. 5  
 Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,  
 If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.  
 To you, ye delicate, I write; for you  
 I tame my youth to philosophic cares,  
 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps. 10  
 Not to debilitate with timorous rules  
 A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave  
 Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength;  
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years  
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd 15  
 Who would with warm effeminacy nurse

The

The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow  
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils  
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies; 20  
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,  
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.

He knows no laws by Esculapius given;  
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs  
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly 25  
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.

His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,  
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd  
To every casualty of varied life;  
Serene he bears the peevish Eastern blast, 30  
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life;  
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil  
Is well repaid; if exercise were pain  
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these 35  
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons;  
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,  
Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves  
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone; 40  
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,  
Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd; the vapid old  
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.

Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms  
Of nature and the year: come, let us stray 45  
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:

Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan  
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,  
 And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.  
 Nor when bright Winter fows with prickly frost 50  
 'The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth  
 Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts  
 This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.  
 My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain  
 Or fogs relent, no season should confine 55  
 Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.  
 Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source  
 Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn  
 Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.  
 Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch 60  
 'The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport  
 Intent, with emulous impatience try  
 Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey  
 Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;  
 And through its deepest solitudes awake 65  
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale  
 Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,  
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream  
 Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er 70  
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,  
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the bounds  
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;  
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such  
 The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream  
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air, 76  
 Liddal;



Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays  
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
 Unknown in song: Though not a purer stream, 79  
 Thro' meads more flowery or more romantic groves.  
 Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!  
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
 In rural innocence; thy mountains still  
 Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods  
 For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay 85  
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain!  
 Oft, with thy blooming fons, when life was new,  
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,  
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:  
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks, 90  
 With the well-imitated fly to hook  
 The eager trout, and with the slender line  
 And yielding rod sollicite to the shore  
 The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds  
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool, 95  
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.  
 Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,  
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.  
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)  
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains. 100  
 But if through genuine tenderness of heart,  
 Or secret want of relish for the game,  
 You shun the glories of the chace, nor care  
 To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields  
 A soft amusement, an humane delight. 105  
 To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;

Or tame its savage genius to the grace  
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems  
 The amiable result of happy chance,  
 Is to create; and gives a god-like joy, 110  
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain  
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,  
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.  
 O happy he! whom, when his years decline,  
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means 115  
 Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;  
 His life approv'd by all the wise and good,  
 Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves  
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,  
 Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares 120  
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.  
 Happiest of men! if the same soil invites  
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,  
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;  
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue 125  
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:  
 A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,  
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.  
 Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs  
 The vists best, and best conducts the stream; 130  
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;  
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shews  
 The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms  
 Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice  
 To match the sprightly genius of champain. 135  
 Thrice happy days! in rural business past:

Blest winter nights! when as the genial fire  
 Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family  
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,  
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame, 140  
 With witlefs wantonnefs to hunt it down :  
 Or through the fairy land of tale or fong  
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates  
 Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity :  
 Till loft in fable, they the stealing hour 145  
 Of timely reft forget. Sometimes, at eve  
 His neighbours lift the latch, and blefs unbid  
 His feftal roof; while, o'er the light repaft,  
 And fprightly cups, they mix in focial joy ;  
 And, through the maze of converfation, trace 150  
 Whate'er amufes or improves the mind.  
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to tafte  
 The native zeft and flavour of the fruit,  
 Where fenfe grows wild and takes of no manure)  
 The decent, honeft, chearful husbandman 155  
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;  
 And at my table find himfelf at home.

Whate'er you ftudy, in whate'er you fweat,  
 Indulge your tafte. Some love the manly foils;  
 The tennis fome; and fome the graceful dance. 160  
 Others more hardy, range the purple heath,  
 Or naked ftubble; where from field to field  
 The founding coveys urge their labouring flight;  
 Eager amid the rifing cloud to pour  
 The gun's unerring thunder: And there are 165  
 Whom

Whom still the \* meed of the green archer charms,  
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains  
 His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate  
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind 170

The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;  
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould  
 But some one part is weaker than the rest:

The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,  
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously, 175

But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,  
 Acquire a vigour and springy activity  
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts  
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline,

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves 180  
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.

The prudent, even in every moderate walk,  
 At first but faunter; and by slow degrees  
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise  
 Well knows the master of the flying steed. 185

First from the goal the manag'd coursers play  
 On bended reins: as yet the skilful youth  
 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath  
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;  
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way, 190

And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.  
 When all at once from indolence to toil

\* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies *Reward* or *Prize*.

You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock  
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,  
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm. 195  
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,  
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,  
 O'erpowers the heart and deluges the lungs  
 With dangerous inundation: oft the source  
 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood, 200  
 Asthma and feller \* Peripneumony,  
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.  
 Th' athletic Fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd  
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs,  
 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels 205  
 His vegetation and brute force decay.  
 The men of better clay and finer mould  
 Know nature, feel the human dignity;  
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.  
 Pursu'd prolixly, even the gentlest toil 210  
 Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue  
 Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone  
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.  
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much  
 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm, 215  
 But when the hard varieties of life  
 You toil to learn; or try the dusty chace,  
 Or the warm deeds of some important day:  
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs  
 In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale, 220  
 Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears

\* The inflammation of the lungs.

Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,  
 Forbear! No other pestilence has driven  
 Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.  
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse 225  
 Through nature's cunning labyrinth's could trace:  
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,  
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps  
 Of science; and devote seven years to toil.  
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears 230  
 With what it little boots you to attain.  
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows  
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,  
 What signs portend the storm: To subtler minds  
 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause 235  
 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;  
 Whence those impetuous currents in the main  
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why  
 The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure  
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven. 240  
 In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied  
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts;  
 All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,  
 And warm Pelestra, in the tepid bath  
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs. 245  
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs  
 Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal  
 The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime  
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.  
 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace, 250  
 And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels  
Such

Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North ;  
 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin  
 Too soft ; or teach the recremental fume  
 Too fast to crowd through such precarious ways, 255  
 For through the small arterial mouths, that pierce  
 In endless millions the close-woven skin,  
 The baser fluids in a constant stream  
 Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.  
 While this eternal, this most copious, waste 260  
 Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,  
 Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers  
 Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life  
 With ease and pleasure move : But this restrain'd  
 Or more or less, so more or less you feel 265  
 The functions labour : From this fatal source  
 What woes descend is never to be sung.  
 To take their numbers were to count the sands  
 That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air ;  
 Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils  
 The Baltic, thunder on the German shore. 270  
 Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,  
 This grand expence, on which your fates depend,  
 To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart'  
 The genius of your clime : For from the blood 275  
 Least fickle rise the recremental steams,  
 And least obnoxious to the styptic air,  
 Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores,  
 The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads  
 His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heaven ;  
 And hence our painted ancestors defied 281  
 The

Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,  
 Forbear! No other pestilence has driven  
 Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.  
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse 225  
 Through nature's cunning labyrinth's could trace:  
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,  
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps  
 Of science; and devote seven years to toil.  
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears 230  
 With what it little boots you to attain.  
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows  
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,  
 What signs portend the storm: To subtler minds  
 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause 235  
 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;  
 Whence those impetuous currents in the main  
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why  
 The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure  
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven. 240  
 In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied  
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts;  
 All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,  
 And warm Pelestra, in the tepid bath  
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs. 245  
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs  
 Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal  
 The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime  
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.  
 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace, 250  
 And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels  
Such



Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North ;  
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 And hence our painted ancestors defied 281  
 The

The East: nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures  
 Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost:  
 Except by habits foreign to its turn, 285  
 Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.  
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less  
 By long acquaintance: study then your sky,  
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,  
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun, 290  
 Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n  
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent  
 The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,  
 I praise their dauntless heart: A frame so steel'd  
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts 295  
 That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;  
 The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,  
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.  
 But all things have their bounds: and he who makes  
 By daily use the kindest regimen 300  
 Essential to his health, should never mix  
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.  
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life  
 Without some shock endures; ill fitted he  
 To want the known, or bear unusual things 305  
 Besides, the powerful remedies of pain  
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)  
 Should never with your prosperous days of health  
 Grow too familiar: For by frequent use  
 The strongest medicines lose their healing power,  
 And even the surest poisons theirs to kill, 311

Let

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach  
 Parch'd Mauritania, or the fultry West,  
 Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,  
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave 315  
 Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free  
 Th' evaporation through the soften'd skin  
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.  
 So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;  
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell. 320  
 With us, the man of no complaint demands  
 The warm ablution just enough to clear  
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep  
 The body sacred from indecent soil.  
 Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce 325  
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth  
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;  
 The want of this is poverty's worst woe;  
 With this external virtue Age maintains  
 A decent grace; without it youth and charms 330  
 Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know;  
 So doubtless do your wives: For married fires,  
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;  
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)  
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart. 335  
 But now the hours and seasons when to toil  
 From foreign themes recall my wandering song.  
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed  
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.  
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame 340  
 'Tis wisely done: For while the thirsty veins.

Impatient of lean penury, devour  
 'The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time  
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.  
 Now while the stomach from the full repast 345  
 Subfides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,  
 Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil :  
 And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth  
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.  
 But from the recent meal no labours please, 350  
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers  
 Claim all the wandering spirits to a work  
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event :  
 A work of time : and you may rue the day  
 You hurried, with untimely exercise, 355  
 A half-concocted chyle into the blood.  
 The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm  
 Much toil demands : The lean elastic less.  
 While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,  
 No labours are too hard : By those you 'scape 360  
 The slow diseases of the torpid year ;  
 Endless to name ; to one of which alone,  
 To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves  
 Is pleasure ; Oh ! from such inhuman pains  
 May all be free who merit not the wheel ! 365  
 But from the burning Lion when the sun  
 Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood  
 Too much already maddens in the veins,  
 And all the finer fluids through the skin  
 Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade 370  
 Reclin'd, or sauntering in the lofty grove.  
 No

No needful flight occasion should engage  
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.  
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve  
 To shady walks and active rural sports 375  
 Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,  
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace  
 Of humid skies; though 'tis no vulgar joy  
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood  
 While the soft evening saddens into night, 380  
 Though the sweet Poet of the vernal groves  
 Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world  
 Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops  
 Through all her works. Now happy he whose toil 385  
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd  
 A pleasing lassitude: He not in vain  
 Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.  
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve  
 In soft repose: On him the balmy dews 390  
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.  
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night  
 In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings  
 Visit the paradise of happy Dreams,  
 And waken chearful as the lively morn; 395  
 Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest  
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full:  
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd  
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign  
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils 400  
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil

Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks  
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,  
 The busy dæmons hurl; or in the main  
 O'erwhelm; or bury struggling under ground. 405  
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes  
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,  
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits  
 Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain 409  
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought:  
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul;  
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself  
 For ever torn; and chaos floating round.  
 What dreams preface, what dangers these or those  
 Portend to sanity, though prudent fears 415  
 Reveal'd of old and men of deathless fame,  
 We would not to the superstitious mind  
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.  
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night  
 To banish omens and all restless woes. 420  
 In study some protract the silent hours,  
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;  
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.  
 But surely this redeems not from the shades  
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail 425  
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give  
 Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;  
 Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,  
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.  
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, 430  
 Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils  
 Of

Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,  
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.  
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,  
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies 435  
 Creep on, and through the sickning functions steal.  
 As, when the chilling East invades the spring,  
 The delicate Narcissus pines away  
 In hectic languor; and a slow disease  
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd 440  
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone  
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?  
 O shame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,  
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!  
 By toil subdued, the Warrior and the Hind 445  
 Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon  
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;  
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves  
 Feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.  
 The sons of indolence with long repose, 450  
 Grow torpid; and with slowest Lethe drunk,  
 Feebly and lingeringly return to life,  
 Blunt every sense and powerless every limb.  
 Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)  
 On the hard mattresses or elastic couch 455  
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;  
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain  
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down:  
 Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal  
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams. 460

He without riot, in the balmy feast  
 Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd  
 Who rises, cool, serene, and full of soul.  
 But pliant nature more or less demands,  
 As custom forms her; and all sudden change 465  
 She hates of habit, even from bad to good.  
 If faults in life, or new emergencies,  
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,  
 Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;  
 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves, 470  
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd  
 Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,  
 Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;  
 The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows; 475  
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;  
 And aged Autumn brews the winter-storm.  
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void  
 Of mortal shocks: The cold and torrid reigns,  
 The two great periods of th' important year, 480  
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe:  
 Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,  
 And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.  
 He well advis'd who taught our wiser fires  
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils, 485  
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;  
 And late resign them, though the wanton Spring  
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.  
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains  
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring 490  
 Glides



Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death  
With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold  
The omens of the year: what seasons teem  
With what diseases; what the humid South 495

Prepares, and what the Demon of the East:  
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.  
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,  
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,  
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, 500

And taught already how to each extrem  
To bend your life. But should the public bane  
Infect you; or some trespass of your own,  
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:  
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides 505

Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;  
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels  
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;  
Be Celsus call'd: The Fates come rushing on;  
The rapid Fates admit of no delay. 510

While wilful you, and fatally secure,  
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious fun,  
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak  
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway  
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care, 515  
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!  
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy  
The hardiest frame! of indolence, of toil,  
We die; of want, of superfluity: 520

The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,  
 Is big with death. And, though the putrid South  
 Be shut; though no convulsive agony  
 Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,  
 Th' imprisoned plagues; a secret venom oft 525  
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.  
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!  
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,  
 Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!  
 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies, 530  
 Albion the poison of the Gods has drank,  
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent  
 Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;  
 While, for which tyrant England should receive, 535  
 Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,  
 And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk  
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:  
 Another plague of more gigantic arm  
 Arose, a monster never known before, 540  
 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head,  
 This rapid Fury not, like other pests,  
 Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day  
 Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonished isle,  
 And strew'd with sudden carcases the land. 545

First through the shoulders or whatever part  
 Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung,  
 With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark  
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;  
 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires. 550  
 Through all the yielding pores, the melted blood

Gush'd out in smoaky sweats; but nought assuag'd  
 The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd  
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,  
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain, 555  
 They tofs'd from side to side. In vain the stream  
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.  
 The restless arteries with rapid blood  
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly  
 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.  
 At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head, 561  
 A wild delirium came; their weeping friends  
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.  
 Harrafs'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers  
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep 565  
 Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first  
 O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin  
 Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd  
 The sweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide: 570  
 Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;  
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature  
 Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid steams:  
 As if the pent-up humours by delay  
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign. 575  
 Here lay their hopes; (though little hope remain'd)  
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats  
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates  
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.  
 For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race 580  
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:  
 Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;  
 Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;  
 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow; 585  
 And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.  
 Frantic with fear, they fought by flight to shun  
 'The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land  
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:  
 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around, 590  
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town.  
 Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,  
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;  
 In vain: where'er they fled, the Fates pursu'd.  
 Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,  
 To seek protection in far distant skies; 596  
 But none they found. It seem'd the general air,  
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,  
 Was then at enmity with English blood.  
 For, but the race of England, all were safe  
 In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taste 600  
 The foreign blood which England then contain'd.  
 Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven  
 Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane.  
 Where find relief? The salutary art  
 Was mute; and startled at the new disease, 605  
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.  
 To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;  
 Heaven heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;  
 Fatigu'd with vain resources; and subdued,  
 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear; 610  
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.  
 Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,  
 Nor

Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death,  
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,  
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then 615  
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.

In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,  
 The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend  
 Of tottering Albion! ye eternal Fires 620  
 That lead through heaven the wandering year! ye powers  
 That o'er th' incircling elements preside!

May nothing worse than what this age has seen  
 Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home  
 Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven 625  
 Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs  
 That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;  
 While in the West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,  
 Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd  
 The death of cowards and of common men: 630  
 Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views, the weeping Muses turn,  
 And other themes invite my wandering song.

## T H E A R T

O F

## P R E S E R V I N G H E A L T H .

## B O O K I V .

## T H E P A S S I O N S .

**T**HE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,  
 The use of Toil and all external things,  
 Already fung; it now remains to trace  
 What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds :  
 And how the subtle Principle within 5  
 Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay  
 The passive Body. Ye poetic Shades,  
 Who know the secrets of the world unseen,  
 Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme  
 Engag'd, I wander through mysterious ways. 10  
 There is, they say (and I believe there is)  
 A spark within us of th' immortal fire,  
 That animates and moulds the grosser frame;  
 And when the body sinks escapes to heaven,  
 Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods. 15  
 Mean while this heavenly particle pervades  
 The mortal elements; in every nerve  
It

It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.  
 And, in its secret conclave, as it feels  
 The body's woes and joys, this ruling power 20  
 Wields at its will the dull material world,  
 And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame  
 Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.  
 Nor less the labours of the mind corrode 25  
 The solid fabric: for by subtle parts  
 And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves  
 The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.  
 By subtle fluids pour'd through subtle tubes  
 The natural, vital, functions are perform'd. 30  
 By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;  
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength;  
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these  
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's employ'd)  
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay. 36  
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue  
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent  
 On microscopic arts its vigour fails.  
 Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd, 40  
 Nor akes itself, nor gives the body pain.  
 But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,  
 Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,  
 And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,  
 Engross the subtle ministers of life, 45  
 And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.  
 Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;

The Lover's paleness; and the fallow hue  
 Of Envy, Jealousy; the meagre stare  
 Of fore Revenge: the canker'd body hence 50  
 Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant; who both night and day  
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,  
 And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;  
 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropfy drown'd,  
 Or sinks in lethargy before his time. 56

With useful studies you, and arts that please  
 Employ your mind, amuse but not fatigue.  
 Peace to each drousy metaphysic sage!  
 And ever may all heavy systems rest! 60

Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,  
 Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads  
 Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,  
 And gives to relish what their generous taste  
 Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame, 65  
 Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue  
 With constant drudgery the liberal soul.

Toy with your books: and, as the various fits  
 Of humour seize you, from Philosophy  
 To Fable shift; from serious Antonine 70  
 To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;  
 And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,  
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.  
 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength; 75  
 And quick vibrations through the bowels drive  
 The restless blood, which in unactive days

Would



Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.  
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend  
 What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns, 80  
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves  
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,  
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well  
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit 85  
 Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers:  
 Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose  
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs  
 Than what the body knows embitter life.  
 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care, 90  
 To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.  
 There Madness enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,  
 Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes  
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;  
 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads 95  
 The chearful face of nature: earth becomes  
 A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.  
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:  
 Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear  
 Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems 100  
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath  
 A load of huge imagination heaves;  
 And all the horrors that the murderer feels  
 With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes, 105  
 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.  
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind

Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;  
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so.  
 For while yourself you anxiously explore, 110  
 Timorous Self-love, with sickning Fancy's aid,  
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,  
 And ever galls you in your tender part.

Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,  
 For grim religion some, and some for pride, 115  
 Have lost their reason: some for fear of want  
 Want all their lives; and others every day  
 For fear of dying suffer worse than death.  
 Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,  
 Those fatal guests: and first the Dæmon Fear; 120  
 That trembles at impossible events,  
 Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,  
 And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.  
 Is there an evil worse than Fear itself?  
 And what avails it, that indulgent heaven 125  
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,  
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,  
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?  
 Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares,  
 Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,  
 Appall the surest hour that life bestows. 131  
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare  
 For what may come; and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the Body, by long ails mistun'd,  
 These evils sprung the most important health, 135  
 That of the Mind, destroy: and when the mind  
 They first invade, the conscious body soon

In sympathetic languishment declines.  
 These chronic Passions, while from real woes  
 They rise, and yet without the body's fault 140  
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;  
 Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.  
 Vain are the consolations of the wise ;  
 In vain your friends would reason down your pain.  
 O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd 145  
 To soft distress, or friends untimely fall'n!  
 Court not the luxury of tender thought ;  
 Nor deem it impious to forget those pains  
 That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.  
 Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves, 150  
 Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune  
 Your sad complaint. Go, seek the chearful haunts  
 Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd ;  
 Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish  
 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.  
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes 156  
 New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,  
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.  
 Or more advent'rous, rush into the field  
 Where war grows hot ; and, raging through the sky,  
 The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul: 161  
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march  
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.  
 But most too passive, when the blood runs low,  
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain, 165  
 And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,  
 Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl  
 Of

Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion swill.  
 Struck by the pow'ful charm, the gloom dissolves  
 In empty air; Elysium opens round, 170  
 A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,  
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;  
 And what was difficult, and what was dire,  
 Yields to your prowess and superior stars:  
 The happiest you of all that e'er were mad, 175  
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.  
 But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom  
 Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring stream,  
 Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,  
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook; 180  
 So, when the frantic raptures in your breast  
 Subside, you languish into mortal man;  
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.  
 For prodigal of life in one rash night 184  
 You lavish'd more than might support three days.  
 A heavy morning comes; your cares return  
 With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well  
 May be endur'd; so may the throbbing-head:  
 But such a dim delirium, such a dream,  
 Involves you; such a dastardly despair 190  
 Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,  
 When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,  
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.  
 You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch,  
 The felon, with unnatural mixture first 195  
 Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.  
 Or on the fugitive Champain you pour

A thousand

A thousand curses; for to heav'n it rapt  
 Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.  
 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift, 200  
 The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,  
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:  
 And wish that heaven from mortals had with-held  
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect 205  
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour  
 Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,  
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.  
 Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand  
 Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave. 210

Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;  
 Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd  
 They hardly know you; or if one remains  
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.  
 Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left 215  
 A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;  
 A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.  
 Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd  
 All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains, 220  
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those  
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;  
 The Precepts here of a divine old man  
 I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd  
 His manly sense, and energy of mind. 225  
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;  
 He still remember'd that he once was young;

His easy presence check'd no decent joy.  
 Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he  
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on, 230  
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,  
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,  
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,  
 He pitied Man: and much he pitied those 235  
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means  
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.  
 Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,  
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;  
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd. 240

But they the widest wander from the mark,  
 Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy  
 Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage  
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings 245  
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate  
 Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds,  
 Should ever roam: and were the Fates more kind,  
 Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale.

Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick, 250  
 And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain  
 That all is vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,  
 And for your friend; be busy even in vain  
 Rather than teize her fated appetites. 255  
 Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;  
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

Let

Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy  
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest. 260

But him the least the dull or painful hours  
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,  
And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;  
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, still 265

A faithless Heart betrays the Head unfound.

Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)

Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity:

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;

'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just. 270

Knives fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son

Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

To noblest uses this determines wealth;

This is the solid pomp of prosperous days; 275

The peace and shelter of adversity.

And if you pant for glory, build your fame

On this foundation, which the secret shock

Defies of Envy and all-sapping time.

The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes 280

The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,

The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd

By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,

Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness 285

That even above the smiles and frowns of fate

Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth

That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.  
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;  
 Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave, 290  
 Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.

But for one end, one much-neglected use,  
 Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants  
 Are few, and without opulence supply'd.)  
 This noble end is, to produce the Soul; 295  
 To shew the virtues in their fairest light;  
 To make Humanity the Minister  
 Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast  
 That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage 300  
 Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught  
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;  
 And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.  
 Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway  
 He knew, as far as Reason can control 305  
 The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine:  
 Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate  
 What Passions hurt the body, what improve:  
 Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and serene 310  
 Supports the mind, supports the body too.  
 Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel  
 Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.  
 It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven  
 Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths 315  
 Of rugged life to lead us patient on;  
 And make our happiest state no tedious thing.

Our



Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,  
Is Hope: the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast, 320  
And yet no friends to Life: perhaps they please  
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul;  
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn Clown,  
The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Usurer,  
(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould) 325  
May safely mellow into love; and grow  
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.  
Love in such bosoms never to a fault  
Or pains or pleasures. But, ye finer Souls,  
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill 330  
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,  
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve  
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,  
Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.  
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast 335  
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,  
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,  
The wholesome appetites and powers of life  
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths 339  
The genial board: Your chearful days are gone;  
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.  
To sighs devoted and to tender pains,  
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,  
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first  
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart: 345  
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,  
And that fomented into serious love;

Which musing daily strenghtens and improves  
 Through all the heights of fondness and romance:  
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped, 350  
 If once you doubt whether you love or no.  
 The body wastes away; th' infected mind,  
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets  
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.  
 Sweet heaven from such intoxicating charms 355  
 Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem  
 Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd.  
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk  
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,  
 Adds bloom to Health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds 360  
 A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,  
 And brightens all the ornaments of man.  
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd  
 With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,  
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond, 365  
 Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.  
 And some have died for love; and some run mad;  
 And some with desperate hands themselves have slain.  
 Some to extinguish, others to prevent,  
 A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair, 370  
 Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate  
 The cares of Love amongst an hundred Brides.  
 Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find  
 A cure in this; there are who find it not.  
 'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls 375  
 The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.  
 For while from feverish and tumultuous joys

The

The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,  
 The tender fancy smarts with every sting,  
 And what was Love before is Madness now. 380  
 Is health your care, or luxury your aim,  
 Be temperate still: When Nature bids, obey;  
 Her wild impatient fallies bear no curb:  
 But when the prurient habit of delight,  
 Or loose Imagination, spurs you on 385  
 To deeds above your strength, impute it not  
 To Nature: Nature all compulsion hates.  
 Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown  
 Urge you to feats you well might sleep without;  
 To make what should be rapture a fatigue, 390  
 A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms  
 Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.  
 For from the colliquation of soft joys  
 How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you was!  
 Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan; 395  
 Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.  
 Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood  
 Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves  
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)  
 A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues 400  
 Rapid and restless springs from part to part.  
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;  
 Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;  
 Diseases haunt you; and untimely Age  
 Creeps on; unfocial, impotent, and lewd. 405  
 Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waste  
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!

Infatuate all who make delight their trade,  
And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with Love, or in lascivious flames 410  
Consumes, is with his own consent undone :

He chooses to be wretched, to be mad ;

And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.

But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway

Tears up each virtue planted in the breast, 415

And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy.

For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,

With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;

Fierce as the Tiger, madder than the seas,

Desperate, and arm'd with more than human strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man 421

Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !

Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,

Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,

Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades. 425

But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,

At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;

Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.

For, as the Body through unnumber'd strings

Reverberates each vibration of the Soul; 430

As is the Passion, such is still the Pain

The Body feels : or chronic, or acute.

And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers

The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.

Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear, 435

And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

There

There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous fit  
 Is Health, and only fills the fails of life.  
 For where the mind a torpid winter leads,  
 Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold, 440  
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;  
 A generous fally spurns th' incumbent load,  
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.  
 But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,  
 Or are your nerves too irritably strung, 445  
 Wave all dispute; be cautious, if you joke;  
 Keep Lent for ever; and forswear the Bowl.  
 For one rash moment sends you to the shades,  
 Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,  
 And gives to horror all your days to come. 450  
 Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,  
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,  
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour,  
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible  
 As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows. 455  
 While Choler works, good Friend, you may be  
 wrong;  
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.  
 'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;  
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.  
 But calm advice against a raging fit 460  
 Avails too little; and it braves the power  
 Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,  
 To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb,  
 And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,  
 You reason well; see as you ought to see, 465  
 And

And wonder at the madness of mankind:  
 Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget  
 The speculations of your wiser hours.  
 Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,  
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow: 470  
 With all that urge or lure us on to Fate:  
 What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?  
 Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles  
 To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,  
 I would invoke new Passions to your aid: 475  
 With Indignation would extinguish Fear,  
 With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,  
 And Love with Pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a Charm, a Power, that sways the breast;  
 Bids every Passion revel or be still; 480  
 Inspires with Rage, or all your Cares dissolves;  
 Can soothe Distraction, and almost Despair.  
 That power is Music: Far beyond the stretch  
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;  
 Those clumsy Heroes, those fat-headed Gods, 485  
 Who move no passion justly but Contempt:  
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)  
 Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.  
 The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts;  
 Good Heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest peals,  
 Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels; 491  
 And, with insipid shew of rapture, die  
 Of idiot notes impertinently long.  
 But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,  
 A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire; 495

Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,  
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;  
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,  
In Love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains  
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast; 500  
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;  
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.  
Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old  
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.  
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true, 505  
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,  
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;  
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,  
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;  
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell, 510  
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.  
Music exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,  
Expels Diseases, softens every Pain,  
Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague;  
And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd 515  
One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

O F

B E N E V O L E N C E :

A N

EPISTLE TO EUMENES\*. 1751.

**K**IND to my frailties still, Eumenes, hear;  
 Once more I try the patience of your ear.  
 Not oft I sing: the happier for the town,  
 So stun'd already they're quite stupid grown  
 With monthly, daily—charming things I own. } 5  
 Happy for them, I seldom court the Nine;  
 Another art, a serious art is mine.  
 Of nauseous verses offer'd once a week,  
*You cannot say I did it, if you're sick.*  
 'Twas ne'er my pride to shine by flashy fits } 10  
 Amongst the daily, weekly, monthly wits.  
 Content if some few friends indulge my name,  
 So slightly am I stung with love of fame,  
 I would not scrawl one hundred idle lines—  
 Not for the praise of all the Magazines. } 15

\* This little piece was address'd to a worthy Gentleman, as an expression of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the Author a great piece of service.

Yet



Yet once a moon, perhaps, I steal a night;  
 And, if our fire Apollo pleases, write.  
 You smile; but all the train the Muse that follow,  
 Christians and dunces, still we quote Apollo.  
 Unhappy still our poets will rehearse 20  
 To Goths, that stare astonish'd at their verse;  
 To the rank tribes submit their virgin lays:  
 So gross, so bestial, is the lust of praise!

I to sound judges from the mob appeal,  
 And write to those who most my subject feel. 25  
 Eumenes, these dry moral lines I trust  
 With you, whom nought that's moral can disgust.  
 With you I venture, in plain home-spun sense,  
 What I imagine of Benevolence.

Of all the monsters of the human kind, 30  
 What strikes you most is the low selfish mind.  
 You wonder how, without one liberal joy,  
 The steady miser can his years employ;  
 Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,  
 Despis'd and hated, how he bears to live. 35

With honest warmth of heart, with some degree  
 Of pity that such wretched things should be,  
 You scorn the fordid knave—He grins at you,  
 And deems himself the wiser of the two.—  
 'Tis all but taste, howe'er we sift the case; 40  
 He has his joy, as every creature has.

'Tis true, he cannot boast an angel's share,  
 Yet has what happiness his organs bear.

*Thou likewise mad'st* the high seraphic soul,  
*Maker Omnipotent!* and thou the owl.

Heav'n form'd *him* too, and doubtless for some use:  
But Crane-court knows not yet all nature's views.

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,  
Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine.  
Better be born with taste to little rent, 50  
Than the dull monarch of a continent.

Without this bounty which the Gods bestow,  
Can fortune make one favourite happy?—No.  
As well might fortune in her frolic vein,  
Proclaim an Oyster sovereign of the main. 55

Without fine nerves, and bosom justly warm'd,  
An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,  
In vain majestic Wren expands the dome;  
Blank as pale stucco Rubens lines the room:  
Lost are the raptures of bold Handel's strain; 60

Great Tully storms, sweet Virgil sings, in vain.  
The beauteous forms of nature are effac'd;  
Tempe's soft charms, the raging watry waste,  
Each greatly-wild, each sweet romantic scene  
Unheeded rises, and almost unseen. 65

Yet these are joys, with some of better clay,  
To sooth the toils of life's embarrass'd way.  
These the fine frame with charming horrors chill,  
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.  
But of all Taste the noblest and the best, 70

The first enjoyment of the generous breast,  
Is to behold in man's obnoxious state  
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate.  
Fair views of nature, shining works of art,  
Amuse the fancy: but *those* touch the heart. 75

Chiefly

Chiefly for this proud epic fong delights,  
 For this fome riot on th' Arabian Nights.  
 Each cafe is ours: and for the human mind  
 'Tis monftrous not to feel for all mankind.  
 Were all mankind unhappy, who could tafte 80  
 Elyfium? or be folitarily bleft?

Shock'd with furrounding fapes of human woe,  
 All that or fense or fancy could beftow,  
 You would reject with fick and coy difdain,  
 And pant to fee one chearful face again. 85

But if life's better profpects to behold  
 So much delight the man of generous mould;  
 How happy they, the great, the godlike few,  
 Who daily cultivate this pleafing view!  
 This is a joy poffefs'd by few indeed! 90

Dame fortune has fo many fools to feed,  
 She cannot oft afford, with all her ftore,  
 To yield her fmiles where nature fmil'd before.  
 To finking worth a cordial hand to lend;  
 With better fortune to furprize a friend; 95

To chear the modeft ft ranger's lonely ftate;  
 Or fnatch an orphan family from fate;  
 To do, poffefs'd with virtue's nobleft fire,  
 Such generous deeds as we with tears admire;  
 Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim, 100  
 Secure an amiable, a folid fame:

Thefe are fuch joys as heaven's firft favourites feize;  
 Thefe pleafe you now, and will for ever pleafe.

Too feldom we great moral deeds admire;  
 The will, the power, th' occafion muft confpire, 105  
 Yet

Yet few there are so impotent and low,  
 But can some small good offices bestow.  
 Small as they are, however cheap they come,  
 They add still something to the general sum:  
 And him who gives the little in his power, 110  
 The world acquits; and heaven demands no more.

Unhappy he! who feels each neighbour's woe,  
 Yet no relief, no comfort can bestow.  
 Unhappy too, who feels each kind essay,  
 And for great favours has but words to pay; 115  
 Who, scornful of the flatterer's fawning art,  
 Dreads even to pour his gratitude of heart;  
 And with a distant lover's silent pain  
 Must the best movements of his soul restrain.

But men sagacious to explore mankind 120  
 Trace even the coyest passions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good-will;  
 In good and bad distress demands it still.  
 This with the generous lays distinction low,  
 Endears a friend, and recommends a foe. 125

Not that resentment never ought to rise;  
 For even excess of virtue ranks with vice:  
 And there are villainies no bench can awe,  
 That sport without the limits of the law.

No laws th' ungenerous crime would reprehend 130  
 Could I forget Eunuchus was my friend:  
 In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim  
 The wretch who blasts a helpless virgin's fame.  
 Where laws are dup'd, 'tis nor unjust nor mean  
 To seize the proper time for honest spleen. 135

An

An open candid foe I could not hate,  
Nor even insult the base in humbled state;  
But thriving malice tamely to forgive—  
'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.

But I detain you with these tedious lays, 140  
Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praise.  
No matter: could I please the polish'd few  
Who taste the serious or the gay like you,  
The squeamish mob may find my verses bare  
Of every grace—but curse Me if I care. 145  
Besides, I little court Parnassian fame;  
There's yet a better than a poet's name.  
'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it said  
That I with you the paths of honour tread,  
Than that amongst the proud poetic train 150  
No modern boasted a more classic vein;  
Or that in numbers I let loose my song,  
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn strong.



Alas, vain youth! dost thou admire sweet Jones?  
 Thou be gallant without or blood or bones!  
 You'd split to hear th' insipid coxcomb cry  
 Ah, charming Nanny! 'tis too much! I die!— 15  
 Die and be d—n'd, says one; but let me tell ye  
 I'll pay the los's if ever rapture kill ye.

'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote:  
 At Nando's 'twill but cost you half a groat;  
 The Bedford school at three-pence is not dear, Sir;  
 At White's—*the stars instruct you* for a tester. 21  
 But he, whom nature never meant to share  
 One spark of taste, will never catch it there:—  
 Nor no where else; howe'er the booby beau  
 Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boi-  
 leau. 25

Good native Taste, though rude, is seldom wrong,  
 Be it in music, painting, or in song.  
 But this, as well as other faculties,  
 Improves with age and ripens by degrees.  
 I know, my dear, 'tis needless to deny 't, 30  
 You like Voiture, you think him wondrous bright:  
 But seven years hence, your relish more matur'd,  
 What now delights will hardly be endur'd.  
 The boy may live to taste Racine's fine charms,  
 Whom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture warms:  
 But he, enfranchis'd from his tutor's care, 36  
 Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair;  
 Or with Erasmus can admit to vie  
 Brown of Squab-hall *of merry memory*;

Will die a Goth: and nod at \* Woden's feast, 40  
 Th' eternal winter long, on † Gregory's breast.

Long may he fwill, this patriarch of the dull,  
 The drowsy Mum—But touch not Maro's skull!  
 His holy barbarous dotage fought to doom,  
 Good heaven! th' immortal classics to the tomb!—  
 Those sacred lights shall bid new genius rise 45  
 When all Rome's faints have rotted from the skies.  
 Be these your guides, if at the ivy crown  
 You aim; each country's classics, and your own.  
 But chiefly with the ancients pass your prime, 50  
 And drink Castalia at the fountain's brim.  
 The man to genuine Burgundy bred up,  
 Soon starts the dash of Methuen in his cup.

Those sovereign masters of the Muses skill  
 Are the true patterns of good writing still. 55  
 Their ore was rich and seven times purg'd of lead;  
 Their art seem'd nature, 'twas so finely hid.  
 Though born with all the powers of writing well,  
 What pains it cost they did not blush to tell.  
 Their ease (my Lords!) ne'er loung'd for want of fire,  
 Nor did their rage through affectation tire, 60

\* Alluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's hall; where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors out of the skulls of those whom they had slain in battle.

† Pope Gregory the VIth, distinguished by the name of St. Gregory; whose pious zeal, in the cause of barbarous ignorance and priestly tyranny, exerted itself in demolishing, to the utmost of his power, all the remains of heathen genius.



Free from all tawdry and imposing glare  
 They trusted to their native grace of air.  
 Rapt'rous and wild the trembling soul they seize  
 Or fly coy beauties steal it by degrees; 65 }  
 The more you view them still the more they please. }

Yet there are thousands of scholastic merit  
 Who worm their sense out but ne'er taste their spirit.  
 Witness each pedant under Bentley bred;  
 Each commentator that e'er commented. 70  
 (You scarce can seize a spot of classic ground,  
 With leagues of Dutch morals so floated round.)  
 Witnesses—but, Sir, I hold a cautious pen,  
 Lest I should *wrong* some *honourable men*.  
 They grow enthusiasts too—'Tis true! 'tis pity! 75  
 But 'tis not every lunatic that's witty.  
 Some have run Maro—and some Milton—mad,  
 Ashley once turn'd a solid barber's head:  
 Hear all that's said or printed if you can,  
 Ashley has turn'd more solid heads than one. 80

Let such admire each great or specious name;  
 For right or wrong the joy to them's the same,  
 "Right!" Yes a thousand times.—Each fool has heard  
 That Homer was a wonder of a bard.  
 Despise them civilly with all my heart— 85  
 But to convince them is a desperate part.  
 Why should you teize one for what secret cause  
 One doats on Horace, or on Hudibras?  
 'Tis cruel, Sir, 'tis needless, to endeavour  
 To teach a sot of Taste he knows no flavour, 90

To difunite I neither wifh nor hope  
 A ftubborn blockhead from his fav'rite fop.  
 Yes—fop I fay, were Maro's felf before 'em :  
 For Maro's felf grows dull as they pore o'er him.

But hear their raptures o'er fome fpecious rhyme 95  
 Dubb'd by the mufk'd and greafy mob fubline.

For fpleen's dear fake hear how a coxcomb prates  
 As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats;

“ *Music has charms to footh a favage breaft,*

“ *To foften rocks, and oaks,*”—and all the reft: 100

“ *I've heard*”—Blefs thefe long ears!—“ Heav'ns  
 what a ftain!

“ Good God! What thunders burft in this *Campaign!*

“ Hark Waller warbles! Ah! how fweetly killing!

“ Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling!

“ Rowe breathes all Shakefpeare here!—That ode of  
 “ Prior 105

“ Is Spencer quite! egad his very fire!—

“ As like”—Yes faith! as gum-flowers to the rofe,

Or as to Claret flat Minorca's dofe;

As like as (if I am not grofsly wrong)

Erle Robert's Mice to aught e'er Chaucer fung. 110

Read boldly, and unprejudic'd perufe

Each fav'rite modern, ev'n each ancient mufe.

With all the comic falt and tragic rage

The great ftupendous genius of our ftage,

Boaft of our ifland, pride of human-kind, 115

Had faults to which the boxes are not blind.

His frailties are to ev'ry goffip known:

Yet Milton's pedantries not fhock the town.

Ne'er be the dupe of Names, however high;  
 For some outlive good parts, some misapply. 120  
 Each elegant Spectator you admire;  
 But must you therefore swear by Cato's fire?  
 Masques for the court, and oft a clumsy jest,  
 Disgrac'd the muse that wrought the Alchemist.  
 "But to the ancients."—Faith! I am not clear, 125  
 For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,  
 That every work which lasts in prose or song,  
 Two thousand years, deserves to last so long.  
 For not to mention some eternal blades  
 Known only now in th' academic shades, 130  
 (Those sacred groves where raptur'd spirits stray,  
 And in word-hunting waste the live-long day)  
 Ancients whom none but curious critics scan,  
 Do, read \* Messala's praises if you can.  
 Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious smart 135  
 While soft Tibullus pours his tender heart?  
 With him the Loves and Muses melt in tears;  
 But not a word of some hexameters.  
 "You grow so squeamish and so dev'lish dry,  
 "You'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I. 140  
 Some find him tedious, others think him lame:  
 But if he lags his subject is to blame.  
 Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried,  
 Yet still he marches with true Roman pride:  
 Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright, 145  
 He streams athwart the philosophic night.

\* A poem of Tibullus's in hexameter verse; as yawning and insipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

Find you in Horace no insipid Odes?—

He dar'd to tell us Homer sometimes nods;

And but for such a critic's hardy skill

Homer might slumber unsuspected still.

150

Tasteless, implicit, indolent, and tame,

At second-hand we chiefly praise or blame.

Hence 'tis, for else one knows not why nor how,

Some authors flourish for a year or two:

For many some, more wond'rous still to tell;

155

Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell.

Of solid merit others pine unknown;

At first, though \* Carlos swimmingly went down,

Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the town.

Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay

160

'Till Sommer's hand produc'd him to the day.

But, thanks to heav'n and Addison's good grace,

Now ev'ry fop is charm'd with Chevy Chase.

Specious and sage, the sovereign of the flock

Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn rock

165

Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train

Or crop the downs, or headlong seek the main.

As blindly we our solemn leaders follow,

And good, and bad, and execrable swallow.

Pray, on the first throng'd evening of a play

170

That wears the † *facies hippocratica*,

\* Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's, now long and justly forgotten, went off with great applause; while his Orphan, a somewhat better performance, and what is yet more strange, his Venice Preserved, according to the theatrical anecdotes of those times, met with a very cold reception.

† The appearance of the face in the last stage of a consumption, as it is described by Hippocrates.

Strong lines of death, signs dire of reprobation ;  
 Have you not seen the angel of salvation  
 Appear sublime ; with wise and solemn rap  
 To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap ?— 175  
 The rabble knows not where our dramas shine ;  
 But where the cane goes pat—*by G— that's fine !*

Judge for yourself ; nor wait with timid phlegm  
 'Till some illustrious pedant hum or hem. 179

The lords who starv'd old Ben were learn'dly fond  
 Of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil they conn'd.  
 Their sons, whose ears bold Milton could not seize,  
 Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and snuff and sneeze, }  
 And swear, and seem as tickled as you please. }

Their spawn, the pride of this sublimer age, 185  
 Feel to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage.

Though liv'd he now he might appeal with scorn  
 To Lords, Knights, 'Squires, and Doctors, yet unborn ;  
 Or justly mad to Moloch's burning fane  
 Devote the choicest children of his brain. 190

Judge for yourself ; and as you find report  
 Of wit as freely as of beef or port.

Zounds ! shall a pert or bluff important wight,  
 Whose brain is fanciless, whose blood is white ;  
 A mumbling ape of taste ; prescribe us laws 195

To try the poets, for no better cause  
 Than that he boasts *per ann.* ten thousand clear,  
 Yelps in the House, or barely fits a Peer ?  
 For shame ! for shame ! the liberal British soul  
 To stoop to any stale dictator's rule! 200

I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,  
 But right or wrong with friends with foes 'twill out.  
 Thus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain  
 Of trite invention and a flimsy vein,  
 Tame characters, uninteresting, jejune, 205  
 And passions drily copied from \* Le Brun.  
 For I would rather never judge than wrong  
 That friend of all men, generous Fenelon.  
 But in the name of goodness, must I be 210  
 The dupe of charms I never yet could see?  
 And then to flatter where there's no reward—  
 Better be any patron-hunting bard,  
 Who half our Lords with filthy praise besmears,  
 And sing an Anthem to ALL MINISTERS:  
 Taste th' Attic salt in ev'ry Peer's poor rebus, 215  
 And crown each Gothic idol for a Phœbus.

\* First painter to Lewis XIV. who, to speak in fashionable French English, *called himself* LEWIS THE GREAT. Our sovereign lords the passions, Love, Rage, Despair, &c. were graciously pleased to sit to him in their turns for their portraits: which he was generous enough to communicate to the public; to the great improvement, no doubt, of history-painting. It was he who they say poisoned Le Sueur; who, without half his advantages in many other respects, was so unreasonable and provoking as to display a genius with which his own could stand no comparison. It was he and his Gothic disciples, who, with sly scratches, defaced the most masterly of this Le Sueur's performances, as often as their barbarous envy could snugly reach them. Yet after all these achievements he died in his bed! A catastrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the *fine arts* are as zealously and judiciously patronised as they are well understood.

Alas!

Alas! so far from free, so far from brave,  
 We dare not shew the little Taste we have.  
 With us you'll see ev'n vanity controul  
 The most refin'd sensations of the soul. 220

Sad Otway's scenes, great Shakespear's we defy:

"Lard, Madam! 'tis so unpolite to cry!—

"For shame, my dear! d'ye credit all this stuff?—

"I vow—well, this is innocent enough?"

At Athens long ago, the Ladies—(married) 225

Dreamt not they misbehav'd though they miscarried,

When a wild poet with licentious rage

Turn'd fifty furies loose upon the stage.

They were so tender and so easy mov'd,

Heav'ns! how the Grecian ladies must have lov'd!

For all the fine sensations still have dwelt, 231

Perhaps, where one was exquisitely felt.

Thus he who heavenly Maro truly feels

Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.

The grosser senses too, the taste, the smell, 235

Are likely truest where the fine prevail:

Who doubts that Horace must have cater'd well? }

Friend, I'm a shrewd observer, and will guess

What books you doat on from your fav'rite mess.

Brown and L'Estrange will surely charm whome'er

The frothy pertness strikes of weak small-beer.

Who steeps the calf's fat loin in greasy sauce

Will hardly loathe the praise that bastes an ass.

Who riots on Scotcht Collops scorns not any

Insipid, fulsome, trashy miscellany; 245

And

And who devours whate'er the cook can dish up,  
Will for a classic consecrate each \* bishop.

But I am sick of pen and ink; and you  
Will find this letter long enough. Adieu!

\* See Felton's Classics.



## I M I T A T I O N

O F

SHAKESPEARE AND SPENSER.

*Advertisement from the Publisher.*

**T**HE following Imitation of Shakespeare was one of our Author's first attempts in poetry, made when he was very young. It helped to amuse the solitude of a winter passed in a wild romantic country; and, what is rather particular, was just finished when Mr. Thomson's celebrated poem upon the same subject appeared. Mr. Thomson, soon hearing of it, had the curiosity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He shewed it to his poetical friends, Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who, it seems, did great honour to it; and the first-mentioned gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, desiring the author's leave to publish it; a request too flattering to youthful vanity to be resisted. But Mr. Mallet altered his mind; and this little piece has hitherto remained unpublished.

The other Imitations of Shakespeare happen to have been saved out of the ruins of an unfinished tragedy on the story of *Tereus* and *Philomela*; attempted upon an  
irregular

irregular and extravagant plan, at an age much too early for such achievements. However, they are here exhibited for the sake of such guests as may like a little repast of scraps.

**N**OW Summer with her wanton court is gone  
 To revel on the south side of the world,  
 And flaunt and frolic out the live-long day.  
 While Winter rising pale from northern seas  
 Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum. 5  
 A blast so shrewd makes the tall-bodied pines  
 Unfinew'd bend, and heavy-paced bears  
 Sends growling to their savage tenements.

Now blows the furly north, and chills throughout  
 The stiffening regions; while, by stronger charms  
 Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brew'd, 10  
 Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks  
 Lies all bestill'd and wedg'd betwixt its banks,  
 Nor moves the wither'd reeds: and the rash flood  
 That from the mountains held its headstrong course,  
 Buried in livid sheets of vaulting ice, 16  
 Seen through the shameful breaches, idly creeps  
 To pay a scanty tribute to the ocean.  
 What wonder? when the floating wilderness  
 That scorns our miles, and calls Geography 20  
 A shallow pryer; from whose unsteady mirror  
 The high-hung pole surveys his dancing locks;  
 When this still-raving deep lies mute and dead,  
 Nor heaves its swelling bosom to the winds.  
 The surges, baited by the fierce north-east 25

Toffing

Tossing with fretful spleen their angry heads  
 To roar and rush together,  
 Even in the foam of all their madness struck  
 To monumental ice, stand all astride  
 The rocks they washed so late. Such execution, 30  
 So stern, so sudden, wrought the grisly aspect  
 Of terrible Medusa, ere young Perseus  
 With his keen sabre cropt her horrid head,  
 And laid her serpents rowling on the dust;  
 When wandering thro' the woods she frown'd to stone  
 Their savage tenants: just as the foaming lion 36  
 Sprung furious on his prey, her speedier power  
 Outrun his haste; no time to languish in,  
 But fix'd in that fierce attitude he stands  
 Like Rage in marble.—Now portly Argosies 40  
 Lie wedg'd 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridg'd abyss  
 Has chang'd our ships to horses; the swift bark  
 Yields to the heavy waggon and the cart,  
 That now from isle to isle maintain the trade;  
 And where the surface-haunting Dolphin led 45  
 Her sportive young, is now an area fit  
 For the wild school-boy's pastime.

Meantime the evening skies, crufted with ice,  
 Shifting from red to black their weighty skirts,  
 Hang mournful o'er the hills; and stealing night 50  
 Rides the bleak puffing winds, that seem to spit  
 Their foam sparse thro' the welkin, which is nothing  
 If not beheld. Anon the burden'd heaven  
 Shakes from its ample sieve the boulded snow;  
 That fluttering down besprinkles the sad trees 55  
 In

In mockery of leaves; piles up the hills  
 To monstrous altitude, and choaks to the lips  
 The deep impervious vales that yawn as low  
 As to the centre, Nature's vasty breaches.  
 While all the pride of men and mortal things 60  
 Lies whelm'd in heaven's white ruins.—

The shivering clown digs his obstructed way  
 'Through the snow-barricadoed cottage door;  
 And muffled in his home-spun plaid encounters  
 With livid cheeks and rheum-distilling nose 65  
 The morning's sharp and scourging breath; to count  
 His starving flock whose number's all too short  
 To make the goodly sum of yester-night:  
 Part deep ingurgitated, part yet struggling  
 With their last pantings melt themselves a grave 70  
 In Winter's bosom; which yields not to the touch  
 Of the pale languid crescent of this world,  
 That now with lean and churlish husbandry  
 Yields heartlessly the remnants of his prime;  
 And like most spendthrifts starves his latter days 75  
 For former rankness. He with bleary eye  
 Blazons his own disgrace; the harness'd waste  
 Rebellious to his blunt defeated shafts;  
 And idly strikes the chalky mountains tops  
 That rise to kiss the Welkin's ruddy lips; 80  
 Where all the rash young bullies of the air  
 Mount their quick slender penetrating wings,  
 Whipping the frost-burnt villagers to the bones;  
 And growing with their motion mad and furious,  
 'Till swoln to tempests they out-rage the thunder; 85

Winnow

Winnow the chaffy snow, and mock the skies  
 Even with their own artillery retorted;  
 Tear up and throw th' accumulated hills  
 Into the vallies. And as rude hurricanes,  
 Discharg'd from the wind-swoln cheeks of heaven, 90  
 Buoy up the swilling skirts of Araby's  
 Inhospitable wilds,  
 And roll the dusty desert through the skies,  
 Choaking the liberal air, and smothering  
 Whole caravans at once; such havoc spreads 95  
 This war of heaven and earth, such sudden ruin  
 Visits their houseless citizens, that shrink  
 In the false shelter of the hills together,  
 And hear the tempest howling o'er their heads  
 That by and by o'erwhelms them. The very birds,  
 Those few that troop'd not with the chiming tribe  
 Of amorous Summer quit their ruffian element;  
 And with domestic tameness hop and flutter  
 Within the roofs of persecuting man,  
 (Grown hospitable by like sense of sufferance;) 105  
 Whither the hinds, the debt o' the day discharg'd,  
 From kiln or barn repairing, shut the door  
 On surly Winter; crowd the clean-swept hearth  
 And chearful shining fire; and doff the time,  
 The whilst the maids their twirling spindles ply, 110  
 With musty legends and ear-pathing tales;  
 Of giants, and black necromantic bards,  
 Of air-built castles, feats of madcap knights,  
 And every hollow fiction of romance.  
 And, as their rambling humour leads them, talk 115  
 VOL. LXXI, H Of

Of prodigies, and things of dreadful utterance ;  
 That fet them all agape, rouse up their hair,  
 And make the ideot drops start from their eyes ;  
 Of church-yards belching flames at dead of night,  
 Of walking statues, ghosts unaffable, 120  
 Haunting the dark waste tower or airless dungeon ;  
 Then of the elves that deftly trip the green,  
 Drinking the summer's moonlight from the flowers ;  
 And all the toys that phantasy pranks up  
 T' amuse her fools withal.—Thus they lash on 125  
 The snail-pac'd Hyperborean nights, till heaven  
 Hangs with a juster poize : when the murk clouds  
 Roll'd up in heavy wreathes low-bellying, seem  
 To kiss the ground, and all the waste of snow  
 Looks blue beneath 'em ; till plump'd with bloating  
     dropfy, 130  
 Beyond the bounds and stretch of continence,  
 They burst at once ; down pours the hoarded rain,  
 Washing the slippery winter from the hills,  
 And floating all the vallies. The fading scene  
 Melts like a lost enchantment or vain phantasm 135  
 That can no more abuse. Nature resumes  
 Her old substantial shape ; while from the waste  
 Of undistinguishing calamity,  
 Forest, and by their sides wide-skirted plains,  
 Houses and trees arise ; and waters flow, 140  
 That from their dark confinements bursting, spurn  
 Their brittle chains ; huge sheets of loosen'd ice  
 Float on their bosoms to the deep, and jarr  
 And clatter as they pass ; th' o'erjutting banks,

As

As long unpractis'd to so steep a view,  
Seem to look dizzy on the moving pomp. 145

Now ev'ry petty brook that crawl'd along,  
Railing its pebbles, mocks the river's rage,  
Like the proud frog i' the fable. The huge *Danube*,  
While melting mountains rush into its tide, 150  
Rolls with such headstrong and unreined course,  
As it would choak the *Euxine's* gulphy maw,  
Bursting his crystal cerements. The breathing time  
Of peace expir'd, that hush'd the deafning scenes  
Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian War 155  
Rebels, and Nature stands at odds again :  
When the rous'd Furies of the fighting winds  
Torment the main ; that swells its angry sides,  
And churns the foam betwixt its flinty jaws ;  
While through the savage dungeon of the night 160  
The horrid thunder growls. Th' ambitious waves  
Assault the skies, and from the bursting clouds  
Drink the glib lightening ; as if the seas  
Would quench the ever-burning fires of heaven.  
Straight from their slipp'ry pomp they madly plunge  
And kiss the lowest pebbles. Wretched they 166  
That 'midst such rude vexation of the deep  
Guide a frail vessel ! Better ice-bound still,  
Than mock'd with liberty thus be resign'd  
To the rough fortune of the froward time ; 170  
When Navigation all a-tiptoe stands  
On such unsteady footing. Now they mount  
On the tall billow's top, and seem to jowl  
Against the stars ; whence (dreadful eminence !)

They see with swimming eyes (enough to hurry round  
 In endless vertigo the dizzy brain) 176  
 A gulph that swallows vision, with wide mouth  
 Steep-yawning to receive them; down they duck  
 To the rugged bottom of the main, and view  
 The adamantine gates of vaulted hell: 180  
 Thence tofs'd to light again; till borne adrift  
 Against some icy mountains bulging sides  
 They reel, and are no more.—Nor less by land  
 Ravage the winds, that in their wayward rage  
 Howl through the wide unhospitable glens; 185  
 That rock the stable-planted towers, and shake  
 The hoary monuments of ancient time  
 Down to their flinty bases; that engage  
 As they would tear the mountains from their roots,  
 And brush the high heavens with their woody heads;  
 Making the stout oaks bow.—But I forget 191  
 That sprightly Ver trips on old Winter's heel:  
 Cease we these notes too tragic for the time,  
 Nor jar against great Nature's symphony;  
 When even the blustrous elements grow tuneful, 195  
 Or listen to the concert. Hark! how loud  
 The cuckoo wakes the solitary wood!  
 Soft sigh the winds as o'er the greens they stray,  
 And murmuring brooks within their channels play.



PROGNE'S DREAM:

*Darkly expressive of some past Events that were soon to  
be revealed to her.*

— — — LAST night I dreamt,  
 Whate'er it may forebode it moves me strangely,  
 That I was rapt into the raving deep;  
 An old and reverend fire conducted me:  
 He plung'd into the bosom of the main, 5  
 And bade me not to fear but follow him.  
 I followed; with impetuous speed we div'd,  
 And heard the dashing thunder o'er our heads.  
 Many a slippery fathom down we sunk,  
 Beneath all plummet's sound, and reach'd the bottom.  
 When there, I ask'd my venerable guide 11  
 If he could tell me where my sister was;  
 He told me that she lay not far from thence  
 Within the bosom of a flinty rock,  
 Where Neptune kept her for his paramour 15  
 Hid from the jealous Amphitrite's sight;  
 And said he could conduct me to the place.  
 I beg'd he would. Through dreadful ways we pass,  
 'Twixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either side,  
 Whence here and there the branching coral sprung; 20  
 O'er dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of gold  
 and gems,  
 Into a hideous kind of wilderness,  
 Where stood a stern and prison-looking rock,

Daub'd with a mossy verdure all around,  
 The mockery of paint. As we drew near 25  
 Out sprung a hydra from a den below,  
 A speckl'd fury; fearfully it hiss'd,  
 And roll'd its sea-green eyes so angrily  
 As it would kill with looking. My old guide  
 Against its sharp head hurl'd a rugged stone— 30  
 The curling monster rais'd a brazen shriek,  
 Wallow'd and died in fitful agonies.  
 We gain'd the cave. Through woven adamant  
 I look'd, and saw my sister all alone.  
 Employ'd she seem'd in writing something sad, 35  
 So sad she look'd: Her cheek was wond'rous wan,  
 Her mournful locks like weary sedges hung.  
 I call'd—she turning, started when she saw me,  
 And threw her head aside as if ashamed;  
 She wept, but would not speak—I call'd again; 40  
 Still she was mute.—Then madly I address'd,  
 With all the lion-sinews of despair,  
 To break the flinty ribs that held me out;  
 And with the struggling wak'd.—

## A S T O R M;

*Raised to account for the late Return of a Messenger.*

— — — THE sun went down in wrath;  
 The skies foam'd brags, and soon th' unchained winds  
 Burst from the howling dungeon of the north:  
 And rais'd such high delirium on the main,  
 Such angry clamour; while such boiling waves 5  
 Flash'd on the peevish eye of moody night,  
 It look'd as if the seas would scald the heavens.  
 Still louder chid the winds, th' enchas'd ferge  
 Still answer'd louder; and when the sickly morn  
 Peep'd ruefully through the blotted thick-brow'd east  
 To view the ruinous havock of the dark, 11  
 The stately towers of Athens seem'd to stand  
 On hollow foam tide-whipt; the ships that lay  
 Scorning the blast within the marble arms  
 Of the sea-child Portumnus, danc'd like corks 15  
 Upon th' enraged deep, kicking each other;  
 And some were dash'd to fragments in this fray  
 Against the harbour's rocky chest. The sea  
 So roar'd, so madly rag'd, so proudly swell'd,  
 As it would thunder full into the streets, 20  
 And steep the tall Cecropian battlements  
 In foaming brine. The airy citadel,  
 Perch'd like an eagle on a high-brow'd rock,

H †

Shook

Shook the salt water from its stubborn fides  
With eager quaking; the Cyclades appear'd  
Like ducking Cormorants—Such a mutiny  
Out-clamour'd all tradition, and gain'd belief  
To ranting prodigies of heretofore,  
Seven days it storm'd, &c.

25

A N

I M I T A T I O N

O F

S P E N S E R.

*Written at Mr. THOMSON'S desire, to be inserted into*  
 THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

## I.

**F**ULL many a fiend did haunt this house of rest,  
 And made of passive wights an easy prey.  
 Here Lethargy with deadly sleep oppress  
 Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard lay,  
 Heaving his sides; and snored night and day.  
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,  
 And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:  
 He led I ween the softest way to death,  
 And taught withouten pain or strife to yield the breath.

## II.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,  
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropic;  
 Unwieldy man, with belly monstrous round  
 For ever fed with watery supply;  
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.

And

And here a moping Mystery did fit,  
 Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye : .  
 She call'd herself the Hypochondriack Fit,  
 And frantick seem'd to some, to others seem'd a wit.

## III.

A lady was she whimsical and proud,  
 Yet oft thro' fear her pride would crouchen low.  
 She felt or fancied in her fluttering mood  
 All the diseases that the Spitals know,  
 And fought all physick that the shops bestow ; .  
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try.  
 'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low,  
 For sometimes she would laugh and sometimes cry,  
 Sometimes would waxen wroth ; and all she knew not  
 why.

## IV.

Fast by her side a listless virgin pin'd,  
 With aching head and squeamish heart-burnings ;  
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,  
 But lov'd in secret all forbidden things.  
 And here the Tertian shook his chilling wings ;  
 And here the Gout, half tyger half a snake,  
 Rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred stings ;  
 These and a thousand furies more did shake  
 Those weary realms, and kept ease-loving men awake.

## A D A Y:

*An Epistle to JOHN WILKES, of Aylesbury, Esq.*

**E**SCAP'D from London now four moons, and  
more,

I greet gay Wilkes from Fulda's wasted shore,  
Where cloth'd with woods a hundred hills ascend,  
Where nature many a paradise has plan'd:

A land that, e'en amid contending arms, 5  
Late smil'd with culture, and luxuriant charms;  
But now the hostile scythe has bar'd her foil,  
And her sad peasants starve for all their toil.

What news to-day?—I ask you not what rogue,  
What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue; 10  
What forward blundering fool was last preferr'd,  
By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd;  
With what new cheat the gaping town is smit;  
What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit;  
What stuff for winter the two booths have mixt; 15  
What bouncing mimick grows a Roscius next.  
Wave all such news: I've seen too much, my friend,  
To stare at any wonders of that kind.

News, none have I: you know I never had;  
I never long'd the day's dull lye to spread; 20  
I left to gossips that sweet luxury,  
More in the secrets of the great than I,  
To nurses, midwives, all the slippery train,  
That swallow all, and bring up all again:

Or

Or did I e'er a brief event relate,  
You found it soon at length in the Gazette. 25

Now for the weather—This is England still  
For aught I find, as good, and quite as ill.  
Even now the pond'rous rain perpetual falls,  
Drowns every camp, and crowds our hospitals. 30

This soaking deluge all unstrings my frame,  
Dilutes my sense, and suffocates my flame—  
'Tis that which makes these present lines so tame. }

The parching east wind still pursues me too—  
Is there no climate where this fiend ne'er flew?—  
By heaven, it flays Japan, perhaps Peru! }

It blasts all earth with its envenom'd breath,  
That scatters discord, rage, diseases, death.  
'Twas the first plague that burst Pandora's chest,  
And with a livid smile sow'd all around the rest. 40

Heaven guard my friend from every plague that flies,  
Still grant him health, whence all the pleasures rise.

But oft diseases from slow causes creep,  
And in this doctrine as (thank Heaven) I'm deep,

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Mean time excuse me that I slyly snatch  
The only theme in which I shine your match. 45

You study early: some indulge at night,  
Their prudish muse steals in by candle-light,  
Shy as th' Athenian Bird, she shuns the day,  
And finds December genial more than May, 50



But happier you who court the early sun,  
 For morning visits no debauch draw on;  
 Nor so the spirits, health, or sight impair,  
 As those that pass in the raw midnight air.

The task of breakfast o'er; that peevish, pale, 55

That lounging, yawning, most ungenial meal;  
 Rush out, before those fools rush in to worry ye,  
 Whose business is to be idle in a hurry,  
 Who kill your time as frankly as their own,  
 And feel no civil hints e'er to be gone. 60

These flies all fairly flung, whene'er the house,  
 Your country's business, or your friend's, allows,  
 Rush out, enjoy the fields and the fresh air;  
 Ride, walk, or drive, the weather foul or fair.

Yet in the torrid months I would reverse 65

This method, leave behind both prose and verse;  
 With the grey dawn the hills and forest roam,  
 And wait the sultry noon embower'd at home,  
 While every rural sound improves the breeze,  
 The railing stream, the busy rooks, and murmur of the  
 bees. 70

You'll hardly choose these chearful jaunts alone—

Except when some deep scheme is carrying on.

With you at *Chelsea* oft may I behold

The hopeful bud of sense her bloom unfold,

With you I'd walk to \* \* \* \* \*

To rich, insipid Hackney, if you will;

With you no matter where, while we're together,

I scorn no spot on earth, and curse no weather:

When

When dinner comes, amid the various feast,  
 That crowns your genial board, where every guest, 80  
 Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at home,  
 And none e'er sigh'd for the mind's elbow-room;  
 I warn you still to make your chief repast  
 On one plain dish, and trifle with the rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Beef, in a fever, if your stomach crave it, 85  
 Ox-cheek, or mawkish cod, be sure you have it,  
 For still the constitution, even the case,  
 Directs the stomach; this informs the taste;  
 And what the taste in her capricious fits  
 Coyly, or even indifferently admits, 90  
 The peevish stomach, or disdains to toil,  
 Or indolently works to vapid chyle.

This instinct of the taste so seldom errs,  
 That if you love, yet smart for cucumbers,  
 Or plumbs of bad repute, you'll likely find  
 'Twas for you separated what nature join'd,  
 The spicy kernel here, and there the rind.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis strange how blindly we from Nature stray!  
 The only creatures we that miss their way!  
*To err is human*, Man's prerogative,  
 Who's too much sense by Nature's laws to live:  
 Wiser than Nature he must thwart her plan,  
 And ever will be spoiling, where he can.

'Tis

'Tis well he cannot ocean change to cream,  
 Nor earth to a gilded cake; not e'en could tame 105  
*Niagara's* steep abyfs to crawl down stairs\*,  
 Or drefs in rofes the dire *Cordelliers*†:  
 But what he can he does: well can he trim  
 A charming fpot into a childish whim;  
 Can every generous gift of Nature fpoil, 110  
 And rates their merits by his coft and toil.  
 Whate'er the land, whate'er the fea's produce,  
 Of perfect texture, and exalted juice,  
 He pampers, or to fulfome fat, or drains,  
 Refines and bleaches, till no tafte remains. 115

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Enough to fatten fools, or drive the dray,  
 But plagues and death to thofe of finer clay.  
 No corner elfe, 'tis not to be denied,  
 Of all our ifle fo rankly is fupplied  
 With grofs productions, and adulterate fare, 120  
 As one renown'd abode, whose name I fpare.  
 They cram all poultry, that the hungry fox  
 Would loath to touch them; e'en their boasted ox  
 Sometimes is glutted fo with unctuous fpoil,  
 That what feems beef is rather rape-feed oil. 125  
 D'ye know what brawn is?—O th' unhappy beaft!  
 He ftands eternal, and is doom'd to feaft,

\* Vide Chatfworth, 1753.

† Les Cordalleira's des Andee are a chain of hills, which run through South-America.

Till—but the nauseous process I forbear—  
 Only, beware of brawn—before, beware!  
 Yet brawn has taste—it has: their veal has none, 130  
 Save what the butcher's breath inspires alone;  
 Just heaven one day may send them hail for wheat,  
 Who spoil all veal because it should be white.  
 'Tis hard to say of what compounded paste  
 Their bread is wrought, for it betrays no taste, 135  
 Whether 'tis flour and chalk, or chalk and flour  
 Shell'd and refin'd, till it has taste no more;  
 But if the lump be white, and white enough,  
 No matter how insipid, dry, or tough.  
 In salt itself the sapid favour fails, 140  
 Burnt alum for the love of white prevails:  
 While tasteless cole-seed we for mustard swallow,  
 'Tis void of zest indeed—but still 'tis yellow.  
 Parsnip, or parsley root, the rogues will soon  
 Scrape for horse-radish, and 'twill pass unknown, 145  
 For by the colour, not the taste, we prove all,  
 As hens will sit on chalk, if 'tis but oval.

I must with caution the cook's reign invade,  
 Hot as the fire, and hasty from his trade,

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A cook of genius, bid him roast a hare, 150  
 By all that's hot and horrible would swear,

Parch

Parch native dryness! zounds, that's not the thing—

But stew him, and he might half dine a king.

His gen'rous broth I should almost prefer

To Turtle Soup, though Turtle travels far. 155

You think me nice perhaps: yet I could dine

On roasted rabbit; or fat turkey and chine;

Or fulsome haslet; or most drily cram

My throat with tasteless fillet and wet ham:

But let me ne'er of mutton-saddle eat, 160

That solid phantom, that most specious cheat;

Yet loin is passable, he was no fool

Who said the half is better than the whole:

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But I have cook'd and carv'd enough and more,

We come to drinking next. 'Till dinner's o'er, 165

I would all claret, even Champaign forbear,

Give me fresh water—blefs me with small-beer.

But still whate'er you drink with cautious lip

Approach, survey, and e'er you swallow, sip;

For often, O defend all honest throats! 170

The reeling wasp on the drench'd borage floats.

I've known a dame, sage else as a divine,

For brandy whip off *Ipecacuan* wine;

And I'm as sure amid your careless glee,

You'll swallow *Pert* one time for *Cole-rotie*. 175

But you aware of that *Lethean* flood,  
 Will scarce repeat the dose—forbid you should!  
 'Tis such a deadly foe to all that's bright,  
 'Twould soon encumber e'en your fancy's flight :  
 And if 'tis true what some wise preacher says, 180  
 That we our gen'rous ancestors disgrace,  
 The fault from this pernicious fountain flows,  
 Hence half our follies, half our crimes and woes;  
 And ere our maudlin genius mounts again,  
 'Twill cause a sea of claret and champain 185 }  
 Of this retarding glue to rinse the nation's brain.  
 The mud-fed carp refines amid the springs,  
 And time and *Burgundy* might do great things ;  
 But health and pleasure we for trade despise,  
 For *Portugal's* grudg'd gold our genius dies. 190  
 O hapless race! O land to be bewail'd!  
 With murders, treasons, horrid deaths appal'd;  
 Where dark-red skies with livid thunders frown,  
 While earth convulsive shakes her cities down ;  
 Where Hell in Heaven's name holds her impious court,  
 And the grape bleeds out that black poison, port; 196  
 Sad poison to themselves, to us still worse,  
 Brew'd and rebrew'd, a doubled, trebled curse.

Toss'd in the crowd of various rules I find,  
 Still some material business left behind : 200

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

The fig, the gooseberry, beyond all grapes,  
 Mellow to eat, as rich to drink perhaps.  
 But pleasures of this kind are best enjoy'd,  
 Beneath the tree, or by the fountain side,

Ere

Ere the quick foul, and dewy bloom exhale, 205  
 And vainly melt into the thankless gale.

\* \* \* \* \*  
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 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Who from the full meal yield to natural rest,  
 A short repose; 'tis strange how soon you'll find  
 A second morn rise chearful on your mind:  
 Besides it softly, kindly, sooths away 210  
 The saddest hour to some that damps the day.  
 But if you're coy to sleep, before you spread  
 Some easy-trotting poet's lines—you're dead  
 At once: even these may hasten your repose,  
 Now rapid verse, now halting nearer prose; 215  
 There smooth, here rough, what I suppose you'd chuse,  
 As men of taste hate sameness in the muse:  
 Yes, I'd adjourn all drinking till 'tis late,  
 And then indulge, but at a moderate rate.

By heaven not \* \* \* with all his genial wit, 220 }  
 Should ever tempt me after twelve to sit—  
 You laugh—at noon you say: I mean at night. }

I long to read your name once more again,  
 But while at *Cassel*, all such longing's vain.  
 Yet *Cassel* else no sad retreat I find, 225 }  
 While good and amiable \* *Gayot*'s my friend,  
 Generous and plain, the friend of human-kind; }

\* *Monf. de Gayot, Fils, conseiller d'état, et intendant de l'armée Française en Allemagne.*

Who scorns the little-minded's partial view ;  
One you would love, one that would relish you,  
With him sometimes I sup, and often dine,  
And find his presence cordial more than wine.  
There lively, genial, friendly, *Goy* and I,  
Touch glasses oft to one, whose company  
Would—but what's this?—Farewell—within two  
    hours  
We march for *Hoxter*—ever, ever yours.



## C O N T E N T S

O F

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T H E  
P O E M S  
O F

J O H N L A N G H O R N E,

“ Et vos, O Lauri, carpam; et te, proxima Myrte!

“ Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.” VIRG.



TO THE HONOURABLE

C H A R L E S Y O R K E.

**A** Muse that lov'd in Nature's walks to stray,  
 And gather'd many a wild flower in her way,  
 To Nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,  
 The light amusements of Life's vacant spring;  
 Nor shalt thou, Yorke, her humble offering blame,  
 If pure her incense, and unmixt her flame.  
 She pours no flattery into Folly's ear,  
 No shameless hireling of a shameless Peer,  
 The friends of Pope indulge her native lays,  
 And GLOUCESTER joins with LYTTLTON to praise.  
 Each judge of art her strain, though artless loves;  
 And SHENSTONE smil'd, and polish'd HURD approves.  
 O may such spirits long protect my page,  
 Surviving lights of Wit's departed age!  
 Long may I in their kind opinion live!  
 All meaner praise, all envy I forgive——  
 Yet fairly be my future laurels won!  
 Nor let me bear a bribe to Hardwicke's son!  
 Should his free suffrage own the favour'd strain,  
 Though vain the toil, the glory were not vain——

SONNET

## SONNET

TO MR. LANGHORNE.

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ;

**L**ANGHORNE, unknown to me (sequester'd  
swain!)

Save by the MUSE's soul-enchancing lay,  
To kindred spirits never fung in vain,  
Accept the Tribute of this light essay;  
Due for thy sweet songs that amus'd my day!  
Where fancy held her visionary reign,  
Or SCOTLAND's honours claim'd the pastoral strain,  
Or MUSIC came o'er HANDEL tears to pay:  
For all thy Irwan's flow'ry banks display,  
Thy Persian Lover and his Indian Fair;  
All THEODOSIUS' mournful lines convey,  
Where Pride and Av'rice part a matchless pair;  
Receive just praise and wreaths that ne'er decay,  
By FAME and VIRTUE twin'd for thee to wear.

AMWELL, near *Ware*,  
16 *March*, 1766.

## PROEMIUM, WRITTEN IN 1766.

**I**N *Eden's* \* vale, where early fancy wrought  
 Her wild embroidery on the ground of thought.  
 Where *Pembroke's* † grottos, strew'd with *Sidney's* bays,  
 Recall'd the dreams of visionary days,  
 Thus the fond Muse, that sooth'd my vacant youth,  
 Prophetic sung, and what she sung was truth.

“ BOY, break thy lyre, and cast thy reed away;  
 Vain are the honours of the fruitless bay.  
 Tho' with each charm thy polish'd lay should please,  
 Glow into strength, yet soften into ease;  
 Should *Attic* fancy brighten every line,  
 And all *Aonia's* harmony be thine;  
 Say would thy cares a grateful age repay?  
 Fame wreath thy brows, or Fortune gild thy way?  
 Ev'n her own fools, if Fortune smile, shall blame;  
 And Envy lurks beneath the flowers of Fame.

Yet, if resolv'd, secure of future praise,  
 To tune sweet songs, and live melodious days,  
 Let not the hand, that decks my holy shrine,  
 Round Folly's head the blasted laurel twine.  
 Just to thyself, dishonest grandeur scorn;  
 Nor gild the bust of meannefs nobly born.  
 Let truth, let freedom still thy lays approve!  
 Respect my precepts, and retain my love!

\* The river Eden, in Westmorland.

† The Countess of Pembroke, to whom Sir Philip Sydney dedicated his *Arcadia*, resided at Appleby, a small but beautiful town in Westmorland situated upon the Eden.

## HYMN TO HOPE, 1761.

Μεση δ' αυθις 'ΕΛΠΙΣ εν ἀρχαίοις δόμοισιν  
 Ενδον ἐμίμνε

HES.

## I.

SUN of the soul! whose chearful ray  
 Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;  
 Sweet HOPE, yet further gild my way,  
 Yet light my weary steps awhile,  
 Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

## II.

O come with such an eye and mien,  
 As when by amorous shepherd seen;  
 While in the violet-breathing vale  
 He meditates his evening tale!  
 Nor leave behind thy fairy train,  
 REPOSE, BELIEF, and FANCY vain;  
 That towering on her wing sublime,  
 Outstrips the lazy flight of time,  
 Riots on distant days with thee,  
 And opens all futurity.

## III.

O come! and to my pensive eye  
 Thy far-foreseeing tube apply,  
 Whose kind deception steals us o'er  
 The gloomy waste that lies before;



Still opening to the distant sight  
 The sunshine of the mountain's height ;  
 Where scenes of fairer aspect rise,  
 Elysian groves, and azure skies.

## IV.

Nor, gentle HOPE, forget to bring  
 The Family of YOUTH and SPRING ;  
 The HOURS that glide in sprightly round,  
 The MOUNTAIN-NYMPHS with wild thyme crown'd ;  
 DELIGHT that dwells with raptur'd eye  
 On stream, or flower, or field or sky :  
 And foremost in thy train advance  
 The LOVES and JOYS in jovial dance ;  
 Nor last be EXPECTATION seen,  
 That wears a wreath of ever-green.

## V.

Attended thus by BELEAU's streams,  
 Oft hast thou sooth'd my waking dreams,  
 When, prone beneath an osier shade,  
 At large my vacant limbs were laid ;  
 To thee and FANCY all resign'd,  
 What visions wander'd o'er my mind !  
 Illusions dear, adieu ! no more  
 Shall I your fairy haunts explore ;  
 For HOPE withholds her golden ray,  
 And FANCY's colours faint away.  
 To EDEN's shores, to ENON's groves,  
 Resounding once with DELIA's loves,  
 Adieu ! that name shall sound no more  
 O'er ENON's groves or EDEN's shore :

For HOPE withholds her golden ray,  
And FANCY's colours faint away.

## VI.

Life's ocean slept,—the liquid gale  
Gently mov'd the waving fail.  
Fallacious HOPE! with flattering eye  
You smil'd to see the streamers fly.  
The Thunder bursts, the mad wind raves,  
From Slumber wake the 'frighted waves:  
You saw me, fled me thus distress'd.  
And tore your anchor from my breast.

## VII.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again!  
I love thee still, though false and vain,  
Forgive me, gentle Hope, and tell  
Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.  
To soothe AMBITION's wild desires;  
To feed the lover's eager fires;  
To swell the miser's mouldy store;  
To gild the dreaming chymist's ore;  
Are these thy cares? or more humane?  
To loose the war-worn captive's chain,  
And bring before his languid sight  
The charms of liberty and light;  
The tears of drooping GRIEF to dry;  
And hold thy glass to SORROW's eye?

## VIII.

Or dost thou more delight to dwell  
With SILENCE in the hermit's cell?

To teach DEVOTION's flame to rise,  
 And wing her vespers to the skies;  
 To urge, with still returning care,  
 The holy violence of prayer;  
 In rapt'rous visions to display  
 The realms of everlasting day,  
 And snatch from TIME the golden key,  
 That opens all Eternity?

## IX.

Perchance, on some unpeopled strand,  
 Whose rocks the raging tide withstand,  
 Thy soothing smile, in desarts drear,  
 A lonely mariner may hear,  
 Who bravely holds his feeble breath,  
 Attack'd by FAMINE, PAIN and DEATH.  
 With thee, he bears each tedious day  
 Along the dreary beach to stray:  
 Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes strain  
 O'er the blue bosom of the main;  
 And meet, where distant surges rave,  
 A white sail in each foaming wave.

## X.

Doom'd from each native joy to part,  
 Each dear connection of the heart,  
 You the poor exile's steps attend,  
 The only undeferting friend.  
 You wing the slow-declining year;  
 You dry the solitary tear;  
 And oft, with pious guile, restore  
 Those scenes he must behold no more.

XI. O most

## XI.

O most ador'd of earth or skies!  
 To thee ten thousand temples rise;  
 By age retain'd, by youth carest,  
 The same dear idol of the breast.  
 Depriv'd of thee, the wretch were poor,  
 That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore:  
 With thee the simple hind is gay,  
 Whose toil supports the passing day.

## XII.

The rose-lip'd Loves that, round their queen,  
 Dance o'er CYTHERA'S smiling green,  
 Thy aid implore, thy power display  
 In many a sweetly-warbled lay.  
 For ever in thy sacred shrine,  
 Their unextinguish'd torches shine;  
 Idalian flowers their sweets diffuse,  
 And myrtles shed their balmy dews.  
 Ah; still propitious, may'st thou deign  
 To soothe an anxious lover's pain!  
 By thee deserted, well I know,  
 His heart would feel no common woe.  
 His gentle prayer propitious hear,  
 And stop the frequent-falling tear.

## XIII.

For me, fair HOPE, if once again  
 Perchance, to smile on me you deign,  
 Be such your sweetly-rural air,  
 And such a graceful visage wear,

As when, with TRUTH and young DESIRE,  
You wak'd the lord of HAGLEY's lyre;  
And painted to her Poet's mind,  
The charms of LUCY, fair and kind.

## XIV.

But ah! too early lost!—then go,  
Vain Hope, thou harbinger of woe.  
Ah! no;—that thought distracts my heart:  
Indulge me, HOPE, we must not part  
Direct the future as you please;  
But give me, give me present ease.

## XV.

Sun of the soul! whose chearful ray  
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;  
Sweet HOPE, yet further gild my way,  
Yet light my weary steps awhile,  
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

G E N I U S   A N D   V A L O U R  
A P A S T O R A L P O E M.

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF A SISTER KINGDOM,  
1763.

AMYNTOR, CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

WHERE TWEED'S fair plains in liberal beauty  
lie,

And FLORA laughs beneath a lucid sky ;  
Long winding vales where crystal waters lave,  
Where blythe birds warble, and where green woods  
wave,

A bright-hair'd shepherd, in young beauty's bloom,  
Tun'd his sweet pipe behind the yellow broom.

Free to the gale his waving ringlets lay,  
And his blue eyes diffus'd an azure day.  
Light o'er his limbs a careless robe he flung ;  
Health rais'd his heart, and strength his firm nerves strung.

His native plains poetic charms inspir'd,  
Wild scenes, where ancient *Fancy* oft retir'd !  
Oft led her faeries to the Shepherd's lay,  
By YARROW'S banks, or groves of ENDERMAY.

Nor only his those images that rise  
Fair to the glance of *Fancy's* plastic eyes ;  
His Country's love his patriot soul possess'd,  
His Country's honour fir'd his filial breast.  
Her lofty genius, piercing, bright, and bold,  
Her valour witness'd by the world of old,

Witness'd,

Witness'd once more by recent heaps of slain  
 On CANADA'S wild hills, and MINDEN'S plain,  
 To sounds sublimer wak'd his pastoral reed——  
 Peace, Mountain-Echoes! while the strains proceed.

## AMYNTOR.

No more of TIVIOT, nor the flowery braes,  
 Where the blythe Shepherd tunes his lightsome lays;  
 No more of LEADER'S faery-haunted shore,  
 Of ATHOL'S Lawns, and GLEDWOOD-Banks no more.  
 Unheeded smile my Country's native charms,  
 Lost in the glory of her arts and arms.  
 These, Shepherds, these demand sublimer strains  
 Than CLYDE'S clear fountains, or than ATHOL'S plains.

## CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,  
 The force divine of Soul-commanding song.  
 These humble Reeds have little learnt to play,  
 Save the light airs that cheer the pastoral day.  
 Of the clear fountain, and the fruitful plain  
 We sing, as *Fancy* guides the simple strain.  
 If then thy Country's sacred fame demand  
 The high-ton'd music of a happier hand——  
 Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,  
 The force divine of Soul-commanding song.

## AMYNTOR.

In spite of Faction's blind, unmanner'd rage,  
 Of various fortune and destructive age,  
 Fair SCOTLAND'S honours yet unchang'd are seen,  
 Her palms still blooming, and her laurels green.

Freed from the confines of her *Gothic* grave,  
 When her first light reviving *Science* gave,  
 Alike o'er BRITAIN shone the liberal ray,  
 From \* ENSWITH'S mountains to the banks of TAY.

For JAMES † the Muses tun'd their sportive lays,  
 And bound the Monarch's brow with CHAUCER'S bays.  
 Arch Humour smil'd to hear his mimic strain,  
 And plausive Laughter thrill'd through every vein.

When Taste and Genius form the Royal Mind,  
 The favour'd arts a happier era find.

By JAMES belov'd the Muses tun'd their lyres  
 'To nobler strains, and breath'd diviner fires.

But the dark mantle of involving Time  
 Has veil'd their beauties, and obscur'd their rhyme.

Yet still some pleasing monuments remain,  
 Some marks of genius in each later reign.  
 In nervous strains DUNBAR'S bold music flows,  
 And *Time* yet spares *the Thistle and the Rose* ‡.

O, while his course the hoary warrior steers  
 Through the long range of life-dissolving years,  
 Through all the evils of each changeful age,  
 Hate, Envy, Faction, Jealousy, and Rage,  
 Ne'er may his Scythe these sacred plants divide,  
 These plants by Heaven in native union tied!

\* A chain of mountains near Folkstone in Kent.

† James the First, King of Scotland, Author of the famous old song, entitled *Christ's Kirk on the Green*.

‡ A poem so called, written in honour of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. on her marriage to James IV. King of Scots. By Mr. William Dunbar.



Still may the flower its social sweets disclose,  
The hardy Thistle still defend the Rose!

Hail happy days! appear'd by MARGARET's charms,  
When rival VALOUR sheath'd his fatal arms.  
When kindred realms unnatural war suppress'd,  
Nor aim'd their arrows at a sister's breast.

Kind to the Muse is QUIET's genial day;  
Her olive loves the foliage of the bay.

With bold DUNBAR arose a numerous choir,  
Of rival bards that strung the *Dorian* lyre.  
In gentle HENRYSON's \* unlabour'd strain  
Sweet ARETHUSA's shepherd breath'd again:  
Nor shall your tuneful visions be forgot,  
Sage BELLENTYNE †, and fancy-painting SCOTT ‡.  
But, O my Country! how shall Memory trace  
Thy bleeding anguish, and thy dire disgrace?  
Weep o'er the ruins of thy blasted bays,  
Thy glories lost in either CHARLES's days?  
When through thy fields destructive Rapine spread,  
Nor sparing infant's tears, nor hoary head.  
In those dread days the unprotected swain  
Mourn'd on the mountains o'er his wasted plain.  
Nor longer vocal with the Shepherd's lay  
Were YARROW's banks, or groves of ENDERMAY.

\* Mr. Robert Henryson, an ingenious pastoral poet.

† Mr. John Bellentyne, Archdean of Murray, Author of a beautiful allegorical poem, entitled, *Virtue and Vice*.

‡ Mr. Archibald Scott, in the year 1524, translated the *Vision*, a poem, said to have been written in the year 1360. He was Author of the *Eagle* and the *Redbreast* also, and several other pieces written with uncommon elegance for their day.

## CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Amyntor, cease! the painful scene forbear  
 Nor the fond breast of filial duty tear.  
 Yet in our eyes our father's sorrows flow,  
 Yet in our bosoms lives their lasting woe.  
 At eve returning from their scanty fold,  
 When the long sufferings of their fires they told.  
 Oft have we sigh'd the piteous tale to hear,  
 And infant wonder dropt the mimic tear.

## AMYNTOR.

Shepherds, no longer need your sorrows flow,  
 Nor pious duty cherish endless woe.  
 Yet should *Remembrance*, led by filial Love,  
 Through the dark vale of old Afflictions rove,  
 The mournful shades of sorrows past explore,  
 And think of miseries that are no more;  
 Let those sad scenes that ask the dutious tear,  
 The kind return of happier days endear.

Hail, ANNA, hail! O may each muse divine  
 With wreaths eternal grace thy holy shrine!  
 Grav'd on thy tomb this sacred verse remain,  
 This verse more sweet than Conquest's sounding strain.  
 " She bade the rage of hostile nations cease,  
 " The glorious arbiters of Europe's peace.  
 She, through whose bosom roll'd the vital tide  
 Of BRITAIN'S Monarchs in one stream allied,  
 Clos'd the long jealousies of different sway,  
 And saw united Sister-Realms obey.

Auspicious days! when Tyranny no more  
 Rais'd his red arm, nor drench'd his darts in gore.

When,

When, long an Exile from his native plain,  
 Safe to his fold return'd the weary swain.  
 Return'd, and, many a painful summer past,  
 Beheld the green bench by his door at last.

Auspicious days! when Scots, no more oppress'd,  
 On their free mountains bar'd the fearless breast.  
 With pleasure saw their flocks unbounded feed,  
 And tun'd to strains of ancient joy the reed.

Then, Shepherds, did your wondering fires behold  
 A form divine, whose vesture flam'd with gold;  
 His radiant eyes a starry lustre shed,  
 And solar glories beam'd around his head.  
 Like that strange power by fabling poets feign'd,  
 From East to West his mighty arms he strain'd.  
 A rooted olive in one hand he bore,  
 In one a globe, inscrib'd with sea and shore.  
 From THAMES's banks to TWEED, to TAY he came,  
 Wealth in his rear, and COMMERCE was his name.

Glad INDUSTRY the glorious stranger hails,  
 Rears the tall masts, and spreads the swelling sails;  
 Regions remote with active hope explores,  
 Wild ZEMBLA's hills, and AFRIC's burning shores.

But chief, COLUMBUS, of thy various coast,  
 Child of *the Union*, COMMERCE bears his boast.  
 To seek thy new-found worlds, the vent'rous swain,  
 His lass forsaking, left the lowland plain.  
 Aside his crook, his idle pipe he threw,  
 And bade to Music, and to Love adieu.

Hence, GLASGOW fair, thy wealth-diffusing hand,  
 Thy groves of vessels, and thy crowded strand.

Hence, round his folds the moorland Shepherd spies  
New social towns, and happy hamlets rise.

But me not splendor, nor the hopes of gain  
Should ever tempt to quit the peaceful plain.  
Shall I, possess'd of all that life requires,  
With tutor'd hopes, and limited desires,  
Change these sweet fields, these native scenes of ease,  
For climes uncertain, and uncertain seas?

Nor yet, fair COMMERCE, do I thee disdain,  
Though Guilt and Death and Riot swell thy train.  
Chear'd by the influence of thy gladdening ray,  
The liberal arts sublimer works essay.  
*Genius* for thee relumes his sacred fires,  
And *Science* nearer to her heaven aspires.

The sanguine eye of Tyranny long clos'd,  
By Commerce foster'd, and in Peace repos'd,  
No more her miseries when my Country mourn'd,  
With brighter flames her glowing genius burn'd.  
Soon wandering fearless many a muse was seen  
O'er the dun mountain, and the wild wood green.  
Soon, to the warblings of the pastoral reed,  
Started sweet ECHO from the shores of TWEED.

O favour'd stream! where thy fair current flows,  
The child of nature, gentle THOMSON rose.  
Young as he wander'd on thy flowery side,  
With simple joy to see thy bright waves glide,  
Thither, in all their native charms array'd,  
From climes remote the sister SEASONS stray'd.

Long each in beauty boasted to excel,  
(For jealousies in sister-bosoms dwell)

But now, delighted with the liberal boy,  
 Like Heaven's fair rivals in the groves of TROY,  
 Yield to an humble swain their high debate,  
 And from his voice the palm of beauty wait.

Her naked charms, like VENUS, to disclose,  
 SPRING from her bosom threw the shadowing rose;  
 Bar'd the pure snow that feeds the lover's fire,  
 The breast that thrills with exquisite desire;  
 Assum'd the tender smile, the melting eye,  
 The breath *fævonian*, and the yielding sigh.  
 One beauteous hand a wilding's blossom grac'd,  
 And one fell careless o'er her zoneless waist.

Majestic SUMMER, in gay pride adorn'd,  
 Her rival sister's simple beauty scorn'd.  
 With purple wreaths her lofty brows were bound,  
 With glowing flowers her rising bosom crown'd.  
 In her gay zone, by artful Fancy fram'd,  
 The bright Rose blush'd, the full Carnation flam'd.  
 Her cheeks the glow of splendid clouds display,  
 And her eyes flash insufferable day.

With milder air the gentle AUTUMN came,  
 But seem'd to languish at her Sister's flame.  
 Yet, conscious of her boundless wealth, she bore  
 On high the emblems of her golden store.  
 Yet could she boast the plenty-pouring hand,  
 The liberal smile, benevolent and bland.  
 Nor might she fear in beauty to excell,  
 From whose fair head such golden tresses fell;  
 Nor might she envy SUMMER's flowery zone,  
 In whose sweet eye the star of evening shone.

Next,

Next, the pale Power, that blots the golden sky,  
 Wreath'd her grim brows, and roll'd her stormy eye;  
 "Behold," she cried, with voice that shook the ground,  
 (The Bard, the Sisters trembled at the sound)  
 "Ye weak admirers of a grape, or rose,  
 "Behold my wild magnificence of snows!  
 "See my keen Frost her glassy bosom bare!  
 "Mock the faint sun, and bind the fluid air!  
 "Nature to you may lend a painted hour,  
 "With you may sport, when I suspend my power.  
 "But you and Nature, who that power obey,  
 "Shall own my beauty, or shall dread my sway."

She spoke: the Bard, whose gentle heart ne'er gave  
 One pain or trouble that he knew to save,  
 No favour'd nymph extols with partial lays,  
 But gives to each her picture for her praise.

Mute lies his lyre in death's uncheerful gloom,  
 And *Truth* and *Genius* weep at THOMSON'S tomb.

Yet still the muse's living sounds pervade  
 Her ancient scenes of *Caledonian* shade.  
 Still nature listens to the tuneful lay,  
 On KILDA'S mountains and in ENDERMAY.

Th' ethereal brilliance of poetic fire,  
 The mighty hand that smites the sounding lyre,  
 Strains that on fancy's strongest pinion rise,  
 Conceptions vast, and thoughts that grasp the skies,  
 To the rapt youth that mus'd on \*SHAKESPEAR'S grave,  
 To OGILVIE the muse of PINDAR gave.

\* See Mr. Ogilvie's Ode to the Genius of Shakespear.

\* TIME, as he sung, a moment ceas'd to fly,  
And lazy † SLEEP unfolded half his eye.

O wake, sweet Bard, the *Theban* lyre again ;  
With ancient valour swell the sounding strain.  
Hail the high trophies by thy country won,  
The wreaths that flourish for each valiant son.

While Hardyknute frowns red with NORWAY'S gore,  
Paint her pale matrons weeping on the shore.

Hark ! the green Clarion pouring floods of breath  
Voluminously loud ; high scorn of death

Each gallant spirit elates ; see Rothfay's thane  
With arm of mountain oak his firm bow strain !

Hark ! the string twangs—the whizzing arrow flies ;  
The fierce NORSE falls—indignant falls—and dies.

O'er the dear urn, where glorious ‡ WALLACE sleeps,  
True Valour bleeds, and patriot Virtue weeps.

Son of the Lyre, what high ennobling strain,

What meed from thee shall generous WALLACE gain ?

Who greatly scorning an Ufurper's pride,

Bar'd his brave breast for liberty, and died.

Boast, SCOTLAND, boast thy sons of mighty name,  
Thine ancient chiefs of high heroic fame.

Souls that to death their Country's foes oppos'd,

And life in freedom, glorious freedom clos'd.

\* Ode to Time. Ibid.

† Ode to Sleep. Ibid.

‡ William Wallace, who after bravely defending his country against the arms of Edward I. was executed as a Rebel, though he had taken no oath of allegiance.

Where, yet bewail'd, ARGYLE'S \* warm ashes lie,  
Let Music breathe her most persuasive sigh.  
To him, what Heaven to man could give, it gave,  
Wife, generous, honest, eloquent and brave.  
*Genius* and *Valour* for ARGYLE shall mourn,  
And his own laurels flourish round his urn.  
O, may they bloom beneath a fav'ring sky,  
And in their shade *Reproach* and *Envy* die!

\* Archibald, the third Duke of Argyle, died April 15, 1761.



## THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

IN FOUR ELEGIES, 1762.

*La Raison ſçait que c'eſt un Songe,  
 Mais elle en ſaiſit les douceurs :  
 Elle a beſoin de ces fantômes,  
 Preſque tous les Plaiſirs des Hommes  
 Ne ſont que de douces Erreurs.*      GRESEST.

## ELEGY I.

**C**HILDREN of FANCY, whither are ye fled?  
 Where have you borne thoſe Hope-enliven'd Hours,  
 That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,  
 That once beſtrew'd my vernal path with flowers?  
 In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,  
 Where winds the ſlow wave thro' the flowery plain,  
 To theſe fond arms you led the Tyrant, LOVE,  
 With FEAR and HOPE and FOLLY in his train.  
 My lyre, that, left at careleſs diſtance, hung  
 Light on ſome pale branch of the oſier ſhade,  
 To lays of amorous blandiſhment you ſtrung,  
 And o'er my ſleep the lulling muſic play'd.  
 “ Reſt, gentle youth! while on the quivering breeze  
 “ Slides to thine ear this ſoftly breathing ſtrain;  
 “ Sounds that move ſmoother than the ſteps of eaſe,  
 “ And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.  
 “ In this fair vale eternal ſpring ſhall ſmile,  
 “ And TIME unenvious crown each roſeate hour;  
 “ Eternal joy ſhall every care beguile,  
 “ Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.  
 “ This

- " This silver stream, that down its crystal way  
 " Frequent has led thy musing steps along,  
 " Shall, still the same, in funny mazes play,  
 " And with it's murmurs melodise thy song.  
 " Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn ;  
 " Those living meads immortal flowers unfold ;  
 " In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,  
 " And every evening close in clouds of gold.  
 " The tender LOVES that watch thy slumbering rest,  
 " And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles strew,  
 " Shall charm, thro' all approaching life, thy breast,  
 " With Joys for ever pure, for ever new.  
 " The genial power that speeds the golden dart,  
 " Each charm of tender passion shall inspire ;  
 " With fond affection fill the mutual heart,  
 " And feed the flame of ever-young DESIRE.  
 " Come gentle LOVES ! your myrtle garlands bring ;  
 " The smiling bower with cluster'd roses spread ;  
 " Come gentle AIRS ! with incense-dropping wing  
 " The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.  
 " Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,  
 " How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale !  
 " Auspicious glories beam along the skies,  
 " And powers unseen the happy moments hail !  
 " Extatic hours ! so every distant day  
 " Like this serene on downy wings shall move ;  
 " Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,  
 " The faithful joys of FANCY and of LOVE."

## E L E G Y II.

AND were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung?  
 Children of FANCY! yes, your song was vain;  
 On each soft air though rapt ATTENTION hung,  
 And SILENCE listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,  
 And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,  
 Though now the visionary scenes appear  
 Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream,  
 Mirror of life! the glories thus depart  
 Of all that YOUTH and LOVE and FANCY frame,  
 When painful ANGUISH speeds the piercing dart,  
 Or ENVY blasts the blooming flowers of FAME.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,  
 The prophets of FORTUNE, false and vain,  
 To scenes where PEACE in RUIN'S arms expires  
 Fallacious HOPE deludes her hapless train.

Go, Syren, go - - thy charms on others try;  
 My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore;  
 Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;  
 And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come gentle QUIET! long-neglected maid!  
 O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell;  
 There unregarded in the peaceful shade,  
 With calm REPOSE and SILENCE let me dwell.

Come happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,  
 When all the struggling passions shall subside;  
 When PEACE shall clasp me to her plumed breast,  
 And smoothe my silent minutes as they glide.

But

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,  
 Whom never cares or passions discompose,  
 O blest INSENSIBILITY be nigh,  
 And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,  
 And all the fond anxieties of fame ;  
 Alike regardless in the arms of PEACE,  
 If these extol, or those debase a name.

In LYTTLETON though all the muses praise,  
 His generous praise shall then delight no more,  
 Nor the sweet magick of his tender lays  
 Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though MALICE, with insidious guise  
 Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast ;  
 Nor then, though ENVY broach her blackening lies,  
 Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desir'd ! when hostile rage  
 Prevails in human more than savage haunts ;  
 When man with man eternal war will wage,  
 And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark DESIGN invades the chearful hour,  
 And draws the heart with social freedom warm,  
 It's cares, it's wishes, and it's thoughts to pour,  
 Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to other's failings still severe,  
 Yet not one foible in himself can find ;  
 Another's faults to FOLLY's eye are clear,  
 But to her own e'en WISDOM's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,  
 This fordid malice, and inglorious strife,  
 Myself the subject of my censure be,  
 And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, PHILOSOPHY, still let me dwell,  
 My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;  
 Bring PEACE, bring QUIET to my humble cell,  
 And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

## E L E G Y III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,  
 The wood-lark's song resounded on the plain;  
 Fair NATURE felt the warm embrace of day,  
 And smil'd through all her animated reign.

When young DELIGHT, of HOPE and FANCY born,  
 His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd,  
 Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,  
 And thence of life this picture vain design'd.

“ O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime  
 “ Than beings of inferior nature prove!

“ To triumph in the golden hours of TIME,  
 “ And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

“ High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair  
 “ In orient light this native landscape smiles;

“ For him sweet HOPE disarms the hand of care,  
 “ Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

- " Blows not a blossom on the breast of SPRING,  
 " Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,  
 " Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,  
 " But fragrance, health and melody succeed.
- " O let me still with simple NATURE live,  
 " My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,  
 " Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,  
 " And calmly waste my inoffensive day!
- " No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,  
 " No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;  
 " So HEALTH and PEACE be near my humble home,  
 " A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.
- " So may the sweet EUTERPE not disdain  
 " At Eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;  
 " The muse of pity wake her soothing strain,  
 " And tune to sympathy the trembling string.
- " Thus glide the pensive moments, o'er the vale  
 " While floating shades of dusky night descend:  
 " Not left untold the lover's tender tale,  
 " Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.
- " To love and friendship flow the social bowl!  
 " To attic wit and elegance of mind;  
 " To all the native beauties of the soul,  
 " The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd!
- " Then to explore whatever ancient sage  
 " Studious from nature's early volume drew,  
 " To chase sweet FICTION through her golden age,  
 " And mark how fair the sun-flower, Science, blew!  
 " Haply

- “ Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,  
 “ *Hesperian* fancy, or *Aonian* ease;  
 “ Some melting note from SAPPHO’s tender lyre,  
 “ Some strain that LOVE and PHOEBUS taught to  
 please.
- “ When waves the grey light o’er the mountain’s head,  
 “ Then let me meet the morn’s first beauteous ray;  
 “ Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,  
 “ And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.
- “ Nor seldom, loitring as I muse along,  
 “ Mark from what flower the breeze it’s sweetness  
 bore;
- “ Or listen to the labour-soothing song  
 “ Of bees that range the thymy uplands o’er:
- “ Slow let me climb the mountain’s airy brow,  
 “ The green height gain’d, in museful rapture lie,  
 “ Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,  
 “ Or look on NATURE with a lover’s eye.
- “ Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;  
 “ Led by fair FANCY round the varied year:
- “ So shall my breast with native raptures glow,  
 “ Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.
- “ Firm be my heart to NATURE and to TRUTH,  
 “ Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage;
- “ So JOY shall triumph on the brows of youth,  
 “ So HOPE shall smoothe the dreary paths of age.

## E L E G Y IV.

OH! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay!

Fond hopes, of INNOCENCE and FANCY born!  
For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,  
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn:

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread  
By flattering HOPE, the flowers that blew so fair;  
Like the gay gardens of ARMIDA fled,  
And vanish'd from the powerful rod of CARE.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought  
Plans his dear journey to *Loretto's* shrine,  
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,  
Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew  
By those fresh fountains on Eden's happy plain,  
And *Sharon's* roses all his passage strew:  
So FANCY dreams; but FANCY's dreams are vain:

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,  
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,  
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,  
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient light,  
Where HOPE and JOY and FANCY hold their reign,  
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling  
bright,  
The blythe hours dancing round *Hyperion's* wain:

In



In radiant colours YOUTH'S free hand pourtrays,  
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;  
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,  
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence FANCY conquer'd by the dart of PAIN,  
And wandering far from her *Platonic* shade,  
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,  
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,  
Their fairy race that fill'd her festive train;  
JOY tears his wreath, and HOPE inverts her eye,  
And FOLLY wonders that her dream was vain.

## A P O E M,

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mr. H A N D E L, 1760\*.

**S**PIRITS of music, and ye powers of song!  
 That wak'd to painful melody the lyre  
 Of young JESSIDES, when, in Sion's vale  
 He wept o'er bleeding friendship; ye that mourn'd  
 While freedom drooping o'er EUPHRATES' stream,  
 Her pensive harp on the pale osier hung,  
 Begin once more the sorrow-soothing lay.

Ah! where shall now the Muse fit numbers find?  
 What accents pure to greet thy tuneful shade,  
 Sweet harmonist? 'twas thine, the tender fall  
 Of pity's plaintive lay; for thee the stream  
 Of silver-winding music sweeter play'd,  
 And purer flow'd for thee, - all silent now  
 † Those airs that, breathing o'er the breast of THAMES,  
 Led amorous ECHO down the long, long vale,  
 Delighted: studious from thy sweeter strain  
 To melodise her own; when fancy-lorn,  
 She mourns in Anguish o'er the drooping breast  
 Of young NARCISSUS. From their amber urns,  
 ‡ Parting their green locks streaming in the sun,

\* He died 14 April, 1759.

† The Water-Music.

‡ Rorantefq; Comas a Fronte removit ad Aures. *Ovid. Met.*

The NAIADS rose and smil'd: nor since the day,  
 When first by music, and by freedom led  
 From Grecian ACIDALE; nor since the day,  
 When last from ARNO'S weeping fount they came,  
 To smooth the ringlets of SABRINA'S hair,  
 Heard they like minstrelsy—fountains and shades  
 Of TWIT'NAM, and of WINDSOR fam'd in song!  
 Ye heights of CLERMONT, and ye bowers of Ham!  
 That heard the fine strain vibrate through your groves,  
 Ah! where were then your long-lov'd Muses fled,  
 When HANDEL breath'd no more?—and thou, sweet  
 Queen,

That nightly wrapt thy MILTON'S hallow'd ear  
 In the soft ecstasies of LYDIAN airs;  
 \* That since attun'd to HANDEL'S high-wound lyre  
 The lay by thee suggested; could'it not thou  
 Soothe with thy sweet song the grim † fury's breast?

COLD-HEARTED Death! his wanly-glaring eye  
 Nor virtue's smile attracts, nor fame's loud trump  
 Can pierce his iron ear, for ever barr'd  
 To gentle sounds: the golden voice of song,  
 That charms the gloomy partner of his birth,  
 That soothes Despair and Pain, he hears no more,  
 Than rude winds, blust'ring from the CAMBRIAN cliffs,  
 The traveller's feeble lay. To court fair fame,  
 To toil with slow steps up the star-crown'd hill,

\* L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, set to Music by Mr. HANDEL.

† See MILTON'S Lycidas.

Where science, leaning on her sculptur'd urn,  
 Looks conscious on the secret-working hand  
 Of Nature; on the wings of genius borne,  
 To soar above the beaten walks of life,  
 Is, like the paintings of an evening cloud,  
 Th' amusement of an hour. Night, gloomy night  
 Spreads her black wings, and all the vision dies.

ERE long, the heart, that heaves this sigh to thee,  
 Shall beat no more! ere long, on this fond lay  
 Which mourns at HANDEL'S tomb, insulting TIME  
 Shall strew his cankering rust. Thy strain, perchance,  
 Thy sacred strain shall the hoar warrior spare;  
 For sounds like thine, at Nature's early birth,  
 Arous'd him slumbering on the dead profound  
 Of dusky Chaos; by the golden harps  
 Of choral angels summon'd to his race:  
 And sounds like thine, when nature is no more,  
 Shall call him weary from the lengthen'd toils  
 Of twice ten thousand years.—O would his hand  
 Yet spare some portion of this vital flame,  
 The trembling Muse that now faint effort makes  
 On young and artless wing, should bear thy praise  
 Sublime, above the mortal bounds of earth,  
 With heavenly fire relume her feeble ray,  
 And, taught by Seraphs, frame her song for thee.

I FEEL, I feel the sacred impulse—hark!  
 Wak'd from according Lyres the sweet strains flow  
 In symphony divine; from air to air  
 The trembling numbers fly: swift bursts away

The flow of joy—now swells the flight of praise.  
 Springs the shrill trump aloft; the toiling chords  
 Melodious labour through the flying maze;  
 And the deep base his strong sound rolls away,  
 Majestically sweet.—Yet, HANDEL, raise,  
 Yet wake to higher strains thy sacred lyre:  
 The name of ages, the supreme of things,  
 The great MESSIAH asks it; He whose hand  
 Led into form yon everlasting Orbs,  
 The harmony of nature—He whose hand  
 Stretch'd o'er the wilds of space this beauteous ball,  
 Whose spirit breathes through all his smiling works  
 Music and love—yet HANDEL raise the strain.

Hark! what angelic sounds, what voice divine  
 Breathes through the ravisht air! my rapt ear feels  
 The harmony of Heaven: Hail sacred Choir!  
 Immortal Spirits, hail! If haply those  
 That erst in favour'd PALESTINE proclaim'd  
 Glory and peace: her angel-haunted groves,  
 Her piny mountains, and her golden vales  
 Re-echo'd peace--But, Oh! suspend the strain—  
 The swelling joy's too much for mortal bounds!  
 'Tis transport even to pain.

Yet, hark? what pleasing sounds invite mine ear  
 So venerably sweet? 'Tis SION's lute.  
 Behold her \* hero! from his valiant brow  
 Looks JUDAH's lyon, on his thigh the sword

\* Judas Maccabæus.

Of vanquish'd APOLLONIUS—The shrill trump  
 Through BETHORON proclaims th' approaching fight.  
 I see the brave youth lead his little band,  
 With toil and hunger faint; yet from his arm  
 The rapid Syrian flies. Thus HENRY once,  
 The British HENRY, with his way-worn troop,  
 Subdu'd the pride of France—Now louder blows  
 The martial clangor; lo NICANOR's host!  
 With threat'ning turrets crown'd, slowly advance  
 The ponderous elephants——  
 The blazing sun, from many a golden shield  
 Reflected, gleams afar. Judean chief!  
 How shall thy force, thy little force sustain  
 The dreadful shock!

† The hero comes—'Tis boundless mirth and song  
 And dance and triumph; every labouring string,  
 And voice, and breathing shell in concert strain  
 To swell the raptures of tumultuous joy.

O master of the passions and the soul,  
 Seraphic HANDEL! how shall words describe  
 Thy music's countless graces, nameless powers!

When ‡ he of GAZA, blind, and sunk in chains,  
 On female treachery looks greatly down,  
 How the breast burns indignant! in thy strain,  
 When sweet-voic'd piety resigns to heaven,  
 Glows not each bosom with the flame of virtue?

† Chorus of youths, in Judas Maccabeus,

‡ See the Oratorio of Samson,

O'er JEPHTHA'S votive maid when the soft lute  
Sounds the slow symphony of funeral grief,  
What youthful breast but melts with tender pity?  
What parent bleeds not with a parent's woe?

O, longer than this worth lay can live!  
While fame and music sooth the human ear!  
Be this thy praise: to lead the polish'd mind  
To virtue's noblest heights; to light the flame  
Of British freedom, rouse the generous thought,  
Refine the passions, and exalt the soul  
To love, to heaven, to harmony and thee,

## THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

## EPISTLE I.

## TO GENERAL CRAUFURD.

WRITTEN AT BELVIDERE, 1765.

**W**HERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,  
 In one wide wish embraces human kind?  
 All pride of sects, all party zeal above,  
 Whose Priest is Reason, and whose God is Love;  
 Fair Nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art——  
 Where is the man, so welcome to my heart?

The fightless herd sequacious, who pursue  
 Dull Folly's path, and do as others do,  
 Who look with purblind prejudice and scorn,  
 On different sects, in different nations born,  
 Let Us, my CRAUFURD, with compassion view,  
 Pity their pride, but shun their error too.

From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains green,  
 Which Nature rais'd, rejoicing to be seen,  
 Let Us, while raptur'd on her works we gaze,  
 And the heart riots on luxurious praise,  
 Th' expanded thought, the boundless wish retain,  
 And let not NATURE moralize in vain.

O sacred Guide! preceptress more sublime  
 Than fages boasting o'er the wrecks of time!

See



See on each page her beauteous volume bear  
 The golden characters of good and fair.  
 All human knowledge (blush collegiate pride!)  
 Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.

Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,  
 On whose old walk the sunbeam seldom falls,  
 Who knows of nature, and of man no more  
 Than fills some page of antiquated lore——  
 Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wise,  
 The better knowledge of the world despise,  
 Think Wisdom center'd in a *false degree*,  
 And scorn the scholar of Humanity?

Something of men these sapient drones may know,  
 Of men that liv'd two thousand years ago.  
 Such human monsters if the world e'er knew,  
 As ancient verse, and ancient story drew!

If to one object, system, scene confin'd,  
 The sure effect is narrowness of mind.

'Twas thus St. ROBERT, in his lonely wood,  
 Forsook each social duty—to be good.  
 Thus HOBBS on one dear system fix'd his eyes,  
 And prov'd his nature wretched—to be wise.  
 Each zealot thus, elate with ghostly pride,  
 Adores his God, and hates the world beside.

Though form'd with powers to grasp this various ball,  
 Gods! to what meanness may the spirit fall?

Powers

Powers that should spread in Reason's orient ray,  
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day!

When late, where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,  
Reflecting clear the Mountain's purple side,  
Thy genius, CRAUFURD, Britain's legions led,  
And Fear's chill cloud forsook each brightning head,  
By nature brave, and generous as thou art,  
Say did not human follies vex thy heart?  
Glow'd not thy breast indignant, when you saw  
The dome of Murder consecrate by Law?  
Where fiends, commission'd with the legal rod,  
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.

O change me, powers of Nature, if ye can,  
Transform me, make me any thing but man.  
Yet why? This heart all human kind forgives,  
While GILLMAN loves me, and while CRAUFURD lives.  
Is Nature, all benevolent, to blame,  
That half her offspring are their mother's shame?  
Did she ordain o'er this fair scene of things  
The cruelty of Priests, or pride of Kings?  
Though worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or fame,  
Is Nature all-benevolent to blame?

“ Yet surely once, my friend, she seem'd to err;  
“ For W—ch—t was” — He was not made by her.  
Sure, form'd of clay that Nature held in scorn,  
By fiends constructed, and in darkness born,  
Rose the low wretch, who, despicably vile,  
Would sell his Country for a Courtier's smile;

Would

Would give up all to truth or freedom dear,  
 To dine with \*\*\*\* or some idiot peer,  
 Whose mean malevolence, in dark disguise  
 The man that never injur'd him belies,  
 Whose actions bad and good two motives guide,  
 The Serpent's malice, and the Coxcomb's pride.  
 "Is there a wretch so mean, so base, so low?"  
 I know there is—ask W—ch—t if he know.

O that the world were emptied of it's slaves!  
 That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!  
 Then might we, CRAUFURD, with delight embrace,  
 In boundless love, the rest of human race.

But let not knaves misanthropy create,  
 Nor feed the gall of universal hate.  
 Wherever Genius, Truth, and Virtue dwell,  
 Polish'd in courts, or simple in a cell,  
 All views of country, sects, and creeds apart,  
 These, these I love, and hold them to my heart.

Vain of our beauteous isle, and justly vain,  
 For freedom here, and health, and plenty reign,  
 We different lots contemptuously compare,  
 And boast, like children, of a Fav'rite's share.

Yet though each vale a deeper verdure yields  
 Than Arno's banks, or Andalusia's fields,  
 Though many a tree crown'd mountain teems with ore,  
 Though flocks innumerable whiten every shore,  
 Why should we, thus with nature's wealth elate,  
 Behold her different families with hate?

Look on her works—on every page you'll find  
 Inscrib'd the doctrine of the social mind.

See countless worlds of insect being share  
 Th' unenvied regions of the liberal air!  
 In the same grove what music void of strife!  
 Heirs of one stream what tribes of scaly life!  
 See Earth, and Air, and Fire, and Flood combine  
 Of general good to aid the great design!

Where ANCON drags o'er LINCOLN's lurid plain,  
 Like a slow snake, his dirty-winding train,  
 Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,  
 And the lost Bittern moans his gloomy way;  
 As well we might, for unpropitious skies,  
 The blameless native with his clime despise,  
 As him who still the poorer lot partakes  
 Of BISCAY's mountains, or BATAVIA's lakes.

Yet look once more on Nature's various plan!  
 Behold, and love her noblest creature man!  
 She, never partial, on each various zone,  
 Bestow'd some portion, to the rest unknown,  
 By mutual interest meaning thence to bind  
 In one vast chain the commerce of mankind.

Behold, ye vain disturbers of an hour!  
 Ye Dupes of Faction! and ye Tools of Power!  
 Poor rioters on Life's contracted stage!  
 Behold, and lose your littleness of rage!  
 Throw Envy, Folly, Prejudice, behind!  
 And yield to Truth the empire of the mind.

Immortal Truth! O from thy radiant shrine,  
 Where Light created first essay'd to shine;  
 Where clust'ring Stars eternal beams display,  
 And Gems ethereal drink the golden day;  
 To chase this moral, clear this sensual night,  
 O shed one ray of thy celestial light!  
 Teach us, while wandering through this vale below  
 We know but little, that we little know.  
 One beam to mole-ey'd Prejudice convey,  
 Let Pride perceive one mortifying ray;  
 Thy glass to Fools, to Infidels apply,  
 And all the dimness of the mental eye.

Plac'd on this shore of Time's far-stretching bourn,  
 With leave to look at Nature and return;  
 While wave on wave impels the human tide,  
 And ages sink, forgotten as they glide;  
 Can Life's short duties better be discharg'd,  
 Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?

Judg'd not the old Philosopher aright,  
 When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his sight?  
 "It matters not, my friends, how low or high,  
 Your little walk of transient life may lie;  
 Soon will the reign of Hope and Fear be o'er,  
 And warring passions militate no more:  
 And trust me, he who, having once survey'd  
 The good and fair which Nature's wisdom made,  
 The soonest to his former state retires,  
 And feels the peace of satisfied desires,

(Let others deem more wisely if they can)  
I look on him to be the happiest man."

So thought the sacred Sage, in whom I trust,  
Because I feel his sentiments are just.  
'Twas not in Lustrums of long counted years  
That swell'd th' alternate reign of hopes and fears ;  
Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,  
That Wisdom plac'd the dignity of life ;  
To study Nature was the task design'd,  
And learn from her th' enlargement of the mind.  
Learn from her works whatever Truth admires,  
And sleep in Death with satisfied desires.

## THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

## EPISTLE II.

TO WILLIAM LANGHORNE, M. A.

1760.

LIGHT HEARD HIS VOICE, and, eager to  
obey,  
From all her orient fountains burst away.

At Nature's birth, O! had the power divine  
Commanded thus the moral sun to shine,  
Beam'd on the mind all reason's influence bright,  
And the full day of *intellectual* light,  
Then the free soul, on Truth's strong pinion born,  
Had never languish'd in this shade forlorn.

Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,  
Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;  
Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,  
And boldly censure what it cannot know?  
'Tis our's to cherish what Heav'n deign'd to give,  
And thankful for the gift of Being live.

Progressive powers, and faculties that rise  
From earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,  
Though distant far from perfect, good, or fair,  
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful care.

Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,  
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the same,  
M 2 Ally'd

Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,  
 And more the friend, than brother, of my heart!  
 Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise  
 At different times, and shine in distant skies,  
 With mutual eye this mental world survey,  
 Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,  
 View reason's source, if man the source may find,  
 And trace each Science that exalts the mind.

“ Thou self-appointed Lord of all below!  
 “ Ambitious man, how little dost thou know?  
 “ For once let Fancy's towering thoughts subside;  
 “ Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!  
 “ A plaintive wretch, so blind, so helpless born,  
 “ The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.  
 “ How soon, when Nature gives him to the day,  
 “ In strength exulting, does he bound away!  
 “ By instinct led, the fostering teat he finds,  
 “ Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds.  
 “ No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear,  
 “ Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.  
 “ Did he but know to reason and compare,  
 “ See here the vassal, and the master there,  
 “ What strange reflections must the scene afford,  
 “ That shew'd the weakness of his puling Lord!”

Thus sophistry unfolds her specious plan,  
 Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.  
 Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate  
 His pow'rs and merits from his infant-state.



For, grant the children of the flow'ry vale  
 By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale,  
 With equal eye their perfect state explore,  
 And all the vain comparifon's no more.

“ But why should life, fo fhort by Heav'n ordain'd,  
 “ Be long to thoughtlefs infancy refrain'd—  
 “ To thoughtlefs infancy, or vainly fage,  
 “ Mourn through the languors of declining age?

O blind to truth! to Nature's wisdom blind!  
 And all that fhe directs, or Heav'n defign'd!  
 Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,  
 All life that vegetates, and life that moves!  
 In due proportion, as each being ftays  
 In perfect life, it rifes and decays.

Is man long helpiefs? Through each tender hour,  
 See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!  
 By op'ning charms, by beauties fresh display'd,  
 And sweets unfolding fee that love repaid!

Has age its pains? For luxury it may—  
 The temp'rate wear infenfibly away.  
 While fage experience, and reflection clear  
 Beam a gay funfhine on life's fading year.

But fee from age, from infant weaknefs fee,  
 That man was deftin'd for fociety;  
 There from thofe ills a fafe retreat behold,  
 Which young might vanquifh, or afflict him old.

" That, in proportion as each Being stays  
 " In perfect life, it rises and decays——  
 " Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,  
 " The laws of matter act not on the MIND.  
 " Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,  
 " And reason brings her borrow'd light too slow."

O! *still* censorious? art thou then possess'd  
 Of Reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?  
 Say what the use—had Providence assign'd  
 To infant years maturity of mind?  
 That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,  
 Might scorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r despise?  
 Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at strife,  
 O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?  
 To feel more sensibly the woes that wait  
 On every period, as on every state;  
 And slight, sad convicts of each painful truth,  
 The happier trifles of unthinking youth?

Conclude we then the progress of the mind  
 Ordain'd by wisdom infinitely kind:  
 No innate knowledge on the soul impress,  
 No birthright instinct acting in the breast,  
 No natal light, no beams from Heav'n display'd,  
 Dart through the darkness of the mental shade.  
 Perceptive powers we hold from Heaven's decree,  
 Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,  
 In both a liberal agency we bear,  
 The *moral* here, the *intellectual* there;

And

And hence in both an equal joy is known,  
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.

When first the trembling eye receives the day,  
External forms on young perception play;  
External forms affect the mind alone,  
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.  
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,  
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!  
The crystal wave as eager to pervade  
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade!  
When Memory's call the mimic words obey,  
And wing the thought that falters on its way;  
When wise Experience her slow verdict draws,  
The sure effect exploring in the Cause,  
In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,  
*Reflection* springs, and *Reason* is her child:  
On her fair stock the blooming Scyon grows,  
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.'

All beauteous flow'r! immortal shalt thou shine,  
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;  
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,  
Shall spread, and flourish in eternal day.

O! with what art, my friend, what early care,  
Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!  
How should her eye the rip'ning mind revise,  
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!  
How should her hand with industry restrain,  
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train,

Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tow'r  
With fatal shade o'er reason's tender flow'r.

From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,  
Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;  
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,  
Unbroke by av'rice, bigotry, or fear!  
For this fair Science spreads her light afar,  
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.  
The liberal power in no sequester'd cells,  
No moonshine-courts of dreaming schoolmen dwells;  
Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands,  
Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands;  
All round her throne the graceful arts appear,  
That boast the empire of the eye or ear.

See favour'd first, and nearest to the throne  
By the rapt mien of musing Silence known,  
Fled from herself, the POW'R OF NUMBERS plac'd,  
Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taste.

There (but at distance never meant to vie)  
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,  
See lively Painting! on her various face,  
Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;  
She looks, she acts the character she gives,  
And a new feature in each feature lives.

See Attic ease in Sculpture's graceful air,  
Half loose her robe, and half unbound her hair;  
To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,  
And down her fair hands negligently fall.

Last,

Last, but not meanest, of the glorious choir,  
See Music, list'ning to an angel's lyre.

Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, drest  
By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breast.

O Arts divine! O magic Powers that move  
The springs of truth, enlarging truth, and love!  
Lost in their charms each mean attachment ends,  
And Taste and Knowledge thus are Virtue's friends.

Thus nature deigns to sympathize with art,  
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;  
There, only there, that strong attraction lies,  
Which wakes the soul, and bids her graces rise;  
Lives in those powers of harmony that bind  
Congenial hearts, and stretch from mind to mind:  
Glow'd in that warmth, that social kindness gave,  
Which once—the rest is silence and the grave.

O tears, that warm from wounded friendship flow!  
O thoughts that wake to monuments of woe!  
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;  
Mem'ry, that speeds its passage to the heart;  
Sad monitors, your cruel power suspend,  
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:  
—In vain—confest I see my CRAWFURD stand,  
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand,  
E'en Death's dim shadow seeks to hide, in vain,  
That lib'ral aspect, and that smile humane;

E'en

E'en Death's dim shadow wears a languid light,  
And his eye beams through everlasting night.

Till the last sigh of Genius shall expire,  
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,  
'Till time, in league with Envy and with Death,  
Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful breath,  
My CRAFTURD still shall claim the mournful song,  
So long remember'd, and bewail'd so long.

## A N O D E

T O

T H E R I V E R E D E N \*. 1759.

**D**ELIGHTFUL EDEN! parent stream,  
 Yet shall the maids of Memory say,  
 (When, led by FANCY'S fairy dream,  
 My young steps trac'd thy winding way)  
 How oft along thy mazy shore,  
 That many a gloomy alder bore,  
 In pensive thought their Poet stray'd ;  
 Or, carelefs thrown thy bank beside,  
 Beheld thy dimply waters glide,  
 Bright through the trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,  
 Where once with infant-joy He play'd,  
 And bending o'er thy liquid plain,  
 The azure worlds below survey'd :  
 Led by the rosy-handed HOURS,  
 When Time tripp'd o'er that bank of flowers,  
 Which in thy chrystal bosom smil'd :  
 Though old the God, yet light and gay,  
 He flung his glafs, his scythe away,  
 And seem'd himself a child.

\* In the county of Westmoreland.

The poplar tall, that waving near  
 Would whisper to thy murmurs free;  
 Yet rustling seems to soothe mine ear,  
 And trembles when I sigh for thee.  
 Yet seated on thy shelving brim,  
 Can FANCY see the Naiads trim  
 Burnish their green locks in the sun;  
 Or at the last lone hour of day,  
 To chase the lightly glancing fay,  
 In airy circles run.

But, FANCY, can thy mimic power  
 Again those happy moments bring?  
 Can't thou restore that golden hour,  
 When young JOY wav'd his laughing wing?  
 When first in EDEN'S rosy vale,  
 My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,  
 The vow sincere, devoid of guile!  
 While DELIA in her panting breast,  
 With sighs, the tender thought suppress,  
 And look'd as Angels smile.

O Goddess of the crystal bow,  
 That dwell'st the golden meads among;  
 Whose streams still fair in memory flow,  
 Whose murmurs melodise my Song!  
 Oh! yet those gleams of joy display,  
 Which brightening glow'd in FANCY'S ray,

When,



When, near the lucid Urn reclin'd,  
The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,  
And left, in naked charms impress'd,  
Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of MEMORY fair  
No more in golden visions play;  
No friendship smoothes the brow of Care,  
No DELIA'S smile approves my lay.  
Yet, love and friendship lost to me,  
'Tis yet some joy to think of Thee,  
And in thy breast this moral find;  
That life, though stain'd with sorrow's showers,  
Shall flow serene, while VIRTUE pours  
Her sunshine on the mind.

## A U T U M N A L E L E G Y,

TO \*\*\*\*\* 1763.

**W**HILE yet my Poplar yields a doubtful shade,  
 It's last leaves trembling to the Zephyr's sigh  
 On this fair plain ere every verdure fade,  
 Or the last smiles of golden Autumn die;

Wilt thou, my \*\*\*\*\* , at this pensive hour,  
 O'er Nature's ruin hear thy Friend complain;  
 While his heart labours with th' inspiring power,  
 And from his pen spontaneous flows the strain?

Thy gentle breast shall melt with kindred sighs,  
 Yet haply grieving o'er a Parent's bier;  
 Poets are Nature's children; when she dies,  
 Affection mourns, and Duty drops a tear.

Why are ye silent, Brethren of the Grove,  
 Fond Philomel, thy many-chorded lyre  
 So sweetly tun'd to Tendernefs and Love,  
 Shall Love no more, or Tendernefs inspire?

O mix once more thy gentle lays with mine;  
 For well our passions, well our notes agree:  
 An absent love, sweet bird, may soften thine;  
 An absent love demands a tear from me.

Yet,

Yet, ere ye slumber, Songsters of the Sky,  
 Through the long night of Winter wild and drear :  
 O let us tune, ere Love and Fancy die,  
 One tender farewell to the fading year.

Farewell ye wild Hills, scatter'd o'er with spring!  
 Sweet solitude, where Flora smil'd unseen !  
 Farewell each breeze of balmy-burthen'd wing!  
 The Violet's blue bank, and the tall Wood green !

Ye tuneful Groves of *Belvidere*, adieu!  
 Kind Shades that whisper o'er my CRAUFURD'S  
 rest!

From Courts, from Senates and from Camps to you,  
 When Fancy leads him, no inglorious guest.

Dear Shades adieu! where late the moral Muse,  
 Led by the Dryad, *Silence*, oft reclin'd,  
 Taught *Meanness* to extend her little views,  
 And look on Nature to enlarge her mind.

Farewell the walk along the Woodland-vale!  
 Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn away!  
 Farewell the sweet breath of the early gale!  
 And the dear glories of the closing day!

The nameless charms of high, poetic thought,  
 That Spring's green hours to Fancy's children bore ;  
 The words divine, Imagination wrote  
 On Slumber's light leaf by the murmuring shore —

All, all adieu! From Autumn's sober power  
 Fly the dear dreams of Spring's delightful reign;  
 Gay Summer strips her rosy-mantled bower,  
 And rude winds waste the glories of her train,

Yet Autumn yields her joys of humbler kind;  
 Sad o'er her golden ruins as we stray,  
 Sweet melancholy foothes the musing mind,  
 And nature charms, delightful in decay.

All-bounteous power, whom happy worlds adore  
 With every scene some grateful change she brings—  
 In Winter's wild snows, Autumn's golden store.  
 In glowing Summers and in blooming Springs!

O most belov'd! the fairest and the best  
 Of all her works! may still thy lover find  
 Fair Nature's frankness in thy gentle breast;  
 Like her be various, but like her be kind.

Then, when the spring of smiling youth is o'er;  
 When Summer's glories yield to Autumn's sway;  
 When golden Autumn sinks in Winter hoar,  
 And life declining yields its last weak ray;

In thy lov'd arms my fainting age shall close,  
 On thee my fond eye bend its trembling light:  
 Remembrance sweet shall soothe my last repose,  
 And my soul blest thee in eternal night.

## T O T H E S A M E. 1763.

W H E N pale beneath the frowning shade of  
Death,

No soothing voice of Love, or Friendship nigh,  
While strong convulsions seiz'd the lab'ring breath,  
And Life suspended left each vacant eye;

Where, in that moment, fled th' immortal mind?

To what new region did the spirit stray?  
Found it some bosom hospitably kind,

Some breast that took the wanderer in its way?

To thee, my \*\*\*\*\* in that deathful hour,

To thy dear bosom it once more return'd;  
And wrapt in \*\*\*\*\*'s solitary bower,  
The ruins of it's former mansion mourn'd.

But, did'st thou, kind and gentle as thou art,

O'er thy pale lover shed the generous tear?  
From those sweet eyes did Pity's softness start,  
When Fancy laid him on the lowly bier?

Didst thou to Heaven address the forceful prayer,

Fold thy fair hands, and raise the mournful eye,  
Implore each power benevolent to spare,  
And call down pity from the golden sky?

O born at once to bless me and to save,  
 Exalt my life, and dignify my lay!  
 Thou too shalt triumph o'er the mouldering grave,  
 And on thy brow shall bloom the deathless bay.

Dear shades of genius! heirs of endless fame!  
 That in your laureate crowns the myrtle wove,  
 Snatch'd from oblivion Beauty's sacred name,  
 And grew immortal in the arms of Love!

O may we meet you in some happier clime,  
 Some safer vale beneath a genial sky;  
 Whence all the woes that load the wing of time,  
 Disease, and death, and fear, and frailty fly!

## T O T H E S A M E.

THE COMPLAINT OF HER RING-DOVE, 1769.

**F**AR from the smiles of blue hesperian skies,  
 Far from those vales, where flowery pleasures  
 dwell.

(Dear scenes of freedom lost to these sad eyes!)  
 How hard to languish in this lonely cell!

When genial gales relume the fires of love,  
 When laughing Spring leads round the jocund year;  
 Ah! view with pity, gentle maid, your dove,  
 From every heart-felt joy secluded here!

To me no more the laughing Spring looks gay;  
 Nor annual loves relume my languid breast;  
 Time slowly drags the long, delightful day,  
 Through one dull scene of solitary rest.

Ah! what avails that dreaming fancy roves  
 Through the wild beauties of her native reign!  
 Breathes in green fields, and feeds in freshening groves,  
 To wake to anguish in this hopeless chain?

Though fondly sooth'd with Pity's tenderest care,  
 Though still by \*\*\*\*\*'s gentle hand carest,  
 For the free forest, and the boundless air,  
 The rebel, Nature, murmurs in my breast.

Ah let not Nature, \*\*\*\*\* plead in vain!

For kindness fure should grace a form so fair:

Restore me to my native wilds again,

To the free forest, and the boundless air.



## T O T H E S A M E.

## S O N N E T

IN THE MANNER OF PETRARCH.

1765.

O N thy fair morn, O Hope-inspiring May!  
 The sweetest twins that ever Nature bore,  
 Where \*\*\*\*\* vale her field-flower-garland  
 wore,

Young *Love* and *Fancy* met the genial Day.  
 And, all a<sup>c</sup> on the thyme-green bank I lay,  
 A Nymph of gentlest mien their train before,  
 Came with a smile; and Swain, she cried, no  
 more

To pensive sorrow tune thy hopeless lay.

Friends of thy Heart, see Love and Fancy bring  
 Each joy that youth's enchanted bosom warms!

*Delight* that rifles all the fragrant spring!

Fair-handed *Hope*, that paints unfading charms!

And Dove-like *Faith*, that waves her silver  
 wing.—

These, Swain, are thine; for \*\*\*\*\*<sub>21</sub> meets thy arms,

## T O T H E S A M E.

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS. 1761.

**D**EAR object of my late and early prayer!  
 Source of my joy! and solace of my care!  
 Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,  
 As makes me wish, and tells me how to live.  
 To thee the Muse with grateful hand would bring  
 These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.  
 O may they, fearless of a varying sky,  
 Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye!  
 In fairer lights their vivid blue display,  
 And sweeter breathe their little lives away! ✕

## T O T H E S A M E.

ON THE MORAL REFLECTIONS CONTAINED IN  
HER ANSWER TO THE ABOVE VERSES. 1761.

SWEET moralist! whose moving truths impart  
At once delight and anguish to my heart!  
Though human joys their short-liv'd sweets exhale  
Like the wan beauties of the wafed vale;  
Yet trust the Muse, fair friendship's flower shall last,  
When life's short sunshine, like it's storms is past;  
Bloom in the fields of some ambrosial shore,  
Where Time, and Death, and Sicknefs are no more.

WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF MAPS.

1765.

**R**EALMS of this globe, that ever-circling run,  
 And rise alternate to embrace the sun ;  
 Shall I with envy at my lot repine,  
 Because I boast so small a portion mine ?  
 If e'er in thought of *Andalusia's* vines,  
*Golconda's* jewels, or *Potosi's* mines ;  
 In these, or those, if vanity forgot  
 The humbler blessings of my little lot ;  
 Then may the stream that murmurs near my door,  
 The waving grove that loves it's mazy shore,  
 Withhold each soothing pleasure that they gave,  
 No longer murmur, and no longer wave!

## THEODOSIUS TO CONSTANTIA.

1760.

**L**ET others seek the lying aids of art,  
 And bribe the passions to betray the heart;  
 Truth, sacred Truth, and Faith unskill'd to feign,  
 Fill my fond breast, and prompt my artless strain.

Say, did thy lover, in some happier hour,  
 Each ardent thought, in wild profusion pour;  
 With eager fondness on thy beauty gaze,  
 And talk with all the extasy of praise?  
 The heart sincere it's pleasing tumult prov'd;  
 All, all declar'd that THEODOSIUS lov'd.

Let raptur'd Fancy on that moment dwell,  
 When thy dear vows in trembling accents fell;  
 When Love acknowledg'd wak'd the tender sigh,  
 Swell'd thy full breast, and fill'd thy melting eye.

O! blest for ever be th' auspicious day,  
 Dance all it's hours in pleasure's golden ray!  
 Pale sorrow's gloom from every eye depart!  
 And laughing joy glide lightly through the heart!  
 Let village-maids their festive brows adorn,  
 And with fresh garlands meet the smiling morn;  
 Each happy Swain, by faithful Love repaid,  
 Pour his warm vows, and court his village maid.

Yet

Yet shall the scene to ravisht memory rise :  
Constantia present yet shall meet these eyes ;  
On her fair arm her beauteous head reclin'd,  
Her locks flung careless to the sportful wind.  
While Love, and Fear, contending in her face,  
Flush every rose, and heighten every grace.

O, never, while of Life and Hope possesst,  
May this dear Image quit my faithful breast !  
The painful hours of absence to beguile,  
May thus Constantia look, Constantia smile !

## E L E G Y. 1760.

**T**HE eye of Nature never rests from care;  
 She guards her children with a parent's love;  
 And not a mischief reigns in earth or air,  
 But Time destroys, or remedies remove.

In vain no ill shall haunt the walks of life,  
 No vice in vain the human heart deprave,  
 The pois'nous flower, the tempest's raging strife,  
 From greater pain, from greater ruin save.

LAVINIA, form'd with every powerful grace,  
 With all that lights the flame of young desire;  
 Pure ease of wit, and elegance of face,  
 A soul all Fancy, and an eye all fire.

LAVINIA!—Peace, my busy, fluttering breast!  
 Nor fear to languish in thy former pain:  
 At length she yields—she yields the needful rest;  
 And frees her lover from his galling chain.

The golden star, that leads the radiant morn,  
 Looks not so fair, fresh-rising from the main;  
 But her bent eye-brow bears forbidding scorn,—  
 But pride's fell furies every heart-string strain.

LAVINIA. thanks to thy ungentle mind;  
 I now behold thee with indifferent eyes;  
 And Reason dares, though Love as Death be blind,  
 Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

Beauty

Beauty may charm without one inward grace,  
 And fair proportions win the captive heart;  
 But let rank pride the pleasing form debase,  
 And love disgusted breaks his erring dart.

The youth that once the sculptur'd Nymph admir'd,  
 Had look'd with scornful laughter on her charms,  
 If the vain form, with recent life inspir'd,  
 Had turn'd disdainful from his offer'd arms.

Go, thoughtless maid! of transient beauty vain,  
 Feed the high thought, the towering hope extend;  
 Still may'st thou dream of splendor in thy train,  
 And smile superb, while love and flattery bend.

For me, sweet peace shall soothe my troubled mind,  
 And easy slumbers close my weary eyes;  
 Since Reason dares, though Love as Death be blind,  
 Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.



INSCRIPTION ON THE DOOR OF A  
STUDY.

**O** THOU that shalt presume to tread  
 This mansion of the mighty dead,  
 Come with the free, untainted mind;  
 The nurse, the pedant leave behind;  
 And all that superstition, fraught  
 With folly's lore, thy youth has taught—  
 Each thought that reason can't retain,—  
 Leave it, and learn to think again.  
 Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,  
 And range these various Volumes o'er,  
 Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,  
 Remembering Authors are but men.  
 Has fair PHILOSOPHY thy love?  
 Away! she lives in yonder grove.  
 If the sweet Muse thy pleasure gives;  
 With her, in yonder grove she lives:  
 And if Religion claims thy care;  
 Religion, fled from books, is there.  
 For first from Nature's works we drew  
 Our Knowledge, *and our Virtue too.*

## TO LORD GRANBY.

**I**N spite of all the rusty fools  
 That clean old nonsense in the schools ;  
 Nature, a mistress, never coy,  
 Has wrote on all her works—ENJOY.  
 Shall we, then, starve, like GIDEON's wife,  
 And die to save a makeweight's life ?  
 No, friend of NATURE, you disdain,  
 So fair a hand shou'd work in vain.

But, good my Lord, make her your guide,  
 And err not on the other side :  
 Like her, in all you deign to do,  
 Be liberal, but be sparing too.

When fly SIR TOBY, night by night,  
 With his dear bags regales his sight ;  
 And conscience, reason, pity sleep,  
 Though virtue pine, though merit weep ;  
 I see the keen reproaches fly  
 Indignant from your honest eye ;  
 Each bounteous wish glows unconfin'd,  
 And your breast labours to be kind.

At this warm hour, my Lord, beware  
 The servile Flatterer's specious snare,  
 The fawning Sycophant, whose art  
 Marks the kind motions of the heart ;

Each

Each idle, each insidious knave,  
That acts the graceful, wise, or brave.

With festive beard, and social eye,  
You've seen old HOSPITALITY;  
Mounted astride the moss-grown wall,  
The genius of the ancient hall.  
So reverend, with such courtly glee,  
He serv'd your noble ancestry;  
And turn'd the hinge of many a gate,  
For Ruffel, Rous, Plantagenet.  
No lying porter levied there  
His dues on all imported ware;  
There, rang'd in rows, no liveried train  
E'er begg'd their master's beef again;  
No flatterer's planetary face  
Plied for a bottle, or a place,  
Toad-eating France, and fiddling Rome  
Kept their lean rascals starv'd at home.

“Thrice happy days!”

In this, 'tis true,  
Old times were better than the new;  
Yet some egregious faults you'll see  
In ancient HOSPITALITY.  
See motley crowds, his roof beneath,  
Put poor *Society* to Death!  
Priests, knights and 'squires debating wild,  
On themes unworthy of a child;  
'Till the strange compliment commences,  
To praise their host, and lose their senses.

Go then, my lord! keep open hall;  
 Proclaim your table free for all;  
 Go, sacrifice your time, your wealth,  
 Your patience, liberty and health,  
 To such a thought-renouncing crew,  
 Such foes to care—ev'n care for you.

“ Heav'ns! and are these the plagues that wait  
 “ Around the hospitable gate—  
 “ Let ten-fold iron bolt my door,  
 “ And the gaunt mastiff growl before;  
 “ There, not one human creature nigh,  
 “ Save, dear SIR TOBY, you and I,  
 “ In Cynic silence let us dwell;  
 “ Ye plagues of social life farewell!”

Displeases this? The modern way,  
 Perhaps, may please—a public day.  
 “ A public day! detested name!  
 “ The farce of friendship and the shame.  
 “ Did ever social freedom come  
 “ Within the pale of drawing-room?  
 “ See pictur'd round the formal crowd!  
 “ How nice, how just each attitude!  
 “ My Lord approaches—what surprize!  
 “ The pictures speak, the pictures rise!  
 “ Thrice ten times told the same salute,  
 “ Once more the mimic forms are mute.  
 “ Mean while the envious rows between,  
 “ Distrust and Scandal walk unseen;

“ Their

“ Their poisons silently infuse,  
 “ ’Till these suspect, and those abuse.

“ Far, far from these, in some lone shade,  
 “ Let me, in easy silence laid,  
 “ Where never fools, or slaves intrude,  
 “ Enjoy the sweets of solitude!”

What! quit the commerce of mankind!  
 Leave virtue, fame, and worth behind!  
 Who fly to solitary rest,  
 Are Reason’s savages at best.

Though human life’s extensive field  
 Wild weeds, and vexing brambles yield;  
 Behold her smiling vallies bear  
 Mellifluous fruits, and flowrets fair!  
 The crowds of folly you despise—  
 Associate with the good and wise;  
 For virtue, rightly understood,  
 Is it to be *wife*, and to be *good*.

M O N O D Y. 1759,

**A**H scenes belov'd! ah conscious shades,  
 That wave these parent-vales along!  
 Ye bowers where Fancy met the tuneful maids,  
 Ye mountains vocal with my Doric song,  
     Teach your wild echoes to complain  
 In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain,

For her I mourn,  
 Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—  
     For her bewail these strains of woe,  
     For her these filial sorrows flow;  
 Source of my life, that led my tender years,  
     With all a parent's pious fears,  
 That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind  
     to grow.

Careful, she mark'd each dangerous way,  
 Where youth's unwary footsteps stray:  
 She taught the struggling passions to subside;  
     Where sacred truth, and reason guide,  
 In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.

Lamented goodness! yet I see  
 The fond affections melting in her eye:  
 She bends it's tearful orb on me,  
     And heave the tender sigh;

As thoughtful, she the toils surveys,  
That crowd in life's perplexing maze,  
And for her children feels again  
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.

O best of parents! let me pour  
My sorrows o'er thy silent bed:  
There early strew the vernal flower,  
The parting tear at evening shed—  
Alas! are these the only weed  
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,  
These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead?

Then, fairy-feated Hope, forbear—  
No more thy fond illusions spread:  
Thy shadowy scenes dissolv'd in air,  
Thy visionary prospects fled;  
With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine,  
Love, gratitude, and duty mingled tears,  
Condemn'd each filial office to resign,  
Nor hopeful more to soothe her long-declining years.

## T O M R S. ———

IN TEARS, FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

1762.

**S**O feeble Nature weeps o'er friendship's grave,  
 And mourns the rigour of that law she gave:  
 Yet, why not weep? When in that grave expire  
 All PEMBROKE'S elegance, all WALDEGRAVE'S fire,  
 No more those eyes in soft effulgence move,  
 No more that bosom feels the spark of love.  
 O'er those pale cheeks the drooping graces mourn,  
 And *Fancy* tears her wild wreath o'er that urn.  
 There *Hope* at Heaven once cast a doubtful eye,  
*Content* repin'd, and *Patience* stole a sigh.  
 Fair Friendship griev'd o'er ———'s sacred bier,  
 And *Virtue* wept, for \*\*\*\* dropt a tear.



## TO MRS. GILLMAN.

**W**ITH sense enough for half your sex beside,  
 With just no more than necessary pride;  
 With Knowledge caught from Nature's living page,  
 Politely learn'd, and elegantly sage—  
 Alas! how piteous, that in such a mind  
 So many foibles free reception find!  
 Can such a mind, ye Gods! admit *disdain*?  
 Be *partial, envious, covetous, and vain*?  
 Unwelcome Truth! to love, to blindness clear!  
 Yet, GILLMAN, hear it;—while you blush to hear,

That in your gentle breast *Disdain* can dwell,  
 Let knavery, meanness, pride that feel it, tell!  
 With *partial* eye a friend's defects you see,  
 And look with kindness on my faults and me.  
 And does no *Envy* that fair mind o'er-shade?  
 Does no short *sigh for greater wealth* invade;  
 When silent merit wants the fostering meed,  
 And the warm wish suggests the virtuous deed?  
 Fairly the charge of *Vanity* you prove,  
 Vain of each Virtue of the friends you love.

What charms, what arts of Magic have conspir'd  
 Of power to make so many faults admir'd?

## FRAGMENT OF A POEM,

WRITTEN AT CLARE-HALL ON THE KING'S AC-  
CESSION. 1760.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

WHILE every gale the voice of triumph brings,  
And smiling Victory waves her purple wings;  
While earth and ocean yield their subject powers,  
*Neptune* his waves and *Cybele* her towers;  
Yet will you deign the Muse's voice to hear,  
And let her welcome greet a Monarch's ear?  
Yes; midst the toils of glory ill-repaid,  
Oft has the Monarch sought her soothing aid.  
See *Frederic* court her in the rage of war,  
Though rapid vengeance urge his hostile car:  
With her repos'd in philosophic rest,  
The Sage's sunshine smooths the warrior's breast.

Whate'er *Arcadian* fancy feign'd of old  
Of *Halcyon* days, and minutes plum'd with gold;  
Whate'er adorn'd the wisest, gentlest reign,  
From you she hopes—let not her hopes be vain!  
Rise ancient fons! advance *Pierian* days!  
Flow *Attic* streams! and spring *Aonian* bays!

Cam,

*Cam,* down thy wave in brisker mazes glide,  
And see new honours crown thy hoary side!  
Thy offers old see myrtle groves succeed!  
And the green laurel meet the waving reed!

\* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \*

## CÆSAR'S DREAM.

BEFORE HIS INVASION OF BRITAIN.

1758.

WHEN rough Helvetia's hardy sons obey,  
 And vanquish'd Belgia bows to Cæsar's sway;  
 When, scarce-beheld, embattled nations fall,  
 The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithless Gaul:  
 Tir'd Freedom leads her savage sons no more,  
 But flies, subdued, to Albion's utmost shore.

'Twas then, while stillness grasp'd the sleeping air,  
 And dewy slumbers seal'd the eye of care;  
 Divine AMBITION to her votary came:  
 Her left hand waving, bore the trump of fame;  
 Her right a regal sceptre seem'd to hold,  
 With gems far-blazing from the burnish'd gold.  
 And thus, "My Son," the Queen of Glory said;  
 "Immortal Cæsar, raise thy languid head.  
 "Shall Night's dull chains the man of counsels bind?  
 "Or MORPHEUS rule the monarch of mankind?  
 "See worlds unvanquish'd yet await thy sword!  
 "Barbaric lands, that scorn a Latian lord!  
 "See yon proud isle, whose mountains meet the sky,  
 "Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy!  
 "What, though by Nature's firmest bars secur'd,  
 "By seas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,  
 "Shall Cæsar shrink the greatest toils to brave,  
 "Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave?"

She

She spoke—her words the warrior's breast inflame  
 With rage indignant, and with conscious shame;  
 Already beat, the swelling floods give way,  
 And the fell Genii of the rocks obey.  
 Already shouts of triumph rend the skies,  
 And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.

Quick round their chief his active legions stand,  
 Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand:  
 The Hero rose, majestically flow,  
 And look'd attention to the crowds below.

‘ ROMANS and Friends! is there who seeks for rest,  
 ‘ By labours vanquish'd, and with wounds oppress'd?  
 ‘ That respite CÆSAR shall with pleasure yield,  
 ‘ Due to the toils of many a well-fought field.  
 ‘ Is there, who shrinks at thought of dangers past,  
 ‘ The ragged mountain, or the pathless waste—  
 ‘ While savage hosts, or savage floods oppose,  
 ‘ Or shivering fancy pines in Alpine snows?  
 ‘ Let him retire to Latium's peaceful shore;  
 ‘ He once has toil'd, and CÆSAR asks no more.  
 ‘ Is there a ROMAN, whose unshaken breast  
 ‘ No pains have conquer'd, and no fears depress'd?  
 ‘ Who, doom'd through Death's dread ministers to go,  
 ‘ Dares to chastise the insults of a foe;  
 ‘ Let him, his Country's glory and her stay,  
 ‘ With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.  
 ‘ A form divine, in heavenly splendor bright,  
 ‘ Whose look threw radiance round the pall of night,

With

- " With calm severity approach'd and said,  
 " Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head.  
 " What! shall a *Roman* sink in soft repose.  
 " And tamely see the *Britons* aid his foes?  
 " See them secure the rebel *Gaul* supply;  
 " Spurn his vain eagles and his power defy?  
 " Go! burst their barriers, obstinately brave;  
 " Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening wave."

Here paus'd the Chief, but waited no reply.  
 The voice assenting spoke from every eye;  
 Nor, as the kindness that reproach'd with fear,  
 Were dangers dreadful, or were toils severe.

## I N S C R I P T I O N

I N A

## T E M P L E O F S O C I E T Y.

SACRED rise these walls to thee,  
 Blithe-eyed nymph, Society!  
 In whose dwelling, free and fair,  
*Converse* smoothes the brow of care.  
 Who, when waggish wit betray'd  
 To his arms a sylvan maid,  
 All beneath a myrtle tree,  
 In some vale of Arcady,  
 Sprung, I ween, from such embrace,  
 The lovely contrast in her face.

Perchance, the muses as they stray'd,  
 Seeking other spring, or shade,  
 On the sweet child cast an eye  
 In some vale of Arcady;  
 And blithest of the sisters three,  
 Gave her to Euphrosyne.

The Grace, delighted, taught her care  
 The cordial smile the placid air;  
 How to chafe, and how restrain  
 All the fleet, ideal train;

How with apt words well combin'd,  
To dress each image of the mind——  
Taught her how they disagree,  
Aukward fear and modesty,  
And freedom and rusticity. }  
True politeness how to know  
From the superficial shew ;  
From the Coxcomb's shallow grace,  
And the many-modell'd face :  
That Nature's unaffected ease  
More than studied forms would please——  
When to check the sportive vein ;  
When to fancy yield the rein,  
On the subject when to be  
Grave or gay, reserv'd or free :  
The speaking air, th' impassion'd eye,  
The living soul of symmetry ;  
And that soft sympathy which binds  
In magic chains congenial minds.



## I N S C R I P T I O N

I N A

S E Q U E S T E R E D G R O T T O. 1763.

SWEET peace, that lov'st the silent hour,  
 The still retreat of leisure free;  
 Associate of each gentle power,  
 And eldest born of harmony!

O, if thou own'st this mossy cell,  
 If thine this mansion of repose;  
 Permit me, nymph, with thee to dwell,  
 With thee my wakeful eye to close.

And though those glittering scenes should fade,  
 That Pleasure's rosy train prepares;—  
 What vot'ry have they not betray'd?  
 What are they more than splendid cares?

But smiling days, exempt from care,  
 But nights, when sleep, and silence reign;  
 Serenity, with aspect fair,  
 And love and joy are in thy train.

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION IN THE SAME  
GROTTO. 1756.

O Fairest of the village-born,  
 CONTENT, inspire my carelefs lay!  
 Let no vain wish, no thought forlorn  
 Throw darkness o'er the smiling day.  
 Forget't thou, when we wander'd o'er  
 The sylvan *Belean's* \* sedgy shore,  
 Or rang'd the woodland wilds along;  
 How oft on *Herclay's* † mountains high  
 We've met the morning's purple eye,  
 Delay'd by many a song?  
 From thee, from those by fortune led;  
 To all the farce of life confin'd;  
 At once each native pleasure fled,  
 For thou, sweet nymph, wast left behind.  
 Yet could I once, once more survey  
 Thy comely form in mantle grey,  
 Thy polish'd brow, thy peaceful eye;  
 Where e'er, forsaken fair, you dwell,  
 Though in this dim sequester'd cell,  
 With thee I'd live and die.

\* A small river in Westmorland.

† A romantic village in the abovementioned county, formerly the seat of the *Herclays*, earls of Carlisle.

LEFT WITH THE MINISTER OF  
RIPONDEN,

A ROMANTIC VILLAGE IN YORKSHIRE. 1758.

**T**HREE happy you, whoe'er you are,  
From Life's low cares secluded far,  
In this sequester'd vale—!  
Ye rocks on precipices pil'd!  
Ye ragged defarts, waste and wild!  
Delightful horrors hail!

What joy within these sunless groves,  
Where lonely *Contemplation* roves,  
To rest in fearless ease!  
Save weeping rills, to see no tear,  
Save dying gales, no sigh to hear,  
No murmur, but the breeze.

Say, would you change that peaceful cell  
Where *Sanctity* and *Silence* dwell,  
For splendor's dazzling blaze?  
For all those gilded toys that glare  
Round high-born power's imperial chair,  
Inviting fools to gaze?

Ah friend! Ambition's prospects close,  
And, studious of your own repose,  
Be thankful here to live;  
For, trust me, one protecting shed  
And nightly peace, and daily bread  
Is all that life can give.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AMONGST THE RUINS OF

## PONTFRACT CASTLE. 1756.

**R**IGHT fung the bard, that all-involving age,  
 With hand impartial deals the ruthless blow ;  
 That war, wide-wasting, with impetuous rage,  
 Lays the tall spire, and sky-crown'd turret low.

A pile stupendous, once of fair renown,  
 This mould'ring mass of shapeless ruin rose,  
 Where nodding heights of fractur'd columns frown,  
 And birds obscene in ivy-bow'rs repose ;

Oft the pale matron from the threatening wall,  
 Suspicious, bids her heedless children fly ;  
 Oft, as he views the meditated fall,  
 Full swiftly steps the frightened peasant by.

But more respectful views th' historic sage,  
 Musing, these awful relics of decay,  
 That once a refuge form'd from hostile rage,  
 In HENRY'S and in EDWARD'S dubious day.

He pensive oft reviews the mighty dead,  
 That erst have trod this desolated ground ;  
 Reflects how here unhappy SALISBURY bled,  
 When faction aim'd the death-dispensing wound.

Rest,

Rest, gentle RIVERS! and ill-fated GRAY!

A flow'r or tear oft strews your humble grave,  
Whom Envy slew, to pave Ambition's way,  
And whom a Monarch wept in vain to save.

Ah! what avail'd th' alliance of a throne?

The pomp of titles what, or pow'r rever'd?  
Happier! to these the humble life unknown,  
With virtue honour'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the sons of bleeding Britain thought,  
When hapless here inglorious RICHARD lay,  
Yet many a prince, whose blood full dearly bought  
The shameful triumph of the long-fought day:

Yet many a hero, whose defeated hand  
In death resign'd the well-contested field,  
Had in his offspring fav'd a sinking land,  
The Tyrant's terror, and the Nation's shield.

Ill could the Muse indignant grief forbear,  
Should Mem'ry trace her bleeding Country's woes;  
Ill could she count, without a bursting tear,  
Th' inglorious triumphs of the vary'd Rose!

While YORK, with conquest and revenge elate,  
Insulting, triumphs on St. Alban's plain,  
Who views, nor pities HENRY's hapless fate,  
Himself a captive, and his leaders slain?

Ah Prince! unequal to the toils of war,  
 To stem ambition, Faction's rage to quell;  
 Happier! from these had Fortune plac'd thee far,  
 In some lone convent, or some peaceful cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious queen  
 Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day?  
 That vanquish'd YORK, on Wakefield's purple green,  
 Prostrate amidst the common slaughter lay :

In vain fair Vict'ry beam'd the gladd'ning eye,  
 And, waving oft her golden pinions, smil'd;  
 Full soon the flatt'ring goddess meant to fly,  
 Full rightly deem'd unsteady Fortune's child.

Let Towton's field——but cease the dismal tale :  
 For much it's horrors would the muse appall,  
 In softer strains suffice it to bewail  
 The Patriot's exile, or the Heroe's fall.

Thus silver Wharf \*, whose crystal-sparkling urn  
 Reflects the brilliance of his blooming shore,  
 Still, melancholy-mazing, seems to mourn,  
 But rolls, confus'd, a crimson wave no more.

\* A river near the scene of battle, in which were slain 35,000 men.

## F R A G M E N T. 1762.

**T**WAS on Time's birth-day, when the voice di-  
vine

Wak'd sleeping Nature, while her infant eye,  
Yet trembling, struggled with created light;  
The heaven-born Muse, sprung from the source sublime  
Of HARMONY IMMORTAL, first receiv'd  
Her sacred mandate. "Go, seraphic maid,  
" Companion still to Nature! from her works  
" Derive thy lay melodious, great, like those,  
" And elegantly simple. In thy train,  
" Glory, and deathless fame and fair renown  
" Attendant ever, each immortal name,  
" By thee deem'd sacred, to yon starry vault  
" Shall bear, and stamp in characters of gold.  
" Be thine the care, alone where truth directs  
" The firm heart, where the love of human kind  
" Inflames the patriot spirit, there to soothe  
" The toils of virtue with melodious praise:  
" For those, that smiling seraph bids thee wake  
" His golden lyre; for those, the young-ey'd sun  
" Gilds this fair-formed world; and genial spring  
" Throws many a green wreath, liberal, from his  
bosom."

So spake the voice divine; the raptur'd Muse  
In strains like these, but nobler, fram'd her lay.

Spirits of ancient time, to high renown  
 By martial glory rais'd, and deeds august,  
 Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom! Patriot hearts,  
 That, fearless of a tyrant's threatening arm,  
 Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,  
 Where history triumphs in your holy names,  
 O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,  
 Why streams my eye with pleasure \*? 'Tis the joy  
 The soft delight that through the full breast flows,  
 From sweet remembrance of departed virtue!

O Britain, parent of illustrious names,  
 While o'er thy annals Memory shoots her eye,  
 How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering love,  
 And emulous esteem! Hail, SYDNEY hail!  
 Whether Arcadian blythe, by fountain clear,  
 Piping thy love-lays wild, or Spartan bold,  
 In freedom's van distinguish'd, SYDNEY, hail!  
 Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unseen  
 Fall flowers; oft in thy vale of Penshurst fair  
 The shepherd wandering from his nightly fold,  
 Listeneth strange music, by the tiny breath  
 Of fairy minstrels warbled.

On RALEIGH's grave, O strew the fairest flowers,  
 That on the bosom of the green vale blow!  
 There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village-maids!

\* Exultat Animus Maximorum Virorum Memoriam percurrens,  
 VAL. MAX.



Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme  
bring  
To RALEIGH's honour'd grave! There bloom the bay,  
The virgin rose, that, blushing to be seen,  
Folds its fair leaves; for modest worth was his:  
A mind where truth, philosophy's first born,  
Held her harmonious reign: a Briton's breast,  
That, careful still of freedom's holy pledge,  
Disdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,  
Disdain'd and died! Where was thy spirit then,  
Queen of sea-crowning isles, when RALEIGH bled?  
How well he serv'd thee, let *Iberia* tell!  
Ask prostrate *Cales*, yet trembling at his name,  
How well he serv'd thee; when her vanquish'd hand  
Held forth the base bribe, how he spurn'd it from him,  
And cried, I FIGHT FOR BRITAIN! History rise,  
And blast the reigns that redden with the blood  
Of those that gave them glory!

## T R A N S L A T I O N S.

T H E

## D E A T H O F A D O N I S.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION\*. 1759.

A DONIS dead, the muse of woe shall mourn;  
 A DONIS dead, the weeping loves return.

The queen of beauty o'er his tomb shall shed  
 Her flowing sorrows for A DONIS dead;  
 For Earth's cold lap her velvet couch forego,  
 And robes of purple for the weeds of woe.

A DONIS dead, the muse of woe shall mourn:

A DONIS dead, the weeping loves return.

Stretch'd

\* Bion, the pastoral poet, lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. By the epithet *Σμυρναίος*, every where applied to him, it is probable that he was born at Smyrna. Moschus confirms this, when he says to the river Meles, which had before wept for Homer,

————— *Νυν παλιν αλλεν*

\* *Υια δακρυεις* —————

It is evident however that he spent much of his time in Sicily. Moschus, as he tells us, was his scholar; and by him we are inform'd, that his master was not a poor poet. "Thou hast left to others thy riches, says he, but to me thy poetry." It appears from the same author, that he died by poison. The best edition of his works, is that of Paris, by M. de Longue-Pierre, with a French translation.

A DONIS *dead*, &c.] A DONIS, the favourite of Venus, was the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus. His chief employment was hunting, though he is represented by Virgil as a shepherd.

*Oves ad Flumina pavit Adonis.*

Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies,  
 Weep, Queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.  
 Ah! yet behold life's last drops faintly flow,  
 In streams of purple, o'er those limbs of snow!  
 From the pale cheek the perish'd roses fly;  
 And death dims slow the ghastly gazing eye.  
 Kifs, kifs those fading lips, ere chill'd in death;  
 With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.  
 'Tis vain—ah! give the soothing fondness o'er!  
 ADONIS feels the warm salute no more.

ADONIS dead, the muse of woe shall mourn.

ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.

His faithful dogs bewail their master slain,

And mourning Dryads pour the plaintive strain.

Not

He was killed by a wild bear, if we may believe Propertius, in Cyprus.

— *Percussit Adonim*

*Venantem Idalio vertice durus Aper.*

The anniversary of his death was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. Aristophanes, in his Comedy of Peace, reckons the feast of Adonis among the chief festivals of the Athenians. The Syrians observed it with all the violence of grief, and the greatest cruelty of self-castigation. It was celebrated at Alexandria in St. Cyril's time; and when Julian, the Apostate, made his entry at Antioch, in the year 362, they were celebrating the feast of Adonis.

The ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Athenæus says, that he was the favourite of Bacchus; Plutarch maintains, that he and Bacchus are the same, and that the Jews abstain'd from swine's flesh because Adonis was killed by a boar. Ausonius, Epig. 30. affirms that Bacchus, Osiris, and Adonis are one and the same.

*His faithful dogs, &c.—The queen of beauty, &c.]* The lines in the original run thus:

Not the fair youth alone the wound oppress,  
 The queen of beauty bears it in her breast.  
 Her feet unsandal'd, floating wild her hair,  
 Her aspect woeful, and her bosom bare,  
 Distrest, she wanders the wild wastes forlorn,  
 Her sacred limbs by ruthless brambles torn,  
 Loud as she grieves, surrounding rocks complain,  
 And echo thro' the long vales calls her absent swain.

ADONIS hears not : Life's last drops fall slow,  
 In streams of purple, down his limbs of snow.  
 The weeping Cupids round their queen deplore,  
 And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.  
 Each rival grace, that glow'd with conscious pride,  
 Each charm of Venus with ADONIS dy'd.

ADONIS dead, the vocal hills bemoan,  
 And hollow groves return the saddening groan.

Αγριον αγριον ἔλκεῖ ἔχει κατὰ μῆριν Ἀδωνίς,  
 Μείζον δ' ἂ Κυθερεία φερέει ποτικαρδίον ἔλκεῖ.  
 Κεῖνον μὲν περὶ πᾶσι φίλοι κύνες ὤρισαντο,  
 Καὶ Νυμφαὶ κλαίουσιν οὐρανίδες.

The two first of these lines contain a kind of witticism, which it was better to avoid. — This author had, however, too much true genius to be fond of these little affected turns of expression, which Musæus and others have been industrious to strike out.

These four verses are transposed in the translation for the sake of the connection.

*Distrest she wanders, &c.*] This image of the sorrow of Venus is very affecting, and is introduced in this place with great beauty and propriety. Indeed, most modern poets seem to have observed it, and have profited by it in their scenes of elegiac woe.

The swelling floods with sea-born Venus weep,  
 And roll in mournful murmurs to the deep :  
 In melting tears the mountain-springs comply ;  
 The flow'rs, low-drooping, blush with grief, and die.  
 Cythera's groves with strains of sorrow ring ;  
 The dirge funereal her sad cities sing.  
 Hark! pitying echoes Venus' sighs return ;  
 When Venus sighs, can aught forbear to mourn ?

But when she saw her fainting lover lie,  
 The wide wound gaping on the withering thigh ;  
 But streaming when she saw Life's purple tide,  
 Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice she  
 cry'd :

*The swelling floods, &c.*] When the poet makes the rivers mourn for Venus, he very properly calls her *Αφροδίτα* ; but this propriety perhaps was merely accidental, as he has given her the same appellation when she wanders the desert.

*The flow'rs, low-drooping, blush, &c.*]

Αφροδίτα δ' ἐξ ὀδυίας ἐρυθραίνεται. ———

Palenesis being the known effect of grief, we do not at first sight accept this expression ; but when we consider that the first emotions of it are attended with blushes, we are pleased with the observation.

*Cythera's groves, &c.*]

ἃ δὲ Κυθήρη

παντασ' ἀνα κίημασ' καὶ ἀνα πῖλον δικίρον ἀείδεις.

This passage the scholiasts have entirely misunderstood. They make *Κυθήρη* Venus, for which they have neither any authority, the Doric name she borrows from that island being always *Κυθερεία*, nor the least probability from the connection.

This proves that the island Cythera was the place where Adonis perish'd, notwithstanding the opinion of Propertius and others to the contrary.

Yet stay, lov'd youth! a moment ere we part,  
 O let me kiss thee! — hold thee to my heart!  
 A little moment, dear ADONIS! stay!  
 And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.  
 Let those dear lips by mine once more be prest,  
 'Till thy last breath expire into my breast;  
 'Then, when life's ebbing pulse scarce scarce can move,  
 I'll catch thy soul, and drink thy dying love.  
 That last-left pledge shall sooth my tortur'd breast,  
 When thou art gone ——— —  
 When, far from me, thy gentle ghost explores  
 Infernal Pluto's grimly-glooming shores.

Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,  
 In life imprison'd whom the fates confine.  
 He comes! receive him to thine Iron-arms;  
 Blest queen of death! receive the prince of charms:  
 For happier thou, to whose wide realms repair  
 Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.  
 The smiles of joy, the golden hours are fled:  
 Grief, only grief, survives ADONIS dead.

The loves around in idle sorrow stand,  
 And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand.  
 Hence the vain zone! the myrtle's flow'ry pride!  
 Delight and beauty with ADONIS died.

Why didst thou, vent'rous, the wild chace explore,  
 From his dark lair to rouse the tusky boar?  
 Far other sport might those fair limbs essay,  
 Than the rude combat, or the savage fray.

Thus

Thus Venus griev'd—the Cupids round deplore ;  
 And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.  
 Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,  
 Mix with the purple streams, and flood the plain.  
 Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall flow,  
 The purple streams in blushing roses glow ;  
 And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,  
 Their azure heads anemonies shall rear.

But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,  
 Nor mourn unpitied to the mountain-air,  
 The last sad office let thy hand supply,  
 Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye.  
 That form repos'd beneath the bridal vest,  
 May cheat thy sorrows with the feint of rest.  
 For lovely smile those lips, though void of breath.  
 And fair those features in the shade of death.  
 Haste, fill with flow'rs, with rosy wreaths his bed ;  
 Perish the flow'rs! the Prince of beauty's dead.  
 Round the pale corse each breathing essence strew,  
 Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew ;  
 Perish the balms, unable to restore  
 Those vital sweets of love that charm no more!

'Tis done——Behold, with purple robes array'd,  
 In mournful state the clay-cold limbs are laid.  
 The Loves lament with all the rage of woe,  
 Stamp on the dart, and break the uselefs bow.  
 Officious these the wat'ry urn supply,  
 Unbind the buskin'd leg, and wash the bleeding thigh.

O'er

O'er the pale body those their light wings wave,  
As yet, though vain, solicitous to save.

All, wild with grief, their hapless Queen deplore,  
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.  
Dejected Hymen droops his head forlorn,  
His torch extinct, and flow'ry tresses torn :  
For nuptial airs, and songs of joy, remain  
The sad, slow dirge, the sorrow-breathing strain,  
Who wou'd not, when ADONIS dies, deplore ?  
Who wou'd not weep when Hymen smiles no more ?  
The graces mourn the prince of beauty slain,  
Loud as Dione on her native main :  
The fates relenting join the general woe,  
And call the lover from the realms below.  
Vain hopeless grief ! can living sounds pervade  
The dark, dead regions of eternal shade ?  
Spare, Venus, spare that too luxuriant tear  
For the long sorrows of the mournful year.

*For the long, &c.]* Numa seems to have borrow'd the custom he instituted of mourning a year for the deceased from the Greeks. For though it is said only ten months were set apart, yet ten months were the year of Romulus till regulated by his successor.



THE HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE  
AND MODERATE DESIRES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. GRESSET. 1760.

**O** GODDESS of the golden mean,  
Whom still misjudging folly flies,  
Seduc'd by each delusive scene ;  
Thy only subjects are the wise.  
These seek thy paths with nobler aim,  
And trace them to the gates of Fame.

See foster'd in thy fav'ring shade,  
Each tender bard of verse divine !  
Who, lur'd by fortune's vain parade,  
Had never form'd the tuneful line ;  
By fortune lur'd or want confin'd,  
Whose cold hand chills the genial mind.

In vain you flight the flowery crown,  
That Fame wreathes round the favour'd head !  
Whilst laurell'd victory and renown  
Their heroes from thy shades have led ;  
There form'd, from courtly softness free,  
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By

By thee were form'd, from cities far,  
 FABRICIUS just, CAMILLUS wife,  
 Those philosophic fons of war,  
 That from imperial dignities  
 Returning, plough'd their native plain,  
 And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whose calm breast  
 The smiles of peaceful wisdom play,  
 With all thy sober charms possess'd,  
 Whose wishes never learnt to stray.  
 Whom truth, of pleasures pure but grave,  
 And pensive thoughts from folly save.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted strife,  
 From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,  
 He envies not the pomp of life,  
 A length of rent-roll, or of name:  
 For safe he views the vale-grown elm,  
 While thunder-founding storms the mountain pine  
 o'erwhelm.

Of censure's frown he feels no dread,  
 No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,  
 Whose thought, to nobler objects led,  
 Far, far o'er their horizon flies:  
 With reason's suffrage at his side,  
 Whose firm heart rests self-satisfied,

And while alternate conquest sways  
 The northern, or the southern shore,  
 He smiles at Fortune's giddy maze,  
 And calmly hears the wild storm roar.  
 Ev'n Nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,  
 And bursting worlds he'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful hearts you love,  
 O FRIENDSHIP fair, immortal maid ;  
 The few *caprice* could never move,  
 The few whom *interest* never sway'd ;  
 Nor shed unseen, with hate refin'd,  
 The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft sleep, that lov'ft the peaceful cell,  
 On these descends thy balmy power ;  
 While no terrific dreams dispell  
 The slumbers of the sober hour ;  
 Which oft, array'd in darkness drear,  
 Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

Content with all a farm would yield,  
 Thus SIDON's monarch liv'd unknown,  
 And sigh'd to leave his little field,  
 For the long glories of a throne——  
 There once more happy and more free,  
 Than rank'd with DIDO's ancestry.

With these pacific virtues blest,  
 These charms of philosophic ease,  
 Wrapt in your RICHMOND's tranquil rest,  
 You pass, dear C——, your useful days.

Where

Where THAMES your silent vallies laves  
Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public scenes engage  
Your time that thus consistent flows,  
And following still these maxims sage  
For ever brings the same repose ;  
Your worth may greater fame procure,  
But hope not happiness so pure.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM PETRARCH.

## SONNET CLXXIX.

1765.

**T**HOUGH nobly born, to humble life resign'd ;  
 The purest heart, the most enlighten'd mind ;  
 A vernal flower that bears the fruits of age !  
 A chearful spirit, with an aspect sage,—  
 The power that rules the planetary train  
 To her has given, nor shall his gifts be vain.  
 But on her worth, her various praise to dwell,  
 The truth, the merits of her life to tell,  
 The muse herself would own the task too hard,  
 Too great the labour for the happiest bard.  
 Drefs that derives from native beauty grace,  
 And love that holds with honesty his place ;  
 Action that speaks—and eyes whose piercing ray  
 Might kindle darknefs, or obscure the day !

\* \* \* \* \*

## S O N N E T CCLXXIX.

1765.

**F**ALL'N the fair column, blasted is the bay,  
 That shaded once my solitary shore!  
 I've lost what hope can never give me more,  
 Though fought from Indus to the closing day.  
 My twofold treasure death has snatch'd away,  
 My pride, my pleasure left me to deplore;  
 What fields far-cultur'd, nor imperial sway,  
 Nor orient gold, nor jewels can restore.  
 O destiny severe of human kind!  
 What portion have we unbedew'd with tears?  
 The downcast visage, and the pensive mind  
 Through the thin veil of smiling life appears;  
 And in one moment vanish into wind  
 The hard-earn'd fruits of long, laborious years.

SONNET



## S O N N E T CCXXXVIII.

1761.

**W**AIL'D the sweet warbler to the lonely shade;  
 Trembled the green leaf to the summer gale;  
 Fell the fair stream in murmurs down the dale,  
 It's banks, it's flowery banks with verdure spread,  
 Where, by the charm of pensive Fancy led,  
 All as I fram'd the love-lamenting tale,  
 Came the dear object whom I still bewail,  
 Came from the regions of the cheerless dead;  
 And why, she cried, untimely wilt thou die?  
 A why, for pity, shall those mournful tears,  
 Start in wild sorrow from that languid eye?  
 Cherish no more those visionary fears,  
 For me, who range yon light-invested sky!  
 For me, who triumph in eternal years!

T R A N S.



## TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

**L**ESBIA, live to love and pleasure,  
 Careless what the grave may say :  
 When each moment is a treasure,  
 Why should lovers lose a day ?

Setting suns shall rise in glory,  
 But when little life is o'er,  
 There's an end of all the story :  
 We shall sleep ; and wake no more,

Give me then a thousand kisses,  
 Twice ten thousand more bestow,  
 Till the sum of boundless blisses  
 Neither we, nor envy know,

## M O N O D Y.

SUNG BY A REDBREAST.

**T**HE gentle pair that in these lonely shades,  
 Wandering, at eve or morn, I oft have seen,  
 Now all in vain I seek at eve or morn,  
 With drooping wing, forlorn,  
 Along the grove, along the daizied green.  
 For them I've warbled many a summer's day,  
 'Till the light dews impearled all the plain,  
 And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold;  
 Stories of love, and high adventures old  
 Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.

Ah! where is now the hope of all my lay?  
 Now they, perchance, that heard them all are dead!  
 With them the meed of melody is fled,  
 And fled with them the listening ear of praise.  
 Vainly I dreamt, that when the wintry sky  
 Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,  
 When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,  
 To soothe keen hunger's pain,  
 Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain,  
 That oft within the hospitable hall  
 Some scatter'd fragment haply I might find,  
 Some friendly crumb perchance for me design'd,

When

When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall,  
Deluded bird! those hopes are now no more!  
Dull time has blasted the departing year,  
And winter frowns severe,  
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar,  
Yet not within the hospitable hall  
The chearful found of human voice I hear;  
No piteous eye is near,  
To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

## TO A RED BREST.

**L**ITTLE bird, with bosom red,  
 Welcome to my humble shed!  
 Courtly domes of high degree  
 Have no room for thee and me.  
 Pride and pleasure's fickle throng  
 Nothing mind an idle song.

Daily near my table steal,  
 While I pick my scanty meal.  
 Doubt not, little though there be,  
 But I'll cast a crumb to thee;  
 Well rewarded, if I spy  
 Pleasure in thy glancing eye;  
 See thee, when thou'ft eat thy fill,  
 Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feather'd friend, again  
 Well thou know'ft the broken pane.  
 Ask of me thy daily store:  
 Go not near AVARO's door:  
 Once within his iron-hall,  
 Woeful end shall thee befall.  
 Savage!—He would soon divest  
 Of its rosy plumes thy breast;  
 Then, with solitary joy,  
 Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

## A N O D E

TO THE GENIUS OF WESTMORLAND.

**H**A I L hidden Power of these wild groves,  
 These uncouth rocks, and mountains grey!  
 Where oft, as fades the closing day,  
 The family of Fancy roves.

In what lone cave, what sacred cell,  
 Coæval with the birth of time,  
 Wrapt in high cares, and thought sublime,  
 In awful silence dost thou dwell?

Oft in the depth of winter's reign,  
 As blew the bleak winds o'er the dale;  
 Moaning along the distant gale,  
 Has fancy heard thy voice complain.

Oft in the dark wood's lonely way,  
 Swift has she seen thee glancing by;  
 Or down the summer evening sky,  
 Sporting in clouds of gilded day.

If caught from thee the sacred fire,  
 That glow'd within my youthful breast;  
 Those thoughts too high to be express'd,  
 Genius, if thou did'st once inspire;

O pleas'd accept this votive lay,  
 That in my native shades retir'd,  
 And once, once more by thee inspir'd,  
 In gratitude I pay.

## H Y M N T O P L U T U S.

GREAT God of wealth, before whose sacred  
throne

Truth, honour, genius, fame and worth lie prone!  
To thy throng'd temples take one votary more:  
To thee a Poet never kneel'd before.

Adieu the gods that caught my early prayer!  
Wisdom that frown'd, and knowledge fraught with  
care!

Friendship that every veering gale could move!  
And tantalizing hope, and faithless love!  
These, these are slaves that in thy livery shine!  
For wisdom, friendship, love himself is thine!

For thee I'll labour down the mine's dark way,  
And leave the confines of enlivening day;  
For thee *Afluria's* shining sands explore,  
And bear the splendors of *Potosi's* ore;  
Scale the high rock, and tempt the raging sea,  
And think, and toil, and wish, and wake for thee.

Farewell the scenes that thoughtless youth could  
please;

The flowery scenes of indolence and ease:  
Where you the way with magic power beguile,  
*Baffora's* deeps, or *Lybia's* desarts smile.

Foes of thy worth, that, insolent and vain,  
 Deride thy maxims, and reject thy reign,  
 The frantic tribe of virtue shall depart,  
 And make no more their ravage in my heart.  
 Away "The tears that pity taught to flow!"  
 Away that anguish for a brother's woe!  
 Adieu to these, and every tiresome guest,  
 'That drain'd my fortunes or destroy'd my rest!

Ah, good AVARO! could I thee despise?  
 Thee, good AVARO; provident and wise?  
 Plutus, forgive the bitter things I've said!  
 I love AVARO; poor AVARO's dead.

Yet, yet I'm thine; for fame's unerring tongue  
 In thy sooth'd ear thus pours her silver song.  
 "Immortal Plutus! God of golden ease!  
 "Form'd every heart, and every eye to please!  
 "For thee content her downy carpet spreads,  
 "And rosy pleasure swells her genial beds.  
 "'Tis thine to gild the mansions of despair;  
 "And beam a glory round the brows of care.  
 "To cheat the lazy pace of sleepless hours,  
 "With marble fountains, and ambrosial bowers."

O grant me, Plutus, scenes like those I sung,  
 My youthful lyre when vernal fancy strung.  
 For me their shades let other STUDLEYS rear,  
 'Though each tree's water'd with a widow's tear!

Detested God!—forgive me! I adore.  
Great Plutus, grant me one petition more.  
Should Delia, tender, generous, fair and free,  
Leave love and truth, and sacrifice to thee,  
I charge thee, Plutus, be to Delia kind,  
And make her fortunes richer than her mind.  
Be hers the wealth all heaven's broad eye can view;  
Grant her, good God, Don Philip and Peru.



## HYMN TO HUMANITY.

## I.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear  
 Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;  
 If now the pity-streaming tear  
 Should haply on thy cheek be dry;  
 Indulge my votive strain, O sweet HUMANITY.

## II.

Come, ever welcome to my breast!  
 A tender, but a chearful guest.  
 Nor always in the gloomy cell  
 Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;  
 For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,  
 Is to Humanity a foe;  
 And grief, that makes the heart its prey,  
 Wears sensibility away.  
 Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,  
 The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

## III.

O may that fiend be banished far,  
 Though passions hold eternal war!  
 Nor ever let me cease to know  
 The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.  
 Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,  
 When sorrow fills a brother's eye;  
 Nor may the tear that frequent flows  
 From private or from social woes,

E'er make this pleasing sense depart.  
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

## IV.

If the fair star of fortune smile,  
Let not its flattering power beguile.  
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,  
My full sails swell with bloating pride.  
Let me from wealth but hope content,  
Remembering still it was but lent;  
To modest merit spread my store,  
Unbar my hospitable door;  
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,  
While want unpitied pines in vain.

## V.

If heaven, in every purpose wise,  
The envied lot of wealth denies;  
If doom'd to drag life's painful load  
Through poverty's uneven road,  
And, for the due bread of the day,  
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;  
To thee, HUMANITY, still true,  
I'll wish the good I cannot do;  
And give the wretch, that passes by,  
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

## VI.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,  
Be ever mine the feeling breast,

From

From me remove the stagnant mind  
 Of languid indolence, reclin'd;  
 The soul that one long sabbath keeps,  
 And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;  
 Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,  
 And self-attending Vanity.  
 Alike, the foolish, and the vain  
 Are strangers to the sense humane.

## VII.

O for that sympathetic glow  
 Which taught the holy tear to flow,  
 When the prophetic eye survey'd  
 Sion in future ashes laid  
 Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread  
 That thousands in the desert fed!  
 Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave  
 Sigh'd;—and forgot its power to save—  
 O for that sympathetic glow  
 Which taught the holy tear to flow!

## VIII.

It comes: It fills my labouring breast,  
 I feel my beating heart oppress.  
 Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!  
 See her dim eye! her aspect pale!  
 To heaven she turns in deep despair,  
 Her infants wonder at her prayer,  
 And, mingling tears they know not why,  
 Lift up their little hands, and cry.  
 O God! their moving sorrows see!  
 Support them, sweet HUMANITY!

IX. Life,

## IX.

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,  
For ever asks the tear humane.  
Behold in yon unconscious grove  
The victims of ill-fated love!  
Heard you that agonizing throe?  
Sure this is not romantic woe!  
The golden day of joy is o'er;  
And now they part——to meet no more.  
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!  
Assist them, sweet HUMANITY!

## X.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear  
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;  
If now the pity-streaming tear  
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,  
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet HUMANITY!

## E P I S T L E T O M R. ———.

FROM scenes where fancy no excursion tries,  
 Nor trusts her wing to smoke-invelop'd skies;  
 Far from the town's detested haunts remov'd,  
 And nought but thee deserted that I lov'd;  
 From noise and folly and the world got free,  
 One truant thought yet only stays for thee.

What is that world which makes the heart its slave?  
 A restless sea revolving wave on wave:  
 There rage the storms of each uncertain clime:  
 There float the wrecks of fortune and of time:  
 There hope's smooth gales in soft succession blow,  
 While disappointment hides the rock below,  
 The syren pleasures tune their fatal breath,  
 And lull you to the long repose of death.

What is that world? at ——— 'tis no more  
 Than the next ocean while we walk the shore.  
 Loud roar the winds and swell the wild waves high,  
 Lash the rude beach, and frighten all the sky;  
 No longer shall my little bark be rent,  
 Since *Hope* resign'd her anchor to *Content*.

Like some poor fisher that, escap'd with life,  
 Will trust no more to elemental strife;  
 But sits in safety on the green-bank side,  
 And lives upon the leavings of the tide;  
 Like him contented you your friend shall see,  
 As safe, as happy, and as poor as he,

## T O A L A D Y,

ON READING AN ELEGY WRITTEN BY HER,

ON THE SEARCH OF HAPPINESS.

**T**O seek the lovely nymph you sing  
 I've wander'd many a weary mile,  
 From grove to grove, from spring to spring;  
 If here or there she deign'd to smile.

Nay, what I now must blush to say,  
 For sure it hap'd in evil hour;  
 I once so far mistook my way,  
 To seek her in the haunts of Power.

How should success my search betide,  
 When still so far I wander'd wrong?  
 For *Happiness* on *Arrows*'s side,  
 Was listening to *MARIA*'s song.

Delighted thus with you to stay,  
 What hope have I the nymph to see;  
 Unless you cease your magic lay,  
 Or bring her in your arms to me?

A MONODY,

## A M O N O D Y,

INSCRIBED TO MY WORTHY FRIEND J. S.

BEING WRITTEN IN HIS GARDEN AT AMWELL,  
IN HERTFORDSHIRE, THE BEGINNING OF THE  
YEAR 1669.

## I.

**F**R I E N D of my Genius! on whose natal hour,  
Shone the fame Star, but shone with brighter  
ray;

Oft as amidst thy *Amwell's* shades I stray,  
And mark thy true taste in each winding bower,  
From my full eye why falls the tender shower?

While other thoughts than these fair Scenes convey,  
Bear on my trembling mind, and melt its powers  
away.

## II.

Ah me! my friend! in happier hours I spread  
Like thee, the wild walk o'er the varied plain;  
The fairest tribes of *Flora's* painted train,  
Each bolder shrub that grac'd her genial bed,  
When old *Sylvanus*, by young wishes led,  
Stole to her Arms, of such fair offspring vain,  
That bore their mother's beauties on their head.

## III.

Like thee, inspired by Love—'twas *Delia's* charms,  
 'Twas *Delia's* taste the new Creation gave:  
 For her my Groves in plaintive sighs would wave,  
 And call her absent to their master's arms.

## IV.

She comes—Ye flowers your fairest blooms unfold!  
 Ye waving Groves, your plaintive sighs forbear!  
 Breathe all your fragrance to the amorous air,  
 Ye smiling shrubs whose heads are cloath'd with  
 gold!

## V.

She comes, by truth, by fair affection led,  
 The long-lov'd mistress of my faithful heart!  
 The mistress of my soul, no more to part,  
 And all my hopes, and all my vows are sped.  
 Vain, vain delusions! dreams for ever fled!  
 Ere twice the Spring had waked the genial hour,  
 The lovely parent bore one beauteous flower,  
 And droop'd her gentle head,  
 And sunk, for ever sunk, into her silent Bed.

## VI.

Friend of my genius! partner of my fate!  
 To equal sense of painful suffering born!  
 From whose fond breast a lovely parent torn,  
 Bedew'd thy pale cheek with a tear so late;—  
 Oh! let us mindful of the short, short date,

That



That bears the spoil of human hopes away,  
 Indulge sweet memory of each happier day !  
 No! close, for ever close the iron-gate  
 Of cold oblivion on that dreary cell,  
 Where the pale shades of past enjoyments dwell,  
 And, pointing to their bleeding bosoms say,  
 On life's disastrous hour what varied woes await !

## VII.

Let scenes of softer, gentler kind,  
 Awake to fancy's soothing call,  
 And milder on the pensive mind,  
 The shadowed thought of grief shall fall.  
 Oft as the slowly-closing day  
 Draws her pale mantle from the dew-star's eye,  
 What time, the shepherd's cry  
 Leads from the pastured hills his flocks away,  
 Attentive to the tender lay  
 That steals from *Philomela's* breast,  
 Let us in musing silence stray,  
 Where LEE beholds in mazes flow  
 His uncomplaining waters flow,  
 And all his whispering shores invite the charm of  
 rest.

## IMITATIONS OF WALLER.

## WALLER TO ST. EVREMOND.

O Vales of *Penshurst* now so long unseen !  
 Forgot each secure shade, each winding green ;  
 Those lonely paths what art have I to tread,  
 Where once young Love, the blind enthusiast, led ?  
 Yet if the Genius of your conscious groves  
 His *Sidney* in my *Sacharissa* loves ;  
 Let him with pride her cruel power unfold ;  
 By him my pains let *Evremond* be told.

INSCRIPTIONS ON A BEECH TREE IN  
THE ISLAND OF SICILY.

SWEET Land of Muses! o'er whose favoured  
 plains  
*Ceres* and *Flora* held alternate sway ;  
 By *Jove* refresh'd with life-diffusing rains,  
 By *Phæbus* blest with every kinder ray !  
 O with what Pride do I those times survey,  
 When Freedom, by her rustic minstrels led,  
 Danced on the green lawn many a Summer's Day,  
 While pastoral ease reclin'd her careless head.

In these soft shades ; ere yet that Shepherd fled,  
 Whose music pierc'd Earth, Air, and Heaven and  
 Hell,

And called the ruthless tyrant of the dead  
 From the dark slumbers of his iron cell.

His ear unfolding caught the magic spell :  
 He felt the sounds glide softly through his heart ;  
 The sounds that deign'd of love's sweet power to tell ;  
 And as they told, would point his golden dart.

Fix'd was the God ; nor power had he to part,  
 For the fair daughter of the sheaf-crown'd queen,  
 Fair without pride, and lovely without art,  
 Gather'd her wild flowers on the daisied green.

He saw ; he sigh'd ; and that unmelting breast,  
 Which arms the hand of death, the power of Love con-  
 fess'd.

## THE DUCHESS OF MAZARIN,

ON HER RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

YE holy cares that haunt these lonely cells,  
 These scenes where salutary sadness dwells;  
 Ye sighs that minute the slow wasting day,  
 Ye pale regrets that wear my life away;  
 O bid these passions for the world depart,  
 These wild desires, and vanities of heart,  
 Hide every trace of vice, of follies past,  
 And yield to Heaven the victory at last.

To that the poor remains of life are due,  
 'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call pursue.  
 Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,  
 My love, my duty greet thy holy shrine:  
 No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,  
 But live for thee, whose bounty bids me live.

The power that gave these little charms their grace,  
 His favours bounded, and confined their space.  
 Spite of those charms shall time, with rude essay,  
 Tear from the cheek the transient rose away.  
 But the free mind, ten-thousand ages past,  
 Its Maker's form, shall with its Maker last.

Uncertain objects still our hopes employ;  
 Uncertain all that bears the name of Joy!

Of all that feels the injuries of fate  
 Uncertain is the search, and short the date.  
 Yet ev'n that boon what thousands wish to gain?  
 That boon of death, the sad resource of pain!

Once on my path all Fortune's glory fell,  
 Her vain magnificence, and courtly swell:  
 Love touch'd my soul at least with soft desires,  
 And vanity there fed her meteor fires.  
 This truth at last the mighty scenes let fall,  
 An hour of innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life! O, let thy sacred ray  
 Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away!  
 Deluding, flattering, faithless world adieu!  
 Long hast thou taught me, GOD IS ONLY TRUE!  
 That God alone I trust, alone adore,  
 No more deluded, and misled no more.

Come, sacred hour, when wavering doubts shall  
 cease!  
 Come holy scenes of long repose and peace!  
 Yet shall my heart, to other interests true,  
 A moment balance 'twixt the world and you?  
 Of pensive nights, of long-reflecting days,  
 Be yours, at last, the triumph and the praise!

Great, gracious master, whose unbounded sway,  
 Felt through ten-thousand worlds, those worlds obey;  
 Wilt thou for once thy awful glories shade,  
 And deign t' espouse the creature thou hast made?

All other ties indignant I disclaim,  
Dishonour'd those, and infamous to name!

O fatal ties, for which such tears I've shed,  
For which the pleasures of the world lay dead!  
That world's soft pleasures you alone disarm;  
That world without you, still might have its charm.  
But now those scenes of tempting hope I close,  
And seek the peaceful studies of repose;  
Look on the past as time that stole away,  
And beg the blessings of a happier day.

Ye gay saloons, ye golden-vested halls,  
Scenes of high treats and heart-bewitching balls!  
Dress, figure, splendor, charms of play, farewell,  
And all the toilet's science to excel;  
Even love that ambushed in this beauteous hair,  
No more shall lie, like *Indian* archers, there.  
Go, erring love! for nobler objects given!  
Go, beauteous hair, a sacrifice to Heaven!

Soon shall the veil these glowing features hide,  
At once the period of their power and pride!  
The hapless lover shall no more complain  
Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain;  
While calmly sleep in each untortur'd breast  
My secret sorrow, and his sighs profess.

Go, flattering train! and, slaves to me no more  
With the same sighs some happier fair adore!

Yours

Your alter'd faith, I blame not, nor bewail—  
And haply yet, (what woman is not frail?)  
Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,  
If he that lov'd me knew no other love!

Yet were that ardour, which his breast inspir'd,  
By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd;  
What nobler pride! could I to Heaven resign  
The zeal, the service that I boasted mine!  
O, change your false desires, ye flattering train!  
And love me pious, whom ye lov'd profane!

These long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,  
Or prove their merit, or my weakness shew,  
But Heaven, to such soft frailties less severe,  
May spare the tribute of a female tear,  
May yield one tender moment to deplore  
Those gentle hearts that I must hold no more.

## T H E V I C E R O Y :

ADDRESSED TO THE

E A R L O F H A L I F A X\*.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1762.

**T**WAS on Time's birth-day, when the voice di-  
vine  
Wak'd sleeping Nature, while her infant eye,  
Yet trembling, struggl'd with created light;  
The heaven-born Muse, sprung from the source sublime  
Of

\* The following Resolution of the Irish House of Commons respecting the Revenue of the Lord Lieutenant, and his Excellency's Speech in consequence thereof, will both illustrate this Poem and shew the Occasion of it.

*Copy of a RESOLUTION of the IRISH PARLIAMENT, respecting the Revenue of the LORD LIEUTENANT.*

*Veneris, 26, Feb. 1762.*

“ Resolved, *nemine contradicente*, That an address be presented to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, that he will represent to his Majesty the sense of this House, that the entertainments and appointments of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland are become inadequate to the dignity of that high office, and to the expence with which it is, and ought to be supported; and that it is the humble desire of this House, that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to grant such an augmentation to the entertainment of the Lord Lieutenant for the time being, as, with the present allowances, will in the whole amount to the annual sum of Sixteen Thousand Pounds. And to express



OF HARMONY IMMORTAL, first receiv'd  
 Her sacred mandate. "Go, seraphic maid,  
 "Companion still to Nature! from her works  
 "Derive thy lay melodious, great, like those,  
 "And

express that satisfaction which we feel at the pleasing hope, that this just and necessary augmentation should take place during the administration of a Chief Governor, whose many great and amiable qualities, whose wise and happy administration in the government of this kingdom, have universally endeared him to the people of Ireland."

E. STERLING. }  
 H. ALCOCK. } *Cler. Dom. Com.*

*Copy of the ANSWER of the LORD LIEUTENANT to the ADDRESS of the HOUSE OF COMMONS, Feb. 27, 1762.*

"I shall take the first opportunity of laying before his Majesty the sense of the House of Commons contained in this Address. I enter fully into the truly liberal motives which have influenced your conduct in this unanimous resolution. That you are solicitous not only to support his Majesty's government, but to support it with becoming grandeur and magnificence, reflects the highest honour on yourselves; that you have chosen the time of my administration; that you have distinguished my person as the object of your favour, reflects the highest credit on me; and I must ever consider this event as one of the most fortunate and honourable circumstances of my life. Whatever merit you ascribe to me in the government of this kingdom, in reality arises from your own conduct, though your partiality would transfer it to mine. Your unanimity has first created this merit, and your liberality would now reward it.

"I am sensible of the obligation you confer; and I can in no way properly demonstrate my sense of it, but by being, as I am, unalterably determined to implore his Majesty, that I may be permitted to enjoy it pure and unmixed with the lucrative advantages, which you propose should attend it. This affectionate address is intended.

" And elegantly simple. In thy train,  
 " Glory, and fair renown, and deathless fame  
 " Attendant ever, each immortal name,  
 " By thee deem'd sacred, to yon starry vault  
 " Shall bear, and stamp in characters of gold.  
 " Be thine the care, alone where truth directs  
 " The firm heart, where the love of human kind  
 " Inflames the patriot spirit, there to soothe

as an honour to me ; that intention has, on your part, been fully answered : to make it truly honourable, something is still necessary on mine : It becomes me to vie with the generosity of parliament, and to keep up an emulation of sentiment. It has been my duty, in the course of this session, to propose large plans of public expence, and to promise an attention to public œconomy ; and I could not without pain submit, that the establishment, already burthened at my recommendation, should be still further charged for my own particular profit.

" But while I consider myself at liberty to sacrifice my private interests to my private feelings, I must consider myself as bound likewise to consult, in compliance with your enlarged and liberal sentiments, the future support of the station in which I am placed, to the dignity of which the emoluments are, as you represent them, inadequate. I shall transmit therefore the sense of the House of Commons, that the augmentation which your generosity has proposed, may, if his Majesty shall think fit, be made the establishment of my successor, when he shall enter on the government of this kingdom ; and when it is probable the circumstances of this country may be better able to support such additional burthen. But while I must decline accepting any part of the profits, I rejoice to charge myself with the whole of the obligation : Abundantly happy, if when I shall hereafter be removed from this high, and, through your favour, desirable situation, I should leave it, through your liberality, augmented in its emoluments, and by my inability not diminished in its reputation."

" The

" The toils of virtue with melodious praise :  
 " For those, that smiling seraph bids thee wake  
 " His golden lyre ; for those, the young-ey'd Sun  
 " Gilds this fair-formed world ; and genial spring  
 " Throws many a green wreath, liberal from his  
 " bosom."

So spake the voice divine, whose last sweet sound  
 Gave birth to Echo, tuneful nymph, that loves  
 The Muse's haunt, dim grove, or lonely dale,  
 Or high wood old ; and, listening while she sings,  
 Dwells in long rapture on each falling strain.

O HALIFAX, an humble Muse, that dwells  
 In scenes like these, a stranger to the world,  
 To thee a stranger, late has learnt thy fame,  
 Even in this vale of silence ; from the voice  
 Of Echo learnt it, and, like her, delights,  
 With thy lov'd name, to make these wild woods vocal.

Spirits of ancient time, to high renown  
 By martial glory rais'd, and deeds august,  
 Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom ! Patriot hearts,  
 That, fearless of a tyrant's threatening arm,  
 Embrac'd your bleeding country ! o'er the page,  
 Where History triumphs in your holy names,  
 O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,  
 Why streams my eye with pleasure ? 'Tis the joy  
 The soft delight that through the full breast flows,  
 From sweet remembrance of departed virtue !

O Britain,

O Britain, parent of illustrious names,  
 While o'er thy annals memory shoots her eye  
 How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering love,  
 And æmulous esteem! Hail, SYDNEY, hail!  
 Whether Arcadian blythe, by fountain clear,  
 Piping thy love-lays wild, or Spartan bold,  
 In freedom's van distinguish'd, SYDNEY, hail!  
 Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unseen  
 Fall flowers; oft in the vales of Penshurst fair  
 Menalca, stepping from his evening fold,  
 Listeneth strange music, from the tiny breath  
 Of fairy minstrels warbled, which of old,  
 Dancing to thy sweet lays, they learned well.

On RALEIGH's grave, O strew the sweetest flowers,  
 That on the bosom of the green vale blow!  
 There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village-maids!  
 Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme  
 bring  
 To RALEIGH's honour'd grave! There bloom the bay,  
 The virgin rose, that, blushing to be seen,  
 Folds its fair leaves; for modest worth was his;  
 A mind where truth, philosophy's first born,  
 Held her harmonious reign: a Briton's breast,  
 That, careful still of freedom's holy pledge,  
 Disdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,  
 Disdain'd and died! Where was thy spirit then,  
 Queen of sea-crowning isles, when RALEIGH bled?  
 How well he serv'd thee, let *Iberia* tell!  
 Ask prostrate *Cales*, yet trembling at his name,

How

How well he serv'd thee; when her vanquish'd hand  
 Held forth the base bribe, how he spurn'd it from him,  
 And cried, I FIGHT FOR BRITAIN! History rise,  
 And blast the reigns that redden with the blood  
 Of those that gave them glory! Happier days,  
 Gilt with a BRUNSWICK's parent smile, await  
 The honour'd Viceroy. More auspicious hours  
 Shall HALIFAX behold, nor grieve to find  
 A favour'd land ungrateful to his care.

O for the Muse of Milton, to record  
 The honours of that day, when full conven'd  
 HIBERNIA's senate with one voice proclaim'd  
 A nation's high applause; when, long oppress'd  
 With wealth-consuming war, their eager love  
 Advanc'd the princely dignity's support,  
 While HALIFAX presid'd! O, belov'd  
 By every muse, grace of the polish'd court,  
 The peasant's guardian, then what pleasure felt  
 Thy liberal bosom! not the low delight  
 Of fortune's added gifts, greatly declin'd;  
 No; 'twas the supreme bliss that fills the breast,  
 Of conscious virtue, happy to behold  
 Her cares successful in a nation's joy.

But O, ye sisters of the sacred spring,  
 To sweetest accents tune the polish'd lay,  
 The music of persuasion! You alone  
 Can paint that easy eloquence that flow'd  
 In Attic streams, from HALIFAX that flow'd,

When all Ierne listen'd. Albion heard,  
 And felt a parent's joy: no more, she cried,  
 No more shall Greece the man of Athens boast,  
 Whose magic periods smooth'd the listening wave  
 Of rapt Ilyffus. Rome shall claim no more  
 The flowery path of eloquence alone  
 To grace her consul's brow; for never spoke  
 Himeria's Viceroy words of fairer phrase,  
 Forgetful of Alpheus' hastening stream,  
 When Arethusa stop'd her golden tide,  
 And call'd her nymphs, and call'd her shepherd swains  
 To leave their sweet pipes silent. Silent lay  
 Your pipes, Hibernian shepherds. LIFFEY smil'd,  
 And on his soft hand lean'd his dimply cheek,  
 Attentive: "Once so WHARTON spoke," he cried,  
 "Unhappy WHARTON! whose young eloquence  
 "Yet vibrates on mine ear." Whatever powers,  
 Whatever genii old, of vale or grove  
 The high inhabitants, all throng'd to hear.  
 SYLVANUS came, and from his temples grey  
 His oaken chaplet flung, lest haply leaf  
 Or interposing bough should meet the sound,  
 And bar its soft approaches to his ear.  
 PAN ceas'd to pipe — a moment ceas'd—for then  
 Suspicion grew, that PHOEBUS in disguise  
 His ancient reign invaded: down he cast,  
 In petulance, his reed; but seiz'd it soon  
 And fill'd the woods with clangor. Measures wild  
 The wanton Satyrs danc'd, then listening stood,

And

And gaz'd with uncouth joy.

But hark! wild riots shake the peaceful plain,  
The gathering tumult roars, and faction opes  
Her blood-requesting eye. The frighted swain  
Mourns o'er his wasted labours, and implores  
His country's guardian. Previous to his wish  
That guardian's care he found. The tumult ceas'd,  
And faction clos'd her blood-requesting eye.

Be these thy honours, HALIFAX! and these  
The liberal muse, that never stain'd her page  
With flattery, shall record: from each low view,  
Each mean connection free, her praise is fame.  
O, could her hand in future times obtain  
One humble garland from th' Aonian tree,  
With joy she'd bind it on thy favour'd head,  
And greet thy judging ear with sweeter strains!

Mean while pursue, in public virtue's path,  
The palm of glory: only there will bloom  
Pierian laurels. Should'st thou deviate thence,  
Perish the blossoms of fair-folding fame!  
Ev'n this poor wreath, that now affects thy brow,  
Would lose its little bloom, the muse repine,  
And blush that HALIFAX had stole her praise.

PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

ADDRESSED TO

A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1767.

FRIEND, sister, partner of that gentle heart,  
Where my soul lives, and holds her dearest part;  
While love's soft raptures these gay hours employ,  
And time puts on the yellow robe of joy,  
Will you, MARIA, mark with patient ear,  
The moral muse, nor deem her song severe?

Through the long course of life's unclouded day,  
Where sweet contentment smiles on virtue's way;  
Where Fancy opes her ever-varying views,  
And Hope strews flowers, and leads you as she strews;  
May each fair pleasure court thy favour'd breast,  
By Truth protected, and by love care's'd!

So friendship vows, nor shall her vows be vain;  
For every pleasure comes in virtue's train;  
Each charm that tender sympathies impart,  
The glow of soul, the transports of the heart,  
Sweet meanings that in silent truth convey  
Mind into mind, and steal the soul away,

These



These gifts, O virtue, these are all thy own ;  
Loft to the vicious, to the vain unknown !

Yet blest with these, and happier charms than these,  
By nature form'd, by genius taught to please,  
Ev'n you, to prove that mortal gifts are vain,  
Must yield your human sacrifice to pain ;  
The wizard care shall dim those brilliant eyes,  
Smite the fair urns, and bid the waters rise.

With mind unbroke that darker hour to bear,  
Nor, once his captive, drag the chains of care,  
Hope's radiant sunshine o'er the scene to pour,  
Nor future joys in present ill's devour,  
These arts your philosophic friend may shew,  
Too well experienc'd in the school of woe.

When sinks the heart, by transient grief oppress'd,  
Seek not reflection, for it wounds the breast,  
While memory turns, to happier objects blind,  
Though once the friend, the traitor of the mind,  
Past scenes of pain is studious to explore,  
Forgets its joys, and thinks its suff'rings o'er.

To life's horizon forward turn your eye,  
Pass the dim cloud, and view the bright'ning sky ;  
On hope's kind wing more genial climes survey,  
Let fancy join, but reason guide your way,  
For fancy, still to tender woes inclin'd,  
May soothe the heart, but misdirects the mind.

The source of half our anguish, half our tears,  
Is the wrong conduct of our hopes and fears;  
Like ill-train'd children, still their treatment such,  
Refrain'd too rashly, or indulg'd too much.  
Hence hope, projecting more than life can give,  
Would live with angels, or refuse to live;  
Hence spleen-ey'd fear, o'er-acting caution's part,  
Betrays those succours reason lends the heart.

Yet these, submitted to fair truth's controul,  
These tyrants are the servants of the soul:  
Through vales of peace the dove-like hope shall stray,  
And bear at Eve her olive branch away,  
In ev'ry scene some distant charm descry,  
And hold it forward to the bright'ning eye;  
While watchful fear, if fortitude maintain  
Her trembling steps, shall ward the distant pain.

Should erasing nature casual faults disclose,  
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose:  
For ev'ry grief that breast from you shall prove,  
Is one link broken in the chain of love.  
Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,  
But pains from those we love are pains that last.  
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,  
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind ray,  
Will flourish only in the smiles of day;

Distrust's

Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,  
 And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys  
 O shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,  
 Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost;  
 By wit, by grief, by anger urg'd, forbear  
 The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.

If heart-felt quiet, thoughts unmix'd with pain,  
 While peace weaves flow'rs o'er Hymen's golden chain,  
 If tranquil days, if hours of smiling ease,  
 The sense of pleasure, and the power to please,  
 If charms like these deserve your serious care,  
 Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe beware!  
 Like *Hecla's* mountain, while his heart's in flame,  
 His aspect's cold, and Jealousy's his name.  
 His hideous birth his wild disorders prove,  
 Begot by Hatred on despairing Love!  
 Her throes in rage the frantic mother bore,  
 And the fell fire with angry curses tore  
 His sable hair—Distrust beholding smil'd,  
 And lov'd her image in her future child.  
 With cruel care, industrious to impart  
 Each painful sense, each soul-tormenting art,  
 To doubt's dim shrine her hapless charge she led,  
 Where never sleep reliev'd the burning head,  
 Where never grateful fancy sooth'd suspense,  
 Or the dear charms of easy confidence.  
 Hence fears eternal, ever-restless care,  
 And all the dire associates of despair.

Hence all the woes he found that peace destroy,  
And dash with pain the sparkling stream of joy.

When love's warm breast, from rapture's trembling  
height,  
Falls to the temp'rate measures of delight ;  
When calm delight to easy friendship turns,  
Grieve not that *Hymen's* torch more gently burns.  
Unerring nature, in each purpose kind,  
Forbids long transports to usurp the mind ;  
For, oft dissolv'd in joy's oppressive ray,  
Soon would the finer faculties decay.

'True tender love one even tenor keeps ;  
'Tis reason's flame, and burns when passion sleeps.

The charm connubial, like a stream that glides  
Through life's fair vale, with no unequal tides,  
With many a plant along its genial side,  
With many a flower, that blows in beauteous pride,  
With many a shade, where peace in rapturous rest  
Holds sweet affiance to her fearless breast,  
Pure in its source, and temp'rate in its way,  
Still flows the same, nor finds its urn decay.

O blifs beyond what lonely life can know,  
The soul-felt sympathy of joy and woe !  
That magic charm which makes ev'n sorrow dear,  
And turns to pleasure the partaken tear !

Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heav'n impart  
The soft endearments of the social heart!  
Long to your lot may ev'ry blessing flow,  
That sense, or taste, or virtue can bestow!  
And O, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,  
To teach that prudence which itself admires.

## VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY\*.

WRITTEN AT SANDGATE CASTLE, 1768.

*“ Nec tantum Ingenio, quantum servire Dolori.”*

LET others boast the false and faithless pride,  
 No nuptial charm to know, or known, to hide,  
 With vain disguise from nature's dictates part,  
 For the poor triumph of a vacant heart;  
 My verse, the God of tender vows inspires,  
 Dwells on my soul, and wakens all her fires.

Dear, silent partner of those happier hours,  
 That pass'd in HACKTHORN'S vales, in BLAGDON'S  
 bowers!

If yet thy gentle spirit wanders here,  
 Borne by its virtues to no nobler sphere;  
 If yet that pity which, of life possessest,  
 Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd through thy breast;  
 If yet that tender thought, that generous care,  
 The gloomy power of endless night may spare;  
 Oh! while my soul for thee, for thee complains,  
 Catch her warm sighs, and kiss her bleeding strains.

Wild, wretched wish! can pray'r, with feeble breath,  
 Pierce the pale ear, the statued ear of death?

\* Wife of the author. She was daughter to Mr. Cracroft of Lincolnshire.

Let patience pray, let hope aspire to pray'r!  
And leave me the strong language of despair!

Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,  
Ye **LYTTELTONS**, ye shining **PETRARCHS**, go!  
I hate the languor of your lenient strain,  
Your flow'ry grief, your impotence of pain,  
Oh! had ye known, what I have known, to prove  
The searhing flame, the agonies of love!  
Oh! had ye known how souls to souls impart  
Their fire, or mix'd the life-drops of the heart!  
Not like the streams that down the mountain's side,  
Tunefully mourn, and sparkle as they glide;  
Not like the breeze, that sighs at evening-hour  
On the soft bosom of some folding flower;  
Your stronger grief, in stronger accents borne,  
Had sooth'd the breast with burning anguish torn:

The voice of seas, the winds that rouse the deep,  
Far-sounding floods that tear the mountains steep;  
Each wild and melancholy blast that raves  
Round these dim towers, and smites the beating  
waves—

This soothes my soul—'tis nature's mournful breath,  
'Tis nature struggling in the arms of death!—

See, the last aid of her expiring state,  
See love, ev'n love, has lent his darts to fate\*!

\* The lady died in child-bed.

Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,  
 And vainly bound his trophies on my head;  
 When, crown'd with flowers, he led the rosy day,  
 Liv'd to my eye, and drew my soul away—  
 Could fear, could fancy at that tender hour,  
 See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?

There, there his wreaths dejected HYMEN strew'd;  
 And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd.  
 There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,  
 Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,  
 Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius fled,  
 And the best passions of my soul lie dead;  
 All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,  
 But pale remembrance bending o'er a shade.

O come, ye softer sorrows, to my breast!  
 Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest!  
 Come, soothing dreams, your friendly pinions wave,  
 We'll bear the fresh rose to yon honour'd grave;  
 For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,  
 And feel at last the luxury of woe!

Ye holy sufferers, that in silence wait  
 The last sad refuge of relieving fate!  
 That rest at eve beneath the cypress' gloom,  
 And sleep familiar on your future tomb;  
 With you I'll waste the slow-departing day,  
 And wear, with you, th' uncolour'd hours away.

Oh!



Oh lead me to your cells, your lonely ailes,  
Where resignation folds her arms, and smiles;  
Where holy faith unwearied vigils keeps,  
And guards the urn where fair CONSTANTIA\* sleeps  
There, let me there in sweet oblivion lie,  
And calmly feel the tutor'd passions die.

\* See Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> 164.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE VEIL.

WARM from this heart while flows the faithful  
line,

The meanest friend of beauty shall be mine.  
What love, or fame, or fortune could bestow,  
The charm of praise, the ease of life I owe  
To beauty present, or to beauty fled,  
To HERTFORD living, or CAERNARVON dead,  
To TWEEDALE'S taste, to EDGECUMBE'S sense  
serene,

And, envy spare this boast, to BRITAIN'S queen.  
Kind to the lay that all unlaboured flow'd,  
What fancy caught, where nature's pencil glow'd \* ;  
She saw the path to new, though humble fame,  
Gave me her praise, and left me fools to blame.

Strong in their weakness are each woman's charms,  
Dread that endears, and softness that disarms:  
The timorous eye retiring from applause,  
And the mild air that fearfully withdraws,  
Marks of our power these humble graces prove,  
And, dash'd with pride, we deeper drink of love.

Chief of those charms that hold the heart in thrall,  
At thy fair shrine, O MODESTY, we fall.

\* The fables of Flora.

Not CYNTHIA rising o'er the watry way,  
 When on the dim wave falls her friendly ray;  
 Not the pure æther of Eolian skies,  
 That drinks the day's first glories as they rise,  
 Not all the tints from evening-clouds that break,  
 Burn in the beauties of the virgin's cheek;  
 When o'er that cheek, undisciplined by art,  
 The sweet suffusion rushes from the heart.

Yet the soft blush, untutored to controul,  
 The glow that speaks the susceptible soul,  
 Led by nice honour and by decent pride,  
 The voice of ancient virtue taught to hide;  
 Taught beauty's bloom the searching eye to shun,  
 As early flowers blow fearful of the sun.

Far as the long records of time we trace\*,  
 Still flowed the veil o'er modesty's fair face:  
 The guard of beauty, in whose friendly shade,  
 Safe from each eye the featured soul is laid,—  
 The pensive thought that paler looks betray,  
 The tender grief that steals in tears away,

\* *Plato* mentions two provinces in *Persia*, one of which was called the Queen's Girdle, the other the Queen's Veil, the revenues of which, no doubt, were employed in purchasing those parts of her Majesty's dress. It was about the middle of the third century that the Eastern women, on taking the vow of virginity, assumed that veil which had before been worn by the Pagan Priestesses, and which is used by the religious among the Romanists now.

The hopeless wish that prompts the frequent sigh,  
Bleeds in the blush, or melts upon the eye.

The man of faith through *Gerar* doom'd to stray,  
A nation waiting his eventful way,  
His fortune's fair companion at his side,  
The world his promise, providence his guide,  
Once, more than virtue dar'd to value life,  
And called a sister whom he owned a wife.  
Mistaken father of the faithful race,  
Thy fears alone could purchase thy disgrace,  
"Go," to the fair, when conscious of the tale,  
Said *Gerar's* prince, "THY HUSBAND IS THY  
    VEIL\*."

O ancient faith! O virtue mourn'd in vain!  
When Hymen's altar never held a stain;  
When his pure torch shed undiminished rays,  
And fires unholy died beneath the blaze!

For faith like this fair GREECE was early known,  
And claim'd the Veil's first honours as her own.

Ere half her sons, o'er ASIA's trembling coast,  
Arm'd to revenge one woman's virtue lost;  
Ere he, whom CIRCE sought to charm in vain,  
Follow'd wild fortune o'er the various main,  
In youth's gay bloom he plied th' exulting oar,  
From ITHACA's white rocks to SPARTA's shore:

\* He is the Haile of thine Eyes to all that are with thee,  
and to all others. GEN. XX. 16. VET. TRANS.

Free

Free to NERICIAN \* gales the vessel glides,  
 And wild EUROTAS † smoothes his warrior-tides;  
 For amorous Greece, when Love conducts the way,  
 Beholds her waters, and her winds obey.  
 No object her's but love's impression knows,  
 No wave that wanders, and no breeze that blows;  
 Her groves ‡, her mountains have his power confest,  
 And ZEPHYR sigh'd not but for FLORA's breast.

'Twas when his sighs in sweetest whispers stray'd,  
 Far o'er LACONIA's plains from EVA's § shade;  
 When soft-ey'd spring resum'd his mantle gay,  
 And lean'd luxurious on the breast of May,  
 Love's genial banners young ULYSSES bore  
 From ITHACA's white rocks to SPARTA's shore.

With all that soothes the heart, that wins, or warms,  
 All princely virtues, and all manly charms,  
 All love can urge, or eloquence persuade,  
 The future heroe woo'd his SPARTAN maid.  
 Yet long he woo'd——In Sparta, slow to yield,  
 Beauty, like valour, long maintained the field.

“ No bloom so fair MESSENE's banks disclose;  
 “ No breath so pure o'er TEMPE's bosom blows;  
 “ No smile so radiant throws the genial ray  
 “ Through the fair eye-lids of the opening day;

From the mountain Neritos in Ithaca, now called *Nericia*.

† The Spartan river.

‡ E mentre d'Alberghè Amore.

TASSO.

§ A mountain in Peloponnesus.

" But deaf to vows with fondest passion prest,  
 " Cold as the wave of HEBRUS' wintry breast,  
 " PENELOPE regards no lover's pain,  
 " And owns ULYSSES eloquent in vain.

" To vows that vainly waste their warmth in air,  
 " Infidious hopes that lead but to despair,  
 " Affections lost, desires the heart must rue,  
 " And love, and SPARTA'S joyless plains adieu!

" Yet still this bosom shall one passion share,  
 " Still shall my country find a father there.  
 " Ev'n now the children of my little reign  
 " Demand that father, of the faithless main ;  
 " Ev'n now, their prince solicitous to save,  
 " Climb the tall cliff, and watch the changeful wave.

" But not for him their hopes, or fears alone!  
 " They seek the promis'd partner of his throne;  
 " For her their incense breathes, their altars blaze,  
 " For her to Heaven the suppliant eye they raise.  
 " Ah! shall they know their prince implor'd in vain?  
 " Can my heart live beneath a nation's pain?"

There spoke the virtue that her soul admir'd,  
 The Spartan soul, with patriot ardour fir'd.  
 " Enough!" she cried—" be mine to boast a part  
 " In Him, who holds his country to his heart.  
 " Worth, honour, faith, that fair affection gives,  
 " And with that virtue, every virtue lives\*."

\* Omnes omnium Caritates, &c.

CIC.  
Pleas'd

Pleas'd that the nobler principles could move  
 His daughter's heart, and soften it to love,  
 Icarius own'd the auspices divine,  
 Wove the fair crown\*, and blest'd the holy shrine.

But ah! the dreaded parting hour to brave!  
 Then strong affection griev'd for what it gave.  
 Should he the comfort of his life's decline,  
 His life's last charm to Ithaca resign?  
 Or, wandering with her to a distant shore,  
 Behold Eurotas' long-lov'd banks no more?  
 Expose his grey hairs to an alien sky,  
 Nor on his country's parent bosom die †?  
 "No, Prince, he cried; for Sparta's happier plain,  
 "Leave the lov'd honours of thy little reign,

\* The women of ancient Greece at the marriage ceremony wore garlands of flowers, probably as emblems of purity, fertility and beauty. Thus Euripides,

—— ἀλλ' ἕμας

Σο. καταρσεψας' ἔγωγε νυκτὸν, ὡς γαμουμένην. IPH. in AUL.

The modern Greek ladies wear these garlands in various forms, whenever they appear dressed; and frequently adorn themselves thus for their own amusement, and when they do not expect to be seen by any but their domestics.

VOYAGE LITTÉRAIRE DE LA GRECE.

† The ancients esteemed this one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall them. The Trojans thought it the most lamentable circumstance attending the loss of their pilot Palinurus, that his body should lie in a foreign country.

—— *Ignotâ Palinure jacebis Aeneâ.*

VIRG.

“ The grateful change shall equal honours bring ;  
 “ —Lord of himself, a Spartan is a king.”

When thus the prince, with obvious grief oppress'd,  
 “ Canst thou not force the father from thy breast ?  
 “ Not without pain behold one child depart,  
 “ Yet bid me tear a nation from my heart ?  
 “ —Not for all Sparta's, all Eubœa's plains” —  
 He said, and to his coursers gave the reins.

Still the fond fire pursues with suppliant voice,  
 “ Till, mov'd, the monarch yields her to her choice.  
 “ Though mine by vows, by fair affection mine,  
 “ And holy truth, and auspices divine,  
 “ This suit let fair Penelope decide  
 “ Remain the daughter, or proceed the bride.”

O'er the quick blush her friendly mantle fell,  
 And told him all that modesty could tell.  
 No longer now the father's fondness strove  
 With patriot virtue or acknowledg'd love,  
 But on the scene that parting sighs endear'd,  
 Fair MODESTY'S\* first honour'd fane he rear'd.

The daughter's form the pictur'd goddess wore,  
 The daughter's veil † before her blushes bore,

\* Pausanias, who has recorded the story on which this little poem is founded, tells us that this was the first temple erected to Modesty in Greece.

† See the veil of modesty in the *Musæum Capitolinum*, vol. 3, and for further proofs of its high antiquity, see Hom. *Odyss.* l. 6.



And taught the maids of Greece this sovereign law—  
—She most shall conquer, who shall most withdraw.

Claud. Epithal. Honor. where he says,

*Et Crines festina ligat PEPLUMQUE fluentem*

*Allevat —————*

Iphig. in Taur. act. 4, and Colut. Rapt. Helen. l. 1. v. 381.  
where Hermione tears her gold embroidered veil on the disappearance of Helen:

*————— Au: eum quoque rupit capitis tegmen.*

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE:

A P O E M.

IN THREE PARTS.

P A R T I.

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TO RICHARD BURN, LL. D.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE  
FOR THE COUNTIES OF WESTMORLAND  
AND CUMBERLAND.

DEAR SIR,

A POEM written professedly at your request, naturally addresses itself to you. The distinction you have acquired on the subject, and your taste for the arts, give that address every kind of propriety. If I have any particular satisfaction in this publication, beside what arises from my compliance with your commands, it must be in the idea of that testimony it bears to our friendship. If you believe that I am more concerned for the duration of that than of the poem itself, you will not be mistaken; for I am,

Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate brother,

And faithful humble Servant,

Somerfetshire,  
April 25, 1744.

THE AUTHOR.

## THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

## INTRODUCTION.

**I**N RICHARD'S days, when lost his pastur'd plain,  
The wand'ring Briton fought the wild wood's  
reign,

With great disdain beheld the feudal hord,  
Poor life-let vassals of a Norman lord;  
And, what no brave man ever lost, possess'd  
Himself,—for freedom bound him to her breast.

Lov'st thou that freedom? by her holy shrine,  
If yet one drop of British blood be thine,  
See, I conjure thee, in the desert shade,  
His bow unstrung, his little household laid,  
Some brave forefather; while his fields they share,  
By Saxon, Dane, or Norman banish'd there!  
And think he tells thee, as his soul withdraws,  
As his heart swells against a tyrant's laws,  
The war with fate though fruitless to maintain,  
To guard that liberty he lov'd in vain.

Were thoughts like these the dream of ancient time?  
Peculiar only to some age, or clime?  
And does not nature thoughts like these impart,  
Breathe in the soul, and write upon the heart?

Ask on their mountains yon deserted band,  
That point to PAOLI with no plausible hand;

Despising still, their freeborn souls unbroke,  
Alike the *Gallic* and *Ligurian* yoke!

Yet while the Patriot's gen'rous rage we share,  
Still *civil safety* calls us back to care;  
To Britain lost in either HENRY'S day,  
Her woods, her mountains one wild scene of prey!  
Fair peace from all her bounteous vallies fled,  
And law beneath the barbed arrow bled.

In happier days, with more auspicious fate,  
The far-fam'd Edward heal'd his wounded state;  
Dread of his foes, but to his subjects dear,  
These learn'd to love, as those are taught to fear,  
Their laurell'd Prince with British pride obey,  
His glory shone their discontent away.

With care the tender flow'r of love to save,  
And plant the olive on *Disorder's* grave,  
For civil storms fresh barriers to provide,  
He caught the fav'ring calm and falling tide.

*The Appointment, and its Purposes.*

The social laws from insult to protect,  
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;  
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,  
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;  
The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,  
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;  
The thoughtless maiden, when subdu'd by art,  
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;

Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,  
 Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebel,  
 Wrest from revenge the meditated harm,  
 For this fair JUSTICE raised her sacred arm;  
 For this the rural magistrate, of yore,  
 Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.

#### ANTIEN T JUSTICE'S HALL.

Oft, where old AIR in conscions glory fails,  
 On silver waves that flow through smiling vales;  
 In Harewood's groves, where long my youth was laid,  
 Unseen beneath their antient world of shade;  
 With many a group of antique columns crown'd,  
 In Gothic guise such mansion have I found.

Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,  
 Ye Cits that fore bedizen nature's face,  
 Of the more manly structures here ye view;  
 They rose for greatness that ye never knew!  
 Ye reptile Cits, that oft have mov'd my spleen  
 With VENUS and the GRACES on your green!  
 Let PLUTUS, growling o'er his ill-got wealth,  
 Let MERCURY, the thriving God of stealth,  
 The shopman, JANUS, with his double looks,  
 Rise on your mounts, and perch upon your books?  
 But, spare my Venus, spare each sister grace,  
 Ye Cits, that fore bedizen nature's face!

Ye royal architects, whose antic taste,  
 Would lay the realms of sense and nature waste;

Forgot

Forgot, whenever from her steps ye stray,  
 That folly only points each other way ;  
 Here, though your eye no *courtly* creature sees,  
*Snakes* on the ground, or *monkies* in the trees ;  
 Yet let not too severe a censure fall,  
 On the plain precincts of the antient hall.

For though no fight your childish fancy meets,  
 Of Thiber's dogs, or China's perroquets ;  
 Though apes, asps, lizards, things without a tail,  
 And all the tribes of foreign monsters fail ;  
 Here shall ye sigh to see, with rust o'ergrown,  
 The Iron griffin and the sphynx of stone ;  
 And mourn, neglected in their waste abodes,  
 Fire-breathing drakes, and water-spouting gods.

Long have these mighty monsters known disgrace,  
 Yet still some trophies hold their ancient place ;  
 Where, round the hall, the oak's high surbace rears  
 The field-day triumphs of two hundred years.

Th' enormous antlers here recal the day  
 That saw the forest-monarch *forc'd away* ;  
 Who, many a flood, and many a mountain past,  
 Nor finding those, nor deeming these the last,  
 O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepar'd to fly,  
 Long ere the death-drop fill'd his failing eye !

Here fam'd for cunning, and in crimes grown old,  
 Hangs his grey brush, the felon of the fold.

Oft, as the rent-feast swells the midnight cheer,  
 The maudlin farmer kens him o'er his beer,  
 And tells his old, traditionary tale,  
 Though known to ev'ry tenant of the vale.

Here, where, of old, the festal ox has fed,  
 Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are spread:  
 Some ox, O MARSHALL, for a board like thine,  
 Where the vast master with the vast Sir Loin  
 Vied in round magnitude—Respect I bear  
 To thee, though oft the ruin of the chair.

These, and such antique tokens, that record  
 The manly spirit, and the bounteous board,  
 Me more delight than all the gew-gaw train,  
 The whims and zigzags of a modern brain,  
 More than all Asia's marmosets to view  
 Grin, frisk, and water in the walks of Kew.

#### CHARACTER OF A COUNTRY JUSTICE.

Through these fair vallies, stranger, hast thou  
 stray'd,  
 By any chance, to visit HAREWOOD'S shade,  
 And seen with honest, antiquated air,  
 In the plain hall the magistratual chair?  
 There HERBERT fate—The love of human kind,  
 Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,  
 In the free eye the featur'd soul display'd,  
 HONOUR'S strong beam, and MERCY'S melting shade:  
 JUSTICE, that, in the rigid paths of law,  
 Would still some drops from PITY'S fountain draw,

Bend

Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,  
 Ere his firm seal should force one Orphan's tear ;  
 Fair EQUITY, and REASON scorning art,  
 And all the sober virtues of the heart,—  
 These fate with HERBERT, these shall best avail,  
 Where statutes order ; or where statutes fail.

#### GENERAL MOTIVES FOR LENITY.

Be this, ye rural magistrates, your plan :  
 Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.

He whom the mighty master of this ball,  
 We fondly deem, or farcically call,  
 To own the Patriarch's truth however loth,  
 Holds but a mansion *crush'd before the moth*.

Frail in his genius, in his heart, too, frail,  
 Born but to err, and erring to bewail,  
 Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,  
 And give to life one human weakness more ?

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed ;  
 Still mark the strong temptation and the need :  
 On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,  
 At least more lenient let thy Justice fall.

#### APOLOGY FOR VAGRANTS.

For him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,  
 Has long with fortune held unequal strife,  
 Known to no human love, no human care,  
 The friendless, homeless object of despair ;

For



For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,  
 Nor from sad freedom fend to sadder chains.  
 Alike, if folly or misfortune brought  
 Those last of woes his evil days have wrought ;  
 Believe with social mercy and with me,  
 Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore  
 'The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;  
 Who, then, no more by golden prospects led,  
 Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.  
 Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,  
 Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain ;  
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,  
 The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,  
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,  
 The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

APOSTROPHE TO EDWARD THE THIRD.

O Edward, here thy fairest laurels fade!  
 And thy long glories darken into shade!

While yet the palms thy hardy veterans won,  
 The deeds of valour that for thee were done,  
 While yet the wreaths for which they bravely bled,  
 Fir'd thy high soul, and flourish'd on thy head,  
 Those veterans to their native shores return'd,  
 Like exiles wander'd, and like exiles mourn'd;  
 Or, left *at large* no longer to bewail,  
 Were vagrants deem'd, and destin'd to a jail!

Were

Were there no royal, yet uncultur'd lands,  
 No wastes that wanted such subduing hands?  
 Were CRSSY's heroes such abandon'd things?  
 O fate of war! and gratitude of kings!

THE GYPSEY-LIFE.

The Gypsey-race my pity rarely move;  
 Yet their strong thirst of liberty I love.  
 Not WILKES, our freedom's holy martyr, more;  
 Nor his firm *phalanx*, of the common shore.

For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves,  
 The tawny father with his offspring roves;  
 When summer suns lead flow the fultry day,  
 In mossy caves, where welling waters play,  
 Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,  
 With this in ragged luxury they lie.  
 Oft at the sun the dusky Elfin strain  
 The fable eye, then, snuggling, sleep again;  
 Oft, as the dews of cooler evening fall,  
 For their prophetic mother's mantle call.

Far other cares that wand'ring mother wait,  
 The mouth, and oft the minister of fate!  
 From her to hear, in evening's friendly shade,  
 Of future fortune, flies the village-maid,  
 Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold;  
 And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.

But ah! ye maids, beware the gypsey's lures!  
 She opens not the womb of time, but yours.

Oft has her hands the hapless MARIAN wrung,  
 MARIAN, whom GAY in sweetest strains has sung!  
 The Parson's maid—fore cause had she to rue  
 The Gypsey's tongue; the Parson's daughter too.  
 Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to know  
 What Vellum's sprucy clerk, the valley's beau,  
 Meant by those glances, which at church he stole,  
 Her father nodding to the psalm's slow drawl;  
 Long had she sigh'd, at length a prophet came,  
 By many a sure prediction known to fame,  
 To MARIAN known, and all she told, for true:  
 She knew the future, for the past she knew.

Where, in the darkling shed, the moon's dim rays  
 Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horse chaise,  
 Villaria fate, while faithful MARIAN brought  
 The wayward prophet of the woe she fought.  
 Twice did her hands, the income of the week,  
 On either side, the crooked sixpence seek;  
 Twice were those hands withdrawn from either side,  
 To stop the titt'ring laugh, the blush to hide.  
 The wayward prophet made no long delay,  
 No novice she in fortune's devious way!  
 " Ere yet, she cried, ten rolling months are o'er,  
 " Must ye be mothers; maids, at least, no more.  
 " With you shall soon, O lady fair, prevail  
 " A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.  
 " To MARIAN, once of Colin Clout the Scorn,  
 " Shall Bumkin come, and Bumkinets be born."

Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd fore,  
That ten short months had such events in store;  
But holding firm, what village-maids believe,  
*That strife with fate is milking in a sieve;*  
To prove their prophet true, though to their cost,  
They justly thought no time was to be lost.

These foes to youth, that seek, with dang'rous art,  
To aid the native weakness of the heart;  
These miscreants from thy harmless village drive,  
As wasps felonious from the lab'ring hive.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

## THE COUNTRY JUSTICE,

## A P O E M.

## P A R T II.

TO ROBERT WILSON CRACROFT, Esq.

**B**ORN with a gentle heart, and born to please  
 With native goodness, of no fortune vain,  
 The social aspect of inviting ease,  
 The kind opinion, and the sense humane ;

To thee, my CRACROFT, whom, in early youth,  
 With lenient hand, and anxious love I led  
 Through paths where science points to manly truth,  
 And glory gilds the mansions of the dead :

To thee this offering of maturer thought,  
 That, since wild FANCY flung the lyre aside,  
 With heedful hand the MORAL MUSE hath wrought,  
 That Muse devotes, and bears with honest pride,

Yet not that period of the human year,  
 When FANCY reign'd, shall we with pain review,  
 All NATURE's seasons different aspects wear,  
 And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due.

Not that in youth we rang'd the smiling meads,  
 On Essex' shores the trembling angle play'd,  
 Urging at noon the slow boat in the reeds,  
 That wav'd their green uncertainty of shade :

Nor yet the days consum'd in HACKTHORN'S vale,  
 That lonely on the Heath's wild bosom lies,  
 Should we with stern severity bewail,  
 And all the *lighter* hours of life despise.

For nature's seasons different aspects wear,  
 And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due ;  
 Awhile she freed us from the scourge of CARE,  
 But told us *then*—for social ends we grew.

To find some virtue trac'd on life's short page,  
 Some mark of service paid to human kind,  
 Alone can cheer the wintry paths of age,  
 Alone support the far-reflecting mind.

Oh! often thought—when SMITH'S discerning care  
 To further days prolong'd this failing frame!  
 To die, was little—But what heart could bear  
 To die, and leave an undistinguish'd name?

Blagdon-House,  
 22 Feb. 1775.

## THE COUNTRY JUSTICE,

## PART II.

## PROTECTION OF THE POOR.

\* **Y**ET, while thy rod restrains the needy crew,  
 Remember that thou art their monarch too.  
 KING OF THE BEGGARS!—Lov'st thou not the name?  
 O, great from GANGES to the golden TAME!  
 Far-ruling Sovereign of this begging ball,  
 Low at thy footstool other thrones shall fall.  
 His alms to thee the whisker'd Moor convey †,  
 And PRUSSIA's sturdy beggar own thy sway;  
 Courts, senates—all to BAAL that bend the knee ‡,  
 King of the beggars, these are fiefs to thee!

But still, forgot the grandeur of thy reign,  
 Descend to duties meaner crowns disdain;  
 That worst excrescency of power forego,  
 That *Pride* of Kings, humanity's first foe.

\* Refers to the conclusion of the first part.

† The Mahometan Princes seem to have a regular system of begging. Nothing so common as to hear that the Dey of Algiers, &c. &c. are dissatisfied with their presents. It must be owned, it would be for the welfare of the world, if Princes in general would adhere to the maxim, that, *it is better to beg than to steal.*

‡ ——— Tu pofcis vilia rerum,  
 Quamvis fers te nullius egentem.

*Hor.*

Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,  
 Worn by long service in the war of life ;  
 Nor leave the head, that time hath whiten'd, bare  
 To the rude insults of the searching air ;  
 Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend,  
 O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend !

If, when from heav'n severer seasons fall,  
 Fled from the frozen roof, and mouldering wall,  
 Each face the picture of a winter-day,  
 More strong than *Teniers'* pencil could pourtray ;—  
 If then to thee resort the shivering train,  
 Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,  
 Say to thy heart [remembering him who said]  
*These people come from far, and have no bread.*

Nor leave thy venal Clerk empower'd to hear ;  
 The voice of want is sacred to *thy* ear.  
 He, where no fees his sordid pen invite,  
 Sports with their tears, too indolent to write ;  
 Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain  
 To hear more helpless animals complain.

But chief thy notice shall one monster claim ;  
 A monster furnish'd with a human frame,  
 The Parish-officer !—though VERSE disdain  
 Terms that deform the splendor of the strain ;  
 It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe  
 On the sly, pilfering, cruel Overseer ;



The shuffling Farmer, faithful to no trust,  
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!

When the poor Hind, with length of years decay'd,  
Leans feebly on his once subduing spade,  
Forgot the service of his abler days,  
His profitable toil, and honest praise,  
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,  
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?

When harvest's burning suns and sickening air  
From labour's unbrac'd hand the grasp'd hook tear,  
Where shall the helpless family be fed,  
That vainly languish for a father's bread?  
See the pale Mother, sunk with grief and care,  
To the proud Farmer fearfully repair;  
Soon to be sent with insolence away,  
Referr'd to vestries, and a distant day!  
Referr'd—to perish!—Is my verse severe?  
Unfriendly to the human character?  
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:  
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.

If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,  
Think not, that patience were a virtue here.  
His low-born pride with honest rage controul;  
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.

But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,  
And certain vengeance of th' insulting foe,

Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their pray'r,  
The last extremes of penury they bear.

Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher;  
To something more than Magistrate aspire?  
And, left each poorer, pettier chace behind,  
Step nobly forth, the friend of human kind?  
The game I start courageously pursue!  
Adieu to fear! to indolence adieu!  
And, first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,  
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,  
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,  
And all the wild hostilities of air.  
—That roof have I remember'd many a year;  
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—  
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;—  
But TIME untenants—hah! what seest thou there?  
“ Horror!—by heav'n, extended on a bed  
“ Of naked fearn, two human creatures dead!  
“ Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!  
“ Cold, breathless!”

'Tis the Shepherd and his wife,  
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold  
What speaks more strongly than the story told,  
They died through want—

“ By every power I swear,  
“ If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,  
Through

“ Through whose default of duty, or design,  
 “ These victims fell, he dies.”

They fell by thine  
 “ Infernal!—Mine!—by—”

Swear on no pretence:  
 A swearing Justice wants both grace and sense.

When thy good father held this wide domain,  
 The voice of sorrow never mourn'd in vain.  
 Sooth'd by his pity, by his bounty fed,  
 The sick found medicine, and the aged bread.  
 He left their interest to no parish-care,  
 No bailiff urg'd his little empire there:  
 No village-tyrant starv'd them, or oppress'd;  
 He learnt their wants, and he those wants redress'd.

Ev'n these, unhappy! who, beheld too late,  
 Smote thy young heart with horror at their fate,  
 His bounty found, and destin'd here to keep  
 A small detachment of his mountain-sheep.  
 Still pleas'd to see them from the annual fair  
 Th' unwritten history of their profits bear;  
 More nobly pleas'd those profits to restore,  
 And, if their fortune fail'd them, make it more.

When nature gave her precept to remove  
 His kindred spirit to the realms of love,  
 Afar their anguish from thy distant ear,  
 No arm to save, and no protection near,

Led by the lure of unaccounted gold,  
Thy bailiff seiz'd their little flock, and fold.

Their want contending parishes survey'd,  
And this disown'd, and that refus'd to aid :  
A while, who should *not* succour them, they tried,  
And in that while the wretched victims died.

“ I'll scalp that bailiff—sacrifice.”

In vain

To rave at mischief, if the cause remain !

O days long lost to man in each degree !  
The golden days of hospitality !  
When liberal fortunes vied with liberal strife  
To fill the noblest offices of life ;  
When WEALTH was Virtue's handmaid, and her gate  
Gave a free refuge from the wrongs of fate ;  
The poor at hand their natural patrons saw,  
And lawgivers were supplements of law !

Lost are those days, and FASHION'S boundless sway  
Has borne the guardian magistrate away.  
Save in AUGUSTA'S streets, or Gallia's shore,  
The rural patron is beheld no more.  
No more the poor his kind protection share,  
Unknown their wants, and unreceiv'd their prayer.

Yet has that Fashion, long so light and vain,  
Reform'd at last, and led the moral train ?

Have

Have her gay vot'ries nobler worth to boast  
 For NATURE's love, for NATURE's virtue lost?  
 No—fled from these, the sons of Fortune find  
 What poor respect to wealth remains behind.  
 The mock regard alone of menial slaves,  
 The worship'd calves of their outwitting knaves!

Foregone the social, hospitable days,  
 When wide vales echoed with their owner's praise,  
 Of all that *ancient consequence* bereft,  
 What has the *modern man of fashion* left?

Does he, perchance, to rural scenes repair,  
 And “waste his sweetness” on the effenc'd air?  
 Ah! gently lave the feeble frame he brings,  
 Ye scouring seas! and ye sulphureous springs!

And thou, Brighthelmstone, where no cits annoy,  
 (All borne to MARGATE, in the Margate-hoy)  
 Where, if the hasty creditor advance,  
 Lies the light skiff, and ever-bailing France,  
 Do thou defend him in the dog-day-suns!  
 Secure in winter from the rage of duns!

While the grim catchpole, the grim porter swear,  
 One that he is, and one, he is not there,  
 The tortur'd us'rer, as he murmurs by,  
 Eyes the Venetian blinds, and heaves a sigh.

O, from each title folly ever took,  
 Blood! Maccarone! Cicisbeo! or Rook!

From each low passion, from each low resort,  
 The thieving alley, nay, the righteous court,  
 From BERTIES', ALMACK'S, ARTHUR'S, and the nest  
 Where JUDAH'S ferrets earth with CHARLES unblest ;—  
 From these and all the garbage of the great,  
 At Honour's, Freedom's, Virtue's call—retreat !

Has the fair vale, where REST, conceal'd in flowers,  
 Lies in sweet ambush for thy careless hours,  
 The breeze, that, balmy fragrance to infuse,  
 Bathes it's soft wing in aromatic dews,  
 The stream, to soothe thine ear, to cool thy breast,  
 That mildly murmurs from it's crystal rest ;—  
 Have these less charms to win, less power to please,  
 Than haunts of rapine, harbours of disease ?

Will no kind slumbers o'er thine eyelids creep,  
 Save where the fullen watchman growls at sleep ?  
 Does morn no sweeter, purer breath diffuse  
 Than steams through alleys from the lungs of JEWS ?  
 And is thy water, pent in putrid wood,  
 BETHESDA-like, when troubled *only* good ?

Is it thy passion LINLEY'S voice to hear,  
 And has no mountain-lark detain'd thine ear ?  
 Song marks alone the tribes of airy wing ;  
 For, trust me, man was never meant to sing :  
 And all his mimic organs e'er express,  
 Was but an imitative howl at best,

Is it on GARRICK's attitude you doat?  
 See on the pointed cliff yon lordly goat!  
 Like LEAR's, his beard descends in graceful snow,  
 And wild he looks upon the world below.

Superior *here* the scene in every part!  
 Here reigns great nature, and there little art!  
 Here let thy life assume a nobler plan,  
 To Nature faithful, and the friend of man!

Unnumber'd objects ask thy honest care,  
 Beside the orphan's tear, the widow's prayer:  
 Far as thy power can save, thy bounty bless,  
 Unnumber'd evils call for thy redress.

Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn,  
 Whose aged *limbs* the Heath's wild winds have torn?  
 While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,  
 A *few* seem straggling in the evening sky!  
 Not many suns have hastened down the day,  
 Or blushing moons immers'd in clouds their way,  
 Since there, a scene that stain'd their sacred light,  
 With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight;  
 A babe just born that signs of life express,  
 Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.  
 The pitying robber, conscious that, pursued,  
 He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;  
 To the next cot the trembling infant bore,  
 And gave a part of what he stole before;

Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,  
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.

Far other treatment she who breathless lay,  
Found from a viler animal of prey.

Worn with long toil on many a painful road,  
That toil increas'd by nature's growing load,  
When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,  
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,  
The ruffian officer oppos'd her stay,  
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away,  
So far beyond the town's last limits drove,  
That to return were hopeless, had she strove.  
Abandon'd there—with famine, pain and cold,  
And anguish, she expir'd—the rest I've told.

“ Now *let* me swear—For, by my soul's last sigh,  
“ That thief shall live, that overseer shall die.”

Too late!—his life the generous robber paid,  
Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd!  
No soul-discerning MANSFIELD fate to hear,  
No HERTFORD bore his prayer to mercy's ear;  
No liberal Justice first assign'd the gaol,  
Or urg'd, as CAMPLIN would have urg'd his tale.

The living object of thy honest rage,  
Old in parochial crimes, and *steel'd* with age,



The grave church-warden!—Unabash'd he bears  
Weekly to church his book of wicked prayers.  
And pours, with all the blasphemy of praise,  
His creeping soul in Sternhold's creeping lays!

END OF PART II.

## THE COUNTRY JUSTICE,

## A P O E M.

## P A R T III.

## D E P R E D A T I O N.

O, No! Sir John—the muse's gentle art  
 Lives not to blemish, but to mend the heart,  
 While Gay's brave robber grieves us for his fate,  
 We hold the harpies of his life in hate,  
 Ingenuous youth, by nature's voice address'd,  
 Finds not the harden'd, but the feeling breast;  
 Can form no wish the dire effects to prove  
 Of lawless valour, or of venal love,  
 Approves the fondness of the faithful maid,  
 And mourns a generous passion unrepaid.

Yet would I praise the pious zeal that saves  
 Imperial London from her world of knaves;  
 Yet would I count it no inglorious strife  
 To scourge the pests of property and life.

Come then, long skill'd in theft's illusive ways,  
 Lord of the clue that thrids her mighty maze!

Together let us beat all Giles's Fields,  
 Try what the night-house, what the round-house yields,  
 Hang when we must, be candid when we please,  
 But leave no bawd, unlicens'd, at her ease.

Say first, of thieves above, or thieves below,  
 What can we order till their haunts we know?  
 Far from St. James's let your Nimrods stray,  
 But stop and call at Stephen's in their way.  
 That ancient victualler, we've been told, of late,  
 Has kept bad hours, encourag'd high debate;  
 That those without still pelting those within,  
 Have stunn'd the peaceful neighbours with their din;  
 That if you close his private walls invest,  
 'Tis odds, you meet with some unruly guest—  
 Good Lord, Sir John, how would the people stare,  
 To see the present and the late Lord-mayor\*  
 Bow to the majesty of Bow-street chair!

Illustrious chiefs! can I your haunts pass by,  
 Nor give my long-lov'd liberty a sigh?  
 That heavenly plant which long unblemish'd blew,  
 Dishonour'd only, only hurt by you!  
 Dishonour'd, when with harden'd front you claim  
 To deeds of darkness her diviner name!  
 For you grim LICENCE strove with Hydra breath  
 To spread the blasts of pestilence and death:  
 Here for poor vice, for dark ambition there  
 She scatter'd poison through the social air.

\* This was written during the mayoralty of 1776.

Yet here, in vain—Oh, had her toil been vain,  
 When with black wing she swept the western main!  
 When with low labour, and insidious art,  
 She tore a daughter from her parent's heart!

Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,  
 Fair honour's foil, and liberty's disgrace!  
 With spleen I see your wild illusions spread  
 Through the long region of a land misled;  
 See commerce sink, see cultivation's charms  
 Lost in the rage of anarchy and arms!

And thou, O Ch—m, once a nation's pride,  
 Borne on the brightest wave of glory's tide!  
 Hast thou the parent spurn'd, the erring child  
 With prospects vain to ruin's arms beguil'd?  
 Hast thou the plans of dire defection prais'd  
 For the poor pleasure of a statue rais'd?

Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,  
 From Charles quite graceless, up to Grafton's grace!

Where forty-five once mark'd the dirty door,  
 And the chain'd knife \* invites the paltry whore;  
 Though far, methinks, the choicest guests are fled,  
 And Wilkes and Humphrey number'd with the dead,  
 Wilkes, who in death would friendship's vows fulfill,  
 True to his cause, and dines with Humphrey still—

Where

\* Chained to the table, to prevent depredations.

Where sculks each dark, where roams each desperate  
wight,

Owls of the day and vultures of the night,—  
Shall we, O knight, with cruel pains explore,  
Clear these low walks, and think the business o'er?  
No—much, alas! for you, for me remains,  
Where justice sleeps, and deprædation reigns.

Wrapt in kind darkness, you no spleen betray,  
When the gilt Nabob lacqueys all the way:  
Harmless to you his towers, his forests rise,  
That swell with anguish my indignant eyes;  
While in those towers raz'd villages I see,  
And tears of orphans watering every tree.  
Are these mock-ruins that invade my view?  
These are the entrails of the poor Gentoo.  
'T hat column's trophied base his bones supply;  
That lake the tears that swell'd his sable eye!  
Let here, O knight, their steps terrific steer  
Thy HUE AND CRY, and loose thy bloodhounds here.

Oh, MERCY, thron'd on his eternal breast,  
Who breath'd the savage waters into rest;  
By each soft pleasure that thy bosom smote,  
When first creation started from his thought;  
By each warm tear that melted o'er thine eye,  
When on his works was written THESE MUST DIE!  
If secret slaughter yet, nor cruel war  
Have from these mortal regions forc'd thee far,  
Still to our follies, to our frailties blind,  
Oh, stretch thy healing wings o'er human kind!

—For them I ask not, hostile to thy sway,  
 Who calmly on a brother's vitals prey :  
 For them I plead not, who, in blood embued,  
 Have every softer sentiment subdued.

## P R I S O N S.

Yet, gentle power, thy absence I bewail,  
 When seen the dank, dark regions of a gaol;  
 When found alike in chains and night enclos'd,  
 The thief detected ; and the thief suppos'd !  
 Sure, the fair light and the salubrious air  
 Each YET-SUSPECTED prisoner might share.  
 —To lie, to languish in some dreary cell,  
 Some loathed hold, where guilt and horror dwell,  
 Ere yet the truth of seeming facts be tried,  
 Ere yet their country's sacred voice decide,  
 Britain, behold thy citizens expos'd,  
 And blush to think the Gothic age unclos'd !

## F I L I A T I O N.

Oh, more than Goths, who yet decline to raze  
 That pest of James's puritanic days,  
 The savage law\* that barb'rously ordains  
 FOR FEMALE VIRTUE LOST A FELON'S PAINS!—  
 Dooms the poor maiden, as her fate severe,  
 To toil and chains a long-enduring year.

Th' unnatural monarch, to the sex unkind,  
 An owl obscene, in learning's sunshine blind !

Councils

\* 7 Jac. C. 4.

Councils of pathics, cabinets of tools,  
 Benches of knaves, and parliaments of fools!  
 Fanatic fools, that, in those twilight times,  
 With wild religion cloak'd the worst of crimes!—  
 Hope we from such a crew, in such a reign,  
 For equal laws, or policy humane?

Here, then, O JUSTICE, thy own power forbear;  
 The sole protector of th' unpitied fair.  
 Though long intreat the ruthless overseer;  
 Though the loud vestry teize thy tortur'd ear;  
 Though all to acts, to precedents appeal,  
 Mute be thy pen, and vacant rest thy seal.

Yet shalt thou know, nor is the difference nice,  
 The casual fall, from impudence of vice.  
 Abandon'd guilt by active laws restrain,  
 But pause . . . . if virtue's slightest spark remain.  
 Left to the shameless lash, the hard'ning gaol,  
 The fairest thoughts of modesty would fail.

The down-cast eye, the tear that flows amain,  
 As if to ask her innocence again;  
 The plaintive babe, that slumbering seem'd to lie  
 On her soft breast, and wakes at the heav'd sigh;  
 The cheek that wears the beauteous robe of shame;  
 How loth they leave a gentle breast to blame!

Here, then, O JUSTICE, thy own power forbear;—  
 The sole protector of th' unpitied fair!

## MILTON'S ITALIAN POEMS

TRANSLATED;

AND ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN OF ITALY.

A D D R E S S :

TO SIGNR. MOZZI, OF MACERATA.

**T**O thee, the child of classic plains,  
 The happier hand of nature gave  
 Each grace of Fancy's finer strains,  
 Each Muse that mourn'd o'er Maro's grave.

Nor yet the harp that Horace strung  
 With many a charm of easy art;  
 Nor yet what sweet Tibullus sung,  
 When beauty bound him to her heart;

Nor all that gentle PROVENCE knew,  
 Where each breeze bore a lover's sigh,  
 When Petrarch's sweet persuasion drew  
 The tender woe from Laura's eye;

Nor



Nor aught that nobler science seeks,  
 What truth, what virtue must avoid,  
 Nor aught the voice of nature speaks,  
 To thee unknown, or unenjoy'd.

O wife beyond each weaker aim,  
 That weds the soul to this low sphere,  
 Fond to indulge the feeble frame,  
 That holds awhile her prisoner here!

Trust me, my friend, that soul survives,  
 (If e'er had muse prophetic skill)  
 And when the fated hour arrives,  
 That all her faculties shall fill,

Fit for some nobler frame she flies,  
 Afar to find a second birth,  
 And, flourishing in fairer skies,  
 Forfakes her nursery of earth.

Oh! there, my Mozzi, to behold  
 The man that mourn'd his country's wrong,  
 When the poor exile left his fold,  
 \* And feebly dragg'd his goat along!

On Plato's hallow'd breast to lean,  
 And catch that ray of heavenly fire,  
 Which smooth'd a tyrant's fullen mien,  
 And bade the cruel thought retire!

X 3

Amid

\* Hanc etiam vix Tityre duco. VIRG.

Amid those fairy-fields to dwell,  
 Where Taffo's favour'd spirit saw  
 What, numbers none but his could tell,  
 What, pencils none but his could draw!

And oft at eve, if eve can be  
 Beneath the source of glory's smile,  
 To range elysian groves, and see  
 That NIGHTLY VISITANT—'ere while,

Who, when he left immortal choirs,  
 To mix with Milton's kindred soul,  
 The labours of their golden lyres  
 Would steal, and ' whisper whence he stole.'

Aufonian bard, from my fond ear  
 By seas and mountains sever'd long,  
 If, chance, these humble strains to hear,  
 You leave your more melodious song,

Whether, adventurous, you explore  
 The wilds of Apenninus' brow,  
 Or, musing near Loretto's \* shore,  
 Smile piteous on the pilgrim's vow ;

The muse's gentle offering still  
 Your ear shall win, your love shall wooe,  
 And these spring-flowers of Milton fill  
 The favour'd vales where first they grew.

For

\* Within a few miles of Macerata.

For me, depriv'd of all that's dear,  
Each fair, fond partner of my life,  
Left with a lonely oar to steer,  
Through the rude storms of mortal strife;—

When Care, the felon of my days,  
Expands his cold and gloomy wing,  
His load when strong affliction lays  
On hope, the heart's elastic spring.

For me what solace yet remains,  
Save the sweet Muse's tender lyre;  
Sooth'd by the magick of her strains,  
If, chance, the felon, Care, retire?

Save the sweet muse's tender lyre,  
For me no solace now remains!  
Yet shall the felon, Care, retire;  
Sooth'd by the magic of her strains.

*Blagdon-House,  
June 26, 1776.*

*J. L.*

## S O N N E T I.

**O** Lady fair, whose honour'd name is borne  
 By that soft vale where Rhyne so loves to stray,  
 And sees the tall arch crown his wat'ry way!  
 Sure, happy he, though much the Muse's scorn,  
 Too dull to die beneath thy beauty's ray,  
 Who never felt that spirit's charmed sway,  
 Which gentle smiles, and gentle deeds adorn,  
 Though in those smiles are all love's arrows worn,  
 Each radiant virtue though those deeds display!  
 Sure, happy he who that sweet voice should hear  
 Mould the soft speech, or swell the tuneful strain,  
 And, conscious that his humble vows were vain,  
 Shut fond attention from his closed ear;  
 Who, piteous of himself, should timely part,  
 Ere love had held long empire in his heart!

## S O N N E T II.

**A**S o'er yon wild hill, when the browner light  
 Of evening falls, the Village-maiden hies  
 To foster some fair plant with kind supplies  
 Some stranger plant, that, yet in tender plight,  
 But feebly buds, ere Spring has open'd quite  
 The soft affections of serenest skies:

So I, with such like gentle thought devise  
 This stranger tongue to cultivate with care,  
 All for the sake of lovely lady fair,  
 And tune my lays, in language little tried  
 By such as wont to Tamis' banks repair,  
 Tamis forfook for Arno's flowery side,  
 So wrought love's will that ever ruleth wide!

## S O N N E T III.

CHARLES, must I say, what strange it seems to say,  
 This rebel heart that LOVE hath held as naught,  
 Or, haply, in his cunning mazes caught,  
 Would laugh, and let his captive steal away;  
 This simple heart hath now become his prey.  
 Yet hath no golden tress this lesson taught,  
 Nor vermeil cheek that shames the rising day:  
 Oh! no—'twas beauty's most celestial ray,  
 With charms divine of sovereign sweetness fraught!  
 The noble mien, the soul-dissolving air,  
 The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,  
 The voice that, breathing melody so rare,  
 Might lead the toil'd moon from the middle sky!  
 Charles, when such mischief arm'd this foreign fair,  
 Small chance had I to hope this simple heart should fly.

## SONNET IV.

**I**N truth I feel my fun in those fair eyes,  
 So strongly strike they, like that powerful ray,  
 Which falls with all the violence of day  
 On Lybia's sands—and oft, as there, arise  
 Hot wasting vapours from the source where lies  
 My secret pain; yet, haply, those may say,  
 Who talk love's language, these are only sighs,  
 That the soft ardors of the soul betray\*.

## SONNET V.

**A**N artless youth, who, simple in his love,  
 Seem'd little hopeful from his heart to fly,  
 To thee that heart, O lady, nor deny  
 The votive gift, he brings; since that shall prove  
 All change and fear and falsity above;  
 Of manners that to gentle deeds comply,  
 And courteous will, that never asketh why;  
 Yet, mild as is the never wrathful dove,  
 Firmness it hath, and fortitude to bear

The

\* The *Concetti* of the Italian in the conclusion of this Sonnet were so obstinate, that it seemed scarce possible to reduce them into any reputable form of translation. Such trifling liberties as the translator shall appear to have taken with these poems, must be imputed to a desire of getting over blemishes of the same kind.

The wrecks of nature, or the wrongs of fate ;  
 From envy far, and low-defigning care,  
 And hopes and fears that vulgar minds await ;  
 With the sweet muse, and founding lyre elate,  
 And only weak, when love had entrance there.

## C A N Z O N.

**G**AY youths and frolic damfels round me throng,  
 And smiling fay, why, shepherd, wilt thou write  
 Thy lays of love adventurous to recite  
 In unknown numbers and a foreign tongue ?  
 Shepherd, if *Hope* hath ever wrought thee wrong,  
 Afar from her and *Fancy's* fairy light  
 Retire—So they to sport with me delight ;  
 And other shores, they fay, and other streams  
 Thy presence wait ; and sweetest flowers that blow,  
 Their ripening blooms reserve for thy fair brow,  
 Where glory soon shall bear her brightest beams ;  
 Thus they, and yet their soothing little seems ;  
 If she, for whom I breathe the tender vow,  
 Sing these soft lays, and ask the mutual song,  
 This is thy language, love, and I to thee belong !

THE  
FABLES OF FLORA.

“ *Sylvas, saltusque sequamur,*  
“ *Intactos* \_\_\_\_\_ VIRG.

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TO

THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD.

MADAM,

**T**HERE is a tax upon the name of the Countess of HERTFORD, an hereditary obligation to patronize the Muses; and in times like these, when their influence, I will not say their reputation, is on the decline, they can by no means dispense with so essential a privilege. I intreat you, Madam, to take the following poems under your protection. They were written with an unaffected wish to promote the love of Nature and the interests of Humanity. On the credit of such motives I lay them at your feet, and beg to be esteemed,

MADAM,

Your most devoted and

most obedient servant,

JOHN LANGHORNE.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**I**N the following poems, the plan of Fable is somewhat enlarged, and the province so far extended, that the original NARRATIVE and MORAL may be accompanied with imagery, description, and sentiment. The scenery is formed in a department of nature adapted to the genius and disposition of POETRY; where she finds new objects, interests, and connexions, to exercise her fancy and her powers. If the execution, therefore, be unsuccessful, it is not the fault of the plan, but of the Poet.

## FABLE I.

## THE SUNFLOWER AND THE IVY.

**A**S duteous to the place of prayer,  
 Within the convent's lonely walls,  
 The holy sisters still repair,  
 What time the rosy morning calls :

So fair, each morn, so full of grace,  
 Within their little garden rear'd,  
 The flower of PHOEBUS turn'd her face  
 To meet the Power she lov'd and fear'd.

And where, along the rising sky,  
 Her God in brighter glory burn'd,  
 Still there her fond observant eye,  
 And there her golden breast she turn'd.

When calling from their weary height  
 On western waves his beams to rest,  
 Still there she fought the parting fight,  
 And there she turn'd her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shade  
 Afar his lovely looks had borne,  
 With folded leaves and drooping head,  
 Full fore she griev'd, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower display'd  
 The holy sisters smil'd to see,  
 Forgave the pagan rites it paid,  
 And lov'd its fond idolatry,

But painful still, though meant for kind,  
 The praise that falls on Envy's ear!  
 O'er the dim window's arch entwin'd,  
 The canker'd IVY chanc'd to hear.

And " See, she cry'd, that specious flower,  
 " Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,  
 " The pageant of a gilded hour,  
 " The convent's simple hearts hath won!

" Obsequious meanness! ever prone  
 " To watch the patron's turning eye;  
 " No will, no motion of its own!  
 " 'Tis this they love, for this they sigh:

" Go, splendid sycophant! no more  
 " Display thy soft seductive arts!  
 " The flattering clime of courts explore,  
 " Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.

" To me their praise more justly due,  
 " Of longer bloom and happier grace!  
 " Whom changing months unalter'd view,  
 " And find them in my fond embrace."

" How well," the modest flower reply'd,  
 " Can ENVY's wrested eye elude  
 " The obvious bounds that still divide  
 " Foul FLATTERY from fair GRATITUDE.

" My duteous praise each hour I pay,  
 " For few the hours that I must live ;  
 " And give to him my little day,  
 " Whose grace another day may give.

" When low this golden form shall fall  
 " And spread with dust its parent plain ;  
 " That dust shall hear his genial call,  
 " And rise, to glory rise, again.

" To thee, my gracious power, to thee  
 " My love, my heart, my life are due !  
 " Thy goodness gave that life to be ;  
 " Thy goodness shall that life renew.

" Ah me ! one moment from thy sight  
 " That thus my truant-eye should stray !  
 " The God of glory sets in night ;  
 " His faithless flower has lost a day."

Sore griev'd the flower, and droop'd her head ;  
 And sudden tears her breast bedew'd :  
 Consenting tears the sisters shed,  
 And, wrapt in holy wonder, view'd.

- With joy, with pious pride elate,  
 " Behold," the aged abbess cries,  
 " An emblem of that happier fate  
 " Which heav'n to all but us denies.
- " Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,  
 " No charm but duty's charm can move ;  
 " We shed no tears but holy tears  
 " Of tender penitence and love.
- " See there the envious world pourtray'd  
 " In that dark look, that creeping pace !  
 " No flower can bear the Ivy's shade ;  
 " No tree support its cold embrace.
- " The oak that rears it from the ground,  
 " And bears its tendrils to the skies,  
 " Feels at his heart the rankling wound,  
 " And in its pois'nous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,  
 Studios to teach her children dear,  
 And they, by love or duty led,  
 With pleasure heard, or seem'd to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,  
 (In convents still the tale is known)  
 The fable heard with silent care,  
 But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smil'd along the day,  
 And droop'd in tears at ev'ning's fall;  
 Too well she found her life display,  
 Too well her fatal lot recall.

The treacherous Ivy's gloomy shade,  
 That murdered what it most embrac'd,  
 Too well that cruel scene convey'd  
 Which all her fairer hopes effac'd.

Her heart with silent horror shook;  
 With sighs she sought her lonely cell:  
 To the dim light she cast *one* look;  
 And bade *once more* the world *farewell*.

## F A B L E II.

## THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

**T**HERE are that love the shades of life,  
 And shun the splendid walks of fame;  
 There are that hold it rueful strife  
 To risque **AMBITION'S** losing game:

That far from **ENVY'S** lurid eye  
 The fairest fruits of **GENIUS** rear,  
 Content to see them bloom and die  
 In Friendship's small but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers though sweeter far,  
 The Evening Primrose shuns the day;  
 Blooms only to the western star,  
 And loves its solitary ray.

In EDEN'S vale an aged hind,  
 At the dim twilight's closing hour,  
 On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,  
 With wonder view'd the opening flower.

“ Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,”  
 In pity's simple thought he cries,  
 “ Thy bosom must not feel the glow  
 “ Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

“ Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,  
 “ The hamlet's little train behold;  
 “ Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,  
 “ When thine the falling shades unfold.

“ Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,  
 “ When love has fill'd his heart with cares,  
 “ For flowers he rifles all the meads,  
 “ For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

“ Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom  
 “ On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,  
 “ Let smiling suns those gems illumine!  
 “ Fair flower, to live unseen is death.”

oft as the voice of vernal gales  
 That o'er the bending meadow blow,  
 Or streams that steal through even vales,  
 And murmur that they move so flow :

Deep in her unfrequented bower,  
 Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain ;  
 The bird of eve approv'd her flower,  
 And answer'd thus the anxious swain.

Live unseen !

By moonlight shades, in valleys green,  
 Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.  
 Of our pleasures deem not lightly,  
 Laughing day may look more sprightly,  
 But I love the modest mien,  
*Still* I love the modest mien  
 Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen.

Didst thou, shepherd, never find,  
 Pleasure is of pensive kind ?  
 Has thy cottage never known  
 That she loves to live alone ?  
 Dost thou not at evening hour  
 Feel some soft and secret power,  
 Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,  
 Leave sweet serenity behind ;  
 While all disarm'd, the cares of day  
 Steal through the falling gloom away ?

Love



Love to think thy lot was laid  
 In this undistinguish'd shade.  
 Far from the world's infectious view,  
 Thy little virtues safely blew.  
 Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,  
 Guard thy emblematic flower.

## F A B L E III.

## THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

**T**HE \* Reed that once the shepherd blew  
 On old CEPHISUS' hallow'd side,  
 To SYLLA's cruel bow apply'd,  
 Its inoffensive master flew.

Stay, bloody soldier, stay thy hand,  
 Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath :  
 Thy rage let innocence withstand ;  
 Let musick soothe the thirst of death,

He frown'd—He bade the arrow fly—  
 The arrow smote the tuneful swain ;  
 No more its tone his lip shall try,  
 Nor wake its vocal soul again.

CEPHISUS, from his sedgy urn,  
 With woe beheld the sanguine deed :  
 He mourn'd, and as they heard him mourn,  
 Assenting sigh'd each trembling Reed.

Y 3

“ Fair

\* The reeds on the banks of the Cephisus, of which the shepherds made their pipes, Sylla's soldiers used for arrows.

“ Fair offspring of my waves,” he cry'd ;  
 “ That bind my brows, my banks adorn,  
 “ Pride of the plains, the rivers' pride,  
 “ For musick, peace, and beauty born !

“ Ah ! what unheedful have we done ?  
 “ What dæmons here in death delight ?  
 “ What fiends that curse the social fun ?  
 “ What furies of infernal night ?

“ See, see my peaceful shepherds bleed ?  
 “ Each heart in harmony that vy'd,  
 “ Smote by its own melodious reed,  
 “ Lies cold, along my blushing side,

“ Back to your urn, my waters, fly ;  
 “ Or find in earth some secret way ;  
 “ For horror dims yon conscious sky,  
 “ And hell has issued into day.”

Through DELPHI'S holy depth of shade  
 The sympathy forrows ran ;  
 While in his dim and mournful glade  
 The genius of her groves began.

“ In vain CEPHISUS sighs to save  
 “ The swain that loves his watry mead,  
 “ And weeps to see his reddening wave,  
 “ And mourns for his perverted Reed :

- “ In vain my violated groves  
 “ Must I with equal grief bewail,  
 “ While desolation sternly roves,  
 “ And bids the fanguine hand assail.
- “ God of the genial stream, behold  
 “ My laurel shades of leaves so bare †  
 “ Those leaves no poet’s brows unfold,  
 “ Nor bind APOLLO’S golden hair.
- “ Like thy fair offspring, misapply’d,  
 “ Far other purpose they supply ;  
 “ The murderer’s burning cheek to hide,  
 “ And on his frownful temples die.
- “ Yet deem not these of PLUTO’S race,  
 “ Whom wounded nature sues in vain ;  
 “ Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,  
 “ And cries indignant, “ They are men.”

## F A B L E IV.

## THE GARDEN ROSE AND THE WILD ROSE.

**A**S DEE, whose current, free from stain,  
 Glides fair o’er MERIONETH’S plain,  
 By mountains forc’d his way to steer  
 Along the lake of PIMBLE MERE,

Darts swiftly through the stagnant mafs,  
His waters trembling as they pafs,  
And leads his lucid waves below,  
Unmix'd, unfullied as they flow—  
So clear through life's tumultuous tide,  
So free could THOUGHT and FANCY glide;  
Could HOPE as sprightly hold her courfe,  
As firft ſhe left her native ſource,  
Unfought in her romantic cell  
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

But ah! they will not, will not laſt—  
When life's firſt fairy ſtage is paſt,  
The glowing hand of HOPE is cold;  
And FANCY lives not to be old.  
Darker, and darker all before;  
We turn the former proſpect o'er;  
And find in MEMORY's faithful eye  
Our little ſtock of pleaſures lie.

Come, then; thy kind receſſes ope!  
Fair keeper of the dreams of HOPE!  
Come with thy viſionary train;  
And bring my morning ſcenes again!

To EXON's wild and ſilent ſhade,  
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;  
What time the *woodland* GENIUS came,  
And touch'd me with his holy ſtame,—

Or, where the hermit, BELA, leads  
 Her waves through solitary meads;  
 And only feeds the desert-flower,  
 Where once she fouth'd my flumbering hour:  
 Or roused by STAINMORE's wintry fky,  
 She wearies echo with her cry;  
 And oft, what forms her bofom tear,  
 Her deeply-wounded banks declare.—

Where EDEN's fairer waters flow,  
 By MILTON's bower, or OSTY's brow,  
 Or BROCKLEY's alder-shaded cave,  
 Or, winding round the Druid's grave,  
 Silently glide, with pious fear,  
 To found his holy flumbers near.—

To thefe fair fcenes of FANCY's reign,  
 O MEMORY! bear me once again:  
 For, when life's varied fcenes are paff,  
 'Tis fimple Nature charms at laft.

'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd;  
 Th' indulgent power his prayer approv'd,  
 And, ere the gather'd Rose could fade,  
 Reftored him to the fcenes he lov'd.

A Rose, the poet's favourite flower,  
 From FLORA's cultured walks he bore;  
 No fairer bloom'd in ESHER's bower,  
 Nor PRIOR's charming CHLOE wore.

No fairer flowers could FANCY twine  
 To hide ANACREON'S snowy hair ;  
 For there ALMERIA'S bloom divine,  
 And ELLIOT'S sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,  
 And leaves for shades, a nation's love,  
 With awe the village maid admires,  
 How WALDEGRAVE looks, how WALDEGRAVE  
 moves.

So marvell'd much in ENON'S shade  
 The flowers that all uncultur'd grew,  
 When there the splendid Rose display'd  
 Her swelling breast, and shining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorn'd the place  
 Where now her gaudy rival reigned,  
 Of simpler bloom, but kindred race,  
 The penive EGLANTINE complained.—

- “ Mistaken youth,” with sighs she said,  
 “ From nature and from me to stray !  
 “ The bard, by splendid forms betray'd,  
 “ No more shall frame the purer lay.  
 “ Luxuriant, like the flaunting Rose,  
 “ And gay the brilliant strains may be,  
 “ But far, in beauty, far from those,  
 “ That flowed to nature and to me.”

The poet felt, with fond surprize,  
 The truths the fylvan critic told ;  
 And “ though this courtly Rose,” he cries,  
 “ Is gay, is beauteous to behold ;

“ Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee  
 “ Wild sweetnesss which no words exprefs,  
 “ And charms in thy simplicity,  
 “ That dwell not in the pride of drefs.”

## F A B L E V:

## THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

**S**HEPHERD, if near thy artless breast  
 The god of fond desires repair ;  
 Implore him for a gentle guest.  
 Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's foul-enchancing smile,  
 Love-kindling looks, and features gay,  
 Should these thy wandering eye beguile,  
 And steal thy wareless heart away ;

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,  
 And soon the erring eye deplore,  
 If in the beauteous bosom dwell  
 No gentle virtue's genial store.

Far from his hive one summer-day,  
 A young and yet unpractis'd bee,  
 Borne on his tender wings away,  
 Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon in play he pass'd,  
 But when the shades of evening came,  
 No parent brought the due repast,  
 And faintness seiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by instinct led,  
 The bosom of a flower he sought,  
 Where streams mourn'd round a mossy bed,  
 And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dies,  
 On that fair bank a Pansy grew,  
 That borrow'd from indulgent skies  
 A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that stream'd with glossy gold,  
 The velvet shade, the purple hue,  
 The stranger wonder'd to behold,  
 And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,  
 At evening's fall, his fair to meet,  
 When o'er the hardly-bending meads  
 He springs on more than mortal feet :



Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,  
 When stealing near her orient breast ;  
 Than felt the fond enamour'd bee,  
 When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,  
 His heart in beauty's magic spell!  
 So never passion thee betide,  
 But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there ;  
 No soul-sustaining charms abound :  
 No honey'd sweetness to repair  
 The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labours led  
 Through those fair springs, and meads of gold,  
 His feeble wing, his drooping head  
 Beheld, and pity'd to behold.

“ Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art  
 “ That courts thine eye with fair attire ;  
 “ Who smiles to win the heedless heart,  
 “ Will smile to see that heart expire.

“ This modest flower of humbler hue,  
 “ That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,  
 “ Array'd in unbespangled blue,  
 “ The simple cloathing of the skies—

“ This

“ This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,  
 “ May yet thy languid life renew :”  
 He said, and to the Violet's breast  
 The little vagrant faintly flew.

## F A B L E VI.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW AND THE  
 CROWN IMPERIAL.

**F**ROM BACTRIA'S vales, where beauty blows  
 Luxuriant in the genial ray ;  
 Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,  
 And deeper drink the golden day :

From BACTRIA'S vales to BRITAIN'S shore  
 What time the CROWN IMPERIAL came,  
 Full high the stately stranger bore  
 The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eastern state,  
 In all the eastern glory gay,  
 He bade, with native pride elate,  
 Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,  
 Nor hold it strange in distant time,  
 That freedom even to flowers was dear,  
 To flowers that bloom'd in Britain's clime !

Thro' purple meads, and spicy gales,  
 Where STRYMON'S \* silver waters play,  
 While far from hence their goddess dwells,  
 She rules with delegated sway.

That sway the CROWN IMPERIAL fought,  
 With high demand and haughty mien :  
 But equal claim a rival brought,  
 A rival, call'd the MEADOW'S QUEEN.

“ In climes of orient glory born,  
 “ Where beauty first and empire grew ;  
 “ Where first unfolds the golden morn,  
 “ Where richer falls the fragrant dew :

“ In light's ethereal beauty drest,  
 “ Behold,” he cried, “ the favour'd flower,  
 “ Which FLORA'S high commands invest  
 “ With ensigns of imperial power!

“ Where prostrate vales, and blushing meads,  
 “ And bending mountains own his sway,  
 “ While PERSIA'S lord his empire leads,  
 “ And bids the trembling world obey ;

“ While blood bedews the straining bow,  
 “ And conquest rends the scatter'd air,  
 “ 'Tis mine to bind the victor's brow,  
 “ And reign in envied glory there :

\* The Ionian Strymon.

•• Then

- " Then lowly bow, ye British flowers !  
 " Confess your monarch's mighty sway,  
 " And own the only glory yours,  
 " When fear flies trembling to obey,"

He said, and fudden o'er the plain,  
 From flower to flower a murmur ran;  
 With modest air, and milder strain,  
 When thus the MEADOW'S QUEEN began.

- " If vain of birth, of glory vain,  
 " Or fond to bear a regal name,  
 " The pride of folly brings disdain,  
 " And bids me urge a tyrant's claim :
- " If war my peaceful realms assail,  
 " And then, unmov'd by pity's call,  
 " I smile to see the bleeding vale,  
 " Or feel one joy in nature's fall :
- " Then may each justly vengeful flower  
 " Pursue her Queen with generous strife,  
 " Nor leave the hand of lawless power  
 " Such compass on the scale of life.
- " One simple virtue all my pride !  
 " The wish that flies to misery's aid ;  
 " The balm that stops the crimson tide \*  
 " And heals the wounds that war has made."

\* The property of that flower.

Their free consent by Zephyrs borne,  
 The flowers their MEADOW'S QUEEN obey;  
 And fairer blushes crowned the morn,  
 And sweeter fragrance filled the day.

## F A B L E VII.

## T H E W A L L - F L O W E R .

- “ **W**H Y loves my flower, the sweetest flower  
 “ That swells the golden breast of May,  
 “ Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,  
 “ To waste her solitary day ?
- “ Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,  
 “ The grove and genial garden call,  
 “ Will she her fragrant soul exhale,  
 “ Unheeded on the lonely wall ?
- “ For never sure was beauty born  
 “ To live in death's deserted shade !  
 “ Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,  
 “ My banks for life and beauty made.”

Thus PITY wak'd the tender thought,  
 And by her sweet persuasion led,  
 To seize the hermit-flower I sought,  
 And bear her from her stony bed.

I fought—but sudden on mine ear  
 A voice in hollow murmurs broke,  
 And smote my heart with holy fear—  
 The GENIUS of the *Ruin* spoke.

“ From thee be far th’ ungentle deed,  
 “ The honours of the dead to spoil,  
 “ Or take the sole remaining meed,  
 “ The flower that crowns their former toil!

“ Nor deem that flower the garden’s foe,  
 “ Or fond to grace this barren shade;  
 “ ’Tis NATURE tells her to bestow  
 “ Her honours on the lonely dead.

“ For this obedient Zephyrs bear  
 “ Her light seeds round yon turret’s mold,  
 “ And undispers’d by tempests there,  
 “ They rise in vegetable gold.

“ Nor shall thy wonder wake to see  
 “ Such desert scenes distinction crave;  
 “ Oft have they been, and oft shall be  
 “ Truth’s, Honour’s, Valour’s, Beauty’s grave.

“ Where longs to fall that rifted spire,  
 “ As weary of th’ insulting air;  
 “ The poet’s thought, the warrior’s fire,  
 “ The lover’s sighs are sleeping there.

- “ When that too shakes the trembling ground,  
 “ Borne down by some tempestuous sky,  
 “ And many a slumb’ring cottage round  
 “ Startles—how still their hearts will lie!
- “ Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,  
 “ No more the smiling day shall view,  
 “ Should many a tender tale be told;  
 “ For many a tender thought is due.
- “ Hast thou not seen some lover pale,  
 “ When evening brought the pensive hour,  
 “ Step slowly o’er the shadowy vale,  
 “ And stop to pluck the frequent flower?
- “ Those flowers he surely meant to strew  
 “ On lost affection’s lowly cell;  
 “ Though there, as fond remembrance grew,  
 “ Forgotten, from his hand they fell.
- “ Has not for thee the fragrant thorn  
 “ Been taught her first rose to resign?  
 “ With vain but pious fondness borne  
 “ To deck thy NANCY’S honour’d shrine?
- “ Tis NATURE pleading in the breast,  
 “ Fair memory of her works to find;  
 “ And when to fate she yields the rest,  
 “ She claims the monumental mind.

- " Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time  
 " Would thus the letter'd fage explore,  
 " With pain these crumbling ruins climb,  
 " And on the doubtful sculpture pore ?
- " Why seeks he with unwearied toil  
 " Through death's dim walks to urge his way,  
 " Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,  
 " And lead OBLIVION into day ?
- " 'Tis NATURE prompts, by toil or fear  
 " Unmov'd, to range thro' death's domain :  
 " The tender parent loves to hear  
 " Her childrens' story told again.
- " Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,  
 " If haply near these haunts he stray ;  
 " Nor take the fair enlivening flowers  
 " That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

## F A B L E VIII.

## THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE\*,

**T** WAS on the border of a stream  
 A gayly-painted Tulip stood,  
 And, gilded by the morning beam,  
 Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And

\* This Fable was first published in a Collection of Letters, supposed to have passed between St. Evremond and Waller.



And sure, more lovely to behold,  
 Might nothing meet the wistful eye,  
 Than crimfon fading into gold,  
 In streaks of faireft fymmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,  
 Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!  
 Vainly affects superior state,  
 And thus in empty fancy fwells.

“ O luftre of unrivall’d bloom!  
 “ Fair painting of a hand divine!  
 “ Superior far to mortal doom,  
 “ The hues of heaven alone are mine!

“ Away, ye worthlefs, formlefs race!  
 “ Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers  
 “ No more my native bed difgrace,  
 “ Unmeet for tribes fo mean as yours!

“ Shall the bright daughter of the fun  
 “ Affociate with the shrubs of earth?  
 “ Ye flaves, your fovereign’s prefence fhun!  
 “ Refpect her beauties and her birth.

“ And thou, dull, fullen ever-green!  
 “ Shalt thou my fhining fphere invade  
 “ My noon-day beauties beam unfeen,  
 “ Obscur’d beneath thy dusky fhade!”

- " Deluded flower!" the Myrtle cries,  
 " Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?  
 " The meanest shrub that you despise,  
 " The meanest flower has merit more.
- " That daisy, in its simple bloom,  
 " Shall last along the changing year;  
 " Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,  
 " And bid the smiling spring appear.
- " The violet, that, those banks beneath,  
 " Hides from thy scorn its modest head,  
 " Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,  
 " When thou art in thy dusty bed.
- " Ev'n I, who boast no golden shade,  
 " Am of no shining tints possess'd,  
 " When low thy lucid form is laid,  
 " Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.
- " And he, whose kind and fostering care  
 " To thee, to me, our beings gave,  
 " Shall near his breast my flowrets wear,  
 " And walk regardless o'er thy grave.
- " Deluded flower, the friendly screen  
 " That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,  
 " And mocks thy passion to be seen,  
 " Prolongs thy transitory day.

“ But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,  
 “ No more by virtue need be done :  
 “ I now withdraw my dusky shade,  
 “ And yield thee to thy darling sun.”

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam  
 With all its weight of glory fell ;  
 The flower exulting caught the gleam,  
 And lent its leaves a bolder smell,

Expanded by the searhing fire,  
 The curling leaves the breast disclos'd ;  
 The mantling bloom was painted higher,  
 And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the sun was sliding low,  
 And evening came, with dews so cold ;  
 The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,  
 And fought her bending leaves to fold,

Those leaves, alas ! no more wou'd close ;  
 Relax'd, exhausted, sickening, pale ;  
 They left her to a parent's woes,  
 And fled before the rising gale.

## F A B L E IX.

## T H E B E E - F L O W E R \*.

COME, let us leave this painted plain ;  
 This waste of flowers that palls the eye :  
 The walks of NATURE's wilder reign  
 Shall please in plainer Majesty.

Through those fair scenes, where yet she owes  
 Superior charms to BROCKMAN's art,  
 Where, crowned with elegant repose,  
 He cherishes the social heart—

Through those fair scenes we'll wander wild,  
 And on yon pasture-mountains rest ;  
 Come, brother dear ! come, Nature's child !  
 With all her simple virtues blest.

The

\* This is a species of the Orchis, which is found in the barren and mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, Kent, and Hertfordshire. Nature has formed a Bee apparently feeding on the breast of the flower with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. For this purpose she has observed an œconomy different from what is found in most other flowers, and has laid the petals horizontally. The genus of the Orchis, or Satyrion, she seems professedly to have made use of for her paintings, and on the different species has drawn the perfect forms of different insects, such as Bees, Flies, Butterflies, &c.

The fun far-seen on distant towers,  
 And clouding groves and peopled seas,  
 And ruins pale of princely bowers  
 On BEACHEBOROUGH'S airy heights shall please.

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene ;  
 The little labourer of the hive,  
 From flower to flower, from green to green,  
 Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flowret's velvet breast  
 How close the busy vagrant lies !  
 His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,  
 The ambrosial gold that swells his thighs !

Regardless, whilst we wander near,  
 Thrifty of time, his task he plies ;  
 Or sees he no intruder near,  
 And rests in sleep his weary eyes,

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind  
 His limbs ;—we'll set the captive free—  
 I fought the living Bee to find,  
 And found the picture of a Bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,  
 From thence we plan the rule of all ;  
 Thus NATURE with the fabled elves  
 We rank, and these her *Sports* we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,  
 Th' unhallow'd term, the thought profane,  
 That LIFE'S MAJESTIC SOURCE may be  
 In idle fancy's trifling vein.

Remember still, 'tis NATURE'S plan  
 Religion in your love to find;  
 And know, for this, the first in man  
 Inspir'd the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,  
 Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power\*;  
 That power with leading hand she shews,  
 And paints a Bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears  
 His human feet, his human hands!  
 Oft, as his shapely form he tears,  
 Aghast the frighted plowman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,  
 She seems ev'n with herself at strife,  
 While fairer from her hand is shewn  
 The pictur'd, than the native life.

#### HELVETIA'S

\* The well known Fables of the Painter and Statuary that fell in love with objects of their own creation, plainly arose from the idea of that attachment, which follows the imitation of agreeable objects, to the objects imitated.

HELVETIA'S rocks, SABRINA'S waves,  
 Still many a shining pebble bear,  
 Where oft her studious hand engraves  
 The perfect form and leaves it there.

O long, my PAXTON\*, boast her art;  
 And long her love of laws fulfil:  
 To thee she gave her hand and heart,  
 To thee, her kindness and her skill!

## F A B L E X.

## THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

**I**N yonder green wood blows the Broom;  
 Shepherds, we'll trust our flocks to stray,  
 Court nature in her sweetest bloom,  
 And steal from care one summer-day.

From Him\* whose gay and graceful brow  
 Fair-handed HUME with roses binds,  
 We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,  
 Where flow the fairy FORTHA winds.

And oh! that He † whose gentle breast  
 In nature's softest mould was made,  
 Who left her smiling works impress  
 In characters that cannot fade;

That

\* An ingenious Portrait Painter in Rathbone Place.

† WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour.

‡ THOMSON.

That he might leave his lowly shrine,  
 Though softer there the Seasons fall—  
 They come, the sons of verse divine,  
 They come to fancy's magic call.

---

“ What airy sounds invite  
 “ My steps not unreluctant, from the depth  
 “ Of SHENE's delightful groves? Reposing there  
 “ No more I hear the busy voice of men  
 “ Far-toiling o'er the globe—save to the call  
 “ Of soul-exalting poetry, the ear  
 “ Of death denies attention. Rouz'd by her,  
 “ The genius of sepulchral silence opes  
 “ His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.  
 “ For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the spring,  
 “ Or swells on summer's breast, or loads the lap  
 “ Of autumn, gathers heedful—Thee whose rites  
 “ At nature's shrine with holy care are paid  
 “ Daily and nightly; boughs of brightest green,  
 “ And every fairest rose, the god of groves,  
 “ The queen of flowers, shall sweeter save for thee.  
 “ Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,  
 “ Tunefully trifling. Fair philosophy,  
 “ And nature's love, and every moral charm  
 “ That leads in sweet captivity the mind  
 “ To virtue—ever in thy nearest cares  
 “ Be these, and animate thy living page  
 “ With truth resistless, beaming from the source  
 “ Of perfect light immortal—Vainly boasts  
 “ That golden Broom its funny robe of flowers:



“ Fair are the funny flowers ; but, fading soon  
 “ And fruitless, yield the forester’s regard  
 “ To the well-loaded Wilding—Shepherd, there  
 “ Behold the fate of song, and lightly deem  
 “ Of all but moral beauty.”

—————“ Not in vain”—————

I hear my HAMILTON reply,  
 (The torch of fancy in his eye)  
 “ ’Tis not in vain,” I hear him say,  
 “ That nature paints her works so gay ;  
 “ For, fruitless though that fairy broom,  
 “ Yet still we love her lavish bloom.  
 “ Cheer’d with that bloom, yon desert wild  
 “ Its native horrors lost, and smiled.  
 “ And oft we mark her golden ray  
 “ Along the dark wood scatter day.

“ Of moral uses take the strife ;  
 “ Leave me the elegance of life.  
 “ Whatever charms the ear or eye  
 “ All beauty and all harmony ;  
 “ If sweet sensations these produce,  
 “ I know they have their moral use.  
 “ I know that NATURE’S charms can move  
 “ The springs that strike to VIRTUE’S love.”

## F A B L E XI.

## THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

**I**N this dim cave a druid sleeps,  
 Where stops the passing gale to moan ;  
 The rock he hollow'd, o'er him weeps,  
 And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,  
 An hermit's holy ashes rest :  
 The school-boy finds the frequent bead,  
 Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant-time full well I know,  
 When here I brought, in stolen hour,  
 The druid's magic Mistletoe,  
 The holy hermit's Passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone  
 Pensive I laid, in thought profound,  
 When from the cave a deep'ning groan  
 Issued, and froze me to the ground,

I hear it still—Dost thou not hear ?  
 Does not thy haunted fancy start ?  
 The sound still vibrates thro' mine ear—  
 The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,  
 Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath;  
 But, grinding thro' some scrannel frame,  
 Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart," it cries;  
 "No tribute bear to shades unblest:  
 "Know, here a bloody druid lies,  
 "Who was not nursed at Nature's breast.

"Associate he with dæmons dire,  
 "O'er human victims held the knife,  
 "And pleas'd to see the babe expire,  
 "Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

"Behold his crimfon-streaming hand  
 "Erect!—his dark, fix'd, murderous eye!"  
 In the dim cave I saw him stand;  
 And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—Dost thou not see  
 The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?  
 And gleams of wild ferocity  
 Dart through the sable shade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,  
 With eye that rues th' invading day;  
 And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves  
 The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched—Hark—the voice replies,

“ Boy, bear these idle honours hence !

“ For, here a guilty hermit lies,

“ Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense.

“ Though Nature lent him powers to aid

“ The moral cause, the mutual weal ;

“ Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,

“ The desperate suicide of zeal.

“ Go, teach the drone of faintly haunts,

“ Whose cell's the sepulchre of time ;

“ Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,

“ His life is one continued crime.

“ And bear them hence, the plant, the flower ;

“ No symbols those of systems vain !

“ They have the duties of their hour ;

“ Some bird some insect to sustain.”

## O W E N   O F   C A R R O N .

O N CARRON'S Side the primrose pale,  
 Why does it wear a purple hue ?  
 Ye Maidens fair of MARLIVALE,  
 Why stream your eyes with Pity's dew ?

'Tis all with gentle OWEN'S Blood  
 That purple grows the Primrose pale ;  
 That Pity pours the tender Flood  
 From each fair Eye in MARLIVALE.

The evening star fate in his eye,  
 The sun his golden tresses gave,  
 The North's pure morn her orient dye,  
 To him who rests in yonder grave !

Beneath no high, historic stone,  
 Though nobly born, is OWEN laid,  
 Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,  
 He sleeps beneath the waving shade,

There many a flowry race hath sprung,  
 And fled before the mountain gale,  
 Since first his simple dirge he sung ;  
 Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE !

Yet still, when MAY with fragrant feet  
 Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,  
 That dirge I hear so simply sweet  
 Far echo'd from each evening fold.

## II.

'Twas in the pride of WILLIAM'S \* day,  
 When SCOTLAND'S honours flourish'd still,  
 That MORAY'S Earl, with mighty sway,  
 Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store  
 The fairer plains of CARRON spread;  
 In fortune rich, in offspring poor,  
 An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the Wealth that flows  
 In waves of gold round INDIA'S throne,  
 All in her shining Breast that glows,  
 To ELLEN'S † charms, were earth and stone.

For her the Youth of SCOTLAND sigh'd,  
 The FRENCHMAN gay, the SPANIARD grave,  
 And smoother ITALY applied,  
 And many an ENGLISH Baron brave.

In

\* William the Lyon, king of Scotland.

† The Lady Ellen, only Daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithisdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one of the finest Women in Europe, in-somuch that she had several Suitors, and Admirers in Foreign Courts.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd  
 No foreign loves her breast beguile,  
 And ENGLAND'S honest valour fail'd,  
 Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

“ Ah! woe to thee, young NITHISDALE,  
 “ That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd,  
 “ Thy breath, the violet of the vale,  
 “ Thy voice, the music of the shade!

“ Ah! woe to thee, that ELLEN'S love  
 “ Alone to thy soft tale would yield!  
 “ For soon these gentle arms shall prove  
 “ The Conflict of a ruder field.”

'Twas thus a wayward Sister spoke,  
 And cast a rueful glance behind,  
 As from her dim wood-glen she broke,  
 And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd,—more unmov'd  
 Than MORAY'S rocks, when storms invest,  
 The valiant Youth by ELLEN lov'd  
 With aught that Fear, or Fate suggest.

For Love, methinks, hath power to raise  
 The Soul beyond a vulgar state;  
 Th' unconquer'd banners he displays  
 Control our fears and fix our fate.

## III.

'Twas when, on Summer's softest eve,  
 Of clouds that wander'd west away,  
 Twilight with gentle hand did weave  
 Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,  
 And the waves slept against the shore,  
 And the Sun, sunk beneath the hill,  
 Left his last smile on LEMMERMORE\*.

Led by those waking dreams of thought  
 That warm the young unpractis'd breast,  
 Her wonted bower sweet ELLEN fought,  
 And CARRON murmur'd near, and sooth'd her  
 into Rest.

## IV.

There is some kind and courtly Sprite  
 That o'er the realm of Fancy reigns,  
 Throws sunshine on the mask of Night,  
 And smiles at Slumber's powerless chains;

'Tis told, and I believe the Tale,  
 At this soft hour that Sprite was there,  
 And spread with fairer flowers the vale,  
 And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A Bower

\* A Chain of Mountains running through Scotland from East to West.



A Bower he fram'd (for he could frame  
What long might weary mortal Wight :  
Swift as the Lightning's rapid flame  
Darts on the unsuspecting fight.)

Such bower he fram'd with magic Hand,  
As well that wizard Bard hath wove,  
In scenes where fair ARMIDA's wand  
Wav'd all the witcheries of Love.

Yet was it wrought in simple shew ;  
Nor Indian mines nor Orient shores  
Had lent their glories here to glow,  
Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a Poplar's trembling arms  
The Wild Rose wound her damask flower ;  
The Woodbine lent her spicy charms,  
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The Ash, that courts the Mountain-air,  
In all her painted blooms array'd,  
The Wilding's blossom blushing fair,  
Combin'd to form the flowery shade.

With Thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,  
The Cowslip's sweet, reclining head,  
The Violet of sky-woven vest,  
Was all the Fairy ground bespread.

But, who is he, whose locks so fair  
 Adown his manly shoulders flow ?  
 Beside him lies the hunter's Spear,  
 Beside him sleeps the Warrior's Bow.

He bends to ELLEN—(gentle Sprite,  
 Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)  
 He courts her arms with fond delight,  
 And instant vanishes in air.

## V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn  
 Some soft Ideas melt away,  
 If o'er sweet vale, or flow'ry lawn,  
 The Sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray ?

Hast thou not some fair Object seen,  
 And, when the fleeting form was past,  
 Still on thy Memory found its mien,  
 And felt the fond Idea last ?

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,  
 Seen in some vision counted vain,  
 Has struck thy wond'ring eye anew,  
 And brought the long-lost dream again.

With Warrior-bow, with Hunter's spear,  
 With locks adown his shoulder spread,  
 Young NITHISDALE is ranging near—  
 He's ranging near yon' mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale Moon pass'd away,  
 And fill'd her silver urn again,  
 When in the devious chace to stray,  
 Afar from all his woodland train,

To CARRON'S banks his Fate consign'd ;  
 And, all to shun the fervid hour,  
 He sought some friendly shade to find,  
 And found the visionary bower.

## VI.

Led by the golden Star of Love,  
 Sweet ELLEN took her wonted way,  
 And in the deep-defending grove  
 Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—Who is he whose ringlets fair,  
 Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,  
 Reclin'd in rest—whose funny hair  
 Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow ?

'Tis he, that Sprite's illusive guest,  
 (Ah me! that Sprites can Fate control!)  
 That lives still imag'd on her breast,  
 That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle Spirit fled  
 From earth to breathe Elysian air,  
 And in the train whom we call dead,  
 Perceives its long-lov'd partner there ;

Soft sudden Pleasure rushes o'er  
 Refuseless, o'er its airy Frame,  
 To find its future Fate restore  
 The object of it's former flame.

So ELLEN stood—less power to move  
 Had he, who, bound in Slumber's chain,  
 Seem'd haply, o'er his hills to rove,  
 And wind his Woodland chace again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled Fear,  
 And fond Delight and melting Love  
 Seiz'd all her Soul; she came not near,  
 She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from Wizzard's Wand  
 As well might powerless captive fly—  
 The new cropt flower falls from her hand—  
 Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

## VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam  
 Smile in the Morning's orient eye,  
 And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam  
 What time the Sun was hast'ning nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well  
 As any Muse that meets thine ear,  
 The Soul-fet eye of NITHISDALE,  
 When wak'd, it fix'd on ELLEN near.

Silent they gaz'd—that silence broke ;  
 “ Hail Goddeſs of theſe groves, he cry'd,  
 “ O let me wear thy gentle yoke !  
 “ O let me in thy ſervice bide !

“ For Thee I'll climb the mountain ſteep,  
 “ Unwearied chaſe the deſtin'd prey,  
 “ For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,  
 “ And part the ſprays that vex thy way.”

For thee—“ O ſtranger, ceaſe,” ſhe ſaid,  
 And ſwift away, like DAPHNE, flew,  
 But DAPHNE'S flight was not delay'd  
 By aught that to her boſom grew.

'Twas ATALANTA'S golden fruit,  
 The fond Idea that confin'd  
 Fair ELLEN'S ſteps, and bleſs'd his ſuit,  
 Who was not far, not far behind.

## VIII.

O Love! within thoſe golden vales,  
 Thoſe genial airs where thou waſt born,  
 Where nature, liſtning thy ſoft tales,  
 Leans on the roſy breaſt of Morn.

Where the ſweet SMILES, the GRACES dwell,  
 And tender ſighs the heart emove,  
 In ſilent eloquence to tell  
 Thy tale, O ſoul-subduing Love !

Ah!

Ah! wherefore should grim Rage be nigh,  
 And dark Distrust, with changeful face,  
 And Jealousy's reverted eye  
 Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place ?

## IX.

Earl BARNARD was of high degree,  
 And lord of many a lowland hind ;  
 And long for ELLEN love had He,  
 Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From MORAY'S halls her absent hour  
 He watch'd with all a miser's care ;  
 The wide domain, the princely dower  
 Made ELLEN more than ELLEN fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal foul  
 May thus with fair affection part !  
 Though LOTHIAN'S vales thy sway controul,  
 Know, LOTHIAN is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,  
 And, winding far where CARRON flows,  
 Sudden he sees the fated bower,  
 And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is He?—'Tis NITHISDALE !  
 And that fair form with arm reclin'd  
 On his?—'Tis ELLEN of the vale,  
 'Tis she (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should

Should He that Vengeance swift pursue ?

No—that would all his hopes destroy ;  
 MORAY would vanish from his view,  
 And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to MORAY's halls he hies—

He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,  
 “ And, haste to yonder groves,” he cries,  
 “ And ambush'd lie by CARRON's strand.

“ What time ye mark from bower or glen

“ A gentle lady take her way,  
 “ To distance due, and far from ken,  
 “ Allow her length of time to stray.

“ Then ranfack straight that range of groves,—

“ With hunter's spear, and vest of green :  
 “ If chance a rosy stripling roves,—  
 “ Ye well can aim your arrows keen.”

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,

And ELLEN takes her homeward way :  
 Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,  
 She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon Poplar pale

The Lover leans his gentle heart,  
 Revolving many a tender tale,  
 And wond'ring still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the desert air,  
 Ere yet his tender dreams depart ;  
 And one struck deep his forehead fair,  
 And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—  
 He lies beneath yon Poplar pale !  
 Ah ! could we marvel ye should weep ;  
 Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE !

## X.

When all the mountain gales were still,  
 And the wave slept against the shore,  
 And the Sun, sunk beneath the hill,  
 Left his last smile on LEMMERMORE ;

Sweet ELLEN takes her wonted way  
 Along the fairy-featur'd vale :  
 Bright o'er his wave does CARRON play,  
 And soon she'll meet her NITHISDALE.

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight  
 Swift as the mountain deer he sped ;  
 The evening shades will sink in night,—  
 Where art thou, loitering lover, fled ?

O ! she will chide thy trifling stay,  
 E'en now the soft reproach she frames :  
 " Can lovers brook such long delay ?  
 " Lovers that boast of ardent flames !"



He comes not—weary with the chace,  
 Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws  
 Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,  
 We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—  
 He sleeps beneath yon Poplar pale—  
 Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,  
 Thy heart will far forego my tale!

## XI.

ELLEN is not in princely bower,  
 She's not in MORAY'S splendid train;  
 Their mistress dear, at midnight hour,  
 Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down;  
 For her no balms their sweets exhale:  
 Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,  
 Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,  
 The broom it's yellow leaf hath shed,  
 And the chill mountain's early air  
 Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of Orient day,  
 When clouds involve his rosy light,  
 Darts through the gloom a transient ray,  
 And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning

Returning life illumes her eye,  
 And flow its languid orb unfolds—  
 What are those bloody arrows nigh?  
 Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,  
 That low beneath the Poplar lay?—  
 'Twas some poor youth—" Ah NITHISDALE!"  
 She said, and silent sunk away.

## XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,  
 The Wood-lark trills his liquid strain—  
 Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead?  
 Give the fet eye it's soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind  
 Which Nature not profusely yields,  
 Seeks in these lonely shades to find  
 Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear  
 O'er all his paly visage glides—  
 " Ah me! what means this misery here?  
 " What fate this lady fair betides!"

He bears her to his friendly home,  
 When life, he finds, has but retir'd;—  
 With haste he frames the lover's tomb,  
 For his is quite, is quite expir'd!

## XIII.

- “ O hide me in thy humble bower,”  
 Returning late to life, she said ;  
 “ I'll bind thy crook with many a flower ;  
 “ With many a rosy wreath thy head.
- “ Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,  
 “ And, if my Love asleep is laid,  
 “ Oh ! wake him not ; but softly move  
 “ Some pillow to that gentle head.
- “ Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd strain,  
 “ Thou know'st the Sun rise o'er the sea—  
 “ But oh ! no lamb in all thy train  
 “ Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.”
- “ His head is on the Wood-moss laid ;  
 “ I did not wake his slumber deep—  
 “ Sweet sing the Redbreast o'er the shade—  
 “ Why, gentle lady, would you weep ?”

As flowers that fade in burning day,  
 At evening find the dew-drop dear,  
 But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,  
 When soften'd by the nightly tear ;

Returning in the flowing tear,  
 This lovely flower, more sweet than they,  
 Found her fair soul, and wand'ring near,  
 The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair Soul— Ah! so to find  
 Was but more dreadful grief to know!  
 Ah! sure, the privilege of mind  
 Can not be worth the wish of woe!

## XIV.

On Melancholy's silent urn  
 A softer shade of sorrow falls,  
 But ELLEN can no more return,  
 No more return to MORAY'S halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade  
 The slow-consuming hour she'll weep,  
 Till Nature seeks her last-left aid,  
 In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.

“ These jewels, all unmeet for me,  
 “ Shalt thou,” she said, “ good shepherd, take;  
 “ These gems will purchase gold for thee,  
 “ And these be thine for ELLEN'S sake,

“ So fail thou not, at eve and morn,  
 “ The Rosemary's pale bough to bring—  
 “ Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—  
 “ Where thou hast heard the Redbreast sing.

“ Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,  
 “ Or aid thy shepherdess's care,  
 “ For I will share her humble toil,  
 “ And I her friendly roof will share.”

## XV.

And now two longsome years are pass  
 In luxury of lonely pain—  
 The lovely mourner, found at last,  
 To MORAY'S halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,  
 That wears Love's funny eye of joy—  
 Is NITHISDALE reviving here?  
 Or is it but a shepherd's boy?

By CARRON'S side, a shepherd's boy,  
 He binds his vale-flowers with the reed :  
 He wears Love's funny eye of joy,  
 And birth he little seems to heed.

## XVI.

But ah! no more his infant sleep  
 Closes beneath a mother's smile,  
 Who, only when it clos'd, would weep,  
 And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,  
 She seeks th'unspoken wish to find ;  
 No more shall she, with Pleasure's tear,  
 See the soul waxing into mind.

## XVII.

Does Nature bear a tyrant's breast?  
 Is she the friend of stern controul?  
 Wears she the Despot's purple vest?  
 Or fetters she the free-born soul?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim  
 In chains thy childrens' breasts to bind?  
 Gav'st thou the Promethéan flame?  
 The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great NATURE'S,—free,  
 And of her fair dominion heirs;  
 Each privilege she gives to thee;  
 Know, that each privilege is theirs.

'They have thy feature, wear thine eye,  
 Perhaps some feelings of thy heart;  
 And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny  
 To act their fair, their proper part?

## XVIII.

The Lord of LOTHIAN's fertile vale,  
 Ill-fated ELLEN, claims thy hand;  
 Thou know'st not that thy NITHISDALE  
 Was low laid by his ruffian-band,

And MORAY, with unfather'd eyes,  
 Fix'd on fair LOTHIAN's fertile dale,  
 Attends his human sacrifice,  
 Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married Love! thy bard shall own,  
 Where two congenial souls unite,  
 Thy golden chain inlaid with down,  
 Thy lamp with heaven's own splendour bright.

But if no radiant star of Love,  
 O Hymen! smile on thy fair rite,  
 Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,  
 Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

## XIX.

And now has Time's slow wandering wing  
 Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—  
 Where is the boy by CARRON's spring,  
 Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah me! those flowers he binds no more;  
 No EARLY charm returns again;  
 The parent Nature keeps in store  
 Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the Sun-beam bright  
 That plays on CARRON's breast he can,  
 Reason has lent HER quiv'ring light,  
 And shewn the checquer'd field of man,

## XX.

As the first human heir of earth  
 With pensive eye himself survey'd,  
 And, all unconscious of his birth,  
 Sate thoughtful oft in EDEN'S shade

In pensive thought so OWEN stray'd  
 Wild CARRON'S lonely woods among,  
 And once, within their greenest glade,  
 He fondly fram'd this simple song.

## XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?  
 Why am I tales of ladies told?  
 Why does no labour me employ,  
 If I am but a shepherd's boy?

A filken vest like mine so green  
 In shepherd's hut I have not seen—  
 Why should I in such vesture joy  
 If I am but a shepherd's boy?

I know it is no shepherd's art  
 His written meaning to impart—  
 They teach me, sure, an idle toy,  
 If I am but a shepherd's boy.



This braclet bright that binds my arm—  
 It could not come from shepherd's farm;  
 It only would that arm annoy,  
 If I were but a shepherd's boy.

And, O thou silent picture fair,  
 That lov'st to smile upon me there,  
 O say, and fill my heart with joy,  
 That I am NOT a shepherd's boy.

## XXII.

Ah lovely youth! thy tender lay  
 May not thy gentle life prolong:  
 See'st thou yon Nightingale a prey?  
 The fierce Hawk hovering o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love:  
 He sweetly hails his evening star,  
 And Fate's more pointed arrows move,  
 Infidious, from his eye afar.

## XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care  
 Had watch'd o'er OWEN'S infant breath,  
 Must now THEIR silent mansions share,  
 Whom 'Time leads calmly down to death.

“ O tell me, parent if thou art,  
 “ What is this lovely picture dear?  
 “ Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,  
 “ Why flows from mine th'unbidden tear?

" Ah! youth! to leave thee loth am I,  
 " Though I be not thy parent dear;  
 " And would'st thou wish, or ere I die,  
 " The story of thy birth to hear?  
  
 " But it will make thee much bewail,  
 " And it will make thy fair eye swell—"  
 She said, and told the woesome tale,  
 As sooth as shepherdes might tell.

## XXIV.

The heart, that Sorrow doom'd to share,  
 Has worn the frequent seal of woe,  
 Its sad impressions learns to bear,  
 And finds, full oft, its ruin flow.

But when that seal is first impress'd,  
 When the young heart its pain shall try,  
 From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,  
 Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not OWEN'S—wild amaze  
 In paleness cloath'd, and lifted hands,  
 And Horror's dread unmeaning gaze,  
 Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life  
 Look'd wistful for the tear to glide;  
 But, when she saw his tearless strife,  
 Silent, she lent him one—and died.

## XXV.

“ No, I am not a shepherd’s boy,”  
 Awaking from his dream, he said,  
 “ Ah where is now the promis’d joy  
 “ Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

“ O picture dear!—for her lov’d sake  
 “ How fondly could my heart bewail!  
 “ My friendly shepherdes, O wake,  
 “ And tell me more of this sad tale.

“ O tell me more of this sad tale—  
 “ No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!  
 “ And I will go to LOTHIAN’S Vale,  
 “ And more than all her waters weep.”

## XXVI.

OWEN to LOTHIAN’S Vale is fled—  
 Earl BARNARD’S lofty towers appear—  
 “ O! art thou there,” the full heart said,  
 “ O! art thou there, my parent dear?”

Yes, she is there: from idle state  
 Oft has she stole her hour to weep;  
 Think how she “ by thy cradle fate,”  
 And how she “ fondly saw thee sleep \*.”

\* See the ancient Scottish Ballad, called GILL MORRICE.

Now tries his trembling hand to frame  
 Full many a tender line of love ;  
 And still he blots the parent's name,  
 For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

## XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side  
 Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moss,  
 Where every bird was wont to bide,  
 That languish'd for it's partner's loss.

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd  
 A parent's first embrace to wait,  
 And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,  
 Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,  
 The well-informing bracelet bore—  
 Ah? may they not unprosperous prove!  
 Ah! safely pass yon dangerous door!

## XXVIII.

“ She comes not ;—can she then delay ?”  
 Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—  
 “ Whatever filial love could say,  
 “ To her I said, and call'd her dear.  
 “ She comes—Oh! No—encircled round  
 “ 'Tis some rude chief with many a spear.  
 “ My hapless tale that earl has found—  
 “ Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear.”

His tender tale that earl had read,  
 Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye,  
 His dark brow wears a cloud of red,  
 In rage he deems a rival nigh.

## XXIX.

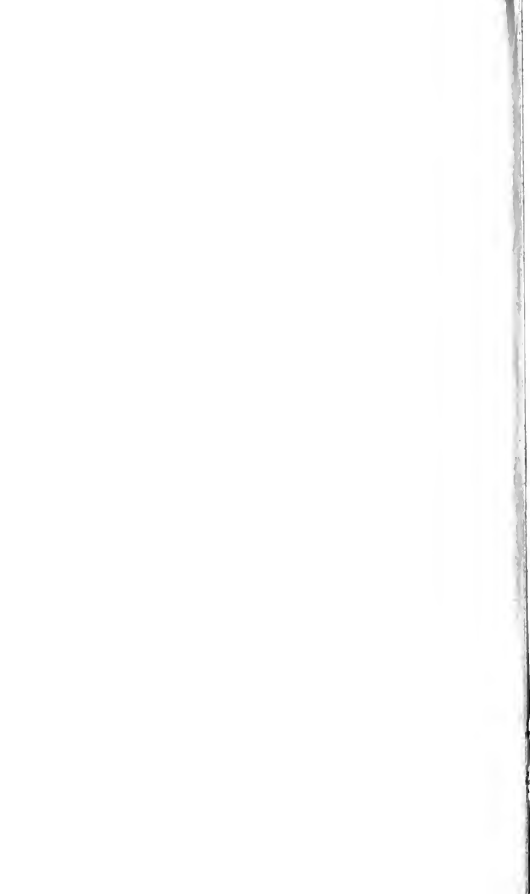
'Tis o'er—those locks that wav'd in gold,  
 That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,  
 Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,  
 Hang from the fever'd head in air :

That streaming head he joys to bear  
 In horrid guise to LOTHIAN'S halls ;  
 Bids his grim ruffians place it there,  
 Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—  
 “ Know'st thou these—ELLEN of the Vale ? ”  
 The pictur'd bracelet soon she knew,  
 And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

The trembling victim, straight he led,  
 Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er :  
 He pointed to the ghastly head—  
 She saw—and sunk to rise no more.

END OF VOL. LXXI.





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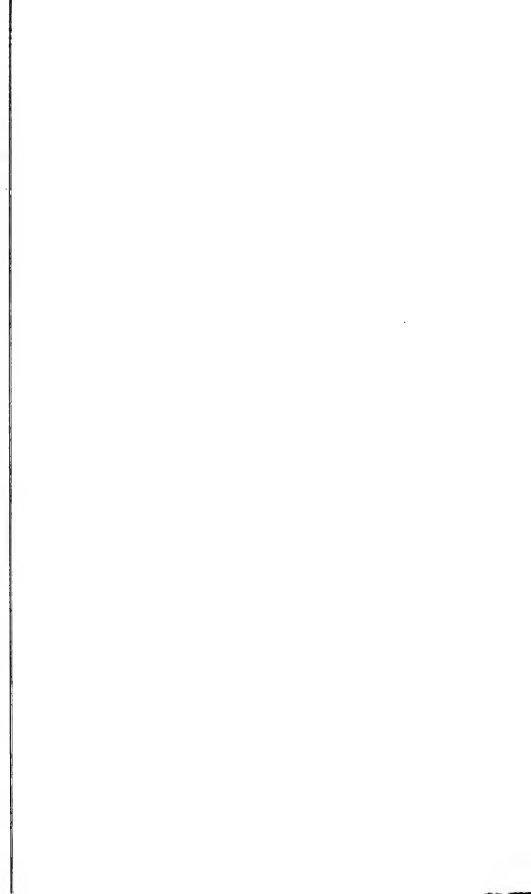
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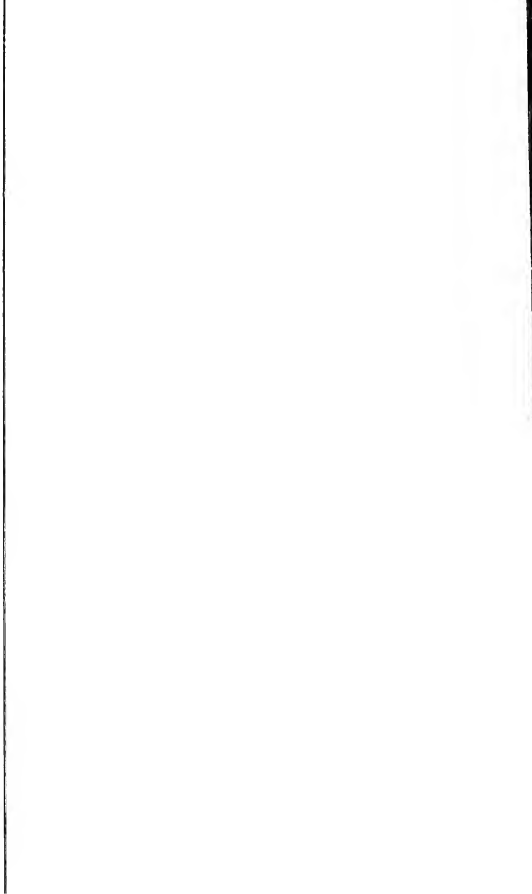
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