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THE
RURAL SABBATH.



THE
RURAL SABBATH,
A
POEM,
IN FOUR BOOKS;
AND OTHER POEMS.
BY WILLIAM COCKIN.

Wherefore the LORD blessed the SEVENTH DAY and
hallowed it. EXODUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO.
CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S;
FOR G. AND W. NICOL, BOOKSELLERS TO HIS
MAJESTY, PALL-MALL;
AND J. ASPERNE, CORNHILL.

1805.

'The first creature of God (in the works of the days) was light of the Sense; the last was the light of Reason; and his SABBATH-WORK ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. BACON'S ESSAYS.

Me, poetry (or rather note that aim
Feebly and vainly, at poetic fame)
Employs, shut out from more important views,
Where northern vales their lonely streams diffuse.
Content if thus sequester'd I may raise
A monitor's, though not a poet's praise,
And while *I touch on things* too little known
To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

FROM COWPER'S RETIREMENT.

PR
3349
C646r

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

WILLIAM COCKIN, the unassuming and truly estimable author of the Poems now offered to the public, was born in September 1736, at Burton in Kendal, in the county of Westmorland. His father, Marmaduke Cockin, was a teacher of writing and accounts, and brought up his son to the same employment. He died when his son was of the age of eighteen years, and left his family, a wife and three younger children, in moderate if not distressed circumstances. To the care of our author they were committed, and they experienced from him an attention which may be truly styled paternal.

The education of Mr. Cockin was but slender, as he at an early age assisted his father in his profession. His first attempts towards a permanent settlement, were at two boarding-schools near London, which he quitted with disgust, and never recalled to his memory without expressions of aversion and contempt. In 1764 he was elected writing-master and accountant to the free-school at Lancaster, a situation he held for twenty years, at the end of which term he removed to Nottingham, to assist Mr. Blanchard in establishing his Academy there. At that place he continued eight years, and then retired to his native town, where he employed himself chiefly in literary pursuits, and domestic occupations and amusements; sometimes visiting London, where he resided with his friend Romney, the celebrated painter, at whose house at Kendal he expired, after a tedious illness,

to the great regret of his friends, by whom he was much beloved, as well as the poor, to whom, as far as his means extended, he was a kind benefactor.

His remains were removed to Burton for interment in the churchyard there, and on a plain neat stone the following Epitaph is inscribed :—

D. O. M.

Near this stone lies the body of

WILLIAM COCKIN,

Late of Burton in Kendal,

Who died May 30th, 1801, aged 65.

He was a Man of strong Powers of Mind,
of singular Modesty, and general benevolence of Heart ;
A dutiful Son, a kind Brother, and a sincere Friend.

A self-taught Philosopher, and a Christian from
Conviction,

he derived his Faith from the Holy Scriptures ;
and to his Faith he added Obedience and Repentance.

On this threefold Basis
he built his Hopes of final and effectual Justification,
through the meritorious sufferings of

JESUS CHRIST.

Go, Reader,
and do thou likewise !

Mr. Cockin's Publications were—

1. Rational and Practical Arithmetic, 8vo. 1766.

2. The Art of delivering written Language, 8vo. 1775.

3. Occasional Attempts in Verse, 8vo. printed at Kendal, 1776, not sold.

4. Ode to the Genius of the Lakes, 4to. 1780. Reprinted in the present volume, with improvements.

5. The Theory of the Syphon, 1781.

6. The Fall of Scepticism and Infidelity predicted; an Epistle to Dr. Beattie, 8vo. 1788.

7. The Freedom of Human Action explained, 8vo. 1791.

8. A Paper in the Philosophical Transactions, read before the Royal Society.

He also assisted in the compilation of **THE GUIDE TO THE LAKES**, which has passed through several editions.

THE
RURAL SABBATH.

BOOK I.



THE
RURAL SABBATH.

No, listless Powers! alluring as you are,
Your Syren blandishments in vain would check
My fond emprise. Smiles practised to betray,
Though soft as Hebe's, shall not now defeat
Rekindled hope, and heedlessly consign
The soothing visions of an inborn Muse,
Faithful and free, to hourly disregard,
And shades oblivious as the paths I tread.
I own th' inspiring warmth which Fancy oft
(So Nature fondly wills) catches from forms
Which she herself creates, and longs to trace

On lasting tablets ; frequent to detain
The eye of kindred feeling ; that pure warmth
Which thickest clouds of dark o'erhanging care
Oft smother'd in full glow, till passing years
Have given supineness, habit ; but which now,
(When Leisure, if no other patron, smiles,)
Shall rise uncheck'd ; shall prompt the willing Muse
Once more to spread her wing, and soaring pour
Her graphic harmonies on Virtue's ear :—
No foe to praise, but reckless of its voice
Beyond the portion which of right belongs
To well-meant aims, not unsuccessful deem'd.

The HALLOW'D DAY, ordain'd by Heaven of old
The REST of wearied Nature ; when, alike,
Man, and the labouring ox, remit their toil,
And taste the sweets of salutary ease :—
But more, when man, to nobler calls awake,
And urged by higher hopes, and better views,
Foregoes his worldly cares, to meditate
The Author of his being ; hymn his praise,

And fervent ask, with meek becoming strains,
The blessings needful for this frail abode.
That DAY, the SABBATH of the earth, as seen
Its joys bequeathing to the RURAL VALE,
Be now my theme; where, if no impulse vain
The cautious Muse betray, the pious breast
Shall not condemn her purpose; Fancy's eye
Not coldly view her tracks of devious line,
Nor the well-judging ear disown her strains.
For, what the Muse of Aganippe's fount
Has drank inspiring, that would lead too far
In bootless fable; what of Nature warms
With wilder fires, and prompts with giddy aim
Beyond cool Reason's pathway, she presumes,
Have been subdued with thoughts of purer mould,
Caught from the treasures of the Prophet's page,
And ampler draughts of Salem's sacred streams.
Then, haply, some of those high-raptured tones
Which shook Moriah's Mount, when it received,
From Sion's hallow'd seats, the sacred ARK
Beneath cherubic wings, (immersed in beams

Of bright approving glory,) and the sons
Of Aaron, leading the innumerable choir,
Shouted for joy, and shouting rear'd aloft
Their silver trumps, that, thrilling through the tribes
Of gather'd Israel, bow'd, as bow'd their heads,
Their suppliant hearts, and taught them to adore,
With transport due, JEHOVAH's sacred Name:*
Haply, at times, some wand'ring notes like these,
As faintly echoing down the vale of years,
May lend their tuneful aid, and gently throw
A soften'd cadence on the Dorian lay,
And give it power to sooth, to cheer, to warm
The feeling mind, to virtuous musings prone.

See, then, commence the Summer-day, which here
Fancy prepares the ground-work of her tints,
And pictured shapes. See, round the eye of morn,
The golden radiance of Aurora mounts
Above the hills, and, bright'ning at her flame,
The dewy landscape, and the fleecy clouds,

* 2 Chron. chap. v.

Gradual regain their hues : and now the sun,
With fiery orb uprear'd, at once, darts round
A flood of orient glory ; and, once more,
Creation blooms in cheering light display'd.
The flocks and herds troop gladsome o'er the lawns ;
The warblers of the spray their notes resume ;
And, raised on high (as if to cheer her song
With better proof how beauteous looks the turf,
Still own'd her fondest home,) the jocund lark
Pours out her pealing matins, as she fans
Her steady wings amid the blaze of day.
But, save these sounds of gratulation, save
That daring trade (how ill the union suits !)
Too prosperous to be wise, has warp'd the mind
No little from decorum, and full oft
Permits its grinding wheels and rattling cars
To discompose the scene,—a stillness reigns
Of solemn form, far o'er the lengthen'd vale.
For now, attentive to the sacred call
Which sanctifies the wonted day of rest,
Stay'd is the hand of toil and busy care ;

The team, the scythe, the loom, the anvil's beat,
And all is seemly silence and repose.

O! fair HUMANITY! whether from Nature drawn,
Or offspring of obedience to the will
Of Him, who in his mercy gave whate'er
Of good we now enjoy, or ever hope,
How lovely! how benign thy smiles are seen
In this deranged abode! where sordid views
And hard unfeeling bosoms frequent thwart
Thy mild suggestions; and in Nature's spite,
In spite of precept and example, still
Practise their dissonant inhuman deeds
Where scarce appears temptation! For one proof,
See the ingenious, deep, inventive lore
Which found, what full four thousand searching
years
Had miss'd achieving; never dreamt perhaps;
That spur and whip, well form'd, with dram-like food
Plied freely to arouse proportion due
Of vital strength, will urge the generous steed

O'er twice the space our dull inactive sires
Fancied enough to traverse in the time
Which ask'd its service. But, behold, still more,
(And more to testify how slightly some
Of better hopes can treat their Maker's laws,)
These harsh exertions equally enforced
On God's appointed Sabbath, long assign'd
As fit return of needful, soothing REST
For whate'er labours in this world of woe.

O PIETY! the noblest, dearest gift,
That can adorn the ever-anxious mind ;
That draw'st from all possessions we may boast
The fullest draughts of true and heart-felt joy,
How little does thy warmth, in these vain times,
Inspire and meliorate the bustling world !
How little touch the breast that reaps so oft
Some dubious good, that on the balance long
Hung trembling, and perhaps far more deserved
By numbers sunk beneath misfortune's frown !

Thus doubly suffers the poor patient beast
Which shuns no toil, nor danger, that may please
His thankless keeper ; proud, tyrannic Man.
But, counting all this cruel strife, this din
Of posting Sunday chariots, what the gain?
We cannot yet with volant speed approach
Commercial avarice ; nor the Lover's hope ;
Nor mad Intoxication's wish'd career.
Hence, the device but proves to sober thought
One folly more of numbers we display ;
“ A sacrilegious and inhuman wrong
Enforced to sooth the vanity of Trade.”
Then, if Religion's voice but faintly touch,
For sake of Decency forego, with speed,
These restless, ill-judged aims. Let soothing peace,
And welcome leisure, as was wont of old,
Wait on the holy Sabbath ; and, the while,
Let fair Humanity extend her aid
To all that lives, and feels, nor offers harm ;
From Afric's sons, to the frail insect tribes
That shun our steps, or fearless round them sport.

Yet it is morn ; nor far above the hills
Rolls the bright orb of day ; nor gone are all
The glist'ring dew drops ; nor the misty clouds
That ling'ring leave their summits. *Yet* the air
Has grateful freshness, and the rambling swain,
(Far oft he'll ramble now as Fancy leads)
Breathing its vital spirit, as the breeze
Softly assuasive, fans his glowing cheek,
Feels all the sentient happiness which nerves
Firmly attuned, and high redundant health
Can minister ; light steps ; a dancing heart
Upborn he knows not how ; gay dreams of hope
Infused by like enchantment, and an eye
Wandering all life o'er Nature's boundless charms :
Gifts, which should he, unconscious of their worth,
Not duly value, the indulgent great
And opulent, alas ! (though envy oft
Erroneously surveys them,) sadly know,
And feelingly lament ; kingdoms themselves,
With all their pomp and wealth were barter'd well
Could they such blessings buy. But the exchange

Nature allows not. She, attentive still
To all her sons, nearly to each assigns
Regards due balanced ; and where Fortune drops
Her golden treasures ; where Ambition gains
Her highest honours, frequent we may see
The dreary couch appended to the prize ;
A frame of sad infirmity ; a mind
Crush'd with despondence which no charm can move.

What then are sylvan toils, and humble sheds,
Paths circumscribed, and opulence shut out,
With gifts annex'd so enviably fair ?

Thus life in all its variegated scenes
Both good and ill participates. And since
Some natal, or a still more dubious cause,
May fix our active province ; surely he,
He is the happy man who finds his lot
Crown'd with life's temperate blessings ; an abode
Truly primeval, peaceful, and serene,
Which wisdom long has known to yield at large

Each rational delight, ordain'd to sooth
Our checquer'd warfare ; where (exempt from cares
Of torturing form, and those extremes which bring
Long morbid penalties,) health most abounds ;
Content shines brightest ; Virtue best supports
Her sacred influence, and all their smiles
Are cherish'd and endear'd by the fair aids
Of needful exercise amid the pure
Untainted gale ; relieved, at seasons meet,
With harmless recreation, and the loved,
And still-inspiring, still-returning joys
Of social amities and soft repose.

The morning's meal dispatch'd of frugal cheer,
And in their neatest garb of homely guise
Apparell'd for the day, forth step with pace
Sober and slow (duly accordant deem'd
To thoughts of pious reverence) the pair
That rule some village farm. He, with sharp knife
To carve from out the dry well-salted joint,
That decks the chimney's side, a portion meet

By culinary skill to yield ere long
Choice nutriment, and crown the Sunday board :
She, in the garden, with nice care and art
To cull fresh savoury herbs ; thyme, and the
 stems
Of parsley ; onion neat to shred, and leaves
Of marjoram and mary-gold, inmix'd
Still farther to improve the accustom'd meal,
And to the soup more grateful relish give.

Nor are forgot the nosegay's varied sweets,
Aptly combined from Flora's choicest store,
To grace the bosom, or the cornice deck
With fragrant beauty : beauty, which fond art
How vainly emulates ! yet which the hand
Of liberal Nature, at this season gay,
Scatters profuse e'en in the desert waste ;
Which from its forms superlatively neat,
Its silken texture, tints of brightest glow ;
The soothing calm its contemplation yields,
And the apt image its decay holds forth

Of youth and life's frail pleasures, still has been
Dear, as attractive, to the human eye.

But, hark the bell! which from the neighbouring
fane

Tolls gently to remind, if chance some need

To be reminded, of the sacred rites

The day demands. And now the matron hastes

To see her little progeny equipt,

In decent sort to mingle with the throng.

A mother, who, perchance, from better hopes,

Fell to the slender earnings of her hands,

And brought no other dowry to her mate

Than truth, religion, and a feeling heart.

Yet as the ribands, which in youth had graced

Her own fair form, she opens to their view ;

Hints at these times, adjusts a simple slip,

Or draws the comb of ivory, gently press'd,

Adown the ringlets of their shining hair,

And on a weeping cheek imprints a kiss,

She feels as high delight, as if their charms

(To her what charms! who saw them bud and bloom)
Were deck'd in all the gay attire of wealth ;
For, are they not her own ? Does she not see
The mingled lineaments of him she loved,
And her own race, adorn each visage fair ?
And, does not hope in future years pourtray,
These scanty garbs thrown by ? And when, at length,
Their budding beauties, blooming cheeks; their
limbs
Of graceful mould, and all their mental gifts
Are constellated in mature display ;
Then, does not Hope behold them act their parts
On life's conspicuous stage with well-earn'd praise ;
Good without boasting; prosperous without pride ;
And greatly happy close the arduous scene,
Where all that's mortal finds its destined goal ?
And, can the parent ask for more than this
Whose coffers teem with unexhausted gold ?
How in this tempting varied scene of things
They may themselves acquit ; how well sustain
The conflict of the passions leagued with vice ;

How shun each snare seductive, fleeting time,
Big with the views of Providence, must shew.
But, trusting this to Heaven's all-righteous care,
Whate'er the event, her sedulous regards
Stand unimpeach'd; she has all perform'd
Her station, duty, and fond hopes require;
And, if not here, in realms of higher form,
And brighter joys, will meet her sure reward.

If to some minds the tolling bell might bring
The day's solemnity, awhile forgot,
Two may be noted, from whose anxious thoughts
It never pass'd; a plighted, happy pair,
Who now, amid their friends, in meet array,
Are on the wing, the restless wing of love,
To seal their vows at Wedlock's sacred shrine.
Mute and sedate they pass the crowd, whose eyes
Scan deep their ev'ry look; nor spare the jest
Of sportive gaiety. For in their breasts
Tumultuous rolls the tide of gathering joy
Too big for utterance; fidelity's warm proof;

Connubial sweets; the bliss to have attain'd
The last dear object of their ardent care.
Let them proceed with feelings which awhile
Outrun the stream of nature, but which soon
Will ebb to more sedateness. Fond, and true,
And happy be their lot! For they are young,
And innocent, we trust, as young; and then,
Should life's unstable hands present her cup,
In future, oft imbitter'd or perturb'd,
In random sort; should time impair the charm
Which nature at these years, for purpose wise,
Suffers to cheat the fancy with fond dreams
Which nothing earthly ever can fulfil;
Should care's perplexities, appall the mind;
He, in a due civility decline;
She, through caprice, by fits deny her smiles;
And friendship's gentler warmth succeed the flames
Of untired love; all, all the destined sweets
That plighted hands may from each other hope
Have been their lot, and only memory now,
In their full pristine brilliancy and glow

Can bring back blessings which no stay can boast,
And which, like youth, too soon, alas! must fade.

So frail are mortal joys! But closed, with hope,
Their casual beams to life's dim varying vale
Give true endearment; and fond love must still
Stand high in power, and merit wisdom's praise.
Then go, ye blooming throng, in life's gay prime,
Whose lightsome spirits paint each future scene
In all that's blissful, and on whose smooth brows
Care has not yet one sadd'ning furrow form'd;—
Go; and, if due assent and hopes allow,
Indulge fond Nature's wish. As prompt your hearts,
Unite your hands. Essay this flatt'ring world.
With active footsteps cheerily pursue
Its onward paths; and, should they e'er deceive
With unexpected shadows, think 'tis not
The clouds of wedlock that have caused the gloom, =
But the abrupt vicissitude of skies
Entail'd on man, and which, at times, will frown,
Howe'er through life he shape his cautious way.

Yet further heed the meditating Muse,
Not unexperienced, and the friend of all
Who wish th' endearing scenes of wedded love.
Were this terrene as perfect as 'tis fair ;
Were all mankind but truly what they seem ;
Did love to union only draw the hearts
Of form congenial : did no dark deceit ;
No sordid purpose ; no impure desire ;
No untold ill ; no habitude deep fix'd
In shameless vice ; nor temper that delights
In sheer perverseness, dwell in one or both
Whom nuptial bands unite, and actual deeds
Belied not fair appearance, then in youth
The fond alliance haply might take place
To best account. But, since these checks impend
Alike at ev'ry age, and numerous points,
Of dubious circumstance, should meet to found
Fit prospect of heart-cheering peace and joy ;
And since, nor Nature, nor command divine
Restrict the union to the vernal years,
In periods more mature it still may yield

Domestic comforts, quadrate with the chief,
That sooth life's voyage. Hence the flickering torch
Of Hymen, to emit bright steady rays
(Which all presume peculiarly their fate!)
Has *still* its chance, where chance so much abounds.

The ceremony o'er, in part to greet
The wedded pair, but more, the Muse would hope,
In honour of the day, a rising peal
Of light and well-toned bells awakes the mind
To thoughts far-sever'd from low, earth-born cares;
A prime intention; and for which these notes,
Harmonious, festal, and of lively cheer,
Are aptly fashion'd. Mixing with their chime
Of louder cadence, tunefully combined,
Far up the azure vault, solemn and slow
Swings th' ethereal wave; fill'd with the hum
Of air-form'd echoes, seeming, as they roll
Along th' apparent void, the distant strains,
By fits pour'd forth, of some angelic choir.
But more these pealings charm, when on the brink

Of yon clear pebbled stream, whose woody steep
Verge far the flow'ry mead, and haunts provide
For *other* echoes, with returning powers
More audible; still attent to listen;
Listen and mock, listen and mock again
The neighbouring voices. There the chasing sounds
Remotely heard, fall sighing on the ear
With gentlest lapse, varied in tone, or pause,
As rules the vagrant breeze, and, as around,
The vaulted air unites them with its own.
But highest proves their sway, when, with a spell
Beyond inherent potency, they bring
Associate thoughts of old endearing scenes
Back to the feeling breast. When the lorn youth
Hears in their accents sweet the sweeter notes
Of her he loves, and finds one happy hour
So softly form'd, he scarce the absence mourns
Which keeps him from her side. When bow'd with
 years
And long oppressive toil, the hoary swain
Feels there recall his vigorous prime, when, like

The nimble roe, he flew across the hills
And braved the wintry storm, and heaves a sigh
To think, alas ! that vigour is no more.
And when the widów'd Matron, with her train
Of prattling innocents, in pensive mood
Revolvés her lot, and catches from the tones,
By turns, the joy her bridal morn endear'd ;
The tears that wept her mate's untimely grave ;
Too deep the searching sympathy would pierce
Her soften'd bosom, did it not renew,
With prevalence more strong, the hope, the sure,
And Christian hope, that, pass a few short years,
And then, in better climes, beyond the reach
Of sorrow and of care, all shall be well ;
All suffering merit infinitely o'erpaid,
And virtuous minds, in happiest league, enjoy
Wháte'er of bliss fond fancy may conceive.

Dropp'd are the bells, save one, to shew at hand
The stated worship of the GREAT SUPREME.—
And see around the reverend pile convened,

Or, trooping down the paths that centre there,
The neat-clad villagers. Some with grave look
And placid mien pore on the letter'd tombs;
Some, with less decent purport, cling in groups,
Greedy to hear rehearsed the weekly news;
And some, of bent more curious, nicely scan
The venerable fane; mark its tall spire
Point, like an index, to the towering sky,
(Man's destined wish'd-for home), or through the
aisles

Wander with pace sedate, admiring much
Their stately columns, richly fretted screens,
And more, perchance, at times, their wond'rous cost.

And why not cost? Say, is it fit ourselves
To dwell in houses on whose chissel'd sides
And stucco'd roofs, we scarce enough can see
Of sumptuous decoration? is it fit,
Whene'er we think on this, to view unmoved
The House of God in sordid meanness fall
E'en lower than our stables; poorly form'd,

Nor kept with better care? And at a time
When Providence, beyond example kind,
Has bless'd our various toils, and fill'd our streets
With wealth, with arts, with freedom, and with peace?
No; shame to us, this foul ungrateful blot
Is overlook'd, or rather ne'er perceived,
By eyes inebriate with too much success,
Or turn'd too long and keenly on the gold,
The glittering, nerve-obtunding gold of trade.
And still the more the blush of conscious shame
Should tinge our cheeks to see, in lasting proof,
Our pious sires conceived of holy things
Far better; and with scarcely half our means
Have left examples, which to emulate
Might be our pride on more accounts than one.
With them the art precise; the studious toil;
Expense unsumm'd, and fabrication rare,
Once heretofore prescribed by Heaven itself
For things of holy purpose,* (and by forms

* The Tabernacle and its appendages, Exod. xxv, xxvi, xxvii, xxviii.

Which our own nature ever feels as fit
And meet,) was testimony, shining bright,
As the noon sun, what God of man expects
When zeal presents the voluntary fine.
Witness, in part, this pile of sculpture fair,
Raised but to serve a thinly scatter'd range
Of humble cots, though now, from ampler wealth
The village blooms with more extended charms
Of soft retreat. 'Tis not superb, indeed,
(For what on earth can reach the high intent?)
Yet to their means in comeliest sort adorn'd,
To honour Him to whom we all things owe,
To prove their faith, and animate their zeal,
We see e'en now (though wanting still in what
A little pious care, and nicer taste,
Would soon restore) its form can win regard,
Touch the fond breast, and heavenly thoughts inspire.

Fitness and duty thus, in union urge
Their forceful plea. But, to the well-form'd mind,
May not these pious deeds a joy convey

Peculiar as divine, adapted still
With instant soothings, and transcendant hopes,
To aid the current of whatever streams
Devolve from kindred founts?—When Israel's King
Amid unnumber'd crowds of ardent eyes,
Stood on the brazen throne, with hands out-spread
And face to Heaven up-raised, in instant act,
Assigning to JEHOVAH's hallow'd Name
The Pile august he was ordain'd to rear ;
When, all at once, the choir of harps and trumps,
And pealing shouts, rang through the vaulted sky,
And fire descending, and th' effulgent cloud
Of dread SHECHINAH, bursting all around,
Gave formal signal of approval divine ;—
When this forth shone, and earth a semblance bore
Of sainted jubilee in realms above,—
If ever mortal bosom felt the flames
Of Heaven's high transport ; felt its throbbing void
Of wish'd-for, unknown bliss, to th' utmost fill'd,
'Twas then ; 'twas his, who, with a monarch's name,
Stood thus pre-eminent in favour'd zeal,

Religion's glory, and his subjects' pride.
But so to stand, an honour'd mean select,
Between enraptured myriads and their God,
In real co-operation to achieve
With Him a heavenly purpose, may not oft,
In such supreme acceptances, become
The lot of man;—nor yet that transport pure,
Deem'd scarce of fainter glow, which fill'd the
breast

Of him,* whose zeal in after periods cleansed
And restored from ravage and pollution,
This self-same Pile, committed by the hands
Of his unfaithful sacrilegious sires:
Nor (nearer in example) what was felt
By the illustrious Champion of the Church,†
Who on like errand, with like glowing zeal,
Went the first morning's dawn that gave him power.
Though the full tide of such exalted joy

* Hezekiah. Vide 2 Chron. chap. xxix.; also 2 Kings, chap. xvi, xviii, &c.

† Dr. Hacket, Bishop of Litchfield. See his Life at large, by Dr. Plume, prefixed to his volume of Sermons.

But few can ever hope ; yet still there flow
Abundant branching streams of gentler lapse
Which all may freely taste, who have the will
To honour God in these praise-worthy deeds.

And, is it true, and in these letter'd times,
That such depravity and folly meet,
As dare, with hands audaciously profane,
Mock th' appropriate Temple of our God,
And make its sacred semblance (spire antique,
Buttress, and mitred window) a mere lodge
For beasts impure ; a stable, or a sty?
And mimicry thus blazon'd, can they think,
Yields honour, if it gain the ready smile
Of Wit corrupted ; tickled with what boys
Should hold in scorn?—Yes, this unthinking crime,
This bold burlesque, has been committed so,
That Profligacy, galloping full speed,
Can scarce o'erlook the type of what too oft
Draws from its lips some irreligious sneer.
And happy if the owner never feel,

For his irreverence, chastisement more sharp
Than th' endurance of the pile itself,
Far off, and lastingly to signify
To better minds, with nobler aims inspired,
His weak perception, and his childish taste.

THE
RURAL SABBATH.

BOOK II.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
5708 SOUTH CAMPUS DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

RESEARCH REPORT

1964

STRUCTURE OF THE POLYMER

The structure of the polymer is discussed in detail in the following sections. The first section describes the general characteristics of the polymer, including its molecular weight and degree of polymerization. The second section discusses the conformation of the polymer chain, and the third section discusses the distribution of chain lengths. The fourth section discusses the effect of temperature on the structure of the polymer, and the fifth section discusses the effect of solvent on the structure of the polymer. The sixth section discusses the effect of crosslinking on the structure of the polymer, and the seventh section discusses the effect of branching on the structure of the polymer. The eighth section discusses the effect of crystallinity on the structure of the polymer, and the ninth section discusses the effect of orientation on the structure of the polymer. The tenth section discusses the effect of aging on the structure of the polymer, and the eleventh section discusses the effect of mechanical stress on the structure of the polymer. The twelfth section discusses the effect of chemical treatment on the structure of the polymer, and the thirteenth section discusses the effect of radiation on the structure of the polymer. The fourteenth section discusses the effect of light on the structure of the polymer, and the fifteenth section discusses the effect of heat on the structure of the polymer. The sixteenth section discusses the effect of pressure on the structure of the polymer, and the seventeenth section discusses the effect of magnetic field on the structure of the polymer. The eighteenth section discusses the effect of electric field on the structure of the polymer, and the nineteenth section discusses the effect of sound on the structure of the polymer. The twentieth section discusses the effect of vibration on the structure of the polymer, and the twenty-first section discusses the effect of shock on the structure of the polymer. The twenty-second section discusses the effect of impact on the structure of the polymer, and the twenty-third section discusses the effect of fracture on the structure of the polymer. The twenty-fourth section discusses the effect of creep on the structure of the polymer, and the twenty-fifth section discusses the effect of relaxation on the structure of the polymer. The twenty-sixth section discusses the effect of aging on the structure of the polymer, and the twenty-seventh section discusses the effect of degradation on the structure of the polymer. The twenty-eighth section discusses the effect of oxidation on the structure of the polymer, and the twenty-ninth section discusses the effect of reduction on the structure of the polymer. 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THE
RURAL SABBATH.

BUT see, around the reverend Pastor stand
His gather'd flock, and ready to commence
Their duteous rites ; rites so well known, so oft
Occurring, and so graven, we would hope,
On every bosom, that the devious Muse
Here shuns precise description. Not that she,
Though on Pierus born (a Pagan mount),
And call'd herself a goddess, thence declines
To mix her vows with their's. No ; the pure drops
Of Jordan's hallow'd stream, she knows, have touch'd
Her forehead fair, and purged each in-bred stain.

And well she knows, her fires are Nature's fires ;
That where man's breast has interest, there 'tis her's
To aid his sympathies with warmth divine.

Yet here, she, wayward, wills, rather to court
A varied train of thought the theme suggests,
As Fancy leads ; and thus it gently flows,
Form'd to the cadence of her Dorian lay.

Here we behold, in colours bright display'd,
A portion of the map of motley Man,
Which does him honour great as its reward.
As mortal, weak, dependant, fleeting, frail,
Beset with daily ills, and hourly death,
Here, with his fellow men, by Nature made
Of the same fellow clay, he throws aside
The vain distinctions of a giddy world,
And meekly, at the Throne of Mercy, begs
The vital boon, which, if procured, he lives ;
But, if the slightest interval denied,
He droops, he falls, to mingle with the dust
From whence he first was form'd.—Here with high
hope,

The Christian's glorious hope (built on firm Faith
In Him, who from th' oblivious shades of death,
By his exhaustless love, and painful cross,
Redeem'd obnoxious man,) he now implores
Pardon for sin, and, as his Saviour bids,
Gracious assistance from the Fount Divine
To purify his thoughts, direct his deeds,
And bless them with acceptance. Then, in strains
Of liveliest gratitude, and gladsome praise,
He lauds the GREAT SUPREME, enraptured sings,
The grave deprived of victory ; the joys,
Th' immortal joys, prepared in other realms,
Where pain and sorrow can approach no more,
For those found faithful to his holy will.)

Such sacrifice from Virtue's bosom raised,
How lovely ! From meek Penitence, how fit !
How bright it blazons forth the charms supreme
Of fair unfeign'd Religion ! How exalts
Whate'er our sympathies bestow of grace
On sullied Nature ! How with honour crowns

Each mental effort, form'd to cleanse the soul
From earthly taints, and fit it for the skies!

And more (nor let Philosophy o'erlook
The kindred truth it simply would unfold.)—
Though many a calm and profitable joy
The mind in solitude may taste and prize,
(Taste, as fit solace; prize for studious good,)
Yet, the most high and animating bliss
Its destined frame ennobles us to know,
Is when, in some pre-eminent display
Of congregated and heart-feeling zeal,
It wakes its virtuous ardencies; and mind
Mingling with mind, enflaming and enflamed,
Gives full fruition to its social powers;
As when (so faith instructs us to conceive
Of joys celestial)—when the sainted hosts,
In endless choirs around the heavenly throne,
With one accord triumphantly adore
Their Source, their Stay, their Bliss, *The King of*
Kings,

Giving and gaining transports of delight
Vast as the numbers of the glorious throng.

And why, ah! why, when in these lonely groves
Of fainter light, *this duty* ever meets
Fitting observance;—why, in cities famed
For ev'ry gift fair Science can bestow,
Do *its* repeated calls, on numerous ears
So bootless vibrate? with such small effect
Remind them they are men of mortal frame,
Not placed on earth to wanton and to sport
In callous vanities and sensual joys,
But for far nobler purpose; to obtain,
Through conduct that becomes probation's end,
And the true Christian warfare, a prepared
And bless'd inheritance beyond the grave,
Of endless date; blooming with all that can
To Wisdom's eye, or ear (refined by taste,
Adorn'd with knowledge, or sublimed through
 grace)
Give rational delight; fill ev'ry hope

The panting soul may struggle to enjoy.—
 Why this, indeed!—Turn to the sacred words
 Of Heaven itself; they tell at once the cause;
 Nor leave unnoticed its appropriate curse.—
Delusion is gone forth; and *blinded minds*,
 And *perverse spirits*, while they talk of truth,
Believe a lie; the recompense most fit
 For all who trust in *Vanity*, and shun
 Religion's paths. 'Tis hence, "in cities famed
 For ev'ry gift fair Science can bestow,"
 God, and his hallow'd fanes are near forgot,
 And cold indiff'rence, and audacious pride,
 Estrange the breast from Piety's first joy,
 Due adoration of the LORD OF ALL:
 That adoration, which, with pleasure paid,
Must bring down blessings,—if withheld; a wrath
 The stoutest confidence may fear, or feel.

But raised to such high themes, e'en in these
 courts,
 Man cannot long, with fervour duly fraught,

Sustain his powers ; and Fancy will at times
(As at some pause) her wand'ring thoughts obtrude,
Born on less tow'ring, less expanded wing.
And let them come, if but in garb array'd
Congenial with the scene ; and thus hoar age,
Urging the grave, will ponder on the hour,
The dread momentous hour, and near at hand,
When quitting this abode he must stand forth
Before his awful Judge, and trembling hear,
Just as his deeds have been, a sentence pass
Eternally to fix his future fate.

And O ! how bless'd, did now contrition touch
The sinner's bosom ; warn him hence to shun
His rounds of guilty pleasure, and, in time,
Seek the bright paths of innocence and peace.
Now, too, the parent fondly will recall
His children's varying lots ; no longer fix'd
Beneath the guidance of his watchful care ;
But far dispersed, perhaps in other climes,
Wooing the smiles of fortune, and, as men,
Suffering, full oft, the destined ills of life.

O! then, what boding sighs, what gleams of hope,
Hold touching conflict in the pensive breast!
What visions sooth, that yet perchance a day
May bring back some dear wanderer to revive
His drooping age; still more endear the scenes
He long has trod; and then, at Nature's call,
Close his fond dying eyes in lasting peace.

And here the Muse, amid the pious group,
With partial note surveys a happy few,
The natives of these fields, whose early steps,
Led by the impulse of aspiring youth,
Sought the gay scenes of cities; foreign shores,
Where wealth, and arts, the knowledge of mankind,
Are at their summit only to be found.
They, not unprosperous, yet aware betimes
How vain terrestrial pageantry and strife,
Wise through experience, from reflection meek,
And conscious of th' important charge to prove
In favour with their God, when'er he gives
The fatal summons which must all await;

And conscious too (while competence and health
Cheer some amusing object of employ)
That virtue and good name, a few choice friends
Of taste and worth, in every place will yield
All the prime means of sublunary bliss.
With this impress'd, their eager wishes led
To calm RETIREMENT'S groves, in soothing hope,
Where first their breath was drawn to end their
 days,
And waste, in meditation and in peace,
Their last, their softest interval of time.
And thus prepared, while modes of simplest life
Offend not their chaste judgment, and, perchance,
A rural note, a gleam of female grace,
Or some fair column of th' incumbent pile,
Suggest the fanes august, the gilded domes;
The throngs of beauty, and theatric choirs
In cities seen; and all the winning charms
Of kindred arts long witness'd and endear'd;
They pass them o'er their firm concentrated minds,
Not without pleasure, but without regret.

They know Life's fragile joys are circumscribed ;
That all things have their time ; and happiest he
Who gives them bounds as wisdom marks the line.

And shall not here the Muse her voice apply
To hail the loved RETIREMENT, by whose smiles
Chiefly, she now, on roving pinions born,
Scans these poetic glades ; how prosperous,
They haply best may judge, who best have proved
The blessings of her nurture ? Then, all hail !
Thou downy pillow for the World's harsh cares ;
Thou gentle nurse of Fancy's soothing dreams,
And wing of Contemplation, strong to pierce
The skies high-towering ! Yet, propitious Fair,
It is not now she hails thy favourite name
For perishing, or visionary good ;
That o'er thy meads, amid pellucid streams,
Waves the pure breeze of health, and countless
birds,
On blooming branches perch'd, thy pathways
charm

With Nature's melody : Or that inwrapp'd
In thy calm groves, the high aspiring views
Of Science, and the Arts of nobler kind,
Are best accomplish'd; that a *Tully* sage ;
Correlli tuneful ; *Ariosto's* Muse,
And *Bacon's* genius, sought thy friendly aid ;
But 'tis, that to the pure and feeling mind,
Versed in the world, and liberally imbued
With Truth's most valued lore, thou opest the
best,

And, oft times, only medium to enforce
The full impression of the import vast
Of Heaven-born, fair RELIGION; thence, in thought,
To soar beyond these transitory scenes,
And wait their close, when other climes receive
Th' enraptured spirits that have lived aright.
So *Walsingham* * conceived of earthly things ;

* *Sir Francis Walsingham*. This famous statesman under *Queen Elizabeth*, in a letter to the Lord Chancellor, intended to justify his retirement, said, " We have lived enough, my Lord, to our country, to our Sovereign, and to our fortunes ; it is high time to begin to live to ourselves."

So *Wotton** and *Valdesso*; † and the Prince,
 Who, for thy sake, in fair *Plazencia's* shades,
 With all the winning blandishments of pomp
 That flatter pride, and fascinate in courts,
 Gladly resign'd the splendour of a crown. ‡
 As the corporeal eye, from some domain
 Of western slope, sees, and delighted sees,
 (What cities cloud-involved can seldom view)
 Near-setting suns autumnal, tints and shapes,
 Amid the clouds that streak the onward sky,
 Suggestive of fair happy bowers and glades

* *Sir Henry Wotton*. On retiring from public business, this most learned scholar and approved ambassador, chose these words for his motto: "At last I have learnt, that retirement is the best way to make us wise."

† *Seignior John Valdesso*. A serious regard for religious concerns induced this noble Spaniard to quit all the parade of courts for retirement, and to extend the influence of his example as far as he could by his life and writings.

‡ The well-known *Emperor Charles the Fifth*, who, with great magnanimity of mind, deliberately retired from his most elevated station, on an annual pension, to a monastery, in order to enjoy relief from the cares of this world, and, by religious meditation among religious men, to prepare himself for a better.

Seated far off, in regions vast ; illumed
With nearer suns of more resplendent glow ;
So may the mental eye, in years mature,
Uprear'd by Faith, and prescient from its might,
Look o'er the barriers of this frail terrene,
And view the glories of the bless'd abodes
Of man made perfect ; their savannahs soft,
And meads of palmy shade ; where endless day,
With more ethereal radiance, throws its beams
On forms more heavenly fair ; enticing still,
And still out-going hope, to other plains
Of boundless continuity, assign'd
To those enraptured and seraphic hosts,
Who, through their radiant confines, ever laud
'Th' unceasing mercies of the LORD OF ALL.—
For this, thou fair Assistant of our hopes
Which Heaven-ward tend, thou well deserv'st the
vows
Which Virtue long has utter'd at thy shrine.

Still on the group the Muse her eye directs,
And thus pursues her meditating strain.

When from some mountain's height, we view
below

The landscape far extended ; light, and shade,
And form, and hill, and dale, mingled with streaks
Of variegated tints ; the bare-brown rock ;
The verdant mead ; the olive-dappled wood ;
The homely patches of the dusky farm
Diffused around the villa's brighter sheen,
Or hamlet's precincts gray,—lost in a sense
Of stronger power, not oft REFLECTION, then,
Turns the Mind's eye to view, what she alone
Can see of MOTION'S sway ; the rambling herds ;
Oft-waving groves, and never-ceasing streams
Transmitting to innumerable wheels
Their active energies ; mechanic arts
Prolific, vast, and all the shifting steps
Of busy, bustling life. Perchance, still less
The mental survey feelingly adverts
To man's domestic pleasures ; his snug home,
Neat, if not highly elegant, supplied
Amplly with all things that can comfort yield,
Or charm the eye of Taste, or lead the mind,

Through the sound precepts of the saint or sage,
To farthest heights of wisdom and renown.
So thus (but to th' associate topics turn'd)
Will Fancy here the HUMAN VISAGE scan;
Will see its form, or blooming in gay youth,
Fair as the flower, adorn'd with glistening hair,
Flowing and copious, and the sprightly eye
But seldom at a stay: Or, by chill age
As inwardly it shrinks, the orb bereaved
Of wonted lustre, and the bared scalp
Scarce now retaining its slight fleecy verge.
Here, deck'd with symmetry and features bold,
Robust and healthy, animate throughout,
The sign of happiness, it wins regard;
There, mark'd with disproportion, and the traits
Of humblest order; sickly; drooping; wan,
Or broken down with toil and care, it speaks
The symptoms premature of waning years.
Yet none, the while, so fair but some defect
Impairs its beauty; none so plainly form'd
But manifests an element of grace,

Or comely trait, that claims attention due.
As in the earth's mix'd aspect, where we find,
Amid its hills sublime, and beauteous vales,
Full many a rent infirm, and region rude,
Which shews some pristine shock of dreadful sway
Has visited its confines ; changed its frame.
So, in this living scene, we may behold
Man's fairest lineaments, his noblest part,
Betray fragility which speaks aloud
A fall from better hopes ; a morbid taint,
Derived from Nature, ever to abide
Till Heavenly Mercy heal the fatal ill.
And mournful were th' effects of fleeting time
Here full display'd : and sore might drooping Man
Bewail his numerous frailties, did not Faith
Assure *that* Mercy in its amplest form.

And, is it too much fancy should we deem
That, as, when call'd to Heaven's resplendent realms
The soul will find her sacred powers endow'd
With more angelic excellence, and yet

Their primal bent or character remain
Distinctively impress'd ;—so, like respect
To semblance personal (to that real form
Of youthful prime, where Nature best displays
Her decorating skill) haply may give
The *glorious* body, then to be prepared,
A due similitude of what it was.

And—(lost to us how soon!) Amelia, now,
When Heaven is thine, from suff'rings patient borne,
And meekest innocence, fondly and oft
Imagination sees thy budding charms
Of graceful symmetry, demeanour mild,
And elegance of feature, bloom beyond
Their earthly promise, and, amid the throng
Of sainted beauty, shine supremely fair.

But, though a while the pondering mind may view
The group sedate ; its various speaking traits,
And in *exteriors* only gratify
A partial aim, her better form'd research
And scope of meditation, soon will roam

Beyond this boundary, and with wonder trace
The powers of INTELLECT, whose excellence,
The frail integument which they adorn
Oft speaks but feebly. Like another sun
The plastic mind, there lights another world,
Vast, luminous, and fair, endow'd with laws
And energies peculiar, and beyond
Her own best efforts ever to define.
Where, if the earth's dark veil some parts o'ershade,
How far 'tis from obscuring all its charms !
This is the favourite province that employs
Man's highest care ; gives him unbounded realms
The power of kings, the folly of their foes,
Can ne'er annoy ; gives him a citadel
Which keeps the elbowings of the world aloof ;
Where, let its earth-born series of events
Seem e'er so dark, move e'er so harsh, quickly
He can retire, and calm his thoughts perturb'd
With their own sunshine, and fair fancied scenes
For ever gliding smooth in bright array.
And here the high perceptive power divine.



Can see the rudiments of things subsist
In embryo; trace their final aims; their laws
Of meet relation; and, as lightning swift,
Traverse th' ethereal void, and count, and span
Its glittering orbs. Then, of import more,
Pervade the moral system. Thence ascend
To the Eternal Spirit of the World,
The GREAT SUPREME, and see, and powerful feel,
In its ethereal shootings beyond sense,
An universe of mind, soliciting
High-favour'd man, in mutual intercourse
To aid the purport of its hallow'd laws.
Yes, there is a Spiritual World, where thought
May taste of joys ineffable, and reap
Advantages peculiar as divine;
Which all should have in view, and ever strive
To feel and cultivate with warmest zeal.
Hence those fond anxious sympathies, that still
Tremble and throb instinctive for a state
Of gratified repose they cannot find
In these frail regions; hence the flights sublime

Of Contemplation, and the Heaven-drawn beams
Of fair Religion, pour'd on wilder'd man
Refulgent as benign; and hence ordain'd
The present rites to warm and exercise
These sacred gifts, and wing the soul to Heaven.

Various as swift the Muse excursive takes
Her airy flights, as Fancy leads the way.
And now to what the passing scene presents,
Where, as would seem, amendment might take place
Not hard to compass, she her lyre attunes;
And, ever meaning well, whate'er the theme,
Gives to its melodies a varied tone.

Peace to our English Church; and peace to all
Whose rock is Christ! But, with a partial eye
Beholding her fair lineaments, where live,
In traits conspicuous, ardent love of truth;
Sound learning; charity; unnumber'd charms
Of beauteous order, and ingenious skill,—
Again, I say, peace to our English Church:

And may she never more have cause to weep
Barbaric blindness, or fanatic zeal;
But still, from age to age, in outward form,
And comeliness advance, as shines around
Her inward sanctity, and as her sons
Rise in pre-eminence of virtuous fame!
But what is perfect? From enlightning time,
What may not reap advantage? And is not
Our native transcript of Heaven's sacred will,
Our stated ritual forms (though in their sum
Of worth most excellent) granted by all
Debased with blemishes, which skill and care
Might quickly cancel, and delight at once
Our literate taste, and love of hallow'd truth,—
For such attempt as many reasons plead
As are the grateful feelings it would raise.
Then why delay the effort? Why not call
By rightful summons to the happy task,
Our learn'd and pious teachers; they to whom,
In special sort, the oracles of God
Were evermore assign'd. Great as the charge

Their literature and skill; their worth and zeal,
 Bear meet relation. And, were realized
 This wish'd and hoped acquirement, how the breast
 Of warm ingenious Piety would bound,
 To know her Heavenly *manna* treasured up
Complete as it is safe, within an ARK
 Corruption cannot touch; no foe annoy,
 While letters and religion bless these isles!

✓ Proficiency in ev'ry practic art
 Must needs arise from practice; from research,
 Experience, and the captivating ease
 Which habit gives. Be it to trace the dance
 With toe right-active; to awake with skill
 The organ's pealing harmony; or e'en
 Dextrous to toss the school-boy's cup and ball.
 Yet, in the Church, its Ministers, full oft,
 Undisciplined, unheeding, unprepared,
 At once adventure to display an art
 Of prime account in ev'ry varying branch
 Of their high calling; the important art

Of reading, or delivering with due power
The stated ritual; and which, whate'er
Self-confidence may whisper, only time,
Much use, and much assiduous recourse
To precepts and examples well approved
Can e'er confer with those superior charms
Th' exertion of its scarce-known powers may reach.
Hence springs one cause, in these fastidious days,
Of social worship's coldness and decline :
The *hearer* feels no heart-elating sounds
Arouse religious ardour. He who *speaks*,
Finding he speaks so little to delight,
Experiences no self-complacent throbs
To animate his fervours. Hence alike
Both parties with a cold indiff'rence join
Those vows, whose mutual purport should ascend,
With ardency as mutual to the skies.
This all must see. And as it asks reform,
Ye, who are call'd to minister with care
God's holy word and ordinances, give
(Whate'er your learning, or whate'er your parts)

Due previous application to obtain
That manner and address which best may aid
Your written forms, and win deserved applause :
Manner of modulation, just and neat ;
Manner of action, graceful, yet subdued ;
Manner of so uniting with the whole,
Expressive tones, from simple nature drawn,
As may, with all the efficacy sought,
Ensure attention, and the heart command.

And whence, in this refined aspiring age,
When almost all we do, or say, assumes
An Attic polish; whence, and how is it,
We find no elegance, or well-aim'd skill
Adorn and vivify the sacred strains
Oft utter'd in our choirs? Why thus droops
The song of Sion? Does the spirit mean
Of harden'd Avarice, or Piety
Grown cold, or sluggish Inadvertence, shut
The ear and hand against attention due
To this delightful sacrifice; the praise

Of HIM who made us? Whatsoe'er the cause,
'Tis fitting, surely, the effect should cease;
And that, replete with ev'ry modest charm
Of taste executive our means can reach,
It henceforth flourish. O! let not decay
The pleasing sympathies which Nature placed
Betwixt the voice of man, and the soft chords
Which tremble round his heart. Let Fancy still
To the devout aspirings of the soul
Lend all her soothing aid! And when, at times,
The choral anthems through the sacred aisles
Their tuneful replications whisp'ring speed,
And rapture high each pious bosom warms,
Then may, suggestively, *that* Fancy view,
How o'er Heaven's blissful and all-glorious domes
Echo the loud hosannas, which, with joy
Ineffable, transport th' angelic host,
As, from their MAKER'S smiles, with grace and
love
Transcendently adorn'd, they ever reap
Beatitude no mortal terms may tell.

But this obtain'd and more; did all fair aids
That decency and order might suggest
Constant our holy rituals adorn;
Did soundest creeds and systems fill the mind;
Candour of noblest range endow the breast,
And—(what, alas! from merely human means
So frequent foil'd, 'tis vanity to hope)—
Could learn'd industry unerring trace
The line whose now oft dubitable paths
Divides essential sacred truths from points
Less weighty, and of whose authentic grounds
And real forms, opinion safely may
Indulge her favourite theories:—Were this gain'd
To ev'ry wish, and clearly to the eye
Of all depicted,—little would the whole
Avail Religion's purport, if the heart
Feel not its fervours, nor, with stedfast faith,
Look up to God; and, duteous to his will,
Bend ev'ry effort to obtain his smiles.

Though better times *will* come, (so Heaven's own
words

Announce the advent) how degenerate *now*
Seems the whole Christian world! Through ev'ry
 realm,

In all the gay and busy scenes of life,
From him who shines in courts to him who plies
The spade or loom, have lamentably lost
Its fit remembrance of the end of man;
His frailties; duties; that there is a day
To judge in righteousness his thoughts and deeds!
Hence 'tis, from youth in whate'er station bred,
Or age itself just tott'ring o'er the grave,
When hear we our Redeemer's name pronounced
With grateful ardour? when Religion's truths,
And future hopes, with seriousness engage
Due converse, and, without reluctance, take
An hour from vain and frivolous pursuits?

While thus amid the days of youth so few
Remember their Creator, and as few
Grown old in wealth, keep cautiously in mind
The Scripture's needle-eye, rarely we note,

(Gracing these shores of mercantile excess)
The human visage speak, in genuine traits,
A mind correct, impractised in the scenes
Of some depraving folly? If 'tis gay,
Seldom it springs from innocent delights
Simply amusive, but the radiant glow
Of joys luxurious, or the giddy rounds
Of vain, fantastic, animal parade.
And when the channell'd brow is serious seen,
Less frequent 'tis eternity's concerns
The soul affect, than instant sordid cares;
Some deep-form'd project to *lay house to house,*
And field to field, and gratify the love
Of worldly consequence, and growing gain.

From these debasing features of the times,—
Combined with darker criminal pursuits
Which vice has ever loved, and the new code
Of black licentious tenets, form'd to give
Our worst propensities unbounded range,—
We see how pleasure, vanity, and gold;

Commercial eagerness ; effeminate
O'er-valued arts ; the never-ceasing calls
Of festive intercourse (by habit made
Essential to the passing of each hour),
Have banish'd from the ear, and from the mind,
All sound reflection ; ev'ry warning voice
To tell us what we are! Thus God is mock'd ;
His laws transgress'd. And now, as just return
For such foul dereliction, he permits
(And much perhaps enflames life's common ills)
An evil heart of unbelief, around
To spread its catching bane ; harden'd and cheer'd
With the proud boastings of what some men call
Philosophy ; but others better name,
Perversion, blindness, blasphemy, and sin.—
The sequel is tremendous as 'tis plain.
Strengthening the documents of old display'd
In Israel's sacred story, it is now*
Seen glaring, in the horrid ills and crimes
That near us rage, blasting all human good,

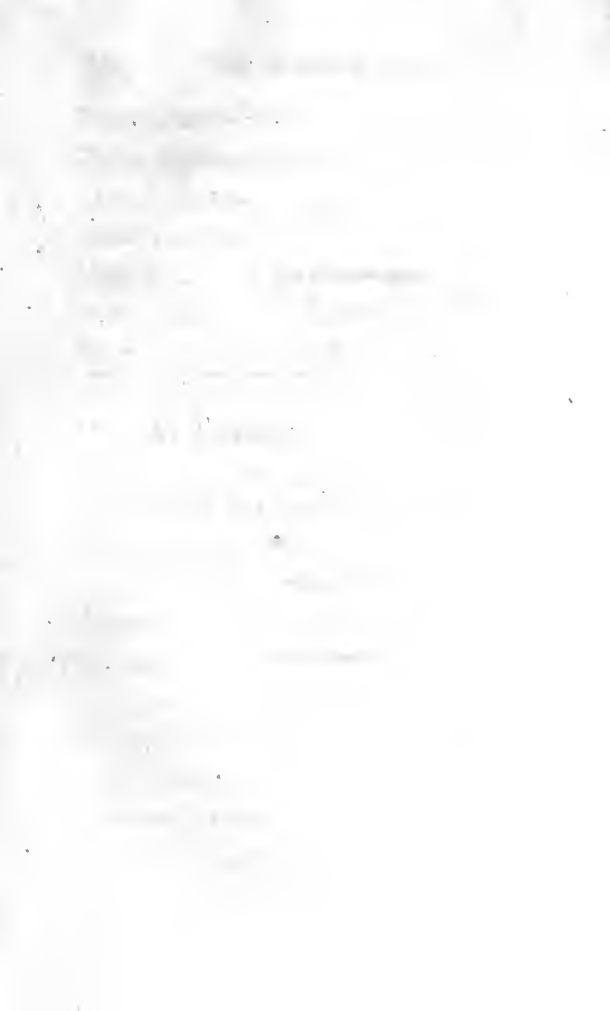
* The latter end of December, 1792.

Religion, law, and order; and whose strong
Destructive shocks, may, ere we are aware,
(And if amendment don't obstruct their course,)
Reach, and o'erwhelm this half-apostate Isle. /

Here, as our wand'ring meditations end,
The service ends. And now th' endearing world
Again breaks on the hearers. Home they hie,
In different groups, at different speeds, through paths
Equally varied, and with chat, alike
Devote to Freedom's gay and sober charms.

THE
RURAL SABBATH.

BOOK III.



THE
RURAL SABBATH.

THOUGH the appropriate topics of the day
Lead obvious on, 'tis not the Muse's aim
To follow them implicit. Free, as chaste,
She, wandering, loves at will to dwell on themes
Which gently warble from her soft-toned lyre,
And bosoms touch congenial with her own ;
Or, if of harsher strain, some ethic view
Compels to the departure. Leave we then,
Unsung, th' approaching noon repast ; its forms,
And all its social renovating cheer ;
Trusting, that season'd with befitting truth,

Moral, religious, and of loyal cast,
Its free, harmonious converse will be found.

The dinner o'er, amusement next takes place.
Some (most the aged and iufirm) awhile
Continue to peruse the weighty page
Of Holy Writ, accustomed to succeed
This sabbath meal. Others more active, bent
On healthier recreation, seek the fields ;
And there consociate (while the cheerful bells
Again resume their sounds, and in the mind,
Lightsome and gay, accordant thoughts inspire),
Wander at large the ever-varying paths
Which join the farms, or border on the stream
That winds along the vale, verging at times
The intermingled villas, and snug cots ;
Where soft Retirement, and contented Wealth
Scatter their sylvan sweets ; where wood, and lawn,
And trees, and shrubs, and flowers of various hues,
Frequent inmix'd with neatly-tinted pales
By taste disposed, still catch th' observing eye.

'Tis then the village blooms in all its charms,
Then prosperous courts the calm and cultured mind
There to repose and spend the eve of life.

And then, perchance, amid the hamlet glades,
Parental fondness, with its younger charge,
Strays to enjoy the gladsome summer ray,
Considering deep, how best, in future life,
To place with caution due and happy hopes
Those elder grown. Much the thought affects ;
But most the mother. She anticipates,
With heart-felt sadness, the quick-coming hour
Which from her presence and her tender care
Will tear them, never oft to meet again ;
And haply then, the meeting to be short,
And still partaking of the fearful gloom
Which parting gives.—The last, the *last* farewell
O'erwhelms her quite, and gently draws the tear
She'd fain suppress. But now a prattler comes,
And to an offer'd flower recalls her thoughts :
She smiles, though pensive ; then in gentle tone

Tells her sweet girl its high and various worth ;
Points out its beauties ; praises ev'ry charm ;
But still the whole, with due preceptive care,
Attributes to the boundless power of GOD.
And, what is GOD ? a lesser stripling asks ;
Not inattentive to th' improving tale.
At that prompt word, the father, by the hand,
Takes him aside to answer the request.—
He hears with eager looks, and solemn awe ;
Revolves, and re-revolves the great account,
And in a serious thankfulness, from thence,
Treasures the secret in his grateful breast,
For ever there to dwell.—Such is the force
Of this transcendent truth ; and thus the mind
Is form'd by Nature for its general sway.

And, can there be a task of more delight
More import, than through aptitude like these
On bosoms, warm, and docile as they're young,
To pour Instruction's salutary lore ?
To fix each ruling principle of life

On basis due? Whether its ultimate
Sanction and force, on demonstration rest;
Or on the still more numerous documents
Of sage experience, or implicit trust
In man's report, of Heaven's revealed will;
Which, let the sceptic cavil e'er so long,
Must have its power and right to sway the mind.
Hence 'tis on Faith, Religion first implants
Her sacred truths, howe'er in riper years
A more enlighten'd eye may scrutinize,
Or slight some tenets. Morals, too, though drawn
From clear instinctive fountains, best are taught
When urged by such traditionary aid;
While Economic's wider rules can't need,
And seldom ask, authority more high.

But, pleasing as 'tis thus to nurture youth
In Wisdom's various lore; and evident
As, to the well-form'd mind, its precepts lie,
And mediums of conveyance; yet, alas!
How much the fascinating joys of life,

How much a wayward, predetermined bent
Still thwart th' important purpose ; still withhold
That modest candour ; genuine love of truth ;
That ardent assiduity and care,
The task peculiar needs. This sad neglect,
In these most vain and inauspicious days,
In ev'ry path which duty bids us tread
In instances extreme, we hourly see
Debase our nature, and enhance our crimes.

But, ever peering o'er the noisy brood
Of human follies, some one, casual grown
To giant size, pre-eminently stands,
The idol new, the *Baal* of the day ;
And, as its votaries bend the pliant knee,
Shout, and wide spread the fascinating name,
Asks note and censure from the moral Muse.

And now 'tis, hail the philosophic mode
Of meliorating *mind*, and curing all
Its inbred frailties, and contracted warps,

By new-discover'd properties of *things* !
Simply material; where Euclidian lines,
Primordeal atoms ; figure, motion, powers
Attractive and repulsive, duly scann'd,
In all their varied unions and effects,
Lead to such secrets of Life's puzzling maze ;
Throw light so clear on theologic schemes
And plans of polity, as shew, at once,
How little of their nobler traits adorn
The scanty page of *Moses* and *Saint Paul*.
For, since in air attenuated high
By pumps pneumatic, wrought by rack and wheel ;
Or deleterious made, through process deep
Of chemical analysis, we can,
As 'twere the work of magic, in a trice
Smother all kinds of vermin : And, still more,
Equipt with instrument, form'd for the nonce,
Sheer through a solid quire of whited-brown
Drive th' electric spark : Or, from the clouds
Murk, threat'ning, and with deadly rage surcharged,
Extract the thunder down metallic rods ;

So, through like rare appliances of art,
'Tis ergo'd by the sapience of this school,
The hovering evils of our nether world
May all be coax'd aside; the heart corrupt
Cleansed to the core, at th' instantaneous touch
Of new-reforming fire; and the small brood
Of snarling passions, which our peace annoy,
Be choak'd as quick, and with as little toil,
As boys may turn a wince. As yet, it seems,
These sanguine adepts hold, our powers of mind
Are only in their dawn; that to what heights
Of ethic excellence they may attain,
When their full energy is keenly urged
On *physical research*; when, not content
To hover o'er this earth in towering balls
Of buyant *gas*, they, by Lunardian skill,
Haply shall reach the Moon; then, passing on,
Visit the planetary orbs that roll
Around the glowing stars, far, far beyond
Our late-found *Georgium Sidus*; studious there,
Scan the *Philosophy* which brighter powers,

Urged farther on, perchance, may have refined
To its long wish'd-for acme ; pace its Schools ;
Talk with its Doctors ; read its deep Essays,
And from these high enlighten'd realms bring down
Real *Heaven-drawn* truth (authentic beyond doubt,
If visible and tangible approof
Can work on faith)—whose brilliant rays
Are not more new than liberal ; not more strange
Than duly fitted for terrestrial use.—
When this is tried and compass'd, how it may
Still aid our moral views, e'en gifted wit,
They hold, scarce knows, much less can narrow
 minds
Of bigotry divine. A maxim, too,
Of like validity they ne'er omit
To mingle with this doctrine ; preaching forth
'Tis timid footsteps in the ardent chase
Of human weal, that most defeats our aims ;
That, like the coy affections of the Fair,
Whate'er we hope, or wish, must be obtain'd
By flattering fervours ; manly, prompt resolves,

And spirited attacks. In brief, they vaunt
This rare Philosophy gives to our frame
What may be term'd a super-added sense
(No Highland *second*, but the novel *sixth*
Now signaling Gallia to the world),
Which sees beyond whate'er was seen before ;
Makes children, men ; and men, as 'twere, small
 gods ;
Prescient, unerring ; sovereign in their will,
And ready to *create* new natures, were
But matter to their mind.—Declining feats,
Howe'er, of this high sort, and in *reforms*
Of veritable need, content a while
To shew its magic wonders, it now asks
Only befitting aid to mould forthwith
Anew, this jarring, priest-and-king abused,
This woe-begone, and drooping scene of things ;
And once again restore the long lost joys
Of truth and innocence, of peace and love,
Man held in paradise ; bring on the earth,
By philosophic efforts, ere too late,

Saturnian ages ; a REVOLUTION

Glorious beyond compare, of old foreseen
 By speculative teachers, whose bright tubes
 Of prescience, were the nascent gift of arts
 Now renovating man. Thus Folly dreams,
 And Fraud would have us think the dream divine.

Yet still the while (so blinded oft is pride!)
 This healing fruit, thus boastingly assign'd
 To the world's riper years (and which, forsooth,
 They name a NEW *Philosophy*, the more
 To catch a staring multitude), is known
 By sober history to be as old
 As Paul of Tarsus, who in aptest terms
 (So far as it presumes to mould the heart)
 Named it at once, FALSE SCIENCE ;* nothing
 more ;
 Born of sheer Vanity (whose parents were
 Wit nearly *half*, and Prejudice *full* bred),
 Nursed on *Utopia's* lap ; with flattery fill'd

* 1 Tim. vi. 20. Coll. ii. 8.

To surfeit, and most copiously imbued
With that vain babbling,* and unfetter'd lore,
Which, fearless of rebuke, and reckless much
Of what may follow, oft its quibbles aims
E'en at the sacred dictates of the sky.
And now (amid a tribe of other points
Less worthy note) impels its vent'rous dupes
First to dispute the notices of sense
In things material; next, that men have souls;
Or will that's free; then fair redemption's plan
As built on purchase of vicarious love;
Or aught the sacred Oracles unfold
Of mystic form, retired in depth's divine
Beyond *their* reason's short and narrow ken.

Hence, no avenging check of slighted Heaven
Thundering correction to such tenets bold
Appearing o'er their heads, can it be strange,
That pupils of their very lowest forms
Will lisp ing urge, in affirmation strong,

* Rom. xvi. 17.

That all opinions heretofore espoused
By priests, by mobs, “by savage or by sage,”
That taught respect and deference to a name;
Revered old usages; or seem'd to say
Our ancestors knew aught of men and things
Worthy regard, and fit to be retain'd,
Are radically slavish and absurd;
And that (so add the high illumined youth)
Those liberal-minded notions, which inspire
Contempt of all the silly antique tales
That fill the nursery; amuse the church;
Or prop the state; and which, the while, bespeak
A spirit free, above all plodding thought;
Ungovernably bold; ever alive
To human dignity; charm'd with new schemes;
With paradox delighted, and whate'er
Thwarts the stale principles of Common Sense;)—
These notions, springing warmly from within
By their compendious logic, must be true.

Thus nurtured, thus inclined; these busy wits

(To the world's cost, as now it woeful feels)
Of late their super-quackish views have turn'd
To a REGENERATION, *root-and-branch*,
Of all old politics ; squared, trimm'd, and pared
To their own darling patterns, and so set
On bases sure, that time and mortal force
May batter them in vain. " Yes, since our sires"
(So 'tis alleged), " were fools ; saw nothing right ;
" Did nothing fit, were ignorance itself,
" As touching Nature's true coactive powers,
" Their use and aim ; what their's the patriot task
" But full destruction of all former creeds,
" Rites, customs, practices, opinions, laws,
" And a fresh code to 'stablish in their stead ?
" No matter who gainsay ; down ev'ry throat
" Must go th' intended beverage. We trust
" 'Tis for *their* good ; and, what we like as well,
" 'Twill much administer to *our* repose.
" Nor shall we brook delay. Our projects pine
" As waste th' inglorious hours. Active hands
" (When once all's ripe, and meanings are unveil'd)

“ Are as their soul; and on the knife forth drawn
“ For needful amputation, no weak fears
“ Should hang to check its aim. Hence, whatsoe’er
“ Obstructs the instant deed must instant fall
“ A sacrifice to the offended power
“ Which has our vows. And, by that power, we
 swear

“ Destruction to all hierarchies and thrones
“ That now enslave the earth.”—In this bold sort
Some rave, and teach, and preach,—perchance
 may pray,—

But thus far happily, in these glad isles,
Without the wish’d effect. The nation’s bulk
See the perversion, and its woeful fruits
In their true form, and shudder at the sight;
Have heads, their sophistry can never touch;
Have hearts, their blandishments can never win,
And wit to learn, not only when they’re well,
But that true knowledge of the human heart,
Its failings and their cure, must spring, alas!
From other founts than those which chiefly yield

Misleading pride ; that *Rebel* in all tongues
Is a base name, by all good men abhorr'd
Howe'er 'tis tinsel'd o'er ; that **LOYALTY**
Is genuine virtue, morally conceived,
Back'd with the signature of Holy Writ ;
Which in our every deed, and every thought,
Prescribes forbearance, gentleness, and peace,
As leading objects ; while it strict enjoins
Honour to kings ; obedience to the laws,
As much for sake of conscience as from fear.

And may fair laurels ever deck their brows
Whose well-timed eloquence, and active zeal
Assisted to allay the present pest
Of daring sophistry ; with other aims
Pour'd through the land, than vaunted love of truth,
The Rights of Man, and tranquil social joys !

But more to check this innovating rage
Than keenest words, were they to burning fall
From some prophetic lip (or his, scarce less,

Who sounded to the world in matchless terms
Its folly and its fate) a neighbouring realm
Now gives sad instance; where to th' utmost
stretch

These visionary theories have been tried
And found, alas! fatal beyond the worst
That Caution's self could fear, or Fancy feign.
There see, with wanton haste, as if in sport,
All laws and ancient customs swept away;
Justice despised; security no more;
Distinctions levell'd; property annull'd;
A Monarch murder'd;* and, throughout the land,
Trust, and good faith, become as empty names;
Religion treated with such studied scorn,
They scarce will own a GOD; while every art
To spread the vile infection o'er the earth
Is active used; and each endearing tie,
That should hold man to man, broken, as if

* This was inserted in the summer of 1793, and alludes to the then situation of public affairs.

To spite that Heaven, which cannot unchastised
See such Satanic speculations bring
On human nature that excessive woe,
That want, that profligacy, that vile hate ;
Those murders, massacres, heart-rending fears,
And all the untold aggregate of ill,
For which it now becomes, to all around
(Justly, if e'er Heaven's justice we could trace)
A warning spectacle, of such dread form,
That all who feel for violated Rights,
For Virtue and Religion, must peruse
The lesson it unfolds with scarlet cheeks
Through shame and indignation. And, behold,
That shame and indignation have aroused
Th' insulted world, in fitting league to drive
The baneful pest back to the infernal shades
From whence, in evil hour, it first was drawn.
And, who that feels for liberty, sound truth,
Or aught that's seemly, but must say, God speed !
And fervent wish their zeal may haply prove

Fit instrument to bring on such vile guilt
The wrath corrective that seems now gone forth.*

Then ye, whose duty 'tis in youthful minds,
Docile and apt, to fix, for after life,
Each principle of conduct, fitly framed
To aid and cheer its ever-changing scenes ;
Who know the worth of our impartial laws,
Built on experience, long and fully tried,
Nor less to be revered for ancient date
Than for true wisdom, and the countless strifes
Through which they were achieved ; who see
around
Real Freedom's blessings smiling like our meads
With charms unrivall'd, and the lot of all

* Alas! how little are mankind enabled to enter into the Divine councils! The aims of this seemingly well-intended confederacy have failed, and Europe is still suffering under the most direful and awakening calamities of strife and war. This is perhaps felt in part: and may the chastisement soon be followed with the full contrition of heart, and amendment of life, which these calamities are doubtless intended ultimately to produce!—Jan. 1800.

Who breathe their air; who see this lovely
group,
Led by a Sovereign, in whose bosom meet
Such pious grace, such moral virtue, join'd
With every native energy which springs
From love parental, that their union rare,
Back on the diadem more lustre throws
Than issues from its gems; who see these gifts
In full fruition; and our complex scheme
Of envied polity, not within itself
Better adapted to correct its faults
Than fitted, at due seasons, to receive
Each wish'd amendment;—ye who witness too
Unprincipled discourse; unstable minds;
Seditious views, and innovating pride,
As what alone these highly favour'd isles
Have cause to fear;—ye teachers who know this,
And love your country with a genuine zeal,
Oh! ne'er forget, amid the virtues fair,
Which grace our nature, and peculiar bloom
On British soil, that Loyalty is one,

Which, whatso'er Philosophy may teach,
Should never, never quit the patriot breast.

Is this too much digressive? Does the song
Neglect its stated aim? A moral Muse,
That feels for human wrongs, must surely feel,
In these licentious times, how fit it is
Due censure should be thrown from every lip
On daring projects, principles and guilt,
Whose deep enormities, and novel forms;
Alike astonish and offend mankind.
Blameless, she then presumes her ethic strain
A while delaying to recount, that still,
Something to soil whate'er we lovely call,
This scene of things permits; that, like the good
By polity held out, our sacred day
Has its debasements. For, behold! too nigh,
A train of truant youth, full-aptly form'd,
With boisterous revelry, to discompose
Its tranquil joys; nor spared the oath profane.
With skuffling might, some toss the bounding ball:

Or gambling rave in noisy harsh disputes ;
Or with rude scoffs insult the better bred
That pass them by. But haply ev'ry one
Is not thus idly bent. Far more enjoy
Their leisure as beseems them, in calm scenes
Which sooth at once, and recreate the mind.
And some there ever are whose ardent love
Of literary arts, and the fair fame
Which dignifies their eminent display,
Who, quitting noisy haunts, find highest bliss
In paths sequester'd, and where thought at large
May freely wander, sure its slightest traits
Will meet due notice from a kindred breast.
And these are pupils of the neighbouring school
Of classic erudition, where each morn,
Brisk as the sun, and early as his ray,
They studiously repair ; and now are met,
Free from the world's intrusion, to discourse
On various themes their literate cares demand.

But still, though toil and studious days and nights

Must ever wait on learning's brightest aid,
To meet success, the task appalls them not.
Their spirit rises as the hill ascends
Of generous emulation and reward :
And, the bright summit in their ardent eye,
They, mutual in their aims, with mutual cheers,
Mount up it undismay'd. Such zeal still shines
Where genius genuine, and the love of arts
Inspire the youthful mind ! And now they talk
Of ancient days, and bards of high renown ;
Castalia's silver streams ; the warbling fount
Of sacred *Hippocrene*, along whose banks
The tuneful Muses ever love to stray :
Or, of immortal sages who have trod
Lyceums piny walks, or the green verge
Of *Academus*, and from thence have soar'd
Heights empyreal with unwearied wing.

Thus they would talk, and from these rapturous
terms

(As yet, perhaps, scarce with due meaning fraught)

Catch inspiration ; in its dreams behold
Scenes heavenly fair, and more than mortal soil
Can e'er produce. But such is Fancy's sway ;
Such the illusions nature fondly forms
To cheer our steps and animate the toils,
Aim'd to enlarge and grace our mental powers
In mental efforts that the best adorn.
The vain, or selfish feelings she disdains
As stimulants. But in the generous love
Of excellence itself ; the vision indistinct
Of unknown good, and possible renown,
Which wanders in their minds, she places all
Her power to lead them on ; save that rare gift,
More sacred still, and of appropriate sway,
The love of knowledge for its own fair form.
Oh ! how this object warms their labouring thoughts,
And wraps them in Elysium ; soothes and calms
The heart perturb'd ! Be languages their aim ;
The liberal arts ; the various truths which shine
In abstract Science ; History's wide tome,
Or the unbounded province of research

Philosophy assumes ; or, higher yet,
What fair Religion on the eye of Faith
Benignly pours ; they duteous still revere
Instruction's page. Hence *words*, as meaning things,
Acquire their charms. But most, when dulcet tuned
To the innumerable notes which form
The world's harmonious system, they arouse
Accordant thoughts ; and, chiming through its range
Of countless orbs, symphonious touch the ear.
Hence letters first attract the opening mind
Whate'er its after bent ; and hence the worth,
And rise of village schools ; hence Nature, too,
Still more to win regard, bids wisdom join
Her heavenly dictates to the Muse's lyre.

How sweet the rising morn on Health's glad eye
Unveils her varied beauties, hid ere while
In shades of night, or but obscurely seen
From stars faint glimmering ! Hill, and dale,
And stream, and cot, and fane, in golden day
Beam lovely ; and the quicken'd spirit feels

Unusual ardour, as the restless foot
Along the dewy pathways of the meads,
Or on the mountain-tops, wanders at large
With light unfailing step. Yet still more sweet
On th' enquiring mind, studiously prone,
Fair Learning opes her long-extended roll
Of heavenly truth; whether immediate beam'd
From the pure Fount of Grace, or seen reflex
Adorn these lower energies of things;
Where, round the theories deep, by Science form'd,
And Nature's endless and more obvious laws,
Imagination chaste, oft soothing spreads
Her lighter graces; till th' exploring soul,
In transport lost, through all the tow'ring flights
And humbler stoopings of her onward way,
Scarce feels th' oppression of a wearied wing.
But sweeter far, and of much dearer aim
(And what should still be present to the mind
Where happy feelings, and religious hopes
Claim due regard), are the pure joys inspired,
When Piety with Literature and Arts

Meet in fair union, and the God adore
From whence we *are*, and all these spacious scenes
Of wonder and of might; when all that charms
In Science, or in Nature's studious rounds;
Wisdom of ends, or artifice of means;
Goodness, or power, not only charms the taste
Of curious intellect, but fills the soul
With gratitude and love, no words can speak
No heart estranged conceive. 'Tis then we find
All we behold in Beauty's fair domain,
All we achieve in Learning's flowery paths,
A book, where some instructive item shines
In value rich, which dies not in the grave,
But, of immortal growth, will form a part
Of Heaven's illustrious lore;—while, with our God,
These loved enquiries, in their progress, form
A medium of communion; silent strains
Of praise and prayer, of efficacy high,
Which ne'er by Virtue are indulged in vain.
'Tis then Retirement yields her fairest fruits;
(And owns, as one, the Sabbath we display;)

Affections gently exercised, not torn,
Nor warp'd by too much struggling with the world ;
Calm Contemplation, grateful for the joys
She now partakes, and happy in the hope
Of others in reversion, which will soon
Give to true Piety its full reward,
And heal all sorrows of this frail abode.

Sorrows, alas ! all earthly scenes are doom'd
Frequent to feel ; and, like the day of life,
Our fleeting Sabbath type is not exempt
From its disasters. A meek lovely maid
Who late this vale adorn'd, in youthful prime,
And beauty's softest bloom, now lies in death,
And waits the last sad office from her friends
Of rites sepulchral. A dire disease,
Which baffled all the arts of human skill,
Assail'd her strength, and gradual, as by stealth,
Destroy'd her vernal bloom ; nor ceased the strife
But when at length her vital powers gave way.
Lovely she was, and equally beloved ;

The friend and dearest favourite of her sex ;
And patiently she bore her ling'ring fate.
Tall was her perfect shape ; and as she trod
The 'gentlest graces dignified her mien ;
And beauteous was the flow of glossy hair
Which down the ivory slopings of her neck
In wreaths redundant fell. But in her face,
United all the modest virtues spoke.
Palely diffused, the bloom of youth adorn'd
Her polish'd cheek ; while the soft lambent eye,
Beaming with mild and affable regard,
Ne'er seem'd to know how fair, how very fair,
The comely features which its rays illumed.
But they are gone!—As fade the flowers of spring
Her beauties wither'd, and her passing bier
Can only now receive a last adieu.
And, hark ! the bell begins its solemn toll,
To shew at hand the slowly-moving train
Of sorrowing friends. And see, they near approach
The cell of sacred earth, where weary man
Must find his last repose. In snowy robes,

The maids, her dear companions, bear, in turns,
Her hapless loved remains ; and every eye
That fond affection draws around the scene
Partakes the heart-felt grief. And now the dirge,
In soft, yet mournful tones, with pauses due,
Attends the solemn movement ; lends its aid,
Its tuneful sighs, to decorate and sooth
The sad occasion. Yes, sweet, though touching,
In sorrow's ear fall these accustomed notes,
Nor powerless to the distant groves proceeds
The cadence of their strain. Forlorn and sad,
As conscious of the loss, they, sighing, seem
To hang their drooping heads, and take a part
In social woe and sympathy so dear.

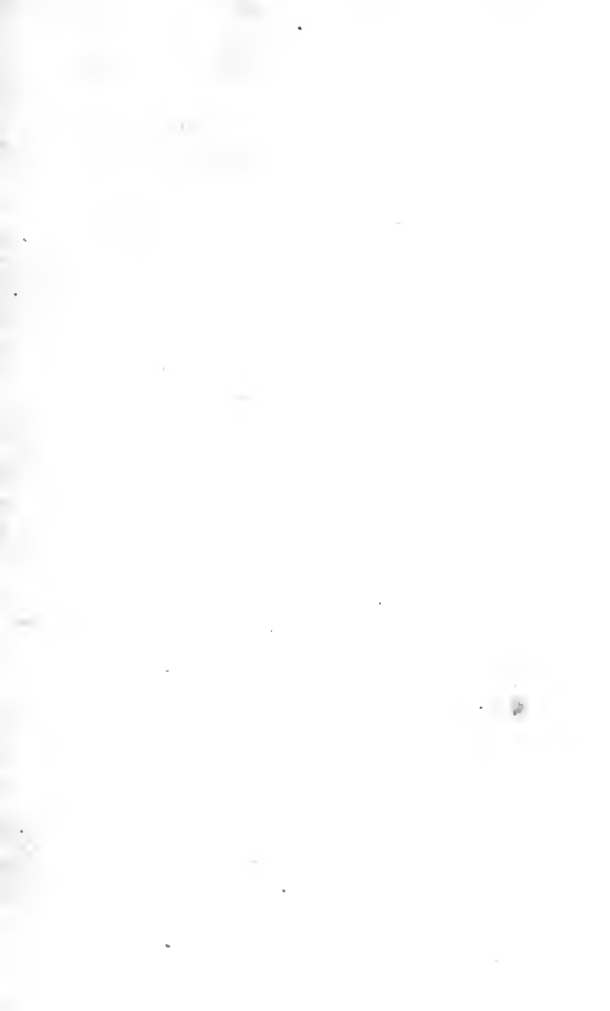
Now decent rests the corpse, amid the aisle
Appropriate to the use, and apt are join'd
The stated ritual of evening prayer
And this interment.—Kneeling all around
The loved lamented maid, in deep distress,
Behold her dearest friends renew their tears,

And every eye turn'd on the mournful scene !
O ! how reflection now absorbs the mind,
And brings its objects home. This stroke of death ;
Th' immediate awful presence of their God ;
His heavenly word republish'd, which unfolds
Man's erring frailty, and the destined pangs
Which all must suffer, ere this earthly frame
Can put on incorruption,—melts the soul,
And, for the time, our changeful nature shines
In loveliest semblance. All vain follies fled ;
All enmities forgot ; and every tie
Of kindred love close drawn ;—meek, penitent,
Subdued, and fill'd with fear, what willing aid,
In the kind offices the scene demands,
Is lent by all ! How do they ardent wish
'Twere in their power to mitigate the grief
That wounds the nearest friends ! How fondly muse,
That could the lovely maid again return,
What dear regards—perhaps too much o'erlook'd—
Should shew their fervid love. Then other thoughts
Engage the mind perturb'd. Through the long range

Of ancestry, or nearer friends, consign'd
To the oblivious grave, they sadly turn,
And meditate how soon themselves may lie
The breathless tenants of the neighbouring clay.

And now, dear hapless fair, one kindness more
Conveys thee to the precincts of the grave,
Thy long and peaceful home. See, 'tis at hand;
And see 'tis deck'd with flowers, which fancy fond
And warm affection have profusely thrown
As tokens of their love, and emblems pure
Of thy sweet innocence, and early fate.
Instant, once more, the gushing tears proclaim
New heart-felt sorrow, at the final scene.
It is a *last* farewell; and every eye
Is watchful to observe, when, dropping through
The verdant verge, with flowery wreaths adorn'd,
The lovely corpse for ever disappears.—
Deep strikes the thought, a last, a long adieu,—
And deeper still the solemn sounding cords,
And *Earth to earth*, pronounce the sad farewell.

Yes, fare thee well, sweet maid! *Amelia* fair,
Let us not part but uttering the glad hope .
Which sooths all earthly sorrow ;—rest assured
Ere long in other climes, where pain and death
Can never come, thy patient innocence
Will safely land thee, and thy sufferings crown
With blooming wreaths of never-ending joy. .



THE
RURAL SABBATH.

BOOK IV.



THE
RURAL SABBATH.

SAD is the vale! Yet still the needful cares
And solaces of life will interdict
Its long continuance; save with the few
The more immediate mourners. Gradual, hence,
The spirits of the breast, its lively hopes
(And, were they not, the constant fear of death
Would damp all due exertion), flow again
And paint their cheerful scenes; renew their joys.

And now the evening visitings recur
Of friendly intercourse, and social chat,

Enliven'd with the elegant regale
Of much-loved temperate tea. Some traits, indeed,
Of cast censorious ; enmity long felt,
Or sordid grov'ling after worldly pelf,
May mingle with the virtues of the vale,
And their fair lustre dim. Yet, in these scenes,
Compared with city noise, and glare, and strife,
How very bless'd the tranquil Sabbath glides !
How free from strong temptation's varied smiles,
And the too cumberous pressure of the world !
How fill'd with gentle thoughts, that gladly seek
A hallow'd intercourse with Truth Divine ;
Where Reason's noblest powers, soar as they may,
Alone can heart-felt satisfaction find ;
Reap full reward, and the possessor bless ;
Where, by degrees, the soft'ning soul combines
Her slightest, as her more important cares,
With Piety and Love. Yet happier still
(Where happiness is noted by the good
It has the means to minister) is he,
The reverend Pastor of this docile flock,

When wisdom's lore, and pious feelings join,
In *earnest* join, due nurture to prepare,
And safe conduct them to their heavenly fold.
From office honour'd; full and deeply felt
The vanity of life's most glittering toys;
Conscious of fit accomplishments to win,
To sooth, to soften, and to hold in awe,
As circumstances ask, his wandering charge;
How happy might his days pass to their close
In filling up with zeal his sacred trust!
How happy, with each social glow at heart,
Joy in their joy, participate their griefs,
And, with religious energy and love,
Give their fair Sabbath every power to charm.

Of the depraved alloy, which, Proteus like,
In our frail nature wears so many shapes,
And prompts so many deeds that blot with clouds
The sunshine of our peace, a portion here
Of the pragmatic cast, which nought can please,
Nor aught convince; and which for ever views

This mingled scene of things with captious eye,
And smirk of cynic outline ;—slyly asks
(While as the taunting query ne'er o'erlooks
Th' implied negative)—if one and all
Who hold the pastoral charge, so smooth above
Through courtesy be-dittied, are real saints,
Act as they should, and verify the lay :
If, of their sacred character aware,
Its duties, and the hill on which is placed
Their Heaven-enlighten'd candle, all perform
The holy trust their ministry includes,
With meet attention ; heart as well as lip,
Nor swerve from due decorum ?—Scorning alike
The prejudiced contemnor, and the use
Folly may of the fair concession make,
We answer, No : The priesthood is not free
From blame and frailty. Form'd like other men,
Its members may, at times, from foes incur
A due reproofing stricture, and like all
Their fellow-mortals, stand too oft in need
Of Heaven's extended mercy, to o'erlook

A casual dereliction. But, what then?

Does this destroy their service? Takes it aught

From their official honour?—Make them less

Th' ambassadors of God?—Invalidate

Their usual functions, orderly perform'd?

Or—(what, perhaps, some may absurdly hope,

Will really prove the case)—does it afford

The layman, or less learned, a fit pretence

To imitate their failings; shuffle o'er

And slight a well-known duty, as if he

Were safe from justice, while there meets his eye

A priest as frail and heedless as himself.

The times have still their signs, and our's are
mark'd

With manners and opinions which below

All pardonable licence would degrade

The priesthood and their charge. Not only when

Their presence should excite a due reserve,

The jest obscene and ribaldry of fools

Flow from the shameless tongue, but they incur

Dislike, as it should seem, because 'tis felt
Their name and holy office bring to mind
Virtues transgress'd, and follies of such sort,
As conscience cannot, with inviting ease,
Contemplate and retrace. When such the times ;
When reverence for the messengers of Heaven
In ev'ry rank abates, and mockery oft
Misdeems their sacred functions, how should they,
In numbers few ; in worldly power but weak ;
In character traduced ; of zealous friends
Daily bereft, and seldom led to think
Their converse in domestic hours would yield
A wish'd-for pleasure ;—how should they, thus
view'd,

Themselves and Heaven's fair oracles defend
With grating truths ? How, with unwelcome calls
To penitence and grace, be heard aright,
And win the alien breast ? Talk as we may,
The clergy less have power to mould the times
Than the times, them. Their little slighted bark,
Borne on the stream of things, though ruled by Ilim

Who can command the waves, and has assured
Its passage safe o'er every boisterous surge,
Still with the current must in part glide on,
And take its course. And were the Order led
By cordial smiles and symptoms of esteem
To due exertion in their holy cares,
'Twould soon be found such smiles, as well as zeal,
Contain incitement that would re-produce
Deportment truly fitted to adorn
And dignify their cause ; give to the place
And character they hold, that lustre fair
They ever ask and ever will obtain
Where Christian virtues meet a due regard.)

And deeply in the mind this single sign
Of our degeneracy should sink, where'er
The patriot passion reigns. And surely much
It all concerns, forthwith to see begun
Fit reformation of a growing ill,
Which, if neglected, in its progress, may,
Combined with kindred swervings, quickly bring

A chastisement most grievous on a land
Too vain to think ; too headstrong to be wise ;
Too wealthy and luxurious to be good.
For old experience shews (were not the crimes
Which now a neighbouring nation damn to fame
Enormous as their growth, too sad a proof),
That, once the guardians of the Church despised,
Not only pure Religion must decline,
But all that's moral, all that's fair and just,
Will catch the taint ; lead on to countless ills ;
And the irreverent folly, as *one* curse,
Bode and forerun the ruin of the State.

Opposed to this acerbity of mind,
Cannot the Muse more pleasingly conceive
A group of pious friends, intent to scan
Some theme of sacred import, seated where
Was sipp'd their late regale ; be it the neat
And lightsome finish'd parlour, or the cool
Umbrageous grot, that fronts the neighbouring vale ;
Among whose meads a softly murmuring stream,

Through pebbly dells, pursues its winding way ?
And cannot Fancy see, for long, long hours,
Youth, and e'en Beauty, willingly forego
All other joys to listen to the strains
They pour alternate on each topic high ?
Strains heavenly sweet, as tuned to heavenly hopes ;
Learned, rational, and from the heart effused !

By education, as by temper, led
To thoughts chastised and pure, 'tis theirs to shun
Alike the wiles of pleasure and the pride
That to our scanty reason levels all
The heights and depths of things. Placid ; humane ;
Addicted to soft scenes, and tranquil joys,
And virtuous letters, and ingenuous arts ;
Believing, hoping, happier realms in view,
The world sits easy on them, and its charms
Still wear an aspect powerful to awake
High strains of grateful fervour. As within
They feel content and peace, so all without
Seems as it should ; a checquer'd scene, indeed,

Replete with cares; but such as Christian hope
Will ever lighten, till Probation's path
Closes its casual ruggedness, and shades
In all that's good and fair. With gifts like these
Abundantly endow'd, well may their words
Rise potent with the subject, and secure
From all unfeign'd attention. And, this known,
Cannot quick Fancy *yet* the lovely scene
Adumbrate in due tints; impassion all
The shadowy group, and wake them into life?
Yes, this, and more, she can achieve, can catch
Their glowing accents; hear them rapturous tell
Of future things; to human weal of worth
Beyond compare: the mercy ever shewn
To our frail nature, as the lapse of time
Progressive on its copious page devolved,
Not more replete with Wonder than with Love.

How the ALMIGHTY PRIMAL CAUSE (whose
power
Can instant give existence to whate'er

His boundless intellect beholds display'd
In forms ideal) with intent benign
His favourite Man first fashion'd ; gave his eye
To range this goodly orb, his powers to taste
The various founts of rational delight
His happy *Eden*, and his happier mind
Might hourly yield him ; and assured the bliss
Endless in date, if but obedience due
Follow'd his mild commands.—*How*, to secure
And stablish this fair hope, as face to face,
Through bright undoubted signs of heavenly form
He thence vouchsafed more fully to make known
His Will Divine ; unfold what he deem'd meet
Of his eternal councils, other realms,
And other times ; more powerful to induce
Mortals, like us, to think and live aright.—
A gracious Intercourse !—The Soul of Hope !
And Faith's bright Sun, still needful to illumine
Our Reason's glimmering sphere ; where, though
wide spread
Its many sparklings range in beauteous sheen

In things divine, alas ! their power, full oft,
Strives ineffectual to dispel the shades
That shroud their darksome confines.—*How* from
thence,

(So ran the dulcet strains that Fancy heard)
Onward, at seasons meet, in terms express
Of vision or of dream, the Heavenly Will
To patriarchal sages was convey'd ;
Still sedulous (as still of urgent need
While threat'ning sin) apostate views to check,
Announce the One True God, and issue forth
The terrors and the glory of his Name.

How, when our swerving parents hapless fell
From their first rectitude ; and, as forewarn'd,
“ Brought Death into the world and all our woe,”
The little rill prophetic which then rose
In *Paradise*, fast by the Tree of Life,
Proclaiming darkly our Redeemer's might
And gracious mission to these regions frail
On man's behalf,—how *it* in larger streams,

And brighter oracles, progressive roll'd
O'er many a wayward age ; till, all complete,
Arose, at length, " the day-spring from on high"
With healing in his wings to visit earth :
When, with the tidings of immortal life,
And constant intercession with our God
For pardon and for peace, he gladden'd
His faithful followers ; redeem'd lost man ;
And, after having triumph'd o'er the grave,
In glory reassumed his native skies.

Nor yet has been accomplish'd every term
The mystic roll of Prophecy displays.
(So onward ran the strain.) Its mingled traits
And gleaming signatures of awful truth
In various forms advert to scenes and times
Still future ; and which, when fulfill'd, must oft
Arrest the Sage's eye, and touch his mind
With deep and holy musings ; who, amid
Its radiant rounds ; its tints of changeful hue ;
Its placid smiles, and dread avenging threats,

Will ever see a predetermined aim
To one superior end ; one central point ;
MESSIAH'S KINGDOM AND ITS ENDLESS JOY.
'Tis thus the *Northern Lights* (so named) still meet
A serious eye uprear'd to view their *streams*
So wond'rous, and so versatile in form.
Now gently lambent, glide the silent train
Along the blue serene ; then from dark clouds
In brighter streaks they spring, and with such power
That Fancy needs will hear their angry sweeps
Smite the still ether : Then, as causes lead,
Surrounding half the heavens with curtain pale,
Or tinge of crimson deep, in many a breast
They raise unusual dread ; while every shoot
(Where'er their horizontal bases) still
With steady aim mounts up towards its pole
The cloudless zenith of the meteory sky.

Next—(Fancy so recounts)—the growing strain
Would trace the strong co-operating proof
Of Heaven's all-seeing care ; and lasting view

To fix man's stedfast faith, living and fraught
With deeds accordant ;—the august display
Of *instant* miracles ; which, through the means
Of some high-favour'd patriarch, or sage,
Controll'd the frame of Nature. But far most
When the MESSIAH did himself announce
The presence of a God, and dire disease
Fled at his touch ; the dead immediate rose ;
The elements ran counter to their bent,
And, at his bidding, the eternal hills,
E'en earth itself, through all their limits shook.
Scenes which the most obdurate breast would move
To thoughts most awful ; but, where feeling dwelt,
Would strain each trembling nerve to all our powers
Susceptive, or inquisitive could bear.

Then would the converse rapturously display
What for our sakes the Saviour of the world
Perform'd and suffer'd ; the transcendant love
And pity, which for frail and sinful man
Could give his life a ransom, (lost with pain

And buffetings extreme), and on himself,
When meek repentance sued, take ev'ry crime,
And to his Father's Throne, blameless present
The purchased suppliant; That celestial Throne
(Not more with splendor than with mercy crown'd),
Where he, as faithful High-priest, ever lives
Our ardent Intercessor, and from whence
Goes forth the Holy Spirit, pre-ordain'd
To lead us to all truth; inspire the tome
Of gospel purity and saving faith
Now perfected, and openly display'd
To all who seek and venerate his Name.

Nor in the grateful theme were overlook'd
(Though how inferior still their generous toils
To the high argument!) the lengthen'd train
And host of worthies, who, for fellow men,
E'en with the martyr's zeal, strove to illumine
And recommend this Volume; urge its worth,
And win them to its favours. Teachers sage,
And holy Saints, whose learned toils not more

Evince their inward sanctity of heart,
Than depth of intellect; where reason, truth,
Persuasion, each ingenuous aid of skill
In fairest union meet to manifest
The whole œconomy of saving grace
Worthy of Him who gave such beauteous form
To whate'er else we contemplate as parts
Of this fair system.—Then, the thesis changed,
The venerable group would for a while
Expatiate free on man's capricious will,
(The dread misleader of his brightest powers,)
How prone to censure; how, at seasons, urged
By sheer perverseness to oppose whate'er
Gains credence with the many; while, full oft,
The habit, like Infection's subtle taint,
×E'er he's aware, contaminates his faith.
How then 'twill see (for hyper-sceptic eyes
Are quick as nice) some attribute supreme
Of our Great Author, thwart the current creed
Which makes him with attention so minute
Watch o'er our paths, and call for full belief

In tenets mystic beyond Reason's power
Clearly to fathom ; hence, forsooth, conclude
At once, without one hesitating check,
'Tis palpably a sounding forth the praise
Of Heavenly Wisdom and its Sovereign Sway
(And in such god-like, worm-like imps as us
Shews fit humility)—to scorn the book
That fills the world with these incongruous tales.
Thus, this proud meekness, this implicit trust
In self-conceit, not only may destroy
A saving Faith, but Common Sense abjure.
A sad and perilous bent! *Sad*, to forego
The thousand heart-felt soothings which belong
Appropriate to docility of mind
By Christian hopes led on ; and *perilous*,
Since self-sufficiency assigns to Chance,
(With adverse odds, alarming as they're plain,)
Their future fate ; which way the beam may turn
That to their frailties only has opposed
Their own vain merits, and the dubious hope
That truth has still their confidence inspired.

But, what can cure the Sceptic? wipe the film
From Prepossession's eye, and free the breast
From long-accustomed Pride, perhaps afraid
That breast, when naked, might too keenly feel
Some pangs our flesh is heir to? Not man's power,
Or else the cure were had. For all that Wit
And Wisdom can achieve, or Reason ask,
Or sharp and shifty Petulance demand,
Lies in his reach, and fitted to the end:
The Recipe but short: "With candid aim,
And serious care, peruse and be made whole."

O! ye, who thus in your Redeemer's cause
Have stood forth zealous Champions; spared no
toil,
No danger fear'd, to vindicate his Faith
From the Gainsayer's scorn; how great must be
Your final recompence! how high your joy
(Inferior only to what constant warms
The sainted Martyr)—oft to recollect,
Amid angelic hosts of kindred zeal,

'Twas your's, while here on earth, to dedicate,
Well-pleas'd, long studious labours, in support
Of Heaven's *Revealed Will*; co-active with
The views of *Him*, whose once-approving smiles
Contain, summ'd up, all blessings, all renown !
What, if amid your conflicts, have escaped
Some terms of harshness ; warmth that better might
Have been subdued, such shade of mortal source
Annul not the fair purport, nor impair
The genuine lustre of th' attending truth,
The wrangler who on trivial points like these
Grounds his dissent, but little comprehends
What is in man, what various frailties here
Must try his Faith to win a Heavenly Crown.

Yet flows the pious strain, and Fancy still
Recounts its form and progress. The events
Of times already past faithful compared
With their prophetic signs (and those which now
An inconsiderate world have cause to fear
The dread completion of some threat'ning page,

But slightly view'd)—right on to future scenes,
Of import vast, the tuneful descant rolls ;
To those MILLENNIAN ages, when frail man,
Of his true dignity and good aware
(And deeply conscious of the vital power
To cleanse, to cheer, to charm, to elevate,
Which fair Religion evermore might boast),
Amplly regains his paradise and peace,
And lives what Heaven design'd. When the whole
heart

Of Gentile and of Jew, with ardent zeal
To Christ is turn'd ; the one *come fully in* ;
The other with unspeakable displays
Of penitence and joy again restored
To his long-wish'd-for *Zion*. When fallen,
Fallen, fallen, no more the bigot powers
Of Antichrist shall falsify God's word,
And chain the free-born soul ; but sacred truth,
And conscious duty, leagued with candour fair,
Alone control opinion, and inspire
The meet and moral deed : When Satan bound

Fast in th' infernal pit, no more attempts
(Till end the long, long limits of his doom)
With visions of apostate form to warp
Th' unstable mind, or in the paths of sin
To cheer the heedless wanderer; and, the while,
Streams of prevenient grace unbounded flow
To purify and guide the docile heart;
Check all perversion; banish wild desire,
And baneful vanity; and fix the eye,
Delighted, on the fair exhaustless page
Of Heaven-drawn Wisdom. When in presence real,
Or manifest in most conspicuous signs,
Not yet beheld of man, or fully felt,
MESSIAH shall peculiar, 'mid his saints,
Reign for a thousand years, and strife, and woe,
And sin, shall be no more; but, in their stead,
Joys unallay'd, and harmony and love,
Shall bless all sentient being; while around
Nature herself, through all her ample stores
Of renovated charms, genial and gay,
Proclaims the new-born AGE. A glorious age!

And prelude meet to that still higher bliss
So soon to follow, and this vista close
Of temporary warfare; and which all
Found faithful to their God assured shall share,
When Time in dread Eternity is lost.

A glorious age! and happy surely they
Whom Heaven ordains to sojourn then on earth,
And see (as *Salem* then again to rise
With crystal battlements and golden towers
Resplendent as the sun, will far excel
Its ancient grandeur)—see, each pious act,
Each deed of social intercourse, each form
Of fair creation, so supremely charm
That well may pious fervency shout forth
(And shout it will, in triumph, through the world)
“SALVATION, GLORY, AND THE THRONE OF
GOD

Now dwell with men.” An age of wonder, too,
Great as the measure of its promised joys;
And which, as it draws nigh, must rouse the mind

With expectations powerful as they're new.
So the inhabitants (if such there be)
Of neighbouring *Luna*, whose long-customed homes
Fall central on the hemisphere remote,
When, curious, urged by popular renown
To climb the summits whence may first be seen
This earth's huge orb, for ever turning round
A wond'rous, varying face; as they proceed,
Will feel their object in importance rise,
And more and more the ardent mind employ.

But here, recurring to the lapse of time,
And stated meet observances, at length,
The converse ends. A converse which these strains,
So much its matter, and so fair its form,
Can but in part suggest; though Fancy's powers
(Active beyond the range of terms precise)
In shadowing to the mind its full display,
May better speed. And now the glowing heart
In every eye sits lambent, glist'ning around
Ineffable delight; and with new charms

And higher social fervency awakes
Each amity of life. And, trust the Muse,
It is a beam of rapture that again,
When this mortality is fresh attired
In fair immortal features, will convey
Joy to the joyful, and with power diffuse
Its living lustre through the realms of Heaven.

HEAVEN! what a word! How forcibly it strikes
The due awaken'd mind! How great, and yet,
How hazardous its prize! How near at hand
The awful day that must the lot decide,
No more to be reversed. Then deep, and long,
And with the truest earnestness prepared.
Here pause reflection; and while mere self-ends
And bounden duty urge us to obtain
This prize of our high-calling, let us feel
More generous motives; view this scene of things,
This wonderful display of power benign,
All that we are, and know, sustain, and do,
Or hope, or fear, as lower destined parts

Of preparation, circumstance, and means
Of such Salvation; uttering, hence, aloud
A warning voice, that should to th' inmost shake
Probation's ear, and rouse to heavenly cares
Each anxious thought and energy of man.

But topics thus momentous, and replete
With various argument, appal the Muse,
And check her drooping powers. Enough for her
She deems it now, when in each laureate grove
Crouds of admirers prosperous court the smiles
Of fair *Urania*, and in accents sweet
Devolve their hallow'd lays—enough for her,
That to adorn ONE district of the scene
She lent her tuneful aid, and, willing, form'd
Her SABBATH SONG in meek Religion's cause.

Then, thou endearing Earth, to thy well-known
And mildly verdant groves, and soothing haunts,
Let me again direct a dazzled eye.
On thy soft mossy couch a weary frame

A little longer triflingly recline.
So Nature bids; and to her just behests
'Tis fit we yield. As thy attractive orb
Will not allow whate'er is from it thrown
Far to recede, but soon with equal force
Brings back th' ascending missile; so, we find,
Our loftiest thoughts, soar as they may, can't long
Maintain their flight; but to th' alluring scenes
Of thy loved precincts speedily return
For meet repose, and objects better framed
For fond endearment. Hence, the devious Muse,
Now near her goal, stoops from her low'ring height
To touch on humbler themes, and gently close
This warbling effort of her sylvan lyre.

Now springs the temperate breeze, as day declines,
And rustling fans the groves, or skims the pools,
With cheering freshness. Broad the shadows spread.
And homeward to their airy citadel
The clamorous rooks repair; deaf'ning, at times,
The blackbird's sonnet and the beetle's hum.

Forthwith again the villagers appear
Group'd various in the pathways, viewing round
Their grassy meads, and fields of waving grain,
Not unattentive to the frequent calls
Of heart-felt gratitude, and what the day
Peculiar from true piety demands.

And now to those who shunn'd the noon-tide
beam

The social walk how pleasing! as it thus
With joy and health allures. But most it draws
The happy, anxious votaries of love
To taste its beauties. Fill'd with liveliest hopes;
Affections warm, and dreams of nuptial bliss,
Which spring instinctive in the youthful heart,
And ne'er have quiet till some object dear
Gives them their play, and to the highest flame
Fans all their fervours;—they in pairs select
Through winding groves, or o'er the lawns remote,
'Their lonely paths pursue; bless'd to descry
(What ardent love still hoped, yet often fear'd)

A mutual flame each other's breast inspire.
'Tis done; the happy secret has escaped
Its long concealment: Hence, then, dark distrust!
Appalling doubts, and slow consuming sighs!
The world has not a care. Each wandering wish
Finds its contented home. A calm of joy,
And soft affection, prompts at every call
To manifest regard, chastised and pure
As their unsullied virtues. Thus possess'd
Of all their heart holds dear; so happy made
In schemes of future bliss, by Fancy deck'd
In every pleasing semblance that may win
Attention, or preserve; how should the notes
Of the sweet nightly songster, which have now
Just risen on the groves, (and to the still,
Calm ear of Eve, their tuneful offerings brought,)
Claim partial audience! how a care employ,
O'ercome with sounds far sweeter of their own!
And happy be the fair connubial scenes
These visions prelude, and whose heart-felt joys
Perhaps no blandishments of after-life

Can e'er surpass.—But here our closing strain,
Leaves to suggestions of the youthful mind
How great their sum of bliss.—And see the sun,
Whose lonely orb, while blazing from on high
Pass'd with slight note, now, stooping to the west,
Recalls observance, as his fiery beams,
Flaming through wreaths of deep-embattled clouds,
Up, o'er th' horizon's saffron-tinted zone,
In various forms, their golden lustre throw.
But ah ! all quick decays ! He veils his head
Amid the sable sky-form'd hills that seem
Rear'd o'er the glimmering main. And now the
shades
Of gathering night spread gradual all around,
And, thick'ning o'er each warm ethereal streak,
Soon wrap the world in gloom. Silence succeeds.—
And downy rest ere long will seal each eye
In peaceful slumbers ; while the dusky brows
Of distant mountains gleam with wand'ring fires,
The active sportiveness of youth has form'd
To lengthen out the still too-fleeting day ;

With trifles pleased, as yet they scarce regard
The splendour chaste and long accustom'd beams,
Shook from the silvery orb of *Hesper* fair,
Now left the beauteous regent of the sky.

So glides the *Sabbath-Day* the Muse has here
Soft-touch'd with what delineating skill
Her powers allow ; declining many a theme
That once her meditated plan embraced,
And many more which these portentous times
Press on the mind, attentive to the scope
Of that prophetic strain—(how much forgot !)
Whose *voices, thund'rings, lightnings*, are vouch-
safed,
Age after age, to shew, that, howsoe'er
We revel in our guilt, or careless scan
Our present warfare, and our future weal,
There is a God, who will not, cannot, still
Bear with our follies ; but (with awful signs
Preface of Retribution) will step forth
And claim regard ; make manifest his power ;

Declare his lasting enmity to sin,
And vindicate each tittle of his Word.
Yes, who so meditates with fitting care
These sacred pages, must with awe perceive,
E'en *now*, and in their most tremendous form,
God's judgments are gone forth, and many a sign,
Once dimly shadow'd, bursting into light
Apparent as th' events (peculiar dread)
They typify, as evidently meant
To rouse, and scourge, a vain apostate world.
O! may they prove availing! soon awake
Man's inattention to his Sovereign God;
His duties, and his hopes; make him to be
(What well he might with half the anxious care
He squanders on enjoyments short as vain)
The glory and reward of that high love
(Display'd in forms so many) which has here
Placed him a candidate for heavenly bliss!
May frantic passions, sprung from sheer self-will,
Perverseness, vanity, the pride of life,
And pride of science, never more mislead

The mind from that humility which best
Protects its virtues and adorns its powers !
May these fair times arrive, replete with all
That's gracious, comely, and of good report ;
Fit to prelude the wond'rous, happy age,
Destined throughout peculiarly to prove
Religion's glory and the Scoffer's shame !
And may the Muse, pious as tuneful, quit
Each path licentious tending to disgrace
The powers of Fancy ; and her brightest gifts
Fervent apply to decorate and teach
Sound principles and truth ; to the purged ear,
(With every winning attribute of song),
Convey real wisdom ; feelings that of old
Graced the *Judæan* harp, and which are still
Grateful, beyond the victor's shouts, to all
Who love their God, and wish the good of Man !
Then, haply, this slight effort (though pour'd forth
Amid obscurest shades, in days which shun
All home, and sober thinking) may appear
To some congenial minds, not framed amiss,

(Join'd with attempts more potent), to lead in
The powerful thrillings of the Christian lay
Which then shall pierce each region; touch each
heart;

And, knowing her best province and reward,
Raise high the honours of the tuneful Muse. /

O D E

TO THE

GENIUS OF THE LAKES.

O D E
TO THE
GENIUS OF THE LAKES.

(IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.*)

I.

HAIL, O thou! whose rising fame
Unusual progress makes,
Thou, whom Fancy here shall name
The Genius of the Lakes;
The Muse, who ever loves to trace
Whate'er is fair on Nature's face,

* A few quarto copies of this Ode were printed and thrown into the way of *actual tourists* in 1780 (at which time the chief descriptions of the Lakes were to be found in *Gray, Young, Pennant, Hutchinson, and West*); and it is here inserted partly for the sake of the biographical additions made to the second of the annexed Notes.

And see, though long with clouds o'ercast,
Neglected worth shine forth at last,
And simple taste and truth prevail,
Greets thee well, and bids thee hail !
And if the strain may interpose
Aught form'd to sooth, or gently close
One beauteous effort of thy skill,
Let the Muse her aim fulfil,
Let her unfold, drawn from the Dorian lyre,
What thy bright sylvan groves, and varying fate
inspire.

II.

Long ere these happier days of genuine taste,
Which give thy magic scenes encomium due,
Through many an age, with like enchantment graced,
Thy rills kept tinkling, and thy thickets grew ;
Yet this was felt by few :
Unconscious of their matchless charms,
Unskill'd in scenic art,
And how refined perception warms
Whate'er can touch the heart,

Then, save the joy which gen'ral nature yields,
The swain with fervour slight survey'd thy beauteous
fields.

III.

Still, howe'er, without regret,

Thou'dst ply thy plastic skill ;

Toil but seems an easy debt,

When Fancy has its will.

To form thy wat'ry rounds complete,

By prototypes supremely neat,

And give them what might challenge fame,

Though ne'er bestow'd, was all thy aim :

Content, the while, with self-applause,

Beauty's charms, and soft repose.

Thus innate worth still acts her part,

The best spectator her own heart ;

And thus, though o'er the sylvan green,

“ Full many a flowret blush unseen,”

Yet oft these blooms, once noticed, have been found
The pride of Flora's host, and through the world
renown'd.

IV.

And now, when bright thy day of honour dawns,
Which quells the darksome shades of many a year,
What wond'ring crowds, to trace thy fairy lawns,
At Summer's call, in gayest trim appear!

Sure this is praise sincere!

See o'er thy rocks, along thy glades,

They rove with raptured eye;

Now mark thy rills, and bold cascades,

Or scale some mountain high;

Inspired by Taste, to Nature's int'rests true,

They deem all labour light, which brings thy charms
to view.

V.

Yearly honours such as these

Must gratitude inspire;

Thou, whose pleasure is to please,

I know wilt feel its fire.

And, O when, with sickness pale,

Some virgin seeks thy balmy gale,

Or hopeless, cheerless lover sees
His vigour waste by slow degrees,
While Nature in the dim sunk eye
Bids Art its speediest help apply,
Then thy breezes wing with health :—
To cheer their minds, as if by stealth,
Thy soothing pictures interpose,
And hide Remembrance from its woes !
So shall assiduous fame with joy relate,
Around thy realms so gay, Health's fairest pleasures
wait.

VI.

See, from the hills tost onward to the plains,
Streams white with foam down rocky channels leap,
Till join'd the lake, some fretful speed remains,
But there, at once, they all in quiet sleep.

Peace smiles upon the deep !
So, many a train of busy cares,
Which hurt the human mind,
In Taste's fair bosom, unawares,
A soft oblivion find ;

With gentlest lapse Life's mingled waters glide,
 And fair reflected skies still gild the placid tide.

VII.

Twilight now has o'er each scene
 Her dubious shadows thrown,
 Straight the sportive fays convene
 To gambol on the lawn.

By dew-brush'd footsteps, round and round,
 Still their pranks next morn are found ;
 And oft some glimpse of real array
 Daunts the lone shepherd on his way.

Ha ! heard ye not from BOWDAR-STONE
 The spell-fixt ghost its fate bemoan ?
 And clearer still (born on the breeze
 Which waves those dank o'er-hanging trees,
 As ever tost from steep to steep)

LAWDORE's tormented spirit weep ;
 While, fired with rage, on SKIDDAW's clouded head,
 Dæmons of awful might display their thund'ring
 tread ?

VIII.

Tales such as these, which minds uncultured view
As half the source of Nature's mystic laws,
Erst o'er thy glades factitious horrors threw,
Till thoughts more just with science' sun arose ;
And then the fabled cause,
No longer mighty to alarm,
But leagued with fancy gay,
Gave many a note of wilder charm
To deck the sylvan lay ;
Gave thy fair paths new topics to engage
The strains of sprightlier wit, or contemplation sage.

IX.

Now the Muse, O power divine !
Upborn on bolder wing,
Sees stern Winter's frowns decline ;
She sees returning Spring.
No more the hills are wreath'd with snow ;
The shudd'ring tempests cease to blow ;

And the soft enliv'ning gales
Gently cheer the sprouting vales ;
While, to new-deck each loved domain,
Thou begin'st thy toils again ;
To strew the groves and meads with flowers,
To hang fresh foliage o'er the bowers,
To smooth the lakes, and, all day long,
Give rapture to some linnet's song ;
Then softly o'er th' extended landscape throw
The warm ethereal hues bright summer suns bestow.

X.

But small this art to the creative sway,
Which scoop'd the beds where countless streams
unite ;
First form'd the lawns, and, round the varying bay,
Scatter'd the oaks with arms of giant might ;
And what else strikes the sight ;
The foaming torrent head-long sent,
The gray rock's ivy'd face,
Some cliff tremendous, forward bent,
Or grotto's dim recess,

Till, next, as if to guard these objects dear,
 Th' encircling mountains huge their tow'ring heads
 uprear.

XI.

Lo! thy wand'ring eye to please,

O'er THURSTON'S* smooth expanse,

Verged with lawns of tufted trees,

The lightsome sun-beams dance.

On WINDERMERE'S long-scatter'd isles

Though KIRKSTON frown, fair ORREST smiles.

Cheerful WYTHOP waves his woods :

And round DERWENT'S glassy floods,

With many a fringed glade between,

FALCON'S cliffs sublime are seen.

And hark! to greet thy ear, remote

(While nearer flows the stock-dove's note)

Down HARTER-HILLS, and SWARTH-FELL

steep,

A thousand humming cataracts sweep ;

* Otherwise CONISTON.

The eagles scream on GLARAMARA high,
 And ULLS' grand echoing sounds reverb'rate
 through the sky.

XII.

Though CLAUDE and ROSA join their utmost art,
 Though greater BROWN his rich invention strain,
 They only prove thy views a charm impart,
 'Tis right to copy, but to rival, vain.

So fares what poets feign :

The vale of Tempe, fields that smile

With gay Elysian flowers,

Or what might young restraint beguile

In Amara's jealous bowers ;*

These scenes of labour'd fancy ill convey

What thy fair tints and forms at ev'ry step display.

XIII.

Happy, sure, in these retreats

To ply the shepherd's trade !

* See Paradise Lost, Book iv. line 281.

(If the sweets be native sweets

Then still more happy made ;)

At morn, as o'er the mountain's head

Slow-pacing clouds their vapours spread,

Along the breezy heights to stray,

While nibbling flocks roam all the way,

And hear below the sky-lark's note

Blithe mixing with the horn remote ;

At noon, in some lone shady dell

The legend's wond'rous tale to spell

Fast by the brooks ; and then, at eve,

If some dear Lucy but give leave,

Pipe to the echos, till bright Hesper's ray

Shine o'er the dusky hills, where sunk the god of
day.

XIV.

But happier far, when here some youthful mind,

Sanguine through hope, and Nature's prompt
desire,

With raptured eye, and fancy unconfined,

Drinks the deep magic of the Muse's lyre :

And oft with daring fire,
Himself attempts to make its strings,
With thrilling tones suggest,
The high-born images of things,
That warm the Poet's breast ;
That, worthy of the scenes from whence they rose,
With charms of genuine grace might win deserved
applause.

XV.

Grateful to each lib'ral glow,
And truth's inspiring flame,
To thy happy soil we owe
Full many an honour'd name.
There the pious GILPIN spent
His early youth of serious bent,
And SANDYS, and GIBSON, MILLS renown'd,
Skill'd in Scripture lore profound.
The various realms of classic taste
Thy AGLIONBY and HUDSON graced.
And learning's amplest stores we find,
In BARLOW's deep retentive mind ;

While, dear to Science, thou may'st claim
 The highest praise from CHAMBERS' name.
 And HIM,* who had he reach'd maturer age,
 Th' admiring world had seen a second NEWTON
 sage.

XVI.

Nor dumb the Muse. To CUMBRIA's list'ning
 swains,
 RELPH sweetly warbles on his ivy-leaf; †
 Who but applauds when TICKELL pours his strains,
 And BROWN gives energy to scenic grief?
 And ah! what soft reprieve
 To the more tender throbs of care
 Do LANGHORNE's notes convey,
 As down the vale of Eden fair
 They wind their tuneful way! ‡

* JOSEPH SOWERBY. See his name in the second of the following notes.

† Alluding more particularly to his pastorals in the Cumberland dialect.

‡ Vide his beautiful little Ode to the river Eden.

And, were it meet to dwell on living fame,
Still do thy studious sons high Attic honours claim.

XVII.

Objects three the duly wise
With raptured eye explore,
Things material, Moral ties,
And Revelation's lore.
As each unfolds a world complete,
Where all that's fit and comely meet,
So each on each, through kindred laws
And kindred charms, new light bestows ;
While, through the whole, no part is seen
Where Beauty's footsteps have not been.
And, O were the Taste, which now
Decks with praise thy modest brow,
Extended to the bright domains,
Where heavenly-fair Religion reigns,
Then would thy scenes a happy medium prove
To the first great intent of Nature's ardent love!

XVIII.

For though refined pursuits deserve applause,
And genuine pleasure at each step reveal,
Yet Nature ne'er her brightest smile bestows,
Till holy Faith instruct us how to feel ;
Till from vain crowds we steal,
And Virtue see a God confess'd
O'er ev'ry atom reign,
And find her own well-cultured breast
A Paradise contain ;
And thus the fond admiring soul prepare
For scenes of endless bliss, past utt'rance good and
fair.

February, 1780.



THREE OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NOTE I.

Stanza XII. lines 10, 11.

*These scenes of labour'd fancy ill convey**What thy fair tints and forms at ev'ry step display.*

IN Article 8th of the *Addenda* to the new editions of *The Guide to the Lakes* it is recommended, as a particular that would greatly contribute to the perfection of this beautiful region, to have proper objects placed on some of the eminences with which it abounds. The author of this piece is fully aware of the vanity ready to be attributed to every one, who on any occasion attempts to dictate to the public; and yet he cannot but *here* (with the greatest deference) take the opportunity to suggest another particular of a like kind, which he fancies may merit attention by future tourists. What is here meant is the erection of neat inscribed pillars, tablets, &c. by the affluent visitors, near a favourite lake or station, * commenorative of some friend, person of genius, &c. or of the time when they themselves enjoyed the pleasure of viewing the surrounding objects. They might thus, in a part which gives the fairest

* There is no doubt but that leave for erections of this sort might easily be gained on any proper site, and that they would long be preserved almost religiously inviolate.

play to genuine feeling and fancy, either evince their regard for merit, and their love of nature, or record their friendships, and recall to the minds of posterity, that *they too had visited Arcadia*. The undertaking would not only beautify these scenes, and give occasion to many a pleasing reflection, but, I flatter myself, be a credit to the national taste, and in time become itself a new inducement to make a tour, which must contribute to health, while it recreates with the most innocent of pleasures.—Invention would find endless hints for these erections and inscriptions; but it is submitted to those, who approve of the design, whether it would not be proper, as a specimen of such commemorative ornaments, to begin with a memorial of the late Dr. BROWN on the borders of *Derwent-water*, and of Mr. GRAY near the lake of *Grasmere*. These lakes have received singular honour from their pens, and the world will long be amused and instructed by their more elaborate performances.

NOTE II.

Stanza XV. lines 3, 4.

*To thy happy soil we owe
Full many an honour'd name.*

THE difficulty of introducing a list of names into verse is evident. When they are numerous, a part only must be selected; and whatever be the rule of preference laid down by the poet, still they may prove intractable on account of accent and quantity. Regularity and completeness must not therefore in this case be expected. But as the deficiency may be

remedied by a note, and the author fancies a catalogue of the celebrated men, who have been born in the district of the lakes, or at least in the counties of *Westmorland* and *Cumberland*, might entertain his readers, he has subjoined the following one, chiefly from the ordinary Biographies. This he was more especially induced to draw up, as the late historians of these two counties, BURN and NICOLSON, have not thought proper to allot a *distinct* portion of their volumes to so agreeable a topic; nor do their *detached* accounts enter regularly into the index.—After all, the author is conscious that this list is imperfect, but he had not the opportunities he could have wished to complete it.—

BAINBRIDGE (CHRISTOPHER), Archbishop of *York*, and Cardinal-priest of the Romish church. Though an author, and accounted learned, his writings are lost, and his name is now chiefly remembered as an ambassador from *Henry VIII.* to Pope *Julius II.*—He was born at *Hilton*, near *Appleby*, (*West*); when, is not certain, but he died (at *Rome*) in 1514.

SKELTON (JOHN), poet laureat to *Henry VIII.* Though harsh in his satires, his other productions are allowed to discover imagination. Neither the place nor time of his birth are recorded, but he is said to be descended from the *Skeltons* in *Cumberland*.

GILPIN (BERNARD), rector of *Houghton*. A zealous reformer, well skilled in all the parts of learning then in esteem, and for his many Christian virtues usually called *The Apostle of the North*. He was born in *Kentmere*, near *Kendal*, (*W.*) in 1517, and died in 1583.

GRINDAL (EDMUND), Archbishop of *Canterbury*. A zealous confessor; a lover of learning, and the friend of the deserving,

He founded and endowed *St. Bees* school, and was born at *Hensingham*, near *Whitehaven*, (*Cumb.*) in 1519; he died in 1583.

SANDYS (EDWIN), Archbishop of *York*. An active reformer, and one of the most eminent protestant preachers and divines of his time. He was concerned in making a new translation of the Bible in 1565, and in drawing up the Common Prayer and Liturgy. He founded and endowed *Hawkshead* school, and was born at or near *Hawkshead*, (*Lancash.*) in 1519, and died in 1583. His second son, Sir EDWIN, was also famous for his learning, and the author of *Europæ Speculum*. His youngest son, GEORGE, gained much reputation by an elegant translation of *Ovid*.

AIREY (HENRY), Provost of *Queen's College*, *Oxford*. Author of some few learned pieces, but most remembered for his virtues. He was born in *Kentmere* (*W.*) in 1559, and died in 1616.

CRACKENTHROP (RICHARD), a learned man, and author of several tracts. He was born at or near *Strickland* (*W.*) Entered at *Oxford* in 1583, and died in 1624.

AGLIONBY (JOHN), Chaplain in ordinary to *James I.* A most accomplished scholar and critic. He had a considerable hand in the translation of the New Testament appointed by *James I.* in 1604. He was born at *Nunnery*, near *Kirkoswald*, (*C.*) in 1566, and died in 1609.

BARLOW (THOMAS), Bishop of *Lincoln*. A man of prodigious extent of learning, which he manifested in several productions. He was born at *Langhill*, near *Orton*, (*W.*) in 1607.

BARWICK (JOHN), Dean of *St. Paul's*. A learned man, and a very active and loyal friend of *Charles II.* He left the greatest part of his fortune to charitable uses for his native place:

this was *Witherslack*, near *Kendal*, (*W.*) He was born in 1612, and died in 1664. His brother PETER was an eminent physician in ordinary to *Charles II.* and died in August 1705.

ADDISON (LANCELOT), Dean of *Litchfield*, and father of the celebrated JOSEPH ADDISON. He was a man of great natural endowments, learning, and worth, and author of several valuable treatises. He was born at *Mauldismeaburn*, near *Appleby*, (*W.*) in 1632, and died 20th April 1703.

MILLS (JOHN), Chaplain in ordinary to *Charles II.* celebrated for his most learned and beautiful edition of the Greek Testament. He was born at *Hardendale*, near *Shap*, (*W.*) about the year 1645, and died in 1707.

NICOLSON (WILLIAM), Bishop of *Carlisle*. A great scholar and antiquarian, which he has evinced in a multiplicity of writings. He was born at *Orton*, (*W.*) about the year 1655, and died in 1727.

SMITH (JOHN), a divine of distinguished abilities and learning. He was of so happy a genius, that in the 5th year of his age he had learned the Latin grammar, and the Greek in his 9th. He was born at *Lowther*, near *Shap*, (*W.*) in 1659, and died in 1715.

SMITH (JOSEPH), younger brother to the preceding Dr. JOHN SMITH, was also an eminent divine, and born at *Lowther*.

LANGBAINÉ (GERARD), a learned writer of his time. He settled 24*l.* per annum on the free-school of *Barton Kirk*, (*W.*) where he was born about 1608; he died in 1658. He had a son GERARD, who was also a man of parts, and an author, and died in 1692.

HUDSON (JOHN), a critic of great learning, and a man of equal probity. He distinguished himself to the learned abroad

as well as at home, by several valuable editions of Greek and Latin authors. He was born at *Widekope*, near *Cockermouth*, (*C.*) in 1662, and died in November 1719.

GIBSON (EDMUND), Bishop of *London*. A prelate of distinguished worth, learning, and vigilance; author of several well-known tracts, and famed for his knowledge in the English ecclesiastical constitution. He was born at *Knipe*, near *Shap*, (*W.*) in 1669, and died in 1748.—THOMAS GIBSON, M. D. the noted author of a book on Anatomy, was his uncle, and born at the same place.

TICKELL (THOMAS), a poet of great and well-known merit. His elegant productions placed him in his own time at the head of the minor poets, but his genius is the more admired, the more it is known. He was born at *Bridckirk*, near *Cockermouth*, (*C.*)* in 1686, and died in 1742.

CHAMBERS (EPHRAIM), the celebrated author of the Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. He was born at a village called *Milton*, near the middle of the road between *Burton* and *Kendal* (*W.*); when, not certain, but he died the 15th of May 1740.

COLLINSON (PETER), a noted and intelligent member of the Royal Society, and distinguished by his virtues as well as knowledge. He was born at *Ings*, or *Hugill*, near *Kendal*, (*W.*) in 1693, and died the 11th of August 1768.

SHAW (THOMAS), Principal of *St. Edmund Hall*, Regius Professor of Greek at *Oxford*, and well known to the learned world by his travels into *Barbary* and the *Levant*. He was born at *Kendal*, (*W.*) in the year 1694,† and died in 1751.

* *Dean* is erroneously though commonly mentioned as his birth-place.

† This date is from his friends. *Noorthouck's* is 1692.

SEED (JEREMIAH), "A man of the most able head, and amiable heart;" author of some admirable and popular sermons. He was born at *Clifton*, (*W.*) near *Penrith*; when, not ascertained, but he died in 1747.

FOTHERGILL (GEORGE), Principal of *St. Edmund Hall*, in *Oxford*; author of two volumes of excellent sermons, which in the *Critical Review* are classed with the writings of these able advocates of Christianity, *Chillingworth*, *Hooker*, and *Leland*. He was born at *Lockholme* in *Ravenstonedale*, (*W.*) in 1705, died 1760.

DALTON (JOHN), a man of most elegant learning, exquisite wit, and amiable manners. He adapted *Milton's Masque* to the stage, and was author of the poem descriptive of the vale of *Keswick*, &c. He was born at *Dean*, near *Cockermouth*, (*C.*) in 1709, and died in 1763.

RELPH (JOSIAH), schoolmaster of *Sebergham*, author of a volume of poems, which, if not characterised by any strong marks of genius, nevertheless entitle him to a respectable place among the minor poets. His pastorals in the *Cumberland* dialect have certainly great merit. The collection is introduced with a biographical preface by the Rev. Mr. *Denton* mentioned below; and every one who reads it will allow with him, that "RELPH'S life and virtues (whatever his genius and writings may do) deserve very well to be remembered."—He was born at *Sebergham*, near *Carlisle*, (*C.*) in 1712, and died in 1743.

SOWERBY (JOSEPH), a man of most extraordinary genius and proficiency in the mathematics. Though, on account of his early death, and other circumstances, he has not left any works behind him to perpetuate his name, yet his uncommon abilities, and amiable manners, deserve to be recorded; and I wish this slight revival of his memory may induce some

person who knows his history to draw up a regular account of his life for the inspection of the public. Though it is from the *fruit* we are the most ready to praise the tree, yet promising *blossoms* ever deserve admiration, should they not arrive at the maturity which demands our gratitude. That what is related of him here, and at the close of the stanza referred to, is not without foundation, may be seen by the following character which was inserted in the papers and magazines of the time, and said to be drawn up by Dr. *Bradley*, professor of astronomy at *Oxford*. But whoever wrote it, the concluding encomium, I am informed, was not judged extravagant by those who knew his abilities; and his pupils, that are yet alive, speak of him with an enthusiasm almost approaching to veneration.

“October 12, 1749. On Thursday last died at his lodgings in *Edmonton*, Mr. *John Sowerby*, of *Murrah*,* in *Cumberland*. A gentleman not only of uncommon genius, but singular proficiency in mathematical learning. Without education to improve,—without fortune to advance,—without friends to recommend him,—without breeding to engage,—without address to win,—without eloquence to persuade, he not only deserved but procured the esteem of the most conversant in that noble and abstruse science. But that excessive application to study, which (under all these disadvantages) brought him into the regard of the learned world, cut off, at the age of 28, a genius that wanted only time to have ripened into that of a second *Newton*.”

To this list we may subjoin the following names (out of several others I have not opportunity to collect) which, though they have not yet been introduced into our popular biography, some of them, at least, will enrich it at a future period.

* In the parish of *Graystock*.

THOMAS DENTON, M. A. late Rector of *Ashtead*, in *Surrey*, besides some Biographical compilations, was author of the *Consolations of human life*, in *Dodsley's*, and the *House of Superstition*, in *Pearch's Collection of Poems*. He was born at *Selbergham*, near *Carlisle*, 1724, and died in 1777, (C.) At *Brough*, (W.) was born WILLIAM THOMPSON, Fellow of Queen's College, *Oxford*, author of the poem on *Sickness* in four books, and other poetical pieces. The late Dr. JOSEPH BROWN, Provost of Queen's College, *Oxford*, known to the learned world by an elegant edition of *Barbarini's Poems*, was born at *Watermillock*, near *Ulls-water*, (C.) in 1700, and died in 1769. Popular fame has given *Wigton*, in *Cumberland*, the honour of being the birth-place of Dr. BROWN, author of the *Essays on the Characteristics*, the tragedies of *Barbarossa* and *Athelstan*, &c. but candour obliges the writer of the foregoing lines to confess (what he has learned since they were written), that *Rothbury*, in *Northumberland*, was the real place of his nativity in 1715, though he was brought from thence to *Wigton* (where his father was Rector) so young as to be conveyed in a basket. He died in 1766.

DR. LANGHORNE, the poet, was born at *Winton*, near *Kirkly Stephen*, (W.) and died 1779.

We may yet add, that HOGARTH, the famous painter, was of *Westmorland* extraction, from a place called *Kirkly-Thore*, and that there are some reasons to think the great reformer *Wickliff* was born in one of these two counties.

In the late copious and valuable *History of Cumberland* by Mr. *Hutchinson*, an ingenious native of that county has inserted at large the lives of such of the above-named eminent persons as came within that district, elegantly written with

many new circumstances. He has also inserted the lives of several other distinguished men not mentioned above; and from them the following *additional* names are taken as they occur in the index. A like account might probably be given to those of the County of *Westmorland*, and the *other parts adjoining to the Lakes*, by as careful an inquiry; but this will best succeed in the hands of some future local historian.

BANKS (SIR JOHN) Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was born at *Keswick*. He died in 1644, and left a handsome sum of money for the benefit of the poor of his native place.

BENSON (GEORGE) A learned, industrious, and eminent non-conformist divine, author of several very valuable theological tracts, paraphrases, and notes on the New Testament, was born at *Salkeld* in 1699, and died in 1762.

BOLTON (SIMPSON) Author of valuable editions (with notes) of some of the classics, was born (sometime within the last century) at *Redmain* in the parish of *Isle*.

CARLETON (GUY) Bishop of Chichester (after being Bishop of Bristol) was born in the parish of *Gilsland* early in the seventeenth century, and died in 1685.

FLETCHER (ABRAM) A pipe-maker by trade, from uncommon abilities and exertions, under the greatest difficulties, acquired such a knowledge of the mathematics, as enabled him to publish a book in that science, called the *Universal Measure*, which is said to be the best single volume of mathematical rudiments extant in our language. He also made great progress in other kinds of learned subjects; but his singular life deserves to be read at large. He was born at *Little Broughton* in 1714, and died in 1793.

GRAHAM (GEORGE) The celebrated clock and watchmaker (and to whose skill and industry in making mathematical

instruments, the late astronomers of other countries, as well as of our own, are so much indebted) was born at *Horsgills* in the parish of *Kirkclenton* in the year 1675. He died in 1751, not more admired as a superior artist, than valued as a good man.

HALL (ANTHONY) A writer of acute parts and penetrating judgment; author of several tracts in Latin (as Commentaries on British Writers, Annals of English Kings, &c.), was born in the parish of *Bowness* in 1679, and died in 1723.

HOBSON (THOMAS) Author of a very poetical and philosophical Poem, called *Christianity the Light of the Moral World*, published in 1755, is said to have been a native of this Country. He died in 1777.

LEAKE (JOHN) Author of *Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Midwifery*, and several other medical tracts (and who was a chief promoter of the Westminster Lying-in Hospital), was born in the parish of *Ainstable*, and died in 1792.

REAY (WILLIAM) The learned and worthy author of a volume of highly esteemed Sermons, was born in the parish of *Denton*. He died in 1756.

RITSON (ISAAC) An uncommon genius, was born at *Eamont Bridge* in 1761, and died in 1789. His abilities were such, that if he had met with more encouragement, possessed less volatility, and his life been spared to a longer date, it is probable he would have eminently signalized himself in some of the paths of literature: for his mind seemed to be capable of comprehending almost all subjects, with an intuitive felicity. He had written a little, and planned more; and a specimen of his prose may be seen in the preface to *Clarke's Survey of the Lakes*. But his life at large is worthy of perusal.

SALKELD (JOHN) A profound theologian, author of a Treatise

on Angels (1613), and another on Paradise, was born at *Corby Castle*, and died in 1659, aged 84.

WALLIS (JOHN) author of a *History of Northumberland*, published in 1769, was born in the neighbourhood of *Oreby*.

WILLIAMSON (SIR JOSEPH) Secretary to Charles the Second, was born at *Bridekirk*. He gave in his life time to *Queen's College Oxford*, to the value of eight thousand pounds, and a considerable number of books to the library of *St. Bees*.

It may yet be mentioned, that *Ray*, the naturalist, and *Sir John Harrington*, the translator of *Ariosto's Orlando Furioso*, were considered as of Cumberland extraction.

NOTE III.

Stanza XVI. lines 10, 11.

*And, were it meet to dwell on living fame,
Still do thy studious sons high Attic honours claim.*

A properly informed mind, I should think, would always experience a peculiar difficulty in publicly touching upon the characters of men ; especially of those that are living. The present licentious state of the press has, however, in a good measure destroyed this delicacy, and the self-interested tourist (as well as the factious politician) now finds his account, more in retailing personal anecdotes, and giving glimpses (however partial and imperfect) at living *character*, than in the avowed purport of his title-page. When this practice terminates in *censure*, there is certainly something cruel in it, and when in *praise*, though well meant and morally right, it may nevertheless for many reasons give pain to the object. Partly from

these considerations the author here foregoes a tempting opportunity to introduce a few pages into his work, which would stand a great chance, merely of themselves, to recommend the rest to public notice. For there are several men now living, born in the neighbourhood of the Lakes, that for strength of genius, depth of learning, proficiency in arts, elegance of taste, and rectitude of understanding, are an ornament to their age and nation. Still however he declines being particular: he is afraid of hurting the delicacy of *some* with the manner of the notice, and offending *all* with the insignificance of the vehicle.



S T A N Z A S

ON THE DEATH OF

DOCTOR JOHNSON.



S T A N Z A S

ON THE DEATH OF

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

I.

FROM scene to scene, when all around is gay,
Our fickle thoughts too wantonly are led ;
In vain what's worthy courts their lengthen'd stay,
New bubbles glitter, and its charms are fled ;
Nor can its hopes be sped,
Till the soft gloom of some afflictive hour
Needful assistance to attention brings ;
Then most the judgment proves its destined power
To form unerring estimates of things ;
High virtuous deeds ; rare faculties of mind ;
All, all that wins esteem, and dignifies mankind.

II.

You hear the sigh profound, that solemn flows,
 Beating the billowy air from shore to shore ;
You see the grief the rapid tale bestows
 Which tells the nations JOHNSON is no more :
 The Muses weep full sore :
Smit with th' extension of his letter'd fame,
 His moral merits, and laborious days,
What powerful bursts of undisguised acclaim
 Mix with the tears which speak a gentler praise !
Now genuine Nature rules the soften'd heart,
All feel his worth supreme, and what they feel impart.

III.

Grateful effusions ! Yes, fulfil your views,
 Ye sons of Fancy and the tuneful Nine ;
To deck his grave, the fondest tokens use
 That e'er were cull'd to honour human shrine ;
 The flow'ry wreath entwine,
Of trim device, of hues surpassing fair,
 And fragrant as the balmy sweets of morn ;

Let the slow requiem through the list'ning air,
In softest thrills of melody be born ;
And, where he sleeps, bid the high-sculptured stone,
Worthy his Albion's gift, in lasting traits make
known.

IV.

For, where did learning, in the rolls of time,
More brightly prove and urge its true intent ?
Where genius pierce to regions more sublime,
While judgment rare a stedfast guidance lent,
Than that we now lament ?
Yet Fancy, lovely Fancy ! still was found
Mingling her footsteps with these radiant powers,
And many a soothing note, of Attic sound,
She warbled as she dropp'd her waste of flowers,
And never through their less enlighten'd aisles
The blooming quire led on, without due cheering
smiles.

V.

But, more to form real Wisdom's shining page,
Than brightest parts by rarest science taught ;

Than the deep piercings of a NEWTON sage,
Or PLATO's strains with honied cadence fraught,
Is rectitude of thought ;
That happy power of mind which promptly sees,
Just as it is, life's variegated scene,
And, to unfold what best may teach and please,
O'erlooks th' inferior lineaments between ;
Where Truth's important, winning radiance glows,
Alone, and with delight, its plastic glances throws.

VI.

And this was his ; supremely his. For still,
Though Learning bless'd him with her amplest
store,
From Native Sense he drew the leading skill,
Which gave the beauties of his manly lore.—
Thus, round its destined shore,
In various forms of masterly design,
Shoot the fair chrystals of the chymic tide ;
Of which, if Art may scheme the bounding line,
Ill can its works superior tests abide ;

What it achieves with slow remitting pains,
The Fixing Power, at once, unerringly obtains.

VII.

Drawn from these sacred founts, 'tis hence we view
Such varied charms illumine his page divine;
Truth's common lore adorn'd with beauty new,
And rich accessions from its deepest mine:
The perfect fair design;
Language, extensive as the forms of things,
Display'd with every blandishment of art;
All that enchanting energy which springs
From clear perception, and a feeling heart;
Where order meet makes mere assertion yield
Proof, sought for oft in vain from reasoning's ampler
field.

VIII.

Though great the task, with philosophic eye,
Our tongue's extensive basis to explore,
And, for the real delight it may supply,
Augment the bounds of genuine critic lore,
His labours aim'd at more:

To check unthinking Folly's headlong course ;
Just views of Life with vigour to display ;
Give Virtue its true pressure, form, and force,
And Vice those frowns which should her hopes
betray,
And shew, how'er our pride the subject scan,
To act and think aright best proves the worth of
man.

IX.

Nor were these moral toils inspired in vain.

How just and strong the portraitures they draw !

How winning soft the cadence of their strain !

How warm their deep-drawn exhortations glow !

From virtue rare they flow ;

A virtue, lib'ral as the powers of mind

It joy'd with holy fervencies to raise,

And which with genius still must be combined

To reap the highest meed of ethic praise ;

For, if the head a weighty truth impart,

Its warm, its living force must issue from the heart.

X.

Ever have rare ingenuous natures been
Smit with the tuneful accents of sweet sound ;
Ever in mental beauty's modest sheen,
The dearest charms of contemplation found.
Soft dance their joys around !
And, can the heart resist the pure delight,
Nor catch one fervour of the Muse's fire ?
Ah ! no ; the feeling and the act unite,
And, hark ! what hands have smote the sounding
lyre !
Its thrilling tones, the trembling chords among,
Prove ev'ry varied form of soul-subduing song ;

XI.

Fraught with the rapture of the prophet's lore,
Near *Sion's* sacred hill, commence the strains ;
Next, tuned to arts, around *Ilissus* shore,
The fair-form'd minstrelsy new power obtains ;
Then, on the *Latian* plains,

While Echo's tuneful voice each dell pervades,
The classic warblings more luxuriant grow,
Till, through the openings of these western glades,
Their choral peals in fullest cadence flow ;
Till now, as smiling in their critic's praise,
They proudly with their own unite his laureate lays.

XII.

Ah ! from the confines of yon parting cloud,
What bursts of glory catch the startled eye !
Dark spiry wreaths the orient opening shroud ;
Beyond, what depths of bright savannas lie !
And down them from on high,
See, to this nether sheen, in meet array,
What numerous quires of heavenly forms ad-
vance !
Fair laurell'd crowns their hoary heads display ;
Their golden lyres in endless radiance glance ;
And now, as low they bend, seraphic strains,
From orb to orb rebound, through all th' ethereal
plains.

XIII.

'Tis they of parts supreme, who, while on earth,
Utter'd their dulcet lore in Virtue's cause,
That now receive, as of congenial worth,
Their JOHNSON'S spirit with their best applause:
Who, at this solemn pause,
See, the Eternal Arbiter Divine,
Approve with smiles, a pilgrimage so fair,
And to their realms of endless bliss assign
The powers of mind which Pride could ne'er
ensnare,
That, in the fullest draughts of letter'd fame,
Still, still with faith revered the Christian's sacred
name.

XIV.

And now, adopted saint, if this weak lay
May haply touch the purged celestial ear,
Accept its praise, which hopes but to essay
One little boon to serve thy mem'ry here ;
To check, in its career,

The froward calumny which Envy base,
 On Worth's defenceless tomb still gladly throws,
 Then die itself, as surer strokes efface
 The last vain efforts of thy harshest foes ;
 When, from its innate strength, thy fame shall soar
 Unhurt, through ev'ry realm, till time shall be no
 more.

XV.

Yet, shall not Gratitude her thanks return
 For the abundant labours of thy Muse ?
 For Eloquence, whose periods while they burn,
 Instruction's soundest, choicest truths infuse ?
 For Wisdom's tow'ring views,
 Deck'd with those images of Fancy's train
 The mind still wishes in its toils to meet ?
 And Virtue panting for our endless gain,
 And all the magic of their union sweet ?
 Yes, where thy worth the song of praise inspires,
 Still shall her willing voice augment its tuneful fires.

CONTINUATION,
 ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND,
 WHICH HAPPENED NEAR THE
 SAME TIME.

XVI.

How swift the foot of Death! scarce has the tear,
 Which join'd a general sorrow, ceased to flow,
 Than the sad sympathies of friendship's bier
 Renew its fountain with severer woe:

And much it must be so!

Affection, won with notice ever kind,
 Esteem, for worth, and wisdom's fairest lore,
 Mem'ry, with many a pleasing thought combin'd,
 Of studious joys, which now can be no more;
 These long possess'd, and seated in the heart,
 As nature points the way, their varied pangs impart.

XVII.

Yet, ever in the tenderest hours of grief

Some soothing semblances the mind pursues,

Some glimpse of thought, which either brings relief,

Or gives its sorrows less depressing hues :

And now it fondly views

Each sage, whose rites funereal chanced so near,

Alike with every Christian virtue grac'd ;

Vain Folly's foe ; of truth the friend sincere ;

Deep versed in things, and bright in letter'd taste ;

JOHNSON supremely guide the critic quill,

And JAMES * best feel and teach how great that
critic skill.

XVIII.

But tears return ; the drooping scenes around

Again their images of grief suggest,

And long, my JAMES, long will thy loss be found

To touch thy friend's unalterable breast.

Yet, pleased the lay shall rest,

* See Note at the end.

To think it yields another mean to raise

The fond remembrance of departed joys ;

That, while its opening dwells on JOHNSON'S praise

Thy kindred worth its closing strain employs ;

Pleased, though 'tis sorrow's boon, much pleased to

see

The sigh it heaves for him is mix'd with one for thee.

SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE
REV. DR. JAMES.

WERE celebrity of name always proportioned to worth of character, it would not need to be noted here, who he was that is the subject of the above additional lines. But as, from a number of evident causes, this cannot be the case, it may be proper (for the sake of some readers) to subjoin the following account.

The Reverend *John James*, D. D. here lamented, was Rector of *Arthuret*, and *Kirk Andrews* in *Cumberland*, and formerly Head Master of the Grammar School at *St. Bees*, in the same county. As a *Teacher*, he was extensively known for his elegant learning, and natural abilities: for his assiduity, attention to morals, affability of manners, and that happy, conciliating, and encouraging temper of mind, which ever gains the affections of the ingenious and ingenuous. As a *Preacher*, he was powerful and pathetic. His style was manly, animated, and clear; and his delivery uncommonly pleasing. He spoke from the heart, and the impression he made on his hearers always witnessed the source, and secured their attention and esteem. Need we add after this, that as a *Man*, he was an ornament to humanity, and beloved by all who knew him;

that he was affectionate to his relatives and friends, kind to the deserving, compassionate to the distressed, exemplary in his conduct, and a steady advocate and supporter of our most holy religion.

He died the 1st of January 1785, and DR. JOHNSON on the 13th of the preceding month,

17. 1. 19

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