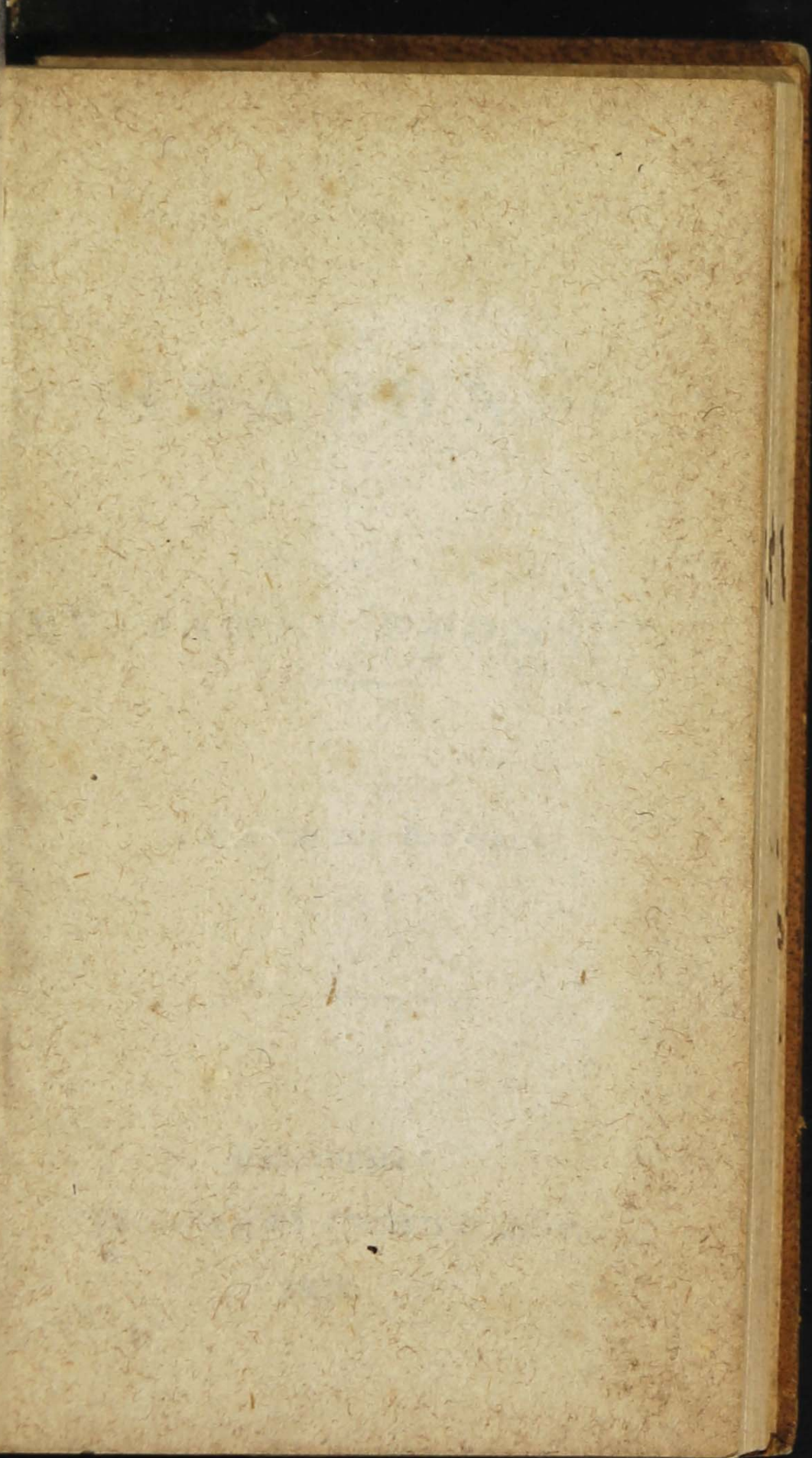
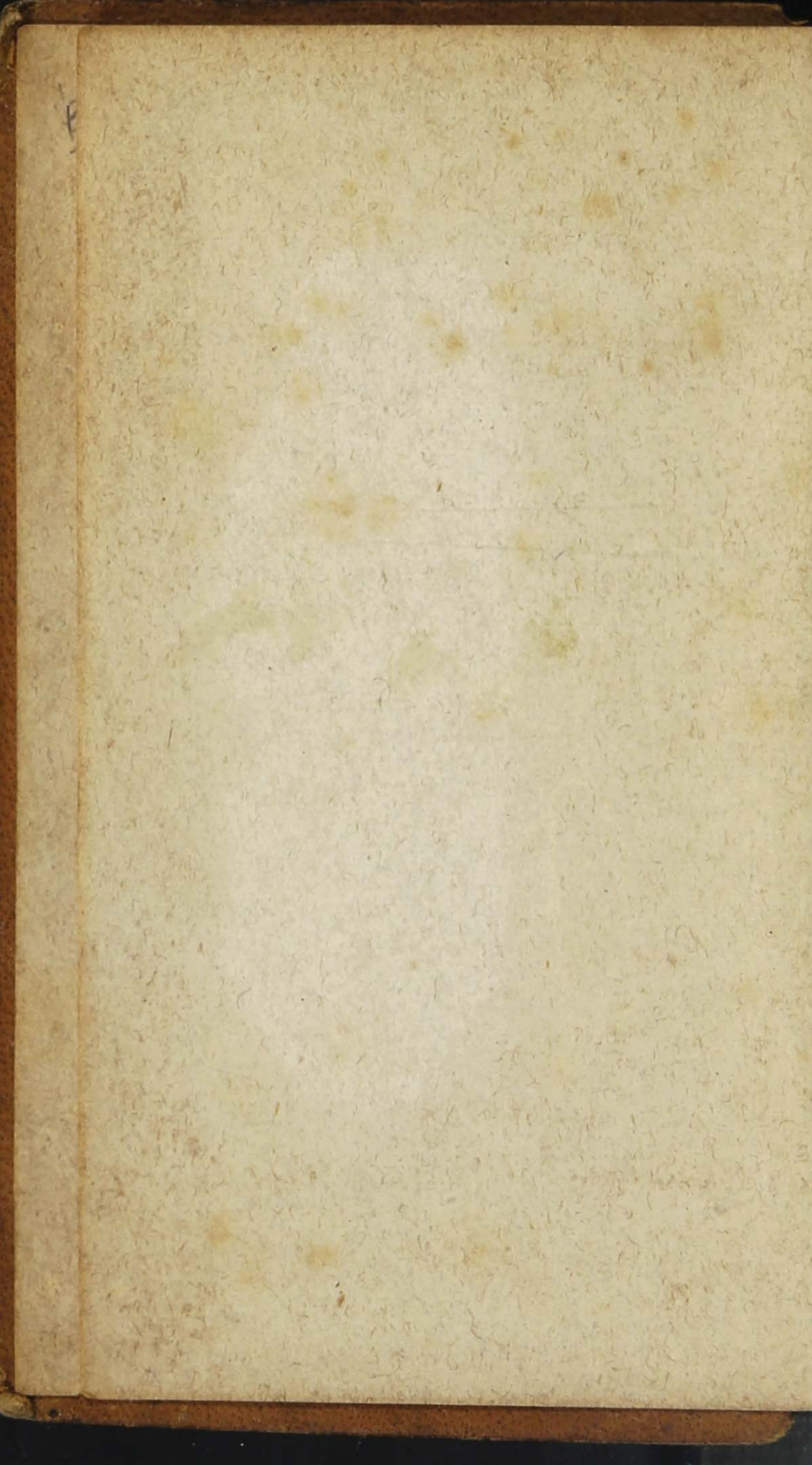




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THE

SEASONS.

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BY JAMES THOMSON.

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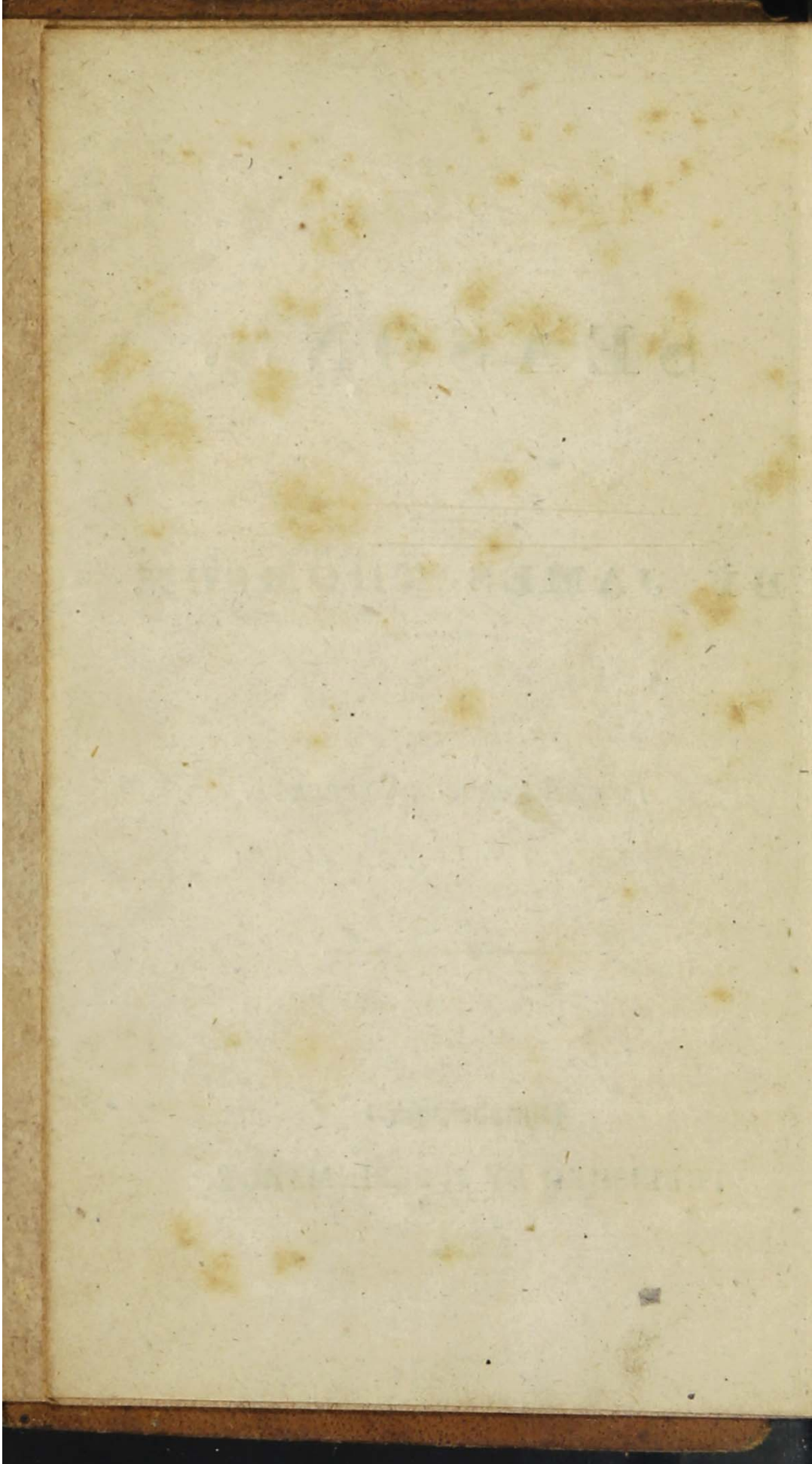
IN ONE VOLUME, COMPLETE.

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Philadelphia :

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1828.



# THE SEASONS,

&c.

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## SPRING.

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The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; Concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

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

O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all  
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

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

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
 And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets  
 Deform the day delightless: so that scarce  
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulf'd,  
 To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore  
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

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

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,  
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
 Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives  
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers [plough  
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well used  
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.  
 There unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke  
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.  
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share  
 The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,  
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While thro' the neighbouring fields the sower  
 stalks,  
 With measured step; and liberal throws the grain  
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:



SPRING.

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man  
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow;  
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!  
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
 Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live  
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
 Think these lost themes, unworthy of your ear:  
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung  
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height  
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.  
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd  
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:  
 And some, with whom compared your insect tribes  
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
 Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm  
 Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,  
 Disdaining little delicacies, seized  
 The plough, and greatly independent lived.

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

Nor only through the lenient air this change,  
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,  
 His force deep darting to the dark retreat  
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power  
 At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,  
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!  
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!  
 United light and shade! where the sight dwells  
 With growing strength and ever new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,  
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
 And swells and deepens to the cherish'd eye.  
 'The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves  
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
 'Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;  
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd  
 In all the colours of the flushing year,  
 By Nature's swift and secret working hand  
 The garden flows, and fills the liberal air  
 With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit  
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,  
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,  
 Buried in smoke and sleep and noisome damps,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops  
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling  
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
 Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk;  
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend

Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains;  
And see the country far diffused around,  
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower  
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye  
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath  
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

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

Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.  
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,  
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft  
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,  
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,  
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft  
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course  
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year.  
To check this plague, the skillful farmer chaff  
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;  
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe  
From every cranny suffocated falls:  
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust  
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:  
Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,  
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest:  
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,  
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

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

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

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up  
Within his iron cave, the effusive south  
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.  
As first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
Scarce staining ether; but, by swift degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep  
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom;  
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,  
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
And full of every hope and every joy,  
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath  
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and mute imploring eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,

To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;  
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,  
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
And forests seem impatient to demand  
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.  
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,  
By such as wander through the forest walks,  
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
But who can hold the shade while heaven descends  
In universal bounty, shedding herbs  
And fruits and flowers on nature's ample lap!  
Swift fancy fired anticipates their growth;  
And while the milky nutriment distils,  
Beholds the kindling country colour round.  
'Thus all day long the full distended clouds  
Indulge their genial stores, and well shower'd earth  
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;  
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.  
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
The illumined mountain, through the forest streams,  
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,

In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems,  
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape  
around.

Full swell the woods; their music wakes,  
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brook,  
Increased, the distant beatings of the hills,  
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,  
Whence blending, all the sweeten'd zephyrs  
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds  
In fair proportion running from the red  
To where the violet fades into the sky.  
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds  
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism  
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold  
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed  
From the white mingling maze. Not so the  
He wondering views the bright enchantment  
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
To catch the falling glory; but amazed  
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,  
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds  
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth  
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,  
Raised through ten thousand different plastic  
The balmy treasures of the former day.  
Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild  
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power  
Of botanists to number up their tribes:

whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
 silent search, or through the forest, rank  
 what the dull incurious weeds account,  
 casts his blind way; or climbs the mountain rock,  
 led by the nodding verdure of its brow.  
 how such a liberal hand has Nature flung  
 her seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,  
 numerous mix'd them with the nursing mould,  
 moistening current, and prolific rain.  
 but who their virtues can declare? who pierce,  
 whose vision pure, into these secret stores  
 health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,  
 shall he yet be lived in innocence, and told  
 the length of golden years; unlesh'd in blood,  
 stranger to the savage arts of life,  
 without rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;  
 a lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.  
 when the first fresh dawn then waked the gladden'd  
 race  
 uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see  
 sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;  
 their light slumbers gently fum'd away;  
 up they rose as vigorous as the sun,  
 the culture of the willing glebe,  
 the cheerful tendance of the flock;  
 at morn the song went round; and dance and  
 sport,  
 morn and friendly talk, successive, stole  
 the hours away: while in the rosy vale  
 breathed his infant sighs, from anguiah free,

And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,  
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.  
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,  
 Was known among those happy sons of heaven ;  
 For reason and benevolence were law.  
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,  
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun  
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds  
 Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead  
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart  
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.  
 For music held the whole in perfect peace :  
 Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard  
 Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round  
 Applied their choir ; and winds and waters flow'd  
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd manners,  
 whence

The fabling poets took their golden age,  
 Are found no more amid these iron times,  
 These dregs of life ! now the distemper'd mind  
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,  
 Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all  
 Is off the poise within : the passions all  
 Have burst their bounds ; and reason, half extinct  
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees  
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,



Convulsive anger storms at large; or, pale  
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.  
 Base envy withers at another's joy,  
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.  
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,  
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.  
 E'en love itself is bitterness of soul,  
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;  
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more  
 That noble wish that never cloy'd desire,  
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone  
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.  
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,  
 Of life impatient, into madness swells;  
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours,  
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,  
 From ever changing views of good and ill  
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind  
 With endless storm; whence deeply rankling,  
     grows  
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern,  
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;  
 When dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,  
 Forward deceit, and ruffian violence:  
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell  
 And joyless inhumanity pervades  
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd  
 Deem'd, vindictive, to have changed her course  
 Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:  
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd

The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,  
 With universal burst, into the gulf,  
 And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth  
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;  
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,  
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,  
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen  
 Shock forth his waste of snows: and Summer shot  
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,  
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms  
 blush'd,

In social sweetness, on the selfsame bough.  
 Pure was the temperate air; an even calm  
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland  
 Breathed o'er the blue expanse: for then no storms  
 Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage;  
 Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms  
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;  
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,  
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.  
 But now, ofturbid elements the sport,  
 From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,  
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,  
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,  
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;  
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul  
 Of nutriment and health and vital powers,  
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious bless'd.

Nor, with hot ravine fired, ensanguined Man  
s now become the lion of the plain,  
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
Pierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her  
milk,  
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,  
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,  
Her plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
With hunger stung and wild necessity,  
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,  
With every kind emotion in his heart,  
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap  
He pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain  
Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!  
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,  
Ever stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,  
And dip his tongue in gore? the beast of prey,  
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks,  
That have you done; ye peaceful people, what,  
To merit death? you, who have given us milk  
Luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
Against the Winter's cold? and the plain ox,  
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
What has he offended! he, whose toil,  
Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land  
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,  
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,

To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,  
Won by his labour? thus the feeling heart  
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,  
In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd  
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage,  
High heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state  
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,  
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream  
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,  
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,  
To tempt the trout. The well dissembled fly,  
The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,  
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
And all thy slender watery stores prepare.  
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm  
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds:  
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,  
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun  
Has pierc'd the streams, and roused the finny race  
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;  
Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.  
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brook

The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze  
Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
Their little naiads love to sport at large  
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
Around the stone, or from the hallow'd bank  
Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
'There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;  
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
Straight as above the surface of the flood  
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,  
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:  
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,  
With various hand proportion'd to their force.  
If yet too young and easily deceived,  
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,  
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space  
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,  
Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,  
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;  
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,

With sullen plunge. At once he darts along  
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:  
 'Then seeks the furthest ooze, the sheltering weed;  
 'The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;  
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:  
 'Till floating broad upon his breathless side,  
 And to his fate abandon'd to the shore  
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the  
 sun  
 Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering  
 clouds,  
 Even shooting listless languor through the deeps;  
 'Then seek the bank were flowering elders crowd,  
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale  
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang  
 'The dowy head, where purple violets lurk,  
 With all the lowly children of the shade:  
 Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,  
 Hung o'er the steep; whence borne on liquid wing  
 'The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,  
 High in the bleeting clift, his eyry builds.  
 'There let the classic page thy fancy lead  
 Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain  
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song,  
 Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift

Athwart imagination's vivid eye:  
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,  
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,  
 Confused, of careless solitude, where mix  
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,  
 Sooth every gust of passion into peace;  
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
 That weaken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse  
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint  
 Like Nature? Can imagination boast,  
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then  
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,  
 Ah, what shall language do? Ah, where fine words  
 Tinged with so many colours; and whose power,  
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays  
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,  
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successful, will the toil delight.  
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts  
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;  
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!  
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!  
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:

Oh, come! and while the rosy-footed May  
Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.  
See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
Friguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks  
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the glass,  
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,  
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,  
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast  
A fuller gale of joy, than liberal, thence [soul.  
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd  
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,  
Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,  
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild;  
Where, undisguised by mimic Art, she spreads  
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.  
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,  
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,  
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.  
At length the finish'd garden to the view  
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
Watch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye



Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk  
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps.  
Now meets the bending sky ; the river now  
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,  
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
The ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
But why so far excursive ; when at hand,  
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;  
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;  
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;  
The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron brown ;  
And lavish stock that scents the garden round :  
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemones ; auricles, enrich'd  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;  
And full ranunculas of glowing red.  
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays  
Her idle freaks ; from family diffused  
To family, as flies the father dust,  
The varied colours run ; and while they break  
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks,  
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,  
Firstborn of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :  
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,  
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; not jonquilles,

Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,  
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;  
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;  
 Nor, shower'd from every blush, the damask rose.  
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,  
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul

Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!  
 To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,  
 Continual, climb; who, with a master hand,  
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.  
 By Thee the various vegetative tribes,  
 Wrapp'd in a filmy net and clad with leaves,  
 Draw the live ether and imbibe the dew;  
 By Thee disposed into congenial soils,  
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells  
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.  
 At Thy command the vernal sun awakes  
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root  
 By wintry winds; that now, in fluent dance,  
 And lively fermentation mounting, spreads  
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world

My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,  
 My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods  
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales oh, pour  
 The mazy-running soul of melody  
 Into my varied verse! while I deduce,

From the first note the hollow cuckoosings,  
'The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
Unknown to fame,—the Passion of the Groves.  
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart  
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,  
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;  
And try again the long forgotten strain,  
At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows  
'The soft infusion prevalent and wide,  
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,  
Shrill voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush  
And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng  
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes in thought  
Elate, to make her night excel their day,  
'The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;  
'The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:  
Nor are the limits, o'er the flowering furze  
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Joined to these  
Innumerable songsters, in the freshing shade

Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook the daw,  
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
 Aid the full concert: while the stockdove breathes  
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
 This waste of music is the voice of love;  
 That even to birds and beasts the tender arts  
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
 Try every winning way inventive love  
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
 Pour forth their little souls. First wide around,  
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,  
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
 The cunning, conscious, half averted glance  
 Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem  
 Softening the least approvance to bestow,  
 Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspired,  
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,  
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach;  
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
 And shiver every feather with desire.

Condubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;  
 That Nature's great command may be obey'd:  
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
 Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge  
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;  
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn

Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree  
Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
Their food is insects, and its moss their nests.  
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,  
Or roughening waste, their humbled texture weave,  
But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
Deep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
Whose murmurs sooth them all the livelong day,  
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots  
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,  
They frame the first foundation of their domes;  
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But restless hurry through the busy air,  
That by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Or tent. And often, from the careless back  
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
Tuck hair and wool; and oft when unobserved,  
Steal from the barn a straw: till, soft and warm,  
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.  
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
By sharp hunger or by smooth delight,  
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her  
Blows,  
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
High on the opposite bank, and ceaseless sings  
The tedious time away; or else supplies

Her place a moment, while she sudden flits  
 To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time  
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light  
 A helpless family, demanding food  
 With constant clamour: O, what passions thro'  
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly  
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
 The most delicious morsel to their young;  
 Which equally distributed, again  
 The search begins. E'en so a gentle pair,  
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould  
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar brood  
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,  
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,  
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.  
 Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting love,  
 By the great Father of the Spring inspired,  
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,  
 And, to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,  
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest  
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive  
 The' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the  
 head  
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover  
 wheels

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

Be not the muse ashamed here to bemoan  
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man  
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
From liberty confined and boundless air.  
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;  
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,  
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beach.  
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,  
To spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear  
On your bosom innocence can win,  
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament  
Her ruin'd care, too delicately framed  
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
When, returning with her loaded bill,  
Her astonished mother finds a vacant nest,  
By the hard hands of unrelenting clowns  
Knock'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;  
Her pinions ruffle, and low drooping scarce  
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;  
Here, all abandon'd to despair, she sings  
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the  
bough,

Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
 Takes up again her lamentable strain  
 Of winding wo; till, wide around, the woods  
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bou  
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings  
 Demand the free possession of the sky:  
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
 Parental love at once, now needless grown.  
 Unlavish wisdom never works in vain.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
 When nought but balm is breathing through th  
 woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad  
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,  
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er t  
 boughs

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
 Their resolution fails; their pinious still,  
 In loose vibration stretch'd to trust the void  
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly  
 The parent guides, and chide, exhort, comman  
 Or push them off. The surging air receives  
 Its plummy burden; and their self-taught wings  
 Winnow the waving element. On ground  
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,  
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight  
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power  
 Roused into life and action, light in air



acquitted parents see their soaring race,  
 once rejoicing never know them more.  
 gh from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
 g o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
 tmost Kilda's\* shore, whose lonely race  
 gn the setting sun to Indian worlds,  
 royal eagle draws his vigorous young,  
 ig-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire.  
 fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
 rives them from his fort, the towering seat,  
 ages, of his empire; which, in peace,  
 ain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
 wings his course, and preys in distant isles.  
 ould I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
 se lofty elms and venerable oaks  
 e the rook, who high amid the boughs,  
 rly Spring, his airy city builds,  
 ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleased,  
 ight the various polity survey  
 e mix'd household kind. The careful hen  
 s all her chirping family around,  
 and defended by the fearless cock;  
 se breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,  
 eful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
 finely checker'd duck, before her train,  
 s garrulous. The stately sailing swan  
 s out his snowy plumage to the gale;  
 arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
 s forward fierce, and guards his o'er isle,

\* The furthest of the western islands of Scotland

Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
Loud threatening, reddens; while the peaco  
spreads

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

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

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
Of brutes below rush furious into flame  
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins  
The bull, deep-scourch'd, the raging passion feels  
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood  
Dejected wanders, nor the enticing bud  
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.  
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapp'd,  
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns  
His rival gored in every knotty trunk.

When should he meet, the bellowing war begins;  
Their eyes flash fury; to the hallow'd earth,  
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deed  
And, groaning deep, the impetuous battle mix:  
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,  
Stand kindling up their rage. The trembling ste  
With this hot impulse seized in every nerve,  
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thor

ows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,  
d by the well known joy to distant plains  
traeted strong, all wild he bursts away;  
er rocks and woods and craggy mountains flies;  
d, neighing, on the aerial summit takes  
e exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves  
e headlong torrents foaming down the hill,  
en where the madness of the straiten'd stream  
urns in black eddies round: such is the force  
ith which his frantic heart and sinews swell.  
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring  
e the broad monsters of the foaming deep  
om the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused,  
ey flounce and tremble in unwieldy joy.  
re were the strain, and dissonant, to sing  
e cruel raptures of the savage kind:  
ow by this flame their native wrath sublimed,  
ey roam, amid the fury of their heart,  
ne far resoûding waste in fiercer bands,  
nd growl their horrid loves. But this the theme  
sing, enraptured, to the British Fair,  
orbids, and leads me to the mountain brow,  
here sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,  
haling, healthful, the descending sun.  
round him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
f various cadence; and his sportive lambs,  
his way and that convolved, in friskful glee,  
heir frolics play. And now the sprightly race  
vites them forth; when swift, the signal given,  
hey start away, and sweep the massy mound

That runs around the hill ; the rampart once  
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,  
 When disunited Britain ever bled,  
 Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew  
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state.  
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden  
 heads :

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

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

These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?  
 Inspiring God ! who, boundless Spirit all,  
 And unremitting Energy, prevades,  
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.  
 He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone  
 Seems not to work : with such perfection framed  
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.  
 But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye  
 The informing Author in his works appears :  
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,  
 The Smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,  
 And air attest his bounty ; which exalts  
 The brute creation to this finer thought  
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts  
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,  
 And sing the infusive force of Spring on man.

When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie  
To raise his being and serene his soul,  
Can he forbear to join the general smile  
Of nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
While every gale is peace, and every grove  
A melody? hence! from the bounteous walks  
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,  
Ye hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,  
Cease only lav'sh to yourselves; away!  
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,  
All his works, creative bounty burns  
With warmest beam; and on your open front  
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat  
Inviting modest want. Nor, till invoked,  
In restless goodness wait; your active search  
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored;  
Like silent working Heaven, surprising oft  
The lonely heart with unexpected good.  
For you the roving spirit of the wind  
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds  
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;  
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,  
The flower of human race! in these green days,  
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;  
Life flows afresh; and young-eyed health exalts  
The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
To purchase. Pure serenity apace  
Induces thought and contemplation still.

By swift degrees the love of Nature works,  
 And warms the bosom; till at last, sublimed  
 To rapture and enthusiastic heat,  
 We feel the present Deity, and taste  
 The joy of God to see a happy world!

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

The British Tempe! there along the dale,  
 With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy  
                   rocks,

Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
 And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,  
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,  
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade  
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
 Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,  
 And pensive listen to the various voice  
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,  
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills  
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,  
 You wander through the philosophic world;  
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,  
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,

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

Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunts  
 The hospitable genius lingers still,  
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees  
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;  
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds  
 That skirt the blue-horizon, dusky rise.

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

The shining moisture swells into her eyes,  
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves  
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize  
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick  
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!  
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:  
 Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,  
 Downcast and low, in meek submission dress'd  
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,  
 Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,  
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

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



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

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

And great design, against the oppressive load  
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

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

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

Her nature fades extinct; and she alone,  
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,

Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.  
Books are but formal dullness, tedious friends ;  
And sad amid the social band he sits,  
Lonely, and inattentive. From his tongue  
The unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away  
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;  
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
In melancholy site, with head declined,  
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream  
Romantic, hangs ; there through the pensive d  
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
Indulging all to love ; or on the bank  
Thrown, amid drooping lilies swells the breeze  
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tear  
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,  
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon  
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,  
Eelighen'd by degrees, and in her train  
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walk  
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve  
To mingle woes with his ; or, while the world  
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,  
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;  
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours  
His idly-tortured heart into the page,

Meant for the moving messenger of love ;  
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
With rising frenzy fired. But if on bed  
Delirious flung, sleep from the pillow flies,  
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
In any posture finds ; till the gray morn  
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Exanimate by love ; and then perhaps  
Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest,  
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
And in black colours paints the mimic scene.  
Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks ;  
Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retired  
To secret winding flower enwoven bowers,  
Far from the dull impertinence of man,  
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
Begins to loose in blind oblivious love,  
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,  
Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths  
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
In night and tempest wrapp'd ; or shrinks aghast,  
Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades  
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach  
The further shore ; where succourless and sad,  
She with extended arms his aid implores ;  
But strives in vain ; borne by the outrageous flood  
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.  
These are the charming agonies of love,

Whose misery delights. But through the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
But agony unmix'd incessant gall,  
Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
Farewell! ye gleamings of departed peace,  
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,  
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes  
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed.  
Suffused and glaring with untender fire;  
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,  
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,  
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears  
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views  
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.  
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,  
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,  
Her first endearments twining round the soul,  
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.  
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,  
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the  
veins;

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

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,  
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-illumined 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 breath the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear  
Surprising often, while you look around,  
And nothing strikes your eye but sight 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 jarry 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.

## SUMMER.

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

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

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

And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink  
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
And sing the glories of the circling year.  
Come, inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,  
By mortal seldom found: my fancy dare,



From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance  
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look  
Creative of the poet, every power,  
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,  
In whom the human graces all unite:  
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart:  
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,  
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,  
In seldom-meeting harmony combined;  
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal  
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man;  
O Dodington! attend my rural song,  
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,  
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

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

When now no more the alternate twins are fired,  
And cancer reddens with the solar blaze,  
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;  
And soon, observant of approaching day

The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,  
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :  
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;  
 And, from before the lustre of her face,  
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step  
 Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,  
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top  
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine  
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
 Limp, awkward; while long the forest glade  
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
 At early passenger. Music awakes  
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;  
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;  
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.  
 Falsely luxurious: will not man awake ;  
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
 To meditation due and sacred song ?  
 For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise ?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;  
 Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul !  
 Or else, to feverish vanity alive,  
 Wildered and tossing through distemper'd dreams :

Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
 Longer than nature craves ; when every muse  
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly devious morning walk ?

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

High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light !  
 Of all material beings first and best !  
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd  
 In unessential gloom ! and thou, O Sun !  
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen  
 Shines out thy maker ! may I sing of thee ?

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

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

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
 And not as now, the green abodes of life!  
 How many forms of being wait on thee!  
 Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,  
 By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,  
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,  
 Parent of seasons! who the pomp precede  
 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain  
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,  
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.  
 Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay  
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
 A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,  
 High seen, the seasons lead, in sprightly dance  
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,  
 The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,  
 Of bloom ethereal the light footed dews,  
 And soften'd into joy the surly storms  
 These in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
 Shower every beauty every fragrance shower,  
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits; and kindling at thy  
 touch,

From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,  
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined:  
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,  
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power]

Effulgent, hence the veiny marbles shines:  
 Hence labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd  
 War

Gleams on the day! the nobler works of peace  
 Hence bless mankind, and generous commerce  
 binds

The round of nations in a golden chain.

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

The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
 Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright.

And all its native lustre let abroad,

Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,  
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,  
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.

From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes  
 Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,

The purple streaming amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of spring,

When first she gives it to the southern gale,

Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin-  
 ed,

Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams

Or, flying several from its surface, form

A trembling variance of revolving hues,

As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,

Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,

In brighter mazes the reluctant stream  
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys,  
 Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.  
 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,  
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
 And all the much transported muse can sing,  
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
 Unequal far great delegated source  
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below?

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

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,  
 ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise;  
 Thy works themselves would raise a general  
 voice,

E'en in the depth of solitary woods  
 By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,  
 And to the choir celestial THEE resound,

The eternal cause, support, and end of all!  
To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;  
And to pursue its all instructing page,  
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
Some easy passage raptured to translate,  
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms  
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
On fancy's eagle wing excursive soar.

Now flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,  
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills  
In party colour'd bands; till wild unveil'd  
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,  
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere  
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,  
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires;  
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,  
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;  
While tyrant heat, disspreading through the sky,  
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts  
On man and beast and herb and tepid stream.

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

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;

His flock before him stepping to the fold:  
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
 The food of innocence and health! the daw,  
 The rook, and magpie, to the gray grown oaks  
 That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight:  
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd  
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;  
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
 The housedog with the vacant greyhound lies,  
 Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
 O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,  
 They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain  
 To let the little noisy summer race  
 Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,  
 Not mean though simple; to the sun allied,  
 From him they draw their animating fire.

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



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

Resounds the living surface of the ground  
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum  
To him who muses through the woods at noon;  
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,  
With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade  
Of willows gray, close crowding o'er the brook.  
Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,  
Evading e'en the microscopic eye!  
Full nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass  
Of animals, or atoms organized,  
Waiting the vital breath, when parent heaven  
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,  
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud  
Of pestilence. Though subterranean cells,  
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,  
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf  
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,  
Within its winding citadel, the stone  
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,  
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,  
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
Of mellow fruit the nameless nations feed  
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool  
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,  
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.  
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,  
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream  
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,

Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd  
By the kind art of forming heaven, escape  
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds  
In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,  
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl  
He would abhorrent turn: and in dead night,  
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax  
Creative wisdom, as if aught was form'd  
In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?  
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,  
On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art!  
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
And lives the man, whose universal eye  
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things;  
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,  
As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
That this availeth nought? Has any seen  
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
From infinite Perfection to the brink  
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss?  
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
Will then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
And hymns of holy wonder to that power  
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds

As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

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

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;  
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose  
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands  
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.  
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row  
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,  
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:  
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The russet haycock rises thick behind.  
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook  
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,  
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.  
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamour much, of men and boys and dogs,  
Ere the soft fearful people of the flood  
Commit their wooly sides. And oft the swain,  
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in;  
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.  
Repeated this, till deep the well wash'd fleece  
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;  
Heavy and dripping to the breezy brow  
Slow move the harmless race: where as they spread  
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
Inly disturb'd and wondering what this wild  
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
The country fill; and toss'd from rock to rock,  
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks  
Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd,  
Head above head: and ranged in lusty rows  
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.  
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,

Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
Her smiles, sweet beaming on her shepherd king;  
While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace;  
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
To stamp the master's cipher ready stand;  
Others the unwilling wether drag along;  
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy  
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.  
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,  
By needy man, that all-depending lord,  
How meek, how patient the mild creature lies!  
What softness in its melancholy face,  
What dumb complaining innocence appears!  
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife  
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;  
No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,  
Who having now, to pay his annual care,  
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees  
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands  
The exalted stores of every brighter clime,  
The treasures of the sun without his rage:  
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,  
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence  
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en now,  
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;

Hence rules the circling deep, and awos the world.

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

All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!  
And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,  
And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,  
And restless turn, and look around for night;  
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.  
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side  
Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,  
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:

Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
 And fresh bedew'd with ever spouting streams,  
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,  
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,  
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,  
 And every passion aptly harmonized,  
 And a jarring world with vice inflamed.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!  
 Ye lofty pines? ye venerable oaks!  
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!  
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
 As to the hunted hare the sallying spring,  
 Or stream, full flowing, that his swelling sides  
 Laves, as he floats along the herbage'd brink.  
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort  
 glides;

The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye  
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;  
 And light shoots swift through all the lighten'd  
 limbs

Around the adjoining brook, that purls along  
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
 Gently diffused into a limpid plain;  
 A various group the herds and flocks compose,  
 Rural confusion! on the grassy bank  
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip



The circling surface. In the middle droops  
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,  
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides  
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
Slumbers the monarch swain: his careless arm  
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;  
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;  
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

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

Oft in this season too the horse, provoked,  
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
Springs the high fence; and o'er the field effused,  
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,  
And heart estranged to fear: his nervous chest,  
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!  
Bears down the opposing stream: quenchless his  
thirst;

He takes the river at redoubled draughts;  
And with wide nostril, snorting, skims the wave.  
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth  
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:

That, forming high in air a woodland choir,  
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
And all is awful listening gloom around.

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

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
Or stalk majestic on. Deep roused, I feel  
A sacred terror, a severe delight  
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, me-  
thinks,

A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear  
Of fancy strikes:—"Be not of us afraid,  
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we  
From the same parent power our beings drew,

The same our Lord and laws and great pursuit,  
 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life  
 Toil'd tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind,  
 Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
 Then fear not us; but with responsive song,  
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd  
 By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
 Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.  
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
 When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,  
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
 And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,  
 The deepening dale, or inmost silvan glade:  
 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,  
 In contemplation, or the hallow'd ear  
 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."  
 And art thou, Stanley,\* of that sacred band,  
 Alas, for us too soon! though raised above  
 The reach of human pain, above the flight  
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray  
 Of sadly pleased remembrance, must thou feel  
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:  
 Who seeks thee still in many a former scene;  
 Who seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,  
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense  
 Inspired: where mortal wisdom mildly shone,  
 Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd

\* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1733, upon whom Thomson wrote an epitaph.

In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.  
 But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;  
 Or rather to parental nature pay  
 The tears of greatful joy, who for awhile  
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom  
 Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth.  
 Believe the muse: the wintry blast of death  
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread  
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,  
 Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision wrapp'd,  
 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound  
 Of a near fall of water every sense  
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift shrinkin  
 back,

I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood  
 Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all  
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round  
 At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad;  
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below  
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
 Nor can the tortured wave here find repose:  
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments now  
 Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;  
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,

With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar,  
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,  
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow  
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,  
With upward pinions, through the flood of day:  
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,  
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,  
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,  
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower  
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stock-dove only through the forest coos,  
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
Short interval of weary woe! again  
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,  
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,  
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds  
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

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

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
While nature lies around deep lull'd in noon,  
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,  
And view the wonders of the torrid zone:  
Times unrelenting! with whose rage compared,

Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,  
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky  
 The short-lived twilight: and with ardent blaze  
 Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:  
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,  
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,  
 The general breeze,\* to mitigate his fire,  
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.  
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'  
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year  
 Returning suns and double seasons† pass:  
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mine  
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,  
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays;  
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,  
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;  
 Or, to the far horizon wide diffused,  
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,  
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods,  
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven  
 Their thorny stems, and abroad around them throw  
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,  
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste

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

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

And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,  
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,  
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats  
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.  
Bear me Pomona! to thy citron groves;  
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,  
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclined  
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,  
Lann'd by the breeze, its fever cooling fruit.  
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,  
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the  
maze,  
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;  
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
A road o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.  
Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,  
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!  
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
Which bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs  
Now bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race  
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
Fruitfulness, thou best anana, thou the pride  
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
The poets imaged in the golden age:

Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,  
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove.

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense

Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,  
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,  
Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another Flora there, of bolder hues,  
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,  
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden  
hand

Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift  
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,  
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where, retired  
From little scenes of art, great nature dwells  
In awful solitudes, and nought is seen  
But the wild herds that own no masters stall,  
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas:  
On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,  
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,  
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,  
Behemoth\* rears his head. Glanced from his  
side,

The darted steel in idle shivers flies:  
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;  
Where as he crops his varied fare, the herds,

\* The Hippopotamus, or river horse.



In widening circle round, forget their food,  
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.  
 Peaceful beneath primeval trees, that cast  
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,  
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;  
 Or, mid the central depth of blackening woods ;  
 High raised in solemn theatre around,  
 Leans the huge elephant ; wisest of brutes !  
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd  
 Though powerful, not destructive ! here he sees  
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he  
 Of what the never resting race of men  
 Project : thrice happy ! could he scape their guile  
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;  
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,  
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,  
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,  
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
 Thick swarm the brighter birds. For nature's hand,  
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd  
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues  
 Profusely pours.\* But if she bids them shine  
 Array'd in all the beautiful beams of day,  
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.  
 For envy we the gaudy robes they lent

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

Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast  
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,  
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,  
Through the soft silence of the listening night,  
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my muse, the desert barrier burst,  
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:  
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,  
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardant climb  
The nubian mountains, and the secret bounds  
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.  
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask  
Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;  
No holy fury thou blaspheming Heaven,  
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.  
Thou, like the harmless bee, mayest freely range  
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,  
From jasmine grove to grove mayest wander gay  
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,  
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
And up the more than alpine mountains wave  
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,  
For many a league: or on stupendous rocks,  
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,  
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;  
Where palaces and fanes and villas rise;  
And gardens smile around, and cultured fields;  
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks

Securely stray; a world within itself,  
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw  
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,  
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves  
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear  
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep  
From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold:  
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,  
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:  
A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes  
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How changed the scene! in blazing hight of noon,  
The sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom.  
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,  
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.  
For to the hot equator crowding fast,  
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air  
Amidst their stream, incessant vapours roll,  
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;  
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,  
With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.  
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed  
Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,  
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,  
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;  
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;  
Till, in the furious elemental war  
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass

Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

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

There, by the naiads nursed, he sports away  
His playful youth amid the fragrant isles,  
That with unfading verdure smile around.

Ambitious thence the manly river breaks;  
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,  
Winds in progressive majesty along:

Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze  
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts  
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad, to quit  
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,  
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,  
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods  
In which the full form'd maids of Afric lave  
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract  
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind  
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;  
From Menam's\* orient stream, that nightly shines  
With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds  
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:

\*The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast  
multitude of those insects called Fire Flies make a beautiful ap-  
pearance in the night.

All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,  
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd  
The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque  
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives  
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,  
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms  
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd  
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends  
The mighty Orellana.\* Scarce the muse  
Dares stretch her wings o'er this enormous mass  
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt  
The sealike Plata; to whose dread expanse,  
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course  
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,  
In silent dignity they sweep along,  
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,  
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,  
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,  
Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,  
O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,  
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,  
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;  
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd  
By christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.  
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,  
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,  
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;

\* The river of the Amazon.

And ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth

This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?

This pomp of nature? what their balmy meads,

Their powerful herds, and Ceres void of pain?

By vagrant birds dispersed, and wafting winds,

What their unplanted fruits? what the cool  
draughts,

The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health

Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,

Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?

Ah! what avail their fatal treasures hid

Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,

Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;

Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun!

What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,

Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?

Ill fated race! the softening arts of peace,

Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;

The godlike wisdom of his temper'd breast;

Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;

Investigation calm, whose silent powers

Command the world; the light that leads to heaven

Kind equal rule, the government of laws,

And all-protecting freedom, which alone

Sustains the name and dignity of man:

These are not theirs. The parent sun himself

Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;

And with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom

Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,

And feature gross : or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,  
Their fervid spirit flies. Love dwells not there,  
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,  
The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight  
Of sweet humanity : these court the beam  
Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,  
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,  
There lost. The very brute creation there  
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire,

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,  
Which even imagination fears to tread,  
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train  
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,  
Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffused,  
He throws his folds : and while, with threatening  
tongue,

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls  
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,  
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,  
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
The small close-lurking minister of fate,  
Whose high concocted venom through the veins  
A rapid lightning darts, arrested swift  
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,  
This child of vengeful nature? there sublimed  
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,  
A foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut  
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce

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

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



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

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

Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets  
 The impatient merchant, wandering, waits in vain,  
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay,

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave  
 Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.  
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,  
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,  
 The circling Typhon\* whirl'd from point to point,  
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,  
 And dire Ecnephia\* reign. Amid the heavens,  
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †  
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells :  
 Of no regard, save the skilful eye,  
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs  
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow  
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,  
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,  
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass  
 Of roaring winds and flame and rushing floods.  
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.  
 Art is too slow : by rapid fate oppress'd,  
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.  
 With such mad seas the daring Gama ‡ fought,  
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,

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

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

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

Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape ;  
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst  
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged  
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,  
Of navigation, that in hopeless sloth,  
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,  
For idle ages, starting, head at last  
The Lusitanian Prince;\* who, heaven inspire  
To love of useful glory roused mankind,  
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

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

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

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains  
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,  
And draws the copious stream; from swampy fens,

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

Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
And breathes destructive myriads: or from wood  
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,  
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapp'd,  
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
Has ever dared to pierce; then, wasteful, forth  
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.  
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,  
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
And feeble desolation, casting down  
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.  
Such as, of late, at Carthage quench'd  
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw  
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw  
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;  
Saw the deep racking pang, the ghastly form,  
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye  
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groan  
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;  
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,  
The frequent corse: while on each other fix'd,  
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd  
Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,  
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, plague,  
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,  
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,  
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields  
With locust armies putrefying heap'd,  
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage

The brutes escape: Man is her destined prey,  
Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes,  
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;  
Uninterrupted by the living winds,  
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd  
With many a mixture by the sun, suffused,  
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,  
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand  
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop  
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,  
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.  
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;  
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd  
The cheerful haunt of men; unless escaped  
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror  
    reigns,  
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,  
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to  
    heaven  
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,  
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,  
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge  
Fearing to turn, abhors society:  
Dependants, friends, relations love himself,  
Savaged by woe, forget the tender tie,  
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.  
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,  
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;  
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs  
They fall, unblest'd, untended, and unmourn'd.  
Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair

Extends her raven wing; while, to complete  
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,  
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,  
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

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

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove  
 Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains  
 The full possession of the sky, surcharged  
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,  
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume  
 Of fat bitumen, streaming on the day,  
 With various tinctured trains of latent flame,  
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate  
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal roused,  
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,  
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
 Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull  
 sound

That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.  
From the highest crag, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes  
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce  
Shows wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,  
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.  
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
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,  
It rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,  
And opens wider; shuts and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
It follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
Rush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.  
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds  
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,

Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.  
 Black from the stroke, above the smouldering pine  
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below  
 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:  
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look  
 They wore alive, and ruminating  
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,  
 And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,  
 The venerable tower and spiry fane  
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods  
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess  
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.  
 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud  
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,  
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks  
 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,  
 Tumble the smitten cliffs: and Snowden's peak,  
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
 Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,  
 And Thule bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought  
 And yet not always on the guilty head  
 Descends the fatal flash. Young Celadon  
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair;  
 With equal virtue form'd and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguished by their sex alone  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They loved: but such the guileless passion was,



As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
Twas friendship heighten'd 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 the awaken'd power  
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived  
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
Or sighed 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.  
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heaved  
Unwonted sighs, and, stealing oft a look  
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye  
Well 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 perceived  
The unequal conflict; and as angels look  
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
With love illumined high. "Fear not," he said,  
Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,  
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 the undreaded hour  
 Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,  
 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,  
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine  
 'Tis safe y 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,  
 Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!  
 So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,  
 The well desembled mourner stooping stands;  
 For ever silent and for ever sad.

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

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd  
 vale.

And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,

Most favour'd ! who with voice articulate  
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ;  
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,  
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest waked,  
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth  
 Speeds to the well known pool, whose crystal  
 depth

A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands  
 Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid  
 To meditate the blue profound below ;  
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
 His ebon-tresses and his rosy cheek  
 Instant emerge ; and, through the obedient wave,  
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;  
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light  
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,  
 The kind refresher of the summer heats ;  
 Nor when cold winter keens the brightening flood,  
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.  
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,  
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse  
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
 Put into force ; and the same Roman arm,  
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,

First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.  
 Even from the body's purity, the mind  
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

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

Among the bending willows, falsely he  
 Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.  
 She felt his flame; but deep within her breast  
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
 The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole  
 In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,  
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.  
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
 He framed a melting lay, to try her heart;  
 And, if an infant passion struggles there,  
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain  
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
 For lo! conducted by the laughing loves,  
 This cool retreat his Musidora sought:  
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;  
 And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe  
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,  
 And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd;

A pure ingenious elegance of soul,  
A delicate refinement, known to few,  
Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire:  
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,  
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?  
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bless'd  
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around  
'The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,  
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
Ah then! not Paris on the piny top  
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside  
The rival-goddesses the veil divine  
Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms;  
'Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,  
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;  
As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone;  
And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breast;  
With youth wide-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;  
As from her naked limbs of glowing white,  
Harmonious swell'd by nature's finest hand,  
In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn;  
And fair-exposed she stood, shrunk from herself;  
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?  
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood  
Its lovely guest with closing waves received;  
And every beauty softening, every grace  
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:

As shines the lily through the crystal mild;  
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,  
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.  
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
 But ill concealed; and now with streaming locks,  
 That half-embraced her in a human veil,  
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew  
 Such maddening draughts, of beauty to the soul  
 As for awhile o'erwhelm'd with raptured thought  
 With luxury too daring. Check'd at last,  
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd  
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love  
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade  
 With headlong hurry fled! but first these lines,  
 Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank  
 With trembling hand he threw:—"Bathe on, my  
     fair,  
 Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye  
 Of faithful love! I go to guard thy haunt,  
 To keep from the recess each vagrant foot,  
 And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,  
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:  
 So stands the statue\* that enchants the world,  
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
 The mingled beauties of xulting Greece.  
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes  
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd

\* The Venus of Medici.

In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.  
But, when her Damon's well known hand she saw,  
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train  
Of mix'd emotions, hard to be described,  
Her sudden bosom seized: shame void of guilt,  
The charming blush of innocence, esteem,  
And admiration of her lover's flame,  
By modesty exalted: even a sense,  
Of self-approving beauty stole across  
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm  
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;  
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen  
Of rural lovers this confession carved,  
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy;  
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now  
Discreet; the time may come you need not fly."

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

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,  
The dream of waking fancy! broad below,  
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth  
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour

Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves  
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse  
 With nature ; there to harmonize his heart,  
 And in pathetic song to breathe around  
 The harmony to others. Social friends,  
 Attuned to happy unison of soul ;  
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,  
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly  
 fraught

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

All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?  
 Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild  
 Among the waving harvest ? or ascend,  
 While radiant summer opens all its pride,



Thy hill, delightful Shene? \* Here let us sweep  
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,  
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send;  
 Now to the Sister, Hills † that skirt her plain,  
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where  
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow  
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view  
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows  
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:  
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods  
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;  
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,  
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,  
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,  
 The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,  
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing muse.  
 Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;  
 Fair-winding up to where the muses haunt  
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore  
 The healing God; ‡ to royal Hampton's pile,  
 To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,  
 Where in the sweetest solitude embraced  
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,  
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.  
 Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse  
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!

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

† Highgate and Hampstead.

\* In his last sickness.

O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!  
On which the power of cultivation lies,  
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

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

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

Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,  
Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad

Walks, unconfined, even to thy furthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;  
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;  
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float,  
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks  
Bleat numberless! while, roving round the sides,  
Below the blackening herds in lusty droves.

Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;  
And property assures it to the swain,  
Pleased and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;  
And trade and joy, in every busy street,  
Mingling are heard: e'en drudgery himself,  
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews  
The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,  
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,

With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,  
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,  
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,  
Scattering the nations where they go; and first  
Or on the lisp'd plain, or stormy seas.

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

Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,  
In whom the splendour of heroic war,  
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,  
Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,  
And his own muses love; the best of kings!  
With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,  
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd,  
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,  
That awes her genius still. In statesman thou,  
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,  
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,  
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,  
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,

A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.  
 Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;  
 A Drake, who made thee mistres of the deep,  
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.  
 Then flamed thy spirit high: but who can speak  
 The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?  
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;  
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all  
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.  
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward reign  
 The warrior fetter'd and at last resign'd  
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquished foe.  
 Then active, still and unrestrain'd his mind  
 Explored the vast extent of ages past,  
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world:  
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
 So glorious or so base as those he proved,  
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.  
 Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,  
 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,  
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.  
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,  
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age  
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
 Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulged,  
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye  
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.  
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew

The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood  
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign :  
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk  
In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
His friend, the British Cassius,\* fearless bled ;  
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love  
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown  
In awful sages and in noble bards ;  
Soon as the light of dawning science spread  
Her orient ray, and waked the muses' song :  
Thine is a Bacon ; hapless in his choice,  
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,  
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,  
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
To urge his course ; him from the studious shade  
Kind nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
Exact, and elegant : in one rich soul,  
Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.  
The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom  
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
Led forth the true philosophy, there long  
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,  
And definitions void ; he led her forth,  
Daughter of heaven ! that slow ascending still,  
Investigating sure the chain of things,  
With radiant finger points to heaven again.

\* Algernon Sidney:

The generous Ashley\* thine the friend of man;  
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,  
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.  
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search  
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
 The great Creator sought; And why thy Locke,  
 Who made the whole internal world his own?  
 Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God  
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works  
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,  
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and nature's boast?  
 Is not each great, each amiable muse  
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?  
 A genius universal as his theme;  
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom  
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime!  
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
 The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son;  
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song  
 O'er all the mazes of the enchanted ground:  
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,  
 Chaucer, whose native manners painting verse,  
 Well moralized, shines through the gothic cloud  
 Of time and language o'er the genius thrown.

\* Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,  
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,  
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,  
Shaped by the hand of harmony; the cheek,  
Where the live crimson, through the native white  
Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
And every nameless grace; the parted lip  
Like the red rosebud moist with morning dew  
Breathing delight; and under flowing jet,  
Of sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast:  
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love  
She sits high smiling in the conscious eye.  
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,  
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up  
Once the wonder, terror, and delight  
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Repelling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.  
O thou! by whose Almighty nod the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
And forth the saving virtues round the land,  
Thy bright patrol: while peace, and social love;  
Thy tender-looking charity, intent  
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;  
Thy daunted truth, and dignity of mind;  
Thy courage composed and keen; sound temperance,

Healthful in heart and looks; clear chastity,  
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;  
 Rough industry; activity untired,  
 With copious life informed, and all awake:  
 While in the radiant front, superior shines  
 That first paternal virtue, public zeal,  
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
 And, ever musing on the commonweal,  
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degree  
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clou  
 Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,  
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. An

now,

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

For ever running and enchanted round,  
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;  
 As fleets the vision o'er the formal brain,  
 This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul  
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:  
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,  
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd  
 Himself a useless load, has squander'd vile,



Upon his scoundrel train, what might have  
cheer'd  
A drooping family of modest worth.  
But to the generous still-improving mind,  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
Boastless as now descends the silent dew;  
To him the long review of order'd life  
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.  
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguished  
clouds,  
All ether softening, sober evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air;  
A thousand shadows at her back. First this  
she sends on earth; then that of deeper dye  
steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
weeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;  
While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
Wide o'er the thirsty lawn, as swells the breeze,  
whitening shower of vegetable down  
musive floats. The kind impartial care  
of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed  
her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feather'd seed she wings.  
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
comes merry-hearted: and by turns relieves  
the ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;

The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
 Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,  
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown  
 Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.

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

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
 The glowworm lights his gem; and through the  
 dark

A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields  
 The world to night; not in her winter robe  
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd  
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
 Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,  
 Flings half an image on the straining eye;  
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams  
 And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd  
 The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene  
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft  
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray

Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,  
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,  
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.  
As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink,  
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot  
Across the sky, or horizontal dart  
In wondrous shapes : by fearful murmuring  
crowds

Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,  
That more than deck, that animate the sky,  
The life infusing suns of other worlds;  
Lo! from the dread immensity of space  
Returning, with accelerated course,  
The rushing comet to the sun descends;  
And, as he sinks below the shading earth,  
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
The guilty nations tremble. But, above  
Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few  
Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,  
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy  
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,  
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting  
spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;  
While, from his far excursion through the wilds  
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,  
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent

To work the will of all-sustaining love;  
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake  
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,  
 Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps  
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
 To light up worlds, and feed the eternal fire.

With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,  
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!  
 Effusive source of evidence and truth!  
 A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,  
 Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that,  
 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,  
 New to the dawning of celestial day.  
 Hence through her nourished powers, enlarged by  
 thee,

She springs aloft with elevated pride;  
 Above the tangling mass of low desires  
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-  
 wing'd,  
 The heights of science and of virtue gains,  
 Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,  
 Or in the starry regions, or, the abyss,  
 To reason's and to fancy's eye display'd:  
 The first up tracing, from the dreary void,  
 The chain of causes and effects to him,  
 The world-producing essence, who alone  
 Possesses being; while the last receives  
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,  
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,

Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts  
Her voice to ages; and informs the page  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!  
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?  
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,  
In quest of prey: and with the unfashion'd fur  
Rough clad; devoid of every finer art  
And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and eare,  
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill  
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;  
Mother severe of infinite delights!  
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,  
And woes on woes, a still revolving train!  
Whose horrid circle had made human life  
Than nonexistence worse: but, taught by thee,  
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;  
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all  
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds  
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs  
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath  
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail  
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth  
Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high  
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze  
Creation through; and, from that full complex  
Of never ending wonders, to conceive  
Of the SOLE BEING right, who spoke the word,  
And nature moved complete. With inward view,  
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns  
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,  
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear;  
Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train:  
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;  
And notion quite abstract; where first begins  
The world of spirits, action all, and life  
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud  
(So wills eternal providence) sits deep,  
Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,  
This infancy of being cannot prove  
The final issue of the works of God,  
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd  
And ever rising with the rising mind.

## AUTUMN.

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

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

Onslow! the muse, ambitious of thy name,  
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,  
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear  
A while engage. Thy noble care, she knows,  
The patriot virtue that distend thy thought,  
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;  
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,  
Devolving through the maze of eloquence

A roll of periods sweeter than her song.  
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,  
 Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,  
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,  
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright virgin gives the beauteous days,  
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year:  
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence  
 shook

Of parting summer, a serener blue,  
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests  
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid  
 clouds

A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, be-  
 low

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

These are thy blessings, industry! rough power!



Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;  
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,  
And all the soft civility of life:  
Raiser of human kind! by nature cast,  
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;  
With various seeds of art deep in the mind  
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
Materials infinite; but idle all.  
Still unexerted, in the 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  
What beast of prey; or for his acorn-meal  
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch,  
Aghast and comfortless, when the black north,  
With winter charged, let the mix'd tempest fly,  
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:  
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;  
And the wild season, sordid pined away.  
For home he had not; home is the resort  
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends  
And dear relations mingle into bliss.  
But this the rugged savage never felt,  
When desolate in crowds; and thus his days  
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:  
A waste of time! till industry approach'd,  
And roused 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 rage 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 wrapp'd 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, inspired 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 combin'd,  
 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 raised.

Hence every form of cultivated life  
 In order set, protected, and inspired,  
 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; choked up the loaded  
 street

With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,  
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!  
 Those 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  
 Meer'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 increased; whence ribb'd with  
 oak,

To bear the British thunder, black and bold,  
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.  
 Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heaved  
 Its ample roof; and Luxury within  
 Pour'd out her glittering stores: the ca  
 smooth,

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 flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry; whate'er  
 Exalts, embellishes, und 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 the gaudy Spring;  
 Without him Summer were an arid waste;  
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transm  
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
 That, waving round, recal my wandering song

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceived, 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 dand the rural t  
 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, builds up the shocks;  
and, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!  
How good the God of harvest is to you;  
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, fain ye give.  
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;  
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.  
Or, in her helpless years deprived of all,  
Every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,  
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble old,  
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired  
Among the windings of a woody vale;  
In 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:  
Most 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 promised once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy stars  
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 Apennine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
And 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 gleam Palemon's fields. The pride of swain  
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, chanced beside his reaper train  
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;  
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty 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  
Recals that patron of my happy life,  
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands ;  
And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.  
Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,  
Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
Far from those scenes which knew their better  
days,

His aged widow and his daughter live,  
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!

When strict inquiring, from herself he found  
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak  
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,  
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran  
Then blazed his 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.  
Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
Her rising beauties flash'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 my fortune! say, ah where,  
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?  
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;  
Though poverty's cold wind and crushing rain  
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?  
O, let me now into a richer soil  
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and  
showers



Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;  
 And of my garden be the pride and joy!  
 Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits  
 Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,  
 Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 The father of a country, thus to pick  
 The very refuse of those harvest-fields  
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 But ill apply'd 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 ceased 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 raised.  
 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, pierced with anxious thought, she pined  
 away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate:  
 Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard  
 Joy seized her wither'd vains, 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.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,  
The sultry south collects a potent blast.

At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs  
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.

But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,  
And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere  
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;  
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours  
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.

High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
And send it in a torrent down the vale.

Exposed, and naked to its utmost rage.

Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,  
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;

Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff

Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain

Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
In one continuous flood. Still overhead

The mingled tempest waves its gloom, and still  
The deluge deepens; till the fields around  
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.

Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.

Red, from the hills, innumerable streams

Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks

The river lift; before whose rushing tide,  
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,  
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spared  
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes  
And well earn'd treasures of the painful year.  
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman  
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck  
Driving along; his drowning ox at once  
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,  
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand  
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;  
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,  
Whose toil to yours is warmth and grateful pride;  
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,  
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!  
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains  
And all involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,  
The gun fast thundering, and the winded horn,  
Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game:  
How in his mid career the spaniel struck,  
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open noise,  
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,  
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;  
As in the sun the circling covey bask  
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,

Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:  
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,  
Glanced just and sudden from the fowler's eye,  
O'ertakes their sounding pinions: and again,  
Immediate brings them, from the towering wing,  
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispersed  
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,  
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song:  
Then most delighted, when she social sees  
The whole mix'd animal creation round  
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death,  
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth  
Awakes impatient, with the gleaming morn:  
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,  
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,  
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant man,  
Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power  
Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath  
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,  
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,  
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.  
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,  
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;  
But lavish fed, in nature's bounty roll'd,

To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!

Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
Retired: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,  
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble  
chapt;

The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;  
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;  
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,  
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.  
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits  
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,  
By nature raised to take the horizon in;  
And head chouch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,  
In act to spring away. The scented dew  
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,  
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,  
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.

But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all  
The savage soul of game is up at once:  
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn,  
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,  
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunters shout;  
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy.

The stag, too, singled from the herd where,  
long

He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,  
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, roused by fear,  
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight:

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:  
Deception short! though fleetier than the winds  
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,  
He bursts the thickets, glances through the  
glades,

And plunges deep into the wildest wood;  
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
Expel him, circling through his every shift,  
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees  
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;  
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries  
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:  
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,  
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,  
Sick, seizes on his heart; he stands at bay;  
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
The big round tears run down his dappled face;

He groans in anguish: while the growling  
 pack,  
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with  
 gore.

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

These Britain knows not; give ye Britons,  
 then

Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour  
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;  
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.  
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the  
 hedge  
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass  
 Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness  
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood  
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;  
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks

Your triumph sound sonorous, running round  
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd ;  
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;  
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the  
     lawn,

In fancy swallowing up the space between,  
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game,  
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;  
 Has every maze evolved, and every guile  
 Disclosed ; who knows the merits of the pack ;  
 Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard,  
 Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths  
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond  
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn  
 Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,  
 With woodland honours graced ; the fox's fur,  
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread  
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,  
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,  
 When the night staggers with severer toils,  
 With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,  
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;  
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans  
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense  
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate  
     knife,

They deep incision make, and talk the while  
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced  
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain



Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,  
 If stomach keen can intervals allow,  
 Relating all the glories of the chase.  
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst  
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,  
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal  
 round

A potent gale, delicious as the breath  
 Of Maia to the lovesick shepherdess,  
 On violets diffused, while soft she hears  
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.  
 Nor wanting is the brown October drawn,  
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat  
 Of thirty years; and now his honest front  
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid  
 E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.  
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whist awhile  
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,  
 Wreathed, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick  
 dice,

In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss  
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.

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

And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
'Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses,  
hounds,

To church or mistress, politics or ghost,  
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.  
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,  
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart,  
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;  
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,  
The laugh, the slap, the jocound curse go round;  
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel  
hounds

Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep  
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;  
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble  
tongues

Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,  
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,  
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.  
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above,  
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
As if the table e'en itself was drunk,  
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,  
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride  
The lubber power in filthy triumph sits,  
Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,

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

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport  
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy  
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.  
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!  
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;  
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;  
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;  
In which they roughen to the sense, and all  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at wo;  
With every motion, every word, to wave  
Quick o'er the kindled cheek the ready blush;  
And from the smallest violence to shrink  
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;  
And by this silent adulation, soft,  
To their protection more engaging man.  
O may their eyes no miserable sight,  
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,  
Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,  
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!  
And fashion'd all to harmony, alone  
Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
In rapture warbled from love breathing lips;  
To teach the lute to languish; with smoth step,

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

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank;  
Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding brook  
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,  
Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song  
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you  
The lover finds amid the secret shade;  
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
With active vigour crushes down the tree;  
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
As are the ringlets of Melinda's nair:  
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete.  
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,  
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.  
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,

In cheerful error, let us tread the maze  
Of autumn unconfined ; and taste, revived,  
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower  
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear  
Lies in a soft profusion scatter'd round.  
A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;  
By nature's all refining hand prepared ;  
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,  
In ever changing composition mix'd.  
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,  
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps  
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.  
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,  
Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points  
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue ;  
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,  
Philips, Pomona's bard, the second thou  
Who nobly durst, in rhyme unfetter'd verse,  
With British freedom sing the British song :  
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines  
Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer  
The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;  
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams  
The sun shades equal o'er the meeken'd day ;  
Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks  
Of, Doddington, thy seat, serene and plain ;

Where simple nature reigns; and every view,  
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,  
In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,  
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks  
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.  
New beauties rise with each revolving day;  
New columns swell; and still the fresh spring finds  
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green,  
Full of thy genius all! the muses' seat;  
Where, in the secret bower and winding walk,  
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.  
Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst  
Of thy applause, I solitary court  
The inspiring breeze: and meditate the book  
Of nature ever open; aiming thence,  
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.  
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
Where autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:  
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum;  
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,  
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;  
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;  
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight  
To vigorous soils and climes of far extent;  
Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;

Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,  
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
From cliff to cliff increased, the heighten'd blaze,  
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,  
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes  
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.  
As thus they brighten with the exalted juice,  
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;  
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,  
Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,  
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
Then comes the crushing swain; the country  
floats,  
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;  
That by degrees fermented and refined,  
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy:  
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press  
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;  
The mellow-tasted burgundy; and, quick  
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.  
Now, by the cool declining year condensed,  
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
To more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,  
And high between contending kingdoms rears  
The rocky long division, fills the view  
With great variety; but in a night

Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense  
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,  
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:  
Vanish the woods: the dim-seen river seems  
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.

E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun  
Sheds weak and blunt his wide refracted ray;  
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,  
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life  
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste  
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last  
Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still  
Successive closing, sits the general fog  
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,  
A formless gray confusion covers all.

As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard )  
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urged  
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn  
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin  
To smoke along the hilly country these,  
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores  
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;  
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountain  
play,

And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.

Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
For ever lashes the resounding shore,



Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,  
The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;  
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,  
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.  
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs ;  
But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
Far from the parent main, it boils again  
Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill  
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
Amusive dream ! why should the waters love  
To take so far a journey to the hills,  
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil  
Inviting quiet and a nearer bed ?  
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,  
They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop  
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
The' attractive sand that charm'd their course so  
long ?

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

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,

That, like creating nature lie conceal'd  
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
 Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes!  
 O thou pervading Genius, given to man,  
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,  
 O, lay the mountains bare! and wide display  
 Their hidden structure to the astonish'd view!  
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load  
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods  
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd  
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!  
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,  
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream!  
 O, from the sounding summits of the north,  
 The Dorfrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd  
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;  
 From lofty Caucasus far seen by those  
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;  
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ  
 Believes the stony girdle\* of the world;  
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapp'd in storm  
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;  
 O, sweep the eternal snows! Hung o'er the  
     deep,  
 That ever works beneath his sounding base,  
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,  
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil

\* The Muscovits call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki Cameny* *poys*; that is, *the great stony Girdle*: because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

The miny caverns, blazing on the day;  
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,  
And of the bending mountains\* of the moon!  
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,  
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line  
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round  
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!  
Amazing scene! behold! the glooms disclose,  
I see the rivers in their infant beds?  
Deep, deep I hear them labouring to get free:  
I see the leaning strata, artful ranged;  
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,  
The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs.  
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,  
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then  
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,  
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;  
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,  
Retard its motion and forbid its waste.  
Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,  
I see the rocky Siphons stretch'd immense,  
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,  
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd:  
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,  
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,  
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage  
burst;  
And, swelling out, around the middle steep,

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

Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,  
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,  
The exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,  
The gelid mountains, that to rain condensed  
These vapours in continual current draw,  
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,  
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,  
A social commerce hold, and firm support  
The full adjusted harmony of things.

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

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force  
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,  
By diligence amazing and the strong  
Unconquerable hand of liberty;  
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,  
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take  
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.  
And now their route design'd their leaders chose,

Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings ;  
And many a circle, many a short essay,  
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full  
The figured flight ascends ; and, riding high  
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

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

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,  
And herd diminutive of many hues,  
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
The shepherd's seagirt reign ; or, to the rocks  
Dire clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;  
Or sweeps the fishy shore ! or treasures up  
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed  
Of luxury. And here awhile the muse,  
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean sense,  
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view :  
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,  
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,  
Breathing the soul acute ; her forest huge  
Incult, robust, and tall, by nature's hand  
Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,  
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth

Full winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;  
 With many a cool translucent briming flood  
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,  
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my doric reed,  
 With, vilvan Jed, thy tributary brook)  
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams  
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:  
 Nurse of a people misfortune's school  
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited  
 By learning, when before the Gothic rage  
 She took her western flight. A manly race,  
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;  
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,  
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest,  
 Great patriot hero! ill requited chief!)  
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state;  
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds  
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
 O'er every land, for every land their life  
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,  
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil,  
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
 Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.

Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power  
 That best, that godlike luxury is placed,  
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
 Through late prosperity? some, large of soul,  
 To cheer dejected industry? to give  
 A double harvest to the pining swain?  
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?

How, by the finest art, the native robe  
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar  
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,  
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets  
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,  
That heave our friths and crow'd upon our shores;  
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,  
Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe;  
And thus, in soul united as in name,  
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,  
Here hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,  
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;  
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees  
Her every virtue, every grace combined,  
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,  
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.  
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:  
For powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;  
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,  
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,  
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,  
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,

Thy country feels through her reviving arts,  
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;  
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

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

Meantime, light-shadowing all a sober calm  
 Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave  
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
 The gentle current: while illumined wide  
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
 And through their lucid veil his soften'd force  
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
 For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,  
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
 And soar above this little scene of things:  
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet:  
 To sooth the throbbing passions into peace;  
 And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

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

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,  
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copes:



While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so  
late  
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;  
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
And nought save chattering discord in their note.  
O, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
The gun the music of the coming year  
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,  
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !  
The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires : for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;  
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd  
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power  
Of philosophic melancholy comes!

His near approach the sudden starting tear,  
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,  
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!  
Inflames imagination; through the breast  
Infuses every tenderness; and far  
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.  
As fast the correspondent passions rise,  
As varied, and as high: Devotion raised  
To rapture and divine astonishment;  
The love of nature, unconfined, and, chief,  
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,  
To make the n bless'd; the sigh for suffering worth  
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn  
Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;  
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,  
Inspiring glory through remotest time;  
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame;  
The sympathies of love and friendship dear  
With all the social offspring of the heart.

O! bear me then to vast embowering shades,  
To twilight groves and visonary vales;  
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;

Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk  
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;  
And voices more than human, through the void  
Deep sounding sieze th' enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead ye powers,  
That o'er th' garden and the rural seat  
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land  
In countless numbers bless'd Britania sees ;  
O, lead me to the wide extended walks,  
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe!\*  
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore  
E'er saw such silvan scenes ; such various art  
By genius fired such ardent genius tamed  
By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,  
All-beauteous Nature fears to be undone.  
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,  
There let me sii beneath the shelter'd slopes,  
Or in that Temple † where, in future times,  
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;  
And with thy converse blessed, catch the last  
smiles

Of autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.  
While there with thee the enchanted round I walk,  
The regulated wild, gay fancy then  
Will tread in thought the groves of attic land ;  
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,  
Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
Of nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades  
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.

\* The seat of Lord Cobham.

† The temple of virtue in Stowe Gardens.

Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,  
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her, thou,  
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,  
 What every decent character requires,  
 And every passion speaks: O, through her strain,  
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds  
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,  
 Of honest zeal the indignant lightning throws,  
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.  
 While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales  
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:  
 What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files  
 Of order'd trees shouldst here in glorious range,  
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,  
 And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe  
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,  
 Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war;  
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to  
 press

Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,  
 The British youth would hail thy wise command,  
 Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

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

Shows her broad visage in the crimson east.  
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,  
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
 And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,  
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,  
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.  
 Now through the passing clouds she seems to stoop,  
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.  
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
 O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,  
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering  
 gleam,

The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when, half blotted from the sky, her light,  
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn  
 With keener lustre through the depth of heaven;  
 Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,  
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;  
 Oft in this season, silent, from the north  
 A blaze of meteors shoots; ensweeping first  
 The lower skies, they all at once converge  
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,  
 And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,  
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,  
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
 Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,  
 Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire,

Till the long lines of full extended war  
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood  
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
As thus they scan the visionary scene,  
On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks  
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,  
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
Or hideous wrapp'd in fierce ascending flame;  
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm:  
Of pestilence, and every great distress;  
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
Th' unalterable hour: e'en nature's self  
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.  
Not so the man of philosophic eye,  
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he  
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,  
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;  
Distinction lost; and gay variety  
One universal blot: such the fair power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,  
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge;  
Nor visited by one directive ray,  
From cottage streaming or from airy hall.

Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,  
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
The wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:  
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,  
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,  
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:  
While still, from day to day, his pining wife  
And plaintive children his return await,  
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
Sent by the better genius of the night,  
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,  
That winding leads through pits of death, or else  
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

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

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

Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd in that pit  
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd;  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,  
The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
Of temperance, for winter poor; rejoiced  
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores;  
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;

And, used to milder scents, the tender race,  
By thousands, tumble from their honied domes,  
Convolved and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you roam'd the spring,  
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd  
Ceaseless the burning summer heats away?

For this in autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?

O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long  
Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,  
Awaiting renovation? when obliged,

Must you destroy? of their ambrosial food

Can you not borrow; and, in just return

Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;

Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own

Again regale them on some smiling day?

See where the stony bottom of their town

Looks desolate and wild; with here and there

A helpless number, who the ruin'd state

Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.

Thus a proud city, populous and rich,

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

At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep

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

By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd

Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,

Into a gulf of blue sulphurous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,  
O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and  
Infinite splendour! wide investing all. [high,

How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads



Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.  
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply tinged  
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch  
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure throned  
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below  
The gilded earth! the harvest treasures all  
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;  
And instant winter's utmost rage defied.  
While loose to festive joy, the country round  
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,  
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil strung  
By the quick sense of music taught alone, [youth  
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
Her every charm abroad, the village toast,  
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,  
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye  
Points an approving smile, with doubled force,  
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
Age too shines out; and, garulous, recounts  
The feast of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think  
That, with to morrow's sun, their annual toil  
Begins again the never ceasing round.

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

Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd  
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused?

Vile intercourse! what though the glittering robe  
Of every hue reflected light can give,  
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?  
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
For him each rarer tributary life  
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
With luxury, and death? What thought his bowels  
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,  
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?  
What though he knows not those fantastic joys  
That still amuse the wonton, still deceive;  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged  
To disappointment, and fallacious hope;  
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,  
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,  
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the  
bough  
When summer reddens, and when autumn beams;  
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
Conceal'd and fattens with the richest sap;  
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant bay;  
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,

Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes and fountain clear.  
Here too dwell simple truth; plain innocence;  
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,  
Patient of labour, with a little pleased;  
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil,  
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

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

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

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

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

The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,  
And where the mixing passions endless shift;  
These ever open to my ravish'd eye :  
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !  
But if to that unequal ; if the blood,  
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
That best ambition ; under closing shades,  
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,  
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song  
And let me never, never stray from Thee !

## WINTER.

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

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;  
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my  
    theme,  
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms,  
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot  
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
When nursed by careless solitude I lived,  
And sung of nature with unceasing joy, [main;  
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough do-  
Trode the pure virgin-snows. myself as pure;  
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;  
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,  
In the grim evening sky: Thus pass'd the time,  
Till through the lucid chambers of the south  
Look'd out the joyous spring, look'd out, and  
    To thee, the patron of her first essay, [smiled.  
The muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.  
Since has she rounded the revolving year:

Skimm'd the gay spring; on eagle pinions borne  
 Attempted through the summer blaze to rise;  
 Then swept o'er autumn with the shadowy gale  
 And now among the wintry clouds again,  
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;  
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds;  
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;  
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:  
 Thrice happy could she fill thy judging ear  
 With bold description and with manly thought.  
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,  
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:  
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul  
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,  
 A steady spirit regularly free;  
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope  
 And eye to thee converting, bid the muse  
 Record what envy dares not flattery call.  
 Now when the cheerless empire of the sky  
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,  
 And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year;  
 Hung o'er the furthest verge of heaven, the sun  
 Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.  
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
 Through the thick air, as clothed in cloudy storm,  
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky  
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night,



Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
 Nor is the night unwish'd while vital heat,  
 Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.  
 Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
 Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,  
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,  
 Involve the face of things. Thus winter falls,  
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
 Through nature shedding influence malign,  
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.  
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,  
 And black with more than melancholy views.  
 The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.  
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm:  
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
 And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook  
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,  
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.  
 Then comes the father of the tempest forth,  
 Wrapp'd in black glooms. First joyless rains  
     obscure  
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;  
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,  
 That grumbling wave below. The' unsightly plain  
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low bent clouds  
 Pour flood, on flood, yet unexhausted still  
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,

Each to his home, retire ; save those that love  
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.  
 The cattle from the untasted fields return,  
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wanted stalls,  
 Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.  
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,  
 The crested cock, with all his female train,  
 Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind  
 Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there  
 Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,  
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blow  
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,  
 At last the roused-up river pours along :  
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,  
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far  
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,  
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd  
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,  
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream  
 There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,  
 It boils, and wheels and foams, and thunders through

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand  
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
 How mighty, how majestic are thy works !  
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !  
 That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings !  
 Ye foo, ye winds ! that now begin to blow

With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,  
Where your aerial magazines reserved,  
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?  
In what far distant region of the sky,  
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?  
When from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
With many a spot that o'er his glaring orb  
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks  
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
Which master to obey: while rising slow,  
Blank, in the leaden-coloured east, the moon  
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.  
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,  
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;  
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;  
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd  
The conscious heifer snuffs to stormy gale.  
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,  
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,  
The wasted taper, and the crackling flame  
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,  
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train  
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,  
And see the closing shelter of the grove;

Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land,  
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing  
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
Ocean unequal press'd with broken tide  
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,  
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,  
And forest-rustling mountain comes a voice,  
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.  
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
And hurls the whole precipitated air  
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main  
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust  
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.  
Through the black night that sits immense around  
Dash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:  
Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds  
In dreadful tumult swell'd surge above surge,  
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
Wild as the winds across the howling waste  
Of mighty waters: now the inflated wave  
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
Into the secret chambers of the deep,  
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head,  
Emerging thence again, before the breath  
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,  
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock  
Or shoal insidious break not their career,

And in loose fragments fling them floating round.  
Nor less at hand the loosen'd tempest reigns.  
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons  
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,  
And often, falling, climbs against the blast  
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds  
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;  
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by tearing wind's  
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs;  
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,  
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;  
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,  
For entrance eager howls the savage blast.  
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,  
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant  
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night, [sighs,  
Warn the devoted wretch of wo and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd  
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.  
All nature reels. Till natur's King, who oft  
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
And on the wings of the careering wind  
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;  
Then, straight, air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.  
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,

Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
 Let me associate with the serious night,  
 And Contemplation, her sedate compeer ;  
 Let me shake off the intrusive 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 resolved,  
 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 !

The keener tempests rise : and fuming dun  
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
 Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb  
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
 Heavy they-roll their fleecy world along ;  
 And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.  
 Through the hush'd air the whitening shower de  
 At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes [scend  
 Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day  
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields  
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox  
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first  
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;  
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,  
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
With looks of dumb despair: then, sad-dispersed,  
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind.  
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,  
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains  
 At one wide waft, and o'er the haeless flocks,  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms; till upward urged,  
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
 Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

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; sees other hills ascend,  
 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 wild; but wanders on  
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;  
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of  
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth [home  
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!  
 What black despair, what horror 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 and 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, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost!  
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,  
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks  
Benea'h 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 the officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corpse,  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the nothern blast.  
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;  
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,

How many 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 pierced by wintry winds,  
How many shrink into the sordid hut

Of cheerless poverty. How many shake  
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,

Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;  
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
'They furnish matter for the tragic muse.

E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,

How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop  
In deep retired distress. How many stand

Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
That one incessant struggle render life,

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.

And here can I forget the generous band,\*  
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;  
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger  
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice. [burn  
While in the land of Liberty, the land  
Whose every street and public meeting glow  
With open freedom, little tyrants raged;  
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth:  
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;  
E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;  
The freeborn Briton to the dungeon chain'd,  
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,  
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;  
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.  
O great design! if executed well,  
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.  
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;  
Drag forth the regal monsters into light,  
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,  
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.  
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,  
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.  
The toils of law (what dark insidious men  
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,

\* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729,

And lengthen simple justice into trade,)
 How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,  
 And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine roused, from all the tract  
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,  
 And wavy Appennine, and Pyrenees,  
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;  
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!  
 Burning for blood! bony and gaunt and grim!  
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;  
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along  
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow  
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,  
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,  
 Or shake the murdering savages away.  
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.  
 E'en beauty force divine! at whose bright glance  
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,  
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey,  
 But if, apprised of the severe attack,  
 The country be shut up, lured by the scent,  
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)  
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig  
 The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,  
 Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they  
 howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embraced

In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell;  
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll,  
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they  
A wintry waste in dire commotion all; [come,  
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,  
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops  
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
In the wild depth of winter, while without  
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
Between the groaning forest and the shore  
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;  
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,  
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;  
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,  
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind  
With arts, with arms, and humanized a world.  
Roused at the inspiring thought, I throw aside  
The longlived volume; and, deep-musing, hail  
The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass  
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,  
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,  
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,  
Invincible! calm reason's holy law,  
That voice of God within the attentive mind,  
Obeying, fearless, or in life or death:  
Great moral teacher! Wisest of mankind!

Solen the next, who built his commonweal  
On equity's wide base; by tender laws  
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd  
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,  
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
The pride of smiling Greece and humankind.  
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force  
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,  
All human passions. Following him, I see,  
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
The firm devoted chief, who proved by deeds  
The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;  
Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice  
Of freedom gave the noblest name of just;  
In pure majestic poverty revered;  
Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal  
Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's fame.  
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears  
Simon sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,  
Shook of the load of young debauch; abroad  
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
Of every worth and every splendid art;  
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth,  
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,  
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,  
Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast.  
Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,  
Who wept the brother while the tyrant pled,  
And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair

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

As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.  
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,  
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.  
 Fabricus, scorner of all conquering gold;  
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.  
 Thy willing victim, Carthage, bursting loose  
 From all that pleading nature could oppose,  
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith  
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.  
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanly brave,  
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade  
 With friendship and philosophy retired.  
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile  
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.  
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme;  
 And, thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,  
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged,  
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.  
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse  
 Demand; but who can count the tears of heaven?  
 Who sing the influence on this lower world?

Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,  
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:  
 'Tis Phœbus's self, or else the mantuan swain!  
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,  
 Parent of song! and equal, by his side,  
 The British muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,  
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame,  
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch  
 Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd



Transported Athens with the moral scene ;  
Nor those who, tuneful, waked the enchanting lyre.

First of your kind ! society divine !

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,  
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.

Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;

See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,

Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign

To bless my humble roof, with sense refined,

Learning digested well, exalted faith,

Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.

Or from the muses' hill with Pope descend,

To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,

And with the social spirit warm the heart ?

For though not sweet his own Homer signs,

Yet is his life the more endearing song. [pride,

Where art thou, Hammond ? thou, the darling

The friend and lover of the tuneful throng !

Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime

Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast

Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ?

What now avails that noble thirst of fame, [store

Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasured

Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal

To serve thy country, glowing in the band

Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name ;

What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm

Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the muse,

That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,

Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?

Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,  
And teach our humble hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired: [frame  
With them would search, if nature's boundless  
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,  
Or sprung eternal from the eternal mind;  
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.  
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;  
And each diffusive harmony unite  
In full perfection, to the astonish'd eye.  
Then would we try to scan the mortal world,  
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
In higher order; fitted and impell'd  
By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
In general good. The sage historic muse  
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:  
Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,  
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,  
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,  
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
That portion of divinity, that ray  
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul  
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
In powerless humble fortune, to repress  
These ardent risings of the kindling soul:  
Then even superior to ambition, we

Would learn the private virtues; how to glide  
 Through shades and plains, along the smoothest  
 Of rural life, or, snatch'd away by hope, [stream  
 Through the dim spaces of futurity,  
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes  
 Of happiness and wonder; where the mind,  
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
 Raises from state to state, and world to world.  
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,  
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes  
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form  
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train  
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,  
 Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise;  
 Or folly painted humour, grave himself,  
 Calls laughter forth, deep shaking every nerve.  
 Meantime the village rouses up the fire;  
 While well attested, and as well believed,  
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round;  
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.  
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;  
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
 Easily pleased; the long loud laugh, sincere;  
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,  
 On purpose guardless or pretending sleep;  
 The leap the slap, the haul; and shook to notes  
 Of native music, the respondent dance.  
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.  
 The city swarms intense. The public haunt,  
 Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,

Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
 Down the lose streams of false enchanted joy,  
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf  
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
 Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.  
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,  
 Mix'd and evolved a thousand sprightly ways.  
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;  
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,  
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
 And soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:  
 While a gay insect in his summer shine,  
 The fop, light fluttering, spreads his meanly wings.

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of hamlet stalks;  
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;  
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.  
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear  
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic muse  
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.  
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
 Of beautiful life; whate'er can deck mankind,  
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil show'd.

O thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refined,  
 Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill  
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,  
 Join'd to whate'er the graces can bestow,  
 And all Apollo's animating fire,  
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine  
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy.

Of polish'd life; permit the rule of muse,  
 O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song?  
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,  
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train  
 [For every muse has in thy train a place,  
 'To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:  
 'To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,  
 Rejects the allurements of corrupted power;  
 That elegant politeness, which excels,  
 E'en in the judgment of presumptuous France,  
 The boasted manners of her shining court;  
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,  
 The truth of nature, which, with attic point  
 And kind well temper'd satire, smoothly keen,  
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.  
 Or rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
 O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,  
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd  
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.  
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,  
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:  
 Thou to assenting reason gives again [heart,  
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the  
 'The obedient passions on thy voice attend;  
 And e'en reluctant party feels awhile  
 Thy gracious power; as though the varied maze  
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.  
 To thy loved haunt return, my happy muse.  
 For now, behold, the joyous winter days,

Forsty succeed; and through the blue serena,  
 For sight to find, the etherial nitre flies;  
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
 Storing afresh with elemental life.

Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds  
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,  
 Constringent; feeds and inimates our blood;  
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves  
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain;

Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen  
 All nature feels the renovating force

Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye  
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe  
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.

A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek  
 Of ruddy fire; and luculent along

The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,  
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

[stores

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen  
 Derived, thou secret all-invading power,  
 Whom e'en the illusive fluid cannot fly?

Is not thy potent energy, unseen,

Myriads of little salts, or hook'd or shaped  
 Like double wedges, and diffused immense

Through water, earth, and ether? hence at eve,  
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,

An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the cool

Breathes a blue film and in its mid career  
Arrest the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,  
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,  
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank  
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,  
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,  
The whole imprison'd river growls below.  
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,  
The village dog deters the mighty thief;  
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall  
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread  
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain  
Shakes from afar. The full etherial round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope  
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes nature fast. It freezes on;  
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
The various labour of the silent night:  
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,  
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise;  
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn  
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;

And by the frost refined the whiter snow,  
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread  
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,  
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.

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

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day;  
But soon elapsed The horizontal sun,  
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:  
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:  
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
Relents awhile to the reflected ray:



Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,  
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;  
And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? our infant winter sinks  
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye  
Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone;  
Where, for relentless months, continual night  
Holds, o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,  
Barr'd by the hand of nature from escape,  
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around  
Strikes his sad eye but deserts lost in snow:  
And heavy loaded groves; and solid floods,  
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,  
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;  
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,  
Save when its annual course the caravan  
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,  
With news of humankind. Yet there life glows;  
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,  
The furry nations harbour: tipp'd with jet,  
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;  
Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,  
Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue  
'Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.  
There, warm together press'd the trooping deer

Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and scarce his head  
Raised o'er the heappy wreath, the branching elk  
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.  
'The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,  
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives  
The fearful flying race; with pondrous clubs  
As weak against the mountain heaps they push  
Their beating breast in vain, and pit eous bray,  
He lays them quivering on the ensanguine d snows  
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.  
There through the piny forest half-absorb'd  
Tough teneant of these shades, the shapeless bear,  
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn:  
Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,  
He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,  
And with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,  
That see Boots urge his tardy wain,  
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus pierced,  
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,  
Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame  
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,  
Drove martial horde, on horde, with dreadful sweep  
Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south,  
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.  
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they  
Despise the insenate barbarous trade of war,  
They ask no more than simple nature gives,  
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms

No false desires, nor pride created wants,  
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time;  
 And through the restless ever tortured maze  
 Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage. [tents,  
 Their reindeer form their riches. These their  
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth  
 Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.  
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe  
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift  
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse  
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,  
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.  
 By dancing meteors then that ceaseless shake  
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,  
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play  
 With doubled lusture from the glossy waste,  
 E'en in the depth of polar night, they find  
 A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,  
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.  
 Wish'd spring returns; and from the hazy south,  
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,  
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve!  
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,  
 Still round and round his spiral course he winds,  
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,  
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.  
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,  
 Where pure Niemi's\* fairy mountain rise,

\* M. de Maupertius, in his book on the Figure of the Earth after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi

And fringed with roses Tenglio<sup>s</sup> rolls his stream,  
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
 They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;  
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,  
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.  
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secured  
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:  
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown  
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er  
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath [knew  
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters wo.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,  
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,  
 And furthest Greenland, to the pole itself,  
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,  
 The muse expands her solitary flight:  
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,  
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.  
 Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,  
 Here winter holds his unrejoicing court;  
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard:  
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath:  
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;  
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,  
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

in Lapland, says, "From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake, which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii than bears."

Thence, winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,  
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;  
Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;  
And icy mountains high on mountains piled,  
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,  
Alps frown on Alps; or, rushing hideous down,  
As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
Ocean itself no longer can resist  
The binding fury: but, in all its rage  
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,  
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
Of every life, that from the dreary months  
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!  
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
Take their last look of the descending sun;  
While, full of death and fierce with tenfold frost,  
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate,  
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared?)  
He for the passage sought attempted since  
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
By jealous nature with eternal bars.  
In these fell regions, in Arziny caught,  
And to the stony deep his idle ship

Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,  
 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

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

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

A people savage from remotest time,  
 A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,  
 By Heaven inspired, from gothic darkness call'd.  
 Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! he  
 His stubborn country tamed, her rocks, her fens,  
 Her floods, her seas, her ill submitting sons;  
 And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,  
 To more exalted soul he raised the man.  
 Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd

Through long successive ages to build up  
A labouring train of state, behold at once  
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!  
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then  
A mighty shadow of unreal power;  
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;  
And roaming every land, in every port  
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand  
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,  
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,  
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.  
Charged with the stores of Europe, home he goes!  
Then cities rise amid the illumined waste;  
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;  
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;  
The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;  
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd  
With daring keel before: and armies stretch  
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here  
The frantic Alexander of the north,  
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.  
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and vice,  
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,  
Taught by the Royal Hand that roused the whole,  
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:  
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforced,  
More potent still, his great example show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,  
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.

Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,  
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;  
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,  
That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;  
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.  
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
Athwart the drifted deep: at once it bursts,  
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charged,  
That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors  
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
More horrible. Can human force endure  
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?  
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,  
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
How ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.  
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,  
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,  
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the  
gloom,  
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore  
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.



Yet Providence, that ever waking eye,  
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil  
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,  
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest  
glooms,

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends

His desolate domain. Behold, fond man?

See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,  
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent  
strength,

Thy sober Autumn fading into age,

And pale concluding Winter comes at last,

And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled

Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes

Of happiness? those longings after fame?

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?

Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering  
thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?

All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,

Immortal never failing friend of Man,

His guide to happiness on high. And see!

'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth

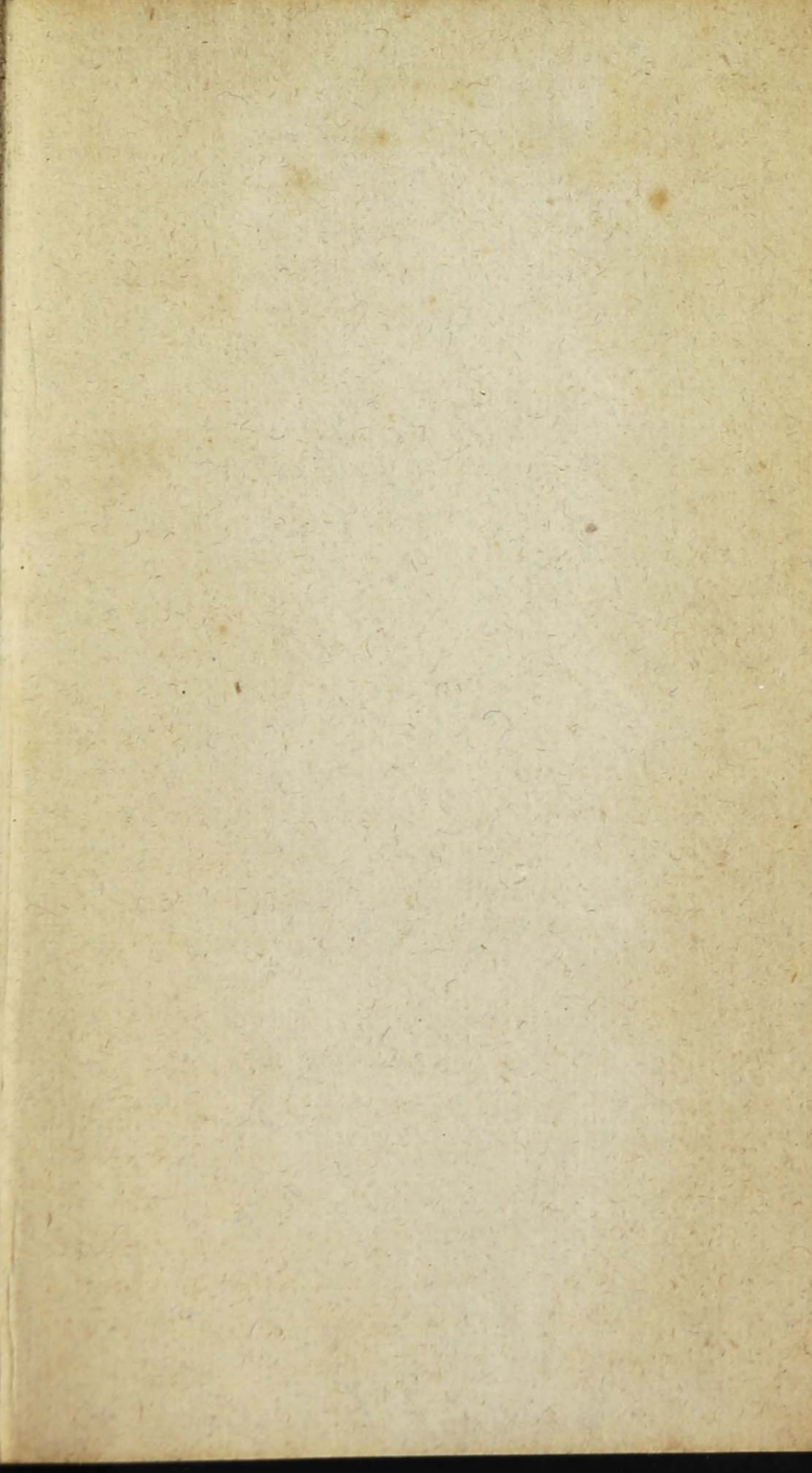
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears

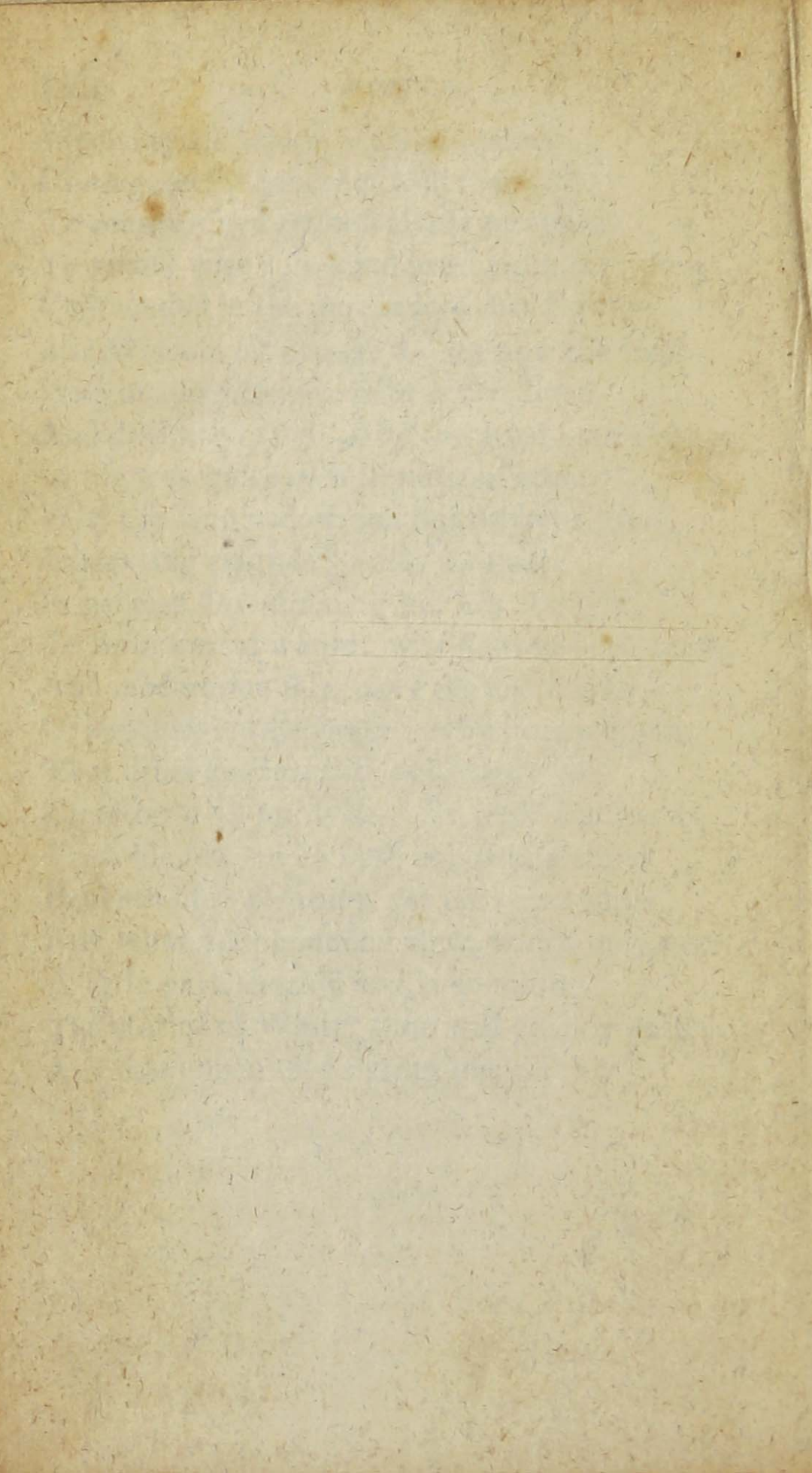
The new-creating word, and starts to life,

In every heighten'd form, from pain and death

For ever free. The great eternal scheme.

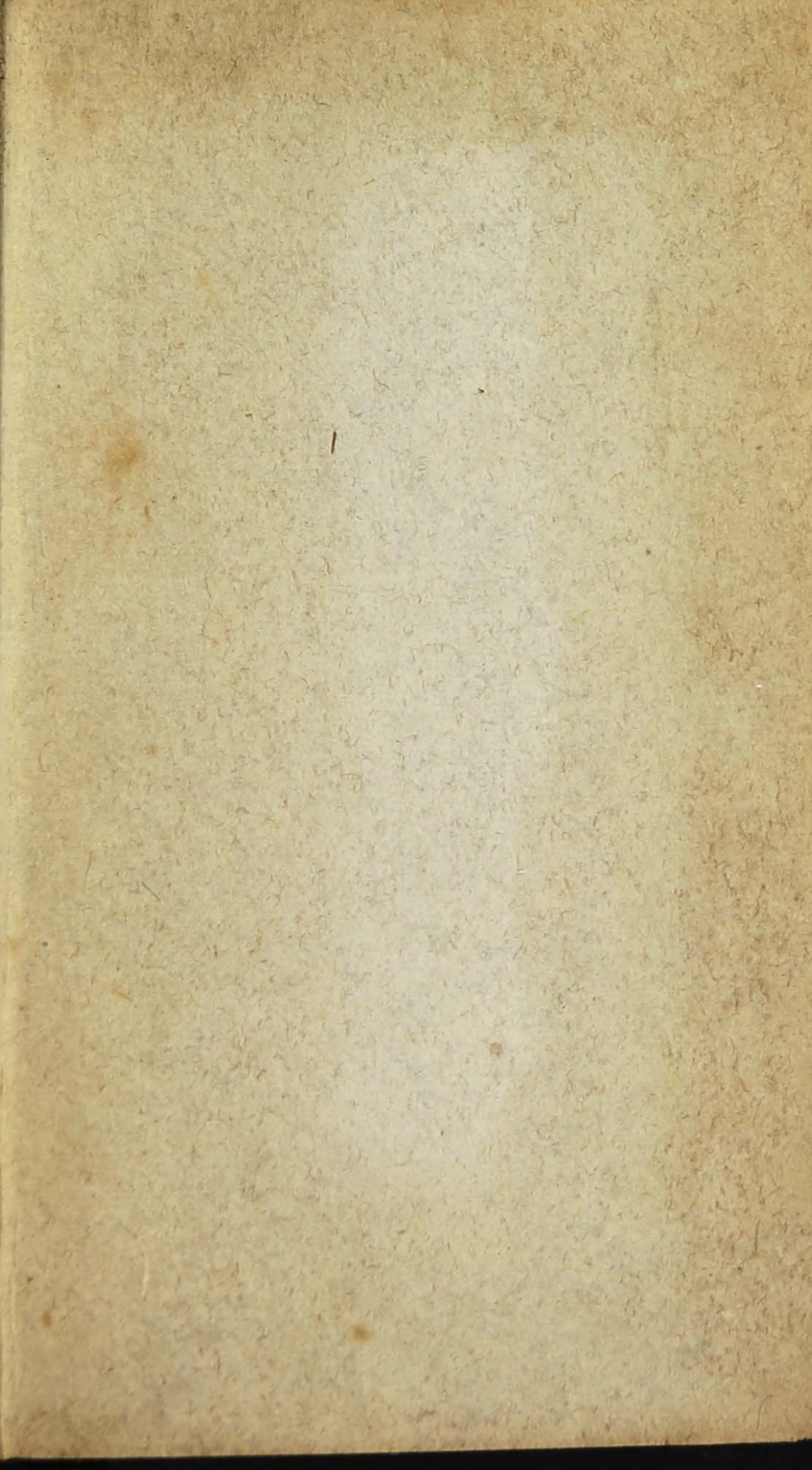
Involving all, and in a perfect whole  
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.  
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,  
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power  
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,  
And died neglected: why the good man's share  
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:  
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined  
In starving solitude; while Luxury,  
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,  
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,  
And moderation fair, wore the red marks  
Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain,  
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!  
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand  
Benenth life's pleasure, yet bear up awhile,  
And what your bounded view, which only saw  
A little part, deem'd evil is no more:  
The storms of Wintry time will quickly pass,  
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.















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