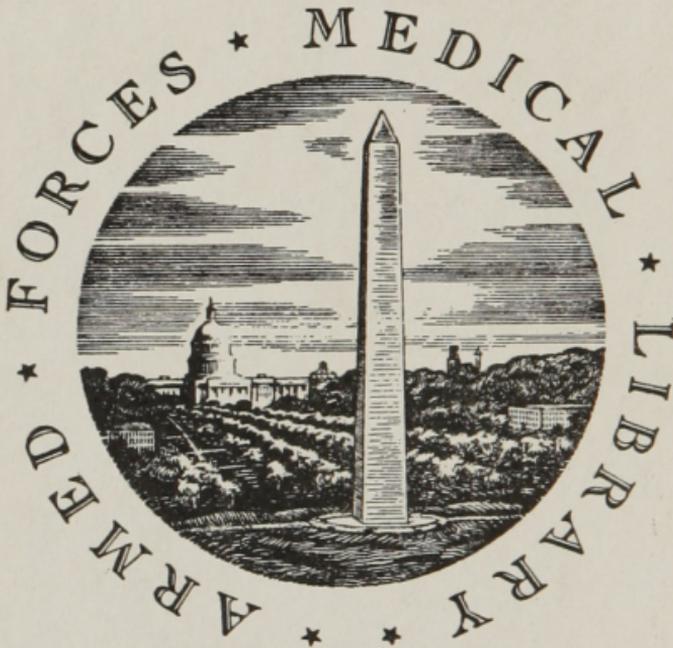




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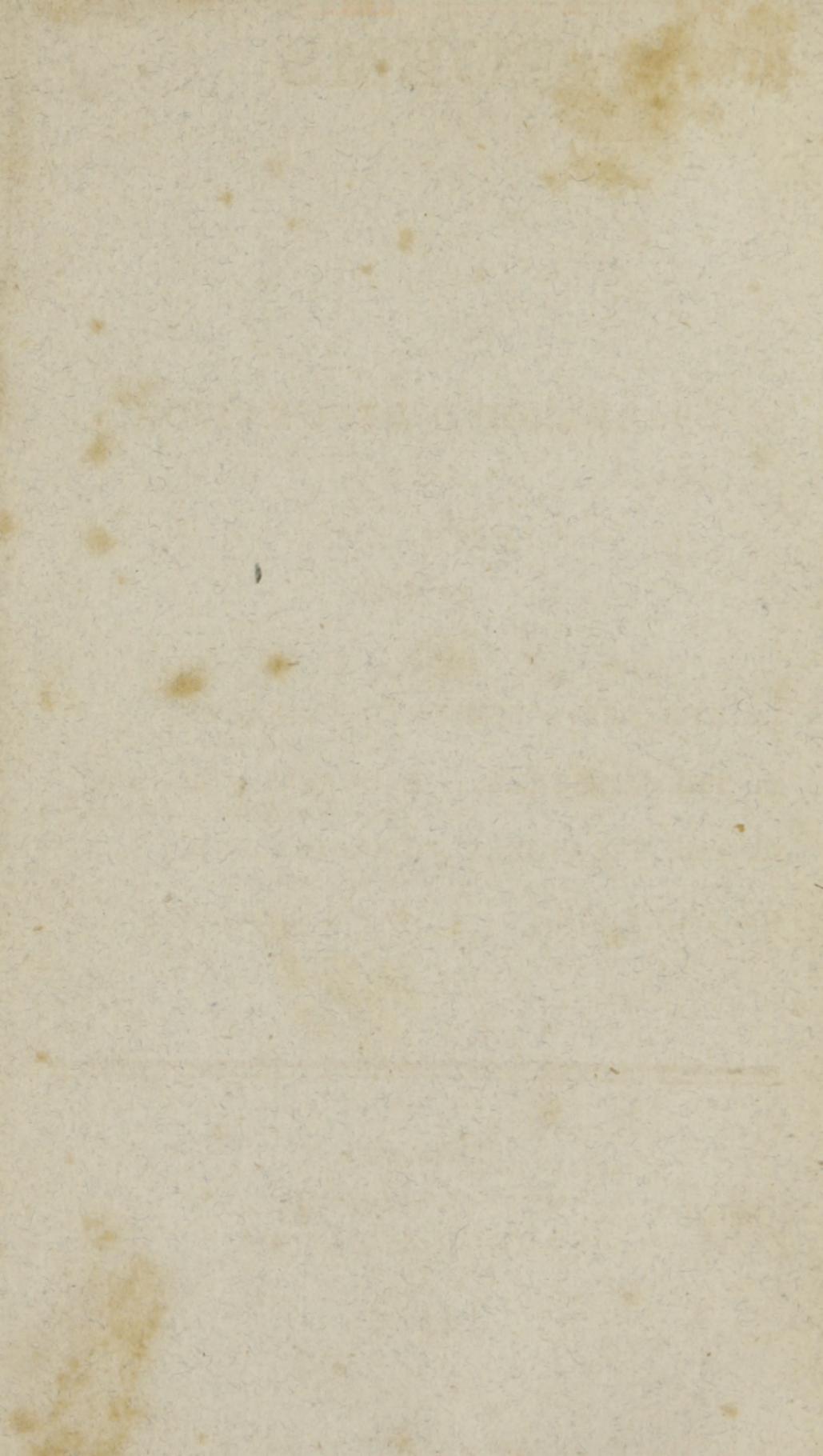
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# POEMS

OF

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- 1st. THE ART *of* PRESERVING HEALTH,  
*by J. Armstrong, M. D.*
- 2d. THE MINSTREL, *or* PROGRESS *of* GENIUS,  
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- 3d. THE PLEASURES *of* IMAGINATION,  
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- 4th. THE TASK, *by Wm. Cowper, Esq.*

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FOUNDED

OF  
THE

ESTABLISHED DEPARTMENT

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH

BY A. H. HARRIS, M. D.

IN THE METHODICAL & PRACTICAL

OF THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOT, M. D.

of the art of preserving health is a treatise on  
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THE  
ART  
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—•—  
BY JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.  
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THE

ART

OF

HEALTH

BY JOHN AMBROSE M. D.

NLM

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THE

*Art of preserving Health.*

BOOK I.

A I R.

**D**AUGHTER of Pæan, queen of every joy,  
HYGEIA\*; whose indulgent smile sustains  
The various race luxuriant nature pours,  
And on th' immortal essences bestows  
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend! 5  
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,  
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,  
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,  
Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts  
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain. 10

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

When through the blue serenity of heaven  
 Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host  
 Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,  
 Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,  
 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends 15  
 Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,  
 Shook from the hedious chambers of the globe,  
 Swarm thro' the shudd'ring air : whatever plagues  
 Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings  
 Rise from the putrid watery element, 20  
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,  
 That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,  
 Or the vile carnage of the inhuman field ;  
 Whatever baneful breaths the rotten South ;  
 Whatever ill's th' the extremes or sudden change 25  
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce ;  
 They fly thy pure effulgence : they, and all  
 The secret poisons of avenging heaven,  
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train  
 Of Vice and heedless Pleasure : or if aught 30  
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,  
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,  
 Portend disastrous to the vital world ;  
 Thy salutary power averts their rage,  
 Averts the general bane : and but for thee 35  
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy  
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,  
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.  
 Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay !  
 Begin the song ; and let it sweetly flow, 41  
 And let it sweetly teach thy wholesome laws :  
 " How best the fickle fabric to support  
 " Of mortal man ; in healthful body how  
 " A healthful mind the longest to maintain." 45  
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse  
 The best, and those of most extensive use ;  
 Harder in clear and animated song  
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.  
 Yet with thy aid the secrets wilds I trace 50  
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed  
 Through paths the muses never trod before.

Nor shall I wander doubtful of my way,  
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind

Which taught to check the pestilential fire,  
 And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.  
 O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,  
 Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,  
 Indulge, O MEAD! a well-design'd essay,  
 Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I  
 My little knowledge with my country share,  
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,  
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

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YE who amid the feverish world would wear  
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind;  
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;  
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke  
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,  
 The dying, sick'ning, and the living world  
 Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome  
 With dim mortality. It is not air  
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,  
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,  
 The spoils of dunghills, and the putrid thaw  
 Of nature, when from shape and texture she  
 Relapses into fighting elements;  
 It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass  
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.  
 Much moisture hurts: but here a sordid bath,  
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more,  
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.  
 Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay  
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,  
 This slumbering Deep remains, and ranker grows  
 With sickly rest: and (tho' the lungs abhor  
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)  
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,  
 Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimneys, tame  
 The putrid streams that overswarm the sky;  
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode  
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,  
 In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;  
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn  
 In countless pores o'er all the previous skin,  
 Imbib'd would poison the Balsamic blood,  
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.  
 While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds  
 Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;  
 The woods the streams, and each ambrosial breeze

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That fans the ever undulating sky ; 100  
 A kindly sky ! whose fost'ring pow'r regales  
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.  
 Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles  
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.  
 To us there wants not many a happy seat ; 105  
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise  
 We hardly fix, bewildered in our choice.  
 See where enthron'd in adamantine state,  
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;  
 There chuse thy seat in some aspiring grove 110  
 Fast by the slowly-winding Thames ; or where  
 Broader she leaves fair Richmond's green retreats,  
 (Richmond that sees an hundred villa's rise  
 Rural or gay.) O ! from the summer's rage  
 O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides 115  
 Umbrageous Ham ! But if the busy town  
 Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,  
 Sweetly thou mayest thy vacant hours possess  
 In Hamstead, courted by the western wind ;  
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood ; 120  
 Or loose the world among the sylvan wilds  
 Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.  
 Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air ;  
 But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads  
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet. 125  
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,  
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,  
 Quartana there presides : a meagre fiend  
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force  
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens. 130  
 From such a mixture, sprung this fitful pest  
 With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land :  
 Cold tremours come, with mighty love of rest,  
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude and pains  
 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,  
 And rack the joints and every torpid limb ; 136  
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats  
 O'erflow : a short relief from former ills.  
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;  
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ; 140  
 The cheerful pure and animated bloom  
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy  
 Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.  
 And oft the Sorceress, in her sated wrath,  
 Resigns them to the furies of her train ; 145

The blotted<sup>a</sup> Hydrops, and the yellow fiend  
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain  
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;  
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow : 150  
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll  
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.  
For from the humid soil and watry reign  
Eternal vapours rise ; the spongy air  
Forever weeps ; or turgid with the weight 155  
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.  
Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun  
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,  
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or the moist catarrh ;  
Or any other injury that grows 160  
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,  
Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood  
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ; 165  
For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,  
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,  
Bare and extended wide without a stream,  
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph  
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.  
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay 170  
Their flexible vibrations ; or inflam'd,  
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.  
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood  
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide  
That slow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins ; 175  
Unactive in the services of life,  
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through  
The secret mazy channels of the brain.  
The melancholic Fiend (That worst despair  
Of physic,) hence the rust complexion'd man 180  
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain  
Too stretc'h a tone : and hence in climes adust  
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,  
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes 185  
Of Air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.  
But as the power of chusing is deny'd  
To half mankind, a farther task ensues ;

How best to mitigate these fell extremes,  
 How breath unhurt, the withering element, 190  
 Or hazy atmosphere: though Custom moulds  
 To ev'ry clime the soft Promæthean clay;  
 And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd  
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens  
 Of Essex from the inveterate ills revive 195  
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.  
 But if the raw and oozy heaven offend;  
 Correct the soil, and dry the sources up  
 Of watery exhalations; wide and deep  
 Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog;  
 Solicitous, with all your winding arts. 201  
 Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;  
 And weed the forest, and invoke the winds  
 To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;  
 Or through the thickets send the crackling flames.  
 Mean time at home with cheerful fire dispel 206  
 The humid air: and let your table smoke  
 With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds  
 Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds  
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chace. 210  
 Generous your wine, the boast of ripening years,  
 But frugal be your cups; the languid frame,  
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,  
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of watery heaven.  
 But neither these nor all Apollo's arts, 215  
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,  
 Unless with exercise and manly toil  
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.  
 The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease  
 Avoid; if indolence would wish to live. 220  
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year  
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch  
 The skin and lungs, and break the thickening blood;  
 Deep in the waving forests chuse your seat  
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air; 225  
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,  
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.  
 Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,  
 The moist relaxing vegetable store,  
 Prevail in each repast: Your food supplied 230  
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,  
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,  
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass  
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave;

That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood 235  
 A smooth diluted chyle may flow,  
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess  
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour  
 To drown your thirst ; or let the mantling bowl  
 Of keen Sherbert the fickle taste relieve. 240  
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream  
 Will hardly mingle ; and fermented cups  
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.  
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls  
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge 245  
 In feasts more genial, bud impatient broach  
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air  
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts  
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.  
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250  
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop : incumbent still  
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.  
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise  
 Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades  
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night, 255  
 Till black with thunder all the south descends.  
 Scarce is a showerless day the heavens indulge  
 Our melting clime ; except the baleful East  
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks  
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk 260  
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.  
 Good heaven ! for what unexpiated crimes  
 This dismal change ! The brooding elements,  
 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,  
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague ? 265  
 Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above  
 That lofty Albion melt into the main ?  
 Indulgent nature ! O dissolve this gloom !  
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds  
 That drown or wither : Give the genial West 270  
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North :  
 And may once more the circling seasons rule  
 The year ; not mix in every monstrous day.

Meantime the moist malignity to shun  
 Of burthen'd skies ; mark where the dry champain  
 Swells into cheerful hills ; where Marjoram 275  
 And Thyme, the love of bees perfume the air ;  
 And where the \* Cynorrhodon with the rose

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

- For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil  
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. 280  
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep  
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.  
 And let them see the winter morn arise,  
 The summer evening blushing in the west ;  
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285  
 O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,  
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.  
 O ! when the growling winds contend, and all  
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm ;  
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din 290  
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights  
 Above the luxury of common sleep.  
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain  
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,  
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest. 295  
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,  
 Where health is studied ; for whatever moves  
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just  
 And natural movements of the harmonious frame.  
 Besides, the sportive brook forever shakes 300  
 The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,  
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change  
 Of purest element, refreshing still  
 Your airy seat, and uninfected Gods.  
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds 305  
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides  
 Th' etherial deep with endless billows chafes.  
 His purer mansion nor contagious years  
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
- But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain, 310  
 Involve my hill ! And wheresoe'er you build ;  
 Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains  
 Wash'd by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,  
 Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd ;  
 Dry be your house : but airy more than warm. 315  
 Else every breath of ruder wind will strike  
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains ;  
 Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarsness bind your voice,  
 Or moist Grayado load your aching brows.  
 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell 320  
 In cloister'd air, tainted with streaming life,  
 Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms ;  
 And still at azure noontide may yourdome  
 At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here, 325  
And theatres open to the south, commend ?  
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests  
More than the torrid noon ? How sickly grow,  
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales,  
That, circled round with the gigantic heap 330  
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope  
To feel, the genial vigor of the sun !  
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames  
The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows  
The tender lily, languishingly sweet ; 335  
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,  
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.  
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand  
The fost'ring sun : whose energy divine  
Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose gen'rous heat 340  
Glow's thro'the mass of grosser elements,  
And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.  
Cheer'd by thy kind, invigorating warmth,  
We court thy beams, great majesty of day !  
If not the soul, the regent of this world, 345  
First-born of heaven, and only less than God !

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## BOOK II.

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### D I E T.

**E**NOUGH of Air. A desert subject now,  
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight ;  
A barren waste, where not a garland grows  
To bind the Muse's brow ; not ev'n a proud,  
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath, 5  
To rouse a noble horror in the soul :  
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads  
Through endless labyrinths the devious feet.  
Farewell, ethereal fields ! the humbler arts  
Of life ; the table of the homely Gods 10  
Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu !

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,  
The generous stream that waters every part,  
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys  
To every particle that moves or lives, 15  
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes  
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again  
Refunded ; scourg'd for ever round and round ;  
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets  
Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin 20  
It grows ; and now, but that a thousand gates  
Are open to its flight, it would destroy  
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.  
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes  
Melt in the mildest, most nectareous tide 25  
That ripening nature rolls ; as in the stream  
Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force  
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,

That very force, those plastic particles  
 Rebuild : so mutable the state of man. 30  
 For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,  
 Daily, with fresh materials, to repair  
 This unavoidable expence of life,  
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.  
 Hence the concoctive powers, with various art, 35  
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;  
 The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide  
 To liquors, which, through finer arteries,  
 To different parts their winding course pursue ;  
 To try new changes, and new forms put on, 40  
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind  
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal  
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin ;  
 By violent powers too easily subdu'd, 45  
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,  
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass  
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;  
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,  
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste 50  
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,  
 Infirm and delicate ! and ye who waste,  
 With pale and bloated sloth, the tedious day !  
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid  
 The full repast ; and let sagacious age 55  
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food  
 Radiest obeys th' assimilating powers ;  
 And soon the tender vegetable mass  
 Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread 61  
 The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,  
 Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,  
 In youth and sanguine vigour let him die ;  
 Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,  
 Absolve him, ill requited, from the yoke. 65  
 Some with high forage, and luxurient ease,  
 Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,  
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs,  
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;  
 A race of purer blood, with exercise 70  
 Refin'd and scanty fare ; For, old or young,  
 The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd,

Not all the culinary arts can tame,  
 To wholesome food, the abominable growth  
 Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste 75  
 Rejects, like bane, such loathsome lusciousness.  
 The languid stomach curses even the pure  
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :  
 For more the oily aliments relax  
 Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph 80  
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)  
 Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles  
 The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,  
 So gentle late, and blandishing, in floods  
 Of rancid bile o'erflows : what tumults hence, 85  
 What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.  
 Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make  
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :  
 Choose sober meals : and rouse to active life  
 Your cumbrous clay ; nor on th' infeebling down, 90  
 Irresolute, protract the morning hours.  
 But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,  
 With cheerful ease and succulent repast  
 Improve his slender habit. Each extreme  
 From the blest mean of sanity departs. 95

I could relate what table this demands,  
 Or that complexion ; what the various powers  
 Of various foods : but fifty years would roll,  
 And fifty more, before the tale were done.  
 Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,  
 Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin display'd, 101  
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;  
 Which finds a poison in the food, that most  
 The temperature affects, There are, whose blood  
 Impetuous rages through the turgid veins, 105  
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,  
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.  
 Of chilly nature others fly the board  
 Supply'd with slaughter ; and the vernal powers,  
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.  
 Some even the generous nutriment detest 110  
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.  
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts  
 Of Pales ; soft, delicious, and benign :  
 The balmy quintessence of every flower,  
 And every grateful herb that decks the spring ;  
 The fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life ; 116  
 The best refection of declining age ;

The kind restorative of those that lie  
 Half dead, and panting, from the doubtful strife  
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death. 120  
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,  
 There is not such a salutary food  
 As suits with every stomach. But (except,  
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,  
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which 125  
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all ;)  
 Taught by experience soon you may discern  
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates  
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long ;  
 Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face, 130  
 Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue ;  
 Or much diminish, or too much increase  
 Th' expence, which nature's wise economy,  
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.  
 Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger loose, 135  
 And bid the curious palate roam at will ;  
 They scarce can err amid the various stores  
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king  
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives ; 140  
 The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,  
 Would at the manger starve : of milder seeds  
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain  
 Confines his wish ; though fabling Greece resound  
 The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild. 145  
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,  
 Each creature knows its proper aliment ;  
 But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,  
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.  
 Directed, bounded, by this power within, 150  
 Their cravings are well aim'd : voluptuous man  
 Is by superior faculties misled ;  
 Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.  
 Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,  
 With dishes tortured from their native taste, 155  
 And mad variety to spur beyond  
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite ?  
 Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;  
 And know, that temperance is true luxury.  
 Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim. 160  
 Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire ;  
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,

Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,  
 The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.  
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen, 165  
 Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.  
 Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm  
 But what which binds the mercenary vow?  
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom,  
 Unfoster'd, sickens in the barren shade? 170  
 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,  
 Or by a heart too generous and humane,  
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,  
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?  
 There are, while human miseries abound, 175  
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,  
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,  
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,  
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste. 180  
 Such various foods, though harmless each alone,  
 Each other violate; and oft we see  
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,  
 From combinations of innoxious things.  
 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine 185  
 To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.  
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,  
 Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal  
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,  
 Of every realm. It matters not mean while 190  
 How much to-morrow differ from to-day;  
 So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,  
 To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.  
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste  
 With caution fruits you never tried before. 195  
 For want of use the kindest aliment  
 Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage  
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste  
 Of all its gifts; so custom has improv'd 200  
 This bent of nature; that few simple foods,  
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,  
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense  
 Of light refection, at the genial board  
 Indulge not often; nor protract the feast 205  
 To dull satiety; till soft and slow

A drowzy death creeps on, th' expansive soul  
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.  
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,  
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues 210  
 The softest food: unfinish'd and deprav'd,  
 The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns  
 Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams  
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.  
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt 215  
 The unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill  
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund  
 Of plagues; but more immedicable ills  
 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows 220  
 How to disburden the too tumid veins,  
 Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:  
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,  
 Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,  
 And with balsamic nutriment repair 225  
 The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid  
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;  
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,  
 Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.  
 When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait 230  
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:  
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond  
 What nature well can bear; and one extreme  
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.  
 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb 235  
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers  
 Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.  
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege,  
 And famine, humbled, may this verse be borne;  
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds, 240  
 Long toss'd and famish'd on the wintery main;  
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore  
 Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy;  
 Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:  
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,  
 Than war or famine. While the vital fire 246  
 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;  
 But prudently foment the wandering spark  
 With what the soonest feels its kindred touch:  
 Be frugal ev'n of that; a little give 250  
 At first; that kindled, add a little more;

Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame  
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)  
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails 255  
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow  
From this to that: So nature learns to bear  
Whatever chance or headlong appetite  
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues  
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury 160  
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.  
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast  
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;  
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,  
Were it your natal or your nuptial day. 265  
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves  
The latent seeds of woe, which, rooted once,  
Might cost you labour. But the day return'd  
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge  
Most in the tender vegetable breed; 270  
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame  
The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds  
A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.  
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup  
From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand, 275  
Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world  
The dreaded \* Causos roll his wasteful fires.  
Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,  
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;  
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer  
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide 281  
Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,  
Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen  
Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain  
Descending, nature by degrees invites 285  
To glowing luxury. But, from the depth  
Of winter when th' invigorated year  
Emerges; when Favonius flush'd with love,  
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends  
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride; 290  
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;  
And learn, with wise humanity, to check  
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits  
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky:

\* The burning fever.

Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand 295  
 The prone creation, yields what once suffic'd  
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;  
 Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd  
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures  
 The food that suits it most; so does each clime. 300

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where  
 Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste  
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole;  
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants  
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother, 305  
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,  
 Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave:  
 Pomona hates them, and the clownish God  
 Who tends the garden. In the frozen world  
 Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal 310  
 Is earn'd with ease; for her the fruitful spawn  
 Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board  
 With generous fare and luxury profuse.  
 These are their bread, the only bread they know;  
 These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops  
 The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills, 315  
 Or scales, for fattening moss, the savage rocks.  
 Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South  
 Her swarthy sons, in either Ind, maintains:  
 Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins  
 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams 320  
 Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,  
 Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords;  
 Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,  
 So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals  
 Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood 325  
 Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain  
 Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course;  
 Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.  
 But here in livid ripeness melts the Grape:  
 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns, 330  
 Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows;  
 Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields  
 A generous pulp; the Cocoa swells on high  
 With milky riches; and in horrid mail  
 The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets: 335  
 Earth's vaunted progeny—In ruder air  
 Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live;  
 Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire

To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile  
 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn 340  
 Here buxom Ceres reigns; Th' autumnal sea  
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.  
 What suits the climate best, what suits the men,  
 Nature profuses most, and most the taste  
 Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine 345  
 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.  
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs  
 Supports in else intolerable air:  
 While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove  
 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage 350  
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;  
 Now let me wander through your gelid reign,  
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din 355  
 Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.  
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks  
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.  
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep  
 First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po  
 In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves 361  
 A mighty flood to water half the East;  
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,  
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn. 364  
 What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades  
 Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' every nerve  
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear  
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;  
 And more gigantic still th' impending trees  
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.  
 Are these the confines of some fairy world? 371  
 A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds  
 What unknown nations? If indeed beyond  
 Aught habitable lies. And whether leads,  
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain, 375  
 That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,  
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread  
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing.  
 Your gifts (so Pæan, so the powers of health  
 Command) to praise your crystal element: 380  
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;  
 Whose flexible genius sparkles in the gem,  
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;

The vehicle, the source of nutriment  
And life, to all that vegetate or live. 385

O comfortable streams! with eager lips  
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff  
New life in you; fresh vigour fills your veins.  
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;  
None warmer sought the sires of human kind. 390  
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days  
Felt not th' alternative fits of feverish mirth,  
And sick dejection, Still serene and pleas'd,  
They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.  
Blest with divine immunity from ails, 395  
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate  
was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
Oh! could those worthies from the world of Gods  
Return to visit their degenerate sons, 400  
How would they scorn the joys of modern time  
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!  
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,  
And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without disdain  
The choice of water. Thus the Coan \* sage 406  
Opin'd and thus the learn'd of every school.  
What least of foreign principles partakes  
Is best: the lightest then; what bears the touch  
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air; 410  
The most insipid; the most void of smell.  
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides  
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale  
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts  
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream, 415  
O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile  
Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholesome yields  
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,  
And half the mountains melt into the tide.  
Though thirst we ne'er so resolute, avoid 420  
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods  
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;  
With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;  
Squalid with generation, and the birth  
Of little monsters;) till the powers of fire 425

\* Hippocrates.

Has from profane embraces disengag'd  
The violated lymph. The virgin stream  
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes  
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow. 430  
But where the stomach, indolently given,  
Toys with its duty, animate with wine  
Th' insipid stream ; the golden Ceres yields  
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;  
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all 435  
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss  
Of fermentation spring ; with spirit fraught,  
And furious with intoxicating fire ;  
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd  
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years  
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine, 441  
The puny wonders of the reptile world,  
The tender rudiments of life, the slim  
Unravellings of minute anatomy,  
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain. 445

We curse not wine : the vile excess we blame ;  
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,  
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught  
Faster and surer, swells the vital tide ;  
And with more active poison, than the floods 450  
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades  
The far-remote meanders of our frame.  
Ah ! sly dece'ver ! Branded o'er and o'er,  
Yet still believ'd ! Exulting o'er the wreck  
Of sober views !—But the Parnassian maids 455  
Another time \*, perhaps shall sing the joys,  
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine ;  
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,  
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife, 460  
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expells,  
The loitering crudities that burden life ;  
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears  
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world  
Is full of chances, which by habit's power 465  
To learn to bear, is easier than to shun.

\* See Book iv.

Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,  
 Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine  
 To moisten well the thirsty suffrages :  
 Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays 470  
 Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend  
 With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd ?  
 Then learn to revel ; but by slow degrees :  
 By slow degrees the liberal arts are won ;  
 And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth  
 The brows of care, indulge your festive vein 476  
 In cups by well-inform'd experience found  
 The least your bane ; and only with your friends.  
 There are sweet follies : frailties to be seen  
 By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return 481  
 Of drinking deep ! I would not daily taste,  
 Except when life declines, even sober cups.  
 Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,  
 With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,  
 The sapless habit daily to bedew, 486  
 And give the hesitating wheels of life  
 Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys :  
 And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,  
 To squander the reliefs of age and pain ? 490

What dextrous thousands just within the goal  
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !  
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,  
 No morning admonitions shock the head.  
 But, ah! what woes remain! life rolls apace 495  
 And that incurable disease, old age,  
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,  
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime :  
 Except kind nature by some hasty blow  
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know whate'er 500  
 Beyond its natural fervour hurries on  
 The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,  
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil  
 Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,  
 And sows the temples with untimely snow. 505  
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel  
 The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,  
 The growth advances ; till the larger tubes,

Acquiring (from their \* elemental veins,  
 Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,  
 Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood. 510  
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse  
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small;  
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.  
 Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force  
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes; 515  
 Its various functions vigorously are plied  
 By strong machinery; and in solid health  
 The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.  
 But the full ocean ebbs; there is a point,  
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downward tend.  
 For still the beating tide consolidates 521  
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still  
 To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.  
 This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees  
 To hard unyielding unelastic bone, 525  
 Through tedious channels the congealing flood  
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;  
 It loiters still: and now it stirs no more.  
 This is the period few attain; the death  
 Of nature; thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life 530  
 Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd  
 Nester might now the fates of Troy relate;  
 And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood  
 The crush of thunder and the warring winds, 535  
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,  
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.  
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,  
 Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;  
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down. 540

\* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensible, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger one, the progress of the human body, from infancy to old age, is accounted for.

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

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## BOOK III.

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### EXERCISE.

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

Ehould the labourer of the glebe who toils  
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies : 20  
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,  
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.  
He knows no laws by Esculapius given ;  
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs  
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly 25  
When rapid Sirius fires the autumnal noon.  
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,  
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd

## THE ART OF &c.

To every casualty of varied life ;  
Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast  
And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

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

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves  
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;  
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,  
Mellow'd, and subtilis'd ; the vapid old  
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.  
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms  
Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray  
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :  
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan  
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,  
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.  
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost  
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth  
Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurus' blasts  
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.  
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain  
Or fogs relent, no season should confine  
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.  
Go, climb the mountain ; from th' ethereal source  
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn  
Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed.  
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch  
The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport  
Intent, with emulous impatience try  
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey  
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer ;  
And through its deepest solitude awake  
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale  
Exceed your strength ; a sport of less fatigue,  
Not less delightful, the prolific stream  
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er  
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze

Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds  
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;  
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such  
 The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream  
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air, 76  
 Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays  
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
 Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,  
 Thro' meads more flowery, or more romantic groves,  
 Roll's toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!  
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
 In rural innocence; thy mountains still  
 Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods  
 For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay 85  
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain!  
 Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new  
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,  
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:  
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks, 90  
 With the well-imitated fly to hook  
 The eager trout, and with the slender line  
 And yielding rod solicit to the shore  
 The struggling, panting prey: while vernal clouds  
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool, 95  
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,  
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.  
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)  
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains. 100  
 But if, thro' genuine tenderness of heart,  
 Or secret want of relish for the game,  
 You shun the glories of the chase, nor care  
 To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields  
 A soft amusement, an humane delight. 105  
 To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;  
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace  
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems  
 The amiable result of happy chance,  
 Is to create; and gives a god-like joy, 110  
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain  
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,  
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.  
 O happy he! whom, when his years decline,  
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means 115  
 Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;

His life approv'd by all the wise and good,  
 Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves  
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,  
 Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares 120  
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.  
 Happiest of men! if the same soil invites  
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,  
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends; 125  
 With whom, in easy commerce, to pursue  
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:  
 A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,  
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.  
 Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs  
 The vistic best, and best conducts the stream; 130  
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;  
 Who first the welcome spring salutes; who shews  
 The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms  
 Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice  
 To match the sprightly genius of Champaign. 135  
 Thrice happy days! in rural business past;  
 Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire  
 Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family  
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,  
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame, 140  
 With witless wantonness to hunt it down:  
 Or through the fairy-land of tale or song  
 Delighted, wander, in fictitious fates  
 Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:  
 Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour 145  
 Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,  
 His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid  
 His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,  
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;  
 And, thro' the maze of conversation trace 150  
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.  
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste  
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,  
 Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)  
 The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman 155  
 Should drown his labour in my friendly bowl;  
 And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,  
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;  
 The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.  
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath, 161  
 Or naked stubble; where from field to field

The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight :  
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour  
 The gun's unerring thunder ; and there are 165  
 Whom still the meed \* of the green archer charms.  
 He chooses best, whose labour entertains  
 His vacant fancy most : the toil you hate  
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish ; and the mind 170  
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side ;  
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould  
 But some one part is weaker than the rest :  
 The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,  
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously, 175  
 But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,  
 Acquire a vigour and elastic spring  
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts  
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils ; and, as your nerves, 180  
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.  
 The prudent, even in every moderate walk,  
 At first but saunter ; and by slow degrees  
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise  
 Well knows the master of the flying steed. 185  
 First from the goal the manag'd courses play  
 On bended reins ; as yet the skilful youth  
 Repress their foamy pride ; but every breath  
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells ;  
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way, 190  
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.  
 When all at once from indolence to toil  
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock  
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,  
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm. 195  
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,  
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,  
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs  
 With dangerous inundation : oft the source  
 Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,  
 Asthma, and feller † Peripneumony, 201  
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

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

† The inflammation of the lungs.

Th' athletic Fool, to whom what hea<sup>n</sup> deny'd  
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs,  
 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels 205  
 His vegetation and brute force decay.  
 The men of better clay and finer mould  
 Know nature, feel the human dignity;  
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.  
 Pursu'd proluxly, even the gentlest toil 210  
 Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue  
 Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone  
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.  
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much  
 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm. 215  
 But when the hard varieties of life  
 You toil to learn; or try the dusky chase,  
 Or the warm deeds of some important day:  
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs  
 In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale, 220  
 Nor court the spring. O! by the sacred tears  
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,  
 Forbear! No other pestilence has driven  
 Such Myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.  
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse 225  
 Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:  
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,  
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps  
 Of science; and devote seven years to toil.  
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears 230  
 With what it little boots you to attain.  
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows  
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,  
 What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds  
 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause 235  
 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;  
 Whence neither oar nor sail can stem; and why  
 The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure  
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven. 240

In antient times, when Rome with Athens vied  
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts;  
 All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,  
 And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath  
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs. 245  
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs  
 Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal  
 The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime

- Not much invites us to such arts as these.  
 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace. 250  
 And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels  
 Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;  
 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin  
 Too soft; or teach the recremental fume  
 Too fast to crowd through such precarious ways.  
 For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce 256  
 In endless millions the close-woven skin,  
 The baser fluids in a constant stream  
 Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.  
 While this eternal, this most copious waste 260  
 Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,  
 Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers  
 Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life  
 With ease and pleasure move; but this restrain'd  
 Or more or less, so more or less you feel 265  
 The functions labour, from this fatal source  
 What woes descend is never to be sung.  
 To take their numbers were to count the sands  
 That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;  
 Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils  
 The Baltic, thunder on the German shore. 271  
 Subject not then by soft emollient arts  
 This grand expence, on which your fates depend,  
 To every caprice of the sky; nor thwart  
 The genius of your clime: for from the blood 275  
 Least fickle rise the recremental steams,  
 And least obnoxious to the styptic air,  
 Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.  
 The temper'd Scythian hence, half naked treads  
 His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heaven;  
 And hence our painted ancestors defied 281  
 The East: nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.
- The body, moulded by the clime, endures  
 Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost:  
 Except by habits foreign to its turn, 285  
 Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.  
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less  
 By long acquaintance: study then your sky,  
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,  
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun. 290  
 Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n  
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent  
 The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,

I praise their dauntless heart: A frame so steel'd  
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts  
 That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;  
 The nerves so temper'd, never quit their tone,  
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.  
 But all things have their bounds: and he who makes,  
 By daily use, the kindest regimen 300  
 Essential to his health, should never mix  
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.  
 He not the safe vicissitude of life  
 Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he  
 To want the known, or bear unusual things. 305  
 Besides, the powerful remedies of pain  
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)  
 Should never with your prosperous days of health  
 Grow too familiar: for by frequent use  
 The strongest medicines lose their healing power,  
 And even the surest poisons theirs to kill. 311

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach  
 Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,  
 Or the wide flood through rich Indostan roll'd,  
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave 315  
 Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free  
 Th' evaporation through the soften'd skin  
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.  
 So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;  
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell. 320  
 With us, the man of no complaint demands  
 The warm ablution just enough to clear  
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep  
 The body sacred from indecent soil.  
 Still to be pure, even did it not conduce 325  
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth  
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;  
 The want of this is Poverty's worst woe;  
 With this external virtue age maintains  
 A decent grace; without it youth and charms 330  
 Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know;  
 So doubtless do your wives: for married sires,  
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;  
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)  
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart. 335

But now the hours and seasons when to toil  
 From foreign themes recall my wandering song.

Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,  
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage. 340  
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame  
 'Tis wisely done: for while the thirsty veins  
 Impatient of lean penury, devour  
 The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time  
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.  
 Now while the stomach from the full repast 345  
 Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,  
 Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil:  
 And ye whom no luxuriance of growth  
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.  
 But from the recent meal no labours please, 350  
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers  
 Claim all the wandering spirits to a work  
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event:  
 A work of time: and you may rue the day  
 You hurried, with untimely exercise, 355  
 A half-concocted chyle into the blood.  
 The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm  
 Much toil demands: the lean elastic less.  
 While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,  
 No labours are too hard: by those you 'scape 360  
 The slow diseases of the torpid year;  
 Endless to name; to one of which alone,  
 To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves  
 Is pleasure; Oh! from such inhuman pains  
 May all be free who merit not the wheel: 365  
 But from the burning Lion when the sun  
 Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood  
 Too much already maddens in the veins,  
 And all the finer fluids through the skin  
 Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade 370  
 Reclin'd or sauntring in the lofty grove,  
 No needless slight occasion should engage  
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.  
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve  
 To shady walks and active rural sports 375  
 Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,  
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace  
 Of humid skies; though 'tis no vulgar joy  
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood  
 While the soft evening saddens into night: 380  
 Though the sweet Poet of the vernal groves  
 Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world  
 Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops  
 Through all her works. Now happy he whose toil  
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd 386  
 A pleasing lassitude : he not in vain  
 Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.  
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve  
 In soft repose : on him the balmy dews 390  
 Of Sleep with double nutriment descend.  
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night  
 In deep oblivion ; or on Fancy's wings  
 Visit the paradise of happy Dreams,  
 And waken cheerful as the lively morn ; 395  
 Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest  
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full :  
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd  
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign  
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils 400  
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil  
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks  
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,  
 The busy dæmons hurl ; or in the main  
 O'erwhelm ; or bury struggling under ground.  
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes 406  
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,  
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits  
 Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain,  
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought :  
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul ;  
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself 412  
 For ever torn ; and chaos floating round.  
 What dreams presage, what dangers these or those  
 Portend to sanity, though prudent seers 415  
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,  
 We would not to the superstitious mind  
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.  
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night  
 To banish omens and all restless woes. 420

In study some protract the silent hours,  
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;  
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night :  
 But surely this redeems not from the shades  
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail 425  
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give  
 Of th' ever-varying circle of the day ;

Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,  
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.  
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, 430  
 Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils  
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,  
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.  
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,  
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies 435  
 Creep on, and through the sinking functions steal.  
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,  
 The delicate Narcissus pines away  
 In hectic languor: and a slow disease  
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd 440  
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone  
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?  
 O shame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille,  
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdu'd, the warrior and the hind 445  
 Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon  
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;  
 And soon the tonic, irritable nerves  
 Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.  
 The sons of indolence, with long repose, 450  
 Grow torpid; and with slowest Lethe drunk,  
 Feebly and lingeringly return to life,  
 Blunt every sense and pow'rless every limb.  
 Ye prone to sleep, (whom sleeping most annoys)  
 On the hard mattress or elastic couch 455  
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;  
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain  
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down:  
 Nor envy, while the buried bacchanal  
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams. 460

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

Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,  
 Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;  
 The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows; 475  
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;  
 And aged Autumn brews the winter-storm.  
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void  
 Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,  
 The two great periods of th' important year, 480  
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe:  
 Funeral Autumn all the sickly dread,  
 And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.  
 He well-advis'd, who taught our wiser sires  
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils, 485  
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;  
 And late resign them, though the wanton Spring  
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.  
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains  
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring 490  
 Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death  
 With sallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold  
 The omens of the year: what seasons teem  
 With what diseases; what the humid South 495  
 Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the East:  
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.  
 Besides, whatever plagues, in heat, or cold,  
 Or drought, or moisture, dwell, they hurt not you  
 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, 500  
 And taught already how to each extreme  
 To bend your life. But should the public bane  
 Infect you; or some tresspass of your own,  
 Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:  
 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides 505  
 Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs;  
 When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels  
 A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;  
 Be Celsus call'd; the Fates come rushing on;  
 The rapid Fates admit of no delay. 510  
 While wilful you, and fatally secure,  
 Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,  
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak  
 And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway  
 O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,  
 Millions have died of medicable wounds. 516

Ah! in what perils is vain life engaged!  
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy  
 The hardiest frame! of indolence, of toil, 520  
 We die; of want, of superfluity:  
 The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,  
 Is big with death. And though the putrid South  
 Be shut; though no convulsive agony  
 Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,  
 Th' imprisoned plagues; a secret venom oft 525  
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.  
 What living deaths has sad Byzantium seen!  
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,  
 Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!  
 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies, 530  
 Albion the poison of the Gods has drunk,  
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent  
 Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;  
 While, for which tyrant England should receive,  
 Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd, 536  
 And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk  
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd;  
 Another plague of more gigantic arm  
 Arose, a monster never known before, 540  
 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.  
 This rapid Fury, not like other pests,  
 Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day  
 Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,  
 And strew'd with sudden carcasses the land. 545

First through the shoulders, or whatever part  
 Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.  
 With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark  
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;  
 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires. 550  
 Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd  
 The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd  
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,  
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain, 555  
 They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream  
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.  
 The restless arteries with rapid blood  
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly  
 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.  
 At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head, 561

A wild delirium came ; their weeping friends  
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.  
 Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers  
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown ; a ponderous sleep  
 Wrap all the senses up : they slept and died. 566

In some a gentle horror crept at first  
 O'er all the limbs ; the sluices of the skin  
 Withheld their moisture, till, by art provok'd,  
 The sweats o'erflow'd ; but in a clammy tide : 570

Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow ;  
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature  
 Had mix'd the blood ; and rank with fetid steams :  
 As if the pent-up humours, by delay  
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.

Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)  
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats  
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates  
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.  
 For, who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race, 580

Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd :  
 Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd ;  
 Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive :  
 Of those who liv'd, some felt a second blow ; 585  
 And whom the second spar'd, a third destroy'd.

Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun  
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land  
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms :  
 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,  
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town. 591

Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,  
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind :  
 In vain : where'er they fled, the Fates pursued.  
 Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,  
 To seek protection in far-distant skies ; 596

But none they found. It seem'd the general air,  
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,  
 Was then at enmity with English blood.  
 For, but the race of England, all were safe  
 In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste 600

The foreign blood which England then contain'd.  
 Where should they fly ? The circumambient heaven  
 Involv'd them still ; and every breeze was bane.  
 Where find relief ? The salutary art

Was mute; and, startled at the new disease, 605  
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.  
 To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs;  
 Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;  
 Fatigu'd with vain resources; and subdued  
 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear; 610  
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.  
 Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,  
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.  
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,  
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then 615  
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.  
 In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,  
 The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Thou guardian God, on whom the fates depend  
 Of tottering Albion! ye eternal Fires 620  
 That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year! ye Powers  
 That o'er th' incircling elements preside!  
 May nothing worse than what this age has seen  
 Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home  
 Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heav'n 625  
 Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs  
 That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;  
 While in the West, \* beyond th' Atlantic foam,  
 Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd  
 The death of cowards, and of common men: 630  
 Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

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

\* This was written not long after the memorable mortality  
 happened amongst the British sailors, under admiral Hosier,  
 in the West-Indies, 1725.

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## BOOK IV.

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### THE PASSIONS.

**T**HE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,  
The use of Toil and all external things,  
Already sung; it now remains to trace  
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds:  
And how the subtle Principle within  
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay  
The passive body. Ye poetic Shades,  
That know the secrets of the world unseen,  
Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme  
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways. 10

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)  
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,  
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;  
And, when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,  
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods. 15  
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades  
The mortal elements: in every nerve  
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.  
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels  
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power 20  
Wields at its will the dull material world,  
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame  
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.  
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode 25  
The solid fabric: for by subtle parts,  
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves

The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.  
 By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes  
 The natural, vital, functions are perform'd. 30  
 By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;  
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength;  
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these  
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's employ'd)  
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay. 36  
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue  
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but, long intent  
 On microscopic arts, its vigour fails.  
 Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd, 40  
 Nor akes itself, nor gives the body pain.  
 But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,  
 Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,  
 And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,  
 Engross the subtle ministers of life, 45  
 And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.  
 Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;  
 The Lover's paleness; and the sallow hue  
 Of Envy, Jealousy; the meagre stare  
 Of sore revenge: the canker'd body hence 50  
 Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who, both night and day,  
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,  
 And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;  
 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm, lies in a dropsy drown'd,  
 Or sinks in lethargy before his time. 56  
 With useful studies you, and arts that please,  
 Employ your mind, amuse but not fatigue.  
 Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!  
 And ever may all heavy systems rest! 60  
 Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,  
 Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads  
 Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,  
 And gives to relish what their generous taste  
 Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame, 65  
 Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue  
 With constant drudgery the liberal soul.  
 Toy with your books: and as the various fits  
 Of humour seize you, from Philosophy  
 To Fable shift; from serious Antonine 70  
 To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

~~While reading pleasure, but no longer read,~~  
 And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,  
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.  
 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength : 75  
 And quick vibrations through the bowels drive  
 The restless blood, which, in unactive days,  
 Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.  
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend  
 What posture suits : to stand and sit by turns, 80  
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves  
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,  
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well  
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit 85  
 Of knowledge bent, it starves the gossier powers ;  
 Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose  
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs  
 Than what the body knows embitter life.  
 Chiefly where solitude, sad nurse of Care, 90  
 To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,  
 There madness enters ; and the dim-ey'd Fiend  
 Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes  
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale ;  
 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads 95  
 The cheerful face of nature : earth becomes  
 A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.  
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise :  
 Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear  
 Forms out of nothing ; and with monsters teems  
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath 101  
 A load of huge imagination heaves ;  
 And all the horrors that the murderer feels  
 With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms' Pride in solitary scenes, 105  
 Or fear, on delicate Self-love creates.  
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind  
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;  
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so.  
 For while yourself you anxiously explore, 110  
 Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,  
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,  
 And ever galls you in your tender part.  
 Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,  
 For grim religion some, and some for pride, 115

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

Oft from the Body, by long ails mistun'd,  
 These evils sprung, the most important health, 135  
 That of the mind, destroy : and when the mind  
 They first invade, the conscious body soon  
 In sympathetic languishment declines.  
 These chronic passions, while from real woes  
 They rise, and yet without the body's fault 140  
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;  
 Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.  
 Vain are the consolations of the wise ;  
 In vain your friends would reason down your pain.  
 O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd 145  
 To soft distress, or friends untimely slain !  
 Court not the luxury of tender thought !  
 Nor deem it impious to forget those pains  
 That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.  
 Go, soft enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves, 150  
 Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune  
 Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts  
 Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud ;  
 Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish  
 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.  
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes 156  
 New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,  
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.  
 Or more advent'rous, rush into the field  
 Where war grows hot ; and raging through the sky,

The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul : 161  
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march  
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,  
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain, 165  
 And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,  
 Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl  
 Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion swill.  
 Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves  
 In empty air ; Elysium opens round. 170

A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,  
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;  
 And what was difficult, and what was dire,  
 Yields to your prowess and superior stars :  
 The happiest you of all that e'er were mad, 175  
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.

But soon your heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom  
 Shuts o'er your head : and as the thund'ring stream,  
 Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,  
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ; 180

So, when the frantic raptures in your breast  
 Subside, you languish into mortal man ;  
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.  
 For, prodigal of life, in one rash night  
 You lavish'd more than might support three days.

A heavy morning comes ; your cares return  
 With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well  
 May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing head :  
 But such a dim delirium, such a dream,

Involves you ; such a dastardly despair 190  
 Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,  
 When baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,  
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.

You curse the sluggish Port ; you curse the wretch,  
 The felon, with unnatural mixture first 195  
 Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.

Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour  
 A thousand curses ; for to heav'n it rapt  
 Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.  
 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift, 200

The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,  
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine :  
 And wish that heaven from mortals had with-held  
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides it wounds you sore to recollect 205  
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour  
 Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,  
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.  
 Or, in the rage of wine, your hasty hand  
 Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave. 210  
 Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;  
 Your friends avoid you; or if one remains  
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.  
 Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left  
 A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name; 216  
 A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.  
 Your last ungrateful scene has quite effac'd  
 All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains, 220  
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those  
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;  
 The precepts here of a divine old man  
 I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd  
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.  
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;  
 He still remember'd that he once was young;  
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.  
 Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he  
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on, 230  
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,  
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,  
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,  
 He pitied Man: and much he pitied those 235  
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means  
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.  
 Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,  
 He said' 'tis the pursuit of all that live;  
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd. 240  
 But they the widest wander from the mark,  
 Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy  
 Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage  
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.  
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings 245  
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate  
 Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds  
 Should ever roam; and were the fates more kind,  
 Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale.

Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,  
 And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain  
 That all was vanity, and life a dream. 252

Let nature rest ; be busy for yourself,  
 And for your friend ; be busy even in vain  
 Rather than teize her sated appetites. 255

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys :  
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.  
 Let nature rest : and when the taste of joy  
 Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest. 260  
 But him the least the dull or painful hours  
 Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,  
 And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;  
 Virtue and Sense are one : and, trust me, still 265  
 A faithless Heart betrays the Head unsound.  
 Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)

Is sense and spirit, with humanity :  
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;  
 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just. 270

Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare ;  
 But at his heart the most undaunted son  
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

To noblest uses this determines wealth ;  
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ; 275  
 The peace and shelter of adversity.

And if you pant for glory, build your fame  
 On this foundation, which the secret shock  
 Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.  
 The gawdy gloss of Fortune only strikes 280

The vulgar eye : the suffrage of the wise,  
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
 Is the best gift of heaven : a happiness 285  
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate

Exalts great Nature's favourites : a wealth  
 That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands  
 Can be transferr'd : it is the only good  
 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own. 290

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;  
 Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,  
 Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.

But for one end, one much neglected use,  
 Are riches worth your care : (for Nature's wants  
 Are few, and without opulence supply'd.) 296  
 This noble end is to produce the Soul ;  
 To shew the virtues in their fairest light ;  
 To make Humanity the Minister  
 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast  
 The generous luxury the Gods enjoy. 301

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage  
 Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught  
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;  
 And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.  
 Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway  
 He knew, as far as reason can countroul 307  
 The lawless pow'rs. But other cares are mine :  
 Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate  
 What Passions hurt the body, what improve : 310  
 Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene  
 Supports the mind, supports the body too.  
 Hence the most vital movement mortals feel  
 Is hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul. 315  
 It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven  
 Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths  
 Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;  
 And make our happiest state no tedious thing.  
 Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,  
 Is hope ; the last of all our evils, fear. 321

But there are Passions grateful to the breast,  
 And yet no friends to Life : perhaps they please  
 Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ;  
 Or while they please, torment. The stubborn Clown,  
 The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Usurer, 326  
 (If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)  
 May safely mellow into love ; and grow  
 Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.  
 Love in such bosoms never to a fault 330  
 Or pains or pleases. But, ye finer souls,  
 Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill  
 With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,  
 That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve  
 Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose, 335  
 Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.

For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast  
 Ferments and maddens, sick with jealousy,  
 Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,  
 The wholesome appetites and powers of life 340  
 Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths  
 The genial board: your cheerful days are gone:  
 The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.  
 To sighs devoted and to tender pains,  
 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray, 345  
 And waste your youth in musing. Musing first  
 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:  
 It found a liking there, a sportful fire,  
 And that fomented into serious love;  
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves 350  
 Through all the heights of fondness and romance;  
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,  
 If once you doubt whether you love or no.  
 The body wastes away; th' infected mind,  
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets 355  
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.  
 Sweet heaven, from such intoxicating charms  
 Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem  
 Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.  
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk 360  
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,  
 Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds  
 A gay, humane, and amiable grace,  
 And brightens all the ornaments of man.  
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd 365  
 With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,  
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond,  
 Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.  
 And some have died for love; and some run mad;  
 And some with desperate hand themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,  
 A mad devotion to one dangerous fair,  
 Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate  
 The cares of Love amongst an hundred Brides.  
 Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find 375  
 A cure in this; there are who find it not.  
 'Tis no relief; alas! it rather galls  
 The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.  
 For while from feverish and tumultuous joys  
 The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides, 380  
 The tender fancy smarts with every sting,

And what was love before is madness now.  
 Is health your care, or luxury your aim ?  
 Be temperate still, when nature bids, obey ;  
 Her wild, impatient sallies, bear no curb : 385  
 But when the prurient habit of delight,  
 Or loose imagination, spurs you on  
 To deeds above your strength, impute it not  
 To nature : Nature all compulsion hates.  
 Ah ! let not luxury nor vain renown 390  
 Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;  
 To make what should be rapture a fatigue,  
 A tedious task : nor in the wanton arms  
 Of twining Lais melt your manhood down.  
 For from the colliquation of soft joys 395  
 How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you were !  
 Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;  
 Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.  
 Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood  
 Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves  
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake) 401  
 A subtle Fiend, that mimics all the plagues,  
 Rapid and restless springs from part to part.  
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ;  
 Your vigour pines ; your vital powers decay ; 405  
 Diseases haunt you ; and untimely Age  
 Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent and lewd.  
 Infatuate, impious epicure ! to waste  
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health !  
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade, 410  
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with Love or in lascivious flames  
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone :  
 He chuses to be wretched, to be mad ;  
 And warn'd proceeds, and wilful, to his fate. 415  
 But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway  
 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,  
 And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy.  
 For pale and trembling, Anger rushes in,  
 With falt'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;  
 Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas, 421  
 Desperate, and arm'd with more than human strength.  
 How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man  
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !  
 Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,  
 Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,

Slowly descends and ling'ring to the shades.  
 But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,  
 At once, and rushes apopleptic down ;  
 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell. 430  
 For, as the body, through unnumber'd strings,  
 Reverberates each vibration of the Soul ;  
 As is the Passion, such is still the Pain  
 The body feels ; or chronic, or acute.  
 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers 435  
 The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.  
 Such Fates attend the Rash alarm of Fear,  
 And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous fit  
 Is Health, and only fills the sails of life. 440  
 For where the mind a torpid winter leads,  
 Wrapt in a Body corpulent and cold,  
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;  
 A generous sally spurs th' incumbent load,  
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow. 445  
 But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,  
 Or are your nerves too irritably strung,  
 Wave all dispute ; be cautious if you joke ;  
 Keep Lent for ever ; and forswear the Bowl.  
 For one rash moment sends you to the shades, 450  
 Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,  
 And gives to horror all your days to come.  
 Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,  
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,  
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour, 455  
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible  
 As your own Wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While Choler works, good friend, you may be wrong ;  
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight. 460  
 'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave ;  
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.  
 But calm advice against a raging fit  
 Avails too little ; and it tries the power  
 Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,  
 To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb, 465  
 And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,  
 You reason well, see as you ought to see,  
 And wonder at the madness of mankind :  
 Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget  
 The speculation of your wiser hours. 470

Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,  
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow :  
 With all that urge or lure us on to Fate :  
 What refuge shall we seek ? what arms prepare ?  
 Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles  
 To cope with subtle or impetuous powers, 476  
 I would invoke new Passions to your aid :  
 With Indignation would extinguish Fear,  
 With Fear or generous Pity, vanquish Rage,  
 And Love with Pride ; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast ;  
 Bids every Passion revel or be still ;  
 Inspires with Rage, or all your Cares dissolves ;  
 Can soothe Distraction, and almost Despair. 485  
 That power is Music : Far beyond the stretch  
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage :  
 Those clumsy Heroes, those fat-headed Gods,  
 Who move no Passion justly but Contempt ;  
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong !)  
 Do wond'rous fates, but never heard of grace. 490  
 The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts ;  
 Good heaven ! we praise them : we, with loudest peals,  
 Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ;  
 And, with insipid shew of rapture, die  
 Of idiot notes impertinently long. 495  
 But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,  
 A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire ;  
 Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,  
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;  
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain, 500  
 In Love dissolves you : now in sprightly strains  
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;  
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;  
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.  
 Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old  
 Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul. 506  
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,  
 The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,  
 And tam'd the savage nations with a song :  
 And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,  
 Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep :  
 Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,  
 And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.  
 Music exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,

Expels Diseases, softens every Pain,  
Subdues the Rage of Poison, and the Plague;  
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd  
One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

515

THE END.





THE  
MINSTREL ;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

A POEM

IN TWO BOOKS.

—\*—  
BY JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.  
—\*—

Nor fear lest genuine poesy expire,  
While tuneful Beattie wakes old Spenser's lyre ;  
His sympathetic lay his soul reveals,  
And paints the perfect bard from what he feels.

H. MORE'S SENSIBILITY.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts,  
The infant year to hail ;  
I send you more than India boasts,  
In Edwin's simple tale.

BURNS.



## P R E F A C E.

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**T**HE design was, to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as A MINSTREL, that is, as an itinerant Poet and Musician;....a character which, according to the notions of our fore-fathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavoured to imitate SPENSER in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety, of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed

## PREFACE.

to suit the subject: but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked, of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true, only when the poetry is faulty in other respects.

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# *The Minstrel,*

## A POEM.

Me vero, primum, dulces, ante omnia, Musae,  
Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus amore,  
Accipiant. VIRG.



## BOOK I.

### I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;  
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;  
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,  
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,  
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

### II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days  
Not equally oppressive is to all.  
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,  
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.  
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,  
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame;  
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall  
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim  
Had HE, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

## III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;  
 Nor need I here describe in learned lay,  
 How forth the MINSTREL fared in days of yore,  
 Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;  
 His waving locks and beard all hoary grey :  
 While from his bending shoulder, decent hung  
 His harp, the sole companion of his way,  
 Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :  
 And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

## IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,  
 That a poor Villager inspires my strain ;  
 With thee let Pageantry and Power abide :  
 The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign :  
 Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain  
 Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.  
 They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,  
 The parasite their influence never warms,  
 Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

## V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,  
 Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.  
 Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,  
 While warbling larks on russet pinions float :  
 Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,  
 Where the gay linnets carol from the hill.  
 O let them ne'er, with artificial note,  
 To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,  
 But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

## VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;  
 Nor was perfection made for man below.  
 Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,  
 Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.  
 With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow ;  
 If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;  
 There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;  
 Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,  
 And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

## VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse  
 Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;  
 Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse  
 Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.  
 Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.  
 Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined ?  
 No ; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,  
 To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;  
 Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

## VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul  
 In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,  
 On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,  
 Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen ;  
 Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,  
 Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,  
 (The mansion then no more of joy serene),  
 Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,  
 And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

## IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
 Of Charms which Nature to her votary yields !  
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;  
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
 And all that echoes to the song of even,  
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,  
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

## X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,  
 And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.  
 But these, thou must renounce, if lust of wealth  
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :  
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;  
 Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,  
 The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,  
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream.  
 Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

## XI.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,  
 A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;  
 Whose sires perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,  
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;  
 But he, I ween, was of the north countrie \* ;  
 A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;  
 Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;  
 Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;  
 Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

## XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,  
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;  
 The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;  
 An honest heart was almost all his stock ;  
 His drink the living water from the rock :  
 The milky dams supplied his board, and lent  
 Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;  
 And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,  
 Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er they went.

## XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment springs.  
 Contentment opes the source of every joy.  
 He envied not, he never thought of, kings ;  
 Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,  
 That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :  
 Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;  
 He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,  
 For on his vows the blameless Phoebe smiled,  
 And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

## IV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er cast,  
 Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;  
 Each season look'd delightful, as it past,  
 To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.  
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life  
 They never roam'd ; secure beneath the storm  
 Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,  
 Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm  
 Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

\* There is hardly an ancient ballad, or romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised, by way of eminence, to have been "*of the north countrie.*" It is

## XV.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,  
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair.  
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold :  
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,  
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare.  
 You guess each circumstance of EDWIN'S birth ;  
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;  
 The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ;  
 And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

## XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;  
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.  
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,  
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.  
 Silent, when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;  
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;  
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.  
 The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :  
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him  
 mad.

## XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?  
 Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;  
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray  
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped ;  
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head ;  
 Or, where the maize of some bewilder'd stream  
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,  
 There would he wander wild, till Phoebus' beam,  
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

## XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,  
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.  
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed  
 To work the wo of any living thing,  
 By trap, or net ; by arrow or by sling ;  
 These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield :  
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,  
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.  
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

probable, that under this appellation were formerly com-  
 prehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent. See  
*Percy's Essays on the English Minstrel's.*

## XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves  
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;  
 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,  
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine :  
 While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,  
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.  
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign  
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?  
 Ah! no : he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

## XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,  
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,  
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,  
 And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn ;  
 Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,  
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;  
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,  
 And villager abroad at early toil.  
 But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

## XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,  
 When all in mist the world below was lost.  
 What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,  
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,  
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost  
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,  
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!  
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,  
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

## XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,  
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.  
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight :  
 Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene  
 The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene\*  
 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul :  
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,  
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,  
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

\* Brightness, splendour. The word is used by some late writers, as well as by Milton.

## XXIII.

" O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom !"  
 (The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)  
 " Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,  
 " Of late so grateful in the hour of drought !  
 " Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought  
 " To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake ?  
 " Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ?  
 " For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,  
 " And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

## XXIV.

" Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,  
 " And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd !  
 " Ah ! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,  
 " Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd ;  
 " Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound.  
 " The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.  
 " And, hark ! the river, bursting every mound,  
 " Down the vale thunders ; and with wasteful sway  
 " Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

## XXV.

" Yet such the destiny of all on earth :  
 " So flourishes and fades majestic man.  
 " Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,  
 " And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.  
 " O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,  
 " Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,  
 " Nor lessen of his life the little span.  
 " Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,  
 " Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

## XXVI.

" And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,  
 " Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.  
 " But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,  
 " Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.  
 " Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return ?  
 " Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed ?  
 " Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,  
 " And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,  
 " Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

## XXVII.

" Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,  
 " When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?  
 " Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
 " Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?  
 " Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive  
 " With disappointment, penury, and pain ?  
 " No : Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive ;  
 " And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
 " Bright thro' th' eternal year of love's triumphant reign."

## XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.  
 In sooth 't was almost all the shepherd knew.  
 No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,  
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.  
 " Let man's own sphere (said he) confine his view,  
 " Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."  
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew  
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,  
 By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

## XXIX.

" And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,  
 " O never, never turn away thine ear !  
 " Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,  
 " Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear !  
 " To others do (the law is not severe)  
 " What to thyself thou wishest to be done.  
 " Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,  
 " And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;  
 " All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own."

## XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,  
 The visionary boy from shelter fly !  
 For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,  
 And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.  
 And, lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,  
 The rainbow brightens to the setting sun !  
 Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,  
 How vain the chace thine ardor has begun !  
 'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

## XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,  
 When pleasure, wealth, or power the bosom warm,  
 This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,  
 And Disappointment of her sting disarm.  
 But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?  
 Perish the lore that deadens young desire !  
 Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,  
 Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire :  
 Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

## XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar  
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,  
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,  
 Lingering and listening wander'd down the vale.  
 There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale ;  
 And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,  
 And drag a length of clanking chain and wail,  
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,  
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

## XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,  
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,  
 To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,  
 Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep ;  
 And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep  
 A vision brought to his entranced sight.  
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep  
 Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers bright,  
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

## XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch  
 Arose ; the trumpet bids the valves unfold ;  
 And forth an host of little warriors march,  
 Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.  
 Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,  
 And green their helms, and green their silk attire ;  
 And here and there, right venerably old,  
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,  
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

## XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,  
 A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;  
 The little warriors doff the targe and spear,  
 And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.  
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance ;  
 To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze ;  
 Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance  
 Rapid along : with many-colour'd rays  
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

## XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,  
 Who scard'st the vision with thy clarion shrill,  
 Fell chanticleer ! who oft hast reft away  
 My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !  
 O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,  
 Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear :  
 Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,  
 Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,  
 And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

## XXXVII.

Forbear my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.  
 Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.  
 For how should he at wicked chance repine,  
 Who feels from every change amusement flow ?  
 Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,  
 As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,  
 Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,  
 Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,  
 ▲ thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

## XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;  
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;  
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

## XXXIX.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;  
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;  
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;  
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;  
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

## XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme ;  
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !  
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,  
 To sing thy glories with devotion due !  
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,  
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;  
 And held high converse with the godlike few,  
 Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,  
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

## XLI.

Hence ! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,  
 Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !  
 Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,  
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,  
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !  
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime  
 First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse should deign,  
 (Though loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme),  
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

## XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,  
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !  
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,  
 Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.  
 O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,  
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide ;  
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth ;  
 For well I know, where-ever ye reside,  
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

## XLIII.

Ah me ! neglected on the lonesome plain,  
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,  
 Save when against the winter's drenching rain,  
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door,  
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,  
 Her legend when the Beldame 'gan impart,  
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,  
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart ;  
 Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

## XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;  
 And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd ;  
 Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,  
 And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid ;  
 The moon-light revel of the fairy glade ;  
 Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,  
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade\*,  
 'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,  
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

## XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,  
 A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,  
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,  
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.  
 O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce  
 That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone ?  
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,  
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan  
 Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

## XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn†,  
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.  
 Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,  
 Folded in one another's arms they lie ;  
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :  
 " For from the town, the man returns no more."  
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance darrest defy,  
 This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,  
 When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy  
 store.

\* Allusion to *Shakespeare*.

*Macbeth*. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,  
 What is't you do ?

*Witches*. A deed without a name. *Macbeth*, Act IV, Scene I.

† See the fine old ballad, called, *The Children in the Wood*.

## XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy  
 Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,  
 " But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,  
 " And Innocence thus die by doom severe ?"  
 O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,  
 Th' assaults of discontent and doubt rebel :  
 Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere ;  
 But let us hope ; to doubt is to rebel ;  
 Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

## XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,  
 Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;  
 From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,  
 This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.  
 But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven  
 To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :  
 Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,  
 Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,  
 But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

## XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,  
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,  
 Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage  
 Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,  
 If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,  
 If but a momentary shower descend !  
 Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,  
 Which bade the series of events extend  
 Wide through unnumber'd worlds and ages without end ?

## L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan  
 Through the dark medium of life' feverish dream ;  
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,  
 If but that little part incongruous seem.  
 Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;  
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.  
 O then renounce that impious self-esteem,  
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies ;  
 For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise,

## LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.  
 For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar  
 On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;  
 Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore  
 Through microscope of metaphysic lore :  
 And much they grope for truth, but never hit.  
 For why ? their powers, inadequate before,  
 This idle art makes more and more unfit ;  
 Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit.

## LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.  
 Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device  
 Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth ;  
 Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice  
 To purchase chat or laughter, at the price  
 Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,  
 That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.  
 Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,  
 Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

## LIII.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,  
 He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view  
 The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave  
 High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue :  
 Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new  
 Fancy a thousand wond'rous forms describes  
 More wildly great than ever pencil drew,  
 Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,  
 And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

## LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,  
 The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,  
 Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar  
 Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array  
 When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal day.  
 Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,  
 Along the trembling wilderness to stray,  
 What time the lightning's fierce career began,  
 And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

## LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all  
 In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,  
 Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall.  
 From the rude gambol far remote reclined,  
 Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.  
 Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.  
 To the puré soul by Fancy's fire refined,  
 Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,  
 When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy.

## LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?  
 Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!  
 Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt  
 Of solitude and melancholy born?  
 He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.  
 The sophist's robe of cobweb he shall twine;  
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,  
 And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;  
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

## LVII.

For Edwin fate a nobler doom had plann'd;  
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit.  
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,  
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.  
 His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:  
 Of elegance as yet he took no care;  
 For this of time and culture is the fruit;  
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:  
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

## LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,  
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea or sky,  
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,  
 He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.  
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply  
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,  
 Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.  
 At last, though long by penury control'd,  
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

## LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,  
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,  
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,  
 And in their northern cave the storms are bound ;  
 From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,  
 Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,  
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd ;  
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;  
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow\*.

## LX.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.  
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.  
 But on this verse if MONTAGU should smile,  
 New strains ere long shall animate thy frame.  
 And her applause to me is more than fame ;  
 For still with truth accords her taste refined.  
 At lucre or renown let others aim,  
 I only wish to please the gentle mind,  
 Whom nature's charms inspire, and love of humankind.

\* Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers. *Scheffer's History of Lapland*, p. 16.

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## BOOK II.

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### I.

**O**F chance or change O let not man complain,  
Else shall he never, never cease to wail ;  
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain  
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,  
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale ;  
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;  
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,  
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,  
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd\*.

### II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,  
Nor search the ancient records of our race,  
To learn the dire effects of time and change,  
Which in ourselves, alas, we daily trace.  
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,  
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :  
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,  
Of condour, love, or sympathy divine,  
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

### III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,  
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,  
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand ;  
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye  
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,  
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;  
Where every face was innocent and gay,  
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,  
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

\* See *Plato's* Timeus.

## IV.

“ Perish the lore that deadens young desire”  
 Is the soft tenor of my song no more.  
 Edwin, though loved of heaven, must not aspire  
 To bliss, which mortals never knew before.  
 On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,  
 Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy :  
 But now and then the shades of life explore ;  
 Though many a sound and sight of wo annoy,  
 And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

## V.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.  
 The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,  
 Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;  
 But soon it withers in the chilling hour.  
 Mark yonder oaks ! Superior to the power  
 Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,  
 And from the stormy promontory tower,  
 And toss their giant arms amid the skies,  
 While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

## VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice  
 Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;  
 And walks of wider circuit were his choice,  
 And vales more mild, and mountains more sublime.  
 One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,  
 It was his chance to wander far abroad,  
 And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,  
 Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;  
 A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

## VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.  
 For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,  
 Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,  
 Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.  
 Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,  
 Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made :  
 And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,  
 Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd  
 Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

## VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see  
 The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,  
 And, here and there, a solitary tree,  
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.  
 Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound  
 Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;  
 And from the summit of that craggy mound  
 The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,  
 Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

## IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread  
 Its flowry bosom to the noonday beam,  
 Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,  
 And herbs for food with future plenty teem.  
 Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,  
 Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :  
 He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,  
 Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;  
 When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

## X.

“ Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,  
 “ And woo the weary to profound repose ;  
 “ Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,  
 “ And whisper comfort to the man of woes !  
 “ Here innocence may wander, safe from foes,  
 “ And contemplation soar on seraph wings.  
 “ O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,  
 “ When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,  
 “ Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

## XI.

“ Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?  
 “ Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :  
 “ To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire !  
 “ It is thy weakness that requires their aid :  
 “ To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd ?  
 “ They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :  
 “ To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?  
 “ Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !  
 “ Behold, what deeds of wo the locust can perform !

## XII.

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind  
 " Virtue has raised above the things below ;  
 " Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,  
 " Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow."  
 This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow,  
 In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star ;  
 And from embattled clouds emerging slow  
 Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;  
 And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

## XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew ;  
 (While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)  
 " Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,  
 " Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good !  
 " Ye only can engage the servile brood  
 " Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,  
 " Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd,  
 " And hug'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze  
 " Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

## XIV.

" Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,  
 " I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;  
 " And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,  
 " Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;  
 " So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.  
 " But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue  
 " Those years of trouble and debasement vile.  
 " Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue ?  
 " Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view.

## XV.

" The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,  
 " And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,  
 " Henceforth, no earthly hope with heaven shall share  
 " This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.  
 " And if for me no treasure be amass'd,  
 " And if no future age shall hear my name,  
 " I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,  
 " And with more leisure feed this pious flame,  
 " Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hope of fame.

## XVI.

- “ The end and the reward of toil is rest.  
“ Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.  
“ Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,  
“ Who ever felt his weight of wo decrease !  
“ Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,  
“ The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string  
“ The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,  
“ All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,  
“ If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

## XVII.

- “ Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb  
“ With trophies, rhymes, and 'scutcheons of renown,  
“ In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,  
“ Where night and desolation ever frown.  
“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;  
“ Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
“ With here and there a violet bestrown,  
“ Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;  
“ And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

## XVIII.

- “ And thither let the village swain repair ;  
“ And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,  
“ To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,  
“ And celebrate the merry morn of May.  
“ There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day  
“ Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo ;  
“ And when mild Evening comes in mantle grey,  
“ Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;  
“ No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

## XIX.

- “ For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,  
“ And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,  
“ Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,  
“ Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn ;  
“ For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.  
“ O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,  
“ Whom nature's best divinest gifts adorn,  
“ Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,  
“ And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defiled !

## XX.

- " Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !  
 " What majesty attends Night's lovely queen !  
 " Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams ;  
 " And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,  
 " And all conspire to beautify the scene.  
 " But, in the mental world, what chaos drear !  
 " What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !  
 " O when shall that Eternal Morn appear,  
 " These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear !

## XXI.

- " O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,  
 " In all the pomp of beauty, life and light,  
 " Rose from th' abyss ; when dark Confusion, driven  
 " Down, down the bottomless profound of night,  
 " Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !  
 " O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,  
 " To blast the fury of oppressive might,  
 " Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,  
 " And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way."

## XXII.

- Silence ensued : and Edwin raised his eyes  
 In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.  
 " And is it thus in courtly life (he cries)  
 " That man to man acts a betrayer's part ?  
 " And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,  
 " Each social instinct, and sublime desire ?  
 " Hail poverty ! if honour, wealth, and art,  
 " If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,  
 " Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire !

## XXIII.

- He said, and turn'd away ; nor did the Sage  
 O'erhear, in silent orison's employ'd.  
 The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,  
 Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd :  
 For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;  
 The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills \* ;  
 Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd ;  
 A soothing murmur the lone region fills,  
 Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

\* How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.

## XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew.  
 The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.  
 Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue ;  
 For man he seem'd to love, and heaven to fear ;  
 And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.  
 " Yet, can man's gentle heart become so fell !  
 " No more in vain conjecture let me wear  
 " My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell ;  
 " 'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

## XXV.

At early dawn the Youth his journey took,  
 And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,  
 Then reach'd the wild ; where, in a flowery Nook,  
 And seated on a mossy stone, he spied  
 An ancient man : his harp lay him beside.  
 A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,  
 And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied  
 A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,  
 And hung his lofty neck with many a flowret small.

## XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw  
 The wanderer approaching : innocence  
 Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe  
 Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.  
 " Who art thou, courteous stranger ? and from whence ?  
 " Why roam thy steps to this sequester'd dale ?"  
 " A shepherd-boy (the Youth replied) far hence  
 " My habitation ; hear my artless tale ;  
 " Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

## XXVII.

" Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,  
 " I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound ;  
 " And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,  
 " Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,  
 " (For in thy speech I recognize the sound.)  
 " You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,  
 " And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,  
 " Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,  
 " Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

## XXVIII.

- " But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,  
 " Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul?  
 " Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,  
 " Can selfishness the liberal heart controul?  
 " Is glory there achiev'd by arts as foul  
 " As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?  
 " Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tygers prowl;  
 " Love is the Godlike attribute of man.  
 " O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

## XXIX.

- " Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,  
 " And give me back the calm contented mind;  
 " Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame,  
 " Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,  
 " Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.  
 " Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still  
 " Well pleas'd with all, but most with human kind;  
 " When fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will.  
 " Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

## XXX.

- " Wouldst thou (the sage replied) in peace return  
 " To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,  
 " Leave me to hide in this remote sojourn,  
 " From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:  
 " For if my desultory strain with ruth  
 " And indignation make thine eye o'erflow,  
 " Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,  
 " Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know.  
 " Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to wo.

## XXXI.

- " But let untender thoughts afar be driven;  
 " Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.  
 " For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,  
 " The voice of The Eternal said, Be free:  
 " And this divine prerogative to thee  
 " Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey:  
 " For virtue is the child of liberty,  
 " And happiness of virtue; nor can they  
 " Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

## XXXII.

" Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,  
 " Which else might thy young virtue overpower  
 " And in thy converse I shall find relief,  
 " When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;  
 " For solitude has many a dreary hour,  
 " Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain :  
 " Come often then ; for, haply, in my bower,  
 " Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain :  
 " If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

## XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze  
 The Muse of history unrolls her page ;  
 But few, alas ! the scenes her art displays,  
 To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.  
 Here Chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,  
 And straight their flames with ten-fold fierceness burn :  
 Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,  
 But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,  
 And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd urn.

## XXXIV.

" Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,  
 " Where ruin's gulph unfathom'd yawns beneath !  
 " Shall life, shall liberty be lost, (he said)  
 " For the vain toys that Pomp and Power bequeath !  
 " The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,  
 " Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave ;  
 " No note the clarion of Renown can breathe,  
 " T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,  
 " Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'erwhelming wave.

## XXXV.

" Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs,  
 " That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel !  
 " Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,  
 " Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with steel !  
 " To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,  
 " Heroes, alas ! are things of small concern ;  
 " Could History man's secret heart reveal,  
 " And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,  
 " Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn !

## XXXVI.

" This praise, O Cheronean Sage\*, is thine.  
 " (Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)  
 " All else from Nature's moral path decline,  
 " Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;  
 " To herd in cabinets and camps, among  
 " Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;  
 " Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,  
 " How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,  
 " Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

## XXXVII.

" O who of man the story will unfold,  
 " Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,  
 " In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)  
 " The age of love, and innocence, and joy,  
 " When all were great and free! man's sole employ  
 " To deck the bosom of his parent earth;  
 " Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,  
 " To aid the flowret's long-expected birth,  
 " And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

## XXXVIII.

" Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,  
 " Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,  
 " Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,  
 " His eye still smiling, and his heart content.  
 " Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour went,  
 " Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.  
 " None prow'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent.  
 " To all an equal lot heaven's bounty gave:  
 " No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

## XXXIX.

" But ah! th' Historic Muse has never dared  
 " To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam  
 " Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptured Bard,  
 " That paints the charms of that delicious theme.  
 " Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream  
 " That weans the weary soul from guilt and wo!  
 " Careless what others of my choice may deem,  
 " I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,  
 " And meditate on heaven; enough of earth I know."

\* Plutarch.

## XL.

" I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)  
 " For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.  
 " And yet, even there, if left without a guide,  
 " The young adventurer unsafely plays.  
 " Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays  
 " In modest Truth nor light nor beauty find.  
 " And who, my child, would trust the meteor blaze,  
 " That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,  
 " More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined ?

## XLI.

" Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,  
 " And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :  
 " To joy each heightening charm it can impart,  
 " But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.  
 " And often, where no real ills affright,  
 " Its visionary fiends, an endless train,  
 " Assail with equal or superior might,  
 " And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,  
 " And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal  
 pain.

## XLII.

" And yet, alas ! the real ills of life  
 " Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,  
 " Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,  
 " It's guide Experience, and Truth its guard.  
 " We fare on earth as other men have fared.  
 " Were they successful ? Let not us despair.  
 " Was disappointment oft their sole reward ?  
 " Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,  
 " How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to bear.

## XLIII.

" What charms th' Historic Muse adorn, from spoils,  
 " And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,  
 " To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils  
 " Sacred to science, liberty, and right,  
 " And peace, through every age divinely bright  
 " Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind !  
 " Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,  
 " A lovelier scene than Virtue thus enshrined  
 " In power, and man with man for mutual aid combined ?

## XLIV.

- " Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd !  
 " Hail sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain'd !  
 " Without you what were man ? A grovelling herd  
 " In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.  
 " Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd  
 " In arts unrivall'd : O, to latest days,  
 " In Albion may your influence unprofaned  
 " To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,  
 " And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the Poet's lays !

## XLV.

- " But now let other themes our care engage.  
 " For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,  
 " To curb Imagination's lawless rage,  
 " And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,  
 " Philosophy appears. The gloomy race  
 " By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,  
 " Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,  
 " And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,  
 " While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

## XLVI.

- " Then waken from long lethargy to life\*  
 " The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought ;  
 " Then jarring appetites forego their strife,  
 " A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.  
 " Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought  
 " With fell revènge, lust that defies controul  
 " With gluttony and death. The mind untaught  
 " Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;  
 " As Phoebus to the world, is Science to the soul.

## XLVII.

- " And Reason now through Number, Time, and Space,  
 " Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,  
 " And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,  
 " Whose long progression leads to Deity.  
 " Can mortal strength presume to soar so high !  
 " Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,  
 " Such glory bear !....for lo, the shadows fly  
 " From nature's face ; Confusion disappears,  
 " And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

\* The influence of the Philosophic Spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure ; ....in exploring, by the help of geometry, the

## XLVIII.

" In the deep windings of the grove, no more  
 " The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell ;  
 " Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar  
 " Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell ;  
 " No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,  
 " Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;  
 " Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,  
 " To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,  
 " Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

## XLIX.

" Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,  
 " Stun'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,  
 " Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,  
 " And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves  
 " Of Heaven his wretched fare : shivering in caves,  
 " Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day ;  
 " But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves  
 " The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,  
 " And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

## L.

" And even where Nature loads the teeming plain  
 " With the full pomp of vegetable store,  
 " Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane :  
 " Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,  
 " Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore  
 " Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;  
 " For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,  
 " Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,  
 " Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

## LI.

" 'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame  
 " The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.  
 " Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,  
 " Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.  
 " The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,  
 " Bring health and melody to every vale :  
 " And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,  
 " Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,  
 " To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

system of the universe ;....in banishing superstition ;....in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science :....from Stanza XLVI. to Stanza LVI.

## LII.

" What dire necessities on every hand  
 " Our art, our strength, our fortitude require !  
 " Of foes intestine what a numerous band  
 " Against this little throb of life conspire !  
 " Yet Science can elude their fatal ire  
 " A while, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,  
 " Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,  
 " And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,  
 " And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

## LIII.

" Nor less to regulate man's moral frame  
 " Science exerts her all-composing sway.  
 " Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,  
 " Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,  
 " Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?  
 " Flee to the shade of Academus' grove ;  
 " Where cares molest not, discord melts away  
 " In harmony, and the pure passions prove  
 " How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips of  
     Love.

## LIV.

" What cannot Art and Industry perform,  
 " When Science plans the progress of their toil !  
 " They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;  
 " And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.  
 " When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil  
 " A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage  
 " Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,  
 " Deep-versed in man the philosophic Sage  
 " Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

## LV.

" 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,  
 " From situation, temper, soil, and clime  
 " Explored, a nation's various powers can bind  
 " And various orders, in one Form sublime  
 " Of policy, that, midst the wrecks of time,  
 " Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear  
 " Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,  
 " While public faith, and public love sincere,  
 " And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe."

## LVI.

Enraptured by the Hermit's strain, the Youth  
 Proceeds the path of Science to explore.  
 And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,  
 New energies, and charms unknown before,  
 His mind discloses : Fancy now no more  
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies ;  
 But fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,  
 Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,  
 Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

## LVII.

Nor love of Novelty alone inspires,  
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan :  
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,  
 And of the services man owes to man,  
 He meditates new arts on Nature's plan ;  
 The cold desponding breath of Sloth to warm,  
 The flame of Industry and Genius fan,  
 And Emulation's noble rage alarm,  
 And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

## LVIII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,  
 And all his dreams and all his wanderings shared  
 And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,  
 Still claim th' Enthusiast's fond and first regard.  
 From Nature's beauties variously compared  
 And variously combined, he learns to frame  
 Those forms of bright perfection\*, which the Bard,  
 While boundless hope and boundless views inflame,  
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

## LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,  
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,  
 Through ardour to adorn ; but Nature now  
 To his experienced eye a modest grace  
 Presents, where Ornament the second place  
 Holds to intrinsic worth and just design  
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace  
 Tempers his rage : he owns her charm divine,  
 And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldy line.

\* General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and in poetry. See *Aristotle's Poetics*, and the *Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

## LX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)  
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,  
 When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains\*  
 His deep majestic melody 'gan roll :  
 Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,  
 How the red current throb'd his veins along,  
 When like Pelides, bold beyond controul,  
 Without art graceful, without effort strong,  
 Homer raised high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous song.

## LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,  
 Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,  
 Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,  
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,  
 I fain would sing—but ah ! I strive in vain.  
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound,  
 With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,  
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,  
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death resound.

## LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,  
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind !  
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,  
 He, whom each virtue fired, each glance refined,  
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind ! †  
 He sleeps in dust. Ah, how should I presume  
 My theme ! To heart-consuming grief resign'd  
 Here on his recent grave I fix my view,  
 And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays adieu !

## LXIII.

Art thou, my GREGORY, forever fled ?  
 And am I left to unavailing wo ?  
 When fortune's storms assail this weary head,  
 Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,  
 Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go ?  
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers ;  
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,  
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears  
 'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh my tears.

\* Virgil.

† This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of this poem was written a few days after.

---

## *The Hermit.*

(BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MINSTREL.)

**A**T the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :  
'Twas thus, by the cave of a mountain afar,  
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began ;  
No more with himself or with nature at war,  
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a man.

“ Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo,  
“ Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?  
“ For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
“ And Sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.  
“ But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
“ Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee mourn ;  
“ O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :  
“ Full quickly they pass—but they never return,

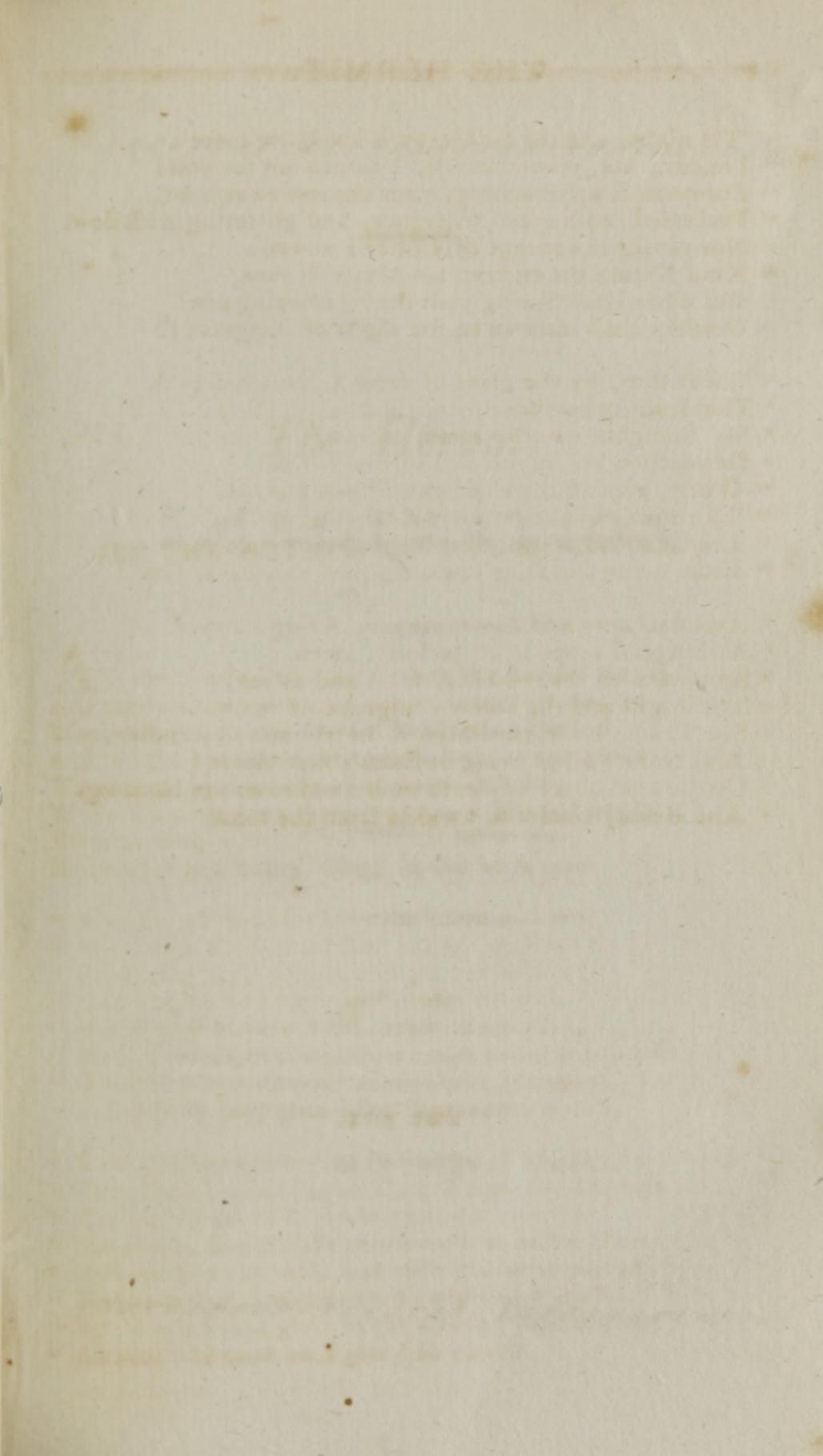
“ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
“ The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :  
“ But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
“ She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
“ Roll on thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
“ The path that conducts thee to splendor again.  
“ But Man's faded glory what change shall renew !  
“ Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;  
 " I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;  
 " For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
 " Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.  
 " Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;  
 " Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.  
 " But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn !  
 " O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !"

" 'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,  
 " That leads to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;  
 " My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
 " Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
 " O pity, great Father of light," then I cry'd,  
 " Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee !  
 " Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :  
 " From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

" And darkness and doubt are now flying away.  
 " No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
 " So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 " The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 " See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,  
 " And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !  
 " On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,  
 " And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb.'

THE END.



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PLASMAS

OF

IMAGINATION

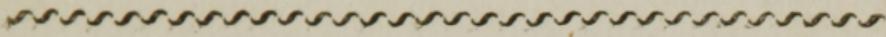
1871

IN THREE VOLUMES

BY DR. ARNOLD

And that was said, when to our first object  
The general history of the world  
The world's history is now written  
And to history we are now

London: Printed and Sold by D. Colver

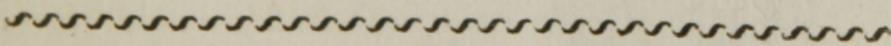


THE  
PLEASURES  
OF  
IMAGINATION;  
A POEM  
IN THREE BOOKS.

—\*—  
BY DR. AKENSIDE.  
—\*—

And *that sweet bard*, who to our fancy brings  
“The gayest, happiest attitudes of things,”  
His *raptur'd verse* can throw neglected by,  
And to *Lucretius* lift a reverend eye.

*Murphy's Poet. Epist. to Dr. Johnson.*





T H E

## D E S I G N.

**T**H E R E are certain powers in human nature which seem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily sense and the faculties of moral perception.—They have been called by a very general name, *The Powers of Imagination*. Like the external senses they relate to matter and motion ; and at the same time, give the mind ideas analogous to those of moral approbation and dislike. As they are the inlets of some of the most exquisite pleasures we are acquainted with, men of warm and sensible tempers have sought means to recall the delightful perceptions they afford, independent of the objects which originally produced them. This gave rise to the imitative or designing arts ; some of which, like painting and sculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature ; others, like music and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by signs universally established and understood.

But these arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were naturally led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers ; especially poetry, which making use of language as the instrument by which it imi-

tates, is consequently become an unlimited representative of every species and mode of being. Yet as their primary intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character, and all the different pleasures they excite, are termed, in general, *Pleasures of Imagination*.

The design of the following poem is to give a view of these, in the largest acceptation of the term; so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind which are here established and explained.

In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the imagination from our other faculties; and then to characterise those original forms or properties of being about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty; and into these we may analyse every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides this, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a similar exhibition of properties quite foreign to the imagination; insomuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses,

or truths discovered to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or, above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify these different species of pleasure; especially that from the passions, which, as it is supreme in the noblest works of human genius, so, being in some particulars not a little surprising, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing a piece of machinery to account for the appearance.

After these parts of the subject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and interest the mind, a pleasure of a very different nature, that from ridicule, came next to be considered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration, and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of stile became necessary; such a one as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject; nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and pointed raillery of professed satire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illustrate some particular pleasures which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first kind is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material, and

immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early associations of our ideas, and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects described. Then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and the secondary pleasure, as it is called, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which the design is closed with some reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models; that ancient and simple one of the first Grecian poets as it is refined by Virgil in the Georgics; and the familiar epistolary way of Horace. This latter has several advantages. It admits of a greater variety of stile; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation; and, especially with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure formed to it alone. Yet after all, the subject before us, tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured stile. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was, not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge

and harmonize the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to the same dignity of taste in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is so careful to point out the benevolent intention of the author of nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on, and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the mere external objects of good taste; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the subject; but, since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves he makes no apology.

## ARGUMENT.

**T**HE subject proposed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men, with its final cause. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary pleasures of imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects—Colour, shape, natural concretes, vegetables, animals, the mind, the sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and moral faculty. Conclusion.

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THE

*Pleasures of Imagination.*

A POEM.

—♦—  
BOOK I.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame  
Of nature touches the consenting hearts  
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores  
Which beauteous imitation thence derives  
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil; 5  
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers  
Of musical delight! and while I sing  
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.  
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,  
Indulgent FANCY! from the fruitful banks 0  
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull  
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf  
Where SHAKESPEARE lies, be present; and with thee  
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings  
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air, 15  
Which by the glances of her magic eye,  
She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms  
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre  
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,  
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend, 20  
And join this festive train? for with thee comes  
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,

Majestic Truth ; and where truth deigns to come,  
 Her sister Liberty will not be far.  
 Be present all ye Genii who conduct 25  
 The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard,  
 New to your springs and shades ; who touch his ear  
 With finer sounds ; who heighten to his eye  
 The bloom of nature, and before him turn  
 The gayest, happiest attitudes of things. 30

Oft have the laws of each poetic strain  
 The critic verse employ'd ; yet still unsung  
 Lay this prime subject, though importing most  
 A poet's name ; for fruitless is the attempt,  
 By dull obedience and the curb of rules, 35  
 For creeping toil to climb the hard ascent  
 Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath  
 Must fire the chosen genius ; nature's hand  
 Must point the path, and imp his eagle wings  
 Exulting o'er the painful steep to soar 40  
 High as the summit ; there to breathe at large  
 Æthereal air ; with bards and sages old,  
 Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes  
 To this neglected labour court my song ?  
 Yet not unconsious what a doubtful task 45  
 To paint the finest features of the mind,  
 And to most subtle and mysterious things  
 Give colour, strength and motion. But the love  
 Of nature and the muses bid explore,  
 Thro' secret paths, erewhile untrod by man, 50  
 The fair poetic region, to detect  
 Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,  
 And shade my temples with unfading flowers  
 Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,  
 Where never poet gain'd a wreath before. 55

From heav'n my strains begin ; from heav'n descends  
 The flame of genius to the human breast,  
 And love and beauty, and poetic joy  
 And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun  
 Sprung from the east, or 'mid the vault of night 60  
 The moon suspended her serener lamp ;  
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe ;  
 Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore ;  
 Then liv'd the eternal *One* ; then deep retir'd  
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd at large 65  
 The uncreated images of things ;

The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,  
 The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling globe,  
 And wisdom's form celestial. From the first  
 Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd, 70  
 His admiration ; till in time complete,  
 What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile  
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath  
 Of life informing each organic frame,  
 Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ; 75  
 Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;  
 And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,  
 And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye  
 Is this great scene unveil'd. For, since the claims 80  
 Of social life, to different labours urge  
 The active powers of man—with wise intent  
 The hand of nature on peculiar minds  
 Imprints a different bias, and to each  
 Decees its province in the common toil. 85  
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,  
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,  
 The golden zones of heaven ; to some she gave  
 To weigh the moment of eternal things,  
 Of time and space, and fate's unbroken chain, 90  
 And will's quick impulse ; others by the hand  
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore  
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins  
 Of herbs and flowers ; or what the beams of morn  
 Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind 95  
 In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes  
 Were destin'd ; some within a finer mould  
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.  
 To these the sire omnipotent unfolds  
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read 100  
 The transcript of himself. On every part  
 They trace the bright impressions of his hand ;  
 In earth, or air, the meadows purple stores,  
 The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form  
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd 105  
 That uncreated beauty, which delights  
 The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,  
 Enamour'd ; they partake the eternal joy.

As Memnon's marble harp renown'd of old  
 By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch 110

Of Titan's rays, with each repulsive string  
 Consenting, sounded thro' the warbling air  
 Unbidden strains ; even so did nature's hand  
 To certain species of external things,  
 Attune the finer organs of the mind ; 115  
 So the glad impulse of congenial powers,  
 Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,  
 The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,  
 Thrills through imagination's tender frame,  
 From nerve to nerve ; all naked and alive 120  
 They catch the spreading rays ; till now the soul  
 At length discloses every tuneful spring,  
 To that harmonious movement from without,  
 Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain  
 Diffuses its enchantment ; fancy dreams 125  
 Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,  
 And vales of bliss ; the intellectual power  
 Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,  
 And smiles ; the passions gently sooth'd away,  
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130  
 Alone are waking ; love and joy serene  
 As airs that fan the summer. O, attend,  
 Who'er thou art whom these delights can touch,  
 Whose candid bosom the refining love  
 Of nature warms, O, listen to my song, 135  
 And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,  
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,  
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,  
 Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms 140  
 With love and admiration thus inflame  
 The powers of fancy, her delighted sons  
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd ;  
 Three sister graces, whom the painter's hand,  
 The poet's tongue confesses : The sublime, 145  
 The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn !  
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,  
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays  
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,  
 To lead the train of Phoebus and the spring. 150

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd  
 Amid the vast creation ; why ordained  
 Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,  
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;

- But that the omnipotent might send him forth 155  
 In sight of mortal and immortal powers,  
 As on a boundless theatre to run  
 The great career of justice ; to exalt  
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;  
 To shake each partial purpose from his breast ; 160  
 And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,  
 And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain  
 To hold his course unfalt'ring, while the voice  
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent  
 Of nature, calls him to his high reward, 165  
 The applauding smile of heaven? else wherefore burns,  
 In mortal bosoms, this unquenched hope  
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,  
 And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,  
 With such resistless ardour to embrace 170  
 Majestic forms ; impatient to be free,  
 Spurning the gross controul of wilful might ;  
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils ;  
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns  
 To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view, 175  
 Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?  
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye  
 Shoots round the wide horizon to survey  
 Nilus or Ganges rolling his broad tide  
 Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade, 180  
 And continents of sand ; will turn his gaze  
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill  
 That murmurs at his feet? The high born soul  
 Disdains to rest her heaven aspiring wing  
 Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth 185  
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft  
 Thro' fields of air ; pursues the flying storm ;  
 Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heavens ;  
 Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,  
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars 190  
 The blue profound, and hovering o'er the sun  
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream  
 Of light ; beholds his unrelenting sway  
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve  
 The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd 195  
 She darts her swiftness up the long career  
 Of devious comets ; thro' its burning signs  
 Exulting circles the perennial wheel  
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,  
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone, 200

Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views  
 The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,  
 Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode ;  
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light  
 Has travel'd the profound six thousand years 205  
 Nor yet arriv'd in sight of mortal things.  
 Even on the barriers of the world untir'd  
 She meditates the eternal depth below ;  
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep  
 She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallowed up 210  
 In the immense of being. There her hopes  
 Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth  
 Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,  
 That not in humble or in brief delight,  
 Not in the fading echoes of renown 215  
 Power's purple robes, or pleasure's flow'ry lap  
 The soul should find enjoyment ; but from these  
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,  
 Thro' all the ascent of things enlarge her view,  
 Till every bound at length should disappear, 220  
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high, capacious powers  
 Lie folded up in man ; how far beyond  
 The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth  
 Of nature to perfection half divine, 225  
 Expand the blooming soul ? What pity then  
 Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth  
 Her tender blossom ; choke the streams of life,  
 And blast her spring ! Far otherwise design'd  
 Almighty wisdom ; nature's happy cares 230  
 The obedient heart far otherwise incline.  
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown  
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power  
 To brisker measures ; witness the neglect  
 Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld 235  
 With transport once ; the fond, attentive gaze  
 Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal  
 Of age, commenting on prodigious things,  
 For such the bounteous providence of heaven,  
 In every breast implanting this desire 240  
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on  
 With unremitted labour to pursue  
 Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,  
 In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words  
 To paint its power ? For this the daring youth 245

Breaks from his weeping, mother's anxious arms,  
 In foreign climes to rove ; the pensive sage,  
 Heedless of sleep or midnight's harmful damp,  
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper ; and untir'd  
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250  
 The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,  
 From morn to eve ; unmindful of her form,  
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole  
 The wishes of the youth, when every maid  
 With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night 555  
 The village matron, round the blazing hearth,  
 Suspends the infant audience with her tales,  
 Breathing astonishment ! of witching rhymes,  
 And evil spirits ; of the death-bed call  
 To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260  
 The orphan's portion : of unquiet souls  
 Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt  
 Of deeds in life conceal'd ; of shapes that walk  
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave  
 The torch of hell around the murderer's bed. 265  
 At every solemn pause the crowd recoil,  
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd  
 With shivering sighs ; till eager for the event,  
 Around the beldam all erect they hang,  
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd. 270

But lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,  
 Where beauty, onward moving, claims the verse  
 Her charms inspire : the freely flowing verse  
 In thy immortal praise, O form divine,  
 Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, beauty, thee, 275  
 The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray  
 The mossy roofs adore ; thou, better sun !  
 For ever beamest on the enchanted heart  
 Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight  
 Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven ! 280  
 How shall I trace thy features ? where select  
 The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?  
 Hasten then, my song, thro' nature's wide expanse,  
 Hasten then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,  
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains, 285  
 Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,  
 To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly  
 With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,  
 And range with him th' Hesperian field, and see,  
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290

The branches shoot with gold ; where'er his step  
 Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters glow  
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill  
 As with the blushes of an evening sky.  
 Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume, 295  
 Where gliding thro' his daughter's honor'd shades,  
 The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood  
 Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene ?  
 Fair Tempe ! 'haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,  
 Of nymphs and fawns ; where in the golden age 300  
 They play'd in secret on the shady brink  
 With ancient Pan ; while round their choral steps  
 Young hours and genial gales with constant hand  
 Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews  
 And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store 305  
 To thee nor Tempe shall refuse ; nor watch  
 Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits  
 From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,  
 Thy smiling treasures to the green recess  
 Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs 310  
 Entice her forth to lend her angel form  
 For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn  
 Thy graceful footsteps ; hither, gentle maid,  
 Incline thy polish'd forehead ; let thy eyes  
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn ; 315  
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside  
 The radiant locks, dissolving as it bends  
 With airy softness from the marble neck,  
 The cheek fair blooming, and the rosy lip  
 Where winning smiles and pleasure sweet as love, 320  
 With sanctity and wisdom, temp'ring blend  
 Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force  
 Of nature, and her kind parental care,  
 Worthier I'd sing ; then all the enamour'd youth  
 With each admiring virgin, to my lyre 325  
 Should throng attentive, while I point on high  
 Where beauty's living image, like the morn  
 That wakes in zephyr's arms the blushing May,  
 Moves onward ; or as Venus, when she stood  
 Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd, 330  
 Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,  
 To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,  
 And each coerulean sister of the flood  
 With fond acclaim attend her o'er the waves,  
 To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band 335  
 Of youths and virgins, who, thro' all the maze

Of young desire, with rival steps pursue  
 This charm of beauty ; if the pleasing toil  
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn  
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words. 340  
 I do not mean to wake the gloomy form  
 Of superstition drest in wisdom's garb,  
 To damp your tender hopes ; I do not mean  
 To bid the jealous thund'rer fire the heaven  
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth 345  
 To fright you from your joys ; my cheerful song  
 With better omens calls you to the field,  
 Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chace,  
 And warm as you. Then tell me, for you know,  
 Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health 350  
 And active use are strangers ? Is her charm  
 Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends  
 Are lame and fruitless ? Or did nature mean  
 This awful stamp the herald of a lye ;  
 To hide the shame of discord and disease, 355  
 And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart  
 Of idle faith ? O no ! with better cares,  
 Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm  
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,  
 By this illustrious image, in each kind 360  
 Still more illustrious where the object holds  
 Its native powers most perfect, she by this  
 Illumes the headlong impulse of desire,  
 And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe  
 Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract 365  
 Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,  
 The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,  
 And every charm of animated things,  
 Are only pledges of a state sincere,  
 Th' integrity and order of their frame, 370  
 When all is well within, and every end  
 Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven  
 The lovely mistress of truth and good  
 In this dark world : for truth and good are one,  
 And beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375  
 With like precipitation. Wherefore then,  
 O sons of earth ! would you dissolve the tye ?  
 O wherefore, with a rash, imperfect aim,  
 Seek you those flow'ry joys with which the hand  
 Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene 380  
 Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once enquire  
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,

Or where the seal of undecitful good,  
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these,  
 Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace, 385  
 And with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy  
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam  
 Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,  
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task  
 To learn the lore of undecitful good, 390  
 And truth eternal. Tho' the poisonous charms  
 Of baleful superstition guide the feet  
 Of servile numbers, through a dreary way  
 To their abode, through deserts, thorns and mire;  
 Add leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn 395  
 To muse, at last, amidst the ghostly gloom  
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;  
 To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,  
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song  
 Attune the dreadful workings of his heart; 400  
 Yet be not you dismay'd. A gentler star  
 Your lovely search illumines. From the grove  
 Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,  
 Could my ambitious hands entwine a wreath  
 Of *Plato's* olive with the Mantuan bay, 405  
 Then should my powerful voice at once dispel  
 These monkish horrors: then in light divine  
 Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps  
 Of those whom nature charms, through blooming walks,  
 Thro' fragrant mountains and poetic streams, 410  
 Admit the train of sages, heroes, bards,  
 Led by their winged genius and the choir  
 Of laurell'd science and harmonious art,  
 Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,  
 Where truth enthron'd with the celestial twins, 415  
 The undivided part'ners of her sway,  
 With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,  
 Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,  
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot rage,  
 O let not us a moment pause to join 420  
 The godlike band. And if the gracious power  
 That first awaken'd my untutor'd song,  
 Will to my invocation breathe anew  
 The tuneful spirit; then thro' all our paths,  
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre 425  
 Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,  
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart  
 Of luxury's allurement; whether firm

Against the torrent and the stubborn hill  
 To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve, 430  
 And wake the strong divinity of soul  
 That conquers chance and fate ; or whether struck  
 For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils  
 Upon the lofty summit ; round her brow  
 To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise ; 435  
 To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,  
 And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a fathful aim have we presum'd,  
 Adventurous, to delineate nature's form ;  
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd, 440  
 Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene  
 In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,  
 Thro' various being's fair-proportion'd scale,  
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,  
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length, 445  
 To full meridian splendour. Of degree  
 The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth  
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,  
 Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line  
 And variation of determin'd shape, 450  
 Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound  
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent  
 Unites this varied symmetry of parts  
 With colour's bland allurements ; as the pearl  
 Shines in the concave of its azure bed, 455  
 And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.  
 Then more attractive rise the blooming forms,  
 Through which the breath of nature has infus'd  
 Her genial power to draw, with pregnant veins,  
 Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth, 460  
 In fruit and seed prolific : thus the flowers  
 Their purple honors with the spring resume ;  
 And such the stately tree which autumn bends  
 With blushing treasures. But more lovely still,  
 In nature's charm, where, to the full consent 465  
 Of complicated members, to the bloom  
 Of colour, and the vital change of growth,  
 Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,  
 And active motion speaks the temper'd soul :  
 So moves the bird of Juno ; so the steed 470  
 With rival ardor beats the dusty plain,  
 And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy  
 Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell

There most conspicuous, ev'n in outward shape,  
 Where dawns the high expression of a mind ; 475  
 By steps conducting our enraptur'd search  
 To that eternal origin, whose power,  
 Thro' all the unbounded symmetry of things,  
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun,  
 This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd. 480  
 Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven !)  
 The living fountains in itself contains  
 Of beautiful and sublime ; here hand in hand,  
 Sit paramount the Graces ; here enthron'd,  
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs, 485  
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.  
 Look, then, abroad thro' nature, to the range  
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres  
 Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense ;  
 And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene 490  
 With half that kindling majesty dilate  
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose  
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,  
 Amid the croud of patriots ; and his arm  
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove 495  
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud  
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,  
 And bade the father of his country, hail !  
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,  
 And Rome again is free ? Is aught so fair 500  
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,  
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,  
 In nature's fairest forms, is ought so fair  
 As virtuous friendship ? as the candid blush  
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just ? 505  
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes ?  
 Or the mild majesty of private life,  
 Where peace with ever blooming olive crowns  
 The gate ; where honour's liberal hands effuse  
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings 510  
 Of innocence and love protect the scene ?  
 Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound  
 Where nature works in secret ; view the beds  
 Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault  
 That bounds the hoary ocean ; trace the forms 515  
 Of atoms moving with incessant change  
 Their elemental round ; behold the seeds  
 Of being, and the energy of life  
 Kindling the mass with ever active flame ;

Then to the secrets of the working mind 520  
 Attentive turn ; from dim oblivion call  
 Her fleet ideal band ; and bid them go !  
 Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour  
 That saw the heavens created ; then declare  
 If aught were found in those external scenes 525  
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all  
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,  
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts ?  
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows  
 The superficial impulse ; dull their charms, 530  
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.  
 Not so the moral species, or the powers  
 Of genius and design ; the ambitious mind  
 There sees herself ; by these congenial forms  
 Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act 535  
 She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd  
 Her features in the mirror. For of all  
 The inhabitants of earth, to man alone  
 Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye  
 To truth's eternal measures ; thence to frame 540  
 The sacred laws of action and of will,  
 Discerning justice from unequal deeds,  
 And temperance from folly. But beyond  
 This energy of truth, whose dictates bind  
 Assenting reason, the benignant sire, 545  
 To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,  
 Has added bright imagination's rays ;  
 Where virtue, rising from the awful depth  
 Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake  
 The unadorn'd condition of her birth 550  
 And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,  
 Assumes a various feature, to attract,  
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,  
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,  
 The ingenuous youth whom solitude inspires 555  
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade  
 Beholds her moving like a virgin-muse  
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme  
 Of harmony and wonder ; while among  
 The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form 560  
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,  
 And through the rolls of memory appeals  
 To ancient honour ; or in act serene,  
 Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword  
 Of public power, from dark ambition's reach 565  
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of antient Greece ! whose faithful steps  
 Well pleas'd I follow thro' the sacred paths  
 Of nature and of science ; nurse divine  
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires ! 570  
 O ! let the breath of thy extended praise  
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height  
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts  
 Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm  
 That smooths this vernal evening into smiles, 575  
 I steal impatient from the sordid haunts  
 Of strife and low ambition, to attend  
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,  
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.  
 Descend, propitious ! to my favor'd eye ; 580  
 Such in thy mien, thy warm exalted air,  
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung  
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth  
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne ;  
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear 585  
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,  
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphant songs,  
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike sires  
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth  
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way 590  
 Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats  
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale,  
 Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,  
 Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream  
 In gentle murmurs. From the blooming store 595  
 Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd  
 Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn  
 My native clime : while far above the flight  
 Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock  
 The springs of ancient wisdom ; while I join 600  
 Thy name thrice honour'd ! with the immortal praise  
 Of nature ; while to my compatriot youth  
 I point the high example of thy sons,  
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.



## ARGUMENT.

THE separation of the works of the imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns.—Prospect of their reunion under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination.—The pleasures of sense. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery of truths. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion of the passions. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation, with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

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## BOOK II.

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**W**HEN shall the laurel and the vocal string  
Resume their honours? When shall we behold  
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand  
Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,  
How slow the dawn of beauty and of truth 5  
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night  
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd  
Beneath the furies of rapacious force;  
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron swarms  
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves, 10  
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works  
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulph  
Of all devouring night. As long immur'd  
In noon-tide darkness, by the glimm'ring lamp 15  
Each muse and each fair science pin'd away  
The sordid hours; while foul, barbarian hands  
Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,  
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.  
At last the muses rose and spurn'd their bonds,  
And wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew, 20  
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers  
To Arno's myrtle border and the shore  
Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage

Of dire ambition, and gigantic power,  
 From public aims, and from the busy walk 25  
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train  
 Of penetrating science, to the cells,  
 Where studious ease consumes the silent hour  
 In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.  
 Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts 30  
 Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,  
 To priestly domination and the lust  
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil  
 For three inglorious ages have resign'd,  
 In vain reluctant ; and Torquato's tongue 35  
 Was turn'd for slavish peans at the throne  
 Of tinsel pomp ; and Raphael's magic hand  
 Effus'd its fair creation to enchant  
 The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes  
 To blind belief ; while on their prostrate necks 40  
 The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.  
 But now behold ! the radiant æra dawns,  
 When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length  
 For endless years on Albion's happy shore  
 In full proportion, once more shall extend 45  
 To all the kindred powers of social bliss  
 A common mansion, a parental roof.  
 There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's train,  
 Their long lost friends rejoining, as of old,  
 Embrace the smiling family of arts, 50  
 The muses and the graces. Then no more  
 Shall vice distracting their delicious gifts  
 To aims abhorr'd with high distaste and scorn  
 Turn from their charm the philosophic eye,  
 The patriot bosom : then no more the paths 55  
 Of public care or intellectual toil,  
 Alone by footsteps haughty and severe,  
 The gloomy state he trod ; the harmonious muse  
 And her persuasive sisters then shall plant  
 Their sheltering laurels o'er the bleak ascent, 60  
 And shed their flowers along the rugged way.  
 Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd,  
 To pierce divine philosophy's retreats  
 And teach the muse her lore ; already strove  
 Their long divided honours to unite, 65  
 While tempering this deep argument we sang  
 Of truth and beauty. Now the same fair task  
 Impends ; now urging our ambitious toil,  
 We hasten to recount the various springs

Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin 70  
 Their grateful influence to the prime effect  
 Of objects grand or beauteous, and inlarge  
 The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,  
 Do they not oft with kind accession flow,  
 To raise harmonious fancy's native charm? 75  
 So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,  
 Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view  
 Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill  
 Gush thro' the trickling herbage, to the thirst  
 Of summer yielding the delicious draught 80  
 Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink  
 Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves  
 With sweeter music murmur as they flow?

Nor this alone; the various lot of life  
 Oft from external circumstance assumes 85  
 A moment's disposition to rejoice  
 In those delights which at a different hour  
 Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,  
 When rural songs and odours wake the morn,  
 To every eye; but how much more to his, 90  
 Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd  
 Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,  
 When first with fresh-born vigor he inhales  
 The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun  
 Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life 95  
 Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!

Or shall I mention, where celestial truth  
 Her awful light discloses, to effulge  
 A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame?  
 For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth 100  
 More welcome touch his understanding eye,  
 Than all the blandishments of sound, his ear,  
 Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet  
 The melting rainbow's vernal tinctur'd hues  
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first 105  
 The hand of science pointed out the path  
 In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west  
 Fall on the watry cloud, whose darksome veil  
 Involves the orient; and that trickling show'r  
 Piercing thro' every crystalline convex 110  
 Of clust'ring dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,  
 Recoil at length where concave all behind  
 The internal surface of each glassy orb

Repells their forward passage into air ;  
 That thence direct they seek the radiant goal 115  
 From which their course began ; and, as they strike  
 In diff'rent lines the gazer's obvious eye,  
 Assume a diff'rent lustre, thro' the brede  
 Of colours changing from the splendid rose  
 To the pale violet's dejected hue. 120

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,  
 That springs to each fair object, while we trace,  
 Thro' all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim  
 Disposing every part, and gaining still  
 By mean's proportion'd her benignant end ? 125  
 Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps  
 The lamp of science thro' the jealous maze  
 Of nature guides, when haply you reveal  
 Her secret honors ; whether in the sky,  
 The beauteous laws of light, the central pow'rs 130  
 That wheel the pensile planets round the year ;  
 Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,  
 Or smiling fruits of pleasure-pregnant earth,  
 Or fine adjusted springs of life and sense  
 You scan the counsels of their author's hand. 135

What, when to rise the meditated scene,  
 The flame of passion, thro' the struggling soul  
 Deep kindled, shows across that sudden blaze  
 The object of its rapture vast of size,  
 With fiercer colors and a night of shade ? 140  
 What like a storm from their capacious bed  
 The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might  
 Of these eruptions, working from the depth  
 Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame  
 Ev'n to the base ; from every naked sense 145  
 Of pain or pleasure dissipating all  
 Opinion's feeble cov'rings, and the veil  
 Spun from the cobweb-fashion of the times  
 To hide the feeling heart ? Then nature speaks  
 Her genuine language, and the words of men, 150  
 Big with the very motion of their souls,  
 Declare with what accumulated force  
 The impetuous nerve of passion urges on  
 The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more ; her honors where nor beauty claim, 155  
 Nor shows of good the thirsty sense allure,

From passion's power alone our nature holds  
 Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse  
 Rouses the mind's whole fabric ; with supplies  
 Of daily impulse keeps the elastic pow'rs 160  
 Intensely poiz'd, and polishes anew  
 By that collision all the fine machine ;  
 Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees  
 Incumb'ring, choak at last what heaven design'd  
 For ceaseless motion and a round of toil ; 165  
 But say, does every passion men endure  
 Thus minister delight ? That name indeed  
 Becomes the rosy breath of love ; becomes  
 The radiant smiles of joy, the applauding hand  
 Of admiration ; but the bitter show'r 170  
 That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,  
 But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,  
 Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart  
 Of panting indignation, find we there  
 To move delight ? Then listen, while my tongue 175  
 The unalter'd will of heav'n with faithful awe  
 Reveals ; what old Harmodious wont to teach  
 My early age ; Harmodious who had weigh'd  
 Within his learned mind whate'er the schools  
 Of wisdom, or thy lonely whispering voice, 180  
 O faithful nature ! dictate of the laws  
 Which govern and support this mighty frame  
 Of universal being. Of the hours  
 From morn to eve have stole unmark'd away,  
 While mute attention hung upon his lips, 185  
 As thus the sage his awful tale began.

'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,  
 When spotless youth with solitude resigns  
 To sweet philosophy the studious day,  
 What time pale autumn shades the silent eve, 190  
 Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,  
 And much of Mortal man my thought revolv'd  
 When starting full on fancy's gushing eye,  
 The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,  
 That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd ! 195  
 When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,  
 Nor Hymen's honors gather'd for thy brow,  
 Nor all thy lover's all thy father's tears  
 Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave ;  
 Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell 200  
 Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul.

- As with the hand of death. At once the shade  
 More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds  
 With hoarser murm'ring shook the branches, Dark  
 As midnight storms, the scene of human things, 205  
 Appear'd before me ; desarts, burning sands  
 Where the parch'd adder dies ; the frozen south,  
 And desolation blasting all the west  
 With rapine and with murder ; tyrant pow'r  
 Here sits inthron'd in blood ; the baleful charms. 210  
 Of superstition there infect the skies,  
 And turn the sun to horror Gracious heaven!  
 What is the life of man ? Or cannot these,  
 Nor these portents thy awful will suffice ?  
 That propagated thus beyond their scope, 215  
 They rise to act their cruelties anew  
 In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed  
 The universal sensitive of pain,  
 The wretched heir of evils not its own !
- Thus I, impatient ; when at once effus'd, 220  
 A flashing torrent of celestial day  
 Burst through the shadowy void. With slow descent  
 A purple cloud came floating through the sky,  
 And poiz'd at length within the circling trees,  
 Hung obvious to my view ; till opening wide 225  
 It's lucid orb, a more than human form  
 Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,  
 And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.  
 Then melted into air the liquid cloud,  
 And all the shining vision stood reveal'd, 230  
 A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,  
 And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,  
 Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist  
 Collected with a radiant zone of gold  
 Etherial ; there in mystic signs engrav'd 235  
 I read his office high and sacred name,  
 Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd  
 The godlike presence ; for athwart his brow  
 Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,  
 Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words 240  
 Like distant thunders broke the murm'ring air.  
 Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth,  
 And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span  
 Capacious of this universal frame ?  
 Thy wisdom all-sufficient ? Thou, alas ! 245  
 Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord

Of nature and his works ? to lift thy voice  
 Against the sovereign order he decreed  
 All good and lovely ? To blaspheme the bands  
 Of tenderness innate and social love, 250  
 Holiest of things ! by which the general orb  
 Of being, as with adamantine links,  
 Was drawn to perfect union and sustain'd  
 From everlasting ? Hast thou felt the pangs  
 Of soft'ning sorrow, of indignant zeal 255  
 So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish  
 The ties of nature broken from thy frame ;  
 That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart  
 May cease to mourn its lot, no longer then  
 The wretched heir of evils not its own ? 260  
 O fair benevolence of gen'rous minds !  
 O man by nature form'd for all mankind !

He spoke—abash'd and silent I remain'd,  
 As conscious of my lips' offence and aw'd  
 Before his presence, though my secret soul 265  
 Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground  
 I fix'd my eyes ; till from his airy couch  
 He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand  
 My dazzling forehead, Raise thy sight he cry'd,  
 And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue. 270

I look'd, and lo ! the former scene was chang'd  
 For verdant valleys and surrounding trees,  
 A solitary prospect, wide and wild,  
 Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas a horrid pile  
 Of hills with many a shaggy forest mix'd 275  
 With many a sable cliff and glitt'ring stream.  
 Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,  
 The brown woods wav'd, while ever trickling springs  
 Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine,  
 The crumbling soil ; and still at every fall 280  
 Down the steep windings of the channell'd rock,  
 Remurm'ring rush'd the congregated floods  
 With hoarser inundation ; till at last  
 They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts  
 Of that high desert spread her verdant lap, 285  
 And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd  
 In one smooth current, o'er the lillied vale  
 Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils  
 Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,  
 Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half incircling mounds, 290

As in a sylvan theatre enclos'd  
 That flow'ry level. On the river's brink  
 I spy'd a fair pavillion, which diffus'd  
 Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade  
 Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd 295  
 Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,  
 And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,  
 On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light  
 That cheer'd the solemn scene. My list'ning pow'rs  
 Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung, 300  
 And wondering expectation. Then the voice  
 Of that celestial pow'r, the mystic show  
 Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitant of earth, to whom is giv'n  
 The gracious ways of Providence to learn, 305  
 Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear——  
 Know then, the sovereign spirit of the world,  
 Though self-collected from etherial time,  
 Within his own deep essence he beheld  
 The circling bounds of happiness unite ; 310  
 Yet by immense benignity inclin'd  
 To spread around him that primeval joy  
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,  
 And sounded through the hollow depth of space  
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose 315  
 These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life  
 Effusive kindled by his breath divine  
 Thro' endless forms of being. Each inhal'd  
 From him its portion of the vital flame,  
 In measure such, that from the wide complex 320  
 Of co-existent orders, one might rise,  
 One order, all involving and entire.  
 He too beholding in the sacred light  
 Of his essential reason, all the shapes  
 Of swift contingence, all successive ties 325  
 Of action propagated through the sum  
 Of possible existence, he at once,  
 Down the long series of eventful time,  
 So fix'd the dates of beings so dispos'd.  
 To every living soul of every kind, 330  
 The field of motion and the hour of rest,  
 That all conspir'd to his supreme design,  
 To universal good ; with full accord,  
 Answ'ring the mighty model he had chose,  
 The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds 335

That lay from everlasting in the store  
 Of his divine conceptions. Nor content  
 By one exertion of creating pow'r  
 His goodness to reveal ; thro' every age,  
 Thro' every moment up the tract of time, 340  
 His parent hand with ever new increase  
 Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd  
 The vast harmonious frame : his parent hand  
 From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,  
 To men, to angels, to celestial minds, 345  
 Forever leads the generations on  
 To higher scenes of being : while supplied  
 From day to day by his enlivening breath,  
 Inferior orders in succession rise  
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends 350  
 As bodies to their proper centre move,  
 As the poiz'd ocean to the attracting moon  
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream  
 Devolves its winding waters to the main ;  
 So all things, which have life aspire to God 355  
 The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,  
 Centre of souls ! Nor does the faithful voice  
 Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps  
 Aright ; nor is the care of heaven withheld  
 From granting to the task proportion'd aid ; 360  
 That in their stations all may persevere  
 To climb the ascent of being, and approach  
 Forever nearer to the life divine.

That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn  
 Fresh water'd from the mountains, Let the scene 365  
 Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat  
 Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd  
 His mansion, that pavilion fair diffus'd  
 Along the shady brink, in this recess  
 To wear the appointed season of his youth ; 370  
 Till riper hours should open to his toil  
 The high communion of superior minds,  
 Of consecrated heroes and of gods.  
 Nor did the Sire omnipotent forget  
 His tender bloom to cherish ; nor withheld 375  
 Celestial footsteps from his green abode.  
 Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,  
 He sent whom most he lov'd, the sovereign fair,  
 The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd  
 Before his eyes for ever to behold ; 380

The goddess from whose inspiration flows  
 The toil of patriots, the delight of friends ;  
 Without whose work divine, in heaven or earth,  
 Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,  
 Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the sire 385  
 Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,  
 The folded powers to open, to direct  
 The growth luxuriant of his young desires,  
 And from the laws of this majestic world  
 To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph 390  
 Her daily care attended, by her side  
 With constant steps her gay companion stay'd,  
 The fair Euphrosyne, the gentle queen  
 Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights  
 That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men 395  
 And powers immortal. See the shining pair !  
 Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd,  
 They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.  
 I look'd, and on the flow'ry turf there stood,  
 Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth 400  
 Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower  
 Of beauty ; sweetest innocence illum'd  
 His bashful eyes, and on his polished brow  
 Sat young simplicity. With fond regard  
 He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd ; 405  
 The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,  
 With mild regret invoking her return.  
 Bright as the star of evening she appear'd  
 Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth  
 O'er all her form its glowing honors breath'd 410  
 And smiles eternal, from her candid eyes,  
 Flow'd like the dewy lustre of the morn  
 Effusive trembling on the placid waves.  
 The spring of heaven had shed its blushing spoils  
 To bind her sable tresses ; full diffus'd 415  
 Her yellow mantle floated on the breeze ;  
 And in her hand she wav'd a living branch  
 Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm  
 The wrathful heart, and from the bright'ning eyes  
 To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime 420  
 The heav'nly partner mov'd. The prime of age  
 Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,  
 High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,  
 From each majestic motion darted awe,  
 Devoted awe ! till cherished by her looks 425  
 Benevolent and meek, confiding love

To filial rapture softened all the soul.  
 Free in her graceful hand she seiz'd the sword  
 Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown  
 Display'd the old simplicity of pomp 430  
 Around her honor'd head. A matron's robe,  
 White as the sunshine streams thro' vernal clouds,  
 Her stately form invested. Hand in hand  
 The immortal pair forsook the enamell'd green,  
 Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light 435  
 Gleam'd round their path; celestial rounds were heard  
 And thro' the fragrant air ætherial dews  
 Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds  
 Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew  
 Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse 440  
 Of empyrean flame where spent and drown'd,  
 Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan  
 What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes  
 Indured not. Bending down to earth I stood,  
 With dumb attention. Soon a female voice, 445  
 As wat'ry murmurs sweet, or warbling shades  
 With sacred invocation thus began.

Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm  
 With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,  
 Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well pleas'd 450  
 I seek to finish thy divine decree.  
 With frequent steps I visit yonder seat  
 Of man, thy offspring; from tender seeds  
 Of justice and of wisdom, to involve  
 The latent honors of his generous frame; 455  
 Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot  
 From earth's dim scene to these ætherial walks  
 The temple of thy glory. But not me,  
 Not my directing voice he oft requires,  
 Or hears delighted; this enchanting maid, 460  
 The associate thou hast given me, her alone  
 He loves, O father! absent, her he craves;  
 And but for her glad presence ever join'd,  
 Rejoices not in mine; that all my hopes  
 This thy benignant purpose to fulfil, 465  
 I deem uncertain; and my daily cares  
 Unfruitful all in vain, unless by thee  
 Still farther aided in the work divine.

She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd,  
 O thou! in whom forever I delight, 470

Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,  
 Best image of thy author! far from thee  
 Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame;  
 Who soon or late shall every work fulfill,  
 And no resistance find. If man refuse 475  
 To hearken to thy dictates; or allur'd  
 By meaner joys, to any other pow'r  
 Transfer the honors due to thee alone;  
 That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,  
 That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold. 480  
 Go then once more, and happy be thy toil;  
 Go then! but let not this thy smiling friend  
 Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold!  
 With thee the sons of Nemesis I send;  
 The fiend abhorr'd! whose vengeance takes account 485  
 Of sacred order's violated laws.  
 See where he calls thee, burning to begone,  
 Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath  
 On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,  
 Controul his cruel frenzy, and protect 490  
 Thy tender charge. That when despair shall grasp  
 His agonizing bosom, he may learn,  
 That he may learn to love the gracious hand  
 Alone sufficient in that hour of ill,  
 To save his feeble spirit; then confess 495  
 Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair!  
 When all the plagues that wait the dearly will  
 Of this avenging demon, all the storms  
 Of night infernal, serve but to display  
 The energy of thy superior charms, 500  
 With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,  
 And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.

Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt  
 The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve  
 Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire 505  
 Shelt'ring my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd  
 A vast gigantic spectre striding on  
 Thro' murm'ring thunders and a waste of clouds,  
 With dreadful action, Black as night his brow  
 Relentless frowns invok'd. His savage limbs 510  
 With sharp impatience violent he writh'd  
 As thro' convulsive anguish; and his hand  
 Arm'd with a scorpion lash, full oft he rais'd  
 In madness to his bosom; while his eyes  
 Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook 515

The void with horror. Silent by his side  
 The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd  
 Her features. From the glooms which hung around,  
 No stain of darkness mingled with the beam  
 Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop 520  
 Upon the river bank ; and now to hail  
 His wonted guests with eager steps advanc'd  
 The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

As when a famish'd wolf that all night long  
 Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn 525  
 Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke  
 Of some lone village, a neglected kid  
 That strays along the wild for herb or spring ;  
 Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,  
 And thinks he tears him ; so with tenfold rage, 530  
 The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.  
 Amaz'd the stripling stood ! with panting breast  
 Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail  
 Of helpless consternation, struck at once,  
 And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld 535  
 His terror ; and with looks of tend'rest care  
 Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt  
 Her awful power. His keen tempestuous arm  
 Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage  
 Had aim'd the deadly blow ; then dumb retir'd 540  
 With sullen rancour. Lo ! the sovereign maid  
 Folds, with a mother's arms, the fainting boy,  
 Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek ;  
 Then grasps his hand, and cheers him with her tongue.

O wake thee, rouze thy spirit ! Shall the spite 545  
 Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,  
 While I, thy friend and guardian am at hand  
 To rescue and to heal ? O let thy soul  
 Remember, what the will of heav'n ordains  
 Is ever good for all ; and if for all, 550  
 Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth  
 And soothing sunshine of delightful things,  
 Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled  
 By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views  
 Of reason wander through a fatal road, 555  
 Far from their native aim ; as if, to lie  
 Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait  
 The soft access of ever circling joys,  
 Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,

This pleasing error, did it ever lull  
 Thy wishes ? Has thy constant heart refus'd  
 The silken fetters of delicious ease ?  
 Or when divine Euphrosyne appear'd  
 Within this dwelling, did not thy desires  
 Hang far below that measure of thy fate,  
 Which I reveal'd before thee ? and thy eyes,  
 Impatient of my counsels, turn away  
 To drink the soft effusion of her smiles ?  
 Know then, for this the everlasting sire  
 Deprives thee of her presence, and instead,  
 O wise and still benevolent ! ordains  
 This horrid visage hither to pursue  
 My steps ; that so thy nature may discern  
 Its real good, and what alone can save  
 Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill  
 From folly and despair. O yet belov'd !  
 Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm  
 Thy scatter'd powers ; nor fatal deem the rage  
 Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,  
 While I am here to vindicate thy toil,  
 Above the generous question of thy arm.  
 Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,  
 This hour he triumphs ; but confront his might,  
 And dare him to the combat ; then with ease,  
 Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns  
 To bondage and to scorn ; while thus inur'd  
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,  
 The immortal mind, superior to his fate,  
 Amid the outrage of external things,  
 Firm as the solid base of this great world,  
 Rests on his own foundations. Blow ye winds !  
 Ye waves ! ye thunders ! roll your tempests on ;  
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky,  
 Till all its orbs, and all its worlds of fire  
 Be loosened from their seats ; yet still serene,  
 The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck ;  
 And, ever stronger as the storms advance,  
 Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,  
 Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal.

So spake the goddess, while through all her frame  
 Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word,  
 In every motion kindling warmth divine  
 To seize who listened. Vehement and swift,  
 As lightning fires the aromatic shade

In Æthiopean fields, the stripling felt  
Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,  
And starting from his langour thus exclaim'd. 605

Then let the trial come ! and witness thou,  
If terror be upon me ; if I shrink  
To meet the storm, or falter in my strength, 610  
When hardest it besets me. Do not think  
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,  
As late thy eyes beheld ; for thou hast chang'd  
My nature : thy commanding voice has wak'd  
My languid powers to bear the boldly on, 615  
Where'er the will divine my path ordains  
Through toil or peril ; only do not thou  
Forsake me ; O be thou forever near,  
That I may listen to thy sacred voice,  
And guide by thy decrees my constant feet. 620  
But say, for ever are my eyes bereft ?  
Say, shall the fair Euphrosyne not once  
Appear again to charm me ! Thou, in heaven !  
O thou eternal arbiter of things !  
Be thy great bidding done ; for who am I 625  
To question thy appointment ? Let the frowns  
Of this avenger every morn o'er cast  
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp,  
With double night, my dwelling ; I will learn  
To hail them both, and unrepining bear 630  
His hateful presence ; but permit my tongue  
One glad request, and, if my deeds may find  
Thy awful eye propitious, O restore  
The rosy featur'd maid, again to cheer  
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles. 635  
He spoke ; when instant, through the sable glooms,  
With which that furious presence had involv'd  
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came  
Swift as the lightning flash ; the melting clouds  
Flew diverse, and, amid the blue serene 640  
Euphrosyne appear'd. With sprightly step  
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,  
And to her wond'ring audience thus began.

Lo ! I am here to answer to your vows,  
And be the meeting fortunate ; I come 645  
With joyful tidings : we shall part no more.  
Hark ! how the gentle Echo, from her cell  
Talks through the cliffs, and murm'ring o'er the stream,

Repeats the accent, 'we shall part no more.'  
 O my delightful friends, well pleas'd, on high, 650  
 The father has beheld you, while the might  
 Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd  
 Your equal doings; then forever spake  
 The high decree; that thou, celestial maid,  
 Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps 655  
 May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more  
 Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,  
 Alone endure the rancour of his arm,  
 Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyne behind.  
 She ended; and the whole romantic scene 660  
 Immediate vanish'd; rocks, and woods, and rills  
 The mantling tent and each mysterious form  
 Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,  
 When sunshine fills the bed. A while I stood  
 Perplex'd and giddy, till the radiant power, 665  
 Who bade the visionary landscape rise,  
 As up to him I turn'd with gentlest looks,  
 Preventing my enquiry, thus began.

There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint  
 How blind, how impious! There behold the ways 670  
 Of heaven's eternal destiny to man,  
 For ever just, benevolent and wise;  
 That virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued  
 By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,  
 Should never be divided from her chaste, 675  
 Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need I urge  
 Thy tardy thought thro' all the various round  
 Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul  
 At length may learn, what energy the hand  
 Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680  
 Of passions swelling with distress and pain,  
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops  
 Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,  
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd  
 So often fills his arms; so often draws 685  
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,  
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?  
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds  
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
 That sacred hour when stealing from the noise 690  
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths  
 With virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,  
 And turns his tears to rapture. Ask the crowd

Which flies impatient from the village walk  
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below 695  
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast  
 Some hapless bark; while sacred pity melts  
 The general eye, terror's icy hand  
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair:  
 While every mother closer to her breast 700  
 Catches her child, and pointing where the waves  
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,  
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms  
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,  
 As now another dash'd against the rocks, 705  
 Drops lifeless down; O deemest thou indeed  
 No kind endearment here by nature given  
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears?  
 No sweetly melting softness which attracts,  
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers 710  
 To this their proper action and their end?  
 Ask thy own heart: When, at the midnight hour,  
 Slow through that studious gloom, thy pausing eye,  
 Led by the glimmering taper, moves around  
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs 715  
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame  
 For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r  
 Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal soul  
 Ev'n as a father's blessing, while he reads  
 The praises of his son.—If then thy page, 720  
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,  
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;  
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,  
 When rooted from the base, heroic states  
 Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown 725  
 Of curst ambition; when the pious band  
 Of youths, who fought for freedom and their sires,  
 Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride  
 Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp  
 Of public power, the majesty of rule, 730  
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,  
 To slavish, empty pageants, to adorn  
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes  
 Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns  
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust 735  
 And storied arch, to glut the coward rage  
 Of regal envy, strew the public way  
 With hallowed ruins; when the muse's haunt  
 The marble porch where wisdom went to talk

With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740  
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,  
 Or female superstition's midnight prayer ;  
 When ruthless rapine from the hand of time  
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow  
 To sweep the works of glory from their base ; 745  
 Till desolation o'er the grass grown street  
 Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,  
 Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,  
 Hisses the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds  
 That clasp the mould'ring column ; thus defac'd, 750  
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills  
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear  
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm  
 In fancy hurls the thunder bolt of Jove  
 To fire the impious wreath, on Philip's brow, 755  
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car !—  
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste  
 The big distress ? Or would'st thou then exchange  
 Those heart ennobling sorrows, for the lot  
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd 760  
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,  
 And bears aloft his gold invested front,  
 And says within himself, “ I am king.  
 “ And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of woe  
 “ Intrude upon mine ear ?” The baleful dregs 765  
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught  
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,  
 Blest be the eternal ruler of the world !  
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame  
 The native honors of the human soul, 770  
 Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.



## ARGUMENT.

**P**LEASURE in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources of ridicule, in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cause of the sense of ridicule. The resemblance of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the productions of the works of imagination, described. The secondary pleasure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connection of these pleasures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taste. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well informed imagination.

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### BOOK III,

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**W**HAT wonder therefore, since the endearing ties  
Of passion link the universal kind  
Of man so close, what wonder if to search  
This common nature through the various change  
Of sex, and age, and fortune and the frame 5  
Of each peculiar draw the busy mind  
With unresisted charms? The spacious west,  
And all the teeming regions of the south  
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight  
Of knowledge half so tempting or so fair, 10  
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles  
Of love invite; nor only where the applause  
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye  
On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course  
Of things external acts in different ways 15  
On human apprehensions, as the hand  
Of nature temper'd to a different frame  
Peculiar minds; so haply where the powers  
Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge  
The images of things, but paint in all 20  
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore  
In nature; their opinion will be true,

And action right. For action treads the path  
 In which opinion says he follows good,  
 Or flies from evil; and opinion gives 25  
 Report of good or evil, as the scene  
 Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deformed.  
 Thus her report can never there be true,  
 Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,  
 With glaring colours and distorted lines. 30  
 Is there a man, who at the sound of death,  
 Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjured up,  
 And black before him; nought but death-bed groans,  
 And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink  
 Of light and being, down the gloomy air, 35  
 And unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,  
 If no bright forms of excellence attend  
 The image of his country; nor the pomp  
 Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice  
 Of justice on her throne, nor ought that wakes 40  
 The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;  
 Will not opinion tell him, that to die,  
 Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill  
 Than to betray his country? And in act  
 Will not he chuse to be a wretch and live? 45  
 Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup  
 Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst  
 Of youth oft swallows a Circean draught,  
 That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye  
 Of reason, till no longer he discerns, 50  
 And only guides to err. Then revel forth  
 A furious band that spure him from the throne;  
 And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps  
 The empire of the soul; thus pale revenge  
 Unsheath's her murd'rous dagger; and the hands 55  
 Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,  
 Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws  
 That keeps them from their prey; thus all the plagues  
 The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene  
 The tragic muse discloses, under shapes 60  
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,  
 Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all  
 Those lying forms which fancy in the brain  
 Engenders, are the kindling passions driven  
 To guilty deeds; nor reason bound in chains, 65  
 That vice alone may lord it; oft adorn'd  
 With solemn pageants, folly mounts his throne,  
 And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.

A thousand garbs she wares ; a thousand ways  
 She wheels her giddy impire. Lo ! thus far 70  
 With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre  
 I sing of nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd  
 A stricter note ; now haply trust my song  
 Unbend her serious measure, and reveal  
 In lighter strains, how folly's awkward arts 75  
 Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke ;  
 The sportive province of the comic muse.

See in what crowds the uncouth forms advance ;  
 Each would outstrip the other, each prevent  
 Our careful search, and offer to your gaze, 80  
 Unask'd, his motely features. Wait awhile,  
 My curious friends ! and let us first arrange  
 In proper orders your promiscuous throng.

Behold the foremost band ; of slender thought,  
 And easy faith ! whom flattering fancy soothes 85  
 With lying spectres, in themselves to view  
 Illustrious forms of excellence and good,  
 That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts  
 They spread their spurious treasure to the sun ;  
 And bid the world admire ! but chief the glance 90  
 Of wishful envy draws their joy bright eyes,  
 And lifts with self applause each lordly brow.  
 In number boundless as the bloom of spring,  
 Behold their glaring idols, empty shapes 95  
 By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up  
 For adoration. Some in learning's garb,  
 With formal band and sable cinctur'd gown  
 And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate  
 With martial splendour, steely pikes and swords  
 Of costly frame, and gay Phoenician robes 100  
 Inwrought with flow'ry gold, assume the port  
 Of stately valour ; list'ning by his side  
 There stands a female form ; to her, with looks  
 Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,  
 He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms, 105  
 And sulph'rous mines, and ambush ; then at once  
 Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,  
 And asks some wondering question of her fears,  
 Others of graver mein ; behold, adorn'd  
 With holy ensigns, how sublime they move, 110  
 And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,  
 Take homage of the simple minded throng ;

Ambassadors of heaven! Nor much unlike  
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist  
 That mantle every feature, hides a brood 115  
 Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,  
 And hint deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,  
 And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,  
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,  
 Pour dauntless in and swell the boastful band. 120

Then comes the second order; all who seek  
 The debt of praise, were watchful unbelief  
 Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye  
 On some retir'd appearance which belies 125  
 The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause  
 That justice else would pay. Here side by side  
 I see two leaders of the solemn train,  
 Approaching; one a female, old and grey,  
 With eyes demure and wrinkled furrow'd brow,  
 Pale as the cheeks of death; yet still she stuns 130  
 The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale  
 How many youths her myrte chains have worn,  
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!  
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart;  
 Such is her terror at the risques of love, 135  
 A man's seducing tongue! The other seems  
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien  
 And sordid all his habit; peevish want  
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng  
 He stalks, resounding in magnificent phrase 140  
 The vanity of riches, the contempt  
 Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,  
 Ye grave associates! let the silent grace  
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard  
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold 145  
 The praise of spotless honor; let the man  
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp  
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams  
 To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits  
 Of joy, let him by juster measure fix 150  
 The price of riches and the end of pow'r.

Another tribe succeeds; deluded long  
 By fancy's dazzling optics, these behold  
 The images of some peculiar things  
 With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd 155  
 With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd

Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart  
 Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms ;  
 Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,  
 Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays ; 160  
 And serious manhood, from the tow'ring aim  
 Of wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast  
 Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,  
 Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells !  
 Not with intenser view the Samian sage 165  
 Bent his fix'd eye on heaven's eternal fires,  
 When first the order of that radiant scene  
 Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys  
 A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.  
 Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd, 170  
 Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,  
 With fondest gesture and a suppliant tongue,  
 To win her coy regard. Adieu, for him,  
 The dull engagements of the bustling world !  
 Adieu the sick impertinence of praise ! 175  
 And hope and action ! for with her alone,  
 By streams and shades, to steal the sighing hours,  
 Is all he asks, and all that fate can give !  
 Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,  
 Thee, dreaded censor ! oft have I beheld 180  
 Bewildered unawares. Alas ! too long,  
 Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils  
 Of sly derision ! till on every side  
 Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth  
 Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves 185  
 Of folly. Thy once formidable name  
 Shall grace her humbler records, and be heard  
 In scoffs and mockery bandied from the lips  
 Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,  
 So oft the patient victims of thy scorn. 190

But now, ye gay ! to whom indulgent fate,  
 Of all the muses empire hath assign'd  
 The fields of folly, hither each advance  
 Your sickles ; here the teeming soil affords  
 Its richest growth. A fav'rite brood appears ; 195  
 In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,  
 Views all her charms reflected, all her cares  
 At full repaid. Ye most illustrious band !  
 Who, scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,  
 And orders vulgar bondage, never meant 200  
 For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal

Pay vice the reverence virtue long usurp'd,  
 And yield deformity the fond applause  
 Which beauty wont to claim ; forgive my song,  
 That for the blushing diffidence of youth, 205  
 It shuns the unequal province of your praise.

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile  
 Of bland imagination, folly's train  
 Have dar'd our search ; but now a dastard kind 210  
 Advance reluctant, and with faltering feet,  
 Shrink from the gazer's eye ; enfeebled hearts  
 Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,  
 Or bends to servile tameness with conceits  
 Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,  
 Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave 215  
 Who droops abash'd when sullen pomp surveys  
 His humbler habit ; here the trembling wretch  
 Unnerv'd and struck with terror's icy bolts,  
 Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,  
 At every dream of danger ; here subdued 220  
 By frontless laughter and the hardy scorn  
 Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul  
 Who blushing half resigns the candid praise  
 Of temperance and honour ; half disowns  
 A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride ; 225  
 And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth  
 With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

Last of the motley bands on whom the power  
 Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,  
 Is that where shameful ignorance presides. 230  
 Beneath her sordid banners, lo ! they march,  
 Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands  
 Attempt, confusion straight appears behind,  
 And troubles all the work. Through many a maze  
 Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path, 235  
 O'erturning every purpose ; then at last  
 Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene  
 For scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode  
 Of folly in the mind ; and such the shapes 240  
 In which she governs her obsequious train.  
 Through every scene of ridicule in things  
 To lead the tenour of my devious lay ;  
 Through every swift occasion which the hand  
 Of laughter points at, when the mirthful string  
 Distends her sallying nerves and chokes her tongue ; 245

What were it but to count each crystal drop  
 Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms  
 Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,  
 Where'er the power of ridicule displays  
 Her quaint ey'd visage, some incongruous form, 250  
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,  
 Strikes on the quick observer; whether pomp,  
 Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim  
 Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,  
 Where foul deformity are wont to dwell; 255  
 Or whether these with violation loath'd  
 Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,  
 The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end the almighty sire  
 In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt, 260  
 The grateful stings of laughter, from disgust  
 Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid  
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once  
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress  
 The giddy aims of folly? Though the light 265  
 Of truth slow dawning on the enquiring mind,  
 At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,  
 How these uncouth disorders end at last  
 In public evil; yet benignant heaven,  
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears 270  
 To thousands; conscious what a scanty pause  
 From labours and from care, the wider lot  
 Of humble life affords for studious thought  
 To scan the maze of nature; therefore stamp't  
 The glaring scenes with characters of scorn, 275  
 As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,  
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind——  
 Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts  
 Attain that secret harmony which blends 280  
 The ethereal spirit with its mould of clay;  
 O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm  
 That searchless nature o'er the sense of man  
 Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,  
 The inexpressive semblance of himself, 285  
 Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods  
 That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow;  
 With what religious awe the solemn scene  
 Commands your steps! as if the reverend form

Of Minos or of Numa should forsake 290  
 Th' Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade  
 Move to your pausing eye ! Behold th' expanse  
 Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds  
 Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze ;  
 Now their gay cincture skirts the doubtful sun : 295  
 Now streams of splendour, thro' their opening veil  
 Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn  
 The aerial shadows ; on the curling brook,  
 And on the shady margin's quivering leaves  
 With quickest lustre glancing ; while you view 300  
 The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast  
 Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth  
 With clouds and sunshine chequered, while the round  
 Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue  
 Of some gay nymph amid her subject train, 305  
 Moves all obsequious ? Whence is this effect,  
 This kindred power of such discordant things ?  
 Or flows that semblance from the mystic tone  
 To which the new born mind's harmonious powers  
 At first were strung ? Or rather from the links 310  
 Which artful custom twines around her frame ?

For when the diff'rent images of things  
 By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul  
 With deeper impulse, or, connected long,  
 Have drawn her frequent eye ; how'er distinct 315  
 The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain  
 From that conjunction an eternal tie,  
 And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind  
 Recall one partner of the various league,  
 Immediate, lo ! the firm confederates rise, 320  
 And each his former station straight resumes ;  
 One movement governs the consenting throng,  
 And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,  
 Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.  
 'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold, 325  
 Two faithful needles, from the informing touch  
 Of the same parent stone, together drew  
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd  
 With fatal impulse quivering to the pole.  
 Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, through the main 330  
 Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and diff'rent stars  
 Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd  
 The former friendship, and remember'd still  
 The alliance of their birth : whate'er the line

Which one possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew 335  
 The sure associate, ere with trembling speed  
 He found its path and fix'd unerring there.  
 Such is the secret union, when we feel  
 A song, a flower, a name, at once restore  
 Those long-connected scenes, where first they mov'd 340  
 The attention; backward through her mazy walks  
 Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,  
 To temples, courts, or fields; with all the bands  
 Of painted forms, of passions and designs  
 Attendant; Whence, if pleasing in itself, 345  
 The prospect from the sweet accessions gains  
 Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.

By these mysterious ties the busy power  
 Of memory her ideal train preserves  
 Intire; or when they would elude her watch, 350  
 Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste  
 Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all  
 The various forms of being to present,  
 Before the curious aim of mimic art,  
 Their largest choice; like spring's unfolded blooms 355  
 Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee  
 May taste at will, from their selected spoils  
 To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse  
 Of living lakes, in summer's noontide calm,  
 Reflects the bordering shade and sun bright heavens 360  
 With fairer semblance; not the sculptur'd gold  
 More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,  
 Than he whose birth the sister powers of art  
 Propitious view'd, and from his genial star  
 Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind; 365  
 Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve  
 The seal of nature. There alone unchang'd  
 Her form remains. The balmy walks of May  
 There breathe perennial sweets; the trembling chord  
 Resounds forever in the abstracted ear 370  
 Melodious; and the virgin's radiant eye,  
 Superior to disease, to grief, and time,  
 Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length  
 Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,  
 The child of fancy oft in silence bends 375  
 O'er these mix'd treasures of his pregnant breast,  
 With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves  
 To frame he knows not what excelling things;  
 And win he knows not what sublime reward

- Of praise and wonder. By degrees the mind 380  
 Feels her young nerves dilate ; the plastic powers  
 Labour for action ; blind emotions heave  
 His bosom ; and with loveliest phrenzy caught,  
 From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,  
 From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes, 385  
 Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,  
 Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,  
 From ocean's bed they come ; the eternal heavens  
 Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss  
 Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze 390  
 He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares  
 Their different forms ; now blends them, now divides,  
 Enlarges and extenuates by turns ;  
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,  
 And infinitely varies. Hither now, 395  
 Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim  
 With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan  
 Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;  
 And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds  
 Of nature at the voice divine repair'd 400  
 Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd  
 Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun  
 Sprung up the blue serene ; by swift degrees  
 Thus disentangled, his entire design  
 Emerges, colours mingle, features join, 405  
 And lines converge ; the fainter parts retire ;  
 The fairer, eminent in light, advance ;  
 And every image on its neighbour smiles.  
 Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy  
 Contemplates. Then, with Promethean art, 410  
 Into its proper vehicle he breathes  
 The fair conception ; which embodied thus,  
 And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears  
 An object ascertain'd ; while thus inform'd,  
 The various organs of his mimic skill, 415  
 The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,  
 The shadowy picture and impassioned verse,  
 Beyond their proper powers attract the soul  
 By that expressive semblance, while in sight  
 Of nature's great original we scan 420  
 The lively child of art ; while line by line,  
 And feature after feature we refer  
 To that sublime exemplar whence it stole  
 Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm  
 Betwixt them wavering hangs : applauding love 425

Doubts where to choose ; and mortal man aspires  
 To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud  
 Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice  
 Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,  
 Collects his large effulgence ; strait the heav'ns 430  
 With equal flames present on either hand  
 The radiant visage : Persia stands at gaze,  
 Appall'd ; and on the brink of Ganges doubts  
 The snowy vested seer, in Mirtha's name,  
 To which the fragrance of the south shall burn, 435  
 To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various bliss the well tun'd heart enjoys,  
 Favour'd of heaven ! While, plung'd in sordid cares,  
 The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine ;  
 And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke 440  
 Young love and smiling wonder shrink away,  
 Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns  
 Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,  
 Perhaps ev'n now some cold, fastidious judge  
 Casts a disdainful eye ; and calls my toils 445  
 And calls the love and beauty which I sing,  
 The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor ! say,  
 Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms  
 Of dullness hang too heavy on thy sense  
 To let her shine upon thee ? So the man 450  
 Whose eye ne'er opened to the light of heaven,  
 Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells  
 Of the gay colour'd radiance flushing bright  
 O'er all creation. From the wise be far  
 Such gross unhallow'd pride ; nor needs my song 455  
 Descend so low ; but rather now unfold,  
 If human thought could reach, or words unfold,  
 By what mysterious fabric of the mind,  
 The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound  
 Result from airy motion ; and from shape 460  
 The lovely phantom of sublime and fair.  
 By what fine ties hath Good connected things  
 When present in the mind, which in themselves  
 Have no connexion ? Sure the rising sun  
 O'er the cerulean convex of the sea, 465  
 With equal brightness and with equal warmth  
 Might roll his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul  
 Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers  
 Exulting in the splendour she beholds ;  
 Like a young conqueror moving thro' the pomp 470

Of some triumphal day. When, join'd at eve,  
 Soft murm'ring streams and gales of gentlest breath  
 Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain  
 Attemper, could not man's discerning ear  
 Thro' all its tones the symphony pursue, 475  
 Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy  
 Steal through his veins and fan the awakened heart,  
 Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song ?

But were not nature still endow'd at large  
 With all which life requires, though unador'd 480  
 With such enchantment ? wherefore then her form  
 So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfum'd  
 With such ethereal sweetness ? Whence her voice  
 Inform'd at will to raise or to depress

The impassion'd soul ? and whence the robes of light 585  
 Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp  
 Than fancy can describe ? Whence but from thee,  
 O source divine of ever flowing love,

And thy unmeasur'd goodness ? Not content  
 With every food of life to nourish man, 490  
 By kind illusions of the wondering sense  
 Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,

Or music to his ear : well pleas'd he scans  
 The goodly prospect ; and with inward smiles  
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain ; 495  
 Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,

And living lamps that over-arch his head  
 With more than regal splendour ; bends his ears  
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth ;

Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought, 500  
 Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,  
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds  
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time ;

So sweet he feels their influence to attract  
 The fixed soul ; to brighten the dull glooms 505  
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life  
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,

The adventerous hero, bound on hard exploits,  
 Beholds with glad surprize, by secret spells  
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils, 510  
 A visionary paradise disclosed

Amid the dubious wild ; with streams and shades,  
 And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,  
 Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal pow'rs 515  
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive  
 To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense  
 Of descent and sublime, with quick disgust,  
 From things deformed, or disarrang'd, or gross  
 In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold, 520  
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;  
 But God alone, when first his active hand  
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.  
 He, mighty Parent ! wise and just in all,  
 Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n, 525  
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain  
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's  
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
 And due repose, he loiters to behold  
 The sunshine gleaming as thro' amber clouds, 530  
 O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,  
 His rude expression and untutored airs,  
 Beyond the power of language, will unfold  
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,  
 How lovely ! how commanding ! But though heaven 535  
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds  
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,  
 Without fair culture's kind parental aid  
 Without enlivening suns, and genial showers  
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope 540  
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,  
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring,  
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores  
 Repay the tiller's labour ; or attend  
 His will obsequious, whether to produce 545  
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds  
 Incline to different objects ; one pursues  
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;  
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,  
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires, 550  
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,  
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,  
 And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed  
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;  
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below 555  
 The nations tremble, Shakespear looks abroad  
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys  
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,  
 All on the margin of some flowery stream,  
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool 560

Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer,  
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain  
 Resound soft warbling all the live-long day :  
 Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill  
 Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves; 565  
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.  
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Oh! blest of heav'n, whom not the languid songs  
 Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes  
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils 570  
 Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave  
 Those ever blooming sweets, which from the store  
 Of nature fair imagination culls  
 To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all  
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights 575  
 Of envied life; though only few possess  
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;  
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,  
 With richer treasures and an ampler state  
 Endows at large whatever happy man 580  
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns  
 The princely dome, the column and the arch;  
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,  
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim, 585  
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring  
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him, the hand  
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch  
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn. 590  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk;  
 And loves unfehl attract him. Not a breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadows, not a cloud imbibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain 595  
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes  
 Fresh pleasure only; for the attentive mind,  
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs, 600  
 Becomes herself harmonious; wont so oft  
 In outward things to meditate the charm  
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
 To find a kindred order, to exert  
 Within herself this elegance of love, 605

This fair inspir'd delight : her temper'd pow'rs  
Refine at length, and every passion wears  
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.  
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze  
On nature's form, where, negligent of all 610  
These lesser graces, she assumes the port  
Of that eternal Majesty that weigh'd  
The world's foundations, if to these the mind  
Exalt her daring eye ; then mightier far  
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms 615  
Of servile custom cramp her generous pow'rs ?  
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth  
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down  
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear !  
Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds 620  
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,  
The elements and seasons : all declare  
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd  
The pow'rs of man : we feel within ourselves  
His energy divine ; he tells the heart ; 625  
He meant, he made us to behold and love  
What he beholds and loves, the general orb  
Of life and being ; to be great like him,  
Beneficent and active. Thus the men  
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself 630  
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day  
With his conceptions ; act upon his plan ;  
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

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THE  
T A S K,

A POEM

IN SIX BOOKS.

—\*—  
BY WILLIAM COWPER,  
OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.  
—\*—

With England's bard, with *Cowper*, who shall vie?  
Original in strength and dignity;  
With more than painter's fancy blest, with lays  
Holy, as saints, to heaven, expiring raise.

*Pursuits of Literature, dial. 4. prop. fn.*

## ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

*Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa.—A School-boy's ramble.—A walk in the country.—The scene described.—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful.—Another walk.—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected.—Colonnades commended.—Alcove, and the view from it.—The wilderness.—The grove.—The thresher.—The necessity and the benefits of exercise.—The works of nature superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art.—The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure.—Change of scene sometimes expedient.—A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced.—Gipsies.—The blessings of civilized life.—That state most favourable to virtue.—The South Sea islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai.—His present state of mind supposed.—Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities.—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured.—Fete champetre.—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.*

# The Task.



## BOOK I.

### THE SOFA.

**I** SING the SOFA. I, who lately sang  
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd with awe  
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,  
Escap'd with pain from that adventurous flight,  
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme ; 5  
The theme though humble, yet august and proud  
Th' occasion—for the fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,  
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none. 10  
As yet black breeches were not ; satin smooth,  
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile ;  
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock  
Wash'd by the sea, or on the gravelly bank  
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,  
Fearless of wrong, repos'd his weary strength. 15  
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next  
The birth-day of invention ; weak at first,  
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.  
Joint-stools were then created ; on three legs  
Upborn they stood. Three legs upholding firm 20  
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.  
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,  
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms :  
And such, in ancient halls and mansions drear,  
May still be seen ; but perforated sore, 25

And drill'd in holes, the solid oak is found,  
By worms voracious eating through and through.

At length a generation more refin'd  
Improv'd the simple plan ; made three legs four,  
Gave them a twisted form vermicular, 30  
And o'er the seat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd,  
Induc'd a splendid cover, green and blue,  
Yellow and red, of tap'stry richly wrought  
And woven close, or needle-work sublime.  
There might ye see the piony spread wide, 35  
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,  
Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,  
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright  
With Nature's varnish ; sever'd into stripes 40  
That interlac'd each other, these supplied  
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that brac'd  
The new machine, and it became a chair.  
But restless was the chair ; the back erect  
Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease ; 45  
The slippery seat betray'd the sliding part  
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,  
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.  
These for the rich : the rest, whom fate had plac'd  
In modest mediocrity, content 50  
With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides,  
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,  
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,  
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fixt ;  
If cushion might be call'd what harder seem'd 55  
Than the firm oak of which the frame was form'd.  
No want of timber then was felt or fear'd  
In Albion's happy isle. The umber stood  
Ponderous and fixt by its own massy weight.  
But elbows still were wanting ; these, some say, 60  
An alderman of Cripplegate contriv'd ;  
And some ascribe th' invention to a priest  
Burly and big, and studious of his ease.  
But, rude at first, and not with easy slope  
Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs, 65  
And bruis'd the side ; and, elevated high,  
Taught the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears.  
Long time elaps'd or e'er our rugged sires  
Complain'd, though incommodiously pent in,

And ill at ease behind. The ladies first 70  
 'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.  
 Ingenious fancy, never better pleas'd  
 Than when employ'd to accommodate the fair,  
 Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devis'd  
 The soft settee ; one elbow at each end, 75  
 And in the midst an elbow it receiv'd,  
 United yet divided, twain at once.  
 So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne ;  
 And so two citizens who take the air,  
 Close pack'd, and smiling in a chaise and one. 80  
 But relaxation of the languid frame,  
 By soft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs,  
 Was bliss reserv'd for happier days. So slow  
 The growth of what is excellent ; so hard  
 To attain perfection in this nether world. 85  
 Thus first necessity invented stools,  
 Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,  
 And luxury the accomplish'd sofa last.

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,  
 Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he 90  
 Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour  
 To sleep within the carriage more secure,  
 His legs depending at the open door.  
 Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,  
 The tedious rector drawling o'er his head ; 95  
 And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep  
 Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead,  
 Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour  
 To slumber in the carriage more secure,  
 Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk, 100  
 Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are sweet,  
 Compar'd with the repose the sofa yields.

Oh may I live exempted (while I live  
 Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)  
 From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe 105  
 Of libertine excess. The sofa suits  
 The gouty limb, 'tis true ; but gouty limb,  
 Though on a sofa, may I never feel :  
 For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes  
 Of grassy swarth, close cropt by nibbling sheep, 110  
 And skirted thick with intertexture firm  
 Of thorny boughs ; have lov'd the rural walk  
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,

E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds  
 To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames ; 115  
 And still remember, nor without regret  
 Of hours that sorrow since has much endear'd,  
 How oft, my slice of pocket-store consum'd,  
 Still hung'ring, pennyles and far from home,  
 I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws, 120  
 Or blushing crabs, or berries that imboss  
 The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.  
 Hard fare ! but such as boyish appetite  
 Disdains not ; nor the palate, undeprav'd  
 By culinary arts, unsavoury deems. 125  
 No sofa then awaited my return ;  
 Nor sofa then I needed. Youth repairs  
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil  
 Incurring short fatigue ; and, though our years  
 As life declines speed rapidly away, 130  
 And not a year but pilfers as he goes  
 Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep ;  
 A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees  
 Their length and colour from the locks they spare ;  
 Th' elastic spring of an unwearied foot 135  
 That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,  
 That play of lungs, inhaling and again  
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes  
 Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,  
 Mine have not pilfer'd yet ; nor yet impair'd 140  
 My relish of fair prospect ; scenes that sooth'd  
 Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find  
 Still soothing, and of pow'r to charm me still.  
 And witness, dear companion of my walks,  
 Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive 145  
 Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,  
 Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth  
 And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—  
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.  
 Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere, 150  
 And that my raptures are not conjur'd up  
 To serve occasions of poetic pomp,  
 But genuine, and art partner of them all.  
 How oft, upon yon eminence, our pace  
 Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have born 155  
 The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,  
 While admiration, feeding at the eye,  
 And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.  
 Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd.

The distant plough slow moving, and beside 160  
 His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,  
 The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!  
 Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain  
 Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,  
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course 165  
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,  
 Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms,  
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;  
 While far beyond, and overthwart the stream  
 That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale, 170  
 The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;  
 Displaying, on its varied side, the grace  
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,  
 Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells  
 Just undulates upon the listening ear, 175  
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.  
 Scenes must be beautiful which, daily view'd,  
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.  
 Praise justly due to those that I describe. 180

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,  
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
 The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,  
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood  
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike 185  
 The dash of ocean on his winding shore,  
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;  
 Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,  
 And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.  
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar 190  
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice  
 Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip  
 Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall  
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length  
 In matted grass, that with a livelier green 195  
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.  
 Nature inanimate, employs sweet sounds,  
 But animated nature sweeter still,  
 To sooth and satisfy the human ear.  
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one 200  
 The live-long night : nor these alone, whose notes  
 Nice finger'd art must emulate in vain,  
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime  
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud,

- The jay, the pye, and even the boding owl 205  
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.  
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,  
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,  
 And only there, please highly for their sake.
- Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought 210  
 Devis'd the weather-house, that useful toy!  
 Fearless of humid air and gathering rains,  
 Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself!  
 More delicate, his timorous mate retires.  
 When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet, 215  
 Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,  
 Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,  
 The task of new discoveries falls on me.  
 At such a season, and with such a charge,  
 Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown, 220  
 A cottage, whither oft we since repair:  
 'Tis perch'd upon the green-hill top, but close  
 Environ'd with a ring of branching elms  
 That overhang the thatch, itself unseen  
 Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset 225  
 With foliage of such dark redundant growth,  
 I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the *peasant's nest*.  
 And, hidden as it is, and far remote  
 From such displeasing sounds as haunt the ear  
 In village or in town, the bay of curs 230  
 Incessant clinking hammers, grinding wheels,  
 And infants clamorous whether pleas'd or pain'd,  
 Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.  
 Here, I have said, at least I should possess  
 The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge 235  
 The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.  
 Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat  
 Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.  
 Its elevated site forbids the wretch  
 To drink sweet waters of the crystal well; 240  
 He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,  
 And, heavy-laden, brings his beverage home,  
 Far fetch'd and little worth; nor seldom waits,  
 Dependent on the baker's punctual call,  
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door, 245  
 Angry and sad, and his last crust consum'd.  
 So farewell envy of the *peasant's nest*!  
 If solitude make scant the means of life,  
 Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,

Be still a pleasing object in my view ;  
My visit still, but never mine abode. 250

Not distant far, a length of colonnade  
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,  
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.  
Our fathers knew the value of a screen 255  
From sultry suns ; and, in their shaded walks  
And long-protracted bowers, enjoy'd at noon  
The gloom and coolness of declining day.  
We bear our shades about us ; self-depriv'd  
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread, 260  
And range an Indian waste without a tree.  
Thanks to \* Benevolus—he spares me yet  
These chesnuts rang'd in corresponding lines ;  
And, though himself so polish'd, still relieves  
The obsolete prolixity of shade. 265

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)  
A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge  
We pass a gulph, in which the willows dip  
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.  
Hence, ankle-deep in moss and flowery thyme, 270  
We mount again and feel at every step  
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,  
Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.  
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,  
Disfigures earth ; and, plotting in the dark, 275  
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,  
That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove  
That crowns it ! yet not all its pride secures  
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd 280  
By rural carvers, who with knives deface  
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,  
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.  
So strong the zeal to immortalize himself  
Beats in the breast of man, that even a few 285  
From transient years, won from the abyss abhorr'd  
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,  
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye ;  
And, posted on this speculative height,  
Exults in its command. The sheep-fold here 290

\* John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq. of Weston Under-wood.

Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.  
 At first, progressive as a stream, they seek  
 The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees,  
 Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.  
 There, from the sun-burnt hay-field, homeward creeps 295  
 The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of its charge,  
 The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;  
 The boorish driver leaning o'er his team  
 Vociferous, and impatient of delay.  
 Nor less attractive is the woodland scene, 300  
 Diversified with trees of every growth,  
 Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks  
 Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,  
 Within the twilight of their distant shades;  
 There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood 305  
 Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its top-most boughs.  
 No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
 Though each its hue peculiar; paler some  
 And of a wannish gray; the willow such,  
 And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf, 310  
 And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;  
 Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,  
 Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.  
 Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,  
 The maple, and the beech of oily nuts 315  
 Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve  
 Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass  
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
 Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet  
 Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright. 320  
 O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map  
 Of hill and valley interpos'd between),  
 The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,  
 Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,  
 As bashful, yet impatient to be seen. 325

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,  
 And such the re-ascent; between them weeps  
 A little naiad her impoverish'd urn  
 All summer long, which winter fills again.  
 The folded gates would bar my progress now, 330  
 But that the \* lord of this inclos'd demesne,  
 Communicative of the good he owns,  
 Admits me to a share: the guiltless eye  
 Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.

\* See the foregoing note.

Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun? 335  
 By short transition we have lost his glare,  
 And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.  
 Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn  
 Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice  
 That yet a remnant of your race survives. 340  
 How airy and how light the graceful arch,  
 Yet awful as the consecrated roof  
 Re-echoing pious anthems? while beneath  
 The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood  
 Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light 345  
 Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,  
 Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,  
 And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves  
 Play wanton, every moment, every spot.

And now, with nerves new-brac'd and spirits cheer'd, 350  
 We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,  
 With curvature of slow and easy sweep—  
 Deception innocent—give ample space  
 To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;  
 Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms 355  
 We may discern the thresher at his task.  
 Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,  
 That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls  
 Full on the destin'd ear. Wide flies the chaff.  
 The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist 360  
 Of atoms, sparkling in the noon-day beam.  
 Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,  
 And sleep not: see him sweating o'er his bread  
 Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,  
 But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge 365  
 Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.  
 Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel  
 That nature rides upon maintains her health,  
 Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads 370  
 An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.  
 Its own revolvency upholds the world.  
 Winds from all quarters agitate the air,  
 And fit the limpid element for use,  
 Else noxious: oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams, 375  
 All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleans'd  
 By restless undulation: even the oak  
 Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:

He seems indeed indignant, and to feel  
 The impression of the blast with proud disdain, 380  
 Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm  
 He held the thunder: but the monarch owes  
 His firm stability to what he scorns—  
 More fixed below, the more disturb'd above.  
 The law, by which all creatures else are bound, 385  
 Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives  
 No mean advantage from a kindred cause,  
 From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.  
 The sedentary stretch their lazy length  
 When custom bids, but no refreshment find, 390  
 For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek  
 Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,  
 And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,  
 Reproach their owner with that love of rest  
 To which he forfeits even the rest he loves. 395  
 Not such the alert and active. Measure life  
 By its true worth, the comforts it affords,  
 And their's alone seems worthy of the name.  
 Good health, and, its associate in most,  
 Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake, 400  
 And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;  
 The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are their's;  
 Even age itself seems privileg'd in them,  
 With clear exemption from its own defects.  
 A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front 405  
 The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray beard  
 With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave  
 Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,  
 Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine 410  
 Who oftenest sacrifice are favour'd least.  
 The love of nature and the scenes she draws,  
 Is nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,  
 Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,  
 Renounce the odours of the open field 415  
 For the unscented fictions of the loom;  
 Who, satisfied with only pencil'd scenes,  
 Prefer to the performance of a God  
 The inferior wonders of an artist's hand!  
 Lovely indeed the mimic works of art; 420  
 But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire—  
 None more admires—the painter's magic skill,  
 Who shows me that which I shall never see,

Conveys a distant country into mine,  
 And throws Italian light on English walls : 425  
 But imitative strokes can do no more  
 Than please the eye—sweet Nature every sense.  
 The air salubrious of her lofty hills,  
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,  
 And music of her woods—no works of man 430  
 May rival these ; these all bespeak a power  
 Peculiar, and exclusively her own.  
 Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;  
 'Tis free to all—'tis every day renew'd ;  
 Who scorns it starves deservedly at home. 435  
 He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long  
 In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey  
 To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank  
 And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,  
 Escapes at last to liberty and light : 440  
 His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue ;  
 His eye relumines its extinguished fires ;  
 He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,  
 And riots in the sweets of every breeze.  
 He does not scorn it who has long endur'd 445  
 A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.  
 Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd  
 With acrid salts ; his very heart athirst  
 To gaze at Nature in her green array,  
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd 450  
 With visions prompted by intense desire :  
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left  
 Far distant, such as he would die to find—  
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ; 455  
 The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,  
 And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,  
 And mar, the face of beauty, when no cause  
 For such immeasurable woe appears ;  
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair 460  
 Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.  
 It is the constant revolution, stale  
 And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,  
 That palls and satiates, and makes languid life  
 A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down. 465  
 Health suffers, and the spirits ebb ; the heart  
 Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast  
 Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,

No-smartness in the jest ; and wonders why.  
 Yet thousands still desire to journey on, 470  
 Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.  
 The paralytic, who can hold her cards,  
 But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand  
 To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort,  
 Her mingled suits and sequences ; and sits, 475  
 Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad  
 And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.  
 Others are dragg'd into the crowded room  
 Between supporters ; and, once seated, sit,  
 Through downright inability to rise, 480  
 Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.  
 These speak a loud memento. Yet even these  
 Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he  
 That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.  
 They love it, and yet loath it ; fear to die, 485  
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.  
 Then wherefore not renounce them ? No—the dread,  
 The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds  
 Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,  
 And their inveterate habits, all forbid. 490

Whom call we gay ? That honour has been long  
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name.  
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,  
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,  
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams 495  
 Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.  
 The peasant too, a witness of his song,  
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.  
 But save me from the gaiety of those  
 Whose head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed ; 500  
 And save me too from their's whose haggard eyes  
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs  
 For property stripp'd off by cruel chance ;  
 From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,  
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe. 505

The earth was made so various, that the mind  
 Of desultory man, studious of change,  
 And pleas'd with novelty, might be indulg'd.  
 Prospects, however lovely, may be seen  
 Till half their beauties fade ; the weary sight, 510  
 Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off  
 Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.

Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,  
 Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,  
 Delight us ; happy to renounce awhile, 515  
 Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,  
 That such short absence may endear it more.  
 Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,  
 That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts  
 Above the reach of man. His hoary head, 520  
 Conspicuous many a league, the mariner,  
 Bound homeward, and in hope already there,  
 Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist  
 A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,  
 And at his feet the baffled billows die. 525  
 The common, overgrown with fern, and rough  
 With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,  
 And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom  
 And decks itself with ornaments of gold,  
 Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf 530  
 Smells fresh, and, rich in odoriferous herbs  
 And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense  
 With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days  
 Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd 535  
 With lace, and hat with splendid ribband bound.  
 A serving maid was she, and fell in love  
 With one who left her, went to sea, and died.  
 Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves  
 To distant shores ; and she would sit and weep 540  
 At what a sailor suffers ; fancy, too,  
 Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
 And dream of transports she was not to know.  
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death— 545  
 And never smil'd again ! And now she roams  
 The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,  
 And there, unless when charity forbids,  
 The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,  
 Worn as the cloak, and hardly hides, a gown 550  
 More tatter'd still ; and both but ill conceal  
 A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.  
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,  
 And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food,  
 Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier cloth, 555  
 Tho' pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is craz'd !

I see a column of slow rising smoke  
 O'er top the lofty wood that skirts the wild.  
 A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
 Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung 560  
 Between two poles upon a stick transverse,  
 Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,  
 Or vermine, or, at best, of cock purloin'd  
 From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race !  
 They pick their fuel out of every hedge, 565  
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd  
 The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide  
 Their fluttering rags, and shews a tawny skin,  
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim.  
 Great skill have they in palmistry, and more 570  
 To conjure clean away the gold they touch,  
 Conveying worthless dross into its place ;  
 Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.  
 Strange ! that a creature rational, and cast  
 In human mould, should brutalize by choice 575  
 His nature ; and, though capable of arts  
 By which the world might profit, and himself,  
 Self-banish'd from society, prefer  
 Such squalid sloth to honourable toil !  
 Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft, 580  
 They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,  
 And vex their flesh with artificial sores,  
 Can change their whine into a mirthful note  
 When safe occasion offers ; and, with dance,  
 And music of the bladder and the bag, 585  
 Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.  
 Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy  
 The houseless rovers of the sylvan world ;  
 And, breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring much,  
 Need other physic none to heal th' effects 590  
 Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

Blest he, though undistinguished from the croud  
 By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,  
 Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside  
 His fierceness ; having learnt, though slow to learn, 595  
 The manners and the arts of civil life.  
 His wants, indeed, are many ; but supply  
 Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach  
 Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.  
 Here virtue thrives, as in her proper soil ; 600  
 Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,

And terrible to sight, as when she springs  
 (If e'er she springs spontaneous) in remote  
 And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,  
 And strength is lord of all ; but gentle, kind, 605  
 By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd,  
 And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd.  
 War and the chase engross the savage whole ;  
 War follow'd for revenge, or to supplant  
 The envied tenants of some happier spot : 610  
 The chase for sustenance, precarious trust !  
 His hard condition with severe constraint  
 Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth  
 Of wisdom, proves a school in which he learns  
 Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate, 615  
 Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.  
 Thus fare the shivering natives of the north,  
 And thus the rangers of the western world,  
 Where it advances far into the deep,  
 Towards the antarctic. Even the favour'd isles, 620  
 So lately found, although the constant sun  
 Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,  
 Can boast but little virtue ; and, inert,  
 Through plenty, lose in morals, what they gain  
 In manners—victims of luxurious ease. 625  
 These, therefore, I can pity, plac'd remote  
 From all that science traces, art invents,  
 Or inspiration teaches ; and enclosed  
 In boundless oceans, never to be pass'd  
 By navigators uninformed as they ; 630  
 Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again :  
 But, far beyond the rest, and with most cause,  
 Thee, gentle\* savage ! whom no love of thee  
 Or thine, but curiosity, perhaps,  
 Or else vain glory, prompted us to draw 635  
 Forth from thy native bowers to shew thee here  
 With what superior skill we can abuse  
 The gifts of Providence, and squander life.  
 The dream is past ; and thou hast found again  
 Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams, 640  
 And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou found  
 Their former charms ? And, having seen our state,  
 Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp  
 Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,  
 And heard our music ; are thy simple friends, 645

\* Omai.

Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,  
 As dear to thee as once ? And have thy joys  
 Lost nothing by comparison with our's ?  
 Rude as thou art, (for we return'd thee rude  
 And ignorant, except of outward show) 650  
 I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart  
 And spiritless, as never to regret  
 Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.  
 Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,  
 And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot 655  
 If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.  
 I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,  
 A patriot's for his country : thou art sad  
 At thought of her forlorn and abject state,  
 From which no power of thine can raise her up. 660  
 Thus fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,  
 Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.  
 She tells me, too, that duly every morn  
 Thou climb'st the mountain top, with eager eye  
 Exploring far and wide the watery waste 665  
 For sight of ship from England. Every speck  
 Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale  
 With conflict of contending hopes and fears.  
 But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,  
 And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepar'd 670  
 To dream all night of what the day denied.  
 Alas ! expect it not. We found no bait  
 To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,  
 Disinterested good, is not our trade.  
 We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought ; 675  
 And must be brib'd, to compass earth again,  
 By other hopes, and richer fruits, than your's.

But, though true worth and virtue in the mild  
 And genial soil of cultivated life  
 Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there ; 680  
 Yet not in cities oft : in proud and gay  
 And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,  
 As to a common and most noisome sewer,  
 The dregs and feculence of every land.  
 In cities foul example on most minds 685  
 Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds  
 In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,  
 And wantonness and gluttonous excess.  
 In cities vice is hidden with most ease,  
 Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught 690

By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there  
 Beyond the atchievement of successful flight.  
 I do confess them nurseries of the arts,  
 In which they flourish most; where, in the beams  
 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye 695  
 Of public note, they reach their perfect size.  
 Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd  
 The fairest capital of all the world;  
 By riot and incontinence the worst.  
 There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes 700  
 A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees  
 All her reflected features. Bacon there  
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,  
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.  
 Nor does the chissel occupy alone 705  
 The powers of sculpture, but the style as much;  
 Each province of her art her equal care.  
 With nice incision of her guided steel  
 She ploughs a brazen field, and cloathes a soil  
 So sterile with what charms so'er she will, 710  
 The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.  
 Where finds philosophy her eagle eye,  
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk  
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?  
 In London: where her implements exact, 715  
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans,  
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now  
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world?  
 In London. Where has commerce such a mart,  
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied, 720  
 As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still  
 Increasing London? Babylon of old  
 Not more the glory of the earth than she,  
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two, 725  
 That so much beauty would do well to purge;  
 And show this queen of cities, that so fair  
 May yet be foul; so witty, yet not wise.  
 It is not seemly, nor of good report,  
 That she is slack in discipline; more prompt 730  
 To avenge, than to prevent, the breach of law;  
 That she is rigid in denouncing death  
 On petty robbers, and indulges life  
 And liberty, and oft-times honour too,  
 To speculators of the public gold; 735

That thieves at home must hang ; but he, that puts  
 Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse  
 The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.  
 Nor it is well, nor can it come to good,  
 That, through profane and infidel contempt 740  
 Of holy writ, she has presum'd to annul  
 And abrogate, as roundly as she may,  
 The total ordinance and will of God ;  
 Advancing fashion to the post of truth,  
 And centering all authority in modes 745  
 And customs of her own, till sabbath rites  
 Have dwindled into unrespected forms,  
 And knees and hassocs are well-nigh divorc'd.

God made the country, and man made the town.  
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts 750  
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught  
 That life holds out to all, should most abound,  
 And least be threaten'd, in the fields and groves ?  
 Possess ye, therefore, ye, who, borne about  
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue 755  
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes  
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still  
 Your element ; there only can ye shine ;  
 There only minds like your's can do no harm.  
 Our groves were planted to console at noon 760  
 The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve  
 The moon-beam, sliding softly in between  
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish ;  
 Birds warbling all the music. We can spare  
 The splendour of your lamps ; they but eclipse 765  
 Our softer satellite. Your songs confound  
 Our more harmonious notes : the thrush departs  
 Scar'd, and the offended nightingale is mute.  
 There is a public mischief in your mirth ;  
 It plagues your country. Folly such as your's, 770  
 Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,  
 Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,  
 Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,  
 A mutilated structure, soon to fall.



## ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

*Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book.—Peace among the nations recommended, on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow.—Prodigies enumerated.—Sicilian earthquakes.—Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin.—God the agent in them.—The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reprov'd.—Our own late miscarriages accounted for.—Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fountainbleau.—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation.—The Reverend Advertiser of engraved sermons.—Petit-maitre parson.—The good preacher.—Pictures of a theatrical clerical coxcomb. Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reprov'd.—Apostrophe to popular applause.—Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with.—Sum of the whole matter.—Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity.—Their folly and extravagance.—The mischiefs of profusion.—Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.*

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## BOOK II.

### THE TIME-PIECE.

**O**H for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless continuity of shade,  
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd, 5  
My soul is sick, with every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.  
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,  
It does not feel for man; the natural bond  
Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax 10  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire,  
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not colour'd like his own; and, having power  
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause  
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey. 15  
Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd  
Make enemies of nations, who had else,  
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.  
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys; 20  
And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,  
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,  
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat  
With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,  
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast. 25

Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,  
 And having human feelings, does not blush,  
 And hang his head, to think himself a man ?  
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, 30  
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.  
 No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
 Just estimation priz'd above all price,  
 I had much rather be myself the slave, 35  
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
 We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad ?  
 And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave  
 That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.  
 Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs 40  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;  
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
 And let it circulate through every vein 45  
 Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's pow'r  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of social intercourse,  
 Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,  
 Between the nations, in a world that seems 50  
 To toll the death-bell of its own decease,  
 And by the voice of all its elements  
 To preach the general doom\*. When were the winds  
 Let slip with such a warrant to destroy ?  
 When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap 55  
 Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry ?  
 Fires from beneath, and meteors† from above,  
 Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,  
 Have kindled beacons in the skies ; and the old 60  
 And crazy earth has had her shaking fits  
 More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.  
 Is it a time to wrangle, when the props  
 And pillars of our planet seem to fail,  
 And Nature § with a dim and sickly eye,  
 To wait the close of all ! But grant her end 65  
 More distant, and that prophecy demands

\* Alluding to the calamities at Jamaica.

† August 18, 1783.

§ Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.

A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet ;  
 Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak  
 Displeasure in his breast who smites the earth  
 Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice. 70  
 And 'tis but seemly, that, where all deserve  
 And stand expos'd by common peccancy  
 To what no few have felt, there should be peace,  
 And brethren in calamity should love.

Alas for Sicily ! rude fragments now 75  
 Lie scatter'd where the shapely column stood.  
 Her palaces are dust. In all her streets  
 The voice of singing and the sprightly chord  
 Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show  
 Suffer a syncope and solemn pause ; 80  
 While God performs, upon the trembling stage  
 Of his own works, his dreadful part, alone.  
 How does the earth receive him ?—With what signs  
 Of gratulation and delight, her king ?

Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad, 85  
 Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,  
 Disclosing paradise where'er he treads ?  
 She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,  
 Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps,  
 And fiery caverns, roars beneath his feet. 90

The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,  
 For he has touch'd them. From the extremest point  
 Of elevation, down into the abyss  
 His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.  
 The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies rise, 95  
 The rivers die into offensive pools,  
 And charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe a gross  
 And mortal nuisance into all the air.

What solid was, by transformation strange,  
 Grows fluid ; and the fixt and rooted earth, 100  
 Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,  
 Or, with vortiginous and hideous whirl,  
 Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense  
 The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs  
 And agonies of human and of brute 105  
 Multitudes, fugitive on ev'ry side,  
 And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene

Migrates uplifted ; and, with all its soil  
 Alighting in far distant fields, finds out  
 A new possessor, and survives the change. 110  
 Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought

To an enormous and o'erbearing height,  
 Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice  
 Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore  
 Resistless. Never such a sudden flood, 115  
 Upridg'd so high, and sent on such a charge,  
 Possess'd an inland scene. Where now the throng  
 That press'd the beach, and, hasty to depart,  
 Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone,  
 Gone with the reflux wave into the deep— 120  
 A prince with half his people! Ancient towers,  
 And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes  
 Where beauty oft and letter'd worth consume  
 Life in the unproductive shades of death,  
 Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come forth, 125  
 And, happy in their unforeseen release  
 From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy  
 The terrors of the day that sets them free.  
 Who, then, that has thee, would not hold thee fast,  
 Freedom! whom they that lose thee so regret, 130  
 That even a judgment, making way for thee,  
 Seems, in their eyes, a mercy, for thy sake.

Such evil sin hath wrought; and such a flame  
 Kindled in heaven, that it burns down to earth,  
 And, in the furious inquest that it makes 135  
 On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.  
 The very elements, though each be meant  
 The minister of man, to serve his wants,  
 Conspire against him. With his breath he draws  
 A plague into his blood; and cannot use 140  
 Life's necessary means, but he must die.  
 Storms rise to o'erwhelm him: or, if stormy winds  
 Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,  
 And, needing none assistance of the storm,  
 Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there. 145  
 The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,  
 Or make his house his grave: nor so content,  
 Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,  
 And drown him in her dry and dusty gulphs.  
 What then!—were they the wicked above all, 150  
 And we the righteous, whose fast anchor'd isle  
 Mov'd not, while their's was rock'd, like a light skiff,  
 The sport of ev'ry wave? No: none are clear,  
 And none than we more guilty. But, where all  
 Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts 155  
 Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark:

May punish, if he please, the less, to warn  
 The more malignant. If he spar'd not them,  
 Tremble and be amaz'd at thine escape,  
 Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee ! 160

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd  
 In all the good and ill that chequer life !  
 Resolving all events, with their effects  
 And manifold results, into the will  
 And arbitration wise of the Supreme. 165  
 Did not his eye rule all things, and intend  
 The least of our concerns (since from the least  
 The greatest oft originate ) ; could chance  
 Find place in his dominion, or dispose  
 One lawless particle to thwart his plan ; 170  
 Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen  
 Contingence might alarm him, and disturb  
 The smooth and equal course of his affairs.  
 This truth philosophy, though eagle-ey'd  
 In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks ; 175  
 And, having found his instrument, forgets,  
 Or disregards, or more presumptuous still,  
 Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims  
 His hot displeasure against foolish men,  
 That live an atheist life : involves the heaven 180  
 In tempests ; quits his grasp upon the winds,  
 And gives them all their fury ; bids a plague  
 Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,  
 And putrefy the breath of blooming health.  
 He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend 185  
 Blows mildew from between his shriveled lips,  
 And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,  
 And desolates a nation at a blast.  
 Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells  
 Of homogeneal and discordant springs 190  
 And principles ; of causes, how they work,  
 By necessary laws, their sure effects ;  
 Of action and re-action. He has found  
 The source of the disease that nature feels,  
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear. 195  
 Thou fool ! will thy discovery of the cause  
 Suspend the effect, or heal it ? Has not God  
 Still wrought by means since first he made the world ?  
 And did he not of old employ his means  
 To drown it ? What is his creation less 200  
 Than a capacious reservoir of means

Form'd for his use, and ready at his will ?  
 Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve ; ask of him,  
 Or ask of whomsoever he has taught ;  
 And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all. 205

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—  
 My country ! and, while yet a nook is left  
 Where English minds and manners may be found,  
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime  
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd 210  
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,  
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
 With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves  
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs. 215  
 To shake thy senate, and, from heights sublime  
 Of patriot eloquence, to flash down fire  
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :  
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart 220  
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
 Thy follies, too ; and, with a just disdain,  
 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks  
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.  
 How, in the name of soldiership and sense, 225  
 Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth  
 And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er  
 With odours, and as profligate as sweet ;  
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
 And love when they should fight ; when such as these 230  
 Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
 Of her magnificent and awful cause ?  
 Time was when it was praise and boast enough  
 In every clime, and travel where we might,  
 That we were born her children. Praise enough 235  
 To fill th' ambition of a private man,  
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,  
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own,  
 Farewell those honours, and farewell, with them,  
 The hope of such hereafter ! They have fallen, 240  
 Each in his field of glory ; one in arms,  
 And one in council—Wolfe, upon the lap  
 Of smiling victory that moment won,  
 And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame !  
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still 245  
 Consulting England's happiness at home,

Secur'd it by an unforgiving frown,  
 If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,  
 Put so much of his heart into his act,  
 That his example had a magnet's force, 250  
 And all were swift to follow whom all lov'd.  
 Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such !  
 Or all that we have left is empty talk  
 Of old achievements, and despair of new.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float 255  
 Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck  
 With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,  
 That no rude savour maritime invade  
 The nose of nice nobility ! Breathe soft,  
 Ye clarionets ; and softer still, ye flutes ; 260  
 That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,  
 May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore !  
 True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.  
 True we may thank the perfidy of France,  
 That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown, 265  
 With all the cunning of an envious shrew.  
 And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state !  
 A brave man knows no malice, but at once  
 Forgets in peace the injuries of war,  
 And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace. 270  
 And, sham'd as we have been, to the very beard,  
 Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd  
 Too weak for those decisive blows that once  
 Ensur'd us mastery there, we yet retain  
 Some small pre-eminence ; we justly boast 275  
 At least superior jockeyship, and claim  
 The honours of the turf as all our own !  
 Go, then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,  
 And show the shame ye might conceal at home  
 In foreign eyes !—be grooms, and win the plate 280  
 Where once your nobler fathers won a crown !—  
 'Tis generous to communicate your skill  
 To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd :  
 And, under such preceptors, who can fail !

There is a pleasure in poetic pains 285  
 Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,  
 The expedients and inventions multiform,  
 To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms  
 Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—  
 To arrest the fleeting images that fill 290

The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,  
 And force them sit till he has pencil'd off  
 A faithful likeness of the forms he views ;  
 Then to dispose his copies with such art,  
 That each may find its most propitious light, 295  
 And shine by situation, hardly less  
 Than by the labour and the skill it cost ;  
 Are occupations of the poet's mind  
 So pleasing, and that steal away the thought  
 With such address from themes of sad import, 300  
 That, lost in his own musings, happy man !  
 He feels the anxieties of life, denied  
 Their wonted entertainment, all retire.  
 Such joys has he that sings. But ah ! not such,  
 Or seldom such, the hearers of his song. 305  
 Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps  
 Aware of nothing arduous in a task  
 They never undertook, they little note  
 His dangers or escapes, and haply find  
 There least amusement where he found the most. 310  
 But is amusement all ? studious of song,  
 And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,  
 I would not trifle merely, though the world  
 Be loudest in their praise who do no more.  
 Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay ? 315  
 It may correct a foible, may chastise  
 The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,  
 Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch ;  
 But where are its sublimer trophies found ?  
 What vice has it subdu'd ? whose heart reclaim'd 320  
 By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform ?  
 Alas ! Leviathan is not so tam'd :  
 Laughed at, he laughs again ; and, stricken hard,  
 Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,  
 That fear no discipline of human hands. 325

The pulpit, therefore, (and I name it fill'd  
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
 With what intent I touch that holy thing)—  
 The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,  
 Strutting and vapouring in an empty school, 330  
 Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—  
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)  
 Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,  
 The most important and effectual guard, 335

- Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.  
 There stands the messenger of truth : there stands  
 The legate of the skies !—His theme divine,  
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
 By him the violated law speaks out 340  
 Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet  
 As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.  
 He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,  
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,  
 And, arm'd himself in panoply complete 345  
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms,  
 Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule  
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war,  
 The sacramental host of God's elect !  
 Are all such teachers ?—would to heav'n all were ! 350  
 But hark ! the doctor's voice !—fast wedg'd between  
 Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks  
 Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far  
 Than all invective is his bold harangue,  
 While through that public organ of report 355  
 He hails the clergy ; and, defying shame,  
 Announces to the world his own and their's !  
 He teaches those to read, whom schools dismiss'd,  
 And colleges, untaught ; sells accent, tone,  
 And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer 360  
 The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.  
 He grinds divinity of other days  
 Down into modern use ; transforms old print  
 To zig-zag manuscript, and cheats the eyes  
 Of gallery critics by a thousand arts. 365  
 Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware ?  
 Oh, name it not in Gath !—it cannot be,  
 That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.  
 He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,  
 Assuming thus a rank unknown before— 370  
 Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church !
- I venerate the man whose heart is warm,  
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,  
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
 That he is honest in the sacred cause. 375  
 To such I render more than mere respect,  
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.  
 But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,  
 In conversation frivolous, in dress  
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ; 380

Frequent in park with lady at his side,  
 Ambling and prating scandal as he goes ;  
 But rare at home, and never at his books,  
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;  
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round 385  
 Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor ;  
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,  
 And well prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,  
 By infidelity and love of the world,  
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave 390  
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride :—  
 From such apostles, oh, ye mitred heads,  
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands  
 On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul, 395  
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—  
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace  
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.  
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;  
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain, 400  
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,  
 And natural in gesture ; much impress'd  
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look, 405  
 And tender in address, as well becomes  
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.  
 Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ?  
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
 And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ; 410  
 Cry—hem ; and, reading what they never wrote,  
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !

In man or woman, but far most in man,  
 And most of all in man that ministers 415  
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe  
 All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;  
 Object of my implacable disgust.  
 What !—will a man play tricks, will he indulge  
 A silly fond conceit of his fair form, 420  
 And just proportion, fashionable mien,  
 And pretty face, in presence of his God ?  
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,  
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,

And play his brilliant parts before my eyes, 425  
 When I am hungry for the bread of life ?  
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames  
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,  
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock !  
 Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare, 430  
 And start theatric, practised at the glass !  
 I seek divine simplicity in him  
 Who handles things divine ; and all besides,  
 Though learn'd with labour, and though much admir'd  
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd, 435  
 To me is odious as the nasal twang  
 Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,  
 Misled by custom, strain celestial themes  
 Through the prest nostril, spectacle-bestrud.  
 Some, decent in demeanour while they preach, 440  
 That task perform'd, relapse into themselves ;  
 And, having spoken wisely, at the close  
 Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye—  
 Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not !  
 Forth comes the pocket mirror.—First we stroke 445  
 An eye-brow ; next, compose a straggling lock ;  
 Then with an air most gracefully perform'd,  
 Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,  
 And lay it at its ease with gentle care,  
 With handkerchief in hand depending low : 450  
 The better hand, more busy, gives the nose  
 Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye  
 With opera glass, to watch the moving scene,  
 And recognize the slow-retiring fair.—  
 Now this is fulsome ; and offends me more 455  
 Than in a churchman slovenly neglect  
 And rustic coarseness would. An heavenly mind  
 May be indifferent to her house of clay,  
 And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;  
 But how a body so phantastic, trim, 460  
 And quaint, in its deportment and attire,  
 Can lodge an heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

He that negotiates between God and man,  
 As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
 Of judgment and of mercy, should beware 465  
 Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
 To court a grin, when you should woo a soul ;  
 To break a jest, when pity would inspire  
 Pathetic exhortation ; and to address

The skittish fancy with facetious tales, 470  
 When sent with God's commission to the heart!  
 So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip  
 Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,  
 And I consent you take it for your text,  
 Your only one, till sides and benches fail. 375  
 No: he was serious in a serious cause,  
 And understood too well the weighty terms  
 That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop  
 To conquer those by jocular exploits,  
 Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain. 480

Oh, popular applause! what heart of man  
 Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?  
 The wisest and the best feel urgent need  
 Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;  
 But, swell'd into a gust—who then, alas! 485  
 With all his canvass set, and inexpert,  
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?  
 Praise from the shrivel'd lips of toothless, bald  
 Decripitude; and in the looks of lean  
 And craving poverty; and in the bow 490  
 Respectful of the smutch'd artificer;  
 Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb  
 The bias of the purpose. How much more,  
 Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,  
 In language soft as adoration breathes? 495  
 Ah, spare your idol! think him human still.  
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!  
 Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the sempiternal source  
 Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome, 500  
 Drew from the stream below. More favour'd, we  
 Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.  
 To them it flow'd much mingled and defil'd  
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams  
 Illusive of philosophy, so call'd, 505  
 But falsely. Sages after sages strove  
 In vain to filtre off a crystal draught  
 Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd  
 The thirst than slak'd it, and not seldom bred  
 Intoxication and delirium wild. 510  
 In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth  
 And spring-time of the world; ask'd, Whence is man?  
 Why form'd at all? and wherefore as he is?

Where must he find his Maker? with what rites  
 Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless? 515  
 Or does he sit regardless of his works?  
 Has man within him an immortal seed?  
 Or does the tomb take all? If he survive  
 His ashes, where? and in what weal or woe?  
 Knots worthy of solution, which alone 520  
 A deity could solve. Their answers, vague,  
 And all at random, fabulous, and dark,  
 Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,  
 Defective and unsanction'd, prov'd too weak  
 To bind the roving appetite, and lead 525  
 Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd.  
 'Tis revelation satisfies all doubts,  
 Explains all mysteries, except her own,  
 And so illuminates, the path of life,  
 That fools discover it, and stray no more. 530  
 Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,  
 My man of morals, nurtur'd in the shades  
 Of Academus—is this false or true?  
 Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?  
 If Christ, then why resort at every turn 535  
 To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short  
 Of man's occasions, when in him reside  
 Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathom'd store?  
 How oft, when Paul has serv'd us with a text,  
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd! 540  
 Men that, if now alive, would sit content  
 And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,  
 Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,  
 Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too!

And thus it is.—The pastor, either vain 545  
 By nature, or by flattery made so, taught  
 To gaze at his own splendour, and to exalt  
 Absurdly, not his office, but himself;  
 Or unenlighten'd, and too proud to learn;  
 Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach; 550  
 Perverting often, by the stress of lewd  
 And loose example, whom he should instruct;  
 Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,  
 The noblest function, and discredits much  
 The brightest truths that man has ever seen. 555  
 For ghostly council; if it either fall  
 Below the exigence, or be not back'd  
 With show of love, at least with hopeful proof

Of some sincerity on the giver's part ;  
 Or be dishonour'd, in the exterior form 560  
 And mode of its conveyance, by such tricks  
 As move derision, or by foppish airs  
 And histrionic mummery, that let down  
 The pulpit to the level of the stage ;  
 Drops from the lips a disregarded thing. 565  
 The weak perhaps are mov'd, but are not taught,  
 While prejudice in men of stronger minds  
 Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see.  
 A relaxation of religion's hold  
 Upon the roving and untutor'd heart 570  
 Soon follows, and the curb of conscience snapt,  
 The laity run wild.—But do they now ?  
 Note their extravagance, and be convinc'd.

As nations ignorant of God, contrive  
 A wooden one, so we, no longer taught 575  
 By monitors that mother church supplies,  
 Now make our own. Posterity will ask  
 (If e'er posterity see verse of mine)  
 Some fifty or an hundred lustrums hence,  
 What was a monitor in George's days ? 580  
 My very gentle reader, yet unborn,  
 Of whom I needs must augur better things,  
 Since heaven would sure grow weary of a world  
 Productive only of a race like our's,  
 A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin. 585  
 We wear it at our backs. There, closely brac'd  
 And neatly fitted, it compresses hard  
 The prominent and most unsightly bones,  
 And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use  
 Sovereign and most effectual to secure 590  
 A form not now gymnastic as of yore,  
 From rickets and distortion, else our lot.  
 But, thus admonish'd, we can walk erect  
 One proof at least of manhood ! while the friend  
 Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge. 595  
 Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,  
 And by caprice as multiplied as his,  
 Just please us while the fashion is at full,  
 But change with every moon. The sycophant,  
 Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date ; 600  
 Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye ;  
 Finds one ill made, another obsolete,  
 This fits not nicely, that is ill conceiv'd ;

And, making prize of all that he condemns,  
 With our expenditure defrays his own. 605  
 Variety's the very spice of life,  
 That gives it all its flavour. We have run  
 Through every change that fancy, at the loom  
 Exhausted, has had genius to supply ;  
 And, studious of mutation still, discard 610  
 A real elegance, a little us'd,  
 For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.  
 We sacrifice to dress, till household joys  
 And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,  
 And keeps our larder lean ; puts out our fires ; 615  
 And introduces hunger, frost, and wo,  
 Where peace and hospitality might reign.  
 What man that lives, and that knows how to live,  
 Would fail to exhibit at the public shows  
 A form as splendid as the proudest there, 620  
 Though appetite raise outcries at the cost ?  
 A man o' th' town dines late, but soon enough,  
 With reasonable forecast and dispatch,  
 To insure a side-box station at half price.  
 You think, perhaps, so delicate his dress, 625  
 His daily fare as delicate. Alas !  
 He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems  
 With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet !  
 The rout is folly's circle, which she draws  
 With magic wand. So potent is the spell, 630  
 That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,  
 Unless by heaven's peculiar grace, escape ;  
 There we grow early gray, but never wise ;  
 There form connexions, but acquire no friend ;  
 Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success ; 635  
 Waste youth in occupations only fit  
 For second childhood, and devote old age  
 To sports which only childhood could excuse.  
 There they are happiest who dissemble best  
 Their weariness ; and they the most polite, 640  
 Who squander time and treasure with a smile,  
 Though at their own destruction. She, that asks  
 Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,  
 And hates their coming. They (what can they less ?)  
 Make just reprisals ; and, with cringe and shrug, 645  
 And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.  
 All catch the frenzy, downward from her grace,  
 Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,  
 And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,

To her who, frugal only that her thrift 650  
 May feed excesses she can ill afford,  
 Is hackney'd home unlacquey'd ; who, in haste  
 Alighting, turns the key in her own door,  
 And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,  
 Finds a cold bed her only comfort left. 655  
 Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,  
 On fortune's velvet altar offering up  
 Their last poor pittance—fortune, most severe  
 Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far  
 Than all that held their routs in Juno's heaven.— 660  
 So fare we in this prison-house, the world.  
 And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see  
 So many maniacs dancing in their chains.  
 They gaze upon the links that hold them fast,  
 With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot, 665  
 Then shake them in despair, and dance again !

Now basket up the family of plagues  
 That waste our vitals ; peculation, sale  
 Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds  
 By forgery, by subterfuge of law, 670  
 By tricks and lies as numerous and as keen  
 As the necessities their authors feel ;  
 Then cast them, closely bundled, every brat  
 At the right door. Profusion is the sire.  
 Profusion unrestrain'd, with all that's base 675  
 In character, has litter'd all the land,  
 And bred, within the memory of no few,  
 A priesthood such as Baal's was of old,  
 A people such as never was till now.  
 It is a hungry vice :—it eats up all 680  
 That gives society its beauty, strength,  
 Convenience, and security, and use :  
 Makes men mere vermine, worthy to be trapp'd  
 And gibbeted as fast as catchpole claws  
 Can seize the slippery prey : unties the knot 685  
 Of union, and converts the sacred band,  
 That holds mankind together, to a scourge.  
 Profusion, deluging a state with lusts  
 Of grossest nature and of worst effects,  
 Prepares it for its ruin : hardens, blinds, 690  
 And warps, the consciences of public men,  
 Till they can laugh at virtue ; mock the fools  
 That trust them ; and, in the end, disclose a face  
 That would have shock'd credulity herself,

Unmask'd, vouchsafing this their sole excuse— 695  
 Since all alike are selfish, why not they ?  
 This does profusion, and the accursed cause  
 Of such deep mischief, has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls, in ancient days,  
 When learning, virtue, piety, and truth 700  
 Were precious, and inculcated with care,  
 There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,  
 Nor yet by time completely silver'd o'er,  
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,  
 But strong for service still, and unimpair'd. 705  
 His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile  
 Play'd on his lips ; and in his speech was heard  
 Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.  
 The occupation dearest to his heart  
 Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke 710  
 The head of modest and ingenious worth,  
 That blush'd at its own praise ; and press the youth  
 Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning grew  
 Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant ;  
 The mind was well inform'd, the passions held 715  
 Subordinate, and diligence was choice.  
 If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,  
 That one, among so many, overleap'd  
 The limits of controul, his gentle eye  
 Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke : 720  
 His frown was full of terror, and his voice  
 Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe  
 As left him not, till penitence had won  
 Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach.  
 But Discipline, a faithful servant long, 725  
 Declin'd at length into the vale of years :  
 A palsy struck his arm ; his sparkling eye  
 Was quench'd in rheums of age ; his voice, unstrung,  
 Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more  
 Than reverence in perverse rebellious youth. 730  
 So colleges and halls neglected much  
 Their good old friend ; and Discipline at length,  
 O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.  
 Then study languish'd, emulation slept,  
 And virtue fled. The schools became a scene 735  
 Of solemn farce, where Ignorance, in stilts,  
 His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,  
 With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,  
 Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.

Then compromise had place, and scrutiny 740  
 Became stone-blind ; precedence went in truck,  
 And he was competent whose purse was so.  
 A dissolution of all bonds ensued ;  
 The curbs, invented for the mulish mouth  
 Of head-strong youth, were broken ; bars and bolts 745  
 Grew rusty by disuse ; and massy gates  
 Forgot their office, opening with a touch ;  
 'Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,  
 The tassell'd cap, and the spruce band, a jest,  
 A mockery of the world ! What need of these 750  
 For gamesters, jockeys, brothelers impure,  
 Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oftener seen  
 With belted waist, and pointers at their heels,  
 Than in the bounds of duty ? What was learn'd,  
 If aught was learn'd, in childhood, is forgot ; 755  
 And such expence as pinches parents blue,  
 And mortifies the liberal hand of love,  
 Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports,  
 And vicious pleasures ; buys the boy a name,  
 That sits a stigma on his father's house, 760  
 And cleaves, through life, inseparably close  
 To him that wears it. What can after-games  
 Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,  
 The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,  
 Add to such erudition, thus acquir'd 765  
 Where science and where virtue are profess'd ?  
 They may confirm his habits, rivet fast  
 His folly ; but to spoil him is a task  
 That bids defiance to the united powers  
 Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews. 770  
 Now, blame we most the nurslings or the nurse ?  
 The children, crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,  
 Through want of care ; or her, whose winking eye,  
 And slumbering oscitancy, mars the brood ?  
 The nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge, 775  
 She needs herself correction ; needs to learn  
 That it is dangerous sporting with the world,  
 With things so sacred as a nation's trust,  
 The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

All are not such. I had a brother once— 780  
 Peace to the memory of a man of worth,  
 A man of letters, and of manners too !  
 Of manners sweet as virtue always wears,  
 When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles.

He grac'd a college \*, in which order yet 785  
 Was sacred ; and was honour'd, lov'd, and wept,  
 By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.  
 Some minds are temper'd happily, and mixt  
 With such ingredients of good sense, and taste  
 Of what is excellent in man, they thirst 790  
 With such a zeal to be what they approve,  
 That no restraints can circumscribe them more,  
 Than they themselves, by choice, for wisdom's sake ;  
 Nor can example hurt them. What they see  
 Of vice in others, but enhancing more 795  
 The charms of virtue in their just esteem.  
 If such escape contagion, and emerge  
 Pure, from so foul a pool, to shine abroad,  
 And give the world their talents and themselves,  
 Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth 800  
 Expos'd their inexperience to the snare,  
 And left them to an undirected choice.

See, then, the quiver broken and decay'd,  
 In which are kept our arrows ! Rusting there  
 In wild disorder, and unfit for use, 805  
 What wonder if, discharg'd into the world,  
 They shame their shooters with a random flight,  
 Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine !  
 Well may the church wage unsuccessful war,  
 With such artillery arm'd. Vice parries wide 810  
 The undreaded volley, with a sword of straw,  
 And stands an impudent and fearless mark.

Have we not track'd the felon home, and found  
 His birth-place and his dam ? The country mourns—  
 Mourns, because every plague that can infest 815  
 Society, and that saps and worms the base  
 Of the edifice that policy has rais'd,  
 Swarms in all quarters ; meets the eye, the ear,  
 And suffocates the breath at every turn.  
 Profusion breeds them ; and the cause itself 820  
 Of that calamitous mischief has been found :  
 Found, too, where most offensive, in the skirts  
 Of the rob'd pedagogue ! Else, let the arraign'd  
 Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.  
 So, when the Jewish leader stretch'd his arm, 825  
 And wav'd his rod divine, a race obscene,

Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,  
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,  
Were cover'd with the pest; the streets were fill'd;  
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;  
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scap'd;  
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.

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## ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

*Self-recollection and reproof.—Address to domestic happiness.—Some account of myself.—The vanity of many of their pursuits who are reputed wise.—Justification of my censures.—Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher.—The question, What is truth? answered by other questions.—Domestic happiness addressed again.—Few lovers of the country.—My tame hare.—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden.—Pruning.—Framing.—Greenhouse.—Sowing of flower-seeds.—The country preferable to the town even in the winter.—Reasons why it is deserted at that season.—Ruinous effects of gaming and of expensive improvement.—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.*

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BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

**A**S one who, long in thickets and in brakes  
Entangled, winds now this way and now that  
His devious course uncertain, seeking home ;  
Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd  
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough 5  
Plunging, and half despairing of escape ;  
If chance at length he find a green-sward smooth  
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise ;  
He chirrup's brisk his ear-erecting steed,  
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease ; 10  
So I, designing other themes, and call'd  
To adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,  
To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,  
Have rambl'd wide. In country, city, seat  
Of academic fame (howe'er deserv'd), 15  
Long held, and scarcely disengag'd at last.  
But now, with pleasant pace, a cleanlier road  
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,  
Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,  
If toil await me, or if dangers new. 20

Since pulpits fail, and sounding-boards reflect  
Most part an empty ineffectual sound,  
What chance that I, to fame so little known,  
Nor conversant with men or manners much,  
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope 25  
Crack the satiric thong ? 'Twere wiser far  
For me, enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,  
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,

Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,  
 My languid limbs, when summer sears the plains ; 30  
 Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft  
 And shelter'd sofa, while the nitrous air  
 Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth ;  
 There, undisturb'd by folly, and appriz'd  
 How great the danger of disturbing her, 35  
 To muse in silence, or at least confine  
 Remarks that gall so many, to the few  
 My partners in retreat. Disgust conceal'd  
 Is Oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault  
 Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach. 40

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
 Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall !  
 Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,  
 Or, tasting, long enjoy thee ; too infirm,  
 Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets 45  
 Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect,  
 Or temper, sheds into thy crystal cup.  
 Thou art the nurse of virtue—in thine arms  
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,  
 Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again. 50  
 Thou art not known where pleasure is ador'd,  
 That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist  
 And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm  
 Of novelty, her fickle, frail support ;  
 For thou art meek and constant, hating change, 55  
 And finding, in the calm of truth-tied love,  
 Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.  
 Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made  
 Of honour, dignity, and fair renown !  
 Till prostitution elbows us aside 60  
 In all our crowded streets ; and senates seem  
 Conven'd for purposes of empire less  
 Than to release the adultress from her bond.  
 The adultress ! what a theme for angry verse !  
 What provocation to the indignant heart 65  
 That feels for injur'd love ! but I disdain  
 The nauseous task to paint her as she is,  
 Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame !  
 No ;—let her pass, and, charioted along  
 In guilty splendour, shake the public ways ; 70  
 The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white  
 And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,  
 Whom matrons now, of character unsmirch'd,

And chaste themselves, are not asham'd to own.  
 Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time, 75  
 Not to be pass'd: and she, that had renounc'd  
 Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself  
 By all that priz'd it; not for prudery's sake,  
 But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.  
 'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif, 80  
 Desirous to return, and not receiv'd;  
 But was an wholesome rigour in the main,  
 And taught the unblemish'd to preserve with care  
 That purity, whose loss was loss of all.  
 Men, too, were nice in honour in those days, 85  
 And judg'd offenders well. Then he that sharp'd,  
 And pocketted a prize by fraud obtain'd,  
 Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that sold  
 His country, or was slack when she requir'd  
 His every nerve in action and at stretch, 90  
 Paid, with the blood that he had basely spar'd,  
 The price of his default. But now—yes, now,  
 We are become so candid and so fair,  
 So liberal in construction, and so rich  
 In Christian charity, (good-natur'd age!) 95  
 That they are safe, sinners of either sex,  
 Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well bred,  
 Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough  
 To pass us readily through every door.  
 Hypocrisy, detest her as we may, 100  
 (And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)  
 May claim this merit still—that she admits  
 The worth of what she mimics with such care,  
 And thus gives virtue indirect applause;  
 But she has burnt her mask, not needed here, 105  
 Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts  
 And specious semblances have lost their use.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd  
 Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt 110  
 My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew  
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
 There was I found by one who had himself  
 Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,  
 And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.  
 With gentle force soliciting the darts, 115  
 He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.  
 Since then, with few associates, in remote  
 And silent woods I wander, far from those

My former partners of the peopled scene ;  
 With few associates, and not wishing more. 120  
 Here much I ruminatè, as much I may,  
 With other views of men and manners now  
 Than once, and others of a life to come.  
 I see that all are wanderers, gone astray  
 Each in his own delusions ; they are lost 125  
 In chase of fancied happiness, still woo'd  
 And never won. Dream after dream ensues ;  
 And still they dream that they shall still succeed,  
 And still are disappointed. Rings the world  
 With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind, 130  
 And add two thirds of the remaining half,  
 And find the total of their hopes and fears  
 Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay  
 As if created only like the fly,  
 That spreads his motly wings in the eye of noon, 135  
 To sport their season, and be seen no more.  
 The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,  
 And pregnant with discoveries new and rare.  
 Some write a narrative of wars, and feats  
 Of heroes little known ; and call the rant 140  
 An history : describe the man, of whom  
 His own coevals took but little note ;  
 And paint his person, character, and views,  
 As they had known him from his mother's womb.  
 They disentangle from the puzzled skein, 145  
 In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up,  
 The threads of politic and shrewd design,  
 That ran through all his purposes, and charge  
 His mind with meanings that he never had,  
 Or, having, kept conceal'd. Some drill and bore 150  
 The solid earth, and from the strata there  
 Extract a register, by which we learn,  
 That he who made it, and reveal'd its date  
 To Moses, was mistaken in its age.  
 Some, more acute, and more industrious still, 155  
 Contrive creation ; travel nature up  
 To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,  
 And tell us whence the stars ; why some are fix'd,  
 And planetary some ; what gave them first  
 Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light. 160  
 Great contest follows, and much learned dust  
 Involves the combatants ; each claiming truth,  
 And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend  
 The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp,

In playing tricks with nature, giving laws 165  
 To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.  
 Is 't not a pity, now, that tickling rheums  
 Should ever tease the lungs and blear the sight  
 Of oracles like these? Great pity too,  
 That, having wielded the elements, and built 170  
 A thousand systems, each in his own way,  
 They should go out in fume, and be forgot?  
 Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they,  
 But frantic, who thus spend it? all for smoke—  
 Eternity for bubbles, proves at last 175  
 A senseless bargain. When I see such games  
 Play'd by the creatures of a power who swears  
 That he will judge the earth, and call the fool  
 To a sharp reckoning that has liv'd in vain;  
 And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well, 180  
 And prove it, in the infallible result,  
 So hollow and so false—I feel my heart  
 Dissolve in pity, and account the learn'd,  
 If this be learning, most of all deceiv'd.  
 Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps 185  
 While thoughtful man is plausibly amus'd.  
 Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,  
 From reveries so airy, from the toil  
 Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
 And growing old in drawing nothing up! 190

'Twere well, says one sage erudite, profound,  
 Terribly arch'd and aquiline his nose,  
 And overbuilt with most impending brows,  
 'Twere well, could you permit the world to live  
 As the world pleases. What's the world to you?— 195  
 Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk  
 As sweet as charity, from human breasts.  
 I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,  
 And exercise all functions of a man.  
 How then should I and any man that lives 200  
 Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,  
 Take of the crimson stream meandering there,  
 And catechise it well; apply thy glass,  
 Search it, and prove, now, if it be not blood  
 Congenial with thine own: and, if it be, 205  
 What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose  
 Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,  
 To cut the link of brotherhood, by which  
 One common Maker bound me to the kind?

True ; I am no proficient, I confess, 210  
 In arts like your's. I cannot call the swift  
 And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,  
 And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath ;  
 I cannot analyze the air, nor catch  
 The parallax of yonder luminous point, 215  
 That seems half quench'd in the immense abyss ;  
 Such powers I boast not—neither can I rest  
 A silent witness of the headlong rage  
 Or headless folly, by which thousands die,  
 Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine. 220

God never meant that man should scale the heavens  
 By strides of human wisdom. In his works  
 Though wonderous, he commands us in his word  
 To seek *him* rather, where his mercy shines.  
 The mind indeed, enlighten'd from above, 225  
 Views him in all ; ascribes to the grand cause  
 The grand effect ; acknowledges, with joy,  
 His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.  
 But never yet did philosophic tube,  
 That brings the planets home into the eye 230  
 Of observation, and discovers, else  
 Not visible, his family of worlds,  
 Discover him that rules them ; such a veil  
 Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,  
 And dark in things divine. Full often, too, 235  
 Our wayward intellect, the more we learn  
 Of nature, overlooks her author more ;  
 From instrumental causes, proud to draw  
 Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.  
 But, if his word once teach us, shoot a ray 240  
 Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal  
 Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,  
 Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptiz'd  
 In the pure fountain of eternal love,  
 Has eyes indeed ; and, viewing all she sees 245  
 As meant to indicate a God to man,  
 Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.  
 Learning has born such fruit in other days  
 On all her branches : piety has found  
 Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer 250  
 Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.  
 Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage !  
 Sagacious reader of the works of God,  
 And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,

Milton, whose genius had angelic wings, 255  
 And fed on manna ! And such thine, in whom  
 Our British Themis gloried with just cause,  
 Immortal Hale ! for deep discernment prais'd,  
 And sound integrity, not more than fam'd  
 For sanctity of manners undefil'd. 260

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades  
 Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind ;  
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream :  
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,  
 And we that worship him, ignoble graves. 265  
 Nothing is proof against the general curse  
 Of vanity, that seizes all below.

The only aramanthine flower on earth  
 Is virtue ; the only lasting treasure, truth.  
 But what is truth ? 'twas Pilate's question, put 270  
 To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.  
 And wherefore ? will not God impart his light  
 To them that ask it ?—Freely—'tis his joy,  
 His glory, and his nature, to impart.

But to the proud, uncandid, insincere, 275  
 Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.  
 What's that which brings contempt upon a book,  
 And him who writes it ; though the style be neat,  
 The method clear, and argument exact ?  
 That makes a minister in holy things 280  
 The joy of many, and the dread of more,

His name a theme for praise and for reproach ?—  
 That, while it gives us worth in God's account,  
 Depreciates and undoes us in our own ?  
 What pearl is't that rich men cannot buy, 285  
 That learning is too proud to gather up ;  
 But which the poor, and the despis'd of all,  
 Seek and obtain, and often find unsought ?  
 Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man, 290  
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,  
 Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd !  
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets ;  
 Though many boast thy favours, and affect  
 To understand and choose thee for their own. 295  
 But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,  
 Even as his first progenitor, and quits,  
 Though placed in paradise, (for earth has still

Some traces of her youthful beauty left) 300  
 Substantial happiness for transient joy.  
 Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse  
 The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,  
 By every pleasing image they present,  
 Reflections such as meliorate the heart,  
 Compose the passions, and exalt the mind; 305  
 Scenes such as these 'tis his supreme delight  
 To fill with riot, and defile with blood.  
 Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes  
 We persecute, annihilate the tribes  
 That draw the sportsmen over hill and dale, 310  
 Fearless, and wrapt away from all his cares;  
 Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,  
 Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye;  
 Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,  
 Be quell'd in all our summer-months' retreats; 315  
 How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,  
 Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,  
 Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,  
 And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!  
 They love the country, and none else, who seek, 320  
 For their own sake, its silence and its shade.  
 Delights which who would leave, that has a heart  
 Susceptible of pity, or a mind  
 Cultur'd and capable of sober thought,  
 For all the savage din of the swift pack, 325  
 And clamours of the field?—Detested sport,  
 That owes its pleasures to another's pain;  
 That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks  
 Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endu'd  
 With eloquence, that agonies inspire, 330  
 Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs?  
 Vain tears, alas, and sighs that never find  
 A corresponding tone in jovial souls!  
 Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd hare  
 Has never heard the sanguinary yell 335  
 Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.  
 Innocent partner of my peaceful home,  
 Whom ten long years' experience of my care  
 Has made at last familiar; she has lost  
 Much of her vigilant instinctive dread, 340  
 Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.  
 Yes—thou mayst eat thy bread, and lick the hand  
 That feeds thee; thou mayst frolic on the floor  
 At evening, and at night retire secure

To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd ; 345  
 For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd  
 All that is human in me to protect  
 Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.  
 If I survive thee I will dig thy grave ;  
 And, when I place thee in it, sighing, say, 350  
 I knew at least one hare that had a friend.

How various his employments, whom the world  
 Calls idle ; and who justly, in return,  
 Esteems that busy world an idler too !  
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen, 355  
 Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,  
 And nature in her cultivated trim  
 Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—  
 Can he want occupation who has these ?  
 Will he be idle who has much to enjoy ? 360  
 Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,  
 Not slothful ; happy to deceive the time,  
 Not waste it ; and aware that human life  
 Is but a loan to be repaid with use,  
 When He shall call his debtors to account 365  
 From whom are all our blessings ; business finds  
 Even here : while sedulous I seek to improve,  
 At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,  
 The mind he gave me ; driving it, though slack  
 Too oft, and much impeded in its work 370  
 By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,  
 To its just point—the service of mankind.  
 He that attends to his interior self,  
 That has a heart, and keeps it ; has a mind  
 That hungers, and supplies it ; and who seeks 375  
 A social, not a dissipated life,  
 Has business ; feels himself engag'd to achieve  
 No unimportant, though a silent, task.  
 A life all turbulence and noise may seem,  
 To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd ; 380  
 But wisdom is a pearl with most success  
 Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.  
 He that is ever occupied in storms,  
 Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,  
 Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize. 385

The morning finds the self-sequester'd man  
 Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.  
 Whether inclement seasons recommend

His warm but simple home, where he enjoys,  
 With her who shares his pleasures and his heart, 390  
 Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph  
 Which neatly she prepares; then to his book,  
 Well chosen, and not sullenly perus'd  
 In selfish silence, but imparted oft  
 As aught occurs that she may smile to hear, 395  
 Or turn to nourishment, digested well:  
 Or, if the garden with its many cares,  
 All well repaid, demand him, he attends  
 The welcome call, conscious how much the hand  
 Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye, 400  
 Oft loitering lazily, if not o'erseen,  
 Or misapplying its unskilful strength.  
 Nor does he govern only, or direct,  
 But much performs himself. No works indeed  
 That ask robust, tough sinews, bred to toil, 405  
 Servile employ; but such as may amuse,  
 Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.  
 Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees  
 That meet (no barren interval between)  
 With pleasure more than even their fruits afford, 410  
 Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel:  
 These, therefore, are his own peculiar charge;  
 No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,  
 None but his steel approach them. What is weak,  
 Distemper'd, or has lost prolific powers, 415  
 Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand  
 Dooms to the knife: nor does he spare the soft  
 And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,  
 But barren, at the expence of neighbouring twigs  
 Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick 420  
 With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left  
 That may disgrace his art, or disappoint  
 Large expectation, he disposes neat  
 At measur'd distances, that air and sun,  
 Admitted freely, may afford their aid, 425  
 And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.  
 Hence summer has her riches, autumn hence,  
 And hence even winter fills his wither'd hand  
 With blushing fruits, and plenty, not his own\*.  
 Fair recompense of labour well bestow'd, 430  
 And wise precaution; which a clime so rude  
 Makes needful still, whose spring is but the child  
 Of churlish winter, in her froward moods

\* *Miraturque novos fructus et non sua poma.*

Discovering much the temper of her sire.  
 For oft, as if in her the stream of mild 435  
 Maternal nature had revers'd its course,  
 She brings her infants forth with many smiles ;  
 But, once deliver'd, kills them with a frown.  
 He, therefore, timely warn'd, himself supplies  
 Her want of care, screening and keeping warm 440  
 The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep  
 His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft  
 As the sun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,  
 The fence withdrawn, he gives them every beam,  
 And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day. 445

To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,  
 So grateful to the palate, and when rare  
 So coveted, else base and disesteem'd—  
 Food for the vulgar merely—is an art  
 That toiling ages have but just matur'd, 450  
 And at this moment unassay'd in song.  
 Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,  
 Their eulogy ; those sang the Mantuan bard,  
 And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains ;  
 And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye 455  
 The solitary shilling. Pardon then,  
 Ye sage dispensers of poetic fame,  
 The ambition of one, meaner far, whose powers,  
 Presuming an attempt not less sublime,  
 Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste 460  
 Of critic appetite, no sordid fare,  
 A cucumber, while costly yet and scarce.

The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,  
 Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,  
 And potent to resist the freezing blast : 465  
 For, ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf  
 Deciduous, when now November dark  
 Checks vegetation in the torpid plant  
 Expos'd to his cold breath, the task begins.  
 Warily, therefore, and with prudent heed, 470  
 He seeks a favour'd spot ; that, where he builds  
 The agglomerated pile, his frame may front  
 The sun's meridian disk, and at the back  
 Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge  
 Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread 475  
 Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe  
 The ascending damps ; then leisurely impose,

And lightly, shaking it with agile hand  
 From the full fork, the saturated straw.  
 What longest binds the closest, forms secure 480  
 The shapely side, that as it rises takes,  
 By just degrees, an overhanging breadth.  
 Sheltering the base with its projected eaves :  
 The uplifted frame, compact at every joint,  
 And overlaid with clear, translucent glass, 485  
 He settles next upon the sloping mount,  
 Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure  
 From the dash'd pane, the deluge as it falls.  
 He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.  
 Thrice must the voluble and restless earth 490  
 Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,  
 Slow gathering in the midst, through the square mass  
 Diffus'd, attain the surface : when, behold !  
 A pestilent and most corrosive steam,  
 Like a gross fog Boeotian, rising fast, 495  
 And fast condens'd upon the dewy sash,  
 Asks egress ; which obtain'd, the over-charg'd  
 And drench'd conservatory breathes abroad,  
 In volumes wheeling slow, the vapour dank ;  
 And purified, rejoices to have lost 500  
 Its foul inhabitant. But to assuage  
 The impatient fervour which it first conceives  
 Within its reeking bosom, threatening death  
 To his young hopes, requires discreet delay.  
 Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft 505  
 The way to glory by miscarriage foul,  
 Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch  
 The auspicious moment, when the temper'd heat,  
 Friendly to vital motion, may afford  
 Soft fomentation, and invite the seed. 510  
 The seed, selected wisely, plump, and smooth,  
 And glossy, he commits to pots of size  
 Diminutive, well fill'd with well-prepar'd  
 And fruitful soil, that has been treasur'd long,  
 And drunk no moisture from the dripping clouds : 515  
 These on the warm and genial earth, that hides  
 The smoking manure and o'erspreads it all,  
 He places lightly, and, as time subdues  
 The rage of fermentation, plunges deep  
 In the soft medium, till they stand immers'd. 520  
 Then rise the tender germs, upstarting quick,  
 And spreading wide their spongy lobes ; at first  
 Pale, wan, and livid ; but assuming soon,

If fann'd by balmy and nutritious air,  
 Strain'd through the friendly mats, a vivid green. 525  
 Two leaves produc'd, two rough indented leaves,  
 Cautious he pinches from the second stalk  
 A pimple, that portends a future sprout,  
 And interdicts its growth. Thence straight succeed  
 The branches, sturdy to his utmost wish ; 530  
 Prolific all, and harbingers of more.  
 The crowded roots demand enlargement now,  
 And transplantation in an ampler space.  
 Indulg'd in what they wish, they soon supply  
 Large foliage, overshadowing golden flowers, 535  
 Blown on the summit of the apparent fruit.  
 These have their sexes ; and, when summer shines,  
 The bee transports the fertilizing meal  
 From flower to flower, and even the breathing air  
 Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use. 540  
 Not so when winter scowls. Assistant art  
 Then acts in nature's office, brings to pass  
 The glad espousals, and ensures the crop.

Grudge not, ye rich, (since luxury must have  
 His dainties, and the world's more numerous half 545  
 Lives by contriving delicates for you)  
 Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the cares,  
 The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,  
 That day and night are exercis'd, and hang  
 Upon the ticklish balance of suspense, 550  
 That ye may garnish your profuse regales  
 With summer fruits brought forth by wintry suns.  
 Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart  
 The process. Heat and cold, and wind, and steam,  
 Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming flies, 555  
 Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work  
 Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,  
 And which no care can obviate. It were long,  
 Too long, to tell the expedients and the shifts  
 Which he that fights a season so severe 560  
 Devises, while he guards his tender trust ;  
 And oft, at last, in vain. The learn'd and wise  
 Sarcastic would exclaim, and judge the song  
 Cold as its theme, and, like its theme, the fruit  
 Of too much labour, worthless when produc'd. 565

Who loves a garden loves, a green-house too,  
 Unconscious of a less propitious clime,

There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,  
 While the winds whistle and the snows descend.  
 The spiry myrtle, with unwithering leaf, 570  
 Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast  
 Of Portugal and western India there,  
 The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,  
 Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,  
 And seem to smile at what they need not fear. 575  
 The amomum there with intermingling flowers  
 And cherries, hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts  
 Her crimson honours, and the spangled beau,  
 Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.  
 All plants, of every leaf that can endure 580  
 The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite,  
 Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,  
 Levantine regions these; the Azores send  
 Their jessamine, her jessamine remote  
 Caffraia: foreigners from many lands, 585  
 They form one social shade, as if conven'd  
 By magic summons of the Orphean lyre.  
 Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass  
 But by a master's hand, disposing well  
 The gay diversities of leaf and flow'r, 590  
 Must lend its aid to illustrate all their charms,  
 And dress the regular, yet various scene.  
 Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van  
 The dwarfish, in the rear retir'd, but still  
 Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand. 595  
 So once were rang'd the sons of ancient Rome,  
 A noble show! while Roscius trod the stage;  
 And so, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,  
 The sons of Albion; fearing each to lose  
 Some note of Nature's music from his lips, 600  
 And covetous of Shakespeare's beauty, seen  
 In every flash of his far-beaming eye.  
 Nor taste alone, and well-contriv'd display,  
 Suffice to give the marshall'd ranks the grace  
 Of their complete effect. Much yet remains 60  
 Unsung, and many cares are yet behind,  
 And more laborious; cares on which depend,  
 Their vigour, injur'd soon, not soon restor'd.  
 The soil must be renew'd. which often wash'd,  
 Loses its treasure of salubrious salts, 610  
 And disappoints the roots; the slender roots  
 Close interwoven, where they meet the vase,  
 Must smooth be shorn away; the sapless branch

- Must fly before the knife ; the wither'd leaf  
 Must be detach'd, and where it strews the floor 615  
 Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else  
 Contagion, and disseminating death.  
 Discharge but these kind offices, (and who  
 Would spare, that loves them, offices like these ?)  
 Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleas'd, 620  
 The scent regal'd, each odoriferous leaf,  
 Each opening blossom, freely breathes abroad  
 It's gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.
- So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,  
 All healthful, are the employs of rural life, 625  
 Reiterated as the wheel of time  
 Runs round ; still ending, and beginning still.  
 Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,  
 That, softly swell'd and gaily dress'd, appears  
 A flowery island, from the dark green lawn 630  
 Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due  
 To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.  
 Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd  
 And sorted hues (each giving each relief,  
 And by contrasted beauty shining more) 635  
 Is needful. Strength may wield the ponderous spade,  
 May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home ;  
 But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,  
 And most attractive, is the fair result  
 Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind. 640  
 Without it all is Gothic as the scene  
 To which the insipid citizen resorts  
 Near yonder heath ; where industry mispent,  
 But proud of his uncouth, ill-chosen task,  
 Has made a heaven on earth : with suns and moons 645  
 Of close-ramm'd stones has charg'd the encumber'd soil,  
 And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.  
 He, therefore, who would see his flowers dispos'd  
 Sightly, and in just order, ere he gives  
 The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds, 650  
 Forecasts the future whole ; that, when the scene  
 Shall break into its preconceiv'd display,  
 Each for itself, and all as with one voice  
 Conspiring, may attest his bright design.  
 Nor even then, dismissing as perform'd 655  
 His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.  
 Few self-supported flowers endure the wind  
 Uninjur'd, but expect the upholding aid

Of the smooth-shaven prop, and, neatly tied,  
 Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age, 660  
 For interest sake, the living to the dead.  
 Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffus'd  
 And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,  
 Like virtue, thriving most where little seen :  
 Some, more aspiring, catch the neighbour shrub 665  
 With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,  
 Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon  
 And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well  
 The strength they borrow, with the grace they lend.  
 All hate the rank society of weeds, 670  
 Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust  
 The impoverish'd earth ; an overbearing race,  
 That, like the multitude made faction-mad,  
 Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

Oh, blest seclusion from a jarring world, 675  
 Which he, thus occupied, enjoys ! Retreat  
 Cannot indeed to guilty man restore  
 Lost innocence, or cancel follies past ;  
 But it has peace, and much secures the mind  
 From all assaults of evil ; proving still 680  
 A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease  
 By vicious custom, raging uncontroul'd  
 Abroad, and desolating public life.  
 When fierce temptation, seconded within  
 By traitor appetite, and arm'd with darts 685  
 Temper'd with hell, invades the throbbing breast,  
 To combat may be glorious, and success  
 Perhaps may crown us ; but to fly is safe.  
 Had I the choice of sublunary good,  
 What could I wish, that I possess not here ? 690  
 Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace  
 No loose or wanton, though a wandering muse,  
 And constant occupation without care.  
 Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss ;  
 Hopeless, indeed, that dissipated minds, 695  
 And profligate abusers of a world  
 Created fair so much in vain for them,  
 Should seek the the guiltless joys that I describe,  
 Allur'd by my report : but sure no less,  
 That, self-condemn'd they must neglect the prize, 700  
 And what they will not taste must yet approve.  
 What we admire we praise ; and, when we praise,  
 Advance it into notice, that, its worth

Acknowledg'd, others may admire it too.  
 I therefore recommend, though at the risk 705  
 Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,  
 The cause of piety and sacred truth,  
 And virtue, and those scenes which God ordain'd  
 Should best secure them and promote them most ;  
 Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive 710  
 Forsaken, or through folly not enjoy'd.  
 Pure is the nymph, though liberal of her smiles,  
 And chaste, though unconfin'd, whom I extol.  
 Not as the prince in Shushan, when he call'd,  
 Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vashti forth 715  
 To grace the full pavilion. His design  
 Was but to boast his own peculiar good,  
 Which all might view with envy, none partake.  
 My charmer is not mine alone ; my sweets,  
 And she that sweetens all my bitters too, 720  
 Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form  
 And lineaments divine I trace a hand  
 That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,  
 Is free to all men—universal prize.  
 Strange, that so fair a creature should yet want 725  
 Admirers, and be destin'd to divide,  
 With meaner objects, even the few she finds !  
 Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flowers,  
 She loses all her influence. Cities then  
 Attract us, and neglected Nature pines, 730  
 Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.  
 But are not wholesome airs, though unperfum'd  
 By roses ; and clear suns, though scarcely felt ;  
 And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure  
 From clamour, and whose very silence charms ; 735  
 To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse  
 That Metropolitan volcanoes make,  
 Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long ;  
 And to the stir of commerce, driving slow,  
 And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels ? 740  
 They would be, were not madness in the head,  
 And folly in the heart ; were England now,  
 What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,  
 And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell  
 To all the virtues of those better days, 745  
 And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once  
 Knew their own masters ; and laborious hinds,  
 Who had surviv'd the father, serv'd the son.  
 Now the legitimate and rightful lord

Is but a transient guest, newly arriv'd, 750  
 And soon to be supplanted. He that saw  
 His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,  
 Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price  
 To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.  
 Estates are landscapes, gaz'd upon a while, 755  
 Then advertis'd, and auctioneer'd away.  
 The country starves, and they that feed the o'ercharg'd  
 And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues,  
 By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.  
 The wings that waft our riches out of sight 760  
 Grow on the gamester's elbows; and the alert  
 And nimble motion of those restless joints,  
 That never tire, soon fans them all away.  
 Improvement too, the idol of the age,  
 Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes! 765  
 The omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!  
 Down falls the venerable pile, the abode  
 Of our forefathers—a grave whisker'd race,  
 But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,  
 But in a distant spot; where, more expos'd, 770  
 It may enjoy the advantage of the north,  
 And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd  
 Those naked acres to a sheltering grove.  
 He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn;  
 Woods vanish, hills subside, and vallies rise; 775  
 And streams, as if created for his use,  
 Pursue the track of his directing wand,  
 Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,  
 Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades—  
 Even as he bids! The enraptur'd owner smiles. 780  
 'Tis finish'd, and yet, finish'd as it seems,  
 Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could shew,  
 A mine to satisfy the enormous cost.  
 Drain'd to the last poor item of his wealth,  
 He sighs, departs, and leaves the accomplish'd plan 785  
 That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day  
 Labour'd, and many a night pursu'd in dreams,  
 Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the heaven  
 He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy!  
 And now perhaps the glorious hour is come, 790  
 When, having no stake left, no pledge to endear  
 Her interests, or that gives her sacred cause  
 A moment's operation on his love,  
 He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal  
 To serve his country. Ministerial grace 795

Deals him out money from the public chest ;  
 Or, if that mine be shut, some private purse  
 Supplies his need with a usurious loan,  
 To be refunded duly, when his vote,  
 Well-manag'd, shall have earn'd its worthy price. 800  
 Oh innocent, compar'd with arts like these,  
 Crape, and cock'd pistol, and the whistling ball  
 Sent through the traveller's temples ! He that finds  
 One drop of heaven's sweet mercy in his cup,  
 Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content, 805  
 So he may wrap himself in honest rags,  
 At his last gasp ; but could not for a world  
 Fish up his dirty and dependent bread  
 From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,  
 Sordid, and sickening at his own success. 810

Ambition, avarice, penury incurr'd  
 By endless riot, vanity, the lust  
 Of pleasure and variety, dispatch,  
 As duly as the swallows disappear,  
 The world of wandering knights and squires to town. 815  
 London ingulphs them all ! The shark is there,  
 And the shark's prey ; the spendthrift, and the leech  
 That sucks him. There the sycophant, and he  
 Who, with bare-headed and obsequious bows,  
 Begg a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail 820  
 And groat per diem, if his patron frown,  
 The levee swarms, as if, in golden pomp,  
 Were character'd on every statesman's door,  
 " BATTER'D AND BANKRUPT FORTUNES MENDED HERE."  
 These are the charms that sully and eclipse 825  
 The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe  
 That lean, hard-handed poverty, inflicts,  
 The hope of better things, the chance to win,  
 The wish to shine, the thirst to be amus'd,  
 That, at the sound of winter's hoary wing, 830  
 Unpeople all our counties of such herds  
 Of fluttering, loitering, cringing, begging, loose  
 And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast  
 And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.

Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth, 835  
 Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,  
 And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see  
 Much that I love, and more than I admire,  
 And all that I abhor ; thou freckled fair,

That pleases and yet shocks me, I can laugh 840  
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,  
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!  
Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once,  
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—  
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else, 845  
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour  
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,  
For whom God heard his Abr'ara plead in vain.



## ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

*The post comes in.—The news-paper is read.—  
The world contemplated at a distance.—Address  
to Winter.—The rural amusements of a winter  
evening compared with the fashionable ones.—  
Address to evening.—A brown study.—Fall of  
snow in the evening.—The waggoner.—A poor  
family-piece.—The rural thief.—Public houses.  
—The multitude of them censured.—The farm-  
er's daughter : what she was—what she is.—  
The simplicity of country manners almost lost.  
—Causes of the change.—Desertion of the  
country by the rich.—Neglect of magistrates.  
—The militia principally in fault.—The new  
recruit and his transformation.—Reflection on  
bodies corporate.—The love of rural objects na-  
tural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.*

## BOOK IV.

### THE WINTER EVENING.

**H**ARK ! 'tis the twanging horn ! o'er yonder bridge,  
That, with its wearisome but needful length,  
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon  
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright ; —  
He comes, the herald of a noisy world, 5  
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks ;  
News from all nations lumbering at his back.  
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,  
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn ; 10  
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.  
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief  
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;  
To him indifferent whether grief or joy. 15  
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks  
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
Or charg'd with amorous sighs of absent swains, 20  
Or nymphs reponsive, equally affect  
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.  
But oh the important budget ! usher'd in  
With such heart-shaking music, who can say  
What are its tidings ! have our troops awak'd ? 25  
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,  
Snore to the murmurs of the atlantic wave ?  
Is India free ? and does she wear her plum'd  
And jewel'd turban with a smile of peace,  
Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate, 30

The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;  
 I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,  
 And give them voice and utterance once again. 35

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast.  
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
 And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
 That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each, 40  
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.  
 Not such his evening, who, with shining face,  
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd  
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,  
 Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage : 45  
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,  
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath  
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,  
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.  
 This folio of four pages, happy work ! 50  
 Which not even critics criticise ; that holds  
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,  
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,  
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;  
 What is it, but a map of busy life, 55  
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?  
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge  
 That tempts ambition. On the summit, see !  
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;  
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels, 60  
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,  
 And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down.  
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.  
 Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft  
 Meanders, lubricate the course they take ; 65  
 The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd  
 To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,  
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,  
 However trivial all that he conceives.  
 Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise ; 70  
 The dearth of information and good sense  
 That it foretells us always comes to pass.  
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here ;  
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,  
 In which all comprehension wanders lost ; 75

While fields of pleasantry amuse us there  
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.  
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange  
 But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,  
 And lilies for the brows of faded age, 30  
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,  
 Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets,  
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,  
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,  
 Æthereal journies, submarine exploits, 85  
 And Katterfelto, with his hair on end  
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat  
 To peep at such a world ; to see the stir  
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ; 90  
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates  
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
 Falls, a soft murmur, on the uninjur'd ear.  
 Thus sitting, and surveying, thus at ease,  
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd, 95  
 To some secure and more than mortal height,  
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.  
 It turns, submitted to my view, turns round  
 With all its generations ; I behold  
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war 100  
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;  
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride  
 And avarice that make man a wolf to man ;  
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats  
 By which he speaks the language of his heart, 105  
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.  
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee  
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land ;  
 The manners, customs, policy, of all,  
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans ; 110  
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,  
 And spreads the honey of his deep research,  
 At his return—a rich repast for me.  
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,  
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes 115  
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart  
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;  
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

Oh Winter, ruler of the inverted year, 120  
 Thy scatter'd hair, with sleet-like ashes, fill'd,  
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows  
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,  
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne 125  
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,  
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
 And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun  
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east, 130  
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,  
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
 Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still  
 Compensating his loss with added hours  
 Of social converse and instructive ease, 135  
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group,  
 The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,  
 Not less dispers'd by day-light and its cares.  
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
 Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness, 140  
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
 Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know.  
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;  
 No powder'd, pert proficient in the art 145  
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors  
 Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds  
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,  
 The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :  
 But here the needle plies its busy task, 150  
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,  
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
 Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,  
 And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,  
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair ; 155  
 A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow  
 With most success when all besides decay.  
 The poet's or historian's page, by one  
 Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;  
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds 160  
 The touch, from many a trembling chord, shakes out ;  
 And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,  
 And in the charming strife triumphant still ;  
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge  
 On female industry : the threaded steel 165

Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds,  
 The volume clos'd, the customary rites  
 Of the last meal commence. A roman meal;  
 Such as the mistress of the world once found  
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note, 170  
 Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,  
 And under an old oak's domestic shade,  
 Enjoy'd—spare feast!—a radish and an egg!  
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,  
 Nor such as, with a frown, forbids the play 175  
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:  
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,  
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God  
 That made them an intruder on their joys,  
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise 180  
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,  
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,  
 While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,  
 That calls the past to our exact review,  
 The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare, 185  
 The disappointed foe, deliverance found  
 Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd—  
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.  
 Oh, evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd  
 The sabbine bard. Oh, evenings, I reply, 190  
 More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,  
 As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,  
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Is winter hideous in a garb like this?  
 Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps, 195  
 The pent-up breath of an unsavoury throng,  
 To thaw him into feeling; or the smart  
 And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits  
 Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?  
 The self-complacent actor, when he views 200  
 (Stealing a side-long glance at a full house)  
 The slope of faces, from the floor to the roof,  
 (As if one master-spring controul'd them all)  
 Relax'd into an universal grin,  
 Sees not a countenance there that speaks a joy 205  
 Half so refin'd or so sincere as our's.  
 Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks  
 That idleness has ever yet contriv'd  
 To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,  
 To palliate dulness, and give time a shove. 210

Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,  
 Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound ;  
 But the world's time is time in masquerade !  
 Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd  
 With motley plumes ; and, where the peacock shows 215  
 His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red  
 With spots quadrangular of diamond form,  
 Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,  
 And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.  
 What should be, and what was, an hour-glass once, 220  
 Becomes a dice-box ; and a billiard mast  
 Well does the work of his destructive scythe.  
 Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom fashion blinds  
 To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most ;  
 Whose only happy, are their wasted, hours. 225  
 Even misses, at whose age their mother's wore  
 The back-string and the bib, assume the dress  
 Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school  
 Of card-devoted time, and, night by night,  
 Placed at some vacant corner of the board, 230  
 Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.  
 But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,  
 Where shall I find an end, or how proceed ?  
 As he that travels far oft turns aside  
 To view some rugged rock or mouldering tower, 235  
 Which seen, delights him not ; then, coming home,  
 Describes and prints it, that the world may know  
 How far he went for what was nothing worth ;  
 So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,  
 With colours mix'd for a far different use, 240  
 Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing  
 That fancy finds in her excursive flights.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace ;  
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !  
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west, 245  
 With matron step slow-moving, while the night  
 Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employ'd  
 In letting fall the curtain of repose  
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man  
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day : 250  
 Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,  
 Like homely featured night, of clustering gems ;  
 A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,  
 Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine  
 No less than her's, not worn indeed on high 255

With ostentatious pageantry, but set  
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,  
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.  
 Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,  
 Or make me so. Composure is thy gift; 260  
 And, whether I devote thy gentle hours  
 To books, to music, or the poet's toil;  
 To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;  
 Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,  
 When they command whom man was born to please; 265  
 I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze  
 With lights, by clear reflection multiplied  
 From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,  
 Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk 270  
 Whole, without stooping, towering crest and all,  
 My pleasures, too, begin. But me, perhaps,  
 The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile  
 With faint illumination, that uplifts  
 The shadow to the ceiling, there by fits 275  
 Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.  
 Not undelightful is an hour to me  
 So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom  
 Suits well the thoughtful, or unthinking mind,  
 The mind contemplative, with some new theme 280  
 Pregnant, or indispos'd alike to all.  
 Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,  
 That never feel a stupor, know no pause,  
 Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess,  
 Fearless, a soul that does not always think. 285  
 Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,  
 Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses, towers,  
 Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd  
 In the red cinders, while with poring eye  
 I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw. 290  
 Nor less amus'd, have I, quiescent, watch'd  
 The sooty films that play upon the bars,  
 Pendulous, and foreboding,—in the view  
 Of superstition, prophecying still,  
 Though still deceiv'd,—some stranger's near approach. 295  
 'Tis thus the understanding takes repose  
 In indolent vacuity of thought,  
 And sleeps and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face  
 Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask  
 Of deep deliberation, as the man 300

Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost.  
 Thus oft, reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour  
 At evening, till at length the freezing blast,  
 That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home  
 The recollected powers; and, snapping short 305  
 The glassy threads, with which the fancy weaves  
 Her brittle toys, restores me to myself.  
 How calm is my recess; and how the frost,  
 Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear  
 The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within! 310  
 I saw the woods and fields, at close of day,  
 A variegated show; the meadows green,  
 Though faded; and the lands, where lately wav'd  
 The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,  
 Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share. 315  
 I saw far off the weedy fallows smile  
 With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd  
 By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each  
 His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves,  
 That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue, 320  
 Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of eve.  
 To-morrow brings a change, a total change!  
 Which even now, though silently perform'd,  
 And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face  
 Of universal nature undergoes. 325  
 Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes  
 Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,  
 Softly alighting upon all below,  
 Assimilate all objects. Earth receives,  
 Gladly, the thickening mantle; and the green 330  
 And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,  
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world so thorny, and where none  
 Finds happiness unblighted; or, if found, 335  
 Without some thistly sorrow at its side;  
 It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin  
 Against the law of love, to measure lots  
 With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus  
 We may with patience bear our moderate ills,  
 And sympathize with others, suffering more. 340  
 Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks  
 In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.  
 The wain goes heavily, impeded sore  
 By congregated loads adhering close  
 To the clogg'd wheels; and, in its sluggish pace, 345

Noiseless, appears a moving hill of snow.  
 The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,  
 While every breath, by respiration strong  
 Forc'd downward, is consolidated soon  
 Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear 350  
 The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,  
 With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth  
 Presented bare against the storm, plods on.  
 One hand secures his hat, save when with both  
 He brandishes his pliant length of whip, 355  
 Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.  
 Oh happy; and, in my account, denied  
 That sensibility of pain with which  
 Refinement is endued, thrive happy thou!  
 Thy frame robust and hardy, feels indeed 360  
 The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.  
 The learned finger never needs explore  
 Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east,  
 That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone  
 Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee. 365  
 Thy days roll on exempt from household care;  
 Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,  
 That drag the dull companion to and fro,  
 Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.  
 Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st, 370  
 Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,  
 With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,  
 Humane as they would seem, not always show.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat;  
 Such claim compassion in a night like this, 375  
 And have a friend in every feeling heart.  
 Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long  
 They brave the season, and yet find at eve,  
 Ill clad, and fed but sparingly, time to cool.  
 The frugal housewife trembles when she lights 380  
 Her scanty stock of brush-wood, blazing clear,  
 But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.  
 The few small embers left she nurses well;  
 And, while her infant race, with outspread hands  
 And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks, 385  
 Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.  
 The man feels least, as more inur'd than she  
 To winter, and the current in his veins  
 More briskly mov'd by his severer toil;  
 Yet he, too, finds his own distress in their's. 390

The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw  
 Dangled along at the cold finger's end,  
 Just when the day declin'd, and the brown loaf  
 Lodg'd on the shelf, half-eaten, without sauce  
 Of savoury cheese, or butter, costlier still; 395  
 Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas,  
 Where penury is felt, the thought is chain'd,  
 And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!  
 With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care  
 Ingenious parsimony takes, but just 400  
 Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,  
 Skillet, and old carv'd chest, from public sale.  
 They live, and live without extorted alms  
 From grudging hands; but other boast have none  
 To sooth their honest pride, that scorns to beg, 405  
 No comfort else, but in their mutual love.  
 I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,  
 For ye are worthy; choosing rather far  
 A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd,  
 And eaten with a sigh, than to endure 410  
 The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs  
 Of knaves in office, partial in the work  
 Of distribution; liberal of their aid  
 To clamorous importunity in rags,  
 But oft-times deaf to suppliants, who would blush 415  
 To wear a tatter'd garb however coarse;  
 Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:  
 These ask with painful shyness, and refus'd  
 Because deserving, silently retire!  
 But be ye of good courage! Time itself 420  
 Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase;  
 And all your numerous progeny, well train'd,  
 But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,  
 And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want 425  
 What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,  
 Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.  
 I mean the man, who, when the distant poor  
 Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty, with most who whimper forth  
 Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe; 430  
 The effect of laziness or sottish waste.  
 Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad  
 For plunder; much solicitous how best  
 He may compensate for a day of sloth,  
 By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong. 435

Woe to the gardner's pale, the farmer's hedge,  
 Plash'd neatly, and secur'd with driven stakes  
 Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,  
 Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame  
 To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil— 440  
 An ass's burden—and, when laden most  
 And heaviest, light of foot, steals fast away.  
 Nor does the boarded hovel better guard  
 The well-stack'd pile of riven logs and roots  
 From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave 445  
 Unwrench'd the door, however well secur'd,  
 Where chanticleer, amidst his haram, sleeps  
 In unsuspecting pomp. Twitch'd from the perch,  
 He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,  
 To his voracious bag, struggling in vain, 450  
 And loudly wondering at the sudden change.—  
 Nor this to feed his own! 'Twere some excuse,  
 Did pity of their sufferings warp aside  
 His principle, and tempt him into sin  
 For their support, so destitute.—But they 455  
 Neglected pine at home, themselves, as more  
 Expos'd than others, with less scruple made  
 His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all.  
 Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst  
 Of ruinous ebriety that prompts 460  
 His every action, and imbrutes the man.  
 Oh for a law to noose the villain's neck  
 Who starves his own; who persecutes the blood  
 He gave them, in his children's veins, and hates  
 And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love! 465

Pass where we may, through city or through town,  
 Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,  
 Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace  
 Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff  
 Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes 470  
 That law has licens'd, as makes temperance reel.  
 There sit, involv'd and lost in curling clouds  
 Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,  
 The lackey, and the groom: the craftsman there  
 Takes a Lethæan leave of all his toil; 475  
 Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,  
 And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,  
 All learned, and all drunk! The fiddle screams  
 Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd  
 Its wasted tones and harmony unheard: 480

Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme ; while she,  
 Fell discord, arbitress of such debate,  
 Perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even hand,  
 Her undecisive scales. In this she lays  
 A weight of ignorance ; in that, of pride ; 485  
 And smiles, delighted with the eternal poise.  
 Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,  
 The cheek-distending oath ; not to be prais'd  
 As ornamental, musical, polite,  
 Like those which modern senators employ, 490  
 Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for fame !  
 Behold the schools in which plebeian minds,  
 Once simple, are initiated in arts,  
 Which some may practise with politer grace,  
 But none with readier skill !—'tis here they learn 495  
 The road that leads, from competence and peace,  
 To indigence and rapine ; till at last  
 Society grown weary of the load,  
 Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.  
 But censure profits little : vain the attempt 500  
 To advertise, in verse, a public pest,  
 That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds  
 His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.  
 The excise is fatten'd with the rich result  
 Of all this riot ; and ten thousand casks, 505  
 For ever dribbling out their base contents,  
 Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,  
 Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.  
 Drink, and be mad, then ; 'ts your country bids !  
 Gloriously drunk, obey the important eall ! 510  
 Her cause demands the assistance of your throats ;—  
 Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

Would I had fallen upon those happier days  
 That poets celebrate ; those golden times,  
 And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings, 515  
 And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.  
 Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts  
 That felt their virtues : innocence, it seems,  
 From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves.  
 The footsteps of simplicity, impress'd 520  
 Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing)  
 Then were not all effac'd : then speech profane,  
 And manners profligate, were rarely found ;  
 Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.  
 Vain wish ! those days were never : airy dreams 525

Sat for the picture ; and the poet's hand,  
 Imparting substance to an empty shade,  
 Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth.  
 Grant it :—I still must envy them an age  
 That favour'd such a dream ; in days like these 530  
 Impossible, when virtue is so scarce,  
 That to suppose a scene where she presides,  
 Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.  
 No : we are polish'd now ! The rural lass,  
 Whom once her virgin modesty and grace, 535  
 Her artless manners, and her neat attire,  
 So dignified, that she was hardly less  
 Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,  
 Is seen no more. The character is lost !  
 Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft, 540  
 And ribbands streaming gay, superbly rais'd,  
 And magnified beyond all human size,  
 Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand  
 For more than half the tresses it sustains ;  
 Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form 545  
 Ill propp'd upon French heels ; she might be deem'd  
 (But that the basket dangling on her arm  
 Interprets her more truly) of a rank  
 Too proud for daily work, or sale of eggs.  
 Expect her soon with foot-boy at her heels, 550  
 No longer blushing for her awkward load,  
 Her train and her umbrella all her care !

The town has ting'd the country ; and the stain  
 Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,  
 The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs 555  
 Down into scenes still rural ; but, alas,  
 Scenes rarely grac'd with rural manners now !  
 Time was when, in the pastoral retreat,  
 The unguarded door was safe ; men did not watch  
 To invade another's right, or guard their own. 560  
 Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscar'd  
 By drunken howlings ; and the chilling tale  
 Of midnight murder was a wonder, heard  
 With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.  
 But farewell now to unsuspecting nights, 565  
 And slumbers unalarm'd ! Now, ere you sleep,  
 See that your polish'd arms be prim'd with care,  
 And drop the night-bolt ;—ruffians are abroad ;  
 And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat  
 May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear 570

To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.  
 Even daylight has its dangers ; and the walk  
 Thro' pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once  
 Of other tenants than melodious birds,  
 Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold. 575  
 Lamented change ! to which full many a cause  
 Inveterate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.  
 The course of human things from good to ill,  
 From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.  
 Increase of power begets increase of wealth ; 580  
 Wealth luxury, and luxury excess ;  
 Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague  
 That seizes first the opulent, descends  
 To the next rank contagious, and in time  
 Taints downward all the graduated scale 585  
 Of order, from the chariot to the plough.  
 The rich, and they that have an arm to check  
 The license of the lowest in degree,  
 Desert their office ; and themselves, intent  
 On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus 590  
 To all the violence of lawless hands  
 Resign the scenes their presence might protect.  
 Authority herself not seldom sleeps,  
 Though resident, and witness of the wrong.  
 The plump convivial parson often bears 595  
 The magisterial sword in vain, and lays  
 His reverence and his worship both to rest  
 On the same cushion of habitual sloth.  
 Perhaps timidity restrains his arm ;  
 When he should strike he trembles, and sets free, 600  
 Himself enslav'd by terror of the band,  
 The audacious convict, whom he dares not bind.  
 Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,  
 He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove  
 Less dainty than becomes his grave outside 605  
 In lucrative concerns. Examine well  
 His milk-white hand ; the palm is hardly clean—  
 But here and there an ugly smutch appears.  
 Foh ! 'twas a bribe that left it : he has touch'd  
 Corruption ! Whoso seeks an audit here 610  
 Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,  
 Wild-fowl or venison ; and his errand speeds.  
  
 But faster far, and more than all the rest,  
 A noble cause, which none who bears a spark  
 Of public virtue, ever wish'd remov'd, 615

Works the deplor'd and mischievous effect.  
 'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd  
 The heart of merit in the meaner class.  
 Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage  
 Of those that bear them, in whatever cause, 620  
 Seem most at variance with all moral good,  
 And incompatible with serious thought.  
 The clown, the child of nature, without guile,  
 Blest with an infant's ignorance of all  
 But his own simple pleasures,—now and then 625  
 A wrestling match, a foot-race, or a fair,—  
 Is ballotted, and trembles at the news :  
 Sheepish he doffs his hat, and, mumbling, swears  
 A bible-oath to be whate'er they please,  
 To do he knows not what ! The task perform'd, 630  
 That instant he becomes the serjeant's care,  
 His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.  
 His awkward gait, his introverted toes,  
 Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,  
 Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees, 635  
 Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,  
 He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,  
 Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well :  
 He stands erect ; his slouch becomes a walk ;  
 He steps right onward, martial in his air, 640  
 His form, and movement ; is as smart above  
 As meal and larded locks can make him ; wears  
 His hat, or his plum'd helmet, with a grace ;  
 And, his three years of heroship expir'd,  
 Returns indignant to the slighted plough. 645  
 He hates the field, in which no fife or drum  
 Attends him ; drives his cattle to a march ;  
 And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.  
 'Twere well if his exterior change were all—  
 But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost 650  
 His ignorance, and harmless manners too !  
 To swear, to game, to drink ; to show at home,  
 By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,  
 The great proficiency he made abroad ;  
 To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends ; 955  
 To break some maiden's and his mother's heart ;  
 To be a pest where he was useful once ;  
 Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now !

Man, in society, is like a flower  
 Blown in its native bed : 'tis there alone 660

- His faculties expanded in full bloom,  
 Shine out; there only reach their proper use.  
 But man, associated and leagu'd with man  
 By regal warrant, or self-join'd by bond,  
 For interest-sake, or swarming into clans 665  
 Beneath one head, for purposes of war,  
 Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound  
 And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,  
 Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr'd,  
 Contracts defilement not to be endur'd. 670  
 Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagues;  
 And burghers, men immaculate, perhaps,  
 In all their private functions, once combin'd,  
 Become a loathsome body, only fit  
 For dissolution, hurtful to the main. 675  
 Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin  
 Against the charities of domestic life,  
 Incorporated, seem at once to lose  
 Their nature; and, disclaiming all regard  
 For mercy and the common rights of man, 680  
 Build factories with blood, conducting trade  
 At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe  
 Of innocent commercial justice red.  
 Hence, too, the field of glory, as the world  
 Misdems it, dazzled by its bright array, 685  
 With all its majesty of thund'ring pomp,  
 Enchanting music and immortal wreaths,  
 Is but a school where thoughtlessness is taught  
 On principle, where foppery atones  
 For folly, gallantry for every vice. 690
- But, slighted as it is, and by the great  
 Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,  
 Infected with the manners and the modes  
 It knew not once, the country wins me still.  
 I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan, 695  
 That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,  
 But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd  
 My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice  
 Had found me, or the hope of being free.  
 My very dreams were rural; rural, too, 700  
 The first born efforts of my youthful muse,  
 Sportive, and jingling her poetic bells  
 Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.  
 No bard could please me but whose lyre was tun'd  
 To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats 705

Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe  
 Of Tytirus, assembling, as he sang,  
 The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech.  
 Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms :  
 New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd 710  
 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue  
 To speak its excellence. I danced for joy.  
 I marvelled much that, at so ripe an age  
 As twice seven years, his beauties had then first  
 Engag'd my wonder, and, admiring still, 715  
 And still admiring, with regret suppos'd  
 The joy half lost because not sooner found.  
 Thee, too, enamour'd of the life I lov'd,  
 Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit  
 Determin'd, and possessing it at last 720  
 With transports such as favour'd lovers feel,  
 I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had known,  
 Ingenious Cowley ! and, though now, reclaim'd  
 By modern lights from an erroneous taste,  
 I cannot but lament thy splendid wit 725  
 Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools,  
 I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd ;  
 Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,  
 Not unemploy'd ; and finding rich amends  
 For a lost world, in solitude and verse. 730  
 'Tis born with all : The love of Nature's works  
 Is an ingredient in the compound man,  
 Infus'd at the creation of the kind,  
 And, though the Almighty Maker has, throughout,  
 Discriminated each from each, by strokes 735  
 And touches of his hand, with so much art  
 Diversified, that two were never found  
 Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,  
 That all discern a beauty in his works,  
 And all can taste them : minds that have been form'd 740  
 And tutor'd. with a relish more exact ;  
 But none without some relish, none unmov'd.  
 It is a flame that dies not even there,  
 Where nothing feeds it, neither business, crowds,  
 Nor habits of luxurious city-life, 745  
 Whatever else they smother of true worth  
 In human bosoms, quench it, or abate.  
 The villa's with which London stands begirt,  
 Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,  
 Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air, 750  
 The glimpse of a green pasture,—how they cheer

The citizen, and brace his languid frame !  
 Even in the stifling bosom of the town,  
 A garden, in which nothing strives, has charms  
 That soothe the rich possessor ; much consol'd, 755  
 That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,  
 Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well  
 He cultivates. These serve him with a hint  
 That Nature lives ; that sight-refreshing green  
 Is still the livery she delights to wear, 760  
 Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.  
 What are the casements lin'd with creeping herbs,  
 The prouder sashes fronted with a range  
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,  
 The Frenchman's\* darling ? Are they not all proofs 765  
 That man, immur'd in cities, still retains  
 His inborn, inextinguishable thirst  
 Of rural scenes, compensating his loss  
 By supplemental shifts, the best he may ?  
 The most unfurnish'd with the means of life, 770  
 And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds  
 To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,  
 Yet feel the burning instinct : over-head  
 Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,  
 And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands 775  
 A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there ;  
 Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets  
 The country, with what ardour he contrives  
 A peep at nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health, and ease, 780  
 And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,  
 And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode  
 Of multitudes unknown ! hail, rural life !  
 Address himself who will to the pursuit  
 Of honours, or emolument, or fame ; 785  
 I shall not add myself to such a chase,  
 Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.  
 Some must be great. Great offices will have  
 Great talents. And God gives to every man  
 The virtue, temper, understanding, taste, 790  
 That lifts him into life ; and lets him fall  
 Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.  
 To the deliverer of an injur'd land  
 He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, an heart  
 To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs ; 795

\* Mignonnette.

To monarchs dignity ; to judges sense ;  
To artists ingenuity and skill ;  
To me an unambitious mind, content  
In the low vale of life, that early felt  
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long  
Found here that leisure and that ease I wish'd,

300

## ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

*A frosty morning.—The foddering of cattle.—The man and his dog.—The poultry.—Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall.—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice.—Amusements of monarchs.—War, one of them.—Wars, whence—And whence monarchy.—The evils of it.—English and French loyalty contrasted.—The Bastille, and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country.—Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The perishable nature of the best human institutions—Spiritual liberty not perishable.—The slavish state of man by nature.—Deliver him, Deist, if you can.—Grace must do it.—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated.—Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His relish of the works of God.—Address to the Creator.*

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## BOOK V.

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### THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

**T**IS morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb  
Ascending, fires the horizon ; while the clouds,  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disk emerges more, 5  
Resemble most some city in a blaze,  
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray  
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,  
From every herb and every spiry blade  
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field. 10  
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,  
In spite of gravity, and sage remark  
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance  
I view the muscular, proportion'd limb 15  
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,  
As they design'd to mock me, at my side  
Take step for step ; and, as I near approach  
The cottage, walk along the plaister'd wall,  
Preposterous sight ! the legs without the man. 20  
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep  
Beneath the dazzling deluge ; and the bents,  
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,  
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
Conspicuous, and, in bright apparel clad, 25  
And fledg'd with icy feathers, nod superb.  
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence  
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep  
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
Their wonted fodder ; not like hungering man, 30

Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,  
 And patient of the slow-pac'd swain's delay.  
 He from the stack carves out the accustom'd load,  
 Deep-plunging, and again deep plunging oft,  
 His broad, keen knife, into the solid mass : 35  
 Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,  
 With such undeviating and even force  
 He severs it away : no needless care,  
 Lest storms should overset the leaning pile  
 Deciduous, or its own unbalanc'd weight. 40  
 Forth goes the woodman, leaving, unconcern'd,  
 The cheerful haunts of man ; to wield the axe  
 And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,  
 From morn to eve his solitary task. 45  
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,  
 And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur—  
 His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
 Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk  
 Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
 With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ; 50  
 Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.  
 Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl  
 Moves right toward the mark ; nor stops for aught,  
 But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,  
 To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube 55  
 That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud  
 Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.  
 Now from the roost, or from the neighbouring pale,  
 Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam  
 Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side, 60  
 Come trooping, at the housewife's well-known call,  
 The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,  
 And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,  
 Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.  
 The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves 65  
 To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye  
 The scatter'd grain ; and, thievishly resolv'd  
 To escape the impending famine, often scar'd,  
 As oft return—a pert voracious kind.  
 Clean riddance quickly made, one only care 70  
 Remains to each—the search of sunny nook,  
 Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd  
 To sad necessity, the cock foregoes  
 His wonted strut ; and, wading at their head,  
 With well consider'd steps, seems to resent 75  
 His alter'd gait, and stateliness retrench'd.

How find the myriads, that in summer cheer  
 The hills and vallies with their ceaseless songs,  
 Due sustenance, or where subsist they now ?  
 Earth yields them nought : the imprison'd worm is safe 80  
 Beneath the frozen clod ; all seeds of herbs  
 Lie cover'd close ; and berry-bearing thorns,  
 That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose)  
 Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.  
 The long protracted rigour of the year 85  
 Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes  
 Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,  
 As instinct prompts ; self-buried ere they die.  
 The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,  
 Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now 90  
 Repays their labour more ; and, perch'd aloft  
 By the way-side, or stalking in the path,  
 Lean pensioners upon the travellers track,  
 Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,  
 Of voided pulse or half-digested grain. 95  
 The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,  
 O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,  
 Indurated and fixt, the snowy weight  
 Lies undissolv'd ; while silently beneath,  
 And unperceiv'd, the current steals away. 100  
 Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps  
 The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,  
 And wantons in the pebbly gulph below :  
 No frost can bind it there ; its utmost force  
 Can but arrest the light and smoky mist 105  
 That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.  
 And see where it has hung the embroider'd banks  
 With forms so various, that no powers of art,  
 The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene !  
 Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high 110  
 (Fantastic misarrangement !) on the roof  
 Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees  
 And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops  
 That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,  
 Shoot into pillars of pellucid length, 115  
 And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.  
 Here grotto, within grotto safe, defies  
 The sun-beam ; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,  
 The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes  
 Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain 120  
 The likeness of some object seen before.  
 Thus nature works as if to mock at art,

And in defiance of her rival powers ;  
 By these fortuitous and random strokes,  
 Performing such inimitable feats 125  
 As she, with all her rules, can never reach.  
 Less worthy of applause, though more admir'd,  
 Because a novelty, the work of man,  
 Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ !  
 Thy most magnificent and mighty freak 130  
 The wonder of the North. No forest fell  
 When thou wouldst build ; no quarry sent its stores  
 To enrich thy walls : but thou didst hew the floods,  
 And make thy marble of the glassy wave.  
 In such a palace Aristæus found 135  
 Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale  
 Of his lost bees to her maternal ear :  
 In such a palace poetry might place  
 The armoury of winter ; where his troops,  
 The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy fleet, 140  
 Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,  
 And snow that often blinds the traveller's course,  
 And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.  
 Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;—  
 No sound of hammer or of saw was there. 145  
 Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts  
 Were soon conjoin'd ; nor other cement ask'd  
 Than water interfus'd to make them one.  
 Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues,  
 Illumin'd every side : a watery light 150  
 Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd  
 Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen  
 From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.  
 So stood the brittle prodigy ; though smooth  
 And slippery the materials, yet, frost-bound, 155  
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,  
 That royal residence might well befit,  
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths  
 Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,  
 Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none 160  
 Where all was vitreous ; but in order due  
 Convivial table and commodious seat  
 (What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there ;  
 Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.  
 The same lubricity was found in all, 165  
 And all was moist to the warm touch ; a scene  
 Of evanescent glory, once a stream,  
 And soon to slide into a stream again.

Alas ! 'twas but a mortifying stroke  
 Of undesign'd severity, that glanc'd 170  
 (Made by a monarch) on her own estate,  
 On human grandeur and the courts of kings.  
 'Twas transient in its nature, as in show  
 'Twas durable ; as worthless as it seem'd  
 Intrinsically precious ; to the foot 175  
 Treacherous and false ; it smil'd, and it was cold.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd  
 At hewing mountains into men, and some  
 At building human wonders mountain-high.  
 Some have amus'd the dull, sad years of life, 180  
 (Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad)  
 With schemes of monumental fame ; and sought  
 By pyramids and mausolean pomp,  
 Short-liv'd themselves, to immortalize their bones.  
 Some seek diversion in the tented field, 185  
 And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.  
 But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,  
 Kings would not play at. Nations would do well  
 To extort their truncheons from the puny hands  
 Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds 190  
 Are gratified with mischief ; and who spoil,  
 Because men suffer it, their toy, the world.

When Babel was confounded, and the great  
 Confederacy of projectors wild and vain  
 Was split into diversity of tongues, 195  
 Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,  
 These to the upland, to the valley those,  
 God drove asunder, and assign'd their lot  
 To all the nations. Ample was the boon  
 He gave them, in its distribution fair 200  
 And equal ; and he bade them dwell in peace.  
 Peace was awhile their care : they plough'd, and sow'd,  
 And reap'd their plenty, without grudge or strife.  
 But violence can never longer sleep  
 Than human passions please. In every heart 205  
 Are sown the sparks that kindle fry war ;  
 Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.  
 Cain had already shed a brother's blood :  
 The deluge wash'd it out : but left unquench'd  
 The seeds of murder in the breast of man. 210  
 Soon, by a righteous judgment, in the line  
 Of his descending progeny was found

The first artificer of death ; the shrewd  
 Contriver who first sweated at the forge,  
 And forc'd the blunt and yet unblooded steel 215  
 To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.  
 Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times,  
 The sword and faulchion their inventor claim ;  
 And the first smith was the first murderer's son.  
 His art surviv'd the waters ; and ere long, 220  
 When man was multiplied and spread abroad  
 In tribes and clans, and had begun to call  
 These meadows and that rage of hills his own,  
 The tasted sweets of property begat  
 Desire of more ; and industry in some, 225  
 To improve and cultivate their just demesne,  
 Made others covet what they saw so fair.  
 Thus war began on earth : these fought for spoil,  
 And those in self-defence. Savage, at first,  
 The onset, and irregular. At length 230  
 One eminent above the rest, for strength,  
 For stratagem, or courage, or for all,  
 Was chosen leader ; him they serv'd in war,  
 And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds  
 Reverenc'd no less. Who could with him compare, 235  
 Or who so worthy to control themselves  
 As he whose prowess had subdu'd their foes ?  
 Thus war, affording field for the display  
 Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,  
 Which have their exigencies too, and call 240  
 For skill in government, at length made king.  
 King was a name too proud for man to wear  
 With modesty and meekness ; and the crown,  
 So dazzling in their eyes who set it on,  
 Was sure to intoxicate the brows it bound. 245  
 It is the abject property of most,  
 That, being parcel of the common mass,  
 And destitute of means to raise themselves,  
 They sink, and settle lower than they need.  
 They know not what it is to feel within 250  
 A comprehensive faculty, that grasps  
 Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,  
 Almost without an effort, plans too vast  
 For their conception, which they cannot move.  
 Conscious of impotence, they soon grow drunk 255  
 With gazing, when they see an able man  
 Step forth to notice ; and, besotted thus,  
 Build him a pedestal, and say, " Stand there,

" And be our admiration and our praise."  
 They roll themselves before him in the dust, 260  
 Then most deserving in their own account,  
 When most extravagant in his applause,  
 As if, exalting him, they rais'd themselves.  
 Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound  
 And sober judgment 'that he is but man' 265  
 They demi-deify and fume him so,  
 That in due season he forgets it too.  
 Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,  
 He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,  
 Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks 270  
 The world was made in vain, if not for him.  
 Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born  
 To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,  
 And sweating in his service, his caprice  
 Becomes the soul that animates them all. 275  
 He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,  
 Spent in the purchase of renown for him,  
 An easy reckoning; and they think the same.  
 Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings  
 Were burnish'd into heroes, and became 280  
 The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;  
 Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died.  
 Strange, that such folly as lifts bloated man  
 To eminence, fit only for a god,  
 Should ever drivel out of human lips, 285  
 Even in the cradled weakness of the world!  
 Still stranger much, that, when at length mankind  
 Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,  
 And could discriminate and argue well  
 On subjects more mysterious, they were yet 290  
 Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear  
 And quake before the gods themselves had made!  
 But above measure strange, that neither proof  
 Of sad experience, nor examples set  
 By some whose patriot virtue has prevail'd, 295  
 Can even now, when they are grown mature  
 In wisdom, and with philosophic deeps  
 Familiar, serve to emancipate the rest!  
 Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone  
 To reverence what is ancient, and can plead 300  
 A course of long observance for its use,  
 That even servitude, the worst of ills,  
 Because deliver'd down from sire to son,  
 Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing!

But is it fit, or can it bear the shock 305  
 Of rational discussion, that a man,  
 Compounded and made up, like other men,  
 Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust  
 And folly in as ample measure meet,  
 As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules, 310  
 Should be a despot absolute, and boast  
 Himself the only freeman of his land ?  
 Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,  
 Wage war, with any, or with no pretence  
 Of provocation given, or wrong sustain'd, 315  
 And force the beggarly last doit, by means  
 That his own humour dictates, from the clutch  
 Of poverty, that thus he may procure  
 His thousands, weary of penurious life,  
 A splendid opportunity to die ? 320  
 Say ye, who (with less prudence than, of old,  
 Jotham ascrib'd to his assembled trees  
 In politic convention) put your trust  
 In the shadow of a bramble, and, reclin'd  
 In fancied peace beneath his dangerous branch, 325  
 Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,  
 Where find ye passive fortitude ? Whence springs  
 Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good  
 To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang  
 His thorns with streamers of continual praise ? 330  
 We, too, are friends to loyalty. We love  
 The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,  
 And reigns content within them : him we serve  
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us free :  
 But, recollecting still that he is man, 335  
 We trust him not too far. King though he be,  
 And king in England too, he may be weak ;  
 And vain enough to be ambitious still,  
 May exercise amiss his proper powers,  
 Or covet more than freemen choose to grant : 340  
 Beyond that mark is treason. He is our's  
 To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,  
 But not to warp or change it. We are his  
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,  
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves. 345  
 Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love  
 Of kings, between your loyalty and our's.  
 We love the man ; the paltry pageant you.  
 We the chief patron of the commonwealth ;  
 You the regardless author of its woes. 350

We, for the sake of liberty, a king ;  
 You chains and bondage, for a tyrant's sake.  
 Our love is principle, and has its root  
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free ;  
 Your's, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod, 355  
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.  
 Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,  
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,  
 I would not be a king to be belov'd  
 Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise, 360  
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,  
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

Whose freedom is by sufferance, and at will  
 Of a superior, he is never free.  
 Who lives, and is not weary of a life 365  
 Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.  
 The state that strives for liberty, though foil'd,  
 And forc'd to abandon what she bravely sought,  
 Deserves at least applause for her attempt,  
 And pity for her loss. But that's a cause 370  
 Not often unsuccessful: pow'r usurp'd  
 Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,  
 'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.  
 But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought  
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess 375  
 All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,  
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts;  
 The surest presage of the good they seek\*.

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more  
 To France than all her losses and defeats, 380  
 Old, or of later date, by sea or land,  
 Her house of bondage, worse than that of old  
 Which God aveng'd on Pharaoh—the Bastille !  
 Ye horrid tow'rs, the abode of broken hearts ;  
 Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair, 385  
 That monarchs have supplied from age to age  
 With music such as suits their sovereign ears—  
 The sighs and groans of miserable men !

\* The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware that it is become almost fashionable to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

There's not an English heart that would not leap  
 To hear that ye were fallen at last ; to know 390  
 That even our enemies, so oft employ'd  
 In forging chains for us, themselves were free.  
 For he who values liberty, confines  
 His zeal for her predominance within  
 No narrow bounds ; her cause engages him 395  
 Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.  
 There dwell the most forlorn of human kind ;  
 Immur'd, though unaccus'd, condemn'd untried,  
 Cruelly spar'd, and hopeless of escape !  
 There, like the visionary emblem, seen 400  
 By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,  
 And, fileted about with hoops of brass,  
 Still lives, though all its pleasant boughs are gone,  
 To count the hour-bell and expect no change ;  
 And ever, as the sullen sound is heard, 405  
 Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note  
 To him whose moments all have one dull pace,  
 Ten thousand rovers in the world at large  
 Account it music ; that it summons some  
 To theatre, or jocund feast or ball : 410  
 The wearied hireling finds it a release  
 From labour ; and the lover, who has chid  
 Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke  
 Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—  
 To fly for refuge from distracting thought 415  
 To such amusements as ingenious woe  
 Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools—  
 To read engraven on the mouldy walls,  
 In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,  
 A sad memorial, and subjoin his own— 420  
 To turn purveyor to an overgorg'd  
 And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest  
 Is made familiar, watches his approach,  
 Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—  
 To wear out time in numbering to and fro 425  
 The studs that thick emboss his iron door ;  
 Then downward and then upward, then aslant  
 And then alternate ; with a sickly hope  
 By dint of change to give his tasteless task  
 Some relish ; till, the sum exactly found 430  
 In all directions, he begins again—  
 Oh comfortless existence ! hemm'd around  
 With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel  
 And beg for exile, or the pangs of death ?

That man should thus encroach on fellow man, 435  
 Abridge him of his just and native rights,  
 Eradicate him, tear him from his hold  
 Upon the endearments of domestic life  
 And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,  
 And doom him for, perhaps, an heedless word, 440  
 To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,  
 Moves indignation ; makes the name of king  
 (Of king whom such prerogative can please)  
 As dreadful as the Manichean god,  
 Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy. 445

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower  
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;  
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,  
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,  
 Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes 450  
 Their progress in the road of science ; blinds  
 The eyesight of discovery ; and begets,  
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind  
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit  
 To be the tenant of man's noble form. 455  
 Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,  
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd  
 By public exigence till annual food  
 Fails for the craving hunger of the state,  
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief 460  
 Among the nations, seeing thou art free :  
 My native nook of earth ! Thy clime is rude,  
 Replete with vapours, and disposes much  
 All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine :  
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft 465  
 And plausible than social life requires,  
 And thou hast need of discipline and art  
 To give thee what politer France receives  
 From Nature's bounty—that humane address  
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is 470  
 In converse, either, starved by cold reserve,  
 Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl :  
 Yet, being free, I love thee : for the sake  
 Of that one feature can be well content,  
 Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art, 475  
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.  
 But, once enslav'd, farewell ! I could endure  
 Chains no where patiently ; and chains at home,  
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all.

Then what were left of roughness in the grain 480  
 Of British natures, wanting its excuse  
 That it belongs to freemen, would disgust  
 And shock me. I should then, with double pain  
 Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime ;  
 And, if I must bewail the blessing lost, 485  
 For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,  
 I would at least bewail it under skies  
 Milder, among a people less austere ;  
 In scenes which, having never known me free,  
 Would not reproach me with the loss I felt. 490  
 Do I forebode impossible events,  
 And tremble at vain dreams ? Heav'n grant I may ?  
 But the age of virtuous politics is past,  
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.  
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere, 495  
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes  
 Deep in his soft credulity the stamp  
 Designed by loud declaimers on the part  
 Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,  
 Incurs derision for his easy faith 500  
 And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough ;  
 For when was public virtue to be found  
 Where private was not ? Can he love the whole  
 Who loves no part ? He be a nation's friend  
 Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there ? 505  
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause  
 Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake  
 That country, if at all, must be beloved ?

'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad  
 For England's glory, seeing it wax pale 510  
 And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts  
 So loose to private duty, that no brain,  
 Healthful and undisturbed by factious fumes,  
 Can dream them trusty to the general weal.  
 Such were not they of old, whose tempered blades 515  
 Dispersed the shackles of usurped control,  
 And hew'd them link from link ; then Albion's sons  
 Were sons indeed ; they felt a filial heart  
 Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs ;  
 And, shining each in his domestic sphere, 520  
 Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view,  
 'Tis therefore many, whose sequestered lot  
 Forbids their interference, looking on,  
 Anticipate perforce some dire event ;

And, seeing the old castle of the state, 525  
 That promised once more firmness, so assailed  
 That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,  
 Stand motionless expectants of its fall.  
 All has its date below; the fatal hour  
 Was registered in heaven ere time began. 530  
 We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works  
 Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,  
 Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.  
 We build with what we deem eternal rock:  
 A distant age asks where the fabric stood; 535  
 And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,  
 The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there it yet a liberty, unsung  
 By poets, and by senators unprais'd,  
 Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers 540  
 Of earth and hell confederate take away:  
 A liberty, which persecution, fraud,  
 Oppressions, prisons, have no power to bind;  
 Which whoso tastes can be enslav'd no more.  
 'Tis liberty of heart, deriv'd from heaven; 545  
 Bought with HIS blood who gave it to mankind,  
 And seal'd with the same token! It is held  
 By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure  
 By the unimpeachable and awful oath  
 And promise of a God! His other gifts 550  
 All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,  
 And are august; but this transcends them all.  
 His other works, the visible display  
 Of all-creating energy and might,  
 Are grand, no doubt, and worthy of the word 555  
 That, finding an interminable space  
 Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,  
 And made so sparkling what was dark before.  
 But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,  
 Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene, 560  
 Might well suppose the artificer divine  
 Meant it eternal, had he not himself  
 Pronounc'd it transient, glorious as it is,  
 And, still designing a more glorious far,  
 Doom'd it as insufficient for his praise, 565  
 These therefore, are occasional, and pass;  
 Form'd for the confutation of the fool,  
 Whose lying heart disputes against a God;  
 That office serv'd, they must be swept away.

Not so the labours of his love: they shine 570  
 In other heavens than these that we behold,  
 And fade not. There is paradise that fears  
 No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends  
 Large prelibation oft to saints below.  
 Of these the first in order, and the pledge 575  
 And confident assurance of the rest,  
 Is liberty:—a flight into his arms  
 Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,  
 A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,  
 And full immunity from penal woe. 580

Chains are the portion of revolted man,  
 Stripes and a dungeon; and his body serves  
 The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,  
 Opprobrious residence, he finds them all.  
 Propense his heart to idols, he is held 585  
 In silly dotage on created things,  
 Cateless of their Creator. And that low  
 And sordid gravitation of his powers  
 To a vile clod so draws him, with such force  
 Resistless from the centre he should seek, 590  
 That he at last forgets it. All his hopes  
 Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,  
 To reach a depth profounder still, and still  
 Profounder, in the fathomless abyss  
 Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death. 595  
 But, ere he gain the comfortless repose  
 He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul,  
 In heaven-renouncing exile, he endures—  
 What does he not? from lusts oppos'd in vain,  
 And self-reproaching conscience. He foresees 600  
 The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,  
 Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all  
 That can ennoble man, and make frail life,  
 Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,  
 Far worse than all the plagues with which his sins 605  
 Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes  
 Ages of hopeless misery. Future death,  
 And death still future. Not an hasty stroke,  
 Like that which sends him to the dusty grave;  
 But unrepealable enduring death! 610  
 Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears:  
 What none can prove a forgery, may be true;  
 What none but bad men wish exploded, must.  
 That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud,

Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst 615  
 Of laughter his compunctions are sincere ;  
 And he abhors the jest by which he shines.  
 Remorse begets reform. His master-lust  
 Falls first before his resolute rebuke,  
 And seems dethron'd and vanquish'd. Peace ensues, 620  
 But spurious and short-liv'd ; the puny child  
 Of self-congratulating pride, begot  
 On fancied innocence. Again he falls,  
 And fights again ; but finds his best essay  
 A presage ominous, portending still 625  
 Its own dishonour by a worse relapse.  
 Till Nature, unavailing nature, foil'd  
 So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,  
 Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now  
 Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause, 630  
 Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd ;  
 With shallow shifts and old devices, worn  
 And tatter'd in the service of debauch,  
 Covering his shame from his offended sight.

“ Hath God indeed given appetites to man, 635  
 “ And stor'd the earth so plenteously with means  
 “ To gratify the hunger of his wish ;  
 “ And doth he reprobate, and will he damn,  
 “ The use of his own bounty ? making first  
 “ So frail a kind, and then enacting laws 640  
 “ So strict, that less than perfect must despair ?  
 “ Falsehood ! which whoso but suspects of truth  
 “ Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.  
 “ Do they themselves, who undertake for hire  
 “ The teacher's office, and dispense at large 645  
 “ Their weekly dole of edifying strains,  
 “ Attend to their own music ? have they faith  
 “ In what with such solemnity of tone  
 “ And gesture they propound to our belief ?  
 “ Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice 650  
 “ Is but an instrument, on which the priest  
 “ May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,  
 “ The unequivocal authentic deed,  
 “ We find sound argument, we read the heart.”

Such reasonings (if that name must needs belong 655  
 To excuses in which reason has no part)  
 Serve to compose a spirit well inclin'd  
 To live on terms of amity with vice,

And sin without disturbance. Often urg'd,  
 (As often as libidinous discourse  
 Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes  
 Of theological and grave import)  
 They gain at last his unreserv'd assent ;  
 Till, harden'd his heart's temper in the forge  
 Of lust, and on the anvil of despair, 665  
 He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,  
 Or nothing much, his constancy in ill ;  
 Vain tampering has but foster'd his disease ;  
 'Tis desperate, and he sleeps the sleep of death !  
 Haste now, philosopher, and set him free. 670  
 Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear  
 Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth  
 How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,  
 Consulted and obey'd, to guide his steps  
 Directly to the FIRST AND ONLY FAIR. 675  
 Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the powers  
 Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise :  
 Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,  
 And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,  
 'Till it out-mantle all the pride of verse.— 680  
 Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high sounding brass,  
 Smitten in vain ! such music cannot charm  
 The eclipse that intercepts truth's heavenly beam,  
 And chills and darkens a wide-wandering soul.  
 The STILL SMALL VOICE is wanted. He must speak, 685  
 Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect ;  
 Who calls for things that are not, and they come.

Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change  
 That turns to ridicule the turgid speech  
 And stately tone of moralists, who boast, 690  
 As if, like him of fabulous renown,  
 They had indeed ability to smooth  
 The shag of savage nature, and were each  
 An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song :  
 But transformation of apostate man 695  
 From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,  
 Is work for Him that made him. He alone,  
 And he by means in philosophic eyes  
 Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves  
 The wonder ; humanizing what is brute 700  
 In the lost kind, extracting from the lips  
 Of asps their venom, overpowering strength  
 By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause  
 Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve, 705  
 Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
 Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,  
 Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
 To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,  
 Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass 710  
 To guard them, and to immortalize her trust:  
 But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,  
 To those who, posted at the shrine of truth,  
 Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,  
 Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed, 715  
 And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land  
 The sweets of liberty and equal laws;  
 But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,  
 And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed  
 In confirmation of the noblest claim— 720  
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,  
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,  
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies!  
 Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown  
 Till persecution dragg'd them into fame, 725  
 And chas'd them up to heaven. Their ashes flew  
 —No marble tells us whither. With their names  
 No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:  
 And history, so warm on meaner themes,  
 Is cold on this. She execrates indeed 730  
 The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,  
 But gives the glorious sufferers little praise\*.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain 735  
 That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,  
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
 With as much ease as Samson his green wyths.  
 He looks abroad into the varied field  
 Of Nature, and though poor perhaps compar'd 740  
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
 His are the mountains, and the vallies his,  
 And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy  
 With a propriety that none can feel, 745  
 But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,  
 Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
 And smiling say—"My father made them all!"

\* See Hume.

Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
 And by an emphasis of interest his,  
 Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy, 750  
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind  
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love  
 That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world  
 So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man ?  
 Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap— 755  
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good  
 In senseless riot ; but ye will not find,  
 In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,  
 A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd  
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong, 760  
 Appropriates nature as his father's work,  
 And has a richer use of your's than you.  
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth  
 Of no mean city ; plann'd or ere the hills  
 Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea 765  
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.  
 His freedom is the same in every state ;  
 And no condition of this changeful life,  
 So manifold in cares, whose every day  
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less : 770  
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,  
 Nor penury, can cripple or confine.  
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there  
 With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds  
 His body bound ; but knows not what a range 775  
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain ;  
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt  
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste  
 His works. Admitted once to his embrace, 780  
 Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :  
 Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart,  
 Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight  
 'Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.  
 Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone 785  
 And eyes intent upon the scanty herb  
 It yields them ; or recumbent on its brow,  
 Ruminates heedless of the scene outspread  
 Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away  
 From inland regions to the distant main. 790  
 Man views it, and admires ; but rests content  
 With what he views. The landscape has his praise,

But not its author. Unconcern'd who form'd  
 The paradise he sees, he finds it such,  
 And such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more. 795  
 Not so the mind that has been touch'd from heaven,  
 And in the school of sacred wisdom taught  
 To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,  
 Fair as it is, existed ere it was.  
 Not for its own sake merely, but for his 800  
 Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise ;  
 Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,  
 To earth's acknowled'd sovereign, finds at once  
 Its only just proprietor in Him.  
 The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd 805  
 New faculties, or learns at least to employ  
 More worthily the powers she own'd before,  
 Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze  
 Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd—  
 A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms 810  
 Terrestrial in the vast and the minute ;  
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God  
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.  
 Much conversant with heaven, she often holds 815  
 With those fair ministers of light to man,  
 That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,  
 Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they  
 With which heaven rang, when every star, in haste  
 To gratulate the new-created earth, 820  
 Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God  
 Shouted for joy.—“ Tell me, ye shining hosts,  
 “ That navigate a sea that knows no storms,  
 “ Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,  
 “ If from your elevation, whence ye view 825  
 “ Distinctly scenes invisible to man,  
 “ And systems of whose birth no tidings yet  
 “ Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race  
 “ Favour'd as our's ; transgressors from the womb,  
 “ And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise, 830  
 “ And to possess a brighter heaven than your's ?  
 “ As one who long detain'd on foreign shores  
 “ Pants to return, and when he sees afar  
 “ His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks,  
 “ From the green wave emerging, darts an eye 835  
 “ Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;  
 “ So I with animated hopes behold,  
 “ And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,

" That shew like beacons in the blue abyss,  
 " Ordain'd to guide the embodied spirit home 840  
 " From toilsome life to never-ending rest.  
 " Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires  
 " That give assurance of their own success,  
 " And that, infus'd from heaven, must thither tend."

So reads he nature whom the lamp of truth 845  
 Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious word!  
 Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,  
 With intellects bemaz'd in endless doubt,  
 But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,  
 With means that were not till by thee employ'd, 850  
 Worlds that had never been hadst thou in strength  
 Been less, or less benevolent than strong.  
 They are thy witnesses, who speak thy power  
 And goodness infinite, but speak in ears  
 That hear not, or receive not their report. 855  
 In vain thy creatures testify of thee  
 Till thou proclaim thyself. Their's is indeed  
 A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine  
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,  
 And with the boon gives talents for its use. 860  
 'Till thou art heard, imaginations vain  
 Possess the heart, and fables false as hell;  
 Yet, deem'd oracular, lure down to death  
 The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.  
 We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind, 865  
 The glory of thy work; which yet appears  
 Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,  
 Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd  
 Then skilful most when most severely judged.  
 But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st: 870  
 Thy providence forbids that fickle power  
 (If power she be that works but to confound)  
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.  
 Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can  
 Instruction, and inventing to ourselves 875  
 Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep,  
 Or disregard our follies, or that sit  
 Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.  
 Thee we reject, unable to abide  
 Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure; 880  
 Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause  
 For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.  
 Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,

Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heaven  
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy. 885  
A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not  
Till thou hast touch'd them ; 'tis the voice of song—  
A loud hosanna sent from all thy works ;  
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,  
And adds his rapture to the general praise. 890  
In that blest moment Nature, throwing wide  
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile  
The author of her beauties, who, retir'd  
Behind his own creation, works unseen  
By the impure, and hears his power denied. 895  
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,  
Their only point of rest, eternal Word !  
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove  
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.  
From thee is all that sooths the life of man, 900  
His high endeavour, and his glad success,  
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.  
But oh thou bounteous giver of all good,  
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !  
Give what thou can'st, without thee we are poor ; 905  
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

## ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

*Bells at a distance.—Their effect.—A fine noon in winter.—A sheltered walk.—Meditation better than books.—Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is.—The transformation that spring effects in a shrubbery described.—A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected.—God maintains it by an unremitted act.—The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reprov'd.—Animals happy, a delightful sight.—Origin of cruelty to animals.—That it is a great crime proved from scripture.—That proof illustrated by a tale.—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them.—Their good and useful properties insisted on.—Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals.—Instances of man's extravagant praise of man.—The groans of the creation shall have an end—A view taken of the restoration of all things.—An invocation and an invitation of him who shall bring it to pass.—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness—Conclusion.*

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## BOOK VI.

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### THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

**T**HERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds;  
And, as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd  
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave:  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies. 5  
How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on! 10  
With easy force it opens all the cells  
Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard  
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.  
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes, 15  
That in a few short moments I retrace  
(As in a map the voyager his course)  
The windings of my way through many years.  
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,  
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path 20  
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,  
Mov'd many a sigh at its disheartening length.  
Yet, feeling present evils, while the past  
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,  
How readily we wish time spent revok'd, 25  
That we might try the ground again, where once  
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)  
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!  
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend!

A father, whose authority, in show 30  
 When most severe, and mustering all its force,  
 Was but the graver countenance of love ;  
 Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower,  
 And utter now and then an awful voice,  
 But had a blessing in its darkest frown, 35  
 Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.  
 We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand  
 That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd  
 By every gilded folly, we renounc'd  
 His sheltering side, and wiifully forewent 40  
 That converse which we now in vain regret.  
 How gladly would the man recall to life  
 The boy's neglected sire ! a mother too,  
 That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still, 45  
 Might he demand them at the gates of death.  
 Sorrow has, since they went, subdu'd and tam'd  
 The playful humour ; he could now endure,  
 (Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)  
 And feel a parent's presence no restraint.  
 But not to understand a treasure's worth 50  
 Till time has stolen away the slighted good,  
 Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
 And makes the world the wilderness it is.  
 The few that pray at all oft pray amiss,  
 And, seeking grace to improve the prize they hold, 55  
 Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

The night was winter in his roughest mood ;  
 The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon  
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast, 60  
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck  
 The dazzling splendor of the scene below.  
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ; 65  
 And through the trees I view the embattled tower  
 Whence all the music. I again perceive  
 The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
 And settle in soft musings as I tread  
 The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms, 70  
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.  
 The roof, though moveable through all its length  
 As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,  
 And, intercepting in their silent fall

The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me. 75  
 No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
 The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
 With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd :  
 Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light  
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes 80  
 From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,  
 That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.  
 Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
 May think down hours to moments. Here the heart, 85  
 May give an useful lesson to the head,  
 And learning wiser grow without his books.  
 Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ; 90  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,  
 Till smooth'd and squar'd and fitted to its place,  
 Does but incumber whom it seems to enrich. 95  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells,  
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits  
 Holds an unthinking multitude entrall'd. 100  
 Some to the fascination of a name  
 Surrender judgment, hood-wink'd. Some the style  
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds  
 Of error leads them by a tune entranc'd.  
 While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear 105  
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,  
 And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice,  
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all,  
 But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course  
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer, 110  
 And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,  
 And lanes in which the primrose ere her time  
 Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,  
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,  
 Not shy, as in the world, and to be won 115  
 By slow solicitation, seize at once  
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

What prodigies can power divine perform  
 More grand than it produces year by year,

And all in sight of inattentive man ? 120  
 Familiar with the effect we slight the cause,  
 And, in the constancy of nature's course,  
 The regular return of genial months,  
 And renovation of a faded world,  
 See nought to wonder at. Should God again, 125  
 As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race  
 Of the undeviating and punctual sun,  
 How would the world admire ! but speaks it less  
 An agency divine, to make him know  
 His moment when to sink and when to rise, 130  
 Age after age, then to arrest his course ?  
 All we behold is miracle ; but, seen  
 So duly, all is miracle in vain.  
 Where now the vital energy that mov'd,  
 While summer was, the pure and subtile lymph 135  
 Through the imperceptible meandering veins  
 Of leaf and flower ? It sleeps ; and the icy touch  
 Of unprolific winter has impress'd  
 A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.  
 But let the months go round, a few short months, 140  
 And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots,  
 Barren as lances, among which the wind  
 Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,  
 Shall put their graceful foliage on again,  
 And, more aspiring, and with ampler spread, 145  
 Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.  
 Than, each in its peculiar honours clad,  
 Shall publish, even to the distant eye,  
 Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich  
 In streaming gold ; syringa, ivory pure ; 150  
 The scentless and the scented rose ; this red  
 And of an humbler growth, the \* other tall,  
 And throwing up into the darkest gloom  
 Of neighboring cypress, or more sable yew,  
 Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf 155  
 That the wind severs from the broken wave ;  
 The lilac, various in array, now while,  
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set  
 With purple spikes pyramidal, as if,  
 Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd 160  
 Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all ;  
 Copious of flow'rs the woodbine, pale and wan,  
 But well compensating her sickly looks  
 With never-cloying odours, early and late ;

\* The Guelder-rose.

Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm 165  
 Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,  
 That scarce a leaf appears; mezerion, too,  
 Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset  
 With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;  
 Althæa with the purple eye; the broom, 170  
 Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,  
 Her blossoms; and, luxuriant above all,  
 The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf  
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more 175  
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.—  
 These have been, and these shall be in their day;  
 And all this uniform, uncolour'd scene,  
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,  
 And flush into variety again. 180  
 From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,  
 Is nature's progress, when she lectures man  
 In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes  
 The grand transition, that there lives and works  
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God. 185  
 The beauties of the wilderness are his,  
 That make so gay the solitary place  
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms  
 That cultivation glories in, are his.  
 He sets the bright procession on its way, 190  
 And marshalls all the order of the year;  
 He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,  
 And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,  
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,  
 Uninjur'd, with inimitable art; 195  
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,  
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Some say that, in the origin of things,  
 When all creation started into birth,  
 The infant elements receiv'd a law, 200  
 From which they swerve not since. That under force  
 Of that controuling ordinance they move,  
 And need not his immediate hand, who first  
 Prescrib'd their course, to regulate it now.  
 Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God 205  
 The incumbrance of his own concerns, and spare  
 The great Artificer of all that moves  
 The stress of a continual act, the pain  
 Of unremitted vigilance and care,

As too laborious and severe a task. 210  
 So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,  
 To span omnipotence, and measure might,  
 That knows no measure, by the scanty rule  
 And standard of its own, that is to-day,  
 And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down! 215  
 But how should matter occupy a charge  
 Dull as it is, and satisfy a law  
 So vast in its demands, unless impell'd  
 To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,  
 And under pressure of some conscious cause? 220  
 The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,  
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.  
 Nature is but a name for an effect,  
 Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire  
 By which the mighty process is maintain'd, 225  
 Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight  
 Slow-circling ages are as transient days;  
 Whose work is without labour; whose designs  
 No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;  
 And whose beneficence no charge exhausts. 230  
 Him blind antiquity profan'd, not serv'd,  
 With self-taught rites, and under various names,  
 Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,  
 And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth  
 With tutelary goddesses and gods 235  
 That were not; and commending, as they would,  
 To each some province, garden, field, or grove.  
 But all are under one. One spirit—His  
 Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows—  
 Rules universal nature. Not a flower 240  
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
 Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires  
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
 And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,  
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands, 245  
 The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.  
 Happy who walks with him; whom what he finds  
 Of flavour or of scent in fruits or flower,  
 Or what he views of beautiful or grand  
 In nature, from the broad majestic oak 250  
 To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
 Prompts with remembrance of a present God!  
 His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd,  
 Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene  
 Is dreary, so with him all seasons please. 255

Though winter had been none, had man been true,  
 And earth be punish'd for its tenant's sake.  
 Yet not in vengeance; as this smiling sky,  
 So soon succeeding such an angry night,  
 And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream 260  
 Recovering fast its liquid music, prove.

Who then, that has a mind well strung and tun'd  
 To contemplation, and within his reach  
 A scene so friendly to his favorite task,  
 Would waste attention at the chequer'd board. 265  
 His host of wooden warriors to and fro  
 Marching and counter-marching, with an eye  
 As fixt as marble, with a forehead ridg'd  
 And furrow'd into storms, and with a hand  
 Trembling, as if eternity were hung 270  
 In balance on his conduct of a pin?—  
 Nor envies he aught more their idle sport,  
 Who pant with application misapplied,  
 To trivial toys, and, pushing ivory balls—  
 Across a velvet level, feel a joy 275  
 Akin to rapture when the bawble finds  
 Its destin'd goal, of difficult access.—  
 Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon  
 To miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop  
 Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks - 280  
 The polish'd counter, and approving none,  
 Or promising with smiles to call again.—  
 Nor him, who by his vanity seduc'd,  
 And sooth'd into a dream that he discerns  
 The difference of a Guido from a daub, 285  
 Frequents the crowded auction: station'd there  
 As duly as the Langford of the show,  
 With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,  
 And tongue accomplish'd in the fulsome cant  
 And pedantry that coxcombs learn with ease; 290  
 Oft as the price deciding hammer falls  
 He notes it in his book, then raps his box,  
 Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate  
 That he has let it pass—but never bids!

Here, unmolested, though whatever sign 295  
 The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,  
 Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,  
 Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.  
 Even in the spring and play-time of the year,

That calls the unwonted villager abroad 300  
 With all her little ones, a sportive train,  
 To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,  
 And prink their ~~hair~~ with daisies, or to pick *hair*  
 A cheap but wholesome sallad from the brook,  
 These shades are all my own. The timorous hare, 305  
 Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,  
 Scarce shuns me ; and the stock-dove, unalarm'd,  
 Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends  
 His long love-ditty for my near approach.  
 Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm 310  
 That age or injury has hollow'd deep,  
 Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,  
 He has outslept the winter, ventures forth  
 To frisk awhile and bask in the warm sun,  
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play : 315  
 He sees me, at once swift as a bird,  
 Ascends the neighboring beach ; there whisks his brush,  
 And perks his ears, and stamps and scolds aloud,  
 With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,  
 And anger insignificantly fierce. 320

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
 For human fellowship, as being void  
 Of sympathy, and therefore dread alike  
 To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd 325  
 With sight of animals enjoying life,  
 Nor feel their happiness augment his own.  
 The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade  
 When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,  
 And spirits buoyant with excess of glee ;  
 The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet. 330  
 That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,  
 Then stops and snorts, and, throwing high his heels,  
 Starts to the voluntary race again ;  
 The very kine that gambol at high noon,  
 The total herd receiving first from one 335  
 That leads the dance a summons to be gay,  
 Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth  
 Their efforts, yet resolv'd with one consent  
 To give such act and utterance as they may  
 To ecstasy too big to be suppress'd— 340  
 These, and a thousand images of bliss,  
 With which kind nature graces every scene  
 Where cruel man defeats not her design ,  
 Impart to the benevolent, who wish

All that are capable of pleasure pleas'd, 345  
 A far superior happiness to their's,  
 The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had risen, obedient to his call  
 Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave,  
 When he was crown'd as never king was since. 350

God set the diadem upon his head,  
 And angel choirs attended. Wondering stood  
 The new-made monarch, while before him pass'd,  
 All happy, and all perfect in their kind,  
 The creatures, summon'd from their various haunts 355  
 To see their sovereign, and confess his sway.

Vast was his empire, absolute his power,  
 Or bounded only by a law, whose force  
 'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel  
 And own—the law of universal love. 360

He rul'd with meekness, they obey'd with joy ;  
 No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart,  
 And no distrust of his intent in their's.

So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,  
 Where kindness on his part who rul'd the whole 365  
 Begat a tranquil confidence in all,

And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.  
 But sin marr'd all ; and the revolt of man,  
 That source of evils not exhausted yet,  
 Was punish'd with revolt of his from him. 370

Garden of God, how terrible the change  
 Thy groves and lawns then witness'd ! Every heart,  
 Each animal of every name, conceiv'd

A jealousy and an instinctive fear,  
 And, conscious of some danger, either fled 375  
 Precipitate the loath'd abode of man,

Or growl'd defiance in such angry sort,  
 As taught him, too, to tremble in his turn.  
 Thus harmony and family accord

Were driven from Paradise ; and in that hour 380  
 The seeds of cruelty, that since have swell'd  
 To such gigantic and enormous growth,

Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.  
 Hence date the persecution and the pain  
 That man inflicts on all inferior kinds, 385  
 Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,

To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,  
 Or his base gluttony, are causes good  
 And just, in his account, why bird and beast

- Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed 390  
 With blood of their inhabitants impal'd.  
 Earth groans beneath the burden of a war  
 Wag'd with defenceless innocence, while he,  
 Not satisfied to prey on all around,  
 Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs 395  
 Needless, and first torments ere he devours:  
 Now happiest they that occupy the scenes  
 The most remote from his abhorr'd resort,  
 Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,  
 They fear'd, and, as his perfect image, lov'd. 400  
 The wilderness is their's, with all its caves,  
 Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,  
 Unvisited by man. There they are free,  
 And howl and roar as likes them, uncontrol'd ;  
 Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play. 405  
 Woe to the tyrant, if he dare intrude  
 Within the confines of their wild domain !  
 The lion tells him—I am monarch here !  
 And, if he spare him, spares him on the terms  
 Of royal mercy, and through generous scorn 410  
 To rend a victim trembling at his foot.  
 In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,  
 Or by necessity constrain'd, they live  
 Dependent upon man ; those in his fields,  
 These at his crib, and some beneath his roof. 415  
 They prove too often at how dear a rate  
 He sells protection.—Witness at his foot  
 The spaniel dying, for some venial fault,  
 Under dissection of the knotted scourge—  
 Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells 420  
 Driven to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,  
 To madness ; while the savage at his heels  
 Laughs at the frantic sufferer's fury, spent,  
 Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown. 425  
 He, too, is witness, noblest of the train  
 That wait on man, the flight-performing horse :  
 With unsuspecting readiness he takes  
 His murderer on his back, and, push'd all day,  
 With bleeding sides and flanks that heave for life,  
 To the far-distant goal, arrives and dies. 430  
 So little mercy shows who needs so much !  
 Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,  
 Denounce no doom on the delinquent ?—None.  
 He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts  
 (As if barbarity were high desert) 435

The inglorious feat, and, clamorous in praise  
 Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose  
 The honours of his matchless horse his own !  
 But many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth,  
 Is register'd in heaven ; and these, no doubt, 440  
 Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.  
 Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
 But God will never. When he charg'd the Jew  
 To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise ;  
 And when the bush-exploring boy, that seiz'd 445  
 The young, to let the parent bird go free ;  
 Prov'd he not plainly that his meaner works  
 Are yet his care, and have an interest all,  
 All, in the universal Father's love ?  
 On Noah, and in him on all mankind, 450  
 The charter was conferr'd, by which we hold  
 The flesh of animals in fee, and claim  
 O'er all we feed on power of life and death.  
 But read the instrument, and mark it well :  
 The oppression of a tyrannous control 455  
 Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield  
 Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,  
 Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute !

The governor of all, himself to all  
 So bountiful, in whose attentive ear 460  
 The unfledg'd raven and the lion's whelp  
 Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs  
 Of hunger unassuag'd, has interpos'd,  
 Not seldom, his avenging arm, to smite  
 The injurious trampler upon nature's law, 465  
 That claims forbearance, even for a brute.  
 He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart ;  
 And, prophet as he was, he might not strike  
 The blameless animal, without rebuke,  
 On which he rode. Her opportune offence 470  
 Sav'd him, or the unrelenting seer had died.  
 He sees that human equity is slack  
 To interfere, though in so just a cause ;  
 And makes the task his own. Inspiring dumb  
 And helpless victims with a sense so keen 475  
 Of injury, with such knowledge of their strength,  
 And such sagacity to take revenge,  
 That oft the beast has seem'd to judge the man.  
 An ancient, not a legendary tale,  
 By one of sound intelligence rehears'd, 480

(If such who plead for Providence may seem  
In modern eyes) shall make the doctrine clear.—

Where England, stretch'd towards the setting sun,  
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,  
Dwelt young Misagathus; a scorner he 485  
Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,  
Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce.  
He journey'd; and his chance was as he went  
To join a traveller, of far different note—  
Evander, fam'd for piety, for years 490  
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.  
Fame had not left the venerable man  
A stranger to the manners of the youth,  
Whose face, too, was familiar to his view.  
Their way was on the margin of the land, 495  
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base  
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high.  
The charity that warm'd his heart was mov'd  
At sight of the man-monster. With a smile  
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace, 500  
As fearful of offending whom he wish'd  
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths  
Not harshly thunder'd forth or rudely press'd,  
But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.  
“And dost thou dream,” the impenetrable man 505  
Exclaim'd, “that me the lullabies of age,  
“And fantasies of dotards, such as thou,  
“Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?  
“Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave  
“Need no such aids as superstition lends 510  
“To steel their hearts against the dread of death.”  
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand  
Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,  
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought  
Of such a gulph as he design'd his grave. 515  
But, though the felon on his back could dare  
The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed  
Declin'd the death, and wheeling swiftly round,  
Or e'er his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge,  
Baffled his rider, sav'd against his will! 520  
The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd  
By medicine well applied, but without grace  
The heart's insanity admits no cure.  
Enrag'd the more, by what might have reform'd  
His horrible intent, again he sought 525

Destruction, with a zeal to be destroy'd,  
 With sounding whip, and rowels died in blood-  
 But still in vain. The Providence, that meant  
 A longer date to the far nobler beast,  
 Spar'd yet again the ignobler, for his sake. 530  
 And now, his prowess prov'd, and his sincere  
 Incurable obduracy evinc'd,  
 His rage grew cool ; and, pleas'd perhaps to have earn'd  
 So cheaply the renown of that attempt,  
 With looks of some complacence he resum'd 535  
 His road, deriding much the blank amaze  
 Of good Evander, still where he was left  
 Fixt motionless, and petrified with dread.  
 So on they far'd. Discourse on other themes  
 Ensuing, seem'd to obliterate the past ; 540  
 And, tamer far for so much fury shown,  
 (As is the course of rash and fiery men)  
 The rude companion smil'd, as if transform'd.  
 But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,  
 An unsuspected storm. His hour was come. 545  
 The impious challenger of Power divine  
 Was now to learn that Heaven, though slow to wrath,  
 Is never with impunity defied.  
 His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,  
 Snorting, and starting in sudden rage, 550  
 Unbidden, and not now to be control'd,  
 Rush'd to the cliff, and, having reach'd it, stood.  
 At once the shock unseated him : he flew  
 Sheer over the craggy barrier ; and, immers'd  
 Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not, 555  
 The death he had deserv'd—and died alone !  
 So God wrought double justice ; made the fool  
 The victim of his own tremendous choice,  
 And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.

I would not enter on my list of friends 560  
 (Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,  
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
 That crawls at evening in the public path ; 565  
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.  
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,  
 And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes,  
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes 570

Sacred to neatness and repose—the alcove,  
 The chamber, or refectory—may die :  
 A necessary act incurs no blame.  
 Not so when, held within their proper bounds,  
 And guiltless of offence, they range the air, 575  
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field :  
 There they are privileg'd ; and he that hunts  
 Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,  
 Disturbs the economy of nature's realm,  
 Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode. 580  
 The sum is this.—If man's convenience, health,  
 Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims  
 Are paramount, and must extinguish their's.  
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—  
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life, 585  
 As God was free to form them at the first,  
 Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.  
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
 To love it too. The spring-time of our years  
 Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most 590  
 By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand  
 To check them. But alas none sooner shoots ?  
 If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,  
 Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.  
 Mercy to him that shews it, is the rule 595  
 And righteous limitation of its act,  
 By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man ;  
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,  
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
 Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn. 600

Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more  
 By our capacity of grace divine,  
 From creatures that exist but for our sake,  
 Which, having serv'd us, perish, we are held  
 Accountable ; and God, some future day, 605  
 Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse  
 Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.  
 Superior as we are, they yet depend  
 Not more on human help than we on their's.  
 Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were given 610  
 In aid of our defects. In some are found  
 Such teachable and apprehensive parts,  
 That man's attainments in his own concerns,  
 Match'd with the expertness of the brutes in their's,  
 Are oft-times vanquish'd and thrown far behind. 615

Some show that nice sagacity of smell,  
 And read with such discernment, in the port  
 And figure of the man, his secret aim,  
 That oft we owe our safety to a skill  
 We could not teach, and must despair to learn. 620  
 But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop  
 To quadrupede instructors, many a good  
 And useful quality, and virtue too,  
 Rarely exemplified among ourselves.  
 Attachment never to be wean'd, or chang'd 625  
 By any change of fortune; proof alike  
 Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;  
 Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat  
 Can move or warp; and gratitude for small  
 And trivial favours, lasting as the life, 630  
 And glistening even in the dying eye.

Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms  
 Wins public honour; and ten thousand sit  
 Patiently present at a sacred song,  
 Commemoration-mad; content to hear 635  
 (Oh wonderful effect of music's power!)  
 Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake!  
 But less, methink, than sacrilege might serve—  
 (For, was it less, what heathen would have dar'd  
 To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath, 640  
 And hang it up in honour of a man?)  
 Much less might serve, when all that we design,  
 Is but to gratify an itching ear,  
 And give the day to a musician's praise.  
 Remember Handel; Who, was not born 645  
 Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,  
 Or can, the more than Homer of his age?  
 Yes—we remember him; and, while we praise  
 A talent so divine, remember too  
 That His most holy book from whom it came 650  
 Was never meant, was never us'd before,  
 To buckram out the memory of a man.  
 But hush!—the muse perhaps is too severe;  
 And, with a gravity beyond the size  
 And measure of the offence, rebukes a deed 655  
 Less impious than absurd, and owing more  
 To want of judgment than to wrong design.  
 So in the chapel of old Ely House,  
 When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,  
 Had fled from William, and the news was fresh, 660

The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,  
 And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,  
 Sung to the praise and glory of king George!  
 —Man praises man; and Garrick's memory next,  
 When time hath somewhat mellow'd it, and made 665  
 The idol of our worship while he liv'd  
 The god of our idolatry once more,  
 Shall have its altar; and the world shall go  
 In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.  
 The theatre, too small, shall suffocate, 670  
 Its squeez'd contents, and more than it admits  
 Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return  
 Ungratified. For there some noble lord  
 Shall stuff his shoulders with king Richard's bunch,  
 Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak, 675  
 And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp, and stare,  
 To show the world how Garrick did not act—  
 For Garrick was a worshipper himself;  
 He drew the liturgy, and fram'd the rites  
 And solemn ceremonial of the day, 610  
 And call'd the world to worship on the banks  
 Of Avon, fam'd in song. Ah, pleasant proof  
 That piety has still in human hearts  
 Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.  
 The mulberry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths; 685  
 The mulberry-tree stood centre of the dance;  
 The mulberry-tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs;  
 And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry-tree  
 Supplied such relics as devotion holds  
 Still sacred, and preserves with pious care. 690  
 So 'twas an hallow'd time: decorum reign'd,  
 And mirth without offence. No few return'd,  
 Doubless, much edified, and all refresh'd.  
 —Man praises man. The rabble, all alive,  
 From tipping benches, cellars, stalls, and styes, 695  
 Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,  
 A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.  
 Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,  
 To gaze in his eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave  
 Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy: 700  
 While others, not so satisfied, unhorse  
 The gilded equipage, and, turning loose  
 His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.  
 Why? what has charm'd them? Hath he sav'd the state?  
 No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No. 705  
 Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,

That finds out every crevice of the head  
 That is not sound and perfect, hath in their's  
 Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,  
 And his own cattle must suffice him soon. 710  
 Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,  
 And dedicate a tribute, in its use  
 And just direction sacred, to a thing  
 Doom'd to the dust, or lodg'd already there !  
 Encomium in old time was poets' work ; 715  
 But, poets having lavishly long since  
 Exhausted all materials of the art,  
 The task now falls into the public hand ;  
 And I, contented with an humble theme,  
 Have pour'd my stream of panegyric down 720  
 The vale of nature, where it creeps and winds  
 Among her lovely works with a secure  
 And unambitious course, reflecting clear,  
 If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.  
 And I am recompens'd, and deem the toils 725  
 Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine  
 May stand between an animal and woe,  
 And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.

The groans of nature in this nether world,  
 Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end. 730  
 Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,  
 Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,  
 The time of rest, the promis'd sabbath, comes.  
 Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh  
 Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course 735  
 Over a sinful world ; and what remains  
 Of this tempestuous state of human things  
 Is merely as the working of a sea  
 Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :  
 For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds 740  
 The dust that waits upon his sultry march,  
 When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,  
 Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend,  
 Propitious, in his chariot pav'd with love ;  
 And what his storms have blasted and defac'd 745  
 For man's revolt shall with a smile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet  
 Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch :  
 Nor can the wonders it records be sung  
 To meaner music, and not suffer loss. 750

But, when a poet, or when one like me,  
 Happy to rove among poetic flowers,  
 Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last  
 On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,  
 Such is the impulse and the spur he feels 755  
 To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,  
 That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems  
 The labour, were a task more arduous still.

Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,  
 Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ! which who can see, 760  
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel  
 His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy ?  
 Rivers of gladness water all the earth,  
 And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach  
 Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field 765  
 Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,  
 Or fertile only in its own disgrace,  
 Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.  
 The various seasons woven into one,  
 And that one season an eternal spring, 770  
 The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,  
 For there is none to covet, all are full.  
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear  
 Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon  
 Together, or all gambol in the shade 775  
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.  
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
 Lurks in the serpent now : the mother sees,  
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand  
 Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm, 780  
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive  
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.  
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind  
 One Lord, one Father. Error has no place :  
 That creeping pestilence is driven away ; 785  
 The breath of heaven has chas'd it. In the heart  
 No passion touches a discordant string,  
 But all is harmony and love. Disease  
 Is not : the pure and uncontaminate blood  
 Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age. 790  
 One song employs all nations ; and all cry,  
 " Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us !"  
 The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
 Shout to each other, and the mountain tops  
 From distant mountains catch the flying joy ; 795

Till, nation after nation taught the strain,  
 Each rolls the rapturous hosanna round.  
 Behold the measure of the promise fill'd ;  
 See Salem built, the labour of a God !  
 Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ; 800  
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
 Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands  
 Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,  
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,  
 \* Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ; 805  
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,  
 And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.  
 Praise is in all her gates ; upon her walls,  
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,  
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there 810  
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;  
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,  
 And worships. Her report has travell'd forth  
 Into all lands. From every clime they come  
 To see thy beauty and to share thy joy, 815  
 O Sion ! an assembly such as earth  
 Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.

Thus heaven-ward all things tend. For all were once  
 Perfect, and all must be at length restor'd.  
 So God has greatly purpos'd ; who would else 820  
 In his dishonour'd works himself endure  
 Dishonour, and be wrong'd without redress.  
 Haste, then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,  
 Ye slow-revolving seasons ! we would see  
 (A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet) 825  
 A world that does not dread and hate his laws,  
 And suffer for its crime ; would learn how fair  
 The creature is that God pronounces good,  
 How pleasant in itself what pleases him.  
 Here every drop of honey hides a sting ; 830  
 Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers ;  
 And even the joy that haply some poor heart  
 Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,  
 Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint  
 From touch of human lips, at best impure. 835

\* Nebaioth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

Oh for a world in principle as chaste  
 As this is gross and selfish ! over which  
 Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,  
 That govern all things here, shouldering aside  
 The meek and modest truth, and forcing her 840  
 To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife  
 In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men :—  
 Where violence shall never lift the sword,  
 Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,  
 Leaving the poor no remedy but tears :— 845  
 Where he that fills an office shall esteem  
 The occasion it presents of doing good  
 More than the perquisite :—where law shall speak  
 Seldom, and never but as wisdom prompts  
 And equity ; not jealous more to guard 850  
 A worthless form, than to decide aright :—  
 Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,  
 Nor smooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)  
 With lean performance ape the work of love !

Come then, and, added to thy many crowns, 855  
 Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,  
 Thou who alone art worthy ! It was thine  
 By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth ;  
 And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,  
 And overpaid its value with thy blood. 860  
 Thy saints proclaim thee king ; and in their hearts  
 Thy title is engraven with a pen  
 Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.  
 Thy saints proclaim thee king ; and thy delay  
 Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see 865  
 The dawn of thy last advent, long-desir'd,  
 Would creep into the bowels of the hills,  
 And flee for safety to the falling rocks.  
 The very spirit of the world is tir'd  
 Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long, 870  
 “ Where is the promise of your Lord's approach ?”  
 The infidel has shot his bolts away,  
 Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,  
 He gleans the blunted shafts that have recoil'd,  
 And aims them at the shield of truth again. 875  
 The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,  
 That hides divinity from mortal eyes ;  
 And all the mysteries to faith propos'd,  
 Insulted and traduc'd, are cast aside,  
 As useless, to the moles and to the bats. 880

They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd,  
 Who, constant only in rejecting thee,  
 Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,  
 And quit their office for their error's sake.  
 Blind, and in love with darkness ! yet even these 885  
 Worthy, compar'd with sycophants, who kneel  
 Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man !  
 So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare  
 The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,  
 And what they will. All pastors are alike 890  
 To wandering sheep, resolv'd to follow none.  
 Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain :  
 For these they live, they sacrifice to these,  
 And in their service wage perpetual war  
 With conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts, 895  
 And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth  
 To prey upon each other ; stubborn, fierce,  
 High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.  
 Thy prophets speak of such ; and, noting down  
 The features of the last degenerate times, 900  
 Exhibit every lineament of these.  
 Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,  
 Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,  
 Due to thy last and most effectual work,  
 Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world ! 905

He is the happy man, whose life even now  
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;  
 Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,  
 Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,  
 Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit 910  
 Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,  
 Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one  
 Content indeed to sojourn while he must  
 Below the skies, but having there his home.  
 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search 915  
 Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;  
 And, occupied as earnestly as she,  
 Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.  
 She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;  
 He seeks not her's, for he has prov'd them vain. 920  
 He cannot skim the ground like summer-birds  
 Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems  
 Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.  
 Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,  
 Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth 925

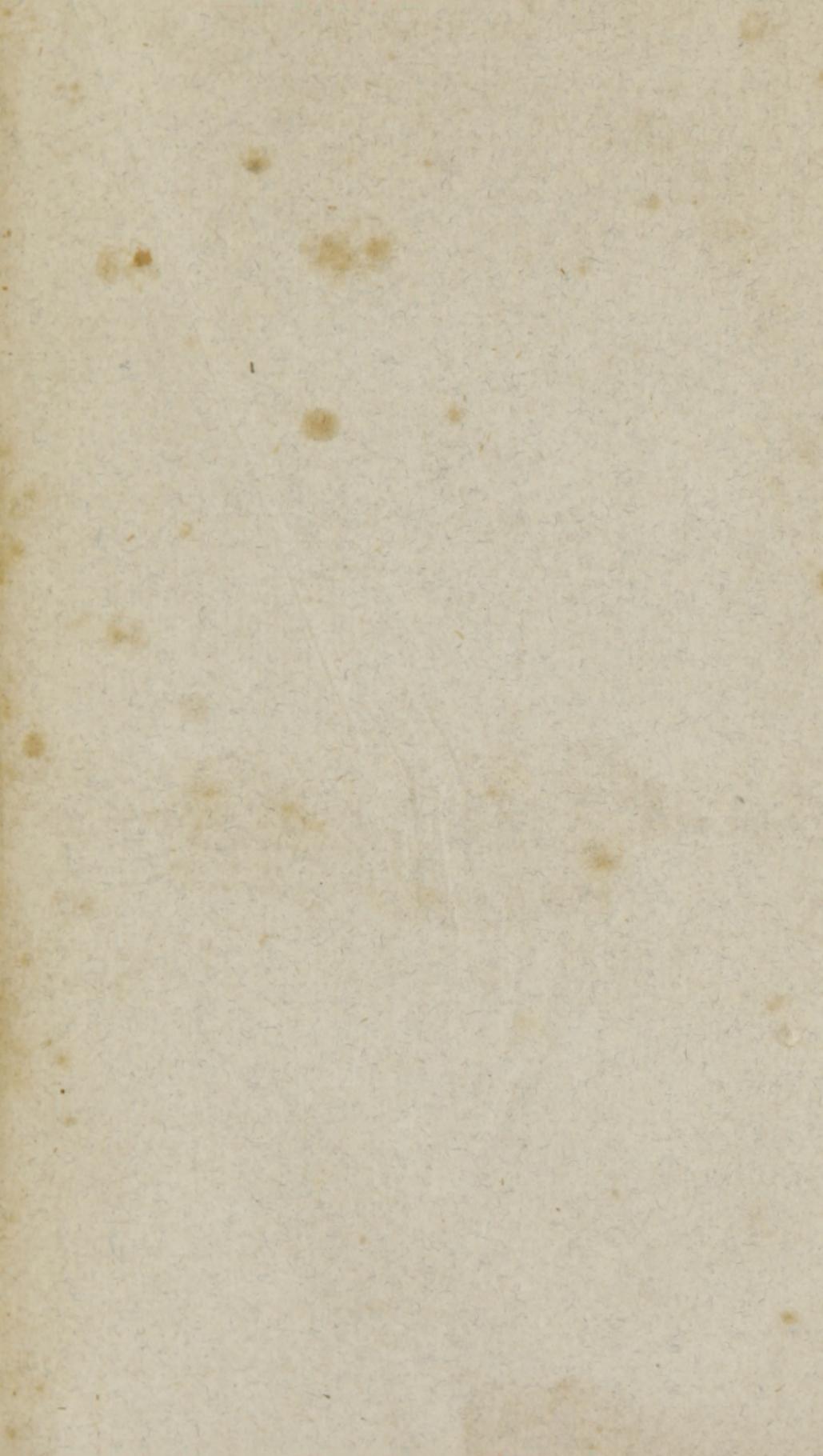
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,  
 And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.  
 Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,  
 And censur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams  
 Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird 930  
 That flutters least is longest on the wing.  
 Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has rais'd,  
 Or what achievements of immortal fame  
 He purposes, and he shall answer—None.  
 His welfare is within. There unfatigu'd 935  
 His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,  
 And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,  
 And never withering wreaths, compar'd with which  
 The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.  
 Perhaps the self-approving haughty world, 940  
 That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks  
 Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,  
 Deems him a cypher in the works of God,  
 Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,  
 Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes 945  
 Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring  
 And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,  
 When, Isaac like, the solitary saint  
 Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,  
 And think on her, who thinks not for herself. 950  
 Forgive him, then, thou bustler in concerns  
 Of little worth, an idler in the best,  
 If, author of no mischief and some good,  
 He seek his proper happiness by means  
 That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine. 955  
 Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,  
 Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,  
 Account him an incumbrance on the state,  
 Receiving benefits, and rendering none.  
 His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere 960  
 Shine with his fair example, and though small  
 His influence, if that influence all be spent  
 In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,  
 In aiding helpless indigence, in works  
 From which at least a grateful few derive 965  
 Some taste of comfort in a world of wo,  
 Then let the supercilious great confess  
 He serves his country, recompenses well  
 The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine  
 He sits secure, and in the scale of life 970  
 Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.

The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,  
 Must drop indeed the hope of public praise ;  
 But he may boast what few that win it can—  
 That, if his country stand not by his skill, 975  
 At least his follies have not wrought her fall.  
 Polite refinement offers him in vain  
 Her golden tube, through which a sensual world  
 Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,  
 The neat conveyance hiding all the offence. 980  
 Not that he peevishly rejects a mode  
 Because that world adopts it. If it bear  
 The stamp and clear impression of good sense,  
 And be not costly more than of true worth,  
 He puts it on, and, for decorum sake, 985  
 Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.  
 She judges of refinement by the eye,  
 He by the test of conscience, and a heart  
 Not soon deceiv'd ; aware that what is base  
 No polish can make sterling ; and that vice, 990  
 Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd,  
 Like an unburied carcass trick'd with flowers,  
 Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far  
 For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.  
 So life glides smoothly and by stealth away, 995  
 More golden than that age of fabled gold  
 Renown'd in ancient song ; not vex'd with care  
 Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approv'd  
 Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.  
 So glide my life away ! and so at last, 1000  
 My share of duties decently fulfill'd,  
 May some disease, not tardy to perform  
 Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,  
 Dismiss me, weary, to a safe retreat  
 Beneath the turf that I have often trod. 1005  
 It shall not grieve me, then, that once, when call'd  
 To dress a sofa with the flowers of verse,  
 I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair,  
 With that light task ; but soon, to please her more,  
 Whom flowers alone I knew would little please, 1010  
 Let fall the unfinish'd wreath, and rov'd for fruit ;  
 Rov'd far, and gather'd much : some harsh, 'tis true,  
 Pick'd from the thorns and briers of reproof,  
 But wholesome, well-digested ; grateful some  
 To palates that can taste immortal truth ; 1015  
 Insipid else, and sure to be despis'd.  
 But all is in His hand whose praise I seek.

In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,  
If he regard not, though divine the theme.  
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime  
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,  
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart ;  
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,  
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

1020







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