ELEGANT EXTRACTS
FROM THE
MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS;
BOOK THE THIRD
DIDACTIC.

LONDON.
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ELEGANT EXTRACTS:

BEING A

COPIOUS SELECTION

OF

INSTRUCTIVE, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING

PASSAGES,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

BRITISH POETS.

VOLUME II.

BOOK III. IV.

DIDACTIC (INCLUDING FABLES), DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE, AND PASTORAL.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,
FROM THE
MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK III.

DIDACTIC PIECES:
INCLUDING FABLES.

CONTEMPLATION.

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

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse:
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round
Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme,
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

Thomson.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the Sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright Sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated: wise, suspected: scorn’d, if poor
Great, fear’d: fair, tempted: high, still envy’d

I have wish’d all: but now I wish for neither
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I’ll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty’s queen entitle me The Fair,
Fame speak me Fortune’s minion, could I vie
Angels with India*; with a speaking eye [dumb,
Command bare heads, bow’d knees, strike Justice
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs: be call’d great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,

And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly
loves!

Now the wing’d people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:

* An angel is a piece of coin, of the value of ten shillings.
A Prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in Heaven, again.

Sir H. Wotton.

FALSE GREATNESS.

Mylo, forbear to call him bless'd
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great:
I know thy better thoughts, I know,
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream, with golden sands,
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And, proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore:
He spreads the balance wide, to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,  
When Croesus mounts his throne,  
And both stand up, and smile to see,  
How long their shadow's grown:  
Alas! how vain their fancies be,  
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,  
Croesus himself can never know;  
His true dimensions and his weight  
Are far inferior to their show.  
Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measur'd by my soul:  
The mind's the standard of the man.

ON HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!  
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:  
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;  
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.  
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,  
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?  
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,  
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?  
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?  
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,  
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee,
Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind?
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain!
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?—
Take nature's path and mad opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell:
There needs but thinking right and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, man, 'the Universal Cause,
Acts not by partial but by general laws,'
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied;
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven’s first law; and, this confess’d,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase:
All nature’s difference keeps all nature’s peace
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune’s gifts, if each alike possess’d,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call’d, unhappy those;
But Heaven’s just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac’d in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.

O sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains pil’d on mountains to the skies?
Heav’n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason’s whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.

Pope.
ON VIRTUE.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
'Virtue alone is happiness below:'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place, acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th'immense design,
Joins Heaven and Earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose, of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God and love of man.
For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still and opens on the soul,
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown.
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be bless'd,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind:
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty bless'd,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Pope.
THE HAPPY MAN.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin makes oppressors great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

*Sir Henry Wotton.*
THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

Now had the son of Jove mature, attain'd

The joyful prime, when youth, elate and gay,

Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd

Where passion leads, or prudence points the

In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,

Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'rous

Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears

By just degrees; fair bloom of fairest fruit:

For, if on youth's untainted thought impress'd

The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age

For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought

Retirement; nurse of contemplation sage;

Step following step, and thought succeeding thought:

Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd

His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd

For in a lonely vale, with solitude

Conversing; while intent the mind survey'd

The dubious path of life; before him lay

Here Virtue's rough ascent, there Pleasure flow'ry

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:

Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of fame;

Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd

His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.

When, lo! far off two female forms he 'spies;

Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;

Both large and tall, exceeding human size;

Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move: This, striking sacred awe; that softer, winning love.

The first, in native dignity surpass'd;
   Artless and undorn'd she pleas'd the more:
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;
   A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow, she
August she trod, yet modest was her air: [wore.
   Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
   More mild appear'd; yet such as might in-
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;    [spire
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue;
   But bold her mien: unguarded rov'd her eye
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
   The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye
All soft and delicate, with airy swim
   Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Through the clear texture every tender limb,
   Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade:
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
   Her stature show'd more tall; more snowy-white,
   her skin.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
   Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw:
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
   To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
   Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid [dress'd;
   With freedom bland the wond'ring youth ad-
With winning fondness on his neck she hung;  
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue.

' Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?  
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind?

Securely follow, where I lead the way;  
And range through wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.  
With me retire, from noise, and pain, and care;  
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:  
Rough is the road to fame, through blood and war;  
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.  
With me retire, from toils and perils free;  
Leave honour to the wretch! pleasure were made for thee.

'Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;  
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight:  
All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,  
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight.  
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound;  
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love:  
Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;  
The fragrant bow'r cool fountain, shady grove:  
Fresh flowers, to strew thy couch, and crown thy head;  
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth

'These will I freely, constantly supply;  
Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with  
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly;  
Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine;
Let the laborious hind subdue the soil:
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win;
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my blest allies employ,
New pleasures to invent; to wish, and to enjoy.'

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd, and listen'd: then her name besought
'My name, fair youth, is Happiness,' she said.
'Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain:
They share my bliss; they best can speak my praise:
Though slander call me Sloth—detraction vain!
Heed not what slander, vain detractor, says:
Slander, still prompt true merit to defame;
To blet the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name.'

By this arriv'd the fair majestic maid:
(She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd advanc'd.)* 'Know, Hercules,' she said
With manly tone, 'thy birth of heav'nly race;
Thy tender age that lov'd instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise;
When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice:
Now expectation waits to see thee rise:
Rise, youth! exalt thyself, and me: approve
Thy high descent from Heav'n; and dare be wor-
thy Jove.
But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise;
The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd:
Watchings and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by Heav'n; true bliss, and real good.
Honour rewards the brave and bold alone:
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stands stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred
Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain.

Wouldst thou engage the gods' peculiar care?
O Hercules, th'immortal powers adore!
With a pure heart, with sacrifice and pray'r
Attend their altars, and their aid implore.
Or wouldst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
Be thou the bold asserter of her cause;
Her voice, in council; in the fight, her sword.
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good:
For her, bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud, and lift th' oppress'd,
In arts of war and matchless strength excel?
First conquer thou thyself. To ease, to rest,
To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.
The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
In watches waste; in painful march, the day:
Congeal'd, amidst the rigorous winter's snows;
Scorch'd, by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray;
Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might: Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight.'

'Hear'st thou, what monsters then thou must engage; What danger, gentle youth, she bids thee (Abrupt says Sloth) 'Ill fit thy tender age Tumult and wars; fit age, for joy and love. Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy! To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy: I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way. Short is my way; fair, easy, smooth, and plain: Turn, gentle youth, with me eternal pleasures reign.'

'What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine!' (Virtue with scorn reply'd) 'who sleep'st in Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please; Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require; Feasting, ere hunger to the feast invite: Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire; Whom luxury supplies with appetite: Yet nature loaths; and you employ in vain Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

'The sparkling nectar cool'd with summer snows The dainty board, with choicest viands spread; To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.
For thou art only tir'd with indolence:
   Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought;
Th' imperfect sleep that lulls thy languid sense
   In dull oblivious interval of thought,
That kindly steals th' inactive hours away
From the long, ling'ring space, that lengthens out
the day.

' From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
   Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights;
Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;
   Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
Immortal though thou art, indignant Jove
   Hurl'd thee from Heaven, th' immortals' blissful
place;
For ever banish'd from the realms above,
   To dwell on Earth, with man's degenerate race:
Fitter abode! on Earth alike disgrac'd;
   Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

' Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight
   To gratify the sense reserv'd for thee!
Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
   Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.
Though lull'd with softest sounds thou liest
   along;
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays:
Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest
song
   Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy
praise!
No—to thy revels let the fool repair:
To such, go smooth thy speeche, and spread thy
tempting snare.

VOL. II.
Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
    A youth, of follies; an old age, of cares:
Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wise;
    Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind im-
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease, [pairs.
Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend;
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
    With sorrow, to the verge of life they tend.
Griev’d with the present; of the past, asham’d;
They live, and are despis’d: they die, nor more
are nam’d.

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell:
    Me, his supreme delight, th’ Almighty Sire
Regards well pleas’d: whatever works excel,
    All or divine, or human, I inspire.
Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
    In union meet conjoin’d, with me reside:
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart;
    The surest policy, the wisest guide.
With me, true friendship dwells: she deigns to
    bind
Those generous souls alone whom I before have

Nor need my friends the various costly feast;
    Hunger to them th’ effects of art supplies,
Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest;
    Sweet is their sleep: light, cheerful, strong they
rise.
Through health, through joy, through pleasure
    and renown,
They tread my paths; and by a soft descent,
At length to age all gently sinking down,
    Look back with transport on a life well-spent:
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away;
In which some generous deed distinguish'd every day.

'And when, the destin'd term at length complete,
Their ashes rest in peace; eternal fame
Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,
In sacred song, for ever lives their name.
This, Hercules, in happiness! obey
My voice, and live. Let thy celestial birth
Lift, and enlarge, thy thoughts. Behold the way
That leads to fame; and raises thee from Earth
Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
Pursue the glorious path; and claim thy native skies.'

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
New vigour to his soul; that sudden caught
The generous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full; and labour with exalted thought:
The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
Through all her fraudulent arts in clearest light
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd she stood, confess'd before his sight:
False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone
So fresh erewhile, and fair; now wither'd, pale, and gone.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
Masks her dissembled looks: each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her eyes
Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has awhile display'd
   Her watery arch, with gaudy painture gay;
While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,
   And from our wonder gently steal away:
Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,
Now lowers the low-hung clouds; all gloomy to
the sight.

But Virtue more engaging all the while
   Disclos'd new charms; more lovely, more serene;
Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile
   Soften'd the terrous of her lofty mien.
'Lead, goddess, I am thine!' (transported cry'd
Alcides :) 'O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me! possess my soul; be thou my guide:
   From thee, O never, never let me stray!'
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his
breast.

The heav'nly maid, with strength divine endu'd
   His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
   Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
   By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fiercest monsters, through her pow'rful aid,
   He freed the Earth: through her he gain'd the
skies.
'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
Crown'd, with eternal youth: among the gods, a
god.    
Spence.
THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

First, the Supreme doth highest rev'rence claim
Use with religious awe his sacred name:
Assur'd he views thy ways, let nought controul
The word thou once hast bound upon thy soul.

Next, to the heroes bear a grateful mind,
Whose glorious cares and toils have blest mankind.

Let just respect and decent rites be paid
To the immortal manes of the dead.
Honour thy parents, and thy next of kind;
And virtuous men wherever thou canst find,
In the same bond of love let them be join'd.

Useful and steady let thy life proceed,
Mild ev'ry word, good-natur'd ev'ry deed;
Oh, never with the man thou lov'st contend:
But bear a thousand frailties from thy friend.
Rashly inflam'd, vain spleen, and slight surmise,
To real feuds, and endless discords rise.

O'er lust, o'er anger, keep the strictest rein,
Subdue thy sloth, thy appetite restrain.
With no vile action venture to comply,
Though unbeheld by ev'ry mortal eye.
Above all witnesses thy conscience fear,
And more than all mankind thyself revere.

One way let all thy words and actions tend,
Reason their constant guide, and truth their end
And ever mindful of thy mortal state,
How quick, how various are the turns of fate;
How here, how there, the tides of fortune roll;
How soon impending death concludes the whole;
Compose thy mind, and free from anxious strife,
Endure thy portion of the ills of life:
Though still the good man stands secure from harms,
Nor can misfortune wound, whom virtue arms.

In common converse, thou wilt often find
Some to improve, and some to taint the mind;
Grateful to that a due observance pay;
Beware lest this entice thy thoughts astray;
And bold untruths which thou art forc'd to hear,
Receive discreetly with a patient ear.

Wouldst thou be justly rank'd among the wise,
Think ere thou dost, ere thou resolv'st advise,
Still let thy aims with sage experience square,
And plan thy conduct with sagacious care;
So shalt thou all thy course with pleasure run,
Nor wish an action of thy life undone.

Among the various ends of thy desires,
'Tis no inferior place thy health requires.
Firmly for this from all excess refrain,
Thy cups be mod'rate, and thy diet plain:
Nor yet inelegant thy board supply,
But shun the nauseous pomp of luxury.
Let spleen by cheerful converse be withstood,
And honest labours purify the blood.

Each night, ere needful slumber seals thy eyes,
Home to thy soul let these reflections rise:
How has this day my duty seen express'd;
What have I done, omitted, or transgress'd;
Then grieve the moments thou hast idly spent:
The rest will yield the comfort and content.

Be these good rules thy study and delight;
Practise by day, and ponder them by night;
Thus all thy thoughts to virtue's height shall rise,
And truth shall stand unveil'd before thy eyes.
Of beings the whole system thou shalt see,
Rang'd as they are in beauteous harmony;
Whilst all depend from one superior cause,
And nature works obedient to her laws.
Hence, as thou labour'st with judicious care
To run the course allotted to thy share,
Wisdom refugent with a heavenly ray
Shall clear thy prospect, and direct thy way.

Then all around compassionately view
The wretched ends which vain mankind pursue,
Toss'd to and fro by each impetuous gust,
The rage of passion, or the fire of lust;
No certain stay, no safe retreat they know,
But blindly wander through a maze of woe.
Mean while congenial vileness works within,
And custom quite subdues the soul to sin.
Save us from this distress, Almighty Lord,
Our minds illumine, and thy aid afford!

But O! secure from all thy life is led,
Whose feet the happy paths of virtue tread.
Thou stand'st united to the race divine,
And the perfection of the skies is thine.
Imperial reason, free from all controul,
Maintains her just dominion in thy soul;
Till purg'd at length from ev'ry sinful stain,
When friendly death shall break the cumbrous chain,
Loos'd from the body, thou shalt take thy flight,
And range immortal in the fields of light.

Fitzgerald.
LESSONS OF WISDOM.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
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 ev’n the dissolute admir’d; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas’d put on,
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
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.
But they the widest wonder from the mark,
Who through the flowery paths of sauntering 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
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 is vanity, and life a dream.
Let Nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
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 bless'd.
But him the least the dull or painful hour
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
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 ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones
But at his heart the most undaunted son [dare;
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity:
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy, and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
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,
That e'en above the smiles and frowns of Fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth,
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine 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 supplied.)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul;
To show the Virtues in their fairest light;
To make Humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.'

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
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.  

Armstrong.

LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc’d by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Ev’n in the vale, were Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join’d
How many, rack’d with honest passions, droop,
In deep retir’d distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall’d,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

Thomson
VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS ATTENDED WITH PLEASURE.

Behold the ways of Heaven’s eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
That Virtue’s awful steps, howe’er pursu’d
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion 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
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
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
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 neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl’d upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred Pity melts
The general eye, or Terror’s icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
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 rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terour and compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
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
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of Heaven and Earth surveys th' immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul
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
Of curst ambition; when the pious hand
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,
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
And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where Wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentions 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;
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 through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
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 thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's* brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, 'I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear? The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught

* The Macedonian.
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
(Bless'd be th' eternal Ruler of the world!)  
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame  
The native honours of the human soul,  
Nor so effac'd the image of its Sire.  

SELFISHNESS REPROVED.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love  
Combining all below, and all above.  
See plastic Nature working to this end,  
The single atoms each to other tend,  
Attract, attracted to, the next in place  
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace  
See matter next, with various life endued,  
Press to one centre still, the general good:  
See dying vegetables life sustain,  
See life dissolving vegetate again:  
All forms that perish other forms supply  
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die),  
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;  
One all-extending, all-preserving soul  
Connects each being, greatest with the least,  
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;  
All serv'd, all serving; nothing stands alone;  
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,  
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?  
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?—
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?—
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?—
The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?—
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!'
See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control,
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?—
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being, makes it bless'd;
Which seems no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!

_Pope._

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**ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**

I _would_ not enter on my list of friends [sense,
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine
Yet wanting sensibility) the man,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertant step may crush the snail,
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
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
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within thier proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
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.
The sum is this. _If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims_
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sov'reign 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
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand,
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, in luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him, that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning 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.
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
Will reckon with us roundly for th' 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 theirs,
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were giv'n
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 th' expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are oftentimes vanquish'd and thrown far behind.
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.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment never to be wean'd, or exchang'd
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,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.  Cowper

VARIOUS EFFECTS OF PRIDE.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with Pride,
Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? the love of Fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep;
And (stronger still) made Alexander weep:
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed, [dead.
Though her lov'd lord has four half months been
This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)  
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.  
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;  
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse;  
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,  
And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour  
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin?  
My growing subject seems but just begun,  
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,  
To take a catalogue of British fools.  
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine  
A knave or fool should perish in each line,  
Though for the first all Westminster should plead.  
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?  
To quality belongs the highest place.  
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!  
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room:  
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,  
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.

With what a decent pride he throws his eyes  
Above the man by three descents less wise!  
If virtues at his noble hands you crave.  
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.  
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chase;  
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?  
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.

To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer  
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.  
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,  
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave, that wears a title, lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.
Dorset! let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee in worth hereditary shine. Young

THE EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblest'd. The poor are only poor.
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense:
Since not, those pomps, which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng,
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasure, hear their glory told,  
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.  

But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,  
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.  
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,  
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.  
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,  
Through secret streams diffusively they bless,  
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,  
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.  

Young.  

THE RICHES OF A POOR MAN.  

Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may  
And I am rich in wishing none of these. [please,  
For say, which happiness would you beg first,  
Still to have drink, or never to have thirst?  
No servants on my back attendant stand,  
Yet are my passions all at my command;  
Reason within me shall sole ruler be,  
And every sense shall wear her livery,  
Lord of myself in chief; when they that have  
More wealth, make that their lord, which is my  
Yet I as well as they, with more content, [slave  
Have in myself a household government.  
My intellectual soul hath there possess'd  
The steward’s place to govern all the rest;  
When I go forth my eyes two ushers are,  
And dutifully walk before me bare.  
My legs run footmen by me. Go or stand,  
My ready arms wait close on either hand:
My lips are porters to the dangerous door:
And either ear a trusty auditor.
And when abroad I go, Fancy shall be
My skilful coachman, and shall hurry me
Through Heaven and Earth, and Neptune's watery
And in a moment drive me back again. [plain,
The charge of all my cellar, first, is thine;
Thou butler art, and yeoman of my wine.
Stomach the cook, whose dishes best delight,
Because their only sauce is appetite.
My other cook Digestion, where to me,
Teeth carve, and palate will the taster be.
And the two eye-lids, when I go to sleep,
Like careful grooms my silent chamber keep.
Say then, thou man of wealth, in what degree
May thy proud fortunes overbalance me?
Thy many barks plough the rough ocean's back,
And I am never frightened with a wreck.
Thy flocks of sheep are numberless to tell,
And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well;
Thou hast a thousand several farms to let.
And I do feed on ne'er a tenant's sweat.
Thou hast the commons to enclosure brought;
And I have fix'd a bound to my vast thought.
Thou hast thy landscapes, and the painters try
With all their skill to please thy wanton eye:
Here shadowy groves, and craggy mountains there;
Here rivers headlong fall, there springs run clear;
The Heavens' bright rays through clouds must azure show
Circled about with Iris' gaudy bow.
And what of this? I real heavens do see,
True springs, true groves; whilst yours but sha-
dows be, 

Randolph.
My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or Nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay:
I seek no more than my suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I joy not in no earthly bliss,
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.
I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want nor have too much.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clear, my chief defence:
I never seek, my bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence;
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all men did so well as I! *Lord Vaux.*

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A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

‘**LOVELY,** lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of humankind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calm and ease?

‘Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
Increasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,

*Vol. II.*
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales;
Sees daises open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

"Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bless'd,
And man contains it in his breast."—
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace;
When thus she spoke—'Go, rule thy ill,
Bids thy wild passions all be still;
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.'

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature! sing.

The Sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The Moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.  

Parnell.
ON EXERCISE.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire. The prudent, ev’n 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. First from the goal the manag’d coursers play On bended reins: as yet the skilful youth Repress their foamy pride; but every breath The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells; Till all the fiery mettle has its way, And the thick thunderhursties 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 coasts, Compress’d, can pour the lubricating balm. 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*, Or the slow minings of the hectic fire. Armstrong.

DISEASES THE CONSEQUENCE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Long o’er the lilded plain I cast my eye, Long mark’d the crowd that roam’d delighted on; Alternate transport, pity, love, and fear, Work’d in my bosom.

* The inflammation of the lungs.
I look'd, and hovering o'er the flowery turf
Were seen innumerable shapes, whose wings
Wav'd on the wind, or o'er the glittering field
Who trod in silence. Care with lowering brow
Slow stalk'd; and Slander, speckled as the snake
That stings th' unwary traveller, along
The tainted earth trail'd loose, or borne on wings
Blue as the brimstone's gleam, in secret shot
Her poison'd arrows. Pining Envy gnaw'
A blasted laurel, from the locks of Fame
Snatch'd as the goddess to her lips applied
Her mighty trump, and swell'd a solemn note
To Homer's venerable name—Not far
Stood Discord foaming. Riot double-tongu'd,
And gleaming Frenzy, and thy yellow wing,
Revenge, fell fiend! shook plagues, and through
the breast
Infus'd their venom to the inmost soul.
O'er all, Disease her beauty-withering wand
Wav'd high; and, heaving on the heavy air
Her raven pinions, bloated as she sail'd
The face of Nature. Shapeless was her form,
And void; the owl's ill-omen'd eyes high-rais'd
Speckled her front, her nostrils breath'd a cloud,
Pale Famine's Sallow hand had scoop'd her cheek;
And a green viper form'd her forky tongue.

....................Slow she mov'd
Along the troubled air: and from a bag
(Wrought deep by Envy in her midnight den)
Scatter'd the seeds of death. The sparkling bow
Receiv'd them now; and now th' infeebled corse
Lank, open, spent, at each unfolding pore
Suck'd in the poison, as it rose decay'd,
Livid, and weak, from Pleasure's loose embrace
Soon o'er each withering cheek the baleful pow'r
Had spread unseen her life-consuming stain:
Nor knew th' exulting youth, who quaff'd elate
The draught delicious, that untimely frost
Lurk'd by the springs of life; and secret chill'd
The floried blood, and mark'd him for the tomb.

At last with weak step came the trembling sage,
Haggard, and shrinking from the breeze; his voice
Was deep and hollow; and the loose nerves shook
His silver-sprinkled head. He thus began:

'O yet while Heav'n suspends your doom, be
My sons! O cease to listen to the lure
[wise,
Of Pleasure! Death attends her forward step,
And Peril lays the sure, though secret snare.
Hear, then, the words of age. Yet Fate bestows
One hour; yet Virtue, with indulgent voice,
By me invites to shun the devious maze
Of Errour:—Yet to crown with length of days,
With joy, with happiness, your bold career
She hopes! O snatch the proffer'd boon! be rous'd,
Ere her strong arm tremendous at your heads,
Shall launch th' avenging thunder; ere dismay'd,
Perplex'd, bewilderd, wild, you seek the haunt
Of Peace, when darkness veils her lowly cot:
And mourn her gentle smile for ever gone.'

Ogilvie.

PANACEA, OR THE GRAND RESTORATIVE.

Welcome to Baia's streams ye sons of spleen,
Who rove from spaw to spaw—to shift the scene,
While round the streaming fount you idly throng,
Come, learn a wholesome secret from my song.
Ye fair whose roses feel th' approaching frost,
And drops supply the place of spirits lost:
Ye squires, who, rack'd with gouts, at Heav'n re-
Condemn'd to water for excess in wine:
Ye portly cits, so corpulent and full,
Who eat and drink till appetite grows dull:
For whets and bitters then unstring the purse,
 Whilst nature, more oppress'd, grows worse and worse:
Dupes to the craft of pill-prescribing leaches:
You nod or laugh at what the parson preaches:
Hear then a rhyming-quack, who spurns your wealth,
And gratis gives a sure receipt for health.
No more thus vainly rove o'er sea and land,
When, lo! a sovereign remedy's at hand;
'Tis temperance—Stale cant!—'Tis fasting then;
Heav'n's antidote against the sins of men.
Foul luxury's the cause of all your pain:
To scour th' obstructed glands, abstain! abstain!
Fast and take rest, ye candidates for sleep,
Who from high food tormenting vigils keep:
Fast and be fat—thou starvling in a gown;
Ye bloated, fast—'twill surely bring you down.
Ye nymphs, that pine o'er chocolate and rolls,
Hence take fresh bloom, fresh vigour to your souls.
Fast and fear not—you'll need no drop nor pill:
Hunger may starve, excess is sure to kill.

Graves.
A CAUTION FOR COURTLY DAMSELS.

Beware, fair maid, of mighty courtiers' oaths,
Take heed what gifts or favours you receive;
Let not the fading gloss of silken clothes
Dazzle your virtues, or your fame bereave:
   For once but leave the hold you have of grace,
   Who will regard your fortune or your face?

Each greedy hand will strive to catch the flower,
When none regard the stalk it grows upon;
Baseness desires the fruit still to devour,
And leave the tree to stand or fall alone:
   But this advice, fair creature, take of me,
   Let none take fruit unless he'll have the tree.

Believe not oaths, nor much-protesting men;
Credit no vows, nor a prevailing song;
Let courtiers swear, forswear, and swear again,
The heart doth live ten legions from the tongue:
   For when with oaths and vows they make you tremble,
   Believe them least, for then they most dissemble.

Beware lest Croesus do corrupt thy mind,
Or fond Ambition sell thy modesty;
Say, though a king thou even courteous find,
He cannot pardon thy impurity.
   Begin with kings, to subjects you will fall,
   From lord to lacquey, and at last to all.

Sylvester.
ADVICE TO A LADY.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,  
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,  
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,  
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.  
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show  
What female vanity might fear to know:  
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;  
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;  
Women, like princes, find few real friends:  
All who approach them their own ends pursue;  
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.

Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,  
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:  
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,  
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,  
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.  
For this, the toilet every thought employs,  
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:

And this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,  
And each instructed feature has its rule:  
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,  
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!

How few with all their pride of form can move!  
How few are lovely, that are made for love!  
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess  
An elegance of mind, as well as dress;  
Be that your ornament, and know to please  
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,  
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex’s arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another’s shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within;
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
’Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant’s den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman’s noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition’s task resign,
’Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great,
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th’ important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join’d;
With caution choose! but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love’s delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;  
Not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.  
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,  
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.  
Short is the period of insulting power;  
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;  
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,  
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,  
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,  
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,  
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most:  
Her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove  
The honest warmth of undissembled love;  
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,  
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,  
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,  
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,  
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied;  
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown;  
If angry Fortune on their union frown:  
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,  
And cloy'd Imagination cheat no more.

Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,  
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;  
And that fond love, which should afford relief,  
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:  
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,  
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,  
Than sell your violated charms for gain  
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,  
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring 
Heaven 
Has equal love and easy fortune given, 
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done, 
The prize of happiness must still be won: 
And oft the careless find it to their cost, 
The lover in the husband may be lost; 
The Graces might alone his heart allure; 
They and the Virtues meeting must secure. 

Let e'en your Prudence were the pleasing dress 
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness. 
From kind concern about his weal or woe, 
Let each domestic duty seem to flow. 
The household sceptre if he bids you bear, 
Make it your pride his servant to appear: 
Endearing thus the common acts of life, 
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife; 
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on, 
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone: 
E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn, 
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn. 

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve, 
And form your heart to all the arts of love. 
The task were harder, to secure my own 
Against the power of those already known: 
For well you twist the secret chains that bind 
With gentle force the captivated mind, 
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ, 
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy; 
I own your genius, and from you receive 
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give. 

Lyttelton
PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

Friend, sister, partner of that gentle heart
Where my soul lives, and holds her dearest part;
While love's soft raptures these gay hours employ,
And time puts on the yellow robe of joy;
Will you, Maria, mark with patient ear,
The moral Muse, nor deem her song severe?
Through the long course of Life's unclouded day,
Where sweet Contentment smiles on Virtue's way;
Where Fancy opes her ever-varying views,
And Hope strews flowers, and leads you as she strews;
May each fair pleasure court thy favour'd breast,
By truth protected, and by love caress'd!
So Friendship vows, nor shall her vows be vain;
For every pleasure comes in Virtue's train;
Each charm that tender sympathies impart,
The glow of soul, the transports of the heart,
Sweet meanings, that in silent truth convey Mind into mind, and steal the soul away;
These gifts, O Virtue, these are all thy own;
Lost to the vicious, to the vain unknown;
Yet blest with these, and happier charms than these,
By Nature form'd, by genius taught to please,
E'en you, to prove that mortal gifts are vain,
Must yield your human sacrifice to pain;

* Addressed to the author's sister-in-law, on her marriage in 1768.
The wizard Care shall dim those brilliant eyes,
Smite the fair urns, and bid the waters rise.

With mind unbroke that darker hour to bear,
Nor, once his captive, drag the chains of Care,
Hope's radiant sunshine o'er the scene to pour,
Nor future joys in present ills devour,
These arts your philosophic friend may show,
Too well experienc'd in the school of woe.

In some sad hour, by transient grief opprest,
Ah! let not vain reflection wound your breast;
For Memory, then, to happier objects blind,
Though once the friend, the traitor of the mind,
Life's varied sorrows studious to explore,
Turns the sad volume of its sufferings o'er.

Still to the distant prospect stretch your eye,
Pass the dim cloud, and view the bright'ning sky,
On Hope's kind wing, more genial climes survey;
Let Fancy join, but Reason guide your way
For Fancy, still to tender woes inclin'd,
May sooth the heart, but misdirects the mind.

The source of half our anguish, half our tears,
Is the wrong conduct of our hopes and fears;
Like ill-train'd children, still their treatment such,
Restrain'd too rashly, or indulg'd too much.
Hence Hope, projecting more than life can give,
Would live with angels, or refuse to live;
Hence spleen-ey'd Fear, o'er-acting Caution's part,
Betrays those succours Reason lends the heart.

Yet these, submitted to fair Truth's control,
These tyrants are the servants of the soul;
Through vales of peace the dove-like Hope shall stray,
And bear at eve her olive branch away,
In every scene some distant charm descry,
And hold it forward to the brightening eye;
While watchful Fear, if Fortitude maintain
Her trembling steps, shall ward the distant pain.

Should erring Nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose:
For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.

Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from Reproach may fly,
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

Love, like the flower that courts the Sun’s kind ray,
Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
Distrust’s cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire Contempt destroys.

O shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
Where peace expires, and fair affection’s lost;
By wit, by grief, by anger urg’d, forbear
The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.

If heart-felt quiet, thoughts unmix’d with pain,
While peace weaves flowers o’er Hymen’s golden chain,
If tranquil days, if hours of smiling ease,
The sense of pleasure, and the power to please,
If charms like these deserve your serious care,
Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe beware!

Like Hecla’s mountain, while his heart’s in flame,
His aspect cold, and Jealousy’s his name.
His hideous birth his wild disorders prove,
Begot by Hatred on despairing Love!
Her throes in rage the frantic mother bore,
And the fell sire with angry curses tore
His sable hair—Distrust beholding smil’d,
And lov’d her image in her future child,
With cruel care, industrious to impart
Each painful sense, each soul-tormenting nrt,
To doubt’s dim shrine her hapless charge she led,
Where never sleep reliev’d the burning head,
Where never grateful fancy sooth’d suspense,
Or the sweet charm of easy confidence.
Hence fears eternal, ever-restless care,
And all the dire associates of despair.
Hence all the woes he found that peace destroy,
And dash with pain the sparkling stream of joy.

When love’s warm breast from rapture’s trembling height,
Falls to the temperate measures of delight;
When calm delight to easy friendship turns,
Grieve not that Hymen’s torch more gently burns.
Unerring nature, in each purpose kind,
Forbids long transports to usurp the mind;
For, oft dissolv’d in joy’s oppressive ray,
Soon would the finer faculties decay.

True tender love one even tenor keeps;
’Tis reason’s flame, and burns when passion sleeps.
The charm connubial, like a stream that glides
Through life’s fair vale, with no unequal tides;
With many a plant along its genial side,
With many a flower, that blows in beauteous pride,
With many a shade, where peace in rapturous rest
Holds sweet affiance to her fearless breast;
Pure in its source, and temperate in its way,
Still flows the same, nor finds its urn decay.

O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of joy and woe!
That magic charm which makes e'en sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the partaken tear!

Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heaven impart
The soft endearments of the social heart!
Long to your lot may every blessing flow,
That sense, or taste, or virtue can bestow!
And oh, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,
To teach that prudence which itself admires.

Langhorne.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

Vol. I.
If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
   And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
   And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
   That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
   Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
   By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
   A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
   Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their mind with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
   And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
   And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
   And recompense our cares.
No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
   Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
   And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
   For Nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
   And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
   Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
   Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
   And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
   Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
   But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
   The relics of our store.
Thus hand in hand through life we’ll go;
Its chequer’d paths of joy and woe
   With cautious steps we’ll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
   And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
   And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
   And smooth the bed of death.          Cotton.

ODE ON CLASSIC EDUCATION*.
Down the steep abrupt of hills
Furious foams the headlong tide,
Through the meads the streamlet trills,
Swelling slow in gentle pride.
Ruin vast and dread dismay
Mark the clam’rous cataract’s way
Glad increase and sweets benign
Round the riv’lets margin shine.

Youth! with steadfast eye peruse
Scenes to lesson thee display’d;
Yes—in these the moral Muse
Bids thee see thyself pourtray’d
Thou with headstrong wasteful force
May’st reflect the torrent’s course;

* Spoken in the year 1794, at the annual Visitation of Dr. Knox’s school at Tunbridge.
Or resemble streams, that flow
Blest and blessing as they go.

Infant sense to all our kind
Pure the young ideas brings,
From within the fountain mind
Issuing at a thousand springs.
Who shall make the current stray
Smooth along the channel'd way?
Who shall, as it runs, refine?
Who? but Classic Discipline.

She, whatever fond desire,
Stubborn deed or guileful speech,
Inexperience might expire,
Or absurd indulgence teach,
Timely cautious shall restrain,
Bidding childhood hear* the rein:
She with sport shall labour mix,
She excursive fancy fix.

Prime support of learned lore,
Perseverance joins her train,
Pages oft turn'd o'er and o'er
Turning o'er and o'er again;
Giving, in due form of school,
Speech its measure, pow'r and rule:
Mean while memory's treasures grow,
Great, though gradual; sure, though slow

Patient Care by just degrees
Word and image learns to class;
Those compounds and sep'rates these,
As in strict review they pass;

* Audit currus habeas. Virgil.
Joins, as various features strike,
Fit to fit, and like to like,
Till in meek array advance
Concord, Method, Elegance.

Time mean while, from day to day,
Fixes deeper Virtue's root;
Whence, in long succession gay,
Blossoms many a lively shoot:
Meek Obedience, following still,
Frank and glad, a Master's will;
Modest Candour hearing prone
Any judgment save its own:

Emulation, whose keen eye
Forward still and forward strains,
Nothing ever deeming high
While a higher hope remains:
Shame ingenuous, native, free,
Source of conscious dignity:
Zeal impartial to pursue
Right, and just, and good, and true.

These and ev'ry kindred grace
More and more perfection gain;
While Attention toils to trace
Grave record or lofty strain;
Learning how, in Virtue's pride,
Sages liv'd or heroes died;
Marking how in Virtue's cause
Genius gave and won applause.

Thus with Early Culture blest,
Thus to early rule inur'd,
Infancy's expanding breast
Glows with sense and pow'rs matur'd.
BOOK III. DIDACTIC PIECES.

Whence, if future merit raise
Private love or public praise,
Thine is all the work—be thine
The glory—Classic Discipline. Anonymous.

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EPISTLE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN ON HIS LEAVING ETON SCHOOL.

Since now a nobler scene awakes thy care,
Since manhood dawning, to fair Granta's tow'rs,
Where once in life's gay spring I lov'd to roam,
Invites thy willing steps; accept, dear youth,
This parting strain; accept the fervent pray'r
Of him who loves thee with a passion pure
As ever friendship dropp'd in human heart;
The pray'r, that He who guides the hand of youth
Through all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meand'ring path, upon thy head
May show'r down every blessing every joy [give!
Which Health, which Virtue, and which Fame can

Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee:
Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart to feel a spurious glow
At undeserved praise? Perish the slave
Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul
With vain conceit; whose base ungenerous art
Fawns on the vice, which some with honest hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast!

Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day
When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand
To touch th' accordant strings? From that blest
I've seen thee panting up the hill of Fame; [hour
Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,
Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling eye
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breast.
Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear; sweet is the breath
Of honest love when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart:
But not the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear; nor the sweet breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart,
So charm with ravishment the raptur'd sense,
As does the voice of well-deserv'd report
Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.

On ev'ry object through the giddy world
Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,
Fresh is the gloss of newness; look dear youth,
O look, but not admire: O let not these
Rase from the noble heart the fair records
Which youth and education planted there:
Let not affection's full, impetuous tide,
Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd
By selfish cares; nor let the idle jeers
Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself.
When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe,
And feel thy heart at rest? Have I not seen
In thy swoln eye the tear of sympathy,
The milk of human kindness? When didst thou,
With envy rankling, hear a rival prais'd?
When didst thou slight the wretched? when despise
The modest humble suit of poverty?
These virtues still be thine; nor ever learn
To look with cold eye on the charities
Of brother, or of parents; think on those [path
Whose anxious care through childhood's slippery
Sustain'd thy feeble steps; whose every wish
Is wafted still to thee; remember those,
Even in thy heart, while memory holds her seat.
And oft as to thy mind thou shalt recal
The sweet companions of thy earliest years,
Mates of thy sport, and rivals in the strife
Of every generous art, remember me.

Dr. Roberts

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THE ACTOR.

The player's province they but vainly try, [eye
Who want these powers, deportment, voice, and
The critic sight 'tis only grace can please,
No figure charms us, if it has not ease.
There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling sense all other wants supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size:
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along:
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his attitude his fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
Resolv'd, though Nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.
When Romeo, sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvass tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.
To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action Nature's self will tell;
No pleasing powers distortions can express,
And nicer judgment always loathes excess:
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,
I hate your fool who overacts his jest;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With shrug and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.
The word and action should conjointly suit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While sober humour marks th' impression strong
Her proper traits the fix'd attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not asham'd of being so.
But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill which every fool can reach,  
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.  
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art  
But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.  
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean  
Drag private foibles on the public scene,  
Forsaking Nature's fair and open road,  
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,  
Fir'd with disgust I loathe his servile plan,  
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.  
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,  
And hunt for humour in distortion there!  
Fill up the measure of the motley whim  
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;  
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,  
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!  
'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,  
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.  
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,  
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,  
The same soft sounds of unimpassion'd woes  
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.  
The voice all modes of passion can express,  
That marks the proper word with proper stress;  
But none emphatic can that actor call,  
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.  
Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll  
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll,  
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,  
Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.  
All affectation but creates disgust,  
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.  
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,  
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone:
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fix'd amaze
More powerful terour to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swoln with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

Lloyd.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

. . . . . . First to produce the pathos, fix
Upon the great emotions of the soul
The mental eye; and deem thy hearers mov'd
By similar sensations. Thus the case
Of others may be accurately drawn
From thine assenting heart, that feels it true.
Thus intimately versant in the soul's
Quick movements, thou wilt never harshly treat
What should be gently turn'd to Virtue's road,
Removing each obstruction that may bar
Persuasion, and preparing every mind
By lenient measures, ere thy art unfold
Doctrines, whose aspect suit not worldly pride
Or idle vanity, or sensual care.

Free to receive thy lessons shall the heart
Attend them, unrevolting. Then affect,
And in repeated agitation keep
By thy displays of sacred truth, the race
Of passion; which, attemper'd into shapes
Resembling scarce their former guise, and held
In close engagement, rarely shall relapse
Again imbruted, amid earthly things.

Mean time thy style familiar, that alludes
With pleasing retrospect to recent scenes,
Shall interest every bosom. With the voice
Of condescending gentleness, address
Thy kindred people. Shun the distant air,
The formal: shun the flippancy too smooth,
The lightness too theatrical; the starts
That waken for awhile the listening ear,
But waken to antipathy. Be warm,
Yet grave: unite an animated soul
With dignified demeanour; and untouch'd
By the vainglory that on Herod beam'd
A momentary rapture, big with death.
Preach not thyself: but nurse an ardent zeal
As for thy offspring rang'd below! The fire
Of exhortation haply may diffuse
Thy piety, thy virtues; as they see
The emotions of a parent. But beware
Of overacted violence, that turns
To ridicule the best-imagin'd strain.
   The pulpit-speakers, that arose to fame,
Ere Britain from asperities had clear'd
Her language, opening to thee ample stores
For eloquence, may cool th' intemperate warmth
Of passion: but the pulpit might in vain
Adopt their manner. Idly might a South
His witty turns—his quaintnesses display
Except to waken laughter. Barrow's style
Redundant and involv'd, would soon oppress
Thy auditors: even Tillotson's were cold,
Though thick with oratorial beauties sown;
And Clarke's exactness, rigorous and precise,
Might vainly torture the protracted thought.
No—to thy observation—to thy heart
Recur; nor ever slight them: and, now vers'd
In nature and religion, fix thy choice
Upon the topics that may best enforce
The moral sense, instil into the soul
The Christian spirit meek, and mend the heart.
   If to the moral system we restrain
Our search, select such topics as are sure
To suit thy various audience. To one point
That turns on age or station, or the modes.
Of character, thy apt discussions guide
Unvarying. Many a preacher wanders wild
O'er human life; exhibiting his draughts
Confus'd and transitory—to distract
The attentive eye, that with vain gaze pursues.
   Is youth thy subject?—Fix'd within the pale
Of youth, delineate its peculiar bent—
Its failings, its affections; in full strength
Show its appropriate duties; and address
The young around thee with the feeling tones
That speak the guardian father and the friend.
Or, on the duties of maturer years
Descending, rove not with digressive wing.
But still to thy selected topic true,
Trace the hoar lineaments of tremulous age
Dropping into the grave. True is the tale
Of mortal frailness; but the gloomy truth
Yet interests and affects: and what affects
Will influence. For, though oft the passions,
rous'd
By vivid strokes of the pathetic, glow
With but a momentary flush, and faint
Full fast away; still something at the heart
Lingers in feeble pulses inextinct,
That quick recurs to conscience, at the hour
Of meditated evil: the weak sense,
By oratorial energies renew'd,
Acquires an active vigour to repel
The power of vice. The pictur'd frown of death
Hath even awak'd from lethargies of sin
The sluggard soul; and bade it trembling fly
The horrous that inwrap the yawning gulf.
Nor seldom, stealing with familiar strain
Into his business and his bosom, paint
The poor man's lot; whilst in the house of God
The virtuous peasant shall beside the peer
Stand forth embolden'd. Tell him, if the glow
Of floating purple shade o'erweening pride,
His is the better livery that infolds
The limbs of want: and tell him, though his hours
Of still devotional repose are few,
If pious meditation shall await
His steps into the field, the humble vow,
Breath'd from amidst his labours, may ascend
The purest incense that embalms the skies.

Thus it behoves thee to inspect with care
Life's shifting circumstance. The social ties,
The duties that reciprocally bind
The human race, shall in strong light appear
Link'd with peculiar stations. Though alike
' The tender charities of father, son,
And brother,' interest all our mortal race;
Lovelier shall they attract the poor, if drawn
Beneath the straw-roof'd dwelling, or the rich,
If shadow'd in the splendour of the dome.

And human character, with no vain force
May arm thy eloquence. Its simple forms
Shall strike the rude spectator, and excite
The conscious feelings. But the draught refin'd
Rarely the vulgar apprehension meets,
Though well thy pencil's mimic powers it prove.

Here may the historic instance give effect
To moral portraits. From the sacred fount
Bring forth the forcible example. Show
The grey Barzillai's honourable age
Placid, though to the minstrel's warbled voice—
To the sweet meltngs of luxurious lutes,
No more awake! Show Hezekiah frail
In human weakness, and still asking life!
Show saintly Timothy, though young, detach'd
From sensual joys. Exhibit Lazarus poor—
Arimathean Joseph rich, yet proud
To bear the Christian banner! And describe
The trembling Felix! Such as these beseem
Thy pulpit oratory, opening tracts
Recent in various beauties; where the heart
Throbs with the keen emotions of delight
Or fear; and (as the obedient memory stores
The striking incident) beats every pulse
In corresponding tones to nature's sense;
Till, sudden, by an unexpected stroke
At once discover'd to itself, it sees
Its every winding avenue; shrinks back
From its detected vices, (never view'd
Before, but with a transitory glance);
And shudders at the brood it fosters there.

If in the Christian system, we behold
The radiant sun of righteousness arise
With healing in its wings—to stream forth light
Upon the sterner virtues, to relume
By pure effulgence mild the moral world;
'Tis here pathetic eloquence shall greet
Prospects at which ev'n paradise might fade,
Though all its bowers hung blooming to the breath
Of innocence! 'Twas Eden's happy pair
Announc'd creation's blessings. But here burst,
Ineffably benign, redemption's rays,
Whilst in a mute amaze archangels hail
The infinitude of mediatorial love!

Here shall thy glowing oratory charm
With an unwonted lustre, as it meets
The meekness of the Christian—his calm eye
Wet with the tear of gratitude! To prove
Religion's firmly rooted truths, by long
Elaborate deduction, were to freeze
That feeling tear. The unfashionable strain
The vulgar may admire: but not with breath
More idly eloquent, the sainted sage
Gather'd around him on the rocky shore
The scaly race that cleave the hoary deep.
Insist not, therefore, with a tedious length,
On proofs external. The strong leading facts
Concisely representing, quickly bring
The internal evidence to light, that strikes
Conviction while it sinks into the heart.

Faith is, perhaps, thy topic. Ah! beware
Of mazy ambiguities, too dark
For letter’d minds. Attempt not to premise
The jarring tenets of innumerous sects;
But in perspicuous enarration touch
The important theme. Clear arguments may rise
In short succession: yet the historic draught
Shall occupy attention’s steadfast soul.
The weak apostle’s unbelief; his doubts
Quick into faith resolving; the despair
Of tortur’d Judas, who in better shame—
In the black writhing of remorse exclaim’d,
‘I have betray’d the blood of innocence.’—
These are the potent instances sublime
That best become thy subject and thyself;
The bold examples that command belief;
The judgment and the passions at a stroke
Convince and move; repel with wondrous force
The sceptic’s rebel reason; and inform
The meanest intellect with instant light.

And should repentance be thy plainer theme,
Discourse not in too general terms that fix
But feebly on the memory. Show its powers
As instanc’d by the roving son, who fled
With sorrow from the harlot’s treacherous smile
To his glad father’s bosom. If thy speech
The stronger passions shall address, behold
The everlasting gospel brings to view,
Amid the horrors of the spreading gloom
Miraculous, a dying Saviour nail'd
Upon the cross, while in the midst is rent
The temple's vale; and the pale vaults resign
Their dead! Behold, the gospel blazons forth
The dissolution of a world in flames;
Pictures the bloody Sun; the rushing spheres;
The elements that melt with fervent heat:
Pourtrays the throne of judgment, and the crowds
That meet their doom eternal—some ingulf'd
In fiery depths sulphureous; others high
Among the saints and crown'd with starry light.

These be thy topics—thy sententious phrase
With each variety of figures fraught
That heighten the pathetic; while exclaim
The affections in apostrophes; suspend
Attention by the well-tim'd pause; contrast
The bold-drawn imag'ry; or break away,
In all the abruptness of transition, wild.

Thus, whilst thy pulpit-oratory lives
In nature, scriptures echoes to its strain;
Whether the cheerful or serene shall flow,
Or the devout in feeling beauty breath'd,
The sorrowful, the joyous, the sublime.

And lo! the oration, model'd by the rules
Of beautiful arrangement, shall despise
The studied air—the mechanism that marks
A chain of subdivision. Every part
Shall coalesce with ease; nor passion wait
Invariably, the peroration's call.

Such is the manner only, that becomes
The pulpit. And it strikes with double force,
While dignified demeanour, and a sense
Of duty in the unerring conduct shown,
And fatherly affection never damp'd
By low pursuits of lucre, o'er thee spread
The sunshine of sincerity.  

Polwhele

---

ON TASTE.

Say what is taste, but the internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
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 Heaven,
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 through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though
Heaven
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  
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  
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  
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  
The nations trembles, Shakspeare 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  
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,  
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.  
Such and so various are the tastes of men!  

Akenside.
THE NATURAL AND MORAL ADVANTAGES OF A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

Oh! bless'd of Heaven, whom not the languid
Of Luxury, the siren! not the bribes [songy
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
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
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The ruler 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,
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.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies over the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting Sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unapproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
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,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
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
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that Eternal Majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid polices, 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
And rolling waves, the Sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what th' Eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
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
When Nature's works can charm, with God him-
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day, With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
And form to his the relish of their soul.

_Ahenside._

**POWER AND DIGNITY OF VERSE.**

...The mind that feels the fire
The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame,
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud
The storm of music shakes th' astonish'd crowd.
So when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen inquiry of her thought
A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms;
He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers;
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human
Seizes events as yet unknown to man, [powers,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And ev'ry hallow'd Druid was a bard.
Give me the line, that ploughs its stately course
Like a proud swan, conqu’ring the stream by force;
That, like some cottage beauty, strikes the heart,
Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.
When Labour and when Dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan’s stand,
Beating alternately, in measur’d time,
The clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme,
Exact and regular the sounds will be;
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

From him, who rears a poem lank and long
To him, who strains his all into a song;
Perhaps some bonny Caledonian air,
All birks and braes, though he was never there;
Or, having whelp’d a prologue with great pains,
Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains;
A prologue interdash’d with many a stroke—
An art contriv’d to advertise a joke—
So that the jest is clearly to be seen,
Not in the words—but in the gap between:
Manner is all in all, whate’er is writ.
The substitute for genius, sense and wit.

To dally much with subjects mean and low
Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.
Neglected talents rust into decay,
And every effort ends in pushpin play.
The man, that means success, should soar above
A soldier’s feather, or a lady’s glove;
Else, summoning the Muse to such a theme,
The fruit of all her labour is whipp’d cream.
As if an eagle flew aloft, and then—
Stoop’d from its highest pitch to pounce a wren.
As if the poet, purposing to wed,
Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread.

VOL. II.
Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard.
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
Thus Genius rose and set at order'd times,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
Ennobling every region that he chose;
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose:
And tedious years of Gothic darkness pass'd
Emerg'd all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halecyons dive into the main,
Then show far off their shining plumes again

Cowper

SATIRE MISCHIEVOUS UNLESS DIRECTED BY VIRTUE.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame;
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others bare:
Affects indeed a most humane concern,
That men, if gently tutor'd, will not learn;
That mulish Folly, not to be reclaim'd
By softer methods, must be made ashamed
But (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)
Too often rails to gratify his spleen.
Most sat'rists are indeed a public scourge;
Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge;
Their acrid temper turns as soon as stirr'd,
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
By lean despair upon an empty purse,
The wild assassins start into the street,
Prepar'd to poinard whomsoe'er they meet.
No skill in swordmanship, however just,
Can be secure against a madman's thrust:
And even Virtue, so unfairly match'd,
Although immortal, may be prick'd or scratch'd.
When Scandal has new minted an old lie,
Or tax'd invention for a fresh supply,
'Tis call'd a satire, and the world appears
Gath'ring around it with erected ears:
A thousand names are toss'd into the crowd;
Some whisper'd softly and some twang'd aloud;
Just as the sapience of an author's brain.
Suggests it safe or dang'rous to be plain.
Strange! how the frequent interjected dash
Quickens a market, and helps off the trash;
Th' important letters, that include the rest,
Serve as a key to those that are suppress'd;
Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw.
The world is charm'd, and Scrib escapes the law.
So, when the cold damp shades of night prevail,
Worms may be caught by head or tail;
Forcibly drawn from many a close recess,
They meet with little pity, no redress;
Plung'd in the stream they lodge upon the mud,
Food for the famish'd rovers of the flood.
All zeal for a reform, that gives offence
To peace and charity, is mere pretence:
A bold remark, but which, if well applied,
Would humble many a tow'ring a poet's pride.
Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,
And had no other play-place for his wit;
Perhaps enchanted with the love of fame,
He sought the jewel in his neighbour's shame;
Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,
The cause of virtue could not be his view.
At ev'ry stroke wit flashes in our eyes;
The turns are quick, the polish'd points surprise,
But shine with cruel and tremendous charms,
That, while they please, possess us with alarms;
So have I seen, and (hasten'd to the sight
On all the wings of holiday delight)
Where stands that monument of ancient pow'r,
Nam'd with emphatic dignity, the Tow'r, [small,
Guns, halberds, swords, and pistols, great and
In starry forms dispos'd upon the wall;
We wonder, as we gazing stand below,
That brass and steel should make so fine a show;
But though we praise th' exact designer's skill,
Account them implements of mischief still.

Cowper.

RULES FOR WRITING WELL.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slighest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the Sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
    return,
[away,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me
From pleasures of the night, and business of the
day?
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dullness, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole heart of poetry, rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too?
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:
What need has Satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.

First then, of songs; which now so much abound,
Without his song no fop is to be found:
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author* made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit, contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov’d?
That phoenix-she deserves to be belov’d;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft have tried)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill’d;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher raise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies
Such trifles may perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik’d awhile, but never last;

* The Earl of Rochester
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
No panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce the rider has no rest,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
With fury too as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Hed he with nature join'd the rules of art:
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens or clouds his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before!
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough.
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.

Some think, if sharp enough, that cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The laureate here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Fleckno with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

Duke of Buckingham.

CHARACTER AND DUTY OF A TRUE CRITIC.
'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous in th' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense;
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right:
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools:
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets, pass'd;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the bank of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal;
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more;
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul,
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills, the whole:
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use:
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife
'Tis more to guide than spur the Muses' steed,
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course
Those rules of old, discover'd not devis'd,
Are nature still, but nature methodis'd.
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules endites,
When to repress and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod:
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muses' handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the poet's their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey;
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age;
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring;
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t'o outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountain scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment,
gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
But though the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at least the precedent to plead:
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array;
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errours seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain wits a science little known,
I'd admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Pope,

CAUSES THAT MISLEAD THE JUDGMENT IN CRITICISING THE WRITINGS OF OTHERS.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For as in bodies, thus in souls we, find
What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense;
If once right reason drive that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts.
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So, pleas'd at first, the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit,
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature, moves, and rapture warms the
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight, [mind;]
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 
But the joint force and full result of all. 
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome, 
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O 
No single parts unequally surprise, 
[Romel]) 
All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear. 
The whole at once is bold and regular. 

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see, 
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be 
In every work regard the writer's end. 
Since none can compass more than they intend; 
And if the means be just, the conduct true, 
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due. 
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit, 
T' avoid great errors must the less commit; 
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays, 
For not to know some trifles is a praise. 
Most critics, fond of some subservient art, 
Still make the whole depend upon a part: 
They talk of principles, but notions prize, 
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice. 

Once on a time La Mancha's knight, they say, 
A certain bard encountering on the way, 
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage, 
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage, 
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools 
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules. 
Our author, happy in a judge so nice, 
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice 
Made him observe the subject and the plot, 
The manners, passions, unities; what not? 
All which exact to rule were brought about, 
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
'What! have the combat out?' exclaims the knight.
'Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.'—
'Not so, by Heav'n!' (he answers in a rage)
'Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.'
'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'—
'Then build a new, or act it on a plain.'
Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceal alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part.
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress;
Their praise is still—'the style is excellent,'
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile
Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there
These equal syllables alone require,  
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,  
While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:  
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes  
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;  
Where'er you find ' the cooling western breeze.  
In the next line, it ' whispers through the trees;  
If crystal streams, ' with pleasing murmurs creep;  
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with ' sleep;  
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
With some unmeaning thing, they call a thought,  
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length  
along.  
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,  
And praise the easy vigour of a line  
[join,  
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness  
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar  
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw  
The line too labours, and the words move slow:  
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.  
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,  
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While at each change the son of Lybian Jove,
Now burns with glory and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!

Pope.
THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Remote from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold:
His hours and cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of mortal life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:
'Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?'

The Shepherd modestly replied,—
'I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roam’d in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis’d in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain’d,
Was all from simple Nature drain’d;
Hence my life’s maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

‘The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry;
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent’s charge.

‘From Nature, too, I take my rule
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain
Who from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.'

'Thysame is just,' the Sage replies,
'Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.' — Gay

THE LION, TIGER, AND TRAVELLER.

Accept, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in these tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praise betimes,
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown;
(A virtue never near a throne)
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station,
Each courtier is a dedication:
Must I too, flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.
But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you generous, mild, and kind:
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress
Go on; the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire,
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till vanquish’d by the Lion’s strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor’d:
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest:

'What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? you saw the fight,
And must attest my power and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam.
Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
These carcasses on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.'

'True,' says the Man, 'the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But shall a Monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbours' right:
Be lov'd; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.
Pirates their power by murders gain;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heav'n gives you power above the rest,
Like Heav'n, to succour the distrest.'

'The case is plain,' the monarch said,
'False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatterers of my reign.
You reason well: yet tell me, friend,  
Did ever you in courts attend?  
For all my fawning rogues agree,  
That human heroes rule like me."

**Gay.**

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**THE EAGLE AND ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS**

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye  
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky;  
From this small speck of earth were sent  
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;  
For every thing alive complain'd  
That he the hardest life sustain'd.

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word,  
Before him stands the royal bird.  
The bird, obedient, from Heaven's height,  
Downward directs his rapid flight;  
Then cited every living thing  
To hear the mandates of his king.

'Ungrateful creatures! whence arise  
These murmurs which offend the skies?  
Why this disorder? say the cause:  
For just are Jove's eternal laws.  
Let each his discontent reveal;  
To yon sour Dog I first appeal.

'Hard is my lot,' the Hound replies;  
'On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies;  
While I, with weary step and slow,  
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.  
The morning sees my chase begun,  
Nor ends it till the setting sun.'

'When,' says the Greyhound, 'I pursue,  
My game is lost or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.'

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd:
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain,
The Beasts to skim beneath the main:
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of Heav'n then cried aloud,
'Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;
The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?—
What, silent all, and none consent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind.' Gay.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.
The wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock, and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries.
Then opes the chest with treasure stor’d,
And stands in rapture o’er his hoard,
But now with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:

‘Had the deep earth her stores confin’d,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue’s sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice?
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish’d honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold, sow’d the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer’s sword to kill:
’Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery’s more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o’er?
Virtue resides on Earth no more!’—
He spoke, and sigh’d. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock’d his chest;
The Vision frown’d, and thus address’d:

‘Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal’s daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?—
The fault’s in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus’d,
Must I be censur’d, curs’d, accus’d?
Ev’n Virtue’s self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And pow’r (when lodg’d in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain cram's his chest,  
Gold is the canker of the breast;  
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,  
And every shocking vice beside:  
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given  
It blesses, like the dews of Heav'n:  
Like Heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,  
And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.  
The crime on gold shall Misers lay,  
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?  
Let braves, then, when blood is spilt,  
Upbraid the passive soul with guilt.  

Gay

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT

In other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the moat that dims their eye;  
Each little speck and blemish find,  
To our own stronger errors blind.  

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,  
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;  
Behind her ran an infant train,  
Collecting here and there a grain.  
' Draw near, my birds!' the mother cries,  
' This hill delicious fare supplies;  
Behold the busy negro race,  
See millions blacken all the place!  
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;  
An Ant is most delightful meat.  
How bless'd, how envied, were our life,  
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!  
But man, curs'd man, on Turkey's preys,  
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst.'
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech:
' Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.'

Gay.

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

The man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;
For how precarious is the blessing!
A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heav'n with prayers.
Jove nods assent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
'Once more,' he cries, 'accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my first hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune's richest gifts enjoy:
My next with strong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of power ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a Father's bless'd.'—
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew;
The thriving arts of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies:
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God: 'By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possest,
To Providence resign the rest.'

Gay.
THE COURT OF DEATH.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train,
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
'This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.'
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possest,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addrest:
' I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.'
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppress'd,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy;
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.'
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:

vol. II.
Let none object my lingering way,  
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;  
Fatigue and weaken every foe  
By long attack, secure, though slow.'  
Plague represents his rapid power,  
Who thinn’d a nation in an hour.  
All spoke their claim, and hop’d the wand.  
Now expectation hush’d the band,  
When thus the Monarch from the throne:  
' Merit was ever modest known.  
What no Physician speak his right?  
None here! but fees their toils requite.  
Let then Intemperance take the wand,  
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.  
You, Fever, Gout, and ail the rest  
(Whom wary men, as foes detest),  
Forego your claim; no more pretend;  
Intemperance is esteem’d a friend;  
He shares their mirth, their social joys,  
And as a courted guest destroys:  
The charge on him must justly fall,  
Who finds employment for you all.'  

Gay

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend (look round and spy)  
So fond, so prepossess’d as I?  
Your faults, so obvious to mankind,  
My partial eyes could never find.  
When, by the breath of Fortune blown,  
Your airy castles were o’erthrown,  
Have I been ever prone to blame,  
Or mortified your hours with shame?
Was e'er known to damp your spirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not so strange that Fortune's frown
Still perseveres to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too?
Have you (like those she rais'd to place,)
Been opportunely mean and base?
Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If these are scruples, give her o'er;
Write, practice morals, and be poor.

The gifts of Fortune truly rate;
Then, tell me what would mend your state,
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants, increase the more.

Think, Gay (what ne'er may be the case),
Should Fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content?
Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear!
In all the influence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind?
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts: then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.
    Or were you dignified with pow'r,
Would that avert one pensive hour?
You might give avarice its swing
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then from the hirelings in your cause,
Though daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart?—
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
    Is happiness your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinsic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every sphere;
Who finds content will find her there
    O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
A Peasant rested on his spade:
    ' Good gods!' he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year!
Soon as the morning streaks the skies
Industrious Labour bids me rise;
With sweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care.'

Jove heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring swain:
    'Speak out your wants, then, honest Friend;
Unjust complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial Fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state,
Mankind in every station see,
What wish you? tell me what you'd be.'

So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown survey'd the anxious crowd.
‘Yon face of Care,’ says Jove, ‘behold,
His bulky bags are fill’d with gold:
See with that joy he counts it o’er!
That sum to-day hath swell’d his store.’
‘Were I that man,’ the Peasant cried,
‘What blessing could I ask beside?’

‘Hold,’ says the God, ‘first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition——
Here, take it, view his true condition.’

He look’d, and saw the miser’s breast
A troubled ocean, ne’er at rest;
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace:
With conscious guilt he saw him start;
Extortion gnaw his throbbing heart:
And never, or in thought or dream;
His breast admits one happy gleam.

‘May Jove,’ he cries, ‘reject my pray’r,
And guard my life from guilt and care.
My soul abhors that wretch’s fate:
O keep me in my humble state!
But see, amidst a gaudy crowd,
Yon minister so gay and proud;
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!’

‘First take the glass,’ the God replies;
‘Man views the world with partial eyes.’

‘Good gods!’ exclaims the startled wight,
‘Defend me from the hideous sight!
Corruption with corrosive smart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:
I see him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o’er the land.
Now Avarice with insatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His bosom tears: his conscious breast
Groans with a load of crimes opprest.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on Ambition's tower,
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
His boasts insult the nether crowd;
Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
He trembles lest his fall is near.

'Was ever wretch like this!' he cries,
'Such misery in such disguise!
The change, O Jove! I disavow;
Still be my lot the spade and plough.'

He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame:
The miseries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deserts turn'd.

By these have laws and rights been brav'd;
By these was free-born man enslav'd:
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace?
'Such change,' says he, 'may I decline;
The scythe and civil arms be mine!'

Thus weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the God: 'How mortals err!
If you true happiness, prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd
But dwell in every honest mind.
Be justice then your sole pursuit:
Plant virtue, and content’s the fruit.’

So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
Where first he found him set him down.  


TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

Hail, happy land! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of Industry and Art!
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne’er thy sons invade;
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
The rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is’t prescribes the ocean law?

Whenever neighbouring states contend,
’Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is’t who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands:
That benefit is unconfin’d,
Diffusing good among mankind:
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter’d plenty o’er thy plains:
’Tis that alone thy wealth supplies
And draws all Europe’s envious eyes
Be commerce, then, thy sole design;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traffic ploughs the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that clothe the land
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.
Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care
Who's born for sloth*? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd:
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind;
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid!
The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?

* Barrow
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws:
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd:
While each pursued their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food:
Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next:
They saw that plenty, sure and rife,
Was found alone in social life;
That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean, and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.

'Well, Puss,' says Man, 'and what can you
To benefit the public do?'

The Cat replies: 'These teeth, these claws
With vigilance shall serve the cause.
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

'I grant,' says Man, 'to general use
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil.'
Then turning to the Dog, he cried, 
"Well, sir, be next your merits tried."

"Sir," says the Dog, "by self-applause 
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust 
E'er found me treacherous or unjust?
Did I e'er faith or friendship break?
Ask all those creatures; let them speak.
My vigilance and trusty zeal 
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?"

The man replies: "'Tis just and right;
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find 
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend."

Addressing now the Fly: "From you 
What public service can accrue?"

"From me!" the fluttering insect said, 
"I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman: is't fit
That I to industry submit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By business earn ignoble bread;
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flower;
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine:
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please.'

The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides:

' Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;
No idle fool deserves to eat.
Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree prepar'd the soil?
Consider, sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you.
You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which such despicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Besides, vain selfish insect, learn
(If you can right and wrong discern),
That he who, with industrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood.'

So saying, with a sudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spunger on the public, died.

Gay.
THE PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatterer's style reject;
With that, by menial tongues supplied,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit:
Be virtue then your first pursuit;
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions scorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Though with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought;
Thus did your sires adorn their seats;
And such alone are truly great.

'If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light.
In foremost rank the coward plac’d,
Is more conspicuously disgrac’d.
If you, to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that’s due;
In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish’d fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won;
’Twas ne’er entail’d from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your sires:
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A Carrier, every night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn:
This sunk the hostler’s vails, ’tis true,
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places
The manger now had all its measure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure;
When all at once confusion rung;
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-norse turn’d his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swelli’d with pride.

‘Good gods!’ says he, ‘how hard’s my lot!
Is then my high descent forgot?
Reduc’d to drudgery and disgrace
A life (unworthy of my race),
Must I, too, bear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs, and vulgar hacks?
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head!
Shall I, who boast a noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine?
Kick’d by old Ball! so mean a foe!
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandsire’s fame,
All jockies still revere his name:
There, yearly, are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates enroll’d.
Whene’er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a livery train;
Returning, too, with laurels crown’d,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
Let it then, sir, be understood,
Respect’s my due, for I have blood.’
‘Vain-glorious fool!’ the Carrier cried,
‘Respect was never paid to pride.
Know, ’twas the giddy wilful heart
Reduc’d to thee to this slavish part.
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
What is’t to me by whom begot?
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot.
Your sires I rev’rence; ’tis their due:
But, worthless fool, what’s that to you?
Ask all the Carriers on the road,
They’ll say thy keeping’s ill bestow’d:
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.
What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass hath more intrinsic good.
By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated.  

**Gay**

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**THE COOKMAID, TURSPIT, AND OX.**

**TO A POOR MAN.**

Consider man in every sphere,
Then tell me is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched.  God is just.
I grant that hunger must be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are seen and known,
But every mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.
Adam, though blest above his kind
For want of social woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw,
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law.
Thus fell our sire, and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.
When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread;
When altars to his name were dress'd,
That he was man his tears confess'd
The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants respect.
What various wants on pow'r attend?
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health
Another, in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life:
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is lost:
Why was that vain entail engrost?
Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is't you envy? Envy's blind.
Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.
    'The dinner must be dish'd at one.
Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone?
Unless the skulking Cur is caught,
The sirloin's spoil'd, and I'm in fault.'
Thus said (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the Cookmaid's oaths omit),
With all the fury of a Cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook:
The broomstick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves:
The sneaking Cur before her flies:
She whistles, calls; fair speech she tries.
These nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns:
With hasty stride she presses near;
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.
    'Was ever Cur so curs'd!' he cried,
'What star did at my birth preside!
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious task! of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had Fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;
And, like a gentleman, carest,
Had been the lady's favourite guest:
Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,
By me, their never-err'ng guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supplied,
Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
Endued with native strength and fire,
Why called I not the lion sire?
A lion! such mean views I scorn:
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with reason's pow'r contend?
On man we brutal slaves depend;
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day.'

An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone:
' Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life;
Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain;
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.

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But then, consider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;
And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean, shall pick my bones at least.'
'Till now, 'th' astonish'd Cur replies,
'I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their several cares.
If thus yon mighty beast complains,
Perhaps man knows superior pains.
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the Ox, and learn content.'

Thus said, close following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.  *Gay*

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**THE LADY AND THE WASP.**

*What whispers must the beauty bear!*
*What hourly nonsense haunts her ear?*
*Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,*
*Impertinence around her swarms.*
*Did not the tender nonsense strike,*
*Contempt and scorn might look dislike;*
*Forbidding airs might thin the place,*
*The slightest flap a fly can chase:
But who can drive the numerous breed?*
*Chase one, another will succeed.*
*Who knows a fool must know his brother;*
*One fop will recommend another:*
*And with this plague she's rightly curst,*
*Because she listen'd to the first.*
As Doris, at her toilets duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.
As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.
She frowns; she frets. 'Good gods!' she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies:
Of all the plagues that Heav'n hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent.'
The hovering insect thus complain'd:
'Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.'
'Strike him not, Jenny,' Doris cries,
'Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies;
For though he's free (to do him right),
The creature's civil and polite.'
In ecstasies away he posts;
Where'er he came the favour boasts;
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew:
Sure of success, away they flew:
They share the dainties of a day,
Round her with a airy music play:
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast,
Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

Gay.

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS

Ye deep philosophers who can
Explain that various creature, man,
Say, is there any point so nice,
As that of offering advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend:
Though you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good; admit him wise;
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse:
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply;
Without a name reprove and warn;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn:
This, too, must fail; the picture shown,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base;
In conversation none will bear it;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science, with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is and vice,
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims:
They would by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise;
Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons, which they meant to give
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows it makes out.

There was a little stubborn dame
Whom no authority could tame,
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain, for every course
He took, still made her worse and worse
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit,
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue—
'Tis very strange I own, but true.
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practice little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid;
Contriving like a prudent mother
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty—
All this the looking-glass achiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice;
So when all other means had fail'd
The silent moniter prevail'd.
Thus, fable to the humankind
Presents an image of the mind;
It is a mirror where we spy
At large our own deformity,
And learn of course those faults to mend
Which but to mention would offend.

Wilkie.
THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of every kind,
Of each condition sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs so constantly as man.
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, though possess'd
Of talents far above the rest.

Descend to instances and try;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood
With fishes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of every creature,
In opposition to his nature.
The happiness of humankind
Consists in rectitude of mind,
A will subdued to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey;
An open and a generous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art;
Patience, which marks at fortune's pow'r,
And wisdom, never sad nor sour:
In these consist our proper bliss;
Else Plato reasons much amiss.
But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true;
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
While reason no assent can gain,
And revelation warns in vain.
Hence through our lives in every stage,
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us, like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost, and gone.
You'd ask me why I thus rehearse
All Epictetus in my verse:
And if I fondly hope to please
With dry reflections, such as these,
So trite, so hacknied, and so stale?
I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.

One evening as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a shower is nigh;
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the rainbow meets the ground.
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet, and be rich;
Hoping (yet hopes are oft but vain),
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
Midst ease and plenty, like a squire;
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the rainbow seem'd to stand,
And stepping forwards at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure,
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place and slipt away,
As seeming his approach to shun;
From walking he began to run,
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue;
At last through many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy rock and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
And nought but labour for his pains.  Wilkie.

THE RAKE AND THE HERMIT.

A youth, a pupil of the town,
Philosopher and atheist grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode,
Whose hospitality in need
Reliev'd the traveller and his steed,
For both sufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches and bemir'd.
Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rasher flames,
Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our traveller as he sat
By intervals began to chat:
'Tis odd,' quoth he, 'to think what strains
Of folly govern some folk's brains!
What makes you choose this wild abode?—You'll say, 'tis to converse with God!
Alas! I fear, 'tis all a whim:  
You never saw or spoke with him.  
They talk of Providence's pow'r,  
And say it rules us every hour;  
To me, all nature seems confusion,  
And such weak fancies mere delusion.  
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,  
Could there be such a thing as night;  
Which, when the Sun has left the skies,  
Puts all things in a deep disguise?  
If then a traveller chance to stray  
The least step from the public way,  
He's soon in endless mazes lost,  
As I have found it to my cost.  
Besides, the gloom which nature wears,  
Assists imaginary fears  
Of ghosts and goblins, from the waves  
Of sulphureous lakes, and yawning graves;  
All sprung from superstitious seed,  
Like other maxims of the creed.  
For my part I reject the tales  
Which faith suggests when reason fails:  
And reason nothing understands,  
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.  
These subtle essences, like wind,  
Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,  
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie  
Which says, men rot, but never die.  
It holds all future things in doubt,  
And therefore wisely leaves them out:  
Suggesting what is worth our care,  
To take things present as they are,  
Our wisest course; the rest is folly,  
'The fruit of spleen and melancholy.'—
'Sir,' quoth the Hermit, 'I agree
That reason still our guide should be;
And will admit her as the test,
Of what is true, and what is best:
But reason sure would blush for shame
At what you mention, in her name;
Her dictates are sublime and holy;
Impiety's the child of folly:
Reason, with measur'd steps and slow,
To things above from things below
Ascends, and guides us through her sphere
With caution, vigilance, and care:
Faith in the utmost frontier stands
And reason puts her in her hands,
But not till her commission giv'n
Is found authentic, and from Heav'n.
'Tis strange that man, a reasoning creature,
Should miss a God in viewing nature:
Whose high perfections are display'd
In every thing his hands have made:
Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
When found again we see them most;
The night itself, which you would blame
As something wrong in nature's frame,
Is but a curtain to invest
Her weary children, when at rest:
Like that which mother's draw, to keep
The light off from a child asleep.
Beside, the fears which darkness breeds,
At least augments, in vulgar heads,
Are far from useless, when the mind
Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
They make the worldling think with pain
On frauds and oaths, and ill-got gain.
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;
And, in defence of virtue's cause,
Assist each sanction of the laws.
But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
And superstitious dread expels,
The silent majesty of night
Excites to take a nobler flight:
With saints and angel's to explore
The wonders of creating power;
And lifts on contemplation's wings
Above the sphere of mortal things:
Walk forth and tread those dewy plains
Where night in awful silence reigns:
The sky's serene, the air is still,
The woods stand listening on each hill,
To catch the sounds that sink and swell
Wide-floating from the evening bell,
While foxes howl and beetles hum,
Sounds which make silence still more dumb:
And try if folly, rash and rude,
Dares on the sacred hour intrude.
Then turn your eyes to Heaven's broad frame,
Attempt to quote those lights by name,
Which shine so thick, and spread so far;
Conceive a sun in every star,
Round which unnumber'd planet's roll,
While comets shoot athwart the whole.
From system still to system ranging,
Their various benefits exchanging,
And shaking from their flaming hair
The things most needed every where.
Explore this glorious scene, and say
That night discovers less than day;
That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
That chance disposes, not design:
Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
Him either mad, or else a dunce.
For reason, though 'tis far from strong,
Will soon find out that nothing 's wrong,
From signs and evidences clear,
Of wise contrivance every where.'

The hermit ended; and the youth
Became a convert to the truth;
At least he yielded; and confess'd
That all was order'd for the best. Wilkie.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A Grecian youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd,
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do:
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs startled at the sight,
The Muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire!
Howe'er, the youth with forward air
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gathering crowds, with eager eyes,
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain,
The self-same track he marks again;
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye:
'Alas! unhappy youth,' he cried,
'Expect no praise from me,' and sigh'd:
'With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expense,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense;
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men, and guide the state.'

W. Whitehead.
THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheer’d the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu’d him thus, right eloquent—
‘Did you admire my lamp,’ quoth he,
‘As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For ’twas the selfsame power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.’
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Releas’d him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int’rest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life’s poor transient life is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.  

Cowper.

END OF BOOK III.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS
FROM THE
MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS;
BOOK THE FOURTH:
DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE
AND PASTORAL.

LONDON.
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18 Salisbury Street, Strand.
AUDITAE VOCES, VAGITUS ET INGENS,
INFANTUMQUE ANIMÆ FLENTES IN LIMINE PRIMO. VIRG.

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender ear.

Ah me! full sorely in my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chanced to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.
In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
Then grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might eurl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low,
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
No superstition clog his dance of joy,
No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weekly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her airy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentence fill'd,
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontrol'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster*: these in frowns array'd.
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flocks so fair;

* The south-west wind, south, &c. &c.
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;  
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,  
Through pious awe did term it passing rare,  
For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,  
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,  
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;  
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear  
Ne would esteem him act as mought behave  
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere;  
For never title yet so mean could prove,  
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,  
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,  
Such favour did her past deportment claim;  
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;  
For well she new, and quaintly could expound,  
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak  
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,  
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak,  
But herbs for use and physic, not a few  
Of gray renown, within those borders grew;  
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrazy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy found,
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall, be erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassell days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell, [dwell.
Nor ever would she more with thane and lording

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string. [sing.
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to
For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord! forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and lieuest liege is plac'd,
The matron sat; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reigns of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair;
The work so gay, that on their back is seen
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard* by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft has he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthless scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see;
All playful as she sat she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree),
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,

* Spenser.
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace;
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he is abject wise implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain,
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care;
By turns, astonished, every twig survey,
And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware,
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd eates she doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare, now certes doubly sweet.

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there,
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fowrn, and chair,
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, and rends his hair),
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.
His face besprent with liquid chrystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal show'r.
O the hard bosoms of despotic Pow'r!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour; [claim,
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall
If so I deem aright, transcending worth the fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware ye dame's! with nice discernment see
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear;
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo.
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf, his paper kite may fly.

And this, perhaps, who censuring the design,
Now lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
And he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What stuff
is here?'

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars the prison-door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor' imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous doom of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol, most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay,
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huckster’s savoury cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th’ allotted mite to spend,

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season’s stores in order ranged been,
Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o’er,
Galling full sore th’ unmoney’d wight, are seen,
And gooseberry, clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye the catherine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween:
O may no wight e’er pennyless come there, [care!
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper’d look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here, each season, do those cakes abide
Whose honour’d names th’ inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain’s isle Salopia’s praises known*.

* Shrewsbury cakes.
Admir'd Solopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fear to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way

Shenstone.

DEFECTS OF EDUCATION.

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years:
The Mind, impressionable and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clew,
That Education gives her, false or true.
Plants rais'd with tenderness are seldom strong;
Man's coltish disposition asks the throng;
And without discipline the fav'rite child,
Like a neglected forester, runs wild.
But we, as if good qualities would grow
Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow;
We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek;
Teach him to fence and figure twice a week;
And having done, we think, the best we can,
Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.

From school to Cam or Isis, and thence home;
And thence with all convenient speed to Rome,
With rev'rend tutor clad in habit lay,
To tease for cash, and quarrel with all day;
With memorandum-book for ev'ry town,
And ev'ry post, and where the chaise broke down;
His stock, a few French phrases got by heart,
With much to learn, but nothing to impart.
The youth, obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off a wand'r'er into foreign lands.
Surpris'd at all they meet, the gosling pair,
With awkward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,
Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,
And steeples tow'ring high much like our own;
But show peculiar light by many a grin
At popish practices observ'd within.

Ere long some bowing, smirk-ing, smart abbé
Remarks two loit'ers, that have lost their way;
And being always prim'd with *politesse*
For men of their appearance and address,
With much compassion undertakes the task,
To tell them more than they have wit to ask;
Points to inscriptions wheresoe'er they tread.
Such as, when legible, were never read,
But, being canker'd now and half worn out,
Craze antiquarian brains with endless doubt;
Some headless hero, or some Cæsar shows—
Defective only in his Roman nose;
Exhibits elevations, drawings, plans,
Models of Herculanean pots and pans;
And sells them medals, which, if neither rare
Nor ancient, will be so, preserv'd with care.

Strange the recital! from whatever cause
His great improvement and new light he draws,
The squire, once bashful, is shamefac'd no more,
But teems with pow'rs he never felt before:
Whether increas'd momentum, and the force,
With which from clime to clime he sped his course
(As axles sometimes kindle as they go)
Chaf'd him, and brought dull nature to a glow;
Or whether clearer skies and softer air,
That make Italian flow'rs so sweet and fair,
Fresh'ning his lazy spirits as he ran,
Unfolded genially and spread the man
Returning he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
And wisdom falls before exterior grace:
We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish its rough coat alone.
A just deportment, manners grac'd with ease,
Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,
Are qualities, that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools, intend;
Hence an unfurnish'd and a listless mind,
Though busy, trifling; empty, though refin'd;
Hence all that interferes, and dares to clash
With indolence and luxury, is trash:
While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,
Seems verging fast towards the female side.

Cowper.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

The moral poets (nor unaptly) feign,
That by lame Vulcan's help, the pregnant brain
Of sovereign Jove brought forth, and at that birth
Was born Minerva, lady of the earth.
O strange divinity! but sung by rote;
Sweet is the tune but in a wilder note.
The moral says, all wisdom that is given
To hood wink'd mortals, first proceeds from heaven;
Truth's error, wisdom's but wise insolence,
And light's but darkness, not deriv'd from thence;
Wisdom's a strain transcends morality,
No virtue's absent, wisdom being by.
Virtue by constant practice is acquir'd,
This, this by sweat unpurchas'd is inspir'd:
The masterpiece of knowledge, is to know
But what is good from what is good in show,
And there it rests; Wisdom proceeds, and chooses
The seeming evil, th' apparent good refuses;
Knowledge descries alone; Wisdom applies;
That makes some fools, this maketh none but wise;
The curious hand of Knowledge doth but pick
Bare simples, Wisdom pounds them for the sick;
In my afflictions, Knowledge apprehends
Who is the author, what the cause and ends,
It finds that patience is my sad relief,
And that the hand that caus'd can cure my grief;
To rest contented, here, is but to bring
Clouds without rain, and heat without a spring:
What hope arises hence? the devils do
The very same: they know and tremble too;
But sacred Wisdom doth apply that good,
Which simple Knowledge barely understood;
Wisdom concludes, and in conclusion proves
That wheresoever God corrects he loves:
Wisdom digests what Knowledge did but taste;
That deals in futures, this in things are past:
Wisdom's the chart of Knowledge, which, without
That guide, at random's wreck'd on every doubt:
Knowledge, when Wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse, that throws the rider:
Which made that great philosopher avow,
He knew so much that he did nothing know.
Quarles.

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.
INSCRIBED TO LORD CARTERET.

Once on a time, a righteous Sage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer:
'O Jove, if Virtue be so fair
As it was deem'd in former days
By Plato and by Socrates,
Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
Only for want of outward shape;
Make then its real excellence,
For once the theme of human sense:
So shall the eye, by form confin'd,
Direct and fix the wandering mind,
And long-deluded mortals see
With rapture what they us'd to flee.'

Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the Earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a son and heir:
An heir; and, stranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.
Virtue was for this sex design'd
In mild reproof to woman-kind;
In manly form to let them see
The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen'd lustre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.

To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school—he read—is learn'd;
Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college;
Resolv'd nor honour, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around;
Th' inferior youth to learning led,
Less to be fam'd, than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone;
And now, inflam'd with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage;
Engage—and, in the glorious strife,
The arts new-kindle into life.

Here would our hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell;
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's best belov'd retreat;
Contented he—but Fate ordains,
He now shall shine in nobler scenes
(Rais'd high, like some celestial fire,
To shine the more, still rising higher);
Completely form'd in every part,
To win the soul, and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His soul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere
Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
Is to the council and the court,
Where Virtue is in least repute,
And Interest the one pursuit;
Where right and wrong are bought and sold,
Barter'd for beauty, and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleas'd in the person of a peer:
A peer; a scarcely-bearded youth,
Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
Of innocence the surest guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deserv'd esteem,
Who was the man he wish'd to seem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
To lurk behind a mean disguise
(Give fraudulent Vice the mask and screen,
'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen);
Call'd want of shame a want of sense
And found, in blushes, eloquence.
Thus, acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb Merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The bashful dame, and loos'd her tongue;
And, whilst he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.
Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations
(For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to rise):
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree:
Exalted worth disdains to owe
In grandeur to its greatest foe,
   Now rais'd on high, see Virtue shows,
The godlike ends for which he rose;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made complete!
To bless, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour rise,
Like gilded vapours to the skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.
   Now change the scene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere*:
Distress of nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime should be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue, like the Sun,
His course of glorious toils should run;
Alike diffusing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
And discord in his presence dies;
Oppression hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;

* Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden with Denmark and with the Czar.
The arts revive, the valleys sing,
And winter softens into spring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire;
Whilst he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The rest condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.
Fame now reports, the Western Isle
Is made his mansion for awhile,
Whose anxious natives, night and day
(Happy beneath his righteous sway),
Weary the gods with ceaseless prayer,
To bless him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.  

Swift.

THE BLESSINGS OF INDUSTRY.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power,
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of humankind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all,
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, the bitter-breathing frost;
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Ev'n desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing age of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers com-
And form'd a Public: to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

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

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess’d the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer’d sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row’d, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch’d its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas’d; whence ribb’d with

To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush’d into the main.

Then too, the pillar’d dome, magnific, heav’d
Its ample roof; and Luxury within [smooth,
Pour’d out her glittering stores: the canvass
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem’d to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination flas’d.

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

Thomson
HYMN TO LIGHT.

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb!
Which when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smil'd
Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb, and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and Heaven to Earth take love!

Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bride-groom he!

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the Word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou,
And skill in painting dost bestow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heav'nly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd, when begun;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shall reach as soon as he
Thou in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay,
   Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
   And all the year doth with thee bring [spring.
A thousand flow'ry lights, thine own nocturnal

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands above
   Thy son's gilt tent for ever move,
   And still as thou in pomp dost go, [show.
The shining pageants of the world attend thy

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
   The humble glow-worms to adorn,
   And with those living spangles gild [field.
(O greatness without pride!) the blushes of the

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
   And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
   Asham'd and fearful to appear, [hemisphere.
They screen their horrid shapes, with the black

With 'em there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm.'
   Of painted dreams, a busy swarm,
   At the first opening of thine eye,
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
   Creep conscious to their secret rests:
   Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill sighs removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
   To shake his wings, and rouse his head;
   And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beauteous smile, reflected from thy look.
At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sun-shine melts away his cold:
Encourag'd at the sight of thee, [knee, To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the

Even Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes if thou be'st in the place;
To Darkness' curtains he retires,
In sympathizing Night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, Goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the Morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising Day.

The ghosts, and monster sprites, that did presume
A body's priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but thy sev'ral liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st, [go'st.
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st:
The virgin lillies in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands,
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands;
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.
With flame condens'd thou dost the jewels fix,
And solid colours in it mix:
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, Goddess; would thou couldst thy hand with-
And be less liberal to gold; [hold,
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas, might'st thou poor man relieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are;
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n to thee.

Through the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
Takes their possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' Empyrean heav'n does stay;
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

Cowley.
INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heav’n first-born,
Or of th’ Eternal co-eternal beam!
May I express thee unblam’d? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear’st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav’ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap’d the Stygian-pool, though long detain’d
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphic lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heav’nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov’reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit’st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench’d their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil’d. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt,
Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow’ry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow’d feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall’d with me in fate,
So were I equall’d with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev’n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, for the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature’s works, to me expung’d and ras’d,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her
powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.  

Milton.

THE BLIND BOY.

O say what is that thing call’d light,
Which I must ne’er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!
You talk of wondrous things you see
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.  

Colley Cibber

VERSES WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT, TO A BEGGAR.

O Mercy! Heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute,
Behold me, where I shivering stand:
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To Want and Age, Disease and Pain,
That all in one sad object reign.
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse;
Yet how to close this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die;
And death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose,
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep.

Mallet.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless
King:
Ah wherefore; he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe.
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou hen, or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accrues'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc’d,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds!
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon
unsay [ cant
What feign’d submission swore? Ease would re-
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc’d so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us out-cast, exil’d, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:
Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven’s King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign:
As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know.
Milton.
EVE'S DESCRIPTION OF WHAT FIRST BEFELL HER AFTER HER CREATION.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of Heaven; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadows stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.'—What could I do
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thoe, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;  
Thou following cry'dst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.'—With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

Milton.

ADAM AND EVE, AS FIRST SEEN BY SATAN,
DESCRIBED.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule: and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.  Milton.

PICTURE OF A WINTER EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

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,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.

The needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
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;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And clear the 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
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,
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
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
A jarring note.
O ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,
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.
Cowper

PICTURE OF A VIRTUOUS YOUNG WOMAN.

How young, how good, how beautiful she fell!
Oh, she was all for which fond mothers pray,
Blessing their babes when first they see the day
Beauty and she were one, for in her face,
Sat sweetness, temper'd with majestic grace.
Such powerful charms, as might the proudest awe,
Yet such attractive goodness, as might draw
The humblest, and to both give equal law.
How she was wonder'd at by every swain!
The pride, the light, the goddess of the plain.
On all she shin'd, and spreading glories cast,
Diffusive of herself; where'er she past
There breath'd an air as sweet, as winds that blow
From the blest shores where fragrant spices grow:
In her smooth forehead we might read express
The even calmness of her gentle breast:
And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ
The active vigour of her youthful wit.
Each beauty of the body or the face,
Was but the shadow of some inward grace
Gay, sprightly, cheerful, free, and unconfin'd
As innocence could make it, was her mind.
  Oh! she is set, set like the falling sun;
Darkness is round us, and glad day is gone.
Alas! the sun that's set again will rise,
And gild with richer beams the morning skyes,
But beauty though as bright as they, it shines
When its short glory to the west inclines,
Oh! there's no hope of the returning light;
But all is long oblivion and eternal night. *Duke.*

**HAPPINESS OF EVE IN ADAM'S COMPANY**

With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glittering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,  
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:  
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glittering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by Moon,  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.  

**Milton.**

**DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.**

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love;  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence: for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy: and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly.
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Thomson

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bless'd as they.

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Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

For can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Sampson's young foxes might as well,
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.
Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
   For love abhors the sight;
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
   Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
’Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
   And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
   And Cupids yoke the doves.

FRIENDSHIP.

Not stayed state, but feeble stay,
Not costly robes, but bare array;
Not passed wealth, but present want,
Not heaped store, but slender scant,
Not plenty’s purse, but poor estate,
Not happy hap, but froward fate;
Not wish at will, but want of joy,
Not heart’s good health, but heart’s annoy;
Not freedom’s use, but prisoner’s thrall,
Not costly seat, but lowest fall;
Not weal I mean, but wretched woe
Doth truly try the friend from foe:
And nought but froward fortune proves,
Who fawning feigus or simply loves.
THE SAME SUBJECT.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heaven,
   The noble mind's delight and prize,
To men and angels only given,
   To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest,
   Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
   Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destruction gleam,
   Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,
Thy lambent glories only beam
   Around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
   On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
   And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
   O guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
   On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
   When souls to peaceful climes remove;
What rais'd our virtue here below
   Shall aid our happiness above.  Johnson.
BOOK IV. DESCRIPTIVE.

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes
From different natures so marvellously mix'd,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantlly distress'd! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

Young

THE DIFFERENT PERIODS OF LIFE DESCRIBED.

INFANCY, straining backward from the breast,
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
And the fond father sits on t'other side,
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride.

Childhood, who like an April morn appears
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
In reason weak; who, wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful billows of the deep,
Soon spends his rage and cries himself asleep:
Who, with a feverish appetite oppress'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd,
His trembling lash suspended in the air,
Half-bent, and stroking back his long, lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee
And let his top go down——

Youth, who, fierce, fickle, insolent, and vain,
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet, with a cast
Of dear regard, looks back on Childhood past,
In the mid-chase, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick spirits mount into his eye; [wealth,
When pleasure, which he deems his greatest
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheek with health,
When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,
And, ere he starts, hath run o'er half the plain;
When wing'd with fear the stag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
Shall shout my praise——

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Though worlds should crack around him; on his brow
Wisdom serene, to passion giving law;
Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildness wrought;
Courage attemper'd, and refin'd by thought:
Virtue supreme enthron'd within his breast,
The image of his Maker deep impress'd;
Lord of this earth which trembles at his nod,
With reason bless'd and only less than God;
Manhood, though weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Though Honour calls, in Danger's form array'd,
Though, cloth'd with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
By wicked elders chain'd, redemption waits,
Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one?) to hail my power.
Old Age, a second child, by Nature curst
With more and greater evils than the first:
Weak, sickly, full of pains, in every breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off with grave and solemn air,
From day to day without one day to spare;
Without enjoyment covetous of pelf,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself;
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
E'en with the acting on his shattered brain,
Though the false registers of youth remain:
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise,
Of those rare men, who liv'd in those rare days.
When he, the hero of his tale, was young,
Dull repetitions faltering on his tongue;
Praising grey hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
Ev'n while he curses Time which made him grey;
Scoffing at youth, ev'n whilst he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth restor'd,
Shall for a moment, from himself set free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.

*Churchill.*

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**THE GENTLEMAN.**

*ADDRESSED TO JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.*

A decent mien, an elegance of dress, [press; Words, which, at ease, each winning grace ex-
A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines, Where wisdom's self again, by loves refines; Where we to chance for friendship never trust, Nor ever dream from sudden whim disgust; The social manners and the heart humane; A nature ever great and never vain; A wit, that no licentious pertness knows; The sense, that unassuming candour shows: Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd, Slave to no party, bigot to no sect; Knowledge of various life, of learning too; Thence taste; thence truth, which will from taste ensue:

Unwilling censure, though a judgment clear; A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere; An humble, though an elevated mind; A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind: If these esteem and admiration raise,

Give true delight, and gain unflattering praise; In one wish'd view, th' accomplish'd man we see, These graces all are thine, and thou art he,

*Savage.*
THE MAN OF ROSS.

......All our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds,
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters' flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity
Of debts, and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year

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Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
   And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown!
   Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been. Pope.

THE CAMELEON

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud conceited talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen:
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
'But, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know'—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
   Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,  
Of the Cameleon's form and nature.  
'A stranger animal.' cries one,  
'Sure never liv'd beneath the sun!  
A lizard's body, lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;  
And what a length of tail behind!  
How slow his pace! and then its hue—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue?'

'Hold there,' the other quick replies,  
'Tis green,—I saw it with these eyes,  
As ate with open mouth it lay,  
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;  
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,  
And saw it eat the air for food.'

'I've seen it, friend, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue.  
At leisure I the beast survey'd,  
Extended in the cooling shade.'

'Tis green, 'tis green, I can assure ye.—  
'Green!' cries the other in a fury—  
'Why, do you think, I've lost my eyes?'  
'Twere no great loss,' the friend replies,  
'For, if they always serve you thus,  
You'll find them but of little use.'

So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows:  
When luckily came by a third—  
To him the question they referr'd;  
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,  
Whether the thing was green or blue.

'Come,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother,  
The creature's neither one nor 't'other:
I caught the animal last night,  
And view'd it o'er by candle-light:  
I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—  
You stare—but I have got it yet,  
And can produce it. 'Pray then do:  
For I am sure the thing is blue.'  
'And I'll engage that when you've seen  
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green,';  
'Well then, at once, to ease the doubt,'  
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out:  
And when before your eyes I've set him,  
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'  
He said; then full before their sight  
Produc'd the beast, and lo—'twas white!  
Both star'd; the man look'd wondrous wise—  
'My children,' the Cameleon cries  
(Then first the creature found a tongue),  
'You all are right, and all are wrong:  
When next you talk of what you view,  
Think others see as well as you:  
Nor wonder, if you find that none  
Prefers your eye-sight to his own.' Merrick.

THE FATE OF A GENTLEMAN JOCKEY.

Poor Jack—no matter who—for when I blame,  
I pity, and must therefore sink the name,  
Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,  
And always, ere he mounted, kiss'd his horse.  
The estate, his sires had own'd in ancient years,  
Was quickly distanc'd, match'd against a peer's.  
Jack vanish'd, was regretted and forgot;  
'Tis wild good nature's never-failing lot.
At length, when all had long suppos'd him dead,
By cold submersion, razor, rope, or lead,
My lord, alighting at his usual place,
The Crown, took notice of an ostler's face.
Jack knew his friend, but hop'd in that disguise
He might escape the most observing eyes,
And whistling, as if unconcern'd and gay,
Curried his nag, and look'd another way.
Convinc'd at last, upon a nearer view,
'Twas he, the same, the very Jack he knew,
O'erwhelm'd at once with wonder, grief, and joy,
He press'd him much to quit his base employ:
His countenance, his purse, his heart, his hand,
Influence and pow'r, were all at his command:
Peers are not always gen'rous as well-bred,
But Granby was, meant truly what he said.
Jack bow'd, and was obliged—confess'd 'twas strange,
That so retir'd he should not wish a change,
But knew no medium between guzzling beer,
And this old stint—three thousand pounds a year.

Cowper.

THF CIT'S RETIREMENT.

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes, neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
O sweet retirement, who would balk the thought,
That could afford retirement, or could not?
'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,  
The second milestone fronts the garden gate;  
A step if fair, and, if a show'r approach,  
You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.  
There, prison'd in a parlour snug and small,  
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,  
The man of business and his friends compress'd  
Forget their labours, and yet find no rest:  
But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen  
From every window, and the fields are green;  
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,  
And what could a remoter scene show more?  
A sense of elegance we rarely find  
The portion of a mean or vulgar mind,  
And ignorance of better things makes man,  
Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can;  
And he, that deems his leisure well bestow'd  
in contemplation of a turnpike road,  
is occupied as well, employs his hours  
As wisely, and as much improves his pow'rs,  
As he, that slumbers in pavilions grac'd  
With all the charms of an accomplish'd taste.  
Yet hence, alas! insolvencies; and hence  
Th' unpitied victim of ill-judg'd expense,  
From all his wearisome engagements freed,  
Shakes hands with business, and retires indeed

Cowper.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX.

The wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,  
Now wishes for the rural shade,  
And buckles to his one-horse chair,  
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce pass the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While madam dotes upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:
'What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who dotes upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear.
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear you brake apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Cheney-Row;
He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true,
But not so warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be outdone, my dear!'
Sir Traffic's name so well applied
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason,
And by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.

Some three or four miles out of town
(An hour's ride will bring you down),
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
As so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in case and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.

'Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all abroad so countrified!
'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing, all Chinese.
Although one hates to be expos'd;
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd feel those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by,
Were something to amuse the eye
But to be pent within the walls--
One might as well be at St. Paul's,
Our house, beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While every traveller in amaze
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country seat."
   No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's taste can never fail.
   Bless'd age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names;
As genius, fancy, judgment, goût,
Whim, caprice, je-ne-sçai-quoi, virtù:
Which appellations all describe.
Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe
   Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-trees wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines, 
From Halfpenny's exact designs. 
In front, a level lawn is seen, 
Without a shrub upon the green, 
Where taste would want its first great law, 
But for the skulking, sly ha-ha, 
By whose miraculous assistance, 
You gain a prospect two fields distance 
And now from Hyde-Park-corner come 
The gods of Athens, and of Rome. 
Here squabby Cupids take their places 
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces: 
Apollo there, with aim so clever 
Stretches his leaden bow for ever; 
And there, without the power to fly, 
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury. 
The villa thus completely grac'd, 
All own that Thrifty has a taste; 
And madam's female friends, and cousins, 
With common-council men, by dozens, 
Flock every Sunday to the seat, 
To stare about them, and to eat. Lloyd.

DESCRIPTION OF A PARISH POOR-HOUSE.

Behold yon house that holds the parish poor, 
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door! 
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play, 
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day; 
There children dwell who know no parents' care; 
Parents, who know no childrens' love, dwell there; 
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed, 
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve:
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
flow,
Mix’d with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin’d age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride:
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can’t deny.
Say ye, oppress’d by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad pray’rs the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure:
How would you bear in real pain to lie,
Despis’d, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that’s wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day: [way
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head.
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

Crabbe

A DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT,

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had, in her sober liv'ry, all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beasts and birds,
Those to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk: all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her plaintive descant sung.
Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light;
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Milton.

ANOTHER DESCRIPTION.

Night, sable power! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er the slumb'ring world
Silence, how dead, and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an objects find:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

Young.

ADDRESS TO GOLD

Oh mighty Gold! thou second cause of fate,
Thou blood-sought blessing, honour-purchas'd
Thou precious nourisher of fierce debate; [prize,
Thou idol of our souls, and joy of eyes,
Great mistress of our passions, price of vows!
The gladden'd world thy rightful sway allows.

Blind goddess of desires, thou bane of woe,
Balm of affliction, monarch of content,
Nurse of repose, night-waking sorrow's foe,
Seasoning of health, and pleasure's instrument.
Possessing thee the tear distained eye
Forgets to weep, and puts on gaiety.

Possessing thee, uncouth events are check'd,
Time's spite o'er-rul'd and Envy's edge rebated,
The death of parents made of slight respect;
Distress exil'd, and dolour subjugated:
Possessing thee, heart-easing comfort reigns,
Age feels not its decays, nor sickness pains.

For thee the robber's sacrilegious hand [stains
Plunders the shrine; for thee the murderer!
His arm and soul with blood; at thy command
Sudden rebellion frights the peaceful plains:
Traitors for thee in horrid council sit,
And sconc'd in night on kingdom's downfalls meet.

For thee cold Modesty throws off her veil,
Disdains the rosy blush, and downcast eye,
Wishful she listens to the lover's tale,
And fans his ardour with an amorous sigh.
Pernicious Gold! Thou poisoner of the mind!
How dost thou cherish guilt of every kind!

Theobald.

DESCRIPTION OF WINTER AT COPENHAGEN.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing!
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite:
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing;
The ships unmov'd, the boisterous wind defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play.
And spout his waters in the face of day;
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon 'n icy valleys howl,
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain;
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow;
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descended rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show
While through the ice the crimson berries glow;
The thick-sprung reeds, with watery marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field;
The stag, in limpid currents with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise;
The spreading oak, the beech, the towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine:
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends.
Or if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant showers, and through delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabric there attract his eyes;
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true.
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear;
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

*Phillips.*

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**A MAN PERISHING IN THE SNOW.**

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air:
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; see other hills ascends,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wind; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horrour fills his heart!  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track, the bless'd abode of man;  
While round him night resistless closes fast  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomable deep,  
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;  
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,  
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, un;  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring, [known,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps: and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,  
With tears of artless innocence.  Alas!  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home.  On every nerve  
The deadly winter seizes; shut up sense;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snow, a stiffened corse,  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast,
A HARVEST SCENE, WITH THE STORY OF PALE-MON AND LAVINIA

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky
And, unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, binds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike their sparing harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandman! but throw
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields:
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of Heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, you give

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth,
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest Virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field?
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

'What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! she looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And one fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
'Tis said that in some ione obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris’d his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz’d his smother’d flame, avow’d, and bold;
And as he view’d her, ardent, o’er and o’er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus’d, and frighten’d at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush’d a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour’d out the pious rapture of his soul:
  ‘And art thou then Acasto’s dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
The soften’d image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch’d. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish’d up n’iy fortune! say, ah where,
In what sequestered desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair:
Though Poverty’s cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
O let me now into a richer soil,
[showers,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence!
And of my garden be the pride of joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acasto’s daughter, his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptured than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Thomson.
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all: When to the startled eye the sudden glance Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud; And following slower, in explosion vast, The thunder raises his tremendous voice, At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven, The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes, And rolls its awful burden on the wind, The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more The noise astounds: till over head a sheet Of vivid flame discloses wide; then shuts, And opens wider; shuts and opens still Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze, Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar, Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling peal on peal Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth. Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled And yet not always on the guilty head [thought Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon And his Amelia were a matchless pair; With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace, The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone: Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn, And is the radiance of the rising day. They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was, As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart Of innocence, and undissembling truth. 'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish, The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow, Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all To love, each was to each a dearer self; Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other bless'd, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Tow'rs the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. 'Fear not,' he said,
'Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice,
Which thunders terour through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!' From his void embrace,
(Mysterious Heaven!) that moment to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad. Thomson.

JUNIO AND THEANA.

Soon as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,
His father sent him from these genial isles,
To where old Thames with conscious pride surveys
Green Eton, soft abode of every Muse.
Each classic beauty soon he made his own;
And soon fam'd Isis saw him woo the Nine,
On her inspiring banks; Love tun'd his song;
For fair Theana was his only theme
Acasto's daughter, whom in early youth
He oft distinguish'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending cocoa's airy height,
To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he presented, more nectarious deem'd.—
The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought;
From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd.—
Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form;
Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all
His taste mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expression, and in grace,
She shone all-perfect; while each pleasing art,
And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain
Can ill describe the transports Junio felt.
At this discovery; he declar'd his love, 
She own'd his merit, nor refused his hand. 
And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch, 
For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew, 
His sire detested his Theana's house!— 
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspir'd 
To check their happy union. He resolv'd 
(And many a sigh that resolution cost) 
To pass the time, till death his sire remov'd, 
In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes: 
While she (and many a tear that parting drew) 
Embark'd, reluctant, from her native isle. 
Though learned, curious, and though nobly bent 
With each rare talent to adorn his mind, 
His native land to serve; no joys he found.— 
Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign; 
Yet Greece, of old the seat of every Muse, 
Of freedom, courage; yet Ausonia's clime, 
His steps explor'd; where painting, music's strains; 
Where arts, where laws (philosophy's best child), 
With rival beauties, his attention claim'd. 
To his just-judging, his instructed eye, 
The all-perfect Medicean Venus seem'd 
A perfect semblance of his Indian fair: 
But, when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd 
The harmonious warblings of Italian song. 
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came, 
Which briefly told him of his father's death. 
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven resign'd, 
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd 
Eager to clasp the object of his love. 
Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po: 
Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.
In Biscay’s stormy seas an armed ship,  
Of force superior, from loud Charente’s wave  
Clapt them on board. The frightened flying crew  
Their colours strike; when dauntless Junio, fir’d  
With noble indignation, kill’d the chief,  
Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.  
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;  
And, touch’d with shame, with emulation stung,  
So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,  
That soon in air the hapless Thunderer blew.  
Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po:  
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!  
Soon Porto Santo’s rocky heights they spy,  
Like clouds dim rising in the distant sky.  
Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew,  
Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,  
While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,  
Strikes the boneta, or the shark insnares,  
The little nautilus with purple pride  
Expands ’lis sails, and dances o’er the waves:  
Small winged fishes on the shrouds alight;  
And beauteous dolphins gently play’d around.  
Though faster than the Tropic-bird they flew,  
Oft Junio cried, ‘Ah! when shall we see land?’  
Soon land they made: and now in thought he clasp’d  
His Indian bride, and deem’d his toils o’erpaid.  
She, no less anxious, every evening walk’d  
On the cool margin of the purple main,  
Intent her Junio’s vessel to descry.  
One eve (faint calms for many a day had rag’d),  
The winged demons of the tempest rose;  
Thunder, and rain, and lightning’s awful power  
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim  
Exemption from the grave; the ethereal bolt,
That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd,

Meanwhile, impatient Junio leap'd ashore,
Regardless of the demons of the storm.
Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so
Thy flying courser. Soon Theana's porch
Receive'd him: at his sight, the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point:—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He entered hasty——

Ah! what a sight for one who loved so well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy [voice,
Played on her face, while with faint, faltering
She thus address'd the youth, whom yet she knew:
'Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!
Thy sight repays the summons of my fate:
Live, and live happy; sometimes think of me:
By night, by day, you still engag'd my care;
And next to God, you now my thoughts employ:
Accept of this——My little all I give;
Would it were larger'——Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.

But say, what strains, what language can express
The thousand pangs which tore the lover's breast?
Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,
Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak;
Nor words he found! he clasp'd her in his arms;
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away
One grave contains this hapless, faithful pair;
And still the Cane-isles tell their matchless love!

Grainger.
DESCRIPTION OF THE THAMES, AND OF STAG-HUNTING.

My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays:
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee; and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme; [dull;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet no
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;
Heaven her Eridamus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars,* and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strane varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe:
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists:
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth† gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes: his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,

* The Forest.
† Narcissus.
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;  
The common fate of all that's high or great.  
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,  
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,  
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,  
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,  
And in the mixture of all these appears  
Variety, which all the rest endears.  
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard  
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard  
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their dames,  
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames?  
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape  
All but a quick poetical sight escape.  
Their Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,  
And thither all the horned host resorts  
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd  
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd  
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon  
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.  
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs  
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,  
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r  
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:  
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,  
And wish a foe that would not only fly.  
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,  
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,  
To some dark covert his retreat had made,  
Where nor man's eye, nor Heaven's, should invade  
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound  
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.  
Rous'd with the noise he scarce believes his ear,  
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these to avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betray's that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd is own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd;
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate t' essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So toward a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which, wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds:
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands: but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls-
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From this unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stands the crystal with a purple flood.

VOL. II.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued*, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, and more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away,
And ev'n that power, that should deny, betray.
*Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils.
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;

* Ruuny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

**Denham.**

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**THE FIELD OF BATTLE.**

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar
   Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting Terrour fled before,
   Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the sunken day,
   That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
   Low hung and lower'd the bloody Moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
   Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
   That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of drearless view,
   Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
   Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
   Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame:
With Edgar o'er the wintry main
   She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.
For well she thought, a friend so dear
   In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
   Or sooth her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright
   (The torrent bursting from her eye),
She heard the signal for the fight—
   While her soul trembled in a sigh—

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
   Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confess'd—
   Then broke the charm,—and rush'd away.

Too soon, in few—but deadly words,
   Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
' That in the foremost strife of swords
   The young, the gallant Edgar fell.'

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale—
   At every sound her blood congeal'd ;
With terour bold—with terour pale,—
   She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
   She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
   And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
   Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd ,
— Of comfort glad, the drear caress
   The damp, chill, dying hand return'd
Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-buried with the hostile dead,
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,
—The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair,—though fall'n she seem'd—
To worse than death—and deepest night.

Penrose.

THE BATTLE OF BLenheim.

IT was a summer's evening,
Old Gasper's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
She came to know what he had found,
That was so light, and large, and round

Old Gasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a nat'ral sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
Who fell in the great victory
'I find them in the garden, for
There's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out:
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in the great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes:
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for?'

'It was the English,' Gasper cried,
'That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out:
But every body said,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory!

My father liv'd at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forc'd to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had they where to hide their head

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died:
But things like these you know must be
At every famous victory.'
They say it was a shocking sight
   After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
   Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like these you know must be,
   After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
   And our good Prince Eugene——'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
   Said little Wilhelmine;
'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
   'It was a famous victory.'

'And every body prais'd the duke
   Who such a fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
   Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' quoth he,
   'But 'twas a famous victory!' Anthology.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the Sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
   Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death, to light
   The darkness of her scenery.
By torch and trumpet fast array’d,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh’d
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, by thunder riv’n;
Then flew the steed, to battle driv’n;
And, rolling like the bolts of Heav’n,
Far flash’d their red artillery

But redder yet their fires shall glow,
On Linden’s heights of crimson’d snow,
And bloodier still the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens! On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry.

’Tis morn;—but scarce yon level Sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where fiery Frank and furious Hun
Shout in their sulphury canopy.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier’s sepulchre.

Campbell
GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who the purple evening lie
On the mountain's lonely van
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, quiet dwell;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill
Sat upon a flowery bed
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottos where I lay,
And vistos shooting beams of day,
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal.
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of Heaven's bow,
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gild the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me, trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye:
Deep are his feet in Towy’s flood,
His sides are cloth’d with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find,
’Tis now the raven’s bleak abode;
’Tis now th’ apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adders breeds,
Conceal’d in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder’d walls,
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter’s day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave
And see the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!

— Dinevaar Castle.
Thus in Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

   Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r:
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

   See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear:
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.

   O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie:
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts! be great who will!
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountains heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murmur'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

The morning's fair; the lusty Sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run,
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.
I am resolv'd, this charming day,  
In the open field to stray,  
And have no roof above my head,  
But that whereon the gods do tread.  
Before the yellow barn I see  
A beautiful variety  
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,  
And flirting empty chaff about:  
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,  
And turkeys gobbling for their food.  
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,  
And tempt them all to crowd the door.  
What a fair face does Nature show!  
Augusta! wipe thy dusty brow;  
A landscape wide salutes my sight  
Of shady vales and mountains bright;  
And azure heavens I behold,  
And clouds of silver and of gold;  
And now into the fields I go,  
Where thousand flaming flowers glow,  
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,  
With honeysuckles smelling sweet.  
Now o'er the daisy-meads I stray,  
And meet with, as I pace my way,  
Sweetly shining on the eye,  
A rivulet gliding smoothly by.  
Which shows with what an easy tide  
The moments of the happy glide:  
Here, finding pleasure after pain,  
Sleeping, I see a wearied swain;  
While his full scrip lies open by,  
That does his healthy food supply.  
Happy swain! sure happier far  
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,  
With all its easy beds of down.
   The Sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays
A little onward, and I go.
Into the shade that groves bestow,
And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is silent, but some flood,
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm ev'n Silence with their lays.
   Oh! powerful Silence! how you reign
In the poet's busy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful waterfalls;
Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.
   Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring,
Where they behold a lonely well
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell,
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
   Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy.
In thorny tracts of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep? so clear!
No, it is not her voice, I find;
'Tis but the echo stays behind.
Some meditate Ambition's brow,
And the black gulf that gapes below;
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of Flattery:
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When rushing from yon rustling spray
It made them vanish all away.

I rouse me up, and on I rove;
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The Sun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees;
And as I leave the silvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see
Leaning on an aged tree,
Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below:
Through spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet and clean,
A vein of water limps along.
And makes them ever green and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
And digs up cabbage in the shade:
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown;
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.

Up Grongar Hill* I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow.
Oh! how fresh, how pure, the air!
Let me breathe a little here.

* A bill in South Wales. See the preceding poem.
Where am I, Nature? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie.
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods!
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crowding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds and barren ground.

See, below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sunbeams shine upon
To the even from the dawn.
See her woods where Echo talks,
Her garden trim, her terrace walks.
Her wilderness, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers and shining lakes.
Keep, ye gods! this humble seat
For ever pleasant, private, neat.

See yonder hill, uprising steep
Above the river slow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid;
On whose high top there rises great
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tower, whose batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon the flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain!
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
  In blushes the descending Sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows.
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires;
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To Abergasney* I descend.
  But, oh! how bless'd would be the day
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray.

Dyer.

THE WINTER'S WALK.

Behold, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

* The name of a seat belonging to the author's brother.
Nor only through the wasted plain,
   Stern Winter, is thy force confess’d;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
   I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope and fond Desire
   Resign the heart to Spleen and Care;
Scarce frightened Love maintains his fire,
   And Rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
   Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year
   The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir’d with vain joys, and false alarms,
   With mental and corporeal strife;
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
   And screen me from the ills of life.

   Dr. Johnson.

   THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY*.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
   And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
   That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heaven’s ambrosial dews were bright,
   And amorous zephyrs flutter’d on her breast:
With every shifting gleam of morning light
   The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

* Written on the 25th of July, 1754, when our style or calendar was rendered conformable to the usage of the rest of Europe.
Imperial ensigns grac’d her smiling form,
    A golden key, and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
    And that unlocks the summer’s copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
    The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
    And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope: no more in choral bands unite
    Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and Love’s mysterious rite, [lawn.
    Brush the light dew-drops* from the spangled
To her no more Augusta’s† wealthy pride
    Pours the full tribute from Potosi’s mine;
Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
    A purer offering at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole’s verdant height around
    To valour’s games th’ ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabors’ sprightlier sound
    Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop’d her head,
    Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy’d—
‘ O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
    My maiden honours, whither gone?’ she cried.

‘ Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
    The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
    The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

* Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.
† The plate-garlands, which the London milk-maids dance round.
Then, when at Heaven's prolific mandate sprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me May.

Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and valleys rung;
The Sun exulted in his glorious round,
And shouting Planets in their courses sung.

For ever then I led the constant year;
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting
Saw the mild Graces in my train appear, [wiles;
And infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.

No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace allied,
Three sister Seasons danc'd th' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring softness gently vied
With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty mien.

Too soon, when man profan'd the blessings given.
And Vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Astrea to my native Heaven
I fled, and flying saw the Deluge rage:

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain;
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis* sunk beneath the main.

* See Plato.
No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Hesperian steep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits, and
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in silvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
With quickening powers the fainting mass sus-
And wak'd her slumbering atoms into birth.

And every echo caught my raptur'd name,
And every virgin breath'd her amorous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Shower'd by the Muses, crown'd my lofty brows

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes denied,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted bounties flow.
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, violets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does evening fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from thewealthier skies?
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?
Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs.
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When Silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that Nature's bashful face,
And opening charms, her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treacherous peace;
With blushing, harbouring in their thin disguise,
The blast that riots on the Spring's increase.

Is this the fair invested with my spoil [mand*?
By Europe's laws, and Senates' stern com-
Ungenerous Europe, let me fly thy soil,
And waft my treasures to a grateful land:

Again revive on Asia's drooping shore,
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
Embowering shades, and Lybian Ammon's fane:

Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the region of eternal frost,
And swell her barren womb with heat and life:

* The alteration of style was enforced by act of parliament.
'Then Britain'—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief.
And parting pangs, her faltering tongue suppress'd:
Veil'd in an amber cloud she sought relief,
And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

I. Lovibond.

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THE HERMIT.

At 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 the 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 woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O sooth 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 my 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 splendour 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,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
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
 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.'

Beattie.
THE FOND SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy montains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love. Marlow.
THE NYMPH’S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd’s tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
In fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

The belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come with thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh.
THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl’d with dew:
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash’d with tears

Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending yet it doth not break;
I must tell you these discover,
What doubts and fears are in a lover.  Carew.

THE INQUIRY.

Amongst the myrtles as I walk’d,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk’d;
‘Tell me, (said I, in deep distress)
Where may I find my shepherdess?’

‘Thou fool, (said Love) know’st thou not this,
In every thing that’s good she is?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou may’st find her lip, her cheek

‘In yon enamell’d pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.
'In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand.
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell!

'Tis true' (said I): and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt: said Love, 'These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee:
And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:
And all the hopes of her shall wither
Like these short sweets thus knit together.'

HYMN TO CYNTIA.

Queen, and huntress, chaste, and fair,
Now the Sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
    Hesperus entreats thy light,
    Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to cheer, when day did close;
    Bless us then with wished sight,
    Goddess, excellently bright
Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright.  

_B Jonson._

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**TO THE CUCKOO.**

_Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!_
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
_Hast thou a star to guide thy path,_
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
_Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,_
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fiest thy vocal vale,
_An annual guest in other lands,_
_Another spring to hail._
Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

The Sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
And kindly loos'd the frozen soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng
Whom Nature wakes to mirth and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

'O fairest of the feather'd train!
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

'For see the wintry storms are flown,
And gentle zephyrs fan the air!
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.
The raven plumes his jetty wing
To please his croaking paramour;
The larks responsive ditties sing,
And tell their passion as they soar.

But trust me, love, the raven's wing
Is not to be compar'd with mine;
Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
As I, who strength with sweetness join.

O! let me all thy steps attend!
I'll point new treasures to thy sight;
Whether the grove thy wish befriended,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll show my love the clearest rill
Whose streams among the pebbles stray,
These will we sip, and sip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead her to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the school-boy's eye;
For her the plaster'd nest I'll make,
And on her downy pinions lie.

When, prompted by a mother's care,
Her warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,
Or cheer her labours with my song.

To bring her food I'll range the fields,
And cull the best of every kind;
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
And love's assiduous care can find.
And when my lovely mate would stray
To taste the summer sweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
And tend with care our little charge.

Then prove with me the sweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life;
No bush shall boast in all the grove
So fond a mate, so bless'd a wife.'

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
With soft indulgence heard the strain;
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
And hasted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And nestled closely to her side;
The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
And she, the most delighted bride

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
'Behold,' he said, 'the new-born day!
The lark his matin peal has rung,
Arise, my love, and come away.'

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side;
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

When oh! with grief the Muse relates
The mournful sequel of my tale:
Sent by an order from the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.
Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, 'My dear,  
Haste, haste away, from danger fly;  
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;  
O spare my love, and let me die.'

At him the gunner, took him aim;  
His aim, alas! was all too true;  
O! had he chose some other game!  
Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair; forgive the wrong,  
While I with tears your fate rehearse;  
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,  
And save the lover in my verse.  

Jago.

THE DYING KID.

A tear bedews my Delia's eye,  
To think yon playful kid must die;  
From crystal spring and flowery mead  
Must in his prime of life recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round  
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;  
From rock to rock pursue his way,  
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,  
She saw him climb my rustic cell,  
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,  
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.
She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood,
Then skipp’d aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed;
And how, with critic face profound
And steadfast ear, devour’d the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia’s care,
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more!
Ah! soon eras’d from every grove
Were Delia’s name and Strephon’s love.

No more those bow’rs might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz’d on thee;
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin’d.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care,
And when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain?
Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date,
And I will join my tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

*Shenstone.*

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**HEALTH. AN ELOGUE.**

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand:
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

'Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian air
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale,
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

'Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I:
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the Sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

'Come, country goddess, come, nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train:
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee

'Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,
Or, lolling, fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouthed hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds:
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate;
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change,

Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

O come! thou goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along;
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow’rs,  
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow’rs,  
To welcome her, this summer seat I dress’d;  
And here I court her when she comes to rest;  
When she from exercise to learned ease  
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.  
‘Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,  
And Tully’s Tusculum revives in mine:  
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,  
And such as make me rather good than great:  
Or o’er the works of easy fancy rove,  
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:  
The native Bard that on Sicilian plains  
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;  
Or Maro’s muse that in the fairest light  
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;  
These soft amusements bring Content along,  
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.  
Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,  
When the next comes, I’ll charm thee thus again.  
Parnell.

MORNING: A PASTORAL.

In the barn the tenant cock,  
Close to partlet perch’d on high,  
Briskly crows, (the shepherd’s clock!)  
Jocund that the morning’s nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain’s brow,  
Shadows, nurs’d by night, retire:  
And the peeping sunbeam, now  
Paints with gold the village spire.
Philomel forsakes the thorn,
    Plantive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
    Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
    See the chattering swallow spring
Darting through the one-arch bridge,
    Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
    Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
    Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd
    (Restless till her task be done),
Now the busy bee's employ'd,
    Sipping dew before the Sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
    Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
    When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
    (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
    Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
    On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
    Echoes to the rising day Cunningham.
NOON: A PASTORAL

FERVID on the glittering flood,
    Now the noontide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infants bud,
    Not a dew drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
    From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
    Pendent o'er his grassy seat,

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
    Where, uncheck'd the sunbeams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
    By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round
    O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
    Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
    Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
    Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
    Not a fluttering zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noontide beam
    Scorch its soft, its silken wings.
Not a leaf has leave to stir,  
    Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!  
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,  
    Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,  
    Till the fresh descending shower,  
Grateful to the thirsty ground,  
    Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,  
    Now the warblers' throats in tune!  
Blithsome is the verdant scene,  
    Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

Cunningham

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**EVENING: A PASTORAL.**

O'er the heath the heifer strays  
    Free;—(the furrow'd task is done)  
Now the village windows blaze,  
    Burnish'd by the setting Sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,  
    Sinking from a golden sky:  
Can the pencil's mimic skill  
    Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go  
    (To the smoking hamlet bound),  
Giant-like their shadows grow,  
    Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.
Where the rising forest spreads
    Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
    See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with vary’d tune,
    Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent Moon,
    Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
    From the barn, or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
    Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
    Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks a ruffled tide
    Verges, in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
    O’er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion’d lass,
    With her well-pois’d milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber’d notes,
    And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats
    Bid the setting Sun adieu!  Cunningham.
O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast;
Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best:
While thrown from my guard by some glances she
Love sily stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine!)
'I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.'

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek!
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

Cunningham.

PHŒBE: A PASTORAL.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest:
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,
I was so good-humoured, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime!
But now in their frolics, when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass,
'Be still then,' I cry, 'for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.'

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
'Come hither, poor fellow;' and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look,
Cry, 'Sirrah!' and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe what sights have I seen!
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn fields and hedges, and every thing made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else an agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful hue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for, a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay, [say.
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion re-
move;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn
Ah what shall I do? I shall die with despair!
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

Byrom.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind, that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply:
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

'Alas, silly swain that I was,
(Thus sadly complaining he cried,)
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

'How foolish was I to believe
She could dote on so lowly a clown;
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love!
What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around:
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd;
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false and to change,
'Tis mine, to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found;
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale Moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.'
A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS.

1. Absence.

Ye shepherds! so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine,
May I lose both my pipe and my crook
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.
But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray’d
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc’d the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz’d as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern:
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return,

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov’d from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe;
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. Hope.

My banks they are furnish’d with bees,
Whose murmur invites us to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
    Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
    Where the harebells and violets grow.
Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
    But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
    But a sweetbriar entwines it around:
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
    More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
    But it glitters with fishes of gold.
One would think she might like to retire
    To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
    But I hasted and planted it there,
O how sudden the jessamine strove
    With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
    To prune the wild branches away.
From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
    What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
    From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
    Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
    As—she may not be fond to resign.
I have found out a gift for my fair;
    I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
    She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more

Can a bosom so gently remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.
III. Solicitude.

Why will you my passion reprove?
    Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
    She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
    With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
    She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
    Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain,
    That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
    Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown,
    —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
    Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how with one trivial glance
    Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
    And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh! may Phyllis beware
    Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
    'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold—
' How her face is as bright as the snow,
    And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
  With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
  Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
  And pillages every sweet,
Then suit ing the wreath to his lays,
  He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
 'O Phyllis!' he whispers, 'more fair,
  More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r!'
What are pinks in a morn to compare?
  What is egalantine after a show'r?

  'Then the lily no longer is white,
  Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,
Then the violets die with despite,
  And the woodbines give up their perfume.'
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
  And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
  Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
  So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
  So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
  Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
  Or sure I must envy the song.
iv. Disappointment.

Ye shepherds! give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love,
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.

Ah! love every hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
Tho flow'rb, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods! spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recess I fly,
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove.
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love!
Was faithless, and I am undone. Shenstone

SOLIMA:

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

Ye maids of Aden! hear a loftier tale
Then e'er was sung in meadow, dower, or dale,
—The smiles of Abelah, and Maisa's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer air
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewell, love! and farewell, youthful fires!
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets: and, ye gales, be still.
"See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales;
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green;
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bow'rs,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flow'rs
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?
Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring*;
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom entwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;—
Ah! not for this she taught those bow'rs to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)

* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Ross.
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can Heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask;
Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids,
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way:
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye:
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes;
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.
When chill'd with fear the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.
Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head!
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays!
And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flow'r
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bow'r,
Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hagar's grove.'
So sung the youth, whose sweetly warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm;
The camel's bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;
Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent;
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept;
Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest:
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

Sir William Jones.

END OF VOL. II.
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