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Emily Allen.

THE GROVE of THE MUSES.

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Burney, del.

Dadley, Sculp.

O thou that shalt presume to tread
This Mansion of the mighty dead
Come with a free, untainted mind
The Nurse, the pedant leave behind.
Has fair Philosophy thy love?
Behold she lives in yonder Grove.
If the sweet Muse thy pleasure gives,
With her in yonder Grove she lives.
And if Religion claims thy care,
Religion, fled from Books, is there.

Langhorne.

CLASSICAL
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AND OF
YOUNG PERSONS IN GENERAL.

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WITH SOME
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COMPILED AND WRITTEN BY

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ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING there have been two or three partial selections of English Poetry for the use of schools and young persons, there still seemed wanting an appropriate and comprehensive volume for the purpose of teaching, and giving the pupil a relish for the various beauties of poetical composition.

Whatever has hitherto been published in a compressed form, has consisted chiefly of pieces from a few favorite authors, whose writings have been served up in endless repetition with little taste, and as little regard to propriety of intention. Long poems have frequently occupied the greatest part of the work, and the minor ones have often been ill adapted for recitation or committing to memory.

The present offering to youth of both sexes, is a wreath of flowers, culled from many a garden; and if they are not all equally beautiful, it is hoped the most severe judge, and the most fastidious taste will not find any that contain a particle of poison.

In splendor of colours, in sweetness of perfume, and delicacy of structure, they must of course differ, according to the genius and soil that originally pro-

duced them; but all are innoxious, and by far the greatest part possess merit of the highest rank.

The Poems in this volume are generally short, in order to give the utmost possible variety, and that they may be the better suited for tender minds and improving memories. They exhibit models of affectionate regard, of tender recollection, of elegant description, of moral truth, and well turned compliment, on general subjects. They wake, however, no passion, except what the purest hearts may feel; they fan no flame, that youthful innocence need blush to own.

The Editors, united by a similarity of taste and reciprocal esteem, have no reason to fear that the candid will think their time and labour misapplied on this occasion. They have given their names without reserve, that the public, judging from their previous works, may be able to appreciate the nature and tendency of this selection. They beg, however, to apologize for admitting a few pieces of their own composition into the garland they have formed. A cluster of roses would appear less beautiful than when they are set off by juxta-position with humbler flowers; and in the MENTAL GARDEN they have planned, they acted on the same principles as would have directed the florist in decorating his parterre.

W. MAJOR.

S. J. PRATT.

INTRODUCTION.

SECTION I.

THE NATURE, ORIGIN, AND PROGRESS, OF POETRY.

THOUGH many names of the first eminence have sanctioned the idea that the essence of poetry consists in fiction, perhaps it would be better defined “as the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination, formed most commonly into regular numbers, according to the genius of every respective language, or its legitimate laws of versification.”

The primary aim of the poet is to please and to move. It is to the imagination and the passions that he addresses himself; and through them leads to amusement, instruction, or information.

It has been contended, and perhaps with truth, that poetry was antecedent to prose composition. Certain it is, that in the very beginning of society, men used occasionally to assemble at feasts and sacrifices, when the song and the dance constituted their chief entertainment. Indeed in the infancy of all nations, there are found traces of poetic composition; it is natural to the simplest and the purest minds, and forms the relish of the most cultivated and civilized.

Apollo, Orpheus, and Amphion first tamed the ferocity of the Greeks by their music and poetry. The Gothic nations had their scalders, or poets; and the Celtic tribes their bards. The meetings of the North American savages are still distinguished by music and song. By these, all rude nations celebrated their gods, their heroes, and their victories. Both their music and poetry abound in fire and enthusiasm: they are wild, irregular, and glowing, like the genius of the people from which they flow.

As mankind advances in civilization, poetry assumes a new character, and is diversified into different species. An appropriate end, a peculiar merit, and certain rules are assigned to each variety. The principal are PASTORAL, LYRIC, DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, ELEGIAC, EPIC, and DRAMATIC poetry. The two last do not fall within our present plan to elucidate: the others will be briefly characterized in order. The subsequent pages furnish numerous examples under each head, and therefore it may gratify and instruct the student to compare the execution with the design.

SECT. II.

PASTORAL POETRY.

THOUGH pastoral poetry probably was as ancient as separate property, and the business of tending flocks and herds, it was not till cities were built, and mankind collected under laws, that this species of composition assumed its present form. From the
tumult

tumult and bustle of crowded cities, men began to look back with complacency and delight to the innocent amusements of rural life. In the court of Ptolemy, Theocritus wrote the first pastorals that have descended to posterity; and in the court of Augustus, the divine Virgil improved on the models he had left.

The pastoral irresistibly wins the heart, by recalling the objects of childhood and of youth, and painting the gay scenes of uncorrupt nature. It wakes the image of a life to which we associate the ideas of innocence, peace, and ease. It transports us into the loveliest regions: it lays hold on objects in which nature appears in her primitive beauty and simplicity.

The pastoral poet is careful to exhibit whatever is most pleasing in the pastoral state. He paints its simple manners, its tranquil repose, its enviable happiness; but it is his study to conceal its rudeness and its misery. His pictures are from real life, but he rejects whatever may disgust.

The scene must invariably be laid in the country, and the pastoral poet must possess a talent for rural description. To succeed he must paint with distinctness, and give appropriate imagery. His landscape must resemble what a good painter would figure on canvass.

In his allusions to natural objects, as well as in professed descriptions of scenery, he should endeavour to be clear and various; and even to diversify the face of nature. The scenery should also be suited to the

subject of the pastoral, in order to preserve unity of design.

In regard to characters, which form the most prominent objects in pastorals, they must be actually shepherds, or persons wholly engaged in rural occupations. The shepherd must be plain and unaffected, without being dull and insipid. He must have good sense and vivacity, delicacy and feeling; but he should confine himself to subjects with which he may naturally be supposed to be conversant, and avoid refinement and conceit.

With respect to the subjects of pastorals, much taste is necessary. It is not enough that the poet should engage his shepherds in general conversation: there must be an interesting topic, adapted to their situations. The passions of mankind are nearly the same in every sphere; but they are modified by situation and character. The shepherd has his ambition and his pride, his disquiet and his felicity, his rivalries, his successes, and miscarriages, all which are proper topics for the pastoral muse.

At the head of this kind of writing stand Theocritus and Virgil. The former, however, displays a simplicity bordering on rudeness: the latter, with infinite simplicity and grace, sometimes touches the verge of affected refinement.

The modern pastoral poets have generally imitated or blended those two great prototypes. We shall advert only to those of our own country. Pope and Philips have chiefly distinguished themselves in this
line

line of composition. Pope is principally remarkable for smoothness of versification and harmony, and harmony of numbers. His incidents are few, and his shepherds, like his lines, have an uniform equality. Philips attempted to copy nature more closely; but he had not genius to render her attractive. Low images offend as much in his characters, as affected refinement in those of Pope.

Perhaps Shenstone's PASTORAL BALLAD is one of the most perfect poems in this species of writing in our language; if we except Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, which is without a parallel for tenderness of sentiment, affecting incident, and justness and propriety of painting. The Doric dialect in which it is written, sets off its other graces; and gives it a charm which no other pastoral poem will ever attain. Some beautiful short pastorals will be found interspersed in this volume.

SECT. III.

LYRIC POETRY.

THE ode is a very ancient and dignified species of poetic composition, and means a song or hymn; while lyric poetry, in its general acceptation, indicates verses which may be accompanied by the lyre, or some other musical instrument.

The ode still retains its original form and designation. In spirit and execution lie its principal beauties: it admits of a happy irregularity, and a high degree of

enthusiasm on subjects of sentiment rather than of action.

Blair classes odes under four denominations.— I. Hymns to the Supreme Being, and relating to religious subjects. II. Heroic Odes, in celebration of heroes and splendid actions. III. Moral and Philosophical Odes, which refer chiefly to virtue, friendship, and humanity. IV. Festive and amatory Odes, which are written and applied to promote conviviality, or to paint the passion of love and the enchantments of beauty.

Enthusiasm is justly allowed as being characteristic of the ode, but numbers have erred from taking this privilege in too great latitude; and hence have thought themselves at liberty to indulge in any eccentricities, and to become irregular and obscure. It is not necessary indeed that the structure of the ode should be raised on principles of measured exactness; but in every work of genius, whether short or long, the parts should bear an intimate relation to the whole, and a visible bond of connection should be preserved. The transition from thought to thought may be rapid and vivid, but the chain of ideas should nevertheless be unbroken.

Pindar, the father of lyric poetry, by the daring flights of his genius has led his imitators into wildness and rant. They catch his disorder, without his spirit. Horace, on the other hand, is correct, harmonious, and happy. Grace and elegance appear in all his compositions. He treats a moral sentiment with dignity, touches

touches a gay one with felicity, and is even agreeable when he trifles. In short, he is the most perfect model for lyric poets.

In our own language, we have numerous odes of exquisite beauty. Dryden, Gray, Collins, Scott, Langhorne, and many others, need only be named to prove how successfully lyric poetry has been cultivated in this country. Yet it must be confessed, more silly pieces are published under the name of odes than of any other species of poetry. Every person, who can rhyme, thinks himself qualified to write a song or complimentary ode; but the general failure, shews that this is not so easy as many are led to imagine.

SECT. III.

DIDACTIC POETRY.

THE express design of didactic poetry is to convey knowledge and instruction. This species of composition admits of considerable variety in the mode of execution, the length, the stile, the measure, and other qualities: but the intention must be uniformly to make us wiser and better.

In the higher classes of didactic poetry, stand the books of Lucretius on the Nature of Things, the Georgics of Virgil, the Pleasures of Imagination, by Aken-side, Armstrong on Health, and Horace, Vida, Boileau and Pope, on Criticism.

In all these works instruction is the avowed object; yet the poet must not forget to enliven his lessons by figures,

figures, incidents, and poetical delineations. Virgil is peculiarly happy in this respect. Instead of tamely informing us, that a farmer must begin his labours in the spring, he expresses himself in the following animated manner.

While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds ;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams yet new from precipices run ;
Even in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is buried in the soil.

Didactic poetry requires method and arrangement, so that the precepts it enforces may follow in connected order, and mutually strengthen each other. Episodes and embellishments may, however, be freely used, when co-relative to the primary design. The digressions in the Georgics, such as the happiness of a rural life, the fable of Aristeus and the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, are above all praise.

Among modern didactic poets, who have done honour to Britain, Akenside and Armstrong rank very high. The former possessed a rich poetical imagination, and a pomp of diction equal to the sublimity of the ideas it clothes. The latter is more equable, and chiefly remarkable for a chaste and correct elegance.

Under didactic poetry, satires and epistles are naturally classed. Without adverting to the ancients, who have distinguished themselves in this walk. Pope furnishes

furnishes the most perfect models in both lines of composition. Nor is Young to be passed over without notice. He possessed an exuberance of fancy, but his genius was not always under the controul of taste and judgment. His universal passion has much merit, and there are many passages in his Night Thoughts, which would do honour to any poet.

Of short didactic poems, we have furnished some delightful specimens, which it cannot be necessary to particularize.

SECT. IV.

DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

DESCRIPTIVE poetry, taken in a limited and local sense, according to the correct definition of Dr. Johnson, "is a species of composition, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection, or incidental meditation." Of this kind are Denham's Cooper's Hill, and Pope's Windsor Forest.

Descriptive poetry, however, without relation to place, is among the higher efforts of genius, and is frequently mixed with every other species. It is the test of poetic imagination, and distinguishes an original genius from a mere copyist. A true poet places the object he would paint before our eyes. He gives it the genuine colours of life, and affords subjects from which the painter may draw.

The

The great art of picturesque description lies in the selection of suitable circumstances, properly applied. In describing a grand object every circumstance should tend to raise and ennoble : in depicting a gay object, all the circumstances should conspire to beautify.

The most capital descriptive poem in our own, and perhaps in any language, ancient or modern, is Thomson's Seasons. Possessed of a feeling heart, and a warm imagination, Thomson, enamoured of nature, painted her with the enthusiasm of a lover. His work is replete with picturesque imagery, and amid such a galaxy of glowing charms, it is difficult to select one more captivating than another. Take, however, the following passage, which displays the hand of a master in an exquisite degree. It is founded on the dreadful mortality which seized the English fleet, under Admiral Vernon, lying before Carthage.

——— 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 quiv'ring, and the beamless eye
 No more with ardour bright ; you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships from shore to shore ;
 Heard nightly plung'd, amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse.

All the circumstances which this great poet has selected on the occasion, heighten the dismal scene : the last admits of nothing beyond it.

Parnell's Tale is a fine example of descriptive narrative; and Milton's Allegro and Penseroso leave us satisfied, that the effect of this species of poetry can be carried no farther. What vivid colouring shines in these lines from Penseroso!

————— I walk, unseen,

On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plot of rising ground,
I hear the far off curfew sound,
Over some wide water'd shore,
Swinging slow with solemn roar:
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen, in some high lonely tower,
Exploring Plato, to unfold
That worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook;
And of these dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground.

Both Homer and Virgil, among the ancients, excel in poetical description, and hence the charm of their compositions.

compositions. Ossian too paints in colours of fire, and opens every avenue to the heart. "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they are desolate. The fire hath resounded within the walls; and the voice of the people is now heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls; the thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out at the window; the rank grass waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers."

Much of the beauty of descriptive poetry depends on a proper choice of epithets; but no rules can teach their application: "A poet is born, not made."

SECT. VI.

ELEGIAC POETRY.

THE Elegy is a mixed species of poetic composition. In its character it is mournful and plaintive, yet sweet and engaging. It was first used to bewail the loss of friends and relations; and afterwards employed to express the complaints of lovers or any other melancholy subject. In process of time, not only grief but joy, wishes, prayers, expostulations, reproaches, admonitions, and almost every subject were admitted into Elegy. Its chief end, however, is well defined in the following lines from Boileau.

The plaintive Elegy, in mournful state,
Dishevell'd weeps the stern decrees of fate:
Now paints the lover's torments and delights;
Now the nymph flatters, threatens, or invites,

But he who would these passions well express,
Must more of love than poesy possess.

In the Elegy, all must be solemn and dignified. No epigrammatic points or conceits can be admitted. Nature and the passions alone should prevail: the language ought to be pure, flowing, and impressive; and the sentiments reach the heart, while the melody of the verse strikes the ear.

Gray's Elegy in a country church-yard, is a masterpiece in this species of poetry. Hammond's love Elegies are elegant, but too much on the model of Tibullus; they possess affected ornaments, which genuine passion disclaims. Shenstone's Elegies are deservedly admired; but they are frequently disfigured by point and antithesis.

To enumerate all the beautiful Elegies in our own language, would be impossible. Scarcely an author of reputation but has written one or more; and several, giving way to the impulse of tender passions, have succeeded in elegiac composition, who have failed in more elaborate attempts.

SECT. VII.

ENGLISH VERSIFICATION,

AND THE MANNER OF READING IT.

To adopt all the distinctions of feet, or long and short syllables used by the Greeks and Romans, would only confound, nor do they accord with the genius of our language. Mere quantity indeed has very little effect in English versification. The only perceptible difference

difference among our syllables, is occasioned by a stronger percussion of the voice on some of them, which is termed accent. This accent, however, does not lengthen the syllable: it communicates only additional force of sound. It is upon a certain order and succession of accented and unaccented syllables, more than upon their being long and short, that the melody of our verse depends.

Measure is various, according to the nature of the subject, and the taste of the poet. In lyric poetry, verses of eight and six syllables, alternately rhyming, and sometimes only the second and fourth lines are not uncommon; as

When all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Verses of eight syllables in a line, alternately rhyming, partake something of the Elegy, and are sweetly plaintive.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

Verses of eight syllables, rhyming in couplets, are also used in lyric composition.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.

Heroic

Heroic verse, as it is called, consists of ten syllables, rhyming in couplets.

Ye sons of men! with satisfaction know,
 God's own right hand dispenses all below:
 Nor good nor evil does by chance befall;
 He reigns supreme, and he directs it all.

Elegy is likewise in heroic measure; but here the first and third, and the second and fourth lines correspond in the closing syllable.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
 And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
 Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
 And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

Blank verse again, which is best adapted for the higher species of poetry and tragedy, preserves the heroic measure, but without rhyme.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee.

We have also verses of eleven syllables, rhyming in couplets; and lyric poetry allows different intermixtures of all the above, when written in stanzas.

In reading or reciting verse, the unexperienced frequently find a difficulty in pausing with propriety, and giving a melodious cadence to the lines. Regarding rules for reading, nearly as inefficient, as rules for dancing or fencing, which no one ever learned from written precepts, we shall be concise on this head. The oral instruction of a person of taste, can alone communicate

communicate the mode of graceful enunciation, whether in prose or verse. Example too is more powerful than any directions we can give; yet some general observations may be productive of utility.

We have already mentioned pauses: these are of two kinds, one near the middle of the line, and the other at the termination. Rhyme always renders the latter sensible; and it is impossible to neglect its observance in the pronunciation. In blank verse, however, it is less marked; and where there is no suspension of the sense, it may perhaps be questioned whether any pause should be made at the close of the line. On the stage indeed, every appearance of speaking in verse should be avoided, and the sense alone should direct the performer; but in reading or reciting, it is not amiss, for the sake of melody, to make every line sensibly distinct. All sing-song however should be cautiously avoided; and where there is no pause in the sense, it will be sufficient to mark the close of the line by a slight suspension of sound.

The pause in the middle of lines in heroic verse, must of necessity fall after the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh syllable. In varying these judiciously, consist the art of the poet and the harmony of his numbers. Regular pauses always tire the ear; and if they frequently occur too near the beginning or too near the close of a verse, the melody will be weakened or destroyed.

Sometimes it happens that the central pause corresponds in some degree with the verse; and in this

case it is impossible to read wrong. The two first lines of Pope's *Messiah* are of this kind :

Ye nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song ;
To heavenly themes, sublimer strains belong.

Occasionally we meet with lines where the words have such an intimate connection, as not to admit even of a momentary separation, and yet the pause seems to demand it. In this case, the sense must never be sacrificed to the sound. In the one, the poet may appear inartificial ; but in the other the reader would appear ridiculous. Take an example of this discrepancy between the pause and the sense from Milton :

—————What in me is dark,
Illumine ; what is low, raise and support.

Here the sense evidently dictates the pause after "illumine ;" but if melody alone was to be regarded, no pause should be made till after the fourth or the sixth syllable.-- So in this line of Pope.

I sit, with sad civility I read.

The ear would naturally indicate the pause after "sad ;" but to separate "sad" and "civility," would be a flagrant want of regard to the sense.

Such pauses, however, are not frequent in good poets ; and are only pointed out as exceptions. Pope, whose monotonous pauses sometimes tire the ear, will supply likewise examples of a happy variation in this respect.

We have remarked that the pause should never take place but between the fourth and the seventh syllable.

syllable. When it falls on the fourth it gives a spirited air to the line.

On her white breast | a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, | and Infidels adore.

When the pause falls after the fifth syllable, the melody is sensibly altered. The verse gains in smoothness and flowing, what it loses in briskness.

Eternal sunshine | of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted, | and each wish resign'd.

The melody grows still more grave, and the march of the verse more solemn and measured, when the pause follows the sixth syllable.

The wrath of Peleus son, | the direful spring,
Of all the Grecian woes, | O goddess sing !

When the pause takes place after the seventh syllable, which is not very common, the cadence becomes still more sensibly grave. It is sometimes employed with advantage to diversify the melody of long poems.

And in the smooth description | murmur still
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, | all adieu.

With regard to the pauses in lyric verse, no precise rules can be given. In some measure they depend, according to their proportionate length, on the same laws as heroic verse ; but a good ear, a correct taste, and a judicious instructor can alone supply what we have candidly confessed no written rules can give.

SELECTIONS
OF
CLASSICAL ENGLISH POETRY.

THE VIOLET

SHELTER'D from the blight ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety's imprest;
Suited to an humble station,
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest though the maids declare me,
May in her fantastic train,
When Pastora deigns to wear me,
Has no flow'ret half so vain.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE NARCISSUS.

AS pendent o'er the limpid stream
I bow'd my snowy pride,
And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
For what the Fates deny'd;

The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
With such an angel air,
I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye Fates, no longer let me pine,
 A self-admiring sweet,
 Permit me, by your grace divine,
 To kiss the fair-one's feet :

That if by chance the gentle maid
 My fragrance should admire,
 I may, upon her bosom laid,
 In sister sweets expire.

CUNNINGHAM.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO..

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!

Thou messenger of spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

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

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

The school-boy wandering thro' the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No Winter in thy year!

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

LOGAN.

THE BEE, THE LILY OF THE VALLEY,
 AND THE TULIP.

A FABLE.

THE soft-eyed eve, serene and fair,
 Was rising from her noon-tide bow'rs;
 Her breath perfum'd the ambient air,
 Her tints abash'd the closing flow'rs.
 Sol's latest gleam had ting'd the rocks,
 Sweet Philomel her plaint renews;
 While Venus from her radiant locks
 Shed, softly shed, the silent dews.

An infant Bee, who at the morn
 First left a tender parent's wing,
 Afar his giddy flight had borne,
 And thoughtless sipt the sweets of Spring.

Far from its busy guardian's call,
 Now had the little vagrant stray'd;
 And when the dews began to fall,
 He rested in a distant glade.

And there, as pensive and forlorn
 The hapless rover sat and sigh'd,
 Panting for her, he left at morn
 A Lily of the Vale he spied.

With trembling voice, with suppliant eye,
 He begs beneath its leaves to rest ;
 The tender floret heard his cry,
 And thus the wand'rer she address :

“ Welcome beneath my humble shed ;
 “ There sleep secure till dawning day ;
 “ And when Night's sable shades are fled,
 “ Safe to the hive pursue your way.”

With grateful heart the insect bends,
 And thanks the hospitable flow'r,
 Whose ample leaf his frame defends,
 And shelters from the dewy show'r.

But ah ! not long this sweet repose
 Had he beneath it's shade enjoy'd,
 For near the spot a Tulip rose,
 Whose envious glance the charm destroy'd.

“ And why,” she cried, “ poor, simple Bee
 “ Dost thou contented there remain ?
 “ Why slight the tints that glow in me,
 “ For those, the meanest on the plain ?

“ Unmindful that on her you trust,
 “ The passing traveller may tread,
 “ Lay all her blossoms in the dust,
 “ And crush you in the fatal bed.

“ Ah ! waste no more, no more repose
 “ Those downy limbs in vulgar arms,
 “ But ere the night my petals close,
 “ In me enjoy superior charms.”

Deluded by its gaudy hue,
 With glee the fond believing thing
 To taste the boasted blessings flew,
 And left the fairest child of Spring.

Now, sweets luxuriant charm his taste—
 When from the east began to blow
 A ruder gale, whose boisterous haste
 Soon laid th' exulting beauty low.

'Twas on a riv'let's verdant side,
 Queen of the banks, the Tulip stood ;
 The stream receives its fallen pride,
 While the poor insect stems the flood.

At once, of all his hopes bereft,
 The mossy bank he strives to gain,
 Mourns that the humble flow'r he left,
 And beats his silken wings in vain.

Shuddering, he sees approaching death ;
 Too late his unavailing sighs ;
 The waters stop his vital breath ;
 And, lo ! the helpless victim dies !

Ye gentle youth, who read the tale,
 Mark well the moral it imparts—
 “ Forsake not Virtue's peaceful vale,
 “ For Beauty's vain, insidious arts.”

ANON.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
 Which in Milton's page we see ;
 Flowers of Eve's embowered dwelling
 Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
 Emulate thy damask cheek ;
 How the bud its sweets discloses—
 Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
 Emblems of a double kind ;
 Emblems of thy fair complexion,
 Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
 Blossom, fade, and die away ;
 Then pursue good sense and duty,
 Evergreens ! which ne'er decay.

COTTON.

ECLOGUE.

THERON ; OR, THE PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

F AIR Spring o'er Nature held her gentlest sway,
 Fair Morn diffus'd around her brightest ray ;
 Thin mists hung hovering on the distant trees,
 Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
 The shepherd Theron watch'd his fleecy train,
 Beneath a broad oak, on the grassy plain :
 A heath's green wild lay pleasant to his view,
 With shrubs and field-flowers deck'd of varied hue :
 There hawthorns tall their silver bloom disclos'd,
 Here flexile broom's bright yellow interpos'd ;
 There purple orchis, here pale daisies spread,
 And sweet May lilies richest odours shed.
 From many a copse and blossom'd orchard near,
 The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear ;
 There shrill the lark, and soft the linnet sung,
 And loud through air the throstle's music rung,
 The gentle swain the chearful scene admir'd ;
 The chearful scene the song of joy inspir'd.
 " Chant on !" he cried, " ye warblers on the spray !
 " Bleat on, ye flocks, that in the pastures play !
 " Low on, ye herds, that range the dewy vales !
 " Murmur, ye rills ! and whisper soft, ye gales ;
 " How blest my lot, in these sweet fields assign'd,
 " Where peace and leisure sooth the tuneful mind ;
 " Where yet some pleasing vestiges remain
 " Of unperverted Nature's golden reign,

“ Where Love and Virtue rang’d Arcadian shades,
 “ With undesigning youths and artless maids !
 “ For us, tho’ destin’d to a later time,
 “ A less luxuriant soil, less genial clime ;
 “ For us the country boasts enough to charm,
 “ In the wild woodland or the cultur’d farm.
 “ Come, Cynthia, come ! in town no longer stay ;
 “ From crowds and noise, and folly, haste away !
 “ The fields, the meads, the trees, are all in bloom,
 “ The vernal showers awake a rich perfume,
 “ Where Damon’s mansion, by the glassy stream,
 “ Rears its white walls that thro’ green willows gleam,
 “ Annual the neighbours hold their shearing-day,
 “ And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array ;
 “ Those shear the sheep, upon the smooth turf laid,
 “ In the broad plane’s, or trembling poplar’s shade :
 “ These for their friends th’expected feast provide,
 “ Beneath cool bowers along th’ enclosure’s side.
 “ To view the toil, the glad repast to share,
 “ Thy Delia, my Melania, shall be there ;
 “ Each, kind and faithful to her faithful swain,
 “ Loves the calm pleasures of the pastoral plain.
 “ Come, Cynthia, come ! If towns and crowds invite,
 “ And noise and folly promise high delight,
 “ Soon the tir’d soul disgusted turns from these—
 “ The rural prospect, only, long can please !”

SCOTT.

MONODY.

SUNG BY A REDBREAST.

THE gentle pair that in these lonely shades,
 Wandering at eve or morn, I oft have seen,
 Now all in vain I seek at eve or morn,
 With drooping wing, forlorn,
 Along the grove, along the daisied green :

For them I've warbled many a Summer's day,
 'Till the light dews impearled all the plain,
 And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold;
 Stories of love, and high adventures old,
 Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.

Ah! where is now the hope of all my lay?
 Now, they, perchance, that heard them all are dead?
 With them the mead of melody is fled,
 And fled with them the listening ear of praise.
 Vainly I dreamt, that when the wint'ry sky
 Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,
 When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,
 To sooth keen hunger's pain,
 Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain.
 That oft within the hospitable hall
 Some scatter'd fragments haply I might find,
 Some friendly crumb, perchance, for me design'd,
 When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.
 Deluded bird, those hopes are now no more!
 Dull Time has blasted the despairing year,
 And Winter frowns severe,
 Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar.
 Yet not within the hospitable hall
 The chearful sound of human voice I hear;
 No piteous eye is near
 To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

LANGHORNE.

TO A REDBREAST.

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

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

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

LANGHORNE.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

MORNING.

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

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire,
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

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

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

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

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd, serene, and still!
Quiet e'er the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

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

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

EVENING.

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

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

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
 (To the smoking hamlet bound)
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
 Shelter for the lordly dome !
 To their high-built airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home !

As the lark with varied tune,
 Carols to the evening loud,
 Mark the mild resplendent moon,
 Breaking thro' a parted cloud !

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

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

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

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
 And the cuckoo bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting sun adieu.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE ANT, OR EMMET.

THESE Emmets how little they are in our eyes?
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
 Without our regard or concern :
 Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard and many a fool,
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores :
 They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
 And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping Ant.
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time :
 When death or old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
 And pray that my sins be forgiven.
 Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
 That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

WATTS.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
 Companion of the wise and good,
 But, from whose holy piercing eye,
 The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
 Which innocence and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please.

Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,

A lone philosopher you seem :

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,

And now you sweep the vaulted sky,

A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,

And warble forth your oaten strain.

A lover now, with all the grace

Of that sweet passion in your face ;

Then calm'd to friendship, you assume

The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,

As, with her Musidora, she

(Her Musidora fond of thee)

Amid the long withdrawing vale,

Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,

Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;

And while meridian fervors beat,

Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;

But chief when evening scenes decay,

And the faint landscape swims away,

Thine is the doubtful soft decline,

And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,

The virtues of the sage, and swain ;

Plain innocence in white array'd,
 Before thee lifts her fearless head :
 Religion's beams around thee shine,
 And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
 About thee sports sweet liberty ;
 And wrapt Urania sings to thee :

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
 And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
 Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
 When Meditation has her fill,
 I just may cast my careless eyes
 Where London's spiry turrets rise,
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
 Then shield me in the woods again.

THOMSON.

ODE

AGAINST SUSPICION.

OH, fly ! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien ;
 And meditating plagues unseen,
 The sorceress hither bends :
 Behold her torch in gall imbrued :
 Behold, her garment drops with blood
 Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far ! already in your eyes
 I see a pale suffusion rise ;
 And soon thro' every vein,
 Soon will her secret venom spread,
 And all your heart and all your head,
 Imbibe the potent stain.

Then many a demon will she raise,
 To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways ;
 While gleams of lost delight

Raise the dark tempest of the brain
 As lightning shines across the main
 Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

No more can Faith or Candour move :
 But each ingenuous deed of love,
 Which Reason would applaud,
 Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
 Fancy malignant, strives to dress
 Like Injury and Fraud.

Farewell to Virtue's peaceful times :
 Soon will you stoop to act the crimes,
 Which thus you stoop to fear :
 Guilt follows guilt : and where the train,
 Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
 What horrors form the rear !

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
 Suspicion waits the sullen hour
 Of fretfulness and strife,
 When care the weaker bosom wrings,
 Or Eurus waves his murky wings
 To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd,
 Which first beheld your faithful breast,
 To groundless fears a prey :
 Come, where with my prevailing lyre
 The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
 To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
 What power unseen diffuseth far,
 This tenderness of mind ?
 What genius smiles on yonder flood ?
 What god, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every thought be kind ?

O Thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose wisdom our untoward frame,
 With social love restrains ;
 Thou who by fair Affection's ties,
 Giv'st us to double all our joys,
 And half disarm our pains :

Let universal Candour still,
 Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind ;
 For this nor that man's crooked ways,
 One sordid doubt within me raise
 To injure human kind.

AKENSIDE.

THE DRUM.

I HATE the Drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round :
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields
 And lures from cities and from fields,
 To sell their liberty for charms
 Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms ;
 And when Ambition's voice commands,
 To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that Drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round :
 To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
 And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
 And widows tears, and orphans moans ;
 And all that Misery's hand bestows,
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.

SCOTT.

THE DYING KID.

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

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

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
 She saw him climb my rustic cell:
 Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
 And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood,
 To trace his features in the flood:
 Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze;
 And then drew near again to gaze.

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

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

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

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

No more these bowers might Strephon see,
 Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee ;
 No more these beds of flow'rets find,
 Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
 His bosom, now so void of care ;
 And, when they left his ebbing vein,
 What but insipid age, remain ?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
 That gave his life so short a date ;
 And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
 To think that youth so swiftly flies !

SHENSTONE.

.....

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
 King of the sky and father of the day !

O Sun ! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
 Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
 For ever burning and for ever bright,
 With Heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light ?
 What awful beauty in thy face appears !

Immortal youth beyond the power of years !

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
 And from the gates of Morn thy glory shines,
 The conscious stars, are put to sudden flight,
 And all the planets hide their heads in night ;
 The Queen of Heaven forsakes th' ethereal plain,
 To sink inglorious in the western main.

The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
 High in the Heavens, immortal and alone !

Who can abide the brightness of thy face !

Or who attend thee in thy rapid race ?

The mountain-oaks, like their own leaves, decay ;
 Themselves the mountains wear with age away ;
 The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
 Lessens at times and leaves a waste of sand ;
 The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 Is lost in Heaven, and emptied of her light :
 But thou for ever shall endure the same,
 Thy light eternal and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
 Darken the day, and load the labouring sky ;
 When Heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
 All æther flaming, and all earth on fire ;
 When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles ;
 If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
 Her wonted charm the face of nature wears ;
 Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
 Looks from the sky and laughs the storm away.

LOGAN.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Fair Venus' train appear,
 Disclose the long expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year !
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of Spring :
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
 Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade ;
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,

Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The panting herd's repose :
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows !
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied Spring,
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily gilded trim
Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.
Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply ;
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown :
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

LINES FROM SENECA.

THE dizzy dome be his, who will ;
 Be mine the shade, obscure and still.
 Here while the great in public pine,
 Be dulcet rest and leisure mine.
 Unknown to all the sons of pride,
 Smooth may my hours in silence glide.
 So, when the close of life draws near,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 Unnotic'd by the world, may I
 An aged but a poor man, die !
 Heavy the stroke of death must fall
 On him who, conversant with all
 Where'er he turns his anxious eyes,
 Yet to himself a stranger dies !

POLWHELE.

A FEMALE CHARACTER.

HER kindly melting heart,
 To every want and every woe ;
 To guilt itself, when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !
 E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 As she the common mother were of all.
 Nor only good, and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind :
 A spirit that, with noble pride,
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile, or frown ;

That could, without regret or pain,
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice,
 Or Interest's or Ambition's highest prize;
 That, injur'd or offended, never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit that temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light,
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds, that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful modesty before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd;
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd;
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.

LYTTELTON.

FLORA AND THE BOY :

A FABLE.

A BOY one morn into a garden stray'd,
 Which Flora had adorn'd with sweetest flow'rs;
 Roses, azalias, lilies, pinks display'd
 Their various charms, their fascinating pow'rs.
 The little rogue delighted, view'd the rich parterre,
 And long'd to rifle ev'ry beauty there.
 But Flora, when she saw him thus dispos'd,
 Drew near, and wisely interpos'd:
 She smiling said, "My little friend,
 "To one alone your choice must be confin'd;
 "Look round, select one to your mind,
 "Where balmy odours, with rare beauty blend."
 He quickly laid his hand upon a rose,
 Whose charms might well his little heart engage,
 When soon the thorns his rude attack oppose:

With indignation fir'd,
 He from the lurking enemy retir'd,
 And scornful thus exprest his idle rage :
 " Go wither on thy stem, thou treach'rous flow'r,
 " There pine and fade, neglected and forlorn ;
 " I'll seek another rose in yonder bow'r,
 " Who, fair like thee, shall blow without one thorn."
 He ran to pluck one from the clust'ring store,
 Each bow'r examin'd o'er and o'er,
 As vainly search'd the garden round,
 Alas ! no rose without a thorn was to be found.
 His heart beat high with rising pride,
 That thus his wishes were deny'd
 (For he had never felt controul) ;
 At length a flood of tears reliev'd his swelling soul.
 Flora, diverted at such childish grief,
 Yet willing to encourage him, approach'd again :
 " My son," she said, " thy tears are vain,
 " But take my counsel, you will find relief.
 " Courage and perseverance never fail :
 " First o'er the thorns prevail,
 " Each difficulty you will then remove,
 " And gain the object of your love."
 To this each little student may compare
 The hours of learning, often mix'd with care ;
 Yet while the road to knowledge is in view,
 With diligence its winding paths pursue,
 And tho' some briars on the way appear,
 Those will be conquer'd if you persevere ;
 And having well employ'd your youthful hours,
 Reap with advantage Time's most precious flow'rs.

As Nature points, and never errs
 In what it chooses and prefers ;
 Man only blunders, tho' possess'd
 Of talents far above the rest.

The happiness of human kind
 Consists in rectitude of mind,
 A will subdu'd to Reason's sway,
 And passions practis'd to obey ;
 An open and a gen'rous heart,
 Refin'd from selfishness and art ;
 Patience which mocks at Fortune's pow'r,
 And wisdom never sad nor sour :
 In these consist our proper bliss,
 Else Plato reasons much amiss :
 But foolish mortals still pursue
 False happiness in place of true ;
 Ambition serves us for a guide,
 Or lust, or avarice, or pride ;
 While Reason no assent can gain,
 And Revelation warns in vain.
 Hence thro' our lives in ev'ry stage,
 From infancy itself to age,
 A happiness we toil to find,
 Which still avoids us like the wind ;
 Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
 At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
 You'll ask me why I thus rehearse,
 All Épictetus in my verse,
 And if I fondly hope to please
 With dry reflections, such as these,
 So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale ?
 I'll take the hint and tell a tale.

One ev'ning as a simple swain
 His flock attended on the plain,
 The shining Bow he chanc'd to spy,
 Which warns us when a show'r is nigh ;

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

WILKIE.

LIFE.

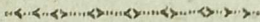
○ WHY do wretched men so much desire
 To draw their days unto the utmost date,
 And do not rather wish them soon expire,
 Knowing the misery of their estate,
 And shouand perils which them still await,

Tossing themselves like a boat amid the main,
 That every hour they knock at death's gate?
 And he that happy seems and least in pain,
 Is yet as nigh his end, as he that most doth plain.

The whiles some one did chaunt their lovely lay,
 Ah see, who so fair thing dost fain to see,
 In springing flower the image of thy day;
 All see thy virgin rose how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems, the less you see her may;
 Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
 Lo! see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
 Of mortal Life the leaf, the bud, the flower,
 No more doth flourish after first decay,
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
 Of many a lady, and many a paramour;
 Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
 While loving thou mayst loved be, without a crime.

SPENSER.



SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
 Each simple flower which she had nurs'd in dew,
 Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
 The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.
 No more shall violets linger in the dell,
 Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
 Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
 And dress with humid hand her wreaths again.

Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
 Are the fond visions of thy early day,
 Till tyrant Passion, and corrosive Care,
 Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
 Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring;
 Ah! why has happiness—no second Spring?

MRS. SMITH.

LUBIN AND HIS DOG TRAY.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd's boy,
 Who watch'd a rigid master's sheep,
 And many a night was heard to sigh,
 And many a day was seen to weep.

For not a lambkin e'er was lost,
 Or wether stray'd to field remote,
 But Lubin ever was to blame,
 Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a trustier lad was known,
 To climb the promontory's brow;
 Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
 Beside the brook in vale below.

From him stern Winter's drifting snow,
 Its pelting sleet, or frost severe,
 Or scorching Summer's sultry ray,
 Ne'er forced a murmur nor a tear.

For, ah! the varying seasons had
 To every hardship form'd his frame,
 Tho' still his tender, feeling heart,
 By Nature nurs'd, remain'd the same.

But whither shall the orphan fly,
 To meet Protection's fostering power?
 Oppression waits the future day,
 When Misery marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
 No friend, no relative had he!
 His happiest hour was dash'd with woe;
 His mildest treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundless heath,
 One winter's day, his flocks had spread,
 By hunger urg'd to seek the blade
 That lurks beneath its snowy bed.

And hous'd, at eve, his fleecy charge,
 He, sorrowing, miss'd a fav'rite lamb,
 That shunn'd the long-persisting search,
 Nor answer'd to its bleating dam.

With heavy heart he bent his way,
 And told so true, so sad a tale,
 That almost pierc'd the marble breast
 Of ruthless Rufus of the Vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had stray'd,
 Own'd he had suffer'd them to go;
 Yes; he had learn'd to pity them,
 For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants,
 The unnipp'd neighb'ring bound deny'd,
 They sure had dropp'd—as surely too
 The pitying shepherd boy had died.

“Then die!” th' unfeeling master said,
 And spurn'd him from his closing door,
 Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
 He vow'd should ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waste
 The whistling winds did fiercely blow,
 And 'gainst his poor unshelter'd head,
 With arrowy keenness, came the snow.

Yet thus he left his master's house,
 And shap'd his sad uncertain way;
 By man unnotic'd and forsook,
 And follow'd but by—trusty Tray.

Unlike to worldly friends were they,
 Who separate in Fortune's blast,
 They still were near when fair the sky,
 But nearer still when overcast.
 When Lubin's random step involv'd
 His body 'neath the drifted snow,
 Tray help'd him forth; and when Tray fell,
 Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.
 Benumb'd, at length, his stiff'ning joints,
 His tongue to Tray could scarcely speak;
 His tears congeal'd to icicles,
 His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainst his cheek.
 As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
 Give omen of approaching death,
 Aurora, from her eastern hills,
 Rush'd forth, and staid his fleeting breath;
 And shew'd to his imperfect sight
 The harmless cause of all his woe,
 His little lambkin cold and stiff,
 Stretch'd on its bed of glist'ning snow.
 " 'Tis just," he said, " that where thou liest
 " The careless shepherd boy should lie:
 " Thou diest, poor fool! for want of food;
 " I fall, for suff'ring thee to die.
 " But oh! my master!" broken, short,
 Was ev'ry half word now he spoke;
 " Severe has been thy constant will,
 " And galling sure thy heavy yoke.
 " A warmer couch hast thou to press,
 " Secure from cramping frosts thy feet;
 " And couldst thou boast so free a breast,
 " Thou yet mightst die a death as sweet.
 " My trusty dog--that wistful look
 " Is all that makes my poor heart heave:
 " But hie thee home, proclaim me dead,
 " Forget to think, and cease to grieve."

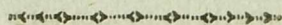
So saying, shrunk the hapless youth,
 Beneath the chilling grasp of death ;
 And, clasping poor Tray's shaggy neck,
 Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath !

His faithful, fond, sagacious dog,
 Hung watchful o'er his master's clay ;
 And many a moan the creature made,
 And many a thing he strove to say.

But not a sign of lurking life,
 Thro' all his frame he found to creep ;
 He knew not what it was to die,
 But knew his master did not sleep.

Great grief assail'd his untaught heart,
 And quickly laid his victim low !
 His master's cheek, his pillow cold,
 Their common bed, the colder snow !

ANON.



THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
 Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
 The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flower,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

But when the curfew's measur'd roar
 Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
 Has echoed from the distant town,
 They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
 No trophied canopies, to close
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose:

 Their little sons, who spread the bloom
 Of health around the clay-built room,
 Or thro' the primros'd coppice stray,
 Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;
 Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
 Or drive afield the tardy kine ;
 Or hasten from the sultry hill
 To loiter at the shady rill ;
 Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
 To rob the raven's ancient nest.

 Their humble porch with honied flowers
 The curling woodbine's shade embowers :
 From the small garden's thymy mound
 Their bees in busy swarms resound :
 Nor fell Disease, before his time,
 Hastes to consume Life's golden prime :
 But when their temples long have wore
 The silver crown of tresses hoar ;
 As studious still calm peace to keep,
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

WARTON.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
 THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

WHAT Nature, alas ! has denied
 To the delicate growth of our Isle,
 Art has in a measure supplied,
 And Winter is deck'd with a smile.
 See, Mary, what beauties I bring
 From the shelter of that sunny shed,
 Where the flow'rs have the charms of the Spring,
 Tho' abroad they are frozen and dead.

When man, with all his high pretence
 To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
 Will err, and measures false pursue.
 'Tis very strange, I own, but true.
 Mama observ'd the rising lass,
 By stealth retiring to the glass,
 To practise little airs unseen,
 In the true genius of thirteen :
 On this a deep design she laid
 To tame the humour of the maid ;
 Contriving, like a prudent mother,
 To make one folly cure another.
 Upon the wall against the seat
 Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
 Whene'er by accident offended,
 A Looking-glass was straight suspended,
 That it might shew her how deform'd
 She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd ;
 And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
 To bend her humour to her duty :
 All this the Looking-glass achiev'd,
 Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
 Grew tame and gentle in a trice ;
 So when all other means had fail'd,
 The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, fable to the human kind
 Presents an image of the mind ;
 It is a mirror, where we spy
 At large our own deformity,
 And learn, of course, those faults to mend,
 Which but to mention would offend.

THE SHRUBBERRY.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION.

O HAPPY shades ! to me unblest,
 Friendly to peace, but not to me ;
 How ill the scene that offers rest,
 And heart that cannot rest agree !

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
 Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
 Might soothe a soul less hurt thine mine,
 And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd, unalterable care
 Foregoes not what she feels within ;
 Shews the same sadness every where,
 And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
 While peace possess these silent bowers,
 Her animating smile withdrawn,
 Hath lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
 This moss-grown alley, musing slow ;
 They seek, like me, the secret shade,
 But not, like me, to nourish woe.

Me frightful scenes and prospects waste,
 Alike admonish not to roam ;
 These tell me of enjoyments past,
 And those of sorrows yet to come.

COWPER.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

“ W H Y loves my flower, the sweetest flower
 “ That swells the golden breast of May,
 “ Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
 “ To waste her solitary day ?

“ Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
 “ The grove and genial garden call,
 “ Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
 “ Unheeded on the lonely wall ?

“ For never, sure, was beauty born,
 “ To live in Death’s deserted shade !
 “ Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
 “ My banks for life and beauty made.”

Thus pity wak’d the tender thought,
 And by her sweet persuasive led,
 To seize the hermit-flower I sought,
 And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought—but sudden on my ear,
 A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
 And smote my heart with holy fear,
 The genius of the ruin spoke :

“ From thee be far th’ ungentle deed,
 “ The honours of the dead to spoil,
 “ Or take the sole remaining meed,
 “ The flower that crowns their former toil !

“ Nor deem that flower the garden’s foe,
 “ Or fond to grace this barren shade ;
 “ ’Tis Nature tells her to bestow
 “ Her honours on the lonely dead.

“ For this obedient zephyrs bear
 “ Her light seeds round yon turret’s mold,
 “ And undisturb’d by tempests there,
 “ They rise in vegetable gold.

“ Nor shall thy wonder wake to see,
 “ Such desert scenes distinction crave ;
 “ Oft have they been, and oft shall be,
 “ Truth’s, Honour’s, Valour’s, Beauty’s grave.

“ Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
 “ As weary of th’ insulting air ;
 “ The Poet’s thought, the Warrior’s fire,
 “ The Lover’s sighs are sleeping there.

- “ When that too shakes the trembling ground,
“ Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
“ And many a slumb’ring cottage round
“ Startles—how still their hearts will lie !
- “ Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
“ No more the smiling day shall view,
“ Should many a tender tale be told ;
“ For many a tender thought is due.
- “ Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
“ When evening brought the pensive hour,
“ Step slowly o’er the shadowy vale,
“ And stop to pluck the frequent flower ?
- “ Those flowers he surely meant to strew
“ On lost affection’s lowly cell ;
“ Tho’ there, as fond remembrance grew,
“ Forgotten, from his hand they fell.
- “ Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
“ Been taught her first rose to resign ?
“ With vain, but pious fondness, borne
“ To deck thy Nancy’s honour’d shrine !
- “ ’Tis Nature’s pleading in the breast,
“ Fair memory of her works to find ;
“ And when to Fate she yields the rest,
“ She claims the monumental mind.
- “ Why, else, the o’ergrown paths of Time
“ Would thus the letter’d sage explore ;
“ With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
“ And on the doubtful sculpture pore ?
- “ Why seeks he, with unwearied toil,
“ Thro’ Death’s dim walks to urge his way,
“ Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
“ And lead Oblivion into day ?
- “ ’Tis Nature prompts, by toil or fear,
“ Unmov’d, to range thro’ Death’s domain :
“ The tender parent loves to hear
“ Her children’s story told again.

“ Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,
 “ If haply near these haunts he stray ;
 “ Nor take the fair enlivening flowers,
 “ That bloom to cheer his lonely way.”

LANGHORNE.

THE RAVEN :

A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
 Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
 And on her wicker-work high mounted,
 Her chickens prematurely counted,
 (A fault philosophers might blame,
 If quite exempted from the same),
 Enjoy'd at ease the genial day ;
 'Twas April, as the bumpkins say ;
 But suddenly a wind as high
 As ever swept a winter sky,
 Shook the young leaves about her ears,
 And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
 Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
 And spread her golden hopes below.

But just at eve the blowing weather,
 And all her fears were hush'd together :
 “ And now,” quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
 “ 'Tis over, and the brood is safe.”
 (For Ravens, tho' as birds of omen,
 They teach both conj'rors and old women
 To tell us what is to befall,
 Can't prophesy themselves at all).
 The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
 Who long had mark'd his airy lodge,
 And destin'd all the treasure there
 A gift to his expecting fair,
 Climb'd, like a squirrel to his prey,
 And bore the worthless prize away.

Silv'ry bud, thy pensile foliage,
 Seems the angry blast to fear ;
 Yet secure, thy tender texture
 Ornaments the rising year.

No warm tints, or vivid col'ring,
 Paints thy bells with gaudy pride ;
 Mildly charm'd, we seek thy fragrance,
 Where no thorns insidious hide.

'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty,
 To attract the roving sight ;
 Nature, from her varied wardrobe
 Chose thy vest of purest white.

White, as falls the fleecy shower,
 Thy soft form in sweetness grows ;
 Not more fair the valley's treasure,
 Not more sweet, her lily blows.

Drooping harbinger of Flora,
 Simply are thy blossoms drest ;
 Artless, as the gentle virtues,
 Mansion'd in the blameless breast.

When to pure and timid virtue,
 Friendship twines a votive wreath,
 O'er the fair selected garland,
 Thou thy perfume soft shall breathe.

SYBILLA.

THE MUSE ; OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

THE Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
 My soul the tuneful strain admires ;
 The Poet's birth, I ask not where,
 His place, his name, they're not my care ;
 Nor Greece, nor Rome delight me more
 Than Tagus' bank, or Thames's shore :

From silver Avon's flowery side,
 Tho' Shakespear's numbers sweetly glide,
 As sweet from Morven's desert hills,
 My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
 My soul the tuneful strain admires:
 Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage,
 Prevail, to make me blame the page.
 I scorn not all that Dryden sings,
 Because he flatters Courts and Kings;
 And from the master-lyre of Gray,
 When pomp of music breaks away,
 Not less the sound my notice draws,
 For that is heard in Freedom's cause.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
 My soul the tuneful strain admires:
 Where Wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
 No added lustre marks the lines;
 Where Want extends her chilling shades,
 No pleasing flower of fancy fades,
 A scribbling Peer's applauded lays
 Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise
 From that poor youth, whose tales relate
 Sad Juga's fears, and Bawdin's fate.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
 My soul the tuneful strain admires:
 When Fame her wreaths well-earn'd bestows,
 My breast no latent envy knows;
 My Langhorne's verse I lov'd to hear,
 And Beattie's song delights my ear;
 And his whom Athens' tragic maid
 Now leads thro' Scarning's lonely glade;
 While he for British nymphs bids flow
 Her notes of terror and of woe.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
 My soul the tuneful strain admires:
 Or be the verse or blank, or rhyme,
 The theme, or humble or sublime;

If Pastoral's hand my journey leads
 Thro' harvest fields, or new-mown meads ;
 If Epic's voice sonorous calls
 To Cæta's cliffs, or Salem's walls ;
 Enough—the Muse, the Muse inspires !
 My soul the tuneful strain admires.

SCOTT.

.....

FRIENDSHIP : AN ODE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHNSON.

ELEGY

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

AMID these mould'ring walls, this marble round,
Where slept the heroes of the Julian name,
Say, shall we linger so in thought profound,
And meditate the mournful paths to fame.

What tho' no cypress shades in funeral rows,
No sculptur'd urns, the last records of fate,
O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
Or breathe in storied emblems of the great ;

Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
The scene, tho' chang'd, nor negligently tread :
These variegated walks, however gay,
Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

In every shrub, in every flow'ret's bloom,
That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,
Some hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
And live a vegetative life again.

For matter dies not, as the Sages say,
But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,
When the free spirit quits its cumb'rous clay,
And sees, beneath, the rolling planets pass.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to thee,
Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
In yon fair scyon of Apollo's tree,
The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf—'twere sacrilege to wound
Th' ideal memory of so sweet a shade ;
In these sad seats an early grave he found,
And the first rites to gloomy Dis convey'd.

Witness, thou field of Mars, that oft hast known
His youthful triumphs in the mimic war ;
Thou heardst the heart-felt universal groan,
When o'er thy bosom roll'd the funeral car.

Witness, thou Tuscan stream, where oft he glow'd
 In sportive strugglings with th'opposing wave,
 Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd,
 While wept the wise, the virtuous, and the brave.

O lost too soon!—yet why lament a fate
 By thousands envied, and by Heav'n approv'd?
 Rare is the boon to those of longer date
 To live, to die, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our passions warm,
 And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,
 Our expectations hastily we form,
 And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we satiate on th' applause we pay
 To rising merit, and resume the crown;
 Full many a blooming genius snatch'd away
 Has fallen lamented, who had liv'd unknown.

For hard the task, O Villiers, to sustain
 Th' important burden of an early fame;
 Each added day some added worth to gain,
 Prevent each wish, and answer every claim.

Be thou, Marcellus, with a length of days!
 But oh, remember, whatsoe'er thou art,
 The most exalted breath of human praise,
 To please, indeed, must echo from the heart.

Tho' thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,
 By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd;
 'Tis from within alone true fame can rise,
 The only happy is the self-approv'd.

THE CURATE :

A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
 His little lampe fed with but little oile,
 The Curate sate (for scantie was his hire),
 And ruminated sad the morrowe's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
 The stated lectures of the coming tyde ;
 No day of rest to him, but day of care,
 At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him sprede his various sermons lay,
 Of explanation deepe, and sage advice ;
 The harvest gain'd from manie a thoughtful daye,
 The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond, but tearful eye,
 Awhile he paus'd, for sorrowe stopp'd his throte ;
 Arroused at lengthe, he heaved a bitter sighe,
 And thus complainde, as well indeed he mote :

- “ Hard is the scholar's lot, condemned to sail
 “ Unpatronized, o'er Life's tempestuous wave ;
 “ Clouds blind his sight ; nor blows a friendly gale,
 “ To waft him to one port—except the grave.
- “ Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
 “ With youthful ardour, and bright science fraughte ;
 “ Unanxious of the pains long doom'd to feel,
 “ Unthinking that the voyage might end in noughte.
- “ Pleased on the summer sea, I daunc'd awhile,
 “ With gay companions, and with views as fair ;
 “ Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,
 “ My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.
- “ Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
 “ To highest flights, to Crosier, and to Pall,
 “ Scarce could I mourn the missinge of the prize,
 “ For soaringe wishes well deserve their fall.

- “ No tow’ring thoughts like these engag’d my breast,
 “ I hoped (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)
 “ Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
 “ The scheme of duty suited to the man ;
- “ Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,
 “ From vile dependance free, I might remain,
 “ The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
 “ The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.
- “ Yet cruel Fate denied the small request,
 “ And bound me fast, in one ill-omened hour,
 “ Beyond the chance of remedie, to reste
 “ The slave of wealthie pride and priestlie pow’r.
- “ Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
 “ In distant chappels hastilie to pray,
 “ By nod scarce noticed of the passinge thronge,
 “ ’Tis but the Curate, every childe will say.
- “ Nor circumscribed in dignitie alone,
 “ Do I my rich superior’s vassal ride ;
 “ Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
 “ With all its frowns, does o’er my roof preside.
- “ Ah! not for me the harveft yields its store,
 “ The bough-crown’d shock in vain attracts mine eye ;
 “ To labour doom’d, and destin’d to be poor,
 “ I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.
- “ When at the altar, surplice-clad, I stand,
 “ The bridegroom’s joy draws forth the golden fee ;
 “ The gift I take, but dare not close my hand ;
 “ The splendid present centres not in me.”

TO THE WILD BROOK.

UNHEEDED emblem of the mind!

When weeping Twilight's shadows close,
I wander where thy mazes wind,
And watch thy current as it flows:
Now dimpling, silent, calm, and even;
Now brawling, as in anger driven;
Now ruffled, foaming, madly wild,
Like the vex'd sense of Sorrow's hopeless child!

Beside thy surface now I see,
Reflected in thy placid breast,
Hush'd Summer's painted progeny
In smiles and sweets redundant drest;
They flaunt their forms of varying dye,
To greet thee, as thou passest by;
And bending up thy ample wave,
And in its lucid lapse their bosoms lave.

While on thy tranquil breast appears
No fretting gale, no passing storm,
The sunbeam's vivid lustre cheers,
And seems thy silv'ry bed to warm:
The thronging birds, with am'rous play,
Sweep with their wings thy glittering way;
And o'er thy banks fond zephyr blows,
To dress with sweets the smallest flow'r that grows.

But when destroying blasts arise,
And clouds o'ershade thy with'ring bounds,
When swift the eddying foliage flies,
And loud the ruthless torrent sounds;
Thy dimpling charms are seen no more,
Thy minstrel's carroll'd praise is o'er;
While not a flow'ret, sunny drest,
Courts the chill'd current of thy altered breast.

Such is the human mind! Serene
 When Fortune's gloomy hour appears!
 And lovely, as thy margin green,
 Are buds of Hope, which Fancy rears:
 Then Adulation, like the flow'r,
 Bends as it greets us on our way;
 But, in the dark and stormy hour,
 Leaves us, unmark'd, to trace our troubled way!

MRS. ROBINSON.

THE DEBTOR.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
 O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
 Let not the hand of comfortless Despair
 Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
 With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear;
 Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
 Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear:

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
 To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born;
 The hand of Pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
 And ev'ry blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But, ah! how quick the chang'd the morning gleam,
 That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
 Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,
 And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below!
 Fond Hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears;
 Till unforeseen, descends the blight of Woe,
 And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted ; (who from fault is ever free!)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid ?
To whom the ruins of my state commend ?
Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Too late I found, the wretched have no friend !

E'en he, amid the rest, the favour'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred wreath that Hymen wove ;
While pale-ey'd Avarice, from his sordid stand
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected Love.

Tho' deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art ;
And faintly strove, with sickly smiles to hide
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty, nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd, but pitied, and forgave !
Then, unrepining, yielded to her fate,
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r !
O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom !
Let not the hand of comfortless Despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb,

MORE.

ODE TO MORNING.

HAIL, roseate Morn! returning light!
 To thee the sable Queen of Night
 Reluctant yields her sway;
 And as she quits the dappled skies,
 On glories greater glories rise,
 To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted meads gay Flora trips;
 Arabia's spices scent her lips;
 Her head with rose-buds crown'd:
 Mild Zephyr hastes to snatch a kiss;
 And, fluttering with the transient bliss,
 Wafts fragrance all around.

The dew-drops, daughters of the Morn,
 With spangles every bush adorn.
 And all the broider'd vales;
 Their voice to thee the linnets raise,
 The lark, soft-trilling in thy praise,
 Aurora, rising, hails!

While Nature, now in lively vest
 Of glossy green, has gaily dress'd
 Each tributary plain;
 While blooming flowers, and blossom'd trees,
 Soft waving with the vernal breeze,
 Exult beneath thy reign;

Shall I, with drowsy poppies crown'd,
 By sleep in silken fetters bound,
 The downy god obey?
 Ah, no! thro' yon embowering grove,
 Or winding valley, let me rove,
 And own thy chearful sway!

For short-liv'd are thy pleasing powers:
 Pass but a few uncertain hours,
 And we no more shall trace

Thy dimpled cheek and brow serene ;
 Or clouds may gloom the smiling scene,
 And frowns deform thy face.

So in life's youthful bloomy prime,
 We sport away the fleeting time,
 Regardless of our fate ;
 But by some unexpected blow,
 Our giddy follies we shall know,
 And mourn them when too late.

PENNINGTON.

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

METHINKS the world seems oddly made,
 And every thing amiss,
 A dull complaining Atheist said,
 As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
 And instanced in this :

- “ Behold,” quoth he, “ that mighty thing,
 “ A pumpkin large and round,
 “ Is held but by a little string,
 “ Which upwards cannot make its spring,
 “ Nor bear it from the ground.
 “ While on this oak an Acorn small,
 “ So disproportion'd grows ;
 “ That whosoe'er surveys this all,
 “ This universal casual ball,
 “ Its ill contrivance knows.
 “ My better judgment would have hung
 “ The pumpkin on the tree ;
 “ And left the Acorn slightly strung,
 “ 'Mong things that on the surface sprung,
 “ And weak and feeble be.”

No more the caviller could say,
 No farther faults descry ;
 For upwards gazing as he lay,
 An Acorn loosened from its spray,
 Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
 As punished for the sin :
 Fool ! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
 Thy whimsies would have work'd no more,
 Nor skull have kept them in.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BEE-FLOWER.

COME, let us leave this painted plain ;
 This waste of flowers that palls the eye :
 The walks of Nature's wilder reign
 Shall please in plainer majesty.

Thro' those fair scenes, where yet she owes
 Superior charms to Brockman's art ;
 Where, crown'd with elegant repose,
 He cherishes the social heart.

Thro' those fair scenes we'll wander wild,
 And on yon pasture-mountains rest ;
 Come, brother dear ! come, Nature's child !
 With all her simple virtues blest.

The sun far-seen on distant towers,
 And clouding groves, and peopled seas,
 And ruins pale of princely bowers,
 On Beachborough's airy heights shall please.

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene ;
 The little labourer of the hive,
 From flower to flower, from green to green,
 Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flow'ret's velvet breast,
 How close the busy vagrant lies!
 His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
 The ambrosial gold that swells his thighs.

Regardless, whilst we wander near,
 Thrifty of time, his task he plies;
 Or sees he no intruder near,
 And rests in sleep his weary eyes.

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
 His limbs;—we'll set the captive free.
 I sought the living Bee to find,
 And found the picture of a Bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,
 From thence we plan the rule of all;
 Thus Nature with the fabled elves
 We rank, and these her *sports* we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
 Th'unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
 That *Life's majestic source* may be
 In idle Fancy's trifling vein.

Remember still, 'tis Nature's plan,
 Religion in your love to find;
 And know, for this, she first in man
 Inspir'd the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,
 Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power,
 That power with leading hand she shews,
 And paints a Bee upon a flower.

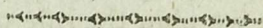
Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
 His human feet, his human hands!
 Oft, as his shapely form he tears,
 Aghast the frighted plowman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,
 She seems ev'n with herself at strife,
 While fairer from her hand is shewn
 The pictur'd, than the native life.

Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
 Still many a shining pebble bear,
 Where oft her studious hand engraves
 The perfect form, and leaves it there:

O long, my Paxton, * boast her art,
 And long her love of laws fulfill :
 To thee she gave her hand and heart,
 To thee, her kindness and her skill !

LANGHORNE.



ON AN URN,

DUG UP AT NORTH ELHAM, IN NORFOLK, IN AN OLD
 ROMAN BURIAL GROUND.

TRIFLING mortal, tell me why
 Thou hast disturb'd my Urn?
 Want'st thou to find out what am I?
 Vain man, attend and learn !

What glittering honours, or high trust,
 Once dignified me here ;
 Were characters impress'd on dust,
 Which quickly disappear.

Nor will the sparkling atoms show
 A Clodius, or a Guelph :
 Vain search ! if here the source thou'dst know,
 Of nobles or thyself.

* An ingenious portrait-painter.

The mould will yield no evidence,
By which thou may'st divine,
If lords or beggars issued thence,
And fill'd the ancient line.

Learn then the vanity of birth,
Condition, honours, name ;
All are but made of common earth,
The substance just the same.

Bid Avarice and Ambition view
Th' extent of all their gains ;
Themselves and their possessions too
A gallon-pot contains.

Haste ! lift thy thoughts from earthly things,
To more substantial bliss,
And leave that groveling pride to Kings,
Which ends in dirt like this.

Let virtue be thy radiant guide,
'Twill dignify thy clay,
And raise thy ashes glorified,
When suns shall fade away.

To know what letters spelt my name,
Is useless quite to thee ;
An heap of dust is all I am,
And all that thou shalt be.

Go now, that heap of dust explore,
Measure its grains, or weigh ;
Canst thou the titles which I bore
Distinguish in the clay.

RIDLEY.

SONNET.

HERE droops the Muse! while from her glowing mind,
 Celestial Sympathy, with humid eye,
 Bids the light sylph, capricious Fancy, fly.
 Time's restless wings with transient flow'rs to bind!
 For now, with folded arms and head inclin'd,
 Reflection pours the deep and frequent sigh,
 O'er the dark scroll of human destiny,
 Where gaudy buds and wounding thorns are twin'd.
 O! sky-born Virtue! sacred is thy name!
 And tho' mysterious Fate, with frown severe,
 Oft decorates thy brows with wreaths of fame,
 Bespangled o'er with Sorrow's chilling tear!
 Yet shalt thou more than mortal raptures claim,
 The brightest planet of th' *Eternal Sphere!*

MRS. ROBINSON.

INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
 Fresh verdure decks the grove;
 Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
 And tunes his notes to love.
 Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
 And shun the noon-tide heat;
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
 My groves a safe retreat.
 Here freely hop from spray to spray,
 Or weave the mossy nest;
 Here rove and sing the live-long day,
 At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool, translucent rill,
 That trickles down the glade,
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
 And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
 E'er shews his ruddy face,
 Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
 In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
 Secure the linnet sings ;
 The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
 To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
 Yon distant woods among,
 And round my friendly grotto chaunt
 Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
 Domestic bird, to come
 And seek a sure asylum here,
 With one that loves his home.

My trees, for you, ye artless tribe,
 Shall store of fruit preserve ;
 O let me thus your friendship bribe !
 Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
 To you these plums belong ;
 Sweet is the fruit that you have pick'd,
 But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,
 Our mutual interest guard ;
 Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
 Your songs be my reward.

THE BUD.

FIRST BIRTH-DAY.

TO-DAY the Muse, on fairy wing,
 The *birth-morn* of her Bud shall sing;
 For now twelve moons have danc'd away,
 Like Fairies at their moon-light play,
 And ev'ry silken hour more sleek
 Than viewless down on Fairy's cheek.
 Grant, Heaven, that each succeeding year
 As smooth may glide, or, if a tear
 Should fall upon its fairy leaf,
 Be it to ease some fairy grief;
 Or else to note a happiness,
 Which fairy tears can best express;
Then, be it gentle as the shower,
 That bathes the Buds of Fairy-bower!
 And O! sweet maid, in granting this,
 Thy Bard will sure deserve a kiss,
 Far sweeter than e'er Fairy knew,
 Or Fancy form'd, or Zephyr blew,
 When first with earth-born flowers she play'd,
 And Nature's own first Bud was made!
 Then every year, if such thy bliss,
 Sweet maid, I shall demand a kiss.

Original.

PRATT.

THE BUD.

SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

TILL now, sweet maid, my lyre unstrung,
 On Sorrow's weeping willow hung,
 Thy plighted Bard there shed a tear,
 And mus'd a dirge for Julia's bier!

Yet had she died, the Poet's art
 Had yielded to his anguish'd heart ;
 His verse had been absorb'd in woe,
 And nothing but those tears would flow ;
 And oft as that sad day return'd,
 In which my perish'd Bud I mourn'd :
 Still faithful to my love sincere,
 A dirge I'd muse for Julia's bier ;
 And when at length the words should come,
 Her Bard should wreathe them round her tomb.

But Heaven, indulgent in its care,
 Has heard thy plighted Poet's prayer ;
 And tho', soft Bud ! thy drooping leaf
 Had fill'd a mother's soul with grief ;
 And tho' the blossoms and the tree,
 Languish'd from root to branch with thee,
 Each beauty now more sweet shall blow,
 Each natal hour more bloom shall shew ;
 Give to thy lips more vermeil hue,
 And tint thine eyes with tenderer blue ;
 And wrap thy mother's soul in bliss,
 And pay thy Bard his annual kiss !

PRATT.

TO JULIA.

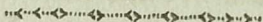
WITH A BUD.

LOVELY promise of a flower !
 Woo'd by Zephyr, as he flies,
 Bath'd in April's softest shower,
 Nurs'd by sun-beams as they rise.
 By thy mother's tender care,
 Bud of Beauty ! all may see,
 By thy sweets unfolding fair,
 This an emblem is of thee.

When those sweets shall open more,
 Still the likeness shall prevail ;
 But when transient blooms are o'er,
 There shall thy resemblance fail.

Tho' all fade of Nature's bloom ;
 Flower divine ! to thee is giv'n
 To rise fragrant from the tomb,
 Scattering odours over Heaven.

PRATT.

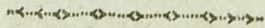


GEORGIANA ; OR, THE YOUNGER BLOSSOM.

I N the fair garden of a friend,
 Where my dewy steps I bend,
 Spring's a *Blossom* bright as morning,
 Air perfuming, earth adorning,
 Tinted with each lovely hue ;
 Ah, how like, sweet Maid ! to you.
 Spotless foliage, half concealing,
 Softly, timid, half revealing !
 And when brighter blooms unfold,
 Modestly, and nothing bold,
 Every charm shall meet the view,
 Still how like, sweet Maid, to you !

Original.

PRATT.



ANNA ; OR, THE ELDER BLOSSOM.

AND yet another bloomy shoot,
 Sprung from the same maternal root,
 Of firmer stem, and ampler leaves,
 With gladden'd eye the Muse perceives ;
 And as she views, with rapid wing,
 Hastens again to tune the string :
 Tune it to Hope's, to Friendship's strain,
 And Virtue whispers not in vain,

That earlier fruits of worth and sense
 This earlier Blossom may dispense ;
 That as first blown, it first shall prove
 Deserving of a parent's love !
 Display what Eden knew not long,
 Obedience meek, yet feeling strong !
 Yes, Anna, be thou first to give
 What thou wast foremost to receive ;
 With zeal repay by filial care,
 The parent's hope, the parent's prayer !
 The fairest pride of maidens' bower
 Is when the flow'ret props the flower ;
 Nor can the lily of the field
 Such beauty shew, such fragrance yield,
 As duteous children when they prove
 Deserving of a parent's love :
 Then daily be that duty thine,
 And yearly to applaud thee, mine.

PRATT.

THE PARENT TREE.

AND last, the lovely Tree I view
 On which the bud and blossoms grew :
 Emblem of various hues the Fates have made,
 Its richest tints are deep invol'd in shade.
 Now splendid suns their lustre shew,
 Now clouds obstruct the transient glow,
 A rainbow o'er its beauteous top is spread,
 And trembling dew-drops many a leaf invade.
 Harsh tho' the storm assails her breast,
 The Bud and Blossoms are caress'd ;
 And e'en when thunder-claps alarm,
 It shields its branches still from harm :
 And this the day, O bless it, Heaven !
 Which marks the period it was given ;
 The fairest, goodliest plant of earth,
 To guard her Bud and Blossom's Birth.

PRATT.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove.

'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
 A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
 Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd ;
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

" Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,

" Why thus lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?

" For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow ;

" And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.

" Yet, if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay !

" Mourn, sweetest companion, man calls thee to mourn :

" O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away !

" Full quickly they pass—but they never return !

" Now, gilding remote on the verge of the sky,

" The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays ;

" But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high

" She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.

" Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue

" The path that conducts thee to splendor again :

" But man's faded glory no change shall renew ;

" Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more :

" I mourn ; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;

" For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,

" Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.

" Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;

" Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save :

" But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn !

" O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

ODE TO A SINGING-BIRD.

O THOU that glad'st my lonesome hours,
 With many a wildly warbled song,
 When Melancholy round me hours,
 And drives her sullen storms along ;
 When fell Adversity prepares
 To lead her delegated train,
 Pale Sickness, Want, Remorse, and Pain,
 With all her host of carking cares ;
 The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,
 And give the humbled heart to Sympathy's controul !
 Sweet soother of my misery, say,
 Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing ?
 Why dost thou pour that artless lay ?
 How canst thou, little prisoner, sing ?
 Hast thou not cause to grieve
 That man, unpitying man, has rent
 From thee the boon which Nature meant
 Thou should'st, as well as he, receive ?
 The power to woo thy partner in the grove ;
 To build where instinct points, where chance directs, to rove.
 Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
 And to the woes of bondage blind,
 Thou never long'st to join the mate,
 Nor wishest to be unconfin'd.
 Then how relentless he,
 And fit for every foul offence,
 Who could bereave such innocence
 Of Life's best blessing—liberty !
 Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
 To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care !
 But why for thee this fond complaint ?
 Above thy master thou art bless'd !
 Art thou not free ?—Yes ; calm Content,
 With olive sceptre, sways thy breast :

Then deign with me to live ;
 The falcon with insatiate maw,
 With hooked bill and griping claw,
 Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive ;
 And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,
 While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.
 Nor shall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
 Thy wiry tenement assail ;
 These, these shall be my constant care,
 The limpid fount, and temp'rate meal :
 And when the blooming Spring,
 In checquer'd livery robes the fields,
 The fairest flow'rets Nature yields
 To thee officious will I bring ;
 A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,
 And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird ! be thine.
 From drear Oblivion's gloomy cave
 The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,
 And bid thee live beyond the grave ;
 This meed she knows thy merits claim :
 She knows the liberal heart
 Is ever ready to dispense
 The tide of bland Benevolence,
 And Melody's soft aid impart ;
 Is ready still to prompt the magic lay,
 Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.
 Erewhile, when brooding o'er my soul
 Frown'd the black demons of Despair,
 Did not thy voice that power controul,
 And oft suppress the rising tear ?
 If Fortune should be kind,
 If e'er with affluence I am bless'd,
 I'll often seek some friend distress'd ;
 And when the weeping wretch I find,
 Then, tateful moralist, I'll copy thee,
 And solace all his woes with social sympathy !

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd,
 With hunger, thirst, and pain ;
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
 It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters, as it can,
 The woes that in it's bosom rise,
 And speak it's nature---Man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
 Life's various sorrows try,
 (Sad proof of Sin's transmissive pow'r!)
 That infant, Lord! am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Tho' long in years mature ;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what it's cure.

Author of Good! to thee I turn :
 Thy ever wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide ;
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear all fears beside.

And O! by Error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will,
 Prepost'rous, shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill ;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply :
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant ;
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

ODE TO INDIFFERENCE.

FLY, Indifference, hated maid,
 Seek Spitzbergen's horrid shade ;
 Where old Winter keeps his court,
 There, fit guest, do thou resort,
 And thy frosty breast repose
 Amidst congenial ice and snows ;
 There reside, insipid maid,
 But ne'er infest my Emma's head.

Or else seek the cloister's pale,
 Where reluctant virgins veil,
 In the corner of whose heart
 Earth with Heaven still keeps a part ;
 There thy fullest influence shower,
 Free poor grace from Passion's power ;
 Give fond Eloisa rest,
 But shun, O shun, my Emma's breast.

Or on Lycé, wanton maid,
 Be thy chilling finger laid ;
 Quench the frolic-beam that flies
 From her bright, fantastic eyes :
 Teach the sweet coquette to know
 Heart of ice in breast of snow ;
 Give peace to her, give peace to me,
 But leave, O leave my Emma free !

But if thou, in grave disguise,
 Seek'st to make that nymph thy prize ;
 If that nymph, deceiv'd by thee,
 Listens to thy sophistry ;
 If she courts thy cold embraces,
 And to thee resigns her graces ;
 What, alas ! is left for me,
 But to fly, myself, to thee ?

RECOLLECTIONS.

SCENES of my youth ! ye once were dear,
 Tho' sadly I your charms survey ;
 I once was wont to linger here,
 From early dawn to closing day.
 Scenes of my youth ! pale Sorrow flings
 A shade o'er all your beauties now,
 And robs the moments of their wings,
 That scatter pleasure as they flow.
 While still to heighten every care,
 Reflection tells me—*Such Things Were.*

'Twas here a tender father strove
 To keep my happiness in view,
 I smil'd beneath a mother's love,
 That soft compassion ever knew :
 In them the virtues all combin'd,
 On them I could with faith rely ;
 To them my heart and soul were join'd,
 By mild Affection's primal tie ;
 Who smile in Heaven, exempt from care,
 Whilst I remember—*Such Things Were.*

'Twas here, where calm and tranquil rest,
 O'er pays the peasant for his toil,
 That first in blessing I was blest
 With glowing Friendship's open smile.
 My friend, far distant doom'd to roam,
 Now braves the fury of the seas ;
 He fled his peaceful happy home,
 His little fortune to increase ;
 While bleeds afresh the wound of Care,
 When I remember—*Such Things Were.*

'Twas here, e'en in this bloomy grove,
 I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
 Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love,
 And sigh'd responsive in my arms.

Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,
 Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
 Far from my sight the charm of life,
 The lovely maid whom I adore :
 'Twould ease my soul of all my care,
 Could I forget that—*Such Things Were.*

Here first I saw the morn appear
 Of guiltless Pleasure's shining day ;
 I met the dazzling brightness here,
 Here mark'd the soft-declining ray.
 Behold the skies, whose streaming light
 Gave splendour to the parting sun,
 Now lost in Sorrow's sable night,
 And all their mingled glories gone !
 Till Death, in pity, end my care,
 I must remember—*Such Things Were.*

ANONYMOUS.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW, AND THE
 CROWN IMPERIAL.

FROM Bactria's vales, where beauty blows,
 Luxuriant in the genial ray ;
 Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,
 And deeper drink the golden day :

From Bactria's vales to Britain's shore,
 What time the *Crown Imperial* came,
 Full high the stately stranger bore
 The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eastern state,
 In all the eastern glory gay,
 He bade, with native pride elate,
 Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
 Nor hold it strange in distant time,
 That freedom ev'n to flowers was dear,
 To flowers that bloom'd in Britain's clime

Thro' purple meads, and spicy gales,
 Where Strymon's * silver waters play,
 While far from hence their goddess dwells,
 She rules with delegated sway.

That sway the *Crown Imperial* sought,
 With high demand and haughty mien:
 But equal claim a rival brought.
 A rival, call'd the *Meadow's Queen*.

“ In climes of orient glory born,
 “ Where beauty first and empire grew;
 “ Where first unfolds the golden morn,
 “ Where richer falls the fragrant dew :

“ In Light's ethereal beauty drest,
 “ Behold,” he cried, “ the favour'd flower,
 “ Which *Flora's* high commands invest
 “ With ensigns of Imperial power !

“ Where prostrate vales, and blushing meads,
 “ And bending mountains own his sway,
 “ While Persia's Lord his empire leads,
 “ And bids the trembling world obey ;

“ While blood bedews the straining bow,
 “ And conquest rends the scatter'd air,
 “ 'Tis mine to bind the victor's brow,
 “ And reign in envied glory there :

“ Then lowly bow, ye British flowers !
 “ Confess your Monarch's mighty sway,
 “ And own the only glory yours,
 “ When Fear flies trembling to obey.”

* The Ionian Strymon.

He said, and sudden o'er the plain,
 From flower to flower a murmur ran ;
 With modest air, and milder strain,
 When thus the *Meadow's Queen* began :

“ If vain of birth, of glory vain,

“ Or fond to bear a regal name,

“ The pride of folly brings disdain,
 And bids me urge a tyrant's claim :

“ If war my peaceful realms assail,

“ And then, unmov'd by Pity's call,

“ I smile to see the bleeding vale,

“ Or feel one joy in Nature's fall :

“ Then may each justly vengeful flower

“ Pursue her Queen with generous strife,

“ Nor leave the hand of lawless power

“ Such compass on the scale of life.

“ One simple virtue all my pride !

“ The wish that flies to Misery's aid ;

“ The balm that stops the crimson tide *,

“ And heals the wounds that war has made.”

Their free consent by zephyrs borne,

The flowers their *Meadow's Queen* obey ;

And fairer blushes crown'd the morn,

And sweeter fragrance fill'd the day.

LANGHORNE.

THE AFRICAN.

F AINT-GAZING on the burning orb of day,
 When Afric's injur'd son expiring lay ;
 His forehead cold, his labouring bosom bare,
 His dewy temples, and his sable hair ;
 His poor companions kiss'd, and cried aloud,
 Rejoicing, whilst in peace his head he bow'd :

* The property of that flower.

“ Now thy long, long task is done,
“ Swiftly, brother, wilt thou run,
“ Ere to-morrow’s golden beam
“ Glitters on thy parent-stream,
“ Swiftly the delights to share,
“ The feast of joy which waits thee there.
“ Swiftly, brother, wilt thou ride,
“ O’er the long and stormy tide,
“ Fleeter than the hurricane,
“ Till thou view those scenes again,
“ Where thy father’s hut was rear’d,
“ Where thy mother’s voice was heard ;
“ Where thy infant brothers play’d
“ Beneath the fragrant citron’s shade ;
“ Where thro’ green savannahs wide
“ Cooling rivers silent glide,
“ Or the shrill sigarras sing
“ Ceaseless to their murmuring ;
“ Where the dance, the festive song,
“ Of many a friend divided long,
“ Doom’d thro’ stranger lands to roam,
“ Shall bid thy spirit welcome home !

“ Fearless o’er the foaming tide,
“ Again thy light canoe shall ride ;
“ Fearless on the embattled plain
“ Thou shalt lift thy lance again ;
“ Or, starting at the call of morn,
“ Wake the wild woods with thy horn ;
“ Or, rushing down the mountain slope,
“ O’ertake the nimble antelope ;
“ Or lead the dance, ’mid blissful bands,
“ On cool Andracte’s yellow sands ;
“ Or, in the embow’ring orange grove,
“ Tell, to thy long forsaken love
“ The wounds, the agony severe,
“ Thy patient spirit suffer’d here !

“ Fear not now the tyrant’s power,
 “ Past is his insulting hour ;
 “ Mark no more the sullen trait,
 “ On Slavery’s brow of scorn and hate ;
 “ Hear no more the long sigh borne,
 “ Murmuring on the gales of morn !

“ Go in peace---yet we remain
 “ Far distant, toiling on in pain ;
 “ Ere the great sun fires the skies
 “ To our work of woe we rise ;
 “ And see each night, without a friend,
 “ The world’s great Comforter descend :

“ Tell our brethren, when ye meet,
 “ Thus we toil with weary feet,
 “ Yet tell them that love’s gen’rous flame,
 “ In joy, in wretchedness, the same,
 “ In distant worlds was ne’er forgot ;
 “ And tell them that we murmur not :
 “ Tell them, tho’ the pang will start,
 “ And drain the life-blood from the heart :
 “ Tell them, generous shame forbids
 “ The tear to stain our burning lids !
 “ Tell them, in weariness and want
 “ For our native hills we pant,
 “ Where soon, from shame and sorrow free,
 “ We hope in death to follow thee.”

BOWLES.

HYMN TO PROSPERITY.

CELESTIAL maid, receive this pray’r !
 If e’er thy beam divine
 Should gild the brow of toiling Care,
 And bless a hut like mine.

Let humble Worth, without a fear,
 Approach my ready door;
 Nor let me ever see a tear,
 Regardless, from the poor!

O bless me with an honest mind,
 Above all selfish ends;
 Humanely warm to all mankind,
 And cordial to my friends.

With conscious truth and honour still
 My actions let me guide,
 And give no fear but that of ill,
 No scorn, but that of pride.

Thus form'd, thus happy, let me dare
 On Heav'n's dread King to gaze;
 Conclude my night in ardent pray'r,
 And wake my morn with praise:

That hence my soul may hope to prove
 The utmost saints can know;
 And share his gracious smile above,
 Whose laws she kept below.

MISS S. CARTER.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

OH! form'd by Nature, and refin'd by Art,
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart!
 By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free
 Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me?
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
 A hidden beauty, and a country wife!
 O listen while thy summers are my theme!
 Ah, soothe thy partner in his waking dream!
 In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
 Where Thames, thro' meadows, rolls his mazy train;

Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
 Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat :
 Already, round the visionary seat,
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flow'rs to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green ;
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen ;
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,
 Ne'er travel farther than ten furlongs round ;
 And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together died !
 Where early larks best tell the morning light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night !
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
 With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes ;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend ;
 And, O ! if Heav'n th' ambitious thought approve,
 A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove ;
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
 Gush down the steep, and glitter thro' the glade !
 What chearing scents those bord'ring banks exhale !
 How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale !
 That thrush, how shrill ! his note so clear, so high,
 He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
 Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
 The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn ;
 Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
 Or fetch the flutt'ring partridge from the skies ;
 Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
 The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine ;
 Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
 And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
 Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
 While from thy needle rise the silken flow'rs ;
 And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
 Resume the volume, and deceive the night.

O! when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
Soft whisp'ring, let me warn my love to rest ;
Then watch thee, charin'd, while sleep locks every sense,
And to sweet Heav'n commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old ;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.

See Flavia's pendants, large, well spread, and right ;
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night :
Mark how th'embroider'd col'nel sneaks away,
To shun the with'ring dame that made him gay,
That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame ;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame :
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land ;
And oaks unnumber'd bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that Nature never knew !
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps, perverse, the chearful suns away ;
From goblets high emboss'd his wine must glide ;
Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide ;
Fruits, ere their time, to grace his pomp, must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
For this are Nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of Conscience, and the bonds of Blood !
This, Wisdom, thy reward for ev'ry pain !
And this, gay Glory, all thy mighty gain !
Fair phantoms, woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, and priests to rage :
And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
Prone to ambition, to example blind,
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errors be for ever new !
Meanwhile, in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
Hail, humble shades, where truth and silence dwell !
Thou, noisy town, and faithless court, farewell !

Farewel, Ambition, once my darling flame!
 The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame!
 In Life's bye-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,
 My days, tho' number'd, shall be all my own!
 Here shall they end (O might they twice begin!)
 And all be white the Fates intend to spin.

TICKEL.

ODE TO GOOD-NATURE.

HAIL, Cherub of the highest heav'n,
 Of look divine, and temper ev'n,
 Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien,
 Of every virtue, every praise the queen!
 Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
 Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
 That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
 And great Humility looks down on Pride.
 Oh! curse on Slander's vip'rous tongue,
 That daily dares thy merit wrong;
 Idiots usurp thy title and thy frame,
 Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.
 Is apathy, is heart of steel,
 Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
 Life idly inoffensive such a grace,
 That it should steal thy name, and take thy place?
 No—thou art active, spirit all,
 Swifter than lightning, at the call
 Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
 And large with liberality thy heart.
 Thy appetites in easy tides
 (As Reason's luminary guides)
 Soft slow---no wind can work them to a storm,
 Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.
 Yet if a transport thou canst feel,
 'Tis only for a neighbour's weal;

Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
 And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.
 Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
 Averse to envy, slow to blame,
 Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free
 From Flattery's fawning tongue, and bending knee.
 Extensive, as from west to east,
 Thy love descends from man to beast,
 Nought is excluded little or infirm,
 Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.
 Come, goddess, come with all thy charms,
 For oh! I love thee, to my arms :
 All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
 So shall existence then be life indeed.

SMART.

 ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

COME, gentle pow'r, from whom arose
 Whate'er life's chequer'd scene adorns ;
 From whom the living current flows
 Where Science fills her various urns :
 Sacred to thee, yon marble dome,
 O goddess ! rears it's awful head,
 Fraught with the stores of Greece and Rome,
 With gold and glowing gems inlaid ;
 Where art, by thy command, hath fix'd her seat,
 And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace retreat.
 For erst mankind, a savage race,
 As lawless robbers rang'd the woods ;
 And chose, when wear'd with the chase
 'Midst rocks and caves, their dark abodes :
 Till, Friendship, thy persuasive strains,
 Powerful as Orpheus' magic song,
 Re-echo'd thro' the squalid plains,
 And drew the brutish herd along ;

Lost in surprize thy pleasing voice they own'd,
Chose softer arts, and polish'd at the sound.

Then Pity first her sacred flame

 Within their frozen bosoms rais'd;
Tho' faint the spark when Friendship came,
 When Friendship wav'd her wing it blaz'd:
'Twas then first heav'd the social sigh,
 The social tear began to flow;

They felt a sympathetic joy,
 And learn'd to melt at others woe;
By just degrees Humanity refin'd,
And Virtue fix'd her empire in the mind.

O goddess! when thy form appears,
 Revenge, and rage, and faction cease;
The soul no fury-passion tears,
 But all is harmony and peace.
Aghast the purple tyrant stood,
 With awe beheld thy glowing charms,
Forgot the cursed thirst of blood,
 And long'd to grasp thee in his arms;
Felt in his breast unusual softness rise,
And, deaf before, heard Pity's moving cries.

Is there a wretch in Sorrow's shade,
 Who wastes in tears Life's ling'ring hours?
Is there, on whose devoted head
 Her vengeful curses Atë pours?
See to their aid fair Friendship flies,
 Their sorrows sympathetic feels;
With lenient hand her balm applies,
 And ev'ry grief indulgent heals:
The woe-fraught fiends before her stalk away,
As spectres shun the flaming eye of Day.

Oh! for a faithful, honest friend,
 To whom I ev'ry care could trust;
Each weakness of my soul commend,
 Nor fear him treach'rous or unjust!

Drive Flatt'ry's summer train away :
 Those busy, anxious, flutt'ring things,
 That insect-like, in Fortune's ray,
 Bask, and expand their gaudy wings.
 But, ah! when once the transient gleam is o'er,
 Behold the change!---they die, and are no more.

SCOTT.

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

NOW genial Spring o'er lawn and grove,
 Extends her vivid power ;
 Now Phœbus shines with mildest beams,
 And wakes each sleeping flower.

Soft breezes fan the smiling mead,
 Kind dews refresh the plain ;
 While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
 Renew their chearful reign.

Now far from business let me fly,
 Far from the crowded seat
 Of Envy, Pageantry, and Power,
 To some obscure retreat :

Where Plenty sheds with liberal hand
 Her various blessings round ;
 Where laughing Joy delighted roves,
 And roseate Health is found.

Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
 When Morn's first blushes rise ;
 And view the fair extensive scene,
 With Contemplation's eyes.

And while the raptur'd woodland choir
 Pours forth their love-taught lays ;
 I'll tune the grateful matin song
 To my Creator's praise.

He bade the solar orb advance,
To cheer the gloomy sky ;
And at the gentle voice of Spring,
Made hoary Winter fly.

He dress'd the grove in smiling green,
Unlock'd the ice-bound rill ;
Bade Flora's pride adorn the vale,
And herbage crown the hill.

To that all-gracious Source of light,
Let early incense rise ;
While on Devotion's wing the soul
Ascends her native skies :

And when the rapid car of day
Illumes the farthest west,
When Sleep dissolves the captive's chains,
And Anguish sinks to rest ;

Then let me range the shadowy lawns,
When Vesper's silver light
Plays on the trembling streams, and gilds
The sable veil of night.

When every earthly care's at rest,
And musing Silence reigns ;
Then active Fancy takes her flight
Wide o'er th' ethereal plains ;

Soars thro' the trackless realms of space,
Sees endless systems roll ;
Whilst all harmoniously combine
To form one beauteous whole.

All hail, sweet Solitude ! to thee,
In thy sequester'd bower,
Let me invoke the pastoral Muse,
And every sylvan power.

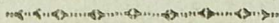
Dear, pensive nymph, the tender thought
And deep research is thine ;
'Tis thine to heal the tortur'd breast,
And form the great design.

On thy still bosom let me rest,
 Far from the clang of war :
 Where stern Oppression's bloody chains
 Precede the victor's car.

Here fold me in thy sacred arms,
 Where Albion's happy plains
 Exulting tell the nations round,
 A British Brunswick reigns.

Here let me hail each rising sun,
 Here view each day's decline :
 Be fame and sway my Sovereign's lot,
 Be peace and freedom mine !

MISS WHATLEY.

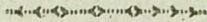


VERSES TO MRS. CREW.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
 By Nature's most delicate pencil design'd ;
 Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
 Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart ;
 Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
 But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face ;
 Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness, must prove
 Defences unequal to shield us from love :
 Then tell me, mysterious inchanter, O tell,
 By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
 My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am wise,
 And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes ;
 That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
 Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.
 Is't Reason ? No ; that my whole life will belie,
 For who so at variance as Reason and I ?
 Is't Ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
 Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?
 Oh, no ! for in this all the world must agree,

One folly was never sufficient for me.
 Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
 Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
 For, alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,
 Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they strain.
 That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
 That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
 Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
 Where Anguish and Joy have been ever at strife.
 But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and pain,
 I am still but too ready to feel them again :
 If, then, for this once in my life I am free,
 And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me,
 'Tis, that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
 For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms :
 As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
 But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendour we praise,
 So beauty our just admiration may claim,
 But love, and love only, the heart can inflame.

C. J. FOX.



THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

A FABLE.

T WAS on the border of a stream
 A gaily-painted Tulip stood,
 And, gilded by the morning beam,
 Survey'd her beauties in the flood,

 And sure, more lovely to behold,
 Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
 Than crimson fading into gold,
 In streaks of fairest symmetry.

 The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
 Ah me! that Pride with Beauty dwells!
 Vainly affects superior state,
 And thus in empty fancy swells:

- " O lustre of unrivall'd bloom !
 " Fair painting of a hand divine !
 " Superior far to mortal doom,
 " The hues of Heaven alone are mine !
 " Away, ye worthless, formless race !
 " Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers,
 " No more my native bed disgrace,
 " Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours !
 " Shall the bright daughter of the sun
 " Associate with the shrubs of earth ?
 " Ye slaves, your sovereyn's presence shun !
 " Respect her beauties and her birth.
 " And thou, dull, sullen evergreen !
 " Shalt thou my shining sphere invade,
 " My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
 " Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade !
 " Deluded flower !" the Myrtle cries,
 " Shall we thy moment's bloom adore ?
 " The meanest shrub that you despise,
 " The meanest flower has merit more.
 " That daisy, in its simple bloom,
 " Shall last along the changing year ;
 " Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,
 " And bid the smiling Spring appear.
 " The violet, that, those banks beneath,
 " Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
 " Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
 " When thou art in thy dusty bed.
 " Ev'n I, who boast no golden shade,
 " Am of no shining tints possess'd,
 " When low thy lucid form is laid,
 " Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.
 " And he, whose kind and fostering care
 " To thee, to me, our beings gave,
 " Shall near his breast my flow'rets wear,
 " And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

By uplands, and the green wood-side,
We'll take our early way,
And view the valley spreading wide,
And opening with the day.

Nor uninstruative shall the scene
Unfold its charms in vain ;
The fallow brown, the meadow green,
The mountain, and the plain.

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
And trembling to its fall ;
Each blush that paints the cheek of morn,
In Fancy's ear shall call :

O ye, in youth and beauty's pride,
Who lightly dance along ;
While Laughter frolics at your side,
And Rapture tunes your song !

What tho' each Grace around you play,
Each beauty bloom for you ;
Warm as the blush of rising day,
And sparkling as the dew :

The blush that glows so gaily now,
But glows to disappear ;
And, quiv'ring from the bended bough,
Soon breaks the pearly tear !

So pass the beauties of your prime,
That e'en in blooming die ;
So shrinking at the blast of Time,
The treach'rous Graces fly.

Let those, my Stella, slight the strain,
Who fear to find it true ;
Each fair, of transient beauty vain,
And youth as transient too !

With charms that win beyond the sight,
And hold the willing heart,
My Stella shall await their flight,
Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,
 And beauties still controul ;
 The graces of the polish'd mind,
 And beauties of the soul.

BARCLAY.

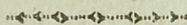
TO SAPPHO.

AGED 13.

WHILE yet no am'rous youths around thee bow,
 Nor flatt'ring verse conveys the faithless vow ;
 To graver notes will Sappho's soul attend,
 And ere she hears the lover, hear the friend !
 Let maids less bless'd employ their meaner arts
 To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts ;
 May Sappho learn (for nobler triumphs born)
 Those little conquests of her sex to scorn,
 To form thy bosom to each gen'rous deed ;
 To plant thy mind with ev'ry useful seed ;
 Be these thy arts ; nor spare the grateful toil,
 Where Nature's hand has bless'd the happy soil.
 So shalt thou know, with pleasing skill to blend
 The lovely mistress and instructive friend ;
 So shalt thou know, when unrelenting Time
 Shall spoil those charms yet op'ning to their prime,
 To ease the loss of beauty's transient flow'r,
 While Reason keeps what Rapture gave before.
 And oh ! whilst wit, fair dawning, spreads it's ray,
 Serenely rising to a glorious day,
 To hail the growing lustre oft be mine,
 Thou early fav'rite of the sacred Nine !
 And shall the Muse with blameless boast pretend,
 In youth's gay bloom that Sappho call'd me friend :
 That urg'd by me, she shunn'd the dangerous way,
 Where heedless maids in endless error stray ;
 That scorning soon her sex's idler art,
 Fair praise inspir'd, and virtue warm'd her heart ;

That fond to reach the distant paths of fame,
 I taught her infant gen'ius where to aim?
 Thus when the feather'd choir first tempt the sky,
 And, all unskill'd, their feeble pinions try,
 Th' experienc'd sire prescribes the advent'rous height,
 Guides the young wing, and pleas'd attends the flight.

MELMOTH.



THE SEASONS—IN PASTORALS.

SPRING.

WHEN, approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of Spring,
 Swelling buds open first and look gay;
 When the birds on the boughs by their mates sit and sing,
 And are rock'd by the breeze on each spray:

When gently descending, the rain in soft showers,
 With its moisture refreshes the ground;
 And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the flowers,
 Like rich gems beam a lustre around:

When the wood pigeons sit in the branches and coo,
 And the cuckoo proclaims with his voice,
 That Nature marks this for the season to woo,
 And for all that can love to rejoice.

In a cottage by night may I pass the soft time,
 In the fields and the meadows all day,
 With the wife of my heart, whose charms in their prime,
 Depict her as blooming as May!

When the lark with shrill notes sings aloft in the morn,
 May my fairest and I sweetly wake,
 View the far distant hills, which the sun-beams adorn,
 Then arise, and our cottage forsake.

When the sun shines so warm that my charmer and I
 May recline on the turf without fear,
 Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy,
 While we breathe the first sweets of the year.

While the dove sits lamenting the loss of it's mate,
 Which the fowler has caught in his snares,
 May we think ourselves bless'd that it is not our fate
 To endure such an absence as theirs.

May I listen to all her soft, tender sweet notes,
 When she sings, and no sounds interfere,
 But the warbling of birds, which in stretching their throats
 Are at strife to be louder than her.

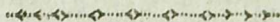
When the daisies, and cowslips, and primroses blow,
 And chequer the meads and the lawns,
 May we see bounding there the swift light-footed doe,
 And pursue with our eye the young fawns.

When the lapwings, just fledg'd, o'er the turf take their run,
 And the firstlings are all at their play,
 And the harmless young lambs skip about in the sun,
 Let us then be as frolic as they.

When I talk of my love, should I chance to espy
 That she seems to mistrust what I say,
 By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
 With my lips let me wipe it way.

When evenings grow cool, and the flow'rs hang their heads
 With the dew, then no longer we'll roam ;
 With my arm round her waist, in a path thro' the meads,
 Let us hasten to find our way home.

BREREWOOD.



SUMMER.

WHERE the sun cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees
 With my fair one, as lovely as May,
 Undisturb'd by all sound, but the sighs of the breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
 For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
 And see the rays dance as inverted he shines,
 On the face of some river or lake :

Where my fairest and I, on it's verge as we pass,
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme)

Our two shadows may view on the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
 When she sings me some amorous strain ;

All be silent, and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,

Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
 Just direct us and chequer our way.

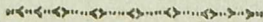
Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move ;

And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from Ambition's alarms,

Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

BREREWOOD.



AUTUMN:

THO' the seasons must alter, ah! yet let me find,
 What all must confess to be rare,
 A female still chearful, and faithful, and kind,
 The blessings of Autumn to share.

Let one side of our cottage, a flourishing vine
 Overspread with its branches and shade ;
 Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
 As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load,
 In our orchard surrounded with pales ;
 In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
 For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn,
 Seem to hang on its surface like smoke,
 Till disper'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
 Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
 And at work in the fields are all hands,
 Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
 Let us carelessly stroll o'er the lands.

And now, when the husbandman sings harvest home,
 And the corn's all got into the house ;
 When the long wished-for time of their meeting is come,
 To frolic, and feast, and carouse :

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be shed,
 And are leaving the branches all bare,
 Either strew'd at the roots, shrivell'd, wither'd, and dead,
 Or else blown to and fro in the air :

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,
 Still amus'd with our innocent sports,
 Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
 With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the eve to our cottage, well pleas'd, let's repair,
 And our mutual endearments revive ;
 While our looks, and our words, and our actions declare
 How contented and happy we live.

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
 Let soft music the phantoms remove ;
 For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
 And unite all the passions in love.

WINTER.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost ;
When Nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost :
While the peasant inactive stands shivering with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
And the innocent flocks run for warmth to the fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow :
In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And they send forth their breath in a steam ;
And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream :
When the sweet country-maiden, as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides,
And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shows
All the charms that her modesty hides :
When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :
Heav'n grant in this season, it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire ;
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire !
Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
We may live, and no hardships endure ;
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure !

BREREWOOD.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY FOND
OF BOTANY.

SAY, gentle Lady of the bower,
For thou, tho' young, art wise,
And known to thee is every flower
Beneath our milder skies :

Say, which the plant of modest dye,
And lovely mien combin'd,
That fittest to the pensive eye
Displays the virtuous mind.

I sought the groves, where innocence
Methought might long reside ;
But April's blossoms banish'd thence,
Gave Summer, Flora's pride.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,
But on the gay parterre
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
No humble flow'ret there.

The flower you seek, the nymph replies,
Has bow'd the languid head ;
For on its bloom the blazing skies
Their sultry rage have shed.

'Tis now the downward withering day,
Of Winter's dull presage,
That seeks not where the dog-star's ray,
Has shed his fiercest rage.

Yet search yon shade obscure, forlorn,
Where rude the bramble grows ;
There, shaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering primrose blows.

TO A LADY,
ON A LANDSCAPE OF HER DRAWING.

BEHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand !
 A new creation blooms at her command.
 Touch'd into life the vivid colours glow,
 Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.
 The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fills,
 Here sink the vallies, and there rise the hills.
 Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's height,
 Than there the pictur'd rock astounds the sight.
 Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his source,
 Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their course,
 Obliquely dab'ring runs the gurgling rill ;
 Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still.
 An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,
 Here lifts aloft it's venerable head ;
 There overshadowing hangs a sacred wood,
 And nods inverted in the neigh'ring flood.
 Each tree as in it's native forest shoots,
 And blushing bends with Autumn's golden fruits :
 Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,
 And gives the lily fairer to our view.
 Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,
 And Paradise, with all its sweets is here.
 There stooping to its fall a tow'r appears,
 With tempests shaken, and a weight of years :
 The daisied meadow, and the woodland green,
 In order rise, and fill the various scene.

Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,
 Obtrusive enter, and stand all confess'd ;
 Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,
 And by concealing, make their beauties known.
 Alternate thus, and mutual is their aid,
 Their lights owe half their lustre to the shade.

So the bright fires that light the milky way,
 Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray ;

In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,
And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes, how well dost thou contrive!
Each object here seems real and alive.
Not more resembling life the figures stand,
Form'd by Lysippus, or by Phidias' hand.
Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite,
Rush on the eye, and croud upon the sight:
At once our wonder and delight you raise;
We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.

PARRAT.

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

AH, me! what pangs a tender heart must feel!
Such is the wayward fate of all below;
We joy and sorrow oft in others weal,
And best affections prove a source of woe.

To Friendship's pow'r I've long resign'd my soul,
And fancy'd happiness her reign must prove;
The ills of life I thought she would controul,
And peace and rest would flow from purest love.

Alas! 'twas mortal, what I'd fancy'd more;
And ills will mix in scenes beneath the sky:
Friendship soon prov'd the ideal bliss was o'er;
That pains were doubled by the tender tie.

Friendship, how strange thy sympathetic pow'r!
Thy magic influence spreads thro' all my mind;
I doat on pain, indulge the mournful hour,
When Friendship calls, nor think her task unkind.

Nay, more—how oft I've left the mirthful scene,
The scene where Joy and Laughter seem'd to reign;
And stole with Friendship to the calm serene,
The converse of the heart—how great the gain!

When my Maria meets me, gentle maid,
And tells the artless story of her woe;
My bosom meets her sighs, her griefs would aid,
And tear for tear from Sympathy will flow!

Might but the heart-felt tenderness I bear,
Soothe the keen anguish of her aching breast;
With joy I would indulge th' endearing care,
And live to hush her sorrows into dust.

My dear Maria! can thy heart enjoy
A sense of aught that Friendship can bestow!
Or does thy wretchedness all sense destroy,
But that which only serves to swell thy woe?

Yet such, my love to thee, the tie so strong,
I still would strive to ease thy soul's distress;
Nor could pale Misery paint the season long,
That in the end should bring thy mind redress.

Sometimes I've seen a transient gleam of joy,
Transfus'd thro' all thy features to a smile:
Indulge the ray, nor be to Friendship coy;
Her kindly influence may thy woes beguile.

With liberal hand thy mind by Heav'n is stor'd,
Each dear affection in thy heart hath place;
For gifts like these, be gracious Heav'n ador'd,
And glowing Gratitude express the grace!

These, too, will bid thy tortur'd breast be still,
And calm thy troubled passions into rest;
Will lead to acquiesce in th' Almighty's will,
And see that all his ways are right, and best.

COLLIER.

ODE TO TRUTH.

TRUTH, fairest virgin of the sky,
 With robes of light, and beaming eye,
 And temples crown'd with day;
 O thou, of all the cherub choir,
 Best skill'd to wake the sweetest lyre,
 And chaunt the softest lay.

By him, * who 'midst his country's tears,
 Undaunted heard warm Friendship's fears,
 And smil'd at rocks and death;
 By Persia's † turban, heroes bold,
 By all the Spartan chiefs of old,
 That bow'd thy shrine beneath;

By holy Virtue's vestal flame,
 By laurell'd Honour's splendid name,
 And cheek be-dimpled love;
 O lift from thy majestic head,
 The veil that, o'er its tresses spread,
 Thy fairy fingers wove!

Thee chaste Religion's virgin breast,
 And Hope with fair unruffled vest,
 Their lovely sister hail;
 Simplicity, with lillied crown,
 And Innocence untaught to frown,
 And Peace that loves the vale.

The demon that usurps thy day,
 And casts upon its blemish'd ray
 The poison of his tongue;
 O bid him from thy dazzling sight
 Shrink back into eternal night,
 His kindred friends among!

* Regulus.

† "To ride, to shoot with the arrow, and to speak truth," were the three principal studies of the Persian youths.

The morn, the noon in play he pass'd,
But when the shades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repast,
And faintness seiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourn'd round a mossy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dies,
On that fair bank a Pansy grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent skies,
A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that stream'd with glossy gold,
The velvet shade, the purple hue,
The stranger wondered to behold,
And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He springs on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
When stealing near her orient breast ;
Than felt the fond enamour'd bee,
When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah ! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in Beauty's magic spell !
So never passion thee betide,
But where the genial Virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there ;
No soul-sustaining charms abound ;
No honey'd sweetness to repair
The languid waste of life is found.

An aged Bee, whose labours led
Thro' those fair springs, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head
Beheld, and pity'd to behold.

“ Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
 “ That courts thine eye with fair attire ;
 “ Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
 “ Will smile to see that heart expire.
 “ This modest flower, of humbler hue,
 “ That boasts no depth of glowing dies,
 “ Array’d in unbespangled blue,
 “ The simple clothing of the skies—
 “ This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,
 “ May yet thy languid life renew ;”
 He said, and to the Violet’s breast
 The little vagrant faintly flew.

LANGHORNE.

THE MOUSE’S PETITION.

FOUND IN A TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN CONFINED ALL
NIGHT.

OH! hear a pensive prisoner’s prayer,
 For liberty that sighs ;
 And never let thine heart be shut
 Against the wretch’s cries.
 For here forlorn and sad I sit,
 Within the wiry grate ;
 And tremble at th’ approaching morn,
 Which brings impending fate.
 If e’er thy breast with freedom glow’d,
 And spurn’d a tyrant’s chain,
 Let not thy strong oppressive force
 A free-born Mouse detain.
 O! do not stain with guiltless blood,
 Thy hospitable hearth ;
 Nor triumph that thy wiles betray’d
 A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply :
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The chearful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely giv'n ;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives ;
Cast round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never-dying flame,
Still shifts thro' matter's varying forms,
In every form the same :

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find ;
And tremble, lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be all of life we share ;
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd ;
And every charm of heart-felt ease,
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when Destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share ;
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

PIOUS MEMORY.

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE GRAVES DRESSED WITH
FLOWERS, AT BRECKNOCK, IN WALES.

“ W HITHER away, fair maid,” I cry’d,
As on old Hundy’s bank I lay;
When, passing by me, I espy’d
A modest maid in neat array.

Upon her red, but well-turn’d arm,
A little wicker-basket hung;
With flow’rs of various hues replete,
And branches evergreen and young:

The fragrant bay, the mournful yew,
The cypress, and the box, were there;
The daisy py’d, the violet blue,
The red pink, and the primrose fair.

“ And why that basket on your arm,
“ With all those fragrant sweets supply’d?”
With blushing look, and pensive air,
And voice of meekness soft, she sigh’d:

“ To yonder church-yard do I haste,
“ To dress the grave where Henry sleeps;
“ No maid a truer lover bless’d,
“ No maid more faithful lover weeps.

“ Stern Death forbade us to unite,
“ And cut him down with ruthless blow;
“ And now I speed to deck his grave,
“ As ’tis our weekly wont to do.”

The melancholy custom pleas’d,
She left me wrapp’d in pensive thought;
Ideas sad, but soothing, rose,
When my slow steps the church-yard sought.

There, kneeling o'er her Henry's grave,
 Adorn'd with all her basket's store,
 The rural maiden, sighing, hung,
 Her eyes with tender tears ran o'er.

She rais'd those eyes, so full of tears,
 Which now and then stole down her cheek;
 And much to Heav'n she would have spoke,
 But sorrow would not let her speak.

Yet, tho' her thoughts could find no vent,
 There is who reads each honest mind:
 And the true heart to him devote,
 Shall ample satisfaction find.

'Then, gentle maiden! do not fear,
 Again thy Henry thou shalt meet;
 'Till then thy tender task pursue,
 And strew thy greens and flowers so sweet.

And you, whom all around I see,
 The same dear mournful task employ:
 Ye parents, children, husbands, wives,
 'The melancholy bliss enjoy!

Oh! 'tis delicious, to maintain
 Of friends deceas'd a due respect!
 Then bring me flow'rets, bring me greens,
 Straight shall my parents' grave be deck'd;

And many a friend's (whom faithful love
 Still keeps alive within my breast)
 Luxuriously sad, I'll see

With choicest garlands weekly dress'd.

Come, then, the wicker-basket bring;
 Come, Memory, and with me go!
 Each lovely flower that breathes the spring,
 Affection's gentle hand shall strew:

A mellow tear of soothing woe
 Shall o'er the graves spontaneous fall;
 While Heav'n the heart's still wish shall hear,
 And to each other grant us all.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

“ **W**HY should our joys transform to pain?

“ Why gentle Hymen’s silken chain

“ A plague of iron prove ?

“ Good gods! ’tis strange, the chain that binds

“ Millions of hands, should leave their minds

“ At such a loose from love!

In vain I sought the wond’rous cause ;

Search’d the wide fields of Nature’s laws,

And urg’d the schools in vain :

Till deep in thought, within my breast

My soul retir’d, and slumber dress’d

A bright instructive scene.

O’er the wide land, and cross the tide,

On Fancy’s airy wing I ride ;

Sweet rapture of the mind !

Till on the banks of Ganges’ flood,

In a tall ancient grove I stood,

For sacred use design’d.

Hard by, a venerable priest,

Ris’n with his god, the sun, from rest,

Began his morning song :

Thrice he conjur’d the murm’ring stream ;

The birth of souls was all his theme,

And half divine his tongue.

He sang th’ eternal rolling flame ;

That vital mass that’s still the same,

Does all our minds compose :

Whence shap’d in twice ten thousand frames,

Whence differing souls of different names

And different passions rose.

“ The mighty Pow’r that form’d the mind,

“ One mould for ev’ry two design’d ;

“ Then bless the new-born pair :

“ This be a match for this,” he said ;
 “ Then down he sent the souls he made,
 “ To seek them bodies here.

“ But parting from their warm abodes,
 “ They lost their fellows on the roads,
 “ And never join’d their hands :
 “ O cruel chance, and crossing Fates !
 “ Our eastern souls have lost their mates
 “ On Europe’s barbarous lands !”

Thus sang the wond’rous Indian Bard ;
 My list’ning ear attentive heard,
 Whilst Ganges ceas’d to flow ;
 “ Sure, then,” said I, “ could I but see
 “ The gentle nymph that twin’d with me,
 “ I might be happy too !”

Some courteous angel tell me where,
 What distant lands the unknown fair,
 Or distant seas detain ;
 Swift as the wheel of Nature rolls,
 I’d fly to meet and mingle souls,
 And wear the joyful chain.

WATTS.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
 The lily and the blushing rose,
 From public view her charms will screen,
 And rarely in the crowd be seen ;
 This simple truth shall keep her wise,
 “ The fairest fruits attract the flies.”

One night, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glitt’ring train,
 Cried, Sure there never was in nature,
 So elegant, so fine a creature.

All other insects that I see,
 The frugal ant, industrious bee,
 Or silk-worm, with contempt I view ;
 With all that low, mechanic crew,
 Who servilely their lives employ
 In business, enemy to joy.
 Mean, vulgar herd ! ye are my scorn,
 For grandeur only I was born,
 Or sure am sprung from race divine,
 And plac'd on earth, to live and shine :
 Those lights that sparkle so on high,
 Are but the glow-worms of the sky,
 And kings on earth their gems admire,
 Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
 A Nightingale forbore his lay ;
 He saw the shining morsel near,
 And flew, directed by the glare ;
 Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke :

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
 Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate :
 Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
 Unheeded on the velvet plain :
 Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
 And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

MOORE.

 ODE TO YOUTH.

YOUTH, ah stay, prolong delight,
 Close thy pinions stretch'd for flight !
 Youth disdainng silver hairs,
 Autumn's frowns, and Winter's cares,

Dwell'st thou but in dimple sleek,
 In vernal smiles, and Summer's cheek ?
 On Spring's ambrosial lap thy hands unfold,
 They blossom fresh with hope, and all they touch is gold.

Graver years come sailing by :
 Hark ! they call me as they fly ;
 Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,
 Statesman, quit thy boyish dreams !
 Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,
 Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice !

Deserting Virtue, yet assume her state ;
 Thy smiles that dwell with Love, ah, wed them now to
 hate !

Or in Victory's purple plain
 Triumph thou on hills of slain !
 While the virgin rends her hair,
 Childless sires demand their heir,
 Timid orphans kneel and weep :
 Or, where the unsunn'd treasures sleep,
 Sit brooding o'er thy cave in grim repose,
 There mock at human joys, there mock at human woes.

Years away ! too dear I prize
 Fancy's haunts, her vales, her skies ;
 Come, ye gales that swell the flowers,
 Wake my soul's expanding powers ;
 Come, by streams embower'd in wood,
 Celestial forms, the fair, the good !
 With moral charms associate vernal joys !
 Pure Nature's pleasures these—the rest are Fashion's toys.

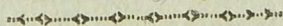
Come, while years reprove in vain,
 Youth, with me, and Rapture reign !
 Sculpture, painting, meet my eyes,
 Glowing still with young surprise !
 Never to the virgin's lute
 This ear be deaf, this voice be mute !
 Come, Beauty, cause of anguish, heal its smart,
 —Now temperate measures beat, unalter'd else my heart.

For dull to humid eyes appear,
 The golden glories of the year;
 Alas! a melancholy worship's mine.
 I hail the goddess for her scarlet flower!
 Thou brilliant weed,
 That dost so far exceed,
 The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow;
 Heedlest I pass'd thee, in Life's morning hour,
 (Thou comforter of woe)
 Thy sorrow taught me to confess thy power.
 In early days, when Fancy cheats,
 A various wreath I wove,
 Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
 To deck ungrateful Love;
 The rose, or thorn, my numbers crown'd,
 As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd;
 But love, and joy, and all their train, are flown;
 E'en languid hope no more is mine,
 And I will sing of thee alone;
 Unless perchance, the attributes of grief,
 The cypress bud, and willow leaf,
 Their pale, funereal foliage, blend with thine.
 Hail, lovely blossom! thou canst ease
 The wretched victims of disease;
 Canst close those weary eyes, in gentle sleep,
 Which never open but to weep;
 For, oh! thy potent charm,
 Can agonizing pain disarm,
 Expel imperious Memory from her seat,
 And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.
 Soul-soothing plant! that can such blessings give,
 By thee the mourner bears to live!
 By thee the hopeless die!
 Oh! ever "friendly to Despair,"
 Might Sorrow's pallid votary dare,
 Without a crime, that remedy implore,
 Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
 I'd court thy palliative aid no more;

No more I'd sue, that thou shouldst spread
 Thy spell around my aching head,
 But would conjure thee to impart,
 Thy balsam for a broken heart :
 And by thy soft Lethean power,
 (Inestimable flower)

Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try.

MRS. C. SMITH.



THE GARDEN ROSE, AND THE WILD ROSE.

AS Dee, whose current, free from stain,
 Glides fair o'er Merioneth's plain,
 By mountains forc'd his way to steer
 Along the Lake of Pimble Mere,
 Darts swiftly thro' the stagnant mass,
 His waters trembling as they pass,
 And leads his lucid waves below,
 Unmix'd, unsullied as they flow—
 So clear thro' Life's tumultuous tide,
 So free could Thought and Fancy glide ;
 Could Hope, as sprightly hold her course,
 As first she left her native source,
 Unsought in her romantic cell
 The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

But ah! they will not, will not last,
 When Life's first fairy stage is past,
 The glowing hand of Hope is cold ;
 And Fancy lives not to be old.
 Darker, and darker all before ;
 We turn the former prospect o'er ;
 And find in Memory's faithful eye
 Our little stock of pleasures lie.

Come, then, thy kind recesses ope !
 Fair keeper of the dreams of Hope !
 Come with thy visionary train,
 And bring my morning scenes again !

To Enon's wild and silent shade,
 Where oft my lonely youth was laid ;
 What time the woodland Genius came,
 And touch'd me with his holy flame.

Or, where the hermit, Bela, leads
 Her waves thro' solitary meads ;
 And only feeds the desert-flower,
 Where once she sooth'd my slumbering hour :
 Or rous'd by Stainmore's wintry sky,
 She wearies echo with her cry ;
 And oft, what storms her bosom tear,
 Her deeply-wounded banks declare.

Where Eden's fairer waters flow,
 By Milton's bower, or Osty's brow,
 Or Brockley's alder-shaded cave,
 Or winding round the Druid's grave,
 Silently glide, with pious fear,
 To sound his holy slumbers near.

To these fair scenes of Fancy's reign,
 O Memory ! bear me once again :
 For, when Life's varied scenes are past,
 'Tis simple Nature charms at last.

'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd ;
 Th' indulgent power his prayer approv'd,
 And, ere the gather'd Rose could fade,
 Restor'd him to the scenes he lov'd.

A Rose, the poet's favorite flower,
 From Flora's cultur'd walks he bore ;
 No fairer bloom'd in Esher's bower,
 Nor Prior's charming Chloe wore.

No fairer flowers could Fancy twine,
 To hide Anacreon's snowy hair ;
 For there Almeria's bloom divine,
 And Elliott's sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,
 And leaves for shades, a nation's love,
 With awe the village maid admires,
 How Waldegrave looks, how Waldegrave moves.

So marvell'd much in Enon's shade
 The flowers that all uncultur'd grew,
 When there the splendid Rose display'd
 Her swelling breast, and shining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorn'd the place
 Where now her gaudy rival reign'd,
 Of simpler bloom, but kindred race,
 The pensive Eglantine complain'd.

“ Mistaken youth,” with sighs she said,
 “ From Nature and from me to stray!
 “ The Bard, by splendid forms betray'd,
 “ No more shall frame the purer lay.

“ Luxuriant, like the flaunting Rose,
 “ And gay the brilliant strains may be,
 “ But far, in beauty, far from those,
 “ That flow'd to Nature and to me.”

The poet felt, with fond surprize,
 The truths the sylvan critic told;
 And “ tho' this courtly Rose,” he cries,
 “ Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

“ Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
 “ Wild sweetness which no words express,
 “ And charms in thy simplicity,
 “ That dwell not in the pride of dress.”

A NEGRO SONG. *

FROM MR. PARK'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast,
 The white man yielded to the blast :
 He sat him down beneath the tree,
 For weary, sad, and faint was he ;
 And, ah ! no wife, or mother's care,
 For him, the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share ;
 Alas ! no wife, or mother's care,
 For him, the milk or corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
 And Mercy's voice has hush'd the blast.
 The wind is heard in whispers low ;
 The white man far away must go ;

* On the banks of the Niger, Mr. Park found himself in want of every thing, without food to eat, or a hospitable roof to cover him from the rain. A negro-woman returning from her labours in the field, saw him weary and dejected under a tree, in the top of which he intended to spend the night, for fear of the wild beasts. She conducted him to her hut, supplied him with provisions, and spread a mat for him to repose on. Then calling the female part of her family, they sat down to spinning cotton, in which they employed themselves the greatest part of the night, and lightened their labours with an extempore song. " The air (says Mr. Park) was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these : The winds roared, and the rains fell ; the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat down under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind him corn.—CHORUS. Let us pity the white man, no mother has he, &c. &c."

These simple and affecting words have been charmingly versified, and the sentiment expanded by her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, and set to music by Ferrari. They are so pathetic, that they melted us into tears ; and if our readers feel no emotions of sympathy, we sincerely pity them.

But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go, white man, go; but with thee bear
The Negro's wish, the Negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

ODE TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life!
Free from care, and free from strife,
Free from Memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Thro' the dirty street to chase:
O what joy!—it once was mine,
Childhood, matchless boon of thine!
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

SCOTT.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE tuneful choir in amorous strains,
 Accost their feather'd loves ;
 While each fond mate with equal pains,
 The tender suit approves.

With chearful hop from spray to spray,
 They sport along the meads ;
 In social bliss together stray,
 Where love or fancy leads.

Thro' Spring's gay scenes each happy pair,
 Their fluttering joys pursue ;
 Its various charms and produce share
 For ever kind and true.

Their sprightly notes from every shade,
 Their mutual loves proclaim ;
 Till Winter's chilling blast invade,
 And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund scene declines,
 Nor woods nor meads delight :
 The drooping tribe in secret pines,
 And mourns th' unwelcome sight.

Go, blissful warblers! timely wise,
 Th' instructive moral tell !
 Nor thou their meaning lays despise,
 My charming Annabelle !

JAGO.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THREE LADIES, ON THE
 DEATH OF A FAVOURITE PARROQUET.

DEEP from your hallow'd, silent shades
 Attend, attend ye tuneful maids ;
 Ye Muses, haste along.

Inspire the tender, moving lay,
For surely such a mournful day
Demands a serious song.

See where, with Pity's force opprest,
(While rising sorrows heave each breast)
Three gentle Sisters weep.

See how they point with streaming eyes,
Where Parroquetta slumb'ring lies,
Her last, eternal sleep.

In vain the pride of Beauty's bloom,
The vivid dye, the varied plume
O'er her fair form were spread :

In vain the scarlet's blushing ray,
Bright as the orient beam of day,
Adorn'd her lovely head.

Love, Beauty, Youth, Perfection, all
Together undistinguish'd fall
Before the opposing Fates.

The lisping tongue, the silver hairs,
One common ruin overbears,
One common lot awaits.

Then calm, dear maids, your woes to peace,
With unavailing sorrow cease
Your favourite to deplore ;

For know, the time will surely come
When you (tho' now in Beauty's bloom)
When you shall charm no more.

Learn then your moments to employ
In virtuous love, in Hymen's joy,
Ere yet those moments fly ;

For Fate has doom'd this lot severe,
The brightest belle, the loveliest fair,
Like Parroquets, must die.

A LADY ON HER BROTHER'S LYRE.

- “ SWEET instrument of him for whom I mourn,
 “ Tuneful companion of my Lycid's hours!
 “ How liest thou now neglected and forlorn,
 “ What skilful hand shall now call forth thy powers.
 “ Ah! none like his can reach those liquid notes,
 “ So soft, so sweet, so eloquently clear,
 “ To live beyond the touch, and gently float
 “ In dying modulations on the ear.”

Thus o'er my Lycid's Lyre as I complain'd,
 And kiss the strings where he was wont to play,
 While yet in pensive sadness I remain'd,
 Methought it sigh'd, and sighing seem'd to say :

- “ Ah! me, forlorn, forsaken, now no more
 “ Shall fame and just applause around me wait ;
 “ No power my gentle master can restore,
 “ And I, alas! will share his hapless fate.
 “ Fled is that spirit, chill'd that youthful fire,
 “ Which taught those strains with harmony replete,
 “ And cold that hand which only can inspire
 “ My senseless form to utter sounds so sweet.
 “ Those sounds melodious ne'er again shall please,
 “ No tuneful strain from me shall ever flow ;
 “ Save o'er my trembling strings a sighing breeze,
 “ So call one soft, sad note of tender woe.
 “ Else, ah! for ever mute let me remain,
 “ Unstrung, untun'd, forgotten let me be ;
 “ Guard me from curious eye, and touch prophane,
 “ And let me rest in mournful sympathy !
 “ One fate, with thee, dear master, let me share,
 “ Like thee in silent darkness let me lie !
 “ My frame without thee is not worth my care,
 “ With thee alone it liv'd, with thee shall die !”

HER BROTHER'S LYRE TO MRS. SHERIDAN.

THIS said, a solemn silence breath'd around,
 Cecilia wept upon her Lycid's Lyre,
 The pensive breeze then gave a sighing sound,
 And the strings seem'd to tremble and expire.
 One hollow murmur, like the dying moan,
 Was heard to vibrate then, with pauses slow,
 From the sad instrument, when thus the tone
 Gave modulations of a softer woe.
 " Cease, beauteous mourner! partner of my grief!
 " Tuneful associate of my last despair,
 " Thou, only thou, canst bring this breast relief;
 " Thy sympathy alone can sooth my care.
 " What tho'—ah, stroke severe! our Lycid's dead,
 " No more, alas! can ravish mortal ear;
 " What tho' the soul of melody is fled,
 " His blest attendant to th' harmonious sphere,
 " Struck by Cecilia's hand I yet may live;
 " Her magic touch again can tune my frame;
 " Her cherub voice my spirit yet revive,
 " And sounds of heavenly sorrow grace my fame.
 " But should not dulcet song, nor music's art,
 " Nor social sighs, which mourn the youth we love,
 " Have power to heal the Sister's wounded heart;
 " Nor to these chords forlorn a solace prove:
 " Ah! still together let our sorrows join,
 " And this sad lyre yet boast thy gentle aid;
 " Lycid's companion sure should still be thine;
 " Still shouldst thou kiss the strings where he has
 " play'd."

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE IN WALES.

ON the brink of the beech as I silently roam'd,
 My sorrows I mark'd on the wave-soften'd sand ;
 Loud blew the wild winds, and the white billows foam'd,
 And threw the salt fleeces of surf on the strand.

Fast flow'd in the tide, yet regardless I stood,
 And felt the white billows advance to my feet ;
 The sand-marks of sorrow were lost in the flood,
 And the spray of the storm on my bare bosom beat.

In the story of woe not a thought could I trace,
 Not the wreck of a word—and I said to the sea,
 Ah! if thus you the story of woe can efface,
 Your bounty might sure be extended to me !

If here I remain, on thy billow-beat shore,
 No friend near at hand in false pity to save,
 My woes, like their story, would quickly be o'er,
 And both owe to thee, foaming ocean ! a grave.

The billow roll'd on, when something within,
 More strong than the ocean, thus seem'd to reply :
 Man no murder shall do—e'en in sorrow 'tis sin !
 I felt the command, and obey'd with a sigh.

PRATT.

ODE, ON HEARING MUSIC.

YON organ ! hark ! how soft, how sweet,
 The warbling notes in concert meet !

The sound my fancy leads
 To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
 Gild jasmine groves and crystal streams
 And lily-mantled meads ;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
 Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
 Where grapes depress the vines ;

Where, on the bank with roses gay,
 Love, Innocence, and Pleasure play,
 And Beauty's form reclines.

Now different tones and measures flow,
 And gravely deep, and sadly slow,
 Involve the mind in gloom;
 I seem to join the mournful train,
 Attendant round the couch of Pain,
 Or leaning o'er the tomb :

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
 To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,
 I pitying seem to stray ;
 Methinks I watch his cradle near,
 Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
 And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
 And rouse and elevate the soul
 O'er earth and all its care ;
 I seem to hear from heavenly plains
 Angelic choirs responsive strains,
 And in their raptures share.

SCOTT.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THIS tributary verse, receive, my fair,
 Warm with an ardent lover's fondest prayer.
 May this returning day for ever find
 Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind ;
 All pains, all cares, may favouring Heav'n remove,
 All but the sweet solitudes of love !
 May powerful Nature join with grateful Art,
 To point each glance, and force it to the heart !
 O then, when conquer'd crowds confess thy sway,
 When even proud Wealth, and prouder Wit obey ;
 My fair, be mindful of the mighty trust,
 Alas ! 'tis hard for Beauty to be just.

Those sovereign charms with strictest care employ ;
 Nor give the generous pain, the worthless joy :
 With his own form acquaint the forward fool,
 Shown in the faithful glass of ridicule ;
 Teach mimic censure her own faults to find,
 No more let coquets to themselves be blind,
 So shall Belinda's charms improve mankind.

JOHNSON.

THE INVOCATION.

TO MIRA.

THE fairest flower that sips the dew,
 And sheds the rich perfume,
 Than lovely Mira is less sweet,
 And less its beauteous bloom.

The rose-bud bursting into day,
 By no rude touch defil'd,
 Is not more pure than Mira's heart,
 Nor yernal suns more mild.

If, Venus, with a favouring ear
 Thou ever heardst a prayer,
 This blooming flower protect and guide
 With all a parent's care !

Let no rude storm, no chilling air,
 Prevent her opening charms ;
 And should a danger hover near,
 O shield her in thy arms !

So when Time ripens every grace,
 And calls forth every sweet,
 In her, each heart will own thy sway,
 And worship at thy feet.

MAVOR.

THE SUN-FLOWER AND THE IVY.

AS duteous to the place of prayer,
 Within the Convent's lonely walls,
 The holy Sisters still repair,
 What time the rosy morning calls :
 So fair, each morn, so full of grace,
 Within their little garden rear'd,
 The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face
 To meet the power she lov'd and fear'd.
 And where, along the rising sky,
 Her god in brighter glory burn'd,
 Still there her fond observant eye,
 And there her golden breast she turn'd.
 When calling from their weary height,
 On western waves his beams to rest,
 Still there she sought the parting sight,
 And there she turn'd her golden breast.
 But soon as Night's invidious shade
 Afar his lovely looks had borne,
 With folded leaves and drooping head,
 Full sore she griev'd, as one forlorn.
 Such duty in a flower display'd
 The holy Sisters smil'd to see ;
 Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
 And lov'd its fond idolatry.
 But painful still, tho' meant for kind,
 The praise that falls on Envy's ear !
 O'er the dim window's arch entwin'd,
 The canker'd Ivy chanc'd to hear.
 And " see," she cried, " that specious flower,
 " Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,
 " The pageant of a gilded hour,
 " The Convent's simple hearts hath won !

- " Obsequious meanness! ever prone
 " To watch the patron's turning eye ;
 " No will, no motion of its own !
 " 'Tis this they love, for this they sigh :
 " Go, splendid sycophant! no more
 " Display thy soft seductive arts !
 " The flattering clime of courts explore,
 " Nor spoil the Convent's simple hearts.
 " To me their praise more justly due,
 " Of longer bloom and happier grace !
 " Whom changing months unalter'd view,
 " And find them in my fond embrace."
 " How well," the modest flower reply'd,
 " Can Envy's wrested eye elude
 " The obvious bounds that still divide
 " Foul Flattery from fair Gratitude,
 " My duteous praise each hour I pay,
 " For few the hours that I must live ;
 " And give to him my little day,
 " Whose grace another day may give.
 " When low this golden form shall fall,
 " And spread with dust its parent plain ;
 " That dust shall hear his genial call,
 " And rise, to glory rise, again.
 " To thee, my gracious flower, to thee
 " My love, my heart, my life are due !
 " Thy goodness gave that life to be ;
 " Thy goodness shall that life renew.
 " Ah me! one moment from thy sight
 " That thus my truant-eye should stray !
 " The god of glory sets in night :
 " His faithless flower has lost a day."

Sore griev'd the Flower, and droop'd her head ;
 And sudden tears her breast bedew'd :
 Consenting tears the Sisters shed,
 And, wrapt in holy wonder, view'd.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
 “ Behold,” the aged Abbess cries,
 “ An emblem of that happier fate
 “ Which Heav’n to all but us denies.
 “ Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
 “ No charm but Duty’s charm can move ;
 “ We shed no tears but holy tears
 “ Of tender penitence and love.
 “ See there, the envious world pourtray’d
 “ In that dark look, that creeping pace !
 “ No flower can bear the Ivy’s shade ;
 “ No tree support its cold embrace.
 “ The oak that rears it from the ground,
 “ And bears its tendrils to the skies,
 “ Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
 “ And in its pois’nous arms he dies.”

Her moral thus the matron read,
 Studious to teach her children dear,
 And they, by love or duty led,
 With pleasure heard, or seem’d to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,
 (In Convents still the tale is known)
 The fable heard with silent care,
 But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smil’d along the day,
 And droop’d in tears at Evening’s fall ;
 Full well she found her life display,
 Too well her fatal lot recall.

The treacherous Ivy’s gloomy shade,
 That murdered what it most embrac’d,
 Too well that cruel scene convey’d
 Which all her fairer hopes effac’d.

Her heart with silent horror shook ;
 With sighs she sought her lonely cell :
 To the dim light she cast one look ;
 And bade once more the world farewell.

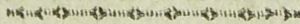
CARE AND GENEROSITY.

A FABLE.

OLD Care, with industry and art,
 At length so well had play'd his part,
 He heap'd up such an ample store,
 That Avarice could not sigh for more :
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
 His coffers overflow'd with gold ;
 The land all round him was his own,
 With corn his crowded granaries groan.
 In short, so vast his charge and gain,
 That to possess them was a pain :
 With happiness oppress'd he lies,
 And much too prudent to be wise.
 Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
 With all the charms of youth array'd ;
 Good, amiable, sincere, and free ;
 Her name was Generosity.
 'Twas her's the largess to bestow
 On rich and poor, on friend and foe,
 Her doors to all were open'd wide,
 The pilgrim there might safe abide :
 For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
 The bread she broke, the drink she drew ;
 There Sickness laid her aching head,
 And there Distress could find a bed.
 Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
 Diffus'd the blessings round the land :
 Her gifts and glory lasted long,
 And numerous was th' accepting throng.
 At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
 And Fortune fled, and Ruin came ;
 She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend.
 All curs'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before :

She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
 When, lo! to comfort her, came Care;
 And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
 Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
 All will be well—you shall have store,
 And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
 Tho' I restrain your bounteous art,
 You shall act the generous part.
 The bridal came, great was the feast,
 And good the pudding and the priest.
 The bride in nine moons brought him forth.
 A little maid of matchless worth:
 Her face was mix'd of care and glee;
 They christen'd her Economy;
 And styl'd her fair Discretion's Queen,
 The mistress of the golden mean.
 Now Generosity confin'd
 Perfectly easy in her mind,
 Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
 Nor wishes to be free from Care.

SMART.



INSCRIPTION ON THE DOOR OF A STUDY.

O THOU that shalt presume to tread
 This mansion of the mighty dead,
 Come with the free, untainted mind;
 The nurse, the pedant leave behind;
 And all that superstition, fraught
 With Folly's love, thy youth has taught—
 Each thought that Reason can't retain—
 Leave it, and learn to think again.
 Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,
 And range these various volumes o'er,
 Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,
 Remembering authors are but men:

Has fair Philosophy thy love?
 Away! she lives in yonder grove.
 If the sweet Muse thy pleasure gives,
 With her, in yonder grove, she lives:
 And if Religion claims thy care,
 Religion, fled from books, is there.
 For first from Nature's works we drew
 Our knowledge, and our virtue too.

LANGHORNE.

ODE

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A BEAUTIFUL
 YOUNG LADY, DEC. 5.

HAIL, eldest of the monthly train,
 Sire of the winter drear,
 December, in whose iron reign
 Expires the chequer'd year.
 Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
 And proudly plum'd in silver snow,
 Smile gladly on this blest of days,
 The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
 And Phœbus shine in all his state
 With more than summer rays.

Tho' jocund June may justly boast
 Long days and happy hours;
 Tho' August be Pomona's host,
 And May be crown'd with flow'rs;
 Tell June, his fire and crimson dyes,
 By Harriot's blush and Harriot's eyes,
 Eclips'd and vanquish'd, fade away:
 Tell August, thou canst let him see
 A richer, riper fruit than he,
 A sweeter flow'r than May.

SMART.

THE SLAVE.

- WIDE o'er the tremulous sea,
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breathed soft on the bosom of Night.
- On the forecastle Maratan stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale ;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale ;
- “ Ah, wretch ! ” in wild anguish, he cry'd,
“ From country and liberty torn !
“ Ah, Maratan, would thou hadst died,
“ Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.
- “ Thro' the groves of Angola I stray'd,
“ Love and Hope made my bosom their home,
“ There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
“ Nor dreamt of the sorrow to come.
- “ From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
“ My cries echoed loud thro' the air ;
“ There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
“ He was deaf to the voice of Despair.
- “ Accurs'd be the merciless band,
“ That his love could from Maratan tear ;
“ And blasted this impotent hand,
“ That sever'd from all I held dear.
- “ Flow ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
“ Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart ;
“ And still may the arrows of woe
“ Drink deep of the stream of my heart.
- “ But hark ! o'er the silence of night
“ My Adila's accents I hear ;
“ And mournful, beneath the wan light,
“ I see her lov'd image appear.”

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
 As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
 And fondly her lover she chides,
 Who lingers so long from his grave.

“ Oh, Maratan! haste thee,” she cries,
 “ Here the reign of Oppression is o'er;
 “ The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
 “ And Adila sorrows no more.”

Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
 Her form seems to fade on my view:
 O! stay thee, my Adila stay,
 She beckons, and I must pursue.

To-morrow the white man, in vain,
 Shall proudly account me his Slave:
 My shackles I plunge in the main,
 And rush to the realms of the brave!

ANONYMOUS.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

THE sun revolving on his axis turns,
 And with creative fire intensely burns;
 Impell'd the forcive air, our earth supreme,
 Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam;
 First Mercury completes his transient year,
 Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
 Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
 The early harbinger of night and day;
 More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
 Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;
 Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
 Trailing her silver glories thro' the night:
 On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
 Mark where the sun, our year completing, shines:
 First the bright Ram his languid ray improves;
 Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves:

The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray ;
 Now burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way ;
 The Lion, flaming, bears the solar power ;
 The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,
 The slimy Serpent swelters in his course ;
 The sabled Archer clouds his languid face ;
 The Goat with tempests urges on his race ;
 Now in the water his faint beams appear,
 And the cold Fishes end the circling year.
 Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
 A strong reflection of primeval rays ;
 Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
 Scarcely enlighten'd with the solar beams ;
 With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
 He towers majestic thro' the spacious height :
 But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
 And five attendant luminaries drags ;
 Investing with a double ring his pace,
 He circles thro' immensity of space.

These are thy wond'rous works, First Source of Good !
 Now more admir'd in being understood.

CHATTERTON,

SPRING : AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring refresh'd,
 Forbears the long continued strife ;
 And Nature on her naked breast,
 Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
 Soft Pleasure with her laughing train,
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,
 And Vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
 Arthritic * tyranny consigns;
 Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,
 Tho' Rapture sings, and Beauty shines.

Yet tho' my limbs Disease invades,
 Her wings Imagination tries,
 And bears me to the peaceful shades
 Where ———'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,
 Where Wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide, a father, and a friend,
 Once more great Nature's works renew,
 Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
 Cool Meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal power,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright Wisdom! teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

JOHNSON.

* The Author being ill of the gout.

MIDSUMMER: AN ODE.

☉ PHŒBUS! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle Eve, the friend of Care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs, murm'ring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

JOHNSON,

AUTUMN : AN ODE.

ALAS ! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient Time rolls on the year ;
The seasons change, and Nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow ;
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust, neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare ;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor Health, nor Pleasure wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O ! wou'd some god but wings supply,
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me Fate compels to bear
The downward season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail ;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail !

In Nature's aid let Art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere;
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy!
 Or Mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
 Nor music charm, tho' Stella sings;
 Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore:

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies;
 Life's a short summer, man a flower,
 He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

JOHNSON.

THE ENTHUSIAST: AN ODE.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
 'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
 Had lost their freshest hues;
 When every flower on every hill,
 In every vale, had drank it's fill
 Of sunshine and of dews.

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime,
 When Spring gives up the reins of Time
 To Summer's glowing hand,
 And doubting mortals hardly know
 By whose command the breezes blow,
 Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade,
 Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head,
 I urg'd my devious way;
 With loit'ring steps, regardless where,
 So soft, so genial was the air,
 So wondrous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
 O'er all the blue expanse above,
 Unbroken by a cloud !
 And now beneath delighted pass,
 Where, winding thro' the deep-green grass,
 A full-brimm'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze ; in accents rude,
 To thee, serenest Solitude,
 Burst forth th' unbidden lay :
 " Be gone, vile world ! the learn'd, the wise,
 " The great, the busy I despise,
 " And pity e'en the gay.

" These, these are joys alone," I cry ;
 " 'Tis here, divine Philosophy,
 " Thou deign'st to fix thy throne !
 " Here Contemplation points the road,
 " 'Thro' Nature's charms, to Nature's God !
 These, these are joys alone !

" Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
 " Ye human hopes, and human fears,
 " Ye pleasures and ye pains !"
 While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
 A philosophic calmness stole,
 A stoick stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
 Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
 No more my bosom move ;
 Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel,
 A kind of visionary zeal
 Of universal love.

When, lo ! a voice, a voice I hear !
 'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear
 These monitory strains :
 " What mean'st thou, man ? would'st thou unbind
 " The ties which constitute thy kind,
 " The pleasures and the pains ?

" The same Almighty Power unseen,
 " Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
 " To Contemplation's eye,
 " Fix'd ev'ry movement of the soul,
 " Taught ev'ry wish it's destin'd goal,
 " And quicken'd ev'ry joy.

" He bids the tyrant passions rage,
 " He bids them war eternal wage,
 " And combat each his foe ;
 " Till from dissensions concords rise,
 " And beauties from deformities,
 " And happiness from woe.

" Art thou not man, and dar'st to find
 " A bliss which leans not to mankind ?
 " Presumptuous thought and vain !
 " Each bliss unshar'd, is unenjoy'd ;
 " Each power is weak, unless employ'd
 " Some social good to gain.

" Shall light and shade, and warmth and air,
 " With those exalted joys compare
 " Which active Virtue feels !
 " When on she drags, as lawful prize,
 " Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
 " At her triumphant wheels.

" As rest to labour still succeeds,
 " To man, whilst Virtue's glorious deeds
 " Employ his toilsome day ;
 " This fair variety of things,
 " Are merely Life's refreshing springs,
 To soothe him on his way.

" Enthusiast, go ! unstring thy lyre,
 " In vain thou sing'st if none admire,
 How sweet soe'er the strain.
 " And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
 " Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
 " Benevolent in vain ?

Than vainer flowers tho' sweeter far,
 The evening primrose shuns the day;
 Blooms only to the western star,
 And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
 At the dim twilight's closing hour,
 On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,
 With wonder view'd the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"

In pity's simple thought, he cries,

"Thy bosom must not feel the glow

"Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

"Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,

"The hamlet's little train behold;

"Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,

"When thine the falling shades unfold.

"Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,

"When love has fill'd his heart with cares,-

"For flowers he rifles all the meads,

"For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

"Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom

"On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,

"Let smiling suns those gems illumine!

"Fair flower, to live unseen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales

That o'er the bending meadow blow,

Or streams that steal thro' even vales,

And murmur that they move so slow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,

Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;

The bird of eve approv'd her flower,

And answer'd thus the anxious swain.

Live unseen!

By moonlight shades, in vallies green,

Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.

But Truth recalls from fairy land,
 Where erst my youthful footsteps stray'd;
 Accept an offering from her hand—
 She comes in simple guise array'd.

She calls—and let her guileless speech
 Acceptance find, and warm the heart;
 For higher can her maxims reach,
 Than all the gaudy gloss of Art.

By her inspir'd—O let me tell
 What Rank and Beauty seldom hear!

“ That virtue is the only spell,
 The varied path of life to cheer :

“ That Hope's young eye, with eager glance,
 “ Full often sees ideal bliss ;

“ And painted vapours gaily dance,
 “ And spread illusive happiness :

“ That sober Reason finds the cheat,
 “ Thrice happy ! should her early view

“ The visionary forms defeat,
 “ And, for the fleeting, fix the true.”

Such bliss be yours—betimes to know
 The future hinges on the past ;

That every joy which blooms below,
 Must bear Reflection's glass to last.

The pleasure pure, the limpid breast,
 That feels no guile, and heaves no sigh,

And fair Content, angelic guest !

And Innocence, with dauntless eye.

As now, so ever shed their balm,
 Each threat'ning storm of life remove ;

Nor passions stir the halcyon calm,
 Save those of friendship, and of love !

Bright as your own maternal star,

To future poets may you shine,

And Time, triumphant from afar,

Confirm this votive verse of mine !

Come, then, with Pleasure at thy side,
 Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
 Create where'er thou turn'st thy eye,
 Peace, plenty, love, and harmony,
 'Till ev'ry being share its part,
 And Heav'n and Earth be glad at heart.

WEST.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT TWELVE
 YEARS OLD.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

POPE.

IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

WRITTEN ABROAD.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
 At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
 The amorous nightingale and poet sing!

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possess;
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
 Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
 But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,
 Tho' on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear:
 Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
 The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

Chearless and cold I feel the genial sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness, and to love.

LYTTLETON.

THE MORNING LARK.

ANACREONTIC.

F EATHER'D lyric! warbling high,
 Sweetly gaining on the sky,
 Op'ning with thy matin lay
 (Nature's hymn!) the eye of day,
 Teach my soul, on early wing,
 Thus to soar, and thus to sing.

While the bloom of orient light
 Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,

May the day spring from on high,
 Seen by Faith's religious eye,
 Cheer me with his vital ray,
 Promise of eternal day!

THOMPSON.

SONNET ON BATHING.

WHEN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,
 Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
 On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
 And, ere it's earliest echo shook the vale,
 Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
 But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
 Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
 She to the cave retires, high arch'd beneath
 The fount that laves prond Isis' towery brim;
 And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
 She sits amid the choir of naiads trim.

WARTON.

INSCRIPTION ON THE PEDESTAL OF AN URN,
 ERECTED AT NUNEHAM.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF FRANCES POOLE,
 VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.

HERE shall our ling'ring footsteps oft be found,
 This is her shrine, and consecrates the ground.
 Here living sweets around hereafter rise,
 And breathe perpetual incense to the skies.
 Here too the thoughtless and the young may tread,
 Who shun the drearier mansions of the dead;
 May here be taught what worth the world has known:
 Her wit, her sense, her virtues were her own;
 To her peculiar—and for ever lost
 To those who knew, and therefore lov'd her most.
 O, if kind Pity steal on Virtue's eye,
 Check not the tear, nor stop the useful sigh;

Stay, bloody soldier, stay thy hand,
 Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath :
 Thy rage let innocence withstand :
 Let music soothe the thirst of Death.

He frown'd—he bade the arrow fly---
 The arrow smote the tuneful swain ;
 No more its tone his lip shall try,
 Nor wake its vocal soul again.

Cephisus, from his sedgy urn,
 With woe beheld the sanguine deed :
 He mourn'd, and as they heard him mourn,
 Assenting sigh'd each trembling Reed.

“ Fair offspring of my waves,” he cry'd ;
 “ That bind my brows, my banks adorn,
 “ Pride of the plains, the rivers' pride,
 “ For music, peace, and beauty born !

“ Ah! what unheedful have we done ?
 “ What demons here in death delight ?
 “ What fiends that curse the social sun ?
 “ What furies of infernal night ?

“ See, see my peaceful shepherds bleed !
 “ Each heart in harmony that vy'd,
 “ Smote by its own melodious Reed,
 “ Lies cold along my blushing side.

“ Back to your urn, my waters fly ;
 “ Or find in earth some secret way ;
 “ For horror dims yon conscious sky,
 “ And hell has issued into day.”

Thro' Delphi's holy depth of shade
 The sympathetic sorrows ran ;
 While in his dim and mournful glade
 The genius of her groves began.

“ In vain Cephisus sighs to save
 “ The swain that loves his watery mead,
 “ And weeps to see his reddening wave,
 “ And mourns for his perverted Reed :

- " In vain my violated groves
 " Must I with equal grief bewail,
 " While Desolation sternly roves,
 " And bids the sanguine hand assail.
 " God of the genial stream, behold
 " My laurel shades of leaves so bare!
 " Those leaves no poet's brows enfold,
 " Nor bind Apollo's golden hair.
 " Like thy fair offspring, misapply'd,
 " Far other purpose they supply;
 " The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
 " And on his frownful temples die.
 " Yet deem not these of Pluto's race,
 " Whom wounded Nature sues in vain;
 " Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,
 " And cries indignant---They are men."

LANGHORNE.

INSCRIPTION IN THE GARDENS AT NUNEHAM,
 IN OXFORDSHIRE.

TO THE MEMORY OF WALTER CLARK, FLORIST, WHO DIED
 SUDDENLY NEAR THIS SPOT.

ON him whose very soul was here,
 Whose duteous, careful, constant toil
 Has varied with the varied year
 To make the gay profusion smile;
 Whose harmless life in silent flow
 Within these circling shades has past,
 What happier death could Heaven bestow,
 Than in these shades to breathe his last?
 'Twas here he fell: not far remov'd
 Has earth receiv'd him in her breast;
 Still near beside the scenes he lov'd,
 In holy ground his relics rest.

Each clambering woodbine, flaunting rose,
 Which round yon tow'r he taught to wave
 With ev'ry fragrant briar that blows,
 Shall lend a wreath to bind his grave.

Each village matron, village maid,
 Shall with chaste fingers chaplets tie
 Due honours to the rural dead,
 And emblems of mortality.

Each village swain that passes by,
 A sigh shall to his memory give ;
 For sure his death demands a sigh,
 Whose life instructs them how to live.

If spirits walk, as fabling age
 Relates to childhood's wond'ring ear,
 Full oft does Fancy dare presage,
 Shall Walter's faithful shade be here :

Athwart yon glade at Night's pale noon,
 Full oft shall glide with busy feet,
 And by the glimmering of the moon
 Revisit each belov'd retreat :

Perhaps the tasks on earth he knew,
 Resume, correct the gading spray,
 Brush from the plants the sickly dew,
 Or chace the noxious worm away,
 The bursting buds shall gladlier grow,
 No midnight blasts the flowers shall fear ;
 And many a fair effect shall show
 At noon that Walter has been here.

Nay, ev'ry morn in times to come,
 If quainter ringlets curl the shade,
 If richer breezes breathe perfume,
 If softer swell the verdant glade :

If neatness charm a thousand ways,
 Till Nature, almost art, appear,
 Tradition's constant fav'rite theme
 Shall be---Poor Walter has been here. WHITEHEAD

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

* * * * *

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
 The toil worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend,
 At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.
 Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her fair-won penny fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.
 Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for others' weelfare kindly speirs;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistress's command,
 The younkens a' are warned to obey ;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,

An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
 " An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !

" An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !

" Lest in Temptation's path ye gang astray,

" Implore his counsel an' assisting might ;

" They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,

To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;

With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;

Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;

A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;

The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave ;

Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !

O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !

I've paced much this weary, mortal round,

And sage experience bids me this declare—

" If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
 " One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 "'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 " In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
 " Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!
 But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome porritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.
 The chearf' supper done, wi' serious face
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And " let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air,
 They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;

Or noble Elgin beets the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame :
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or, Moses bid eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How he, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's
 command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband, prays :
 Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere,
 Compar'd with this how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !

The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
 And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
 Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God :'
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, O! may Heav'n, their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
 Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

BURNS.

TO SOME CHILDREN LISTENING TO A LARK.

SEE the Lark prunes his active wings,
 Rises to heaven, and soars, and sings,
 His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
 Are one continued song of praise :
 He speaks his Maker all he can,
 And shames the silent tongue of man.

When the declining orb of light
 Reminds him of approaching night,
 His warbling vespers swell his breast,
 And as he sings he sinks to rest.

Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
 And we be deaf to what they preach ?

No, ye dear nestlings of my heart,
 Go, act the wiser songster's part :
 Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
 And with your God begin the morn :
 To Him your grateful tribute pay,
 Thro' every period of the day :
 To Him your evening songs direct ;
 His eye shall watch, his arm protect.
 Tho' darkness reigns, He's with you still,
 Then sleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

COTTON.

INSCRIPTION OVER A CALM AND CLEAR SPRING
IN BLENHEIM GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity :
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

WARTON.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

AN ODE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite ?

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath !
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !

O Grave ! where is thy victory ?

O Death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

IN this dim cave a Druid sleeps,
 Where stops the passing gale to moan ;
 The rock he hollow'd, o'er him weeps,
 And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
 An Hermit's holy ashes rest :
 The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
 Which many a formal matrin blest.

That Truant-time full well I know,
 When here I brought in stolen hour,
 The Druid's magic Mistletoe,
 The holy Hermit's Passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone
 Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
 When from the cave a deep'ning groan
 Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still---Dost thou not hear ?
 Does not thy haunted fancy start ?
 The sound still vibrates thro' mine ear---
 The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
 Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath ;
 But grinding thro' some scrannel frame,
 Creak'd from the bony lungs of Death.

I hear it still---" Depart," it cries ;
 " No tribute bear to shades unblest ;
 " Know, here a bloody Druid lies,
 " Who was not nurs'd at Nature's breast.

" Associate he with dæmons dire,
 " O'er human victims held the knife,
 " And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
 " Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

“ Behold his crimson-streaming hand
“ Erect!--his dark, fix'd, murderous eye!”
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died---I felt it die.

I see him still---Dost thou not see
The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart thro' the sable shade of air?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched---hark!--the voice replies,
“ Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
“ For, here a guilty Hermit lies,
“ Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense.

“ Tho' Nature lent him powers to aid
“ The moral cause, the mutual weal;
“ Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
“ The desperate suicide of zeal.

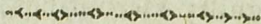
“ Go, teach the drone of faintly haunts,
“ Whose cell's the sepulchre of Time;
“ Tho' many a holy hymn he chaunts,
“ His life is one continued crime.

“ And bear them hence, the plant, the flower;
“ No symbols those of systems vain!
“ They have the duties of their hour,
“ Some bird, some insect to sustain.”

WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

YE sacred tombs, be my unnerring guide,
 Dove-hearted saints, and prophets eagle-ey'd !
 I scorn the moral fop, and ethic sage,
 But drink in truth from your illumin'd page :
 Like Moses-bush each leaf divinely bright,
 Where God invests himself in milder light !
 Taught by your doctrines we devoutly rise,
 Faith points the way, and Hope unbars the skies :
 You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,
 And sink the body but to raise the soul ;
 To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,
 Nor want an angel to direct the way !

THOMPSON.



VERSES ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

WHOSE FAVOURITE BIRD WAS ALMOST KILLED BY A FALL
 FROM HER FINGER.

AS Tiney, in a wanton mood,
 Upon his Lucy's finger stood,
 Ambitious to be free ;
 With breast elate, he eager tries,
 By flight to reach the distant skies,
 And gain his liberty.

Ah ! luckless bird, what tho' caress'd,
 And fondled in the fair one's breast,
 Taught e'en by her to sing ;
 Know that to check thy temper wild,
 And make thy manners soft and mild,
 Thy mistress cut thy wing.

The feather'd tribe, who cleave the air,
 Their weights by equal plumage bear,
 And quick escape our pow'r ;

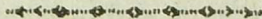
Not so with Tiney, dear delight,
His shorten'd wing repress'd his flight,
And threw him on the floor.

Stunn'd with the fall, he seem'd to die,
For quickly clos'd his sparkling eye,
Scarce heav'd his pretty breast ;
Alarmed for her favourite care,
Lucy assumes a pensive air,
And is at heart distrest.

The stoic soul, in gravest strain,
May call these feelings light and vain,
Which thus from fondness flow :
Yet, if the Bard arightly deems,
'Tis Nature's fount which feeds the streams
That purest joys bestow.

So, shou'd it be fair Lucy's fate,
Whene'er she wills a change of state,
To boast a mother's name ;
These feelings then, thou charming maid,
In brightest lines shall be display'd,
And praise uncensur'd claim.

COTTON.



ON A PRESENT OF THREE ROSES FROM IANTHE.

THREE Roses to her humble slave
The Mistress of the Graces gave :
Three Roses of an eastern hue,
Sweet-swelling with ambrosial dew.
How each, with glowing pride displays
The riches of its circling rays !
How all, in sweet abundance, shed
Perfumes that might revive the dead !
Now tell me, fair one, if you know,
Whence these balmy spirits flow ?

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year ;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow :
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show ;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all Nature mourns :
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast ;
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost :
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes ;
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand ;
Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundless sphere ;
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes ;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare ;
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends ;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise ;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in Sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light :

And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morn awakes ;
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall Night's alternate reign be known :
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy !
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame :
 But thou, O God ! for ever shine the same.

GAY.

TO SERAPHINA.

AN ODE.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
 Are like the false illusive light,
 Whose flattering unauspicious blaze
 To precipices oft betrays :
 But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
 Which clears the mind, and cheers the heart,
 Is like the sacred Queen of Night,
 Who pours a lovely gentle light,
 Wide o'er the dark by wanderer's blest,
 Conducting them to peace and rest.
 A vicious love depraves the mind,
 'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd ;
 But Seraphina's eyes dispense
 A mild and gracious influence,
 Such as in visions angels shed
 Around the heavens-illumin'd head.
 To love thee, Seraphina, sure,
 Is to be tender, happy pure ;
 'Tis from low passions to escape,
 And woo bright Virtue's fairest shape ;
 'Tis ectasy with wisdom join'd,
 And heaven infus'd into the mind.

THOMSON.

THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

IN yonder greenwood blows the broom!
 Shepherds, we'll trust our flocks to stray,
 Court Nature in her sweetest bloom,
 And steal from Care one summer-day.

From him * whose gay and graceful brow
 Fair-handed Hume with roses binds,
 We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
 Where slow the fairy Fortha winds.

And oh! that he † whose gentle breast
 In Nature's softest mould was made,
 Who left her smiling works imprest
 In characters that cannot fade;

That he might leave his lowly shrine,
 Tho' softer there the seasons fall—
 They come, the sons of verse divine,
 They come to Fancy's magic call.

“ What airy sounds invite
 “ My steps not unreluctant, from the depth
 “ Of Shene's delightful groves? reposing there
 “ No more I hear the busy voice of men
 “ Far toiling o'er the globe—save to the call
 “ Of soul-exalting poetry, the ear
 “ Of Death denies attention. Rouz'd by her,
 “ The Genius of sepulchral silence opes
 “ His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.
 “ For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the Spring,
 “ Or swells on Summer's breast, or loads the lap
 “ Of Autumn, gathers heedful---Thee whose rites
 “ At Nature's shrine with holy care are paid
 “ Daily and nightly; boughs of brightest green,
 “ And every fairest rose, the god of groves,

* William Hamilton, of Bangour.

† Thomson.

" The queen of flowers, shall sweeter save for thee.
 " Yet not if Beauty only claim thy lay,
 " Tunefully trifling. Fair Philosophy,
 " And Nature's love, and every moral charm
 " That leads in sweet captivity the mind
 " To Virtue—ever in thy nearest cares
 " Be these, and animate thy living page
 " With truth resistless, beaming from the source
 " Of perfect light immortal---vainly boasts
 " That golden Broom its sunny robe of flowers :
 " Fair are the sunny flowers ; but fading soon
 " And fruitless, yield the forester's regard
 " To the well-loaded Wilding---Shepherd, there
 " Bhold the fate of song, and lightly deem
 " Of all but moral beauty."

-----" Not in vain"-----

I hear my Hamilton reply,
 (The torch of Fancy in his eye)
 " 'Tis not in vain," I hear him say,
 " That Nature paints her works so gay ;
 " For fruitless tho' that fairy Broom,
 " Yet still we love her lavish bloom :
 " Chear'd with that bloom, yon desert wild
 " Its native horrors lost, and smil'd.
 " And oft we mark her golden ray
 " Along the dark wood scatter'd day.
 " Of moral uses take the strife ;
 " Leave me the elegance of life.
 " Whatever charms the ear or eye,
 " All beauty and all harmony ;
 " If sweet sensations these produce,
 " I know they have their moral use.
 " I know that Nature's charms can move
 " The springs that strike to Virtue's love."

LANGHORNE.

THE OWL AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A FABLE.

T WAS on a sombre summer night,
 A Glow-worm, shelter'd by a flow'r,
 Spread round its paly glimm'ring light,
 To decorate the silent hour :

No brilliant beam, no gaudy glare,
 Diffus'd afar its lustrous ray,
 But thro' the softly-breathing air
 The insect shed its mimic day.

While pleas'd its harmless life to pass
 On hillock green of dewy grass,

Attracted by its azure gleam,
 The butterfly, with sportive wing,
 Wou'd form the gay fantastic ring,
 (As in the burning noon-tide beam,)

Where, 'mid the gloom, this insect star display'd
 Its chearful lamp---spangling the realms of shade !

Near, on a mould'ring antique tow'r,
 The prison of its moping race,

An owl had chose its murky bow'r,
 And hating Day's effulgent light,
 Its joy the sullen frown of night,
 Its blank domain the silent space !

There, prompt to spread its shad'wy wings
 Imperious, o'er less daring things,
 Soon as the Glow-worm's peaceful state
 Fix'd his dull eyes, in envious hate.

“ Bold worm ! ” exclaim'd the tyrant vain,

“ Thou, who with sparkling light art seen

“ Peering the lonely shades between,

“ How dar'st thou mock my gloomy reign ?

“ Thou shalt expire ! ” The Glow-worm meek,
 (Its trembling light, more faint and pale,)

In humble accents, low and weak,

Thus told its true, but artless tale :

" I own that, of the insect race,
 " I boast no gaudy splendid grace ;
 " I light with feeble lamp the way
 " Where prouder, loftier beings stray ;
 " I sip the balmy dews around,
 " But ne'er am heard with busy sound ;
 " Ne'er on your calm repose obtrude
 " With counsel vain, or clamour rude ;
 " Can I offend superior things,
 " Or cope with birds of pow'ful wings ?"

The Owl, indignant, bold, and base,
 Exulting o'er the insect race,
 Replied—" You shine ! detested thing !
 " To me, offensive light you bring—"
 Then, pouncing on his humble prey,
 Darken'd, in death, its little ray ;
 But found, the quench'd, the quiv'ring flame,
 His sombre hour was still the same !

ANONYMOUS.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

A FABLE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.
 Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown,
 Imagine that they raise their own.
 Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
 Think slander can transplant the bays.
 Beauties and Bards have equal pride ;
 With both all rivals are decry'd.
 Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
 Must call her sister aukward creature ;
 For the kind Flattery's sure to charm,
 When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day,
 A Poet sought the sweets of May,

The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
 And every stalk with odour bends ;
 A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
 Thus singing as the Muse inspir'd :

“ Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace :

“ How happy shall I prove,

“ Might I supply that envy'd place,

“ With never-fading love !

“ There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,

“ Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

“ Know, hapless flower ! that thou shalt find

“ More fragrant Roses there.

“ I see thy withering head declin'd,

“ With envy and despair !

“ One common fate we both must prove ;

“ You die with envy, I with love.”

“ Spare your comparisons,” reply'd

An angry Rose, who grew beside.

“ Of all mankind you should not flout us ;

“ What can a Poet do without us ?

“ In every love-song Roses bloom ;

“ We lend your colour and perfume :

“ Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,

“ To sound her praise on our abuse ?

“ Must we, to flatter her, be made

“ To wither, envy, pine and fade ?”

GAY.

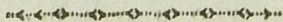
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A FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATION ON THE
 DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS,
 WHO LIVED ONLY TWO DAYS.

LET vulgar souls endure the body's chain,
 Till Life's dull current ebbs in ev'ry vein,
 Dream out a tedious age ere wide display'd,
 Death's darkest prison wraps them in the shade.

These happy Infants, early taught to shun
 All that the world admires beneath the sun,
 Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
 And fled impatient to their native sky.
 Dear precious Babes ! alas ! when, fondly wild,
 A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,
 When my charm'd eye a flood of joy express'd,
 And all the Father kindled in my breast,
 A sudden paleness seiz'd each guiltless face,
 And Death, tho' smiling, crept o'er ev'ry grace.
 Nature ! be calm, heave not th' impassion'd sigh,
 Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
 A few unspotted moments pass'd between
 Their dawn of being, and their closing scene :
 And sure no nobler blessing can be giv'n,
 When one short anguish is the price of Heav'n.

CAWTHORNE.



VERSES TO MRS. BLOUNT ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

OH, be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend !
 Not with those toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
 With added years, if life bring nothing new,
 But like a sieve let every blessing thro',
 Some joy still lost, as each vaint year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad reflection more ;
 Is that a birth-day ? 'tis, alas ! too clear,
 'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm every thought, inspire every grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;

Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come.

POPE.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE's not the happy Man, to whom is given
 A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven ;
 Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
 And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes :
 Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
 And all the various bounty of the year ;
 Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the spring,
 Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing ;
 For whom the cooling shade in Summer's twines,
 While his full cellars give their generous wines ;
 From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
 A golden tide into his swelling stores :
 Whose Winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales
 Stretch the big sheet, and toiling Commerce sails ;
 When yielding crowds attend and pleasure serves ;
 While youth, and health, and vigour, string his nerves.
 Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
 Can make the Happy Man, without the Mind ;
 Where Judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
 The chain of Reason, with unerring gaze ;
 Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
 His fairer scenes and bolder figures rise ;
 Where social Love exerts her soft command,
 And plays the passions with a tender hand ;
 Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
 And all the moral harmony of life.
 Nor canst thou, Doddington, this truth decline,
 Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

THOMSON.

VERSES ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon ;
 (Envy be silent and attend !)

I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend !

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour ;
 Not grave thro' pride, nor gay thro' folly ;
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy.

“ Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir ?”

“ Yes, she has one,” I must aver :

“ When all the world conspires to praise her,

“ The woman's deaf, and does not hear.”

POPE.

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

FROM the red wave rising bright,
 Lift on high thy golden head ;
 O'er the misty mountains spread
 Thy smiling rays of orient light !
 See the golden God appear !
 Flies the fiend of darkness drear ;
 Flies, and in her gloomy train,
 Sable Grief, and Care, and Pain !
 See the golden God advance !
 On Taurus' heights his coursers prance :
 With him haste the vernal hours,
 Breathing sweets, and drooping flowers.
 Laughing Summer at his side,
 Waves her locks in rosy pride ;
 And Autumn bland, with aspect kind,
 Bears his golden sheaf behind.
 O haste, and spread the purple day
 O'er all the wide ethereal way !

Nature mourns at thy delay :
 God of glory, haste away !
 From the red wave rising bright,
 Lift on high thy golden head ;
 O'er the misty mountains spread
 Thy smiling rays of orient light !

LANGHORNE.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

FARE the foundations of the world were laid,
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
 Thou wert ; and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
 From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou still shalt be ; still as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.
 O endless thought ! divine Eternity !
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee !
 For thou wert present when our life began,
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah ! what is life ? with ills encompass'd round,
 Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound ;
 To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
 To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes ;
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd ?
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
 Should certain Fate th' impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay ;
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
 Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
 To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
 To launch from earth into Eternity.
 For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
 Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

GAY.

VERSES TO A LADY,

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold, appear the lines,
 Where Claudian's genius in the Phoenix shines ;
 A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
 And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd :
 A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
 Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.

Each fabled charm in matchless Cœlia meets,
 The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets ;
 Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
 And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
 O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
 But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.

Now buds your youth, your checks their bloom disclose,
 Th' untainted lily, and unfolding rose ;
 Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
 You speak a syren, and you move a grace ;
 Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
 While Virtue gives, what years shall steal away :
 The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
 In age shall with the charms of youth engage ;
 In every change still lovely, still the same,
 A fairer Phoenix in a purer flame.

TICKELL.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
 Where mid-day sun has seldom shone,
 Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
 Save some afflicted Muse's moan :

A swain t'wards full-aged manhood wending,
 Sate sorrowing at the close of day,
 At whose fond side a boy attending,
 Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The Father's eyes no object wrested,
 But on the smiling prattler hung,
 Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
 These accents trembled from his tongue.

“ My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,

“ My prattling innocent attend,

“ Nor fear rebuke or sour displeasure,

“ A Father's loveliest name is Friend,

“ Some truths, from long experience flowing,

“ Worth more than royal grants receive ;

“ For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,

“ Which Kings have seldom power to give.

“ Since from an ancient race descended,

“ You boast an unattainted blood,

“ By yours be their fair frame attended,

“ And claim by birth-right to be good.

“ In love for ev'ry fellow-creature

“ Superior rise above the crowd ;

“ What most ennobles human nature

“ Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

“ Be thine the generous heart that borrows

“ From others joys a friendly glow ;

“ And for each neighbour's hapless sorrows,

“ Threchs with a sympathetic woe.

- " This is the temper most endearing ;
 " Thro' wide proud pomp her banners spreads,
 " An heav'nlier power good nature bearing
 " Each heart in willing thraldom leads.
- " Taste not from Fame's uncertain fountain
 " The peace-destroying streams that flow;
 " Nor from Ambition's dang'rous mountain
 " Look down upon the world below.
- " The princely pine on hills exalted,
 " Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
 " By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,
 " Is headlong hurl'd in dust to lie.
- " Whilst the mild rose more safely growing
 " Low in its un aspiring vale,
 " Amidst Retirement's shelter blowing,
 " Exchanges sweets with every gale.
- " Wish not for Beauty's darling features,
 " Moulded by Nature's fondling pow'r ;
 " For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
 " Shine but the pageants of an hour.
- " I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
 " At noon a gay narcissus blow
 " Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
 " Bloom'd in the silver waves below :
- " By noon-tide's heat its youth had wasted,
 " The waters as they pass'd complain'd ;
 " At eve its glories were all blasted,
 " And not one former tint remain'd.
- " Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory,
 " Lead you from Virtue's path astray ;
 " What genius lives renown'd in story,
 " To happiness who found the way ?
- " In yonder mead behold that vapour,
 " Whose vivid beams illusive play ;
 " Far off it seems a friendly taper
 " To guide the traveller on his way.

- " But should some hapless wretch pursuing,
 " Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
 " He'd find too late his rashness rueing,
 " That fatal quicksands lurk below.
 " In life such bubbles nought admiring,
 " Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,
 " Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
 " To peace in Virtue's cot repair ;
 " There seek the never-wasted treasure,
 " Which mutual love and friendship give,
 " Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
 " And bless'd and blessing you will live.
 " If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
 " As mine its bounty does with you,
 " In fondness fatherly excelling
 " Th' example you have felt, pursue."

He paus'd, for tenderly caressing
 The darling of his wounded heart,
 Looks had means only of expressing,
 Thoughts language never could impart.
 Now Night her mournful mantle spreading,
 Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
 And dank dews from her tresses shedding
 With genial moisture, bath'd the ground :
 When back to city follies flying,
 'Midst Custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd ;
 His face, array'd in smiles, denying,
 The true complection of his mind :
 For seriously around surveying
 Each character, in youth and age,
 Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
 That play'd upon this human stage.
 Peaceful himself and undesigning,
 He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
 And felt each secret wish inclining
 To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was sated
 Obediently he bow'd his soul ;
 For what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
 He thought Heav'n only should controul.

COOPER.

VERSES ON A YOUNG LADY PLAYING ON A
 HARPSICHORD AND SINGING.

WHEN Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
 The throbbing breast was all on fire ;
 And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
 The captive soul was charm'd away !

But had the nymph, possess'd with these,
 Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please ;
 Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
 Thy native smiles of artless truth ;

The worm of grief had never prey'd
 On the forsaken love-sick maid ;
 Nor had she mourn'd an hapless fame,
 Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

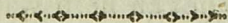
SMOLLETT.

A SUMMER EVENING.

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
 Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
 And there follow'd some droppings of rain !
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian : his course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
 And melts into tears : then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heavenly way ;
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.

WATTS.



VERSES TO MRS. GILLMAN.

WITH sense enough for half your sex beside,
 With just no more than necessary pride ;
 With knowledge caught from Nature's living page,
 Politely learn'd, and elegantly sage.
 Alas ! how piteous, that in such a mind
 So many foibles free reception find !
 Can such a mind, ye gods ! admit disdain ?
 Be partial, envious, covetous, and vain ?
 Unwelcome truth ! to love, to blindness clear !
 Yet, Gillman, hear it—while you blush to hear.
 That in your gentle breast disdain can dwell,
 Let knavery, meanness, pride that feel it, tell !
 With partial eye, a friend's defects you see,
 And look with kindness on my faults and me.
 And does no envy that fair mind o'ershade ?
 Does no short sigh for greater wealth invade ;
 When silent merit wants the fostering meed,
 And the warm wish suggests the virtuous deed ?
 Fairly the charge of vanity you prove,
 Vain of each virtue of the friends you love.
 What charms, what arts of magic have conspir'd
 Of power to make so many faults admir'd ?

LANGHORNE.

HASSAN ; OR, THE CAMEL DRIVER.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
 The driver Hassan with his camels past ;
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store :
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find !
 Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
 When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share !
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
 Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way !"

Curst be the gold and silver that persuade
 Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade !
 The lily peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore :

Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea :
 And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
 Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?
 Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! "

O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
 What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
 And, fearful ! oft when Day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train :
 Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way ! "

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep ;
 Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
 Peace rules the day, where Reason rules the mind.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way ! "

O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zara will be most undone !

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
Meet and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.

Let a broad stream with golden sands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.

He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.

So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Cræsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be,
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Cræsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man,

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

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

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

And yet but lately have I seen ev'n here,
 The winter in a lovely dress appear.
 Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow
 Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,
 At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
 And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
 The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
 And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
 For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
 And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
 The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
 Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
 The stag, in limpid currents, with surprize,
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
 The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
 The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

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

PHILIPS.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind !
 Sweet delight of human kind !
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky,

With more of happiness below,
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, oh whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head?
 What happy region does thee please
 To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state to meet thee there:
 Increasing avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd:
 The bold advent'rer plows his way
 Thro' rocks amid the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The silent heart which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks, as I have vainly done,
 Amusing thought; but learns to know
 That Solitude's the Muse of woe.

No real happiness is found
 In trailing people o'er the ground;
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All Nature in its forms below:
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies;
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace, appear;
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
 The branches whisper as they wav'd:

It seem'd as all the quiet place
 Confess'd the presence of the Grace;
 When thus she spoke ;—“ Go, rule thy will,
 “ Bid thy wild passions all be still;
 “ Know God, and bring thy heart to know
 “ The joys which from Religion flow;
 “ Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its guest,
 “ And I'll be there to crown the rest.”

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

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

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

REPUTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

TO travel far as the wide world extends,
 Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
 Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
 Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

As they went on in their intended round,
 Talent spoke first, " My gentle comrades, say,
 " Where each of you may probably be found,
 " Should accident divide us on the way.

" If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,
 " A friendly patronage I hope to find,
 " Where the fine arts from cultivation rise,
 " And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind."

Says Virtue, " Did Sincerity appear,
 " Or meek-ey'd Charity among the great;
 " Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
 " 'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

" Could I find patriots for the public weal
 " Assiduous, and without their selfish crews;
 " Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
 " 'Tis among these my residence I'd choose.

" In glitt'ring domes let luxury reside,
 " I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
 " Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,
 " Where home-bred Happiness delights to dwell."

Ye may be traced, my gentle friends, 'tis true :
 " But who (says Reputation) can explore
 " My slipp'ry steps?—Keep, keep me in your view.
 " If I'm once lost, you'll never find me more."

CUNNINGHAM.

INSCRIPTION ON A SEQUESTERED GROTTA.

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

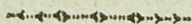
O, if thou own'st this mossy cell,
If thine this mansion of repose ;
Permit me, nymph, with thee to dwell,
With thee my wakeful eye to close.

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

But smiling days exempt from care,
But nights, when sleep and silence reign ;
Serenity with aspect fair.

And Love and Joy are in thy train.

LANGHORNE.



ODE TO PITY.

THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe :
When first Distress with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe !

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite :
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And echo 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed,
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With Youth's soft notes unspoil'd by Art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design;
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail;
The buskin'd mute shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

ODE,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

FOR ease the harass'd seaman prays,
 When equinoctial tempests raise
 The Cape's surrounding wave;
 When hanging o'er the reef he hears
 The cracking mast, and sees or fears,
 Beneath, his wat'ry grave.

For ease the slow Mahratta spoils,
 And hardier Seik erratic toils,
 While both their ease forego;
 For ease which neither gold can buy,
 Nor robes, nor gems, which oft bely
 The cover'd heart, bestow.

For neither gold nor gems combin'd
 Can heal the soul or suffering mind.
 Lo! where their owner lies:
 Perch'd on his couch Distemper breathes,
 And care like smoke, in turbid wreaths,
 Round the gay ceiling flies:

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
 The lands his father held before,
 Is of true bliss possess'd;
 Let but his mind unfetter'd tread,
 Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
 And wise as well as blest.

No fears his peace of mind annoy,
 Lest printed lies his fame destroy,
 Which labor'd years have won;
 Nor pack'd Committees break his rest,
 Nor Avarice sends him forth in quest
 Of climes beneath the sun.

Short is our span, then why engage
 In schemes for which man's transient age
 Was ne'er by Fate design'd?

Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand ?
 What wanderer from his native land
 E'er left himself behind ?

The restless thought and wayward will,
 And discontent attend him still,
 Nor quit him while he lives ;
 At sea, Care follows in the wind ;
 At land, it mounts the pad behind,
 Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day,
 Must laugh the present ills away,
 Nor think of woes to come ;
 For come they will, or soon or late,
 Since mix'd at best is man's estate,
 By Heav'n's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive liv'd renown'd,
 With lacks enrich'd, with honours crown'd,
 His valour's well-earn'd meed.
 Too long, alas! he liv'd to hate
 His envied lot, and died too late :
 From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliott's doom ;
 I saw his opening virtues bloom,
 And manly sense unfold,
 Too soon to fade. I bade the stone
 Record his name, 'midst hordes unknown,
 Unknowing what it told.

To this, perhaps, the Fates may give,
 I wish they may, in health to live,
 Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields ;
 Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine ;
 With thee the Muse already thine,
 Her present bounty yields.

For me, O Shore, I only claim,
 To merit, not to seek, for fame,
 The good and just to please ;

A state above the fear of want,
 Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant,
 Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

GOVERNOR HASTINGS.

CONTENT : A PASTORAL.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
 As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns—to her home.
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on her floor :
 Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.
 We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits ! and she cull'd me the best ;
 While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast !
 I told my soft wishes ; she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)
 “ I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
 “ But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.”
 Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms !
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if, by yon prattle, the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.
 Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And point out new themes for my muse.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muff'd view'd the tender plain;
 Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this pensive train,
 Slow solemn, stole—

- “ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
 “ And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
 “ Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
 “ Not all your rage, as now, united shews,
 “ More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 “ Than heav'n-illumin'd man on man bestows!
 “ See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 “ Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 “ Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 “ Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!
 “ Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 “ Truth, weeping tells the mournful tale,
 “ How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
 “ The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 “ With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 “ Looks o'er proud property extended wide;
 “ And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 “ Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring shew,
 “ A creature of another kind,
 “ Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
 “ Plac'd for his lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below!
 “ Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
 “ With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
 “ The pow'rs you proudly own?
 “ Is there beneath Love's noble name,
 “ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 “ To bless himself alone!
 “ Mark, maiden---Innocence a prey
 “ To Love---pretending snares,
 “ This boasted Honour turns away,
 “ Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
 “ Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!

“ Perhaps this hour, in Mis’ry’s squalid nest,
 “ She strains her infant to her joyless breast,
 “ And with a mother’s fears, shrinks at the rocking blast.
 “ O ye! who sunk in beds of down,
 “ Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 “ Think for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 “ Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 “ Ill-satisfy’d, keen Nature’s clam’rous call,
 “ Stretch’d on his straw, he lays himself to sleep,
 “ While, thro’ the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 “ Chill, o’er his slumbers, piles the drift heap!
 “ Think on the dungeon’s grim confine,
 “ Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
 “ Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
 “ But shall thy legal rage pursue
 “ The wretch, already crushed low,
 “ By cruel Fortune’s undeserved blow?
 “ Affliction’s sons are brothers in distress.
 “ A brothet to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!”

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail’d the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crew.

But deep this truth impress’d my mind—
 Thro’ all his works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

BURNS.

ODE TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad’st thy turtles bear
 Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
 And sought’st thy native skies:
 When War, by vultures drawn from far,
 To Britain bent his iron car,
 And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
 Our youth shall fix some festive day,
 His sullen shrines to burn ;
 But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
 What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
 And gain thy blest return !

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbind !
 O rise and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beamy train ;
 The British lion, goddess sweet,
 Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
 But come to grace thy western isle,
 By warlike honour led !
 And while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed !

COLLINS.

ON A SHADOW.

AN ODE.

HOW are deluded human kind
 By empty shows betray'd ?
 In all their hopes and schemes they find
 A nothing, or a shade.

The prospects of a truncheon cast
 A soldier on the wars ;
 Dismiss'd with shatter'd limbs at last,
 Brats, poverty, and scars.

The fond philosopher for gain
 Will leave unturn'd no stone ;
 But tho' they toil with endless pain,
 They never find their own.

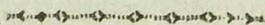
By the same rock the chemists drown,
 And find no friendly hold,
 But melt their ready specie down,
 In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad protector's care?
 In hopes elate and swelling,
 He builds his castles in the air,
 Yet wants an house to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail,
 And damn their fruitless toil,
 When complimented thence to jail,
 And ruin'd with a smile.

How to philosophers will sound
 So strange a truth display'd?
 There's not a substance to be found,
 " But every where a shade."

PITT.



THE ROSE-BUD.

TO A LADY.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
 The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
 The winter's past, the tempests fly,
 Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;
 The lark sweet warbling on the wing
 Salutes the gay return of Spring:
 The silver dews, the vernal showers,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers;
 The joyous fields, the shady woods,
 Are cloth'd with green, or swell'd with buds;
 Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

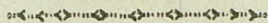
Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
 Shalt flourish on the fair-one's breast,

Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
 Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
 Arise, ye flowery race, arise!
 And haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
 In this sweet offspring of a day;
 That miracle of face must fail:
 Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
 Swift as the short-liv'd flower they fly,
 At morn they bloom, at evening die:
 Tho' sickness yet a while forbears,
 Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
 Now Helen lives alone in fame,
 And Cleopatra's but a name.
 Time must indent that heavenly brow,
 And thou must be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

BROOME.



TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say!
 Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
 Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow!
 'Tis a sharper who stakes penury
 Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
 And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and promises,
 The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
 That gulls the easy creditor!---To-morrow!
 It is a period no where to be found
 In all the hoary registers of time,
 Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
 Wisdom disclaims the words, nor holds society

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove.
 Enrich'd with fragrant power,
 May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
 Where blooms the sovereign flower.

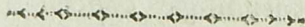
Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
 And gay with gilded wings,
 Perchance the patron of his vow,
 Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
 Then low to earth he bends,
 And owns, upon her friendly aid,
 His health, his life depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flower,
 To tempt a votary's prayer !
 How would his humble homage tower
 Should he behold my fair !

Yes---might the pagan's waking eyes
 O'er Flávia's beauty range,
 He there would fix his lasting choice,
 Nor dare nor wish to change.

SHENSTONE.



THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
 O'er Nature's soft repose ;
 No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
 Nor rustling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
 The throbbing heart lies still ;
 And varying schemes of life no more
 Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd to Reason's voice,
 Attends each mental pow'r ;
 Come, dear Amelia, and enjoy
 Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come, while the peaceful scene invites,
 Let's search this ample round,
 Where shall the lovely fleeting form
 Of Happiness be found ?

Does it amid the frolic mirth
 Of gay assemblies dwell ;
 Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
 That shades the hermit's cell ?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
 A sick'ning heart conceals !
 And, thro' the cloister's deep recess,
 Invading sorrow steals.

In vain, thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
 The fugitive we trace ;
 It dwells not in the faithless smile,
 That brightens Clodia's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
 The heart in friendship finds :
 Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit
 Of visionary minds !

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
 Yet all agree in one,
 To place its being in some state,
 At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
 Of pow'r supremely wise,
 Who fancy Happiness in aught
 The hand of Heaven denies !

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
 And vain what we possess,
 Unless harmonious Reason tunes
 The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
 Is happiness confin'd;
 And, deaf to Folly's call, attends
 The music of the mind.

CARTER.

THE DISTINCTION OF AGES.

THE seven first years of life (man's break of day),
 Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display;
 When fourteen springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,
 His soft and blushful meanings learn to speak;
 From twenty-one proud manhood takes its date,
 Yet is not strength complete till twenty-eight;
 Thence to his five-and-thirtieth, life's gay fire
 Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce desire:
 At forty-two, his eyes grave wisdom wear,
 And the dark future dims him o'er with care:
 On to the nine-and-fortieth, toils increase,
 And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace:
 At fifty-six, cool reason reigns entire,
 Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire;
 But sixty-three unbinds the body's strength,
 Ere the unwearied mind has run her length;
 And when from seventy, age surveys her last,
 Tir'd she stops short—and wishes all were past.

HILL.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

OF all the springs within the mind
 Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
 From none more pleasing aid we find
 Than from the genuine love of praise.

Nor any partial, private end,
 Such reverence to the public bears;
 Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
 So like to Virtue's self appears.

For who in glory can delight
 Without delight in glorious deeds?
 What man a charming voice can slight,
 Who courts the echo that succeeds?

But not the echo on the voice
 More, than on Virtue praise depends;
 To which, of course, its real price
 The judgment of the praiser lends.

If praise then with religious awe
 From the sole perfect Judge be sought,
 A nobler aim, a purer law,
 Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which in character the same,
 Tho' in an humbler sphere it lies,
 I count that soul of human fame,
 The suffrage of the good and wise.

AKENSIDE.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
 These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.
 Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect, drew me from the road;
 For Plenty there a residence has found,
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !

Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humble shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome ;

Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb !
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,

If soft Humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes---why should we repine ?

'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see ;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot ;

Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,

Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care !

Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,

Whose trembling steps have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

SONG.

FROM the man whom I love tho' my heart I disguise,
 I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
 Like a patriot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks!
 As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
 In mischief an ape, in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather.
 Yet, if he had sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SMOLLETT.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
 The purpose of to-day,
 Woven with pains into his plan,
 To-morrow rends away.

The bow well-bent, and smart the spring,
 Vice seems already slain!
 But passion rudely snaps the string,
 And it revives again.

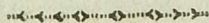
Some foe to his upright intent
 Finds out his weaker part,
 Virtue engages his assent,
 But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise,
 Thro' all his art we view ;
 And while his tongue the charge denies,
 His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast ;
 The breath of Heav'n must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.



BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd,
 Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
 And so leapt overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 His heart did long enthrall,
 And whoso his impatience blames,
 I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
 He dwelt on English land,
 Nor once in thought would ever stray,
 Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
 Right blithsome roll'd his een,
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
 He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world never saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship was spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood,
The crew with wonder saw the lad,
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then thro' the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When ah! a shark bit thro' his waist,
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprung from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring—
She falls, she falls, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

COME, Peace of mind, delightful guest !
 Return, and make thy downy nest
 Once more in this sad heart :
 Nor riches I, nor pow'r pursue,
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view ;
 We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
 From Av'rice and Ambition free,
 And Pleasure's fatal wiles ;
 For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare
 The sweets that I was wont to share,
 The banquet of thy smiles ?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
 The heav'n that thou alone canst make ;
 And wilt thou quit the stream,
 That murmurs thro' the dewy mead,
 The grove and the sequester'd shade,
 To be a guest with them ?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
 To thee I gladly sacrific'd
 Whate'er I lov'd before ;
 And shall I see thee start away,
 And helpless, hopeless hear thee say,
 Farewell ! we meet no more.

COWPER.

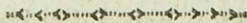
ODE TO LEVEN-WATER

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love ;
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
 While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
 The springing trout in speckled pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel, and motled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
 May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
 And lasses chaunting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale.
 And ancient Faith that knows no guile,¹
 And Industry embrown'd with toil,
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessing they enjoy to guard.

SMOLLETT.



ELEGY

TO A FRIEND, ON SOME SLIGHT OCCASION ESTRANGED
 FROM HIM.

HEALTH to my Friend, and many a chearful day,
 Around his seat may peaceful shades abide;
 Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles away,
 And till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too swiftly fleet our vernal bloom!
 Lost in our wanted friendship, lost to joy!
 Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume
 Ere wint'ry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
 By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone ;
 Would'st thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand ?
 Would'st thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown ?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime ;
 Shall kindred souls forego their social claim,
 Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
 Shall dark Suspicion quench the generous flame ?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mold,
 See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance !
 Myriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,
 Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance !

But we have met—Where ills of every form,
 Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend.
 Say shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm,
 And guide them to the bosom—of a Friend !

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong,
 Might our joint aid the paths of Peace explore !
 Why leave thy Friend amidst the boisterous throng,
 Ere Death divide us and we part no more ?

For oh ! pale Sickness warns thy Friend away ;
 For me no more the vernal roses bloom !
 I see stern Fate his ebon wand display ;
 And paint the wither'd regions of the tomb.

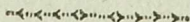
Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
 Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier ;
 " Fool that I was—if Friends so soon must part,
 To let suspicion intermix a fear,"

Here I smell the fragrant breezes,
 Safe from evening's chilly blast ;
 Here the noon-day sunshine pleases,
 Fearless when 'twill overcast.

Hence I here the tempest rising,
 See the grovey greatness shake,
 Ev'ry distant ill despising,
 While I every good partake.

So commanding Life's gay garden,
 Let me thornless wear the rose ;
 Choice like mine let Fashion pardon,
 Tasting charms, but shunning woes.

HILL.



ODE TO MIRTH.

PARENT of Joy! heart-easing Mirth!

Whether of Venus or Aurora born ;

Yet, goddess, sure of heavenly birth,

Visit benign a son of grief forlorn :

Thy glittering colours gay,

Around him, Mirth, display :

And o'er his raptur'd sense

Diffuse thy living influence :

So shall each hill in purer green array'd,

And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow,

The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,

And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.

Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray,

And gild (a second sun) with brighter gleam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,

And aged Poverty can smile with thee,

If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain.

And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.

The Morning opes on high

His universal eye ;

And on the world doth pour

His glorious golden shower,

Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn :

The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of Morn.

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick, as the lightning's flash glide, to sepulchral Night.

But whence the gladdening beam,

That pours his purple stream

O'er the long prospect wide ?

'Tis Mirth, I see her sit

In majesty of light,

With Laughter at her side.

Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near

Wide waves her glancing wing in air ;

And young Wit flings his pointed dart,

That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now Affliction's power,

Fear not now wild Passion's rage,

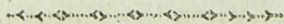
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,

Save the tardy hand of Age.

Now Mirth has heard the suppliant Poet's prayer,

No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air:

SMOLLETT.



TO A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

THE fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
The choicest stores that youthful Summer yields,
Strephon to fair Eliza hath convey'd,
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
O chear the Flowers, my fair, and let them rest
On the elysium of thy snowy breast,
And there regale the smell, and charm the view,
With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.

Then come, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Tho' passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart.
Ye Cares, oh harden not my heart.

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

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

How'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid Indolence, reclin'd;

The soul that one long Sabbath keeps,
 And thro' the sun's whole circle sleeps;
 Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
 And self-attending Vanity.
 Alike the foolish, and the vain
 Are strangers to the sense humane.

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

It comes : it fills my labouring breast !
 I feel my beating heart opprest—
 Oh ! hear that lonely widow's wail !
 See her dim eye ! her aspect pale !
 To Heaven she turns in deep despair,
 Her infants wonder at her prayer,
 And mingling tears they know not why,
 Lift up their little hands, and cry.
 O God ! their moving sorrows see !
 Support them, sweet Humanity !
 Life, fill'd with Grief's distressful train,
 For ever asks the tear humane.
 Behold in yon unconscious grove
 The victims of ill-fated love !
 Heard you that agonizing throe ?
 Sure this is not romantic woe !
 The golden day of joy is o'er ;
 And now they part—to meet no more.
 Assist them, hearts from anguish free !
 Assist them, sweet Humanity !

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

LANGHORNE.

SONG.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
 While faltering accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold :
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends I lov'd became unkind,
 She heard and shed a generous tear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for dress ;
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
 And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
 Go reap the plenty of your plains :
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

SHENSTONE,

ODE TO SLEEP.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,

Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,

O listen from thy calm abode,

And hither wave thy magic rod ;

Extend thy silent soothing sway,

And charm the canker Care away.

Whether thou lov'st to glide along,

Attended by an airy throng

Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,

Such as adorn the wanton boy ;

Or to the monarch's fancy bring

Delights that better suit a king ;

The glittering host, the groaning plain,

The clang of arms, and victor's train ;

Nor should a milder vision please,

Present the happy scenes of peace ;

Plump Autumn, blushing all around,

Rich Industry with toil embrown'd,

Content, with brow serenely gay,

And genial Art's refulgent ray.

SMOLLETT.

HEALTH : AN ECLOGUE.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,

And print long footsteps in the glittering grass ;

The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,

By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,

Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn,

Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd thro',

A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view ;

There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd throng

Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

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

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

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

Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,
 Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
 Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
 Or foster others in luxuriant ease:
 I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
 The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
 I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,
 And shake the saplings with their branching head;

I make the falcons wing their airy way,
 And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
 To snare the fish, I fix the luring bait;
 To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
 'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
 And strength and pleasure rise from every change.

Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.
 Oh come, thou goddess of my rural song,
 And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
 Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
 From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
 For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
 Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers:
 To welcome her, this summer-seat I drest,
 And here I court her when she comes to rest;
 When she from exercise to learned ease
 Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
 And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
 Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
 And such as make me rather good than great;
 Or o'er the works of easy Fancy rove,
 Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
 The native bard, that on Sicilian plains
 First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
 Or Maro's Muse, that in the fairest light,
 Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
 These soft amusements bring Content along,
 And Fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.

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

ODE TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye;

O seldom found, yet ever nigh,

Receive my temp'rate vow :

Not all the storms that shake the pole

Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,

And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come in simplest vest array'd,

With all thy sober cheer display'd,

To bless my longing sight ;

Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,

Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,

And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat,

O gently guide my pilgrim feet

To find thy hermit cell ;

Where in some pure and equal sky,

Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,

The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity, in attic vest,

And Innocence, with candid breast,

And clear undaunted eye ;

And Hope, who points to distant years,

Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears,

A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide

The temperate joys in even tide,

That rarely ebb or flow ;

And Patience there, thy sister meek,

Presents her mild unvarying cheek,

To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage

A tyrant master's wanton rage,

With settled smiles to meet :

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
 How it out-runs thy following eye!
 Use all persuasions now, and try
 If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
 That way it went, but thou shalt find
 No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
 Of all the time thou'st shot away,
 I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
 And it shall be too hard a task to do.
 Besides repentance, what canst find
 That it hath left behind?

Our life is carry'd with too strong a tide,
 A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
 And is the horse of all our years:
 Each day doth on a winged whirwind ride.
 We and our glass run out, and must
 Both render up our dust.

But his past life, who without grief can see,
 Who never thinks his end too near,
 But says to Fame, thou art mine heir;
 That man extends Life's natural brevity—
 This is, this is the only way
 To out-live Nestor in a day.

COWLEY.

HYMN FOR MORNING.

SEE the Star that leads the day,
 Rising shoots a golden ray,
 To make the shades of daskness go
 From heaven above and earth below;
 And warn us early with the sight,
 To leave the beds of silent night;

From an heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground;
Send Devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before or with the sun :
Lift thy hands and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day ;
That, as the light serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air ;
The sacred spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams upon thy breast ;
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin ;
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care :
From the lap of Night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings ;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd ;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast ;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day ;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business with industrious feet :
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this ;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee ;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy sacred Spirit love.

INVITATION TO A FRIEND AT COURT.

IF you can leave for books the crowded Court,
 And gen'rous Bourdeaux for a glass of Port,
 To these sweet solitudes without delay,
 Break from the world's impertinence away.

Soon as the sun the face of Nature gilds,
 For health and pleasure will we range the fields;
 O'er her gay scenes and opening beauties run,
 While all the vast creation is our own.
 But when his golden globe with faded light
 Yields to the solemn empire of the night;
 And in her sober majesty the moon
 With milder glories mounts her silver throne;
 Amidst ten thousand orbs with splendour crown'd,
 That pour their tributary beams around,
 Thro' the long levell'd tube our strengthen'd sight
 Shall mark distinct the spangles of the night:
 From world to world shall dart the boundless eye,
 And stretch from star to star, from sky to sky.

The buzzing insect families appear,
 When suns unbind the rigour of the year;
 Quick glance the myriads round the evening bower,
 Hosts of a day, or nations of an hour.
 Astonish'd we shall see th' unfolding race,
 Stretch'd out in bulk, within the polish'd glass;
 Thro' whose small convex a new world we spy,
 Ne'er seen before, but by a Seraph's eye!
 So long in darkness shut from human kind
 Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd!
 But in one peopled drop we now survey
 In pride of power some little monster play;
 O'er tribes invisible he reigns alone,
 And struts a tyrant of a world his own.

Now will we study Homer's awful page,
 Now warm our souls with Pindar's noble rage

To English lays shall Flaccus' lyre be strung,
And lofty Virgil speak the British tongue.
Immortal Virgil! at thy sacred name
I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
With eager hopes this moment I aspire
To catch or emulate thy glorious fire;
The next, pursue the rash attempt no more,
But drop the quill, bow, wonder and adore;
By thy strong genius overcome and aw'd!
That fire from Heaven! that spirit of a god!
Pleas'd and transported with thy name I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend;
And from my first design by Rapture led,
Neglect the living poet for the dead.

PITT.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
O jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey,
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well,
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above ;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

DRYDEN.

ODE TO SCIENCE.

I. 1.

THERE are who skim the stream of life,
 And catch delight from every passing gale ;
 No doleful sounds their ears assail,
 Nor heed they Nature's strife.
 Bright skies illumine their dawning day,
 While Music wakes its magic powers,
 No clouds obstruct their noon-tide ray,
 And to soft measures move their evening hours.
 Gaily its course the motley vessel glides,
 As Pleasure at the helm, a laughing beauty, guides :

I. 2.

Their destin'd course some lonely bend,
 And no propitious gales attend ;
 While direful notes are heard from far,
 The scream of woe, the din of war :
 'Midst struggling storms their mornings doubtful rise ;
 Sullen and slow proceed their hours along ;
 'Mid scowling tempests close their western skies,
 Nor soothes their ear the chearful voice of song.

I. 3.

But lo! the sons of Genius stand,
 And Science open spreads her volume fair,
 And Friendship waves her hand
 To check the child of Mirth, to soothe the child of Care;
 Nature assumes her smiling form,
 Like Ocean resting from a storm:
 From distant India's pearly shores,
 From mystic Egypt's latent stores,
 Or where in Grecia's tuneful groves
 The Graces wanton'd with the Loves,
 Lo! Science comes, and takes her awful seat,
 While Genius glides along, her queen's advance to greet:

II. 1.

The blooming wreath of rapturous praise,
 Now weave with vary'd skill, and conscious pride,
 As when, near Pisa's laurell'd side,
 The Theban wove the living bays:
 Of brow serene, and port sublime,
 Immortal Science, hail! To thee,
 Bright with the spoils of ancient time,
 We yield the crown, we bend the willing knee.
 To thee the Virtues all obedient rise,
 And Truth, with unveil'd face, and clear unclouded eyes.

II. 2.

"Ye sons of Mirth, and sons of Care,
 " I the bow'r of bliss prepare;
 " Near me stream ambrosial show'rs;
 " Near me bloom immortal flow'rs:
 " Oh! hither then your erring courses bend;
 " Here Mirth's wild crew may haply find a friend;
 " Soon near my side shall Care forget to grieve,
 " And pining Melancholy dare to live."

III. 3.

Thus Science spake aloud—when, lo !
 By Fancy's eye were seen the sacred choir,
 That taught with vivid glow
 The canvas first to shine that wak'd the melting lyre :
 And round and round their queen they move,
 Symphonious to the voice of Love.
 Nor did in vain the thrilling dart
 Of Music pierce the captiv'd heart,
 Till ev'ry discord died away,
 As clouds before the solar ray.
 Thro' the wide earth th' harmonic chords resound,
 While Rapture lifts her voice, and Goodness smiles around.

DYER.

THE PRISON.

O, WELCOME, Debtor! in these walls
 Thy cares, and joys, and loves forego ;
 Approach ; a brother Debtor calls,
 And join the family of Woe !
 Did Fortune with her frowning brow
 Thy late and early toils withstand ?
 Or Slander strike the fatal blow,
 Or griping Us'ry's iron hand ?
 Say, does a wife, to want consign'd,
 While weeping babes surround her bed,
 Peep thro' and see the fetters bind
 'Those hands, that earn'd their daily bread ?
 Does she in vain, on knees that bend,
 The marble heart of Wealth implore ?
 Breathless pursue some flying friend,
 Or beat in vain the closing door ?
 Look up, and share our scanty meal ;
 For us some brighter hours may flow ;
 Some angel break these bolts of steel,
 For Howard marks, and feels our woe.

DARWIN.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
 Big with many a coming rose,
 This early Bud began to blush,
 And did but half itself disclose :
 I pluck'd it tho' no better grown,
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.
 Still as I did the leaves inspire,
 With such a purple light they shone,
 As if they had been made of fire,
 And spreading so would flame anon.
 All that was meant by air or sun,
 To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
 What may the same in forms of love,
 Of purest love and music too,
 When Flavia it aspires to move?
 When that which lifeless buds persuades
 To wax more soft, her youth invades?

WALLER.

THE CREATOR'S WORKS MANIFEST HIS POWER,

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim :
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.
 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
 What tho' nor real voice nor sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found!
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is Divine."

ADDISON.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray
 From the great Source of mental day,
 Free, gen'rous, and refin'd,
 Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
 Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
 And bless my lab'ring mind.

But first with thy resistless light
 Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
 Those mimic shades of thee,
 The Scholiast's learning, Sophist's cant,
 The visionary Bigot's rant,
 The Monk's philosophy.

Oh! let thy powerful charm impart
 The patient head, the candid heart,
 Devoted to thy sway;
 Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
 Which still with dauntless steps proceed
 Where Reason points the way.

Give me to learn each secret cause;
 Let numbers, figures, Nature's laws,
 Reveal'd before me stand;

Then to great Nature's scenes apply,
 And, round the globe, and thro' the sky,
 Disclose her working hand.

Next to thy nobler search resign'd,
 The busy, restless human mind
 Thro' ev'ry maze pursue;
 Detect perception where it lies,
 Catch the ideas as they rise,
 And all their changes view.

Her secret stores bid Mem'ry tell,
 Bid Fancy quit her airy cell
 In all her treasures drest;
 While prompt her sallies to control,
 Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
 To Truth's severest test.

Say from what simple springs began
 The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
 That range beyond control,
 Which seek eternity to trace,
 Drive thro' th' infinity of space,
 And strain to grasp the whole?

Then range thro' Being's wide extent,
 Let the fair scale with just ascent,
 And equal steps be trod,
 Till, from the dead corporeal mass,
 Thro' each progressive rank you pass,
 To Instinct, Reason, God!

There, Science, veil thy daring eye,
 Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
 In the divine abyss;
 To Faith content thy beams to lend,
 Her hopes assure, her steps befriend,
 And light the way to bliss.

Then downward take thy flight again,
 Mix with the policies of men,
 And social Nature's ties;

The plan, the genius of each state,
 Its interests and its pow'r relate,
 Its fortunes, and its rise.

Thro' private life pursue thy course,
 Trace ev'ry action to its source,
 And means and motives weigh;
 Put tempers, passions in the scale;
 Mark what degrees in each prevail,
 And fix the doubtful sway.

The last, best effort of thy skill,
 To form the life, and rule the will,
 Propitious Pow'r, impart;
 Teach me to cool my passions' fires,
 Make me the judge of my desires,
 The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar breath,
 Pursuit of Fortune, dread of Death,
 And all in life that's mean:
 Still true to reason be my plan,
 And let my actions speak the man,
 Thro' ev'ry varying scene.

Hail, Queen of Manners! test of truth!
 Hail, charm of age! and light of youth!
 Sweet refuge of distress!
 Ev'n business you can make polite,
 Can give Retirement its delight,
 Prosperity its grace.

Of pow'r, wealth, freedom thou the cause,
 Foundress of order, cities, laws,
 Of arts, inventress thou!
 Without thee what were human kind?
 How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind!
 Their joys how mean, how few!

Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil!
 Let others spread the daring sail
 On Fortune's faithless sea:

While undeluded, happier I,
 From the vain tumult timely fly,
 And sit in peace with thee.

AKENSIDE.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

O H! heavenly-born! in deepest dells
 If fairest Science ever dwells
 Beneath the mossy cave;
 Indulge the verdure of the woods;
 With azure beauty gild the floods,
 And flowery carpets lave;
 For Melancholy ever reigns
 Delighted in the sylvan scenes
 With scientific light,
 While Dian, huntress of the vales,
 Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
 Tho' wrapt from mortal sight.
 Yet, goddess, yet the way explore,
 With magic rites and heathen lore
 Obstructed and depress'd;
 Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine
 Untaught, not uninspir'd, to shine,
 By Reason's power redress'd.
 When Solon and Lycurgus taught
 To moralize the human thought
 Of mad Opinion's maze,
 To erring zeal they gave new laws,
 Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause
 That blends congenial rays.
 Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
 Or bid an hundred suns be born,
 To hecatomb the year;
 Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
 In vain the zodiac system rolls,
 In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
 Bring swift Philosophy along
 In metaphysic dreams;
 While raptur'd Bards no more behold
 A vernal age of purer gold,
 In Heliconian streams.

SWIFT.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

CHILD of the wintry hour! doom'd to trust
 Thy tender beauties to inclement skies!
 First off'ring of the year,
 And harbinger of Spring!
 Cradl'd in friendly greens, how pensive droops
 Thy nodding head! while in thy bashful eye,
 As mournful of thy fate,
 Hangs sad a pearly tear.

Companion of Adversity! like thee,
 To dangers rough consign'd, the new-dropt lamb,
 With unstain'd fleece and soft,
 Presses thy verdant bank.

Alas! in this bad world, nor Innocence
 Secures from biting Slander's pois'nous tooth,
 Nor Gentleness itself,
 Her virgin sister meek.

The temper mild, that knows not how to frown,
 Nor of harsh rule the sceptre how to wield,
 Is form'd to sink before
 The boist'rous Passions' rage.

Alas! like thee, poor injur'd Flavia bloom'd,
 The sweetest bud of unsuspecting youth!
 Like thee, all purity,
 Like thee, to storms consign'd.

But ah! she felt the rude unpitying breath
 Of Malice, keener than the wintry winds;
 And shrunk beneath the blast
 That never, never spares.

Poor early victim of its pow'r, she sunk
 Pitied, believ'd, and mourn'd, alas ! too late ;
 Chill'd by the icy touch
 And early foot of Death.

Oft as thy chaste, thy unassuming face
 Shall deck the morning of the nascent year,
 This wounded breast shall heave
 With pangs of cureless grief :
 When painful Mem'ry tells how soon she fell,
 And hapless pass'd, like thee, fair spotless flow'r !
 Her little life, forlorn,
 Amid the wilds of Fate.

BIDLAKE.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT eye of pensive Eve ! resplendent orb,
 That o'er the misty mountains shinest clear ;
 Like a rich gem,
 Upon an Æthiop's brow !
 Thy lamp serene, my now henighted steps
 Directs to that blest spot where dwells my fair,
 Twin rivals who can boast
 More pure, more bright than thee.
 For not thy lovely light, that kindly cheers
 The sullen frown of unpropitious Night,
 Is half so sweet as truth,
 That beams in Beauty's eyes.
 Not all the little waking elves, that rise
 From out their rosy bow'rs of velvet buds,
 Where they had slept the day,
 To dance thy rays beneath,
 Feel such delight as does this breast, when thou
 With radiant lustre shew'st the happy hour,
 That leads from scenes of care
 To still domestic bliss.

BIDLAKE.

ON DIVINE POETRY.

IN Nature's golden age, when new-born Day
 Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay;
 When God, with pleasure all his works survey'd,
 And virgin Innocence before him play'd
 In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
 The Muse, by Heaven inspir'd, began to sing:
 Descending angels in harmonious lays,
 Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
 Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
 The Muse's loss, since Eden was no more.
 When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
 Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astræa fled,
 And sought protection in her native sky;
 In vain the heathen Nine her absence would supply.
 Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone
 In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
 Hence learn'd the Bard, in lofty strains to tell
 How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell;
 And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
 Thro' parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise:
 She gave the rapt'rous ode, whose ardent lay
 Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sisera;
 She tun'd to pious notes the Psalmist's lyre,
 And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's fire!

HUGHES.

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

TIS not a pyramid of marble stone,
 Tho' high as our ambition;
 'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
 Give life to th' ashes of a man,
 But verses only; they shall fresh appear,
 Whilst there are men to read or hear,

When Time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust ;
Then shall the epitaph remain and be
New graven in eternity.
Poets by Death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of Poets triumphs over it.
What cannot verse ?—When Thracian Orpheus took
His lyre, and gently on it strook,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.
With artificial pace the warlike pine,
The elm and his wife the ivy twine,
With all the better trees that erst has stood
Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.
The laurel to the Poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow ;
And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a shade.
The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
Nightingales, harmless syrens of the air,
And muses of the place, were there ;
Who, when their little wind-pipes they had found
Unequal to so strage a sound,
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
Happy, O happy they ! whose tomb might be,
Mausolus ! envied by thee !

COWLEY.

WISDOM.

MATTER produc'd had still a chaos been :
 For jarring elements engag'd,
 Eternal battles would have wag'd,
 And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous scene ;
 If Wisdom infinite, for less
 Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,
 Or strength to labouring Nature yield,
 Had not with actual address,
 Compos'd the hellowy hurry, and establish'd peace.
 Whate'er this visible creation shews
 That's lovely, uniform, and bright,
 That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
 To her its eminence and beauty owes :
 By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,
 Proportion'd to their Nature, and their kind ;
 To which they steadily advance,
 Mov'd by right Reason's high command,
 Or guided by the secret hand
 Of real Instinct, or imaginary Chance.
 Nothing but men reject her sacred rules ;
 Who from the end of their creation fly.
 And deviate into misery ;
 As if the liberty to act like fools
 Were the chief cause that Heaven made them free.

POMFRET.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every pious mind ;
 Come pour thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete !
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
 Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command ;
 Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st the gift with eloquence.

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
 But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
 Our frailties help, our vice controul,
 Submit the senses to the soul ;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruits of love, bestow ;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name :
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost man's redemption dy'd :
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

DRYDEN.

HYMN FOR NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky ;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, also with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light ;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade ;
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passions rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky,
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that and leave it there ;
And soar with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light,
Thus while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee ;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my soul I send my pray'r,
Great Creator bow thine ear ;
Thou, for whose propitious sway
The world was taught to see the day ;
Who spake the word, and earth begun
And shew'd its beauties in the sun ;
With pleasure I thy creatures view,
And would with good affection too ;
Good affection sweetly free,
Loose from them, and move to thee ;

O, teach me due returns to give,
 And to thy glory let me live;
 And then my days shall shine the more,
 Or pass more blessed than before.

PARNELL.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In Folly's maze advance;
 Tho' singularity and pride
 Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance,
 From the gay world, we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
 No busy neighbour enters here,
 No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heart-felt joys.
 If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies;
 And they are fools who roam;
 The world has nothing to bestow;
 From our own-selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.
 Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark;
 Giving her vain excursion o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.
 Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,

That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

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

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest hours repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

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

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

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favour giv'n:

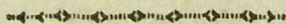
Dear Chloe, this is Wisdom's part ;
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to Heav'n.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand, thro' life we'll go ;
 In chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

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

COTTON.



HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay !
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name :
 Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting Beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair !

Your Maker's wond'rous pow'r proclaim,
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
 And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
 While all th' adoring thrones around

His boundless mercy sing :

Let ev'ry list'ning saint above

Wake all the tuneful soul of love,

And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;

Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,

The mighty chorus aid :

Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,

Thou, Moon, protract the melting strain,

And praise Him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode :

Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,

Who call'd yon worlds from night :

“ Ye shades dispel ! ” th' Eternal said ;

At once th' involving darkness fled,

And Nature springs to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,

That wings the air, that skims the plains,

United praise bestow :

Ye dragons, sound his awful name

To Heav'n aloud ; and roar, exclaim,

Ye swelling deeps below,

Let ev'ry element rejoice ;

Ye thunders, burst with awful voice

To Him who bids you roll :

His praise in softer notes declare,

Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,

And breathe it to the soul.

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;

Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,

Your great Creator own ;

Tell, when affrighted Nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at His look,
 And trembled at His frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise ;
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

Wake all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To Him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who dipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ ;
 Spread His tremendous name around,
 Till Heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nurs'd on the downy lap of Ease,
 Fall prostrate at his His throne ;
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
 Praise Him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
 An image of His own.

Ye fair, by Nature form'd to move,
 O praise th' eternal Source of Love,
 With youth's enlivening fire ;
 Let Age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh His bless'd name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre.

ANONYMOUS,

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !
Thou great First Cause, least understood ;
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;
Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And, binding Nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.
What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.
What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away,
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.
Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.
If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others shew,
 That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
 O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot ;
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
 One chorus let all beings raise !
 All Nature's incense rise !

POPE.

TO MY SOUL.

FROM CHAUCER.

FAR from mankind, my weary soul retire,
 Still follow truth, contentment still desire.
 Who climbs on high, at best his weakness shows,
 Who rolls in riches, all to Fortune owes.
 Read well thyself, and mark thy early ways,
 Vain is the Muse, and Envy waits on Praise.
 Wav'ring as winds the breath of Fortune blows,
 No power can turn it, and no pray'rs compose.
 Deep in some hermit's solitary cell
 Repose, and Ease, and Contemplation dwell.

Let Conscience guide thee in the days of need ;
 Judge well thy own, and then thy neighbour's deed.

What Heav'n bestows with thankful eyes receive ;
 First ask thy heart, and then thro' faith believe.

Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome way,
 Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.

“ Who wrestles in this world, receives a fall ;

“ Look up on high, and thank thy God for all !”

HARTE.

ODE TO IDLENESS.

GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,

Obsequious to the Muse and me ;

For once endure the pain to think,

Oh ! sweet Insensibility !

Sister of Peace and Indolence,

Bring, Muse, bring numbers soft and slow,

Elaborately void of sense,

And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near some cowslip-painted mead,

There let me doze out the dull hours,

And under me let Flora spread,

A sofa of her softest flow'rs.

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe

Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,

And murmurs of the stream beneath

Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness, the woes

Of life we patiently endure,

Thou art the source whence labour flows,

We shun thee but to make thee sure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,

Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea,

But to be idle at the last,

And find a pleasing end in thee.

SMART.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
And Evening spreads obscurer skies :
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of Glory now,
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes ;
Which make the weary numbers blest,
With sweet refreshment in their rest ;
Or whether spirits in the brain
Dispel their soft embrace again ;
And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by Sleep, and waiting Day ;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forsake me too ;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again the new-born light ;
His wondrous bounty let me find,
With still a more enlighten'd mind ;
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God and love from me ;
Grace that will from Heaven inspire
Love that seals it in desire :
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the moon and every star,
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me bless'd,
By kindly granting its request.

What tho' thou boast no splendid hue
Of Flora's prouder race,
To me more fair art thou to view
In all thy simple grace.

Thine innocence and beauty meek,
More like my Celestina's cheek,
Where all the modest Virtues play ;
Expression beaming from her eye,
In cherub smiles of chastity,
With mild and temper'd ray.

Yet treasures lurk within my lips
To glad the spoiler bee,
Who not with idle errand sips,
Or wanton vagrancy.

Ah ! blest is he who temperance tries,
Simplicity above disguise,
And shuns the falser gloss of art ;
'Tis he extracts a bliss refin'd,
Congenial to the virtuous mind,
The tender feeling heart.

Thy smiles young Innocence invite,
What time thy lids awake,
In shadowy lane to taste delight,
Or mazy tangled brake.
The infant troop of rosy hue,
And gay with health I seem to view,
While Pleasure lights their laughing eyes ;
With little hands a wreath combine,
Their fugitive delights entwine,
And boast their fragrant prize.

Ah, happy breasts ! unknown to pain,
I would not spoil your joys ;
Nor vainly teach you to complain
Of life's delusive toys.

Be jocund still, still sport and smile,
Nor dream of woe or future guile ;
For soon shall ye awaken'd find

The joys of life's sad thorny way
 But fading flow'rets of a day,
 Cut down by every wind.

BIDLAKE.

WRITTEN IN DR. DARWIN'S BOTANICAL GARDEN,
 NEAR LITCHFIELD.

OH! come not here, ye proud, whose breasts infold
 Th' insatiate thirst of glory, or of gold!
 For you no Dryad decks her fragrant bowers,
 For you her sparkling urn no Naiad pours;
 Unmark'd by you, light Graces skim the green,
 And hovering Cupids spread their wings, unseen.
 Thou! o'er whose mind the well-attemper'd ray
 Of taste and virtue sheds a purer day;
 Whose finer sense each soft vibration owns,
 Mute and unfeeling to discordant tones;
 Like the fair flower that spreads its lucid form
 To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm;
 For thee, my borders nurse the glowing wreath,
 My fountains murmur, and my zephyrs breathe;
 To charm thy eye, amid the crystal tide,
 With sinuous track my silver nations glide;
 My choral birds their vivid plumes unfold,
 And insect armies wave their wings of gold:
 And if with thee, some hapless maid should stray,
 Disastrous Love companion of her way,
 Oh, lead her timid step to yonder glade,
 Whose arching rock incumbent alders shade!
 There, as meek Evening wakes her temperate breeze,
 And moon-beams glimmer thro' the trembling trees,
 The rills that gurgle round shall soothe her ear,
 The weeping well shall number tear for tear.
 And as sad Philomel, alike forlorn,
 Sings to the night, reclining on a thorn,
 While at sweet intervals, each falling note
 Sighs in the gale, and whispers thro' the grot,

The sister Woe shall calm her aching breast,
And softest numbers steal her cares to rest !

Thus spoke the Genius, as he stepp'd along,
And bade these lawns to Peace and Truth belong :
Down the steep slopes he led, with modest skill,
The willing path-way, and the vagrant rill ;
Stretch'd o'er the marshy vale yon willowy mound,
And bade the wave reflect the cultur'd ground ;
Rear'd the young woodlands, smooth'd the wavy green,
And gave to Beauty all the quiet scene.

Winds of the North ! restrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the bosom of these hallow'd vales !
Thou, gentle Botany ! assume thy reign,
And fill with beauteous families the plain !
From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark.
Thy beaux and belles shall croud the gaudy groves,
And woo, and win, their vegetable loves ;
With fairest fruits the sweetest foliage twine,
And deck with lavish pomp Hygeia's shrine.

MISS SEWARD.

PROVIDENCE.

BOLD is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,
Who, finite, will attempt to scan
The works of Him that's infinitely wise,
And those he cannot comprehend, denies ;
As if a space immense were measur'd by a span.
Thus the proud sceptic will not own
That Providence the world directs,
Or its affairs inspects ;
But leaves it to itself alone.
How does it with Almighty grandeur suit,
To be concern'd with our impertinence ;
Or interpose his power for the defence
Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute ?

Villains could never so successful prove,
 And unmolested in those pleasures live,
 Which honour, ease, and affluence give ;
 While such as Heaven adore, and Virtue love,
 And most the care of Providence deserve,
 Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.
 What reason can the wisest shew,
 Why murder does unpunish'd go,
 If the Most High that's just and good,
 Intends and governs all below,
 And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless blood ?
 But shall we things unsearchable deny,
 Because our reason cannot tell us why
 They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity ?
 'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
 To comprehend how matters should be brought
 From nothing, as existent be
 From all eternity ;
 And yet that matter is, we feel and see ;
 Nor is it easier to define
 What ligatures the soul and body join ;
 Or how the memory does th' impression take
 Of things, and to the mind restores them back.
 Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
 Direct and govern this capacious all,
 How soon would things into confusion fall ?
 Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,
 And blazing comets rule the troubled air ;
 Wide inundations, with resistless force,
 The lower provinces o'erflow,
 In spite of all that human strength could do
 To stop the raging sea's impetuous course ;
 Murder and rapine every place would fill,
 And sinking Virtue stoop to prosperous Ill ;
 Devouring Pestilence rave,
 And all that part of Nature which has breath,
 Deliver to the tyranny of Death,

And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.

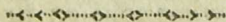
Let the brave speak, who oft has been
In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,
How he's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free;

And tho' he does ten thousand see
Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.

Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor shew,
To what invisible protecting power
He did his life and safety owe,
When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,
And a half-shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore:
Nay, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how
His tender infancy protection found,
And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd;

If he'll no Providence allow,
When he had nothing but his nurse's arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms;
From childhood how to youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to man;
How, in the strength and vigour of his years,
The feeble bark of life he saves,
Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,
From all the dangers he foresees or fears;
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,
If Providence, which can the seas command,
Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

POMFRET.



TO * * *

SEE, fairest of the nymphs, that play
In vernal meadows, blooming May
Comes tripping o'er the plain:
Lo! all the gay, the genial powers
That deck the woods, or tend the flowers,
Compose her smiling train.

See, softer rosier hues adorn
 The glowing cheek of blushing morn,
 When first she wakes the light :
 Behold ! a thousand gentle shades
 Attend the evening, o'er the glades,
 And glad the sullen night.

What sweets perfume the balmy air !
 While Flora bids her glittering care
 In all their beauty shine.
 See Nature round, beneath, above,
 All big with joy, all breathing love
 And gratitude divine.

O say ! amid these general smiles,
 What care corrodes—what joy beguiles
 My friend's unsettled soul ?
 Say, does he join the senseless throng
 Of Comus' sons, and raise the song
 Around th' empoison'd bowl ?

But no ! my * * *'s generous mind,
 Adorn'd with native taste, refin'd
 By all the powers of art,
 Would never basely thus resign,
 For all the feverish joys of wine,
 The raptures of the heart.

Or does some maiden, heavenly fair,
 With rosy cheeks, and auburn hair,
 And Love's inviting breast,
 At length awaken young Desire,
 Set all his glowing soul on fire,
 And break his golden rest ?

But lo ! a thousand maidens, all
 Just ready to obey his call,
 Display their vernal charms,
 And trim their locks, and tune their sighs,
 And try the force of sparkling eyes,
 And wave their snowy arms !

Thus Spring revives, and Summer glows,
And Beauty smiles, and Nectar flows,
 In vain to soothe his soul:
While led by Fancy's playful blaze,
The longing youth deluded strays,
 Unblest from pole to pole.

Alas! my friend, how vain to roam,
And seek abroad the joys that home
 And home alone bestows:
The beam of mirth that lights the face—
The love that warms the fond embrace—
 The bliss that ever grows.

What! tho' the awful pride of Rome
Unequall'd swells the daring dome,
 And emulates the skies:
Tho' many a temple's sad remains
Spread o'er Hesperia's storied plains,
 In broken pomp arise:

Tho' o'er Helvetia's magic ground
Rocks swell on rocks confus'd around,
 And torrents roar between:
Tho' here a town, and there a farm,
Perch'd on the breezy summit, charm,
 And soothe the Sylvan scene:

What! tho' the Rhine, supreme of floods,
Thro' castled cliffs, and pendant woods,
 And towns renown'd in song:
For ever full—for ever great—
Thro' every age, in equal state,
 Majestic rolls along:

Yet say! can Art, with all its toys—
Can Nature's nobler, better joys,
 Content the restless mind?
Like morning dreams, the phantoms play,
One fleeting hour—then fade away,
 Nor leave a trace behind.

Then homeward turn ! there at the gate,
A thousand pleasures ready wait—

A thousand dear delights,
Amuse the vacant hours of day,
Around the social table play,
And brighten up thy nights.

There, fairest of the powers above,
Young Hymen waves the torch of Love,

And woos thee to advance :
And there the Loves, a blooming band,
And sister Graces, hand in hand,
Begin thy mystic dance.

The Muse, that loves a green retreat,
Already hovers o'er thy seat,

And wanders thro' thy groves :
Already, hark ! the tuneful powers
Awake the echoes of thy bowers,
And sing thy future loves.

Alas ! my * * *, silent, strong,
Time's treacherous current steals along,

And bears us on his tide :
While thinly scatter'd up and down,
A flower may deck, a thicket crown,
It's bleak, unsightly side.

Then hasten ! snatch each flowret, while
The Fates allow it still to smile,

For soon it's date is o'er ;
And, as you pass, enjoy the shade,
Whose vernal honours soon must fade—
Must fade—to bloom no more.

GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When, in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health, renew'd my face,
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,
 Has made my cup run o'er;
 And, in a kind and faithful friend,
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least, a chearful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And, after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Thro' all eternity, to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For O! Eternity's too short,
 To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

SO fair a form, with such devotion join'd!
 A virgin Lady, and a spotless mind!
 Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious sees
 The lovely votaress on her bended knees.
 Sure it must think some angel lost its way,
 And happening on our wretched earth to stray;
 Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
 And begs to be restor'd to those blest realms of light.

HUGHES.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

WELCOME, thou Man of Sorrows, to my door!

A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find;
And lo, thy guiding Dog my cares implore!

O haste, and shelter from th' unfeeling wind.

Alas! shall Mis'ry seek my cot with sighs,

And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear;

Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,

And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow:

Bend not to me, because I mourn distress;

I am thy debtor—much to thee I owe;

For learn—the greatest blessing is to bless.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,

And quiv'ring lip, to Fancy seem to say,

“A more than common Beggar we bespeak;

“A form that once has known a happier day.”

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard,

And press'd, by weight of years, thy palsy'd head,

Tho' silent, speak with tongues that must be heard,

Nay, must command, if Virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,

Shall give the village-lads the soften'd soul,

To aid the victims of Life's frequent storm,

And smooth the surges that around them roll;

Teach them that Poverty may Merit shroud;

And teach, that Virtue may from Misery spring;

Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,

That spreads on Nature's smile its raven wing.

O let me own the heart which pants to bless;

That nobly scorns to hide the useless store;

But looks around for objects of distress,

And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor!

When Heav'n on man is pleas'd its wealth to show'r,
 Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow !
 To raise pale Merit in her hopeless hour,
 And lead Despondence from the tomb of Woe !
 Lo! not the little birds shall chirp in vain,
 And, hovering round me, vainly court my care ;
 While I possess the life-preserving grain,
 Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your share.
 How can I hear your songs at Spring's return,
 And hear while Summer spreads her golden store ;
 Yet, when the gloom of Winter bids ye mourn,
 Heed not the plaintive voice that charm'd before !
 Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind,
 Strews with some flow'rs the road of life for me,
 Ah! can humanity desert my mind ?
 Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee ?
 Then welcome, Beggar, from the rains and snow,
 And warring elements, to warmth and peace ,
 Nay, thy companion, too, shall comfort know,
 Who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.
 And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate ;
 Now on his Master turns his gladden'd eyes ;
 Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
 Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.
 A hut is mine, amidst a shelt'ring grove :
 A Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise ;
 There shall the village children shew their love,
 And hear from thee the tales of other days.
 There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
 Charm thee with orisons to opening day ;
 And there the red-breast, on the leafless thorn,
 At eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.
 When Fate shall call thee from a world of woe,
 Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes ;
 With tears, behold thy gentle spirit go,
 And wish to join its passage to the skies.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUSICAL FRIEND.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

How blest were the nymphs and the swains,
When Lycidas join'd in the song ;
The chief, and the pride of the plains,
Who led all the Pleasures along !
Of late, not a valley was fair,
Not a grove gave a musical sound ;
The breeze seem'd a sigh of despair,
And Pity sat mute on the ground.
But Nature (how sudden the change!)
At the presence of Lycidas smil'd—
Health was seen thro' the valley to range,
And an Eden sprung up from the wild !
The throstle was heard in the shade ;
The linnet enliven'd the grove,
And Echo, long banish'd, sweet maid,
Return'd with her stories of Love.
Yes, each scene at his presence was glad,
That so lately with sorrow was rent ;
And the voice of the Mourner so sad
Was lost in the songs of Content.
Just able to crawl o'er the style,
And doom'd, ah ! to labour no more,
Age would crawl from his cot with a smile,
And a blessing to leave at his door.
But the Shepherd for ever is gone—
Hark ! his knell, how it saddens the gale !
Joy dies, and our pastimes are flown :
Fate envies the smiles of our vale.
Now let Mirth from each hamlet retire
To the region of silence and gloom :
Sure his death must our sorrow inspire,
Since the Virtues will weep at his tomb.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

HOW long, ye miserable blind,
 Shall idle dreams engage your mind ;
 How long the Passions make their flight
 At empty shadows of delight,
 No more in paths of error stray,
 The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
 The spring of happiness, and where
 Should men seek happiness but there !
 Then run to meet him at your need,
 Run with boldness, run with speed,
 For he forsook his own abode
 To meet thee more than half the road.
 He laid aside his radiant crown,
 And love for mankind brought him down
 To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
 To wounds, to death itself below ;
 And he, that suffer'd these alone
 For all the world, despises none.
 To bid the soul, that's sick, be clean,
 To bring the lost to life again ;
 To comfort those that grieve for ill,
 Is his peculiar goodness still.
 And, as the thoughts of parents run
 Upon a dear and only son,
 So kind a love his mercies shôw,
 So kind and more extremely so.

Thrice happy men ! (or find a phrase
 That speaks your bliss with greater praise)
 Who most obedient to thy call,
 Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
 With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
 O sweetest Jesú ! to be thine.

*Who know thy will observe thy ways,
 And in thy service spend their days :
 Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
 Bút brings them closer still to thee.

ELEGY ON A BLACK-BIRD.

THE sun had chas'd the winter snow,
 And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;
 The melting streams began to flow,
 And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.
 'Twas then amidst the vernal throng,
 When Nature wakes to mirth and love,
 A Black-bird rais'd his amorous song,
 And thus it echoed thro' the grove:
 " O! fairest of the feather'd train,
 " For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
 " Attend with pity to my strain,
 " And grant my love a kind return.
 " See, see, the winter storms are flown,
 " And zephyrs gently fan the air!
 " Let us the genial influence own!
 " Let us the vernal pastime share.
 " The raven plumes his jetty wing,
 " To please his croaking paramour;
 " The larks responsive love-tales sing,
 " And tell their passion as they soar.
 " But trust me, love, the raven's wing,
 " Is not to be compar'd with mine;
 " Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
 " As I, who strength with sweetness join.
 " With thee, I'll prove the sweets of love,
 " With thee divide the cares of life;
 " No fonder husband in the grove,
 " And none than thee a happier wife.
 " I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,
 " Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
 " There will we sit and sip our fill,
 " Or on the flow'ry border play.

- " I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
 " Impervious to the school-boy's eye ;
 " For thee, the plaster'd nest I'll make,
 " And on thy downy pinions lie.
 " To get thee food, I'll range the fields,
 " And cull the best of ev'ry kind ;
 " Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
 " Or Love's assiduous care can find.
 " And when my lovely mate would stray,
 " To taste the Summer's sweets at large,
 " At home I'll wait the live-long day,
 " And tend well-pleas'd our infant charge.
 " When prompted by a mother's care,
 " Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
 " With thee the task I'll fondly share,
 " Or cheer thy labours with my song."

He ceas'd his song.—The melting dame,
 With tender pity heard his strain ;
 She felt—she own'd a mutual flame,
 And hasten'd to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
 And nestled closely by her side ;
 The happiest bridegroom in that hour—
 And she the most enamour'd bride.

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

Together thro' the fields they stray'd,
 And at the verdant riv'let's side,
 Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
 With honest joy and decent pride.

But O ! my Muse with pain relates
 The mournful sequel of my tale ;
 Sent by an order of the Fates,
 A gunner met them in the vale.

EVENING.

THE deep'ning shades o'erspread the golden west,
 The mottled clouds sweep on before the breeze,
 Rude Labour leaves his weary sons to rest,
 And sea-like murmurs sound among the trees.
 The muffled owl sails by on silent wing,
 The downy moth pursues his dusky way,
 Light, crested, gnats their busy carols sing,
 And closing flowrets mourn departing day.
 Soft dews descending bathe the thirsty ground,
 A mingled fragrance cheers the pensive night,
 Dim rising vapours slowly roll around,
 And wand'ring glow-worms shed their emerald light.
 Now breathe the high romantic love-torn tale,
 And mix ideal scenes of fairy bliss;
 Let airy harps from ev'ry passing gale
 Steal heav'nly notes with soft enchanting kiss.
 The mingled charm shall cheat my ardent soul;
 And, gleaming thro' the dim fantastic light,
 Bright shadowy forms around my head shall roll,
 And golden visions bless my ravish'd sight.

MISS AIKIN.

A CONTEMPLATION.

O NATURE! grateful for the gifts of mind,
 Duteous, I bend before thy holy shrine:
 To other hands be Fortune's goods assign'd,
 And thou, more bounteous, grant me only thine.
 Bring gentlest Love, bring Fancy to my breast;
 And if wild Genius, in his devious way,
 Would sometimes deign to be my evening guest,
 Or near my lone shade not unkindly stray:

I ask no more! for happier gifts than these,
 The sufferer, man, was never born to prove,
 But may my soul eternal slumbers seize,
 If lost to Genius, Fancy, and to Love!

LANGHORNE.

RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky :
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys ;
 To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise.
 The mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill—
 But what th' Eternal acts is right.
 O teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.
 If in this bosom aught but Thee
 Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
 Omniscience could the danger see,
 And Mercy look the cause away.
 Then why, my soul, dost thou complain ?
 Why drooping seek the dark recess ?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.
 But ah! my breast is human still—
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.
 But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
 I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow ;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into solid truth ;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste ;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love :
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise ;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up ;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for ;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul :
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru ;
Broader 'tis and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are ;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age ;
Harts or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days or more ;
Yet the silly wandering mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores—
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence :
Or she sits at Fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.

Never, never would she buy
 Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native store ;
 If her inward worth were known,
 She might ever live alone.

WATTS.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY.

THE SUBJECT PROPOSED BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES.

IN thee, bright maid, tho' all the virtues shine,
 With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
 Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
 Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in heaven itself displays
 Her charms celestial born, and purest rays,
 Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine, flow,
 And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
 Shines in her turn, and claims the second place ;
 She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
 And generous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds,
 Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds ;
 And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws
 The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal laws.

From Heaven this scale of Virtue thus descends,
 By just degrees, and thy full choice defends,
 So when, in visionary trains, by night
 Attending angels bless'd good Jacob's sight,
 The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
 Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies.

HUGHES.

VERSES,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

During his solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 Oh ! Solitude ! where are the charms,
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.
 I am out of Humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone ;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see :
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.
 Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 O had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the way of Religion and Truth ;
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.
 Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heav'nly word !
 More precious than silver or gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These vallies and rocks never heard ;
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore,
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Tho' a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Ev'n here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place;
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives ev'n affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both strength and skill,
 Dex'trous at nothing but at doing ill!
 In merit humble, in pretensions high,
 Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
 And none more blind: tho' still I worthless thought
 The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind;
 Within my soul such strong impulse I find

The heavenly tribute of due praise to pay :
Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey.

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity !
Miraculous effects of boundless power !
And that as boundless goodness shining more !
All these so numberless my thoughts attend,
Oh, where shall I begin, or ever end ?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know the more,
Let me in silent reverence adore ;
Wishing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd !
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling Thee !

SHEFFIELD, D. OF BUCKINGHAM,

ELEGY

TO A LADY ON THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The science of the feather'd choirs explore :
Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,
Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree :
Ah ! who that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that music may with sense agree ?

And come, my Muse ! that lov'st the sylvan shade ;
Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel :
Translate the song ; convince my doubting maid,
No solemn dervise can explain so well.—

- Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sate,
 The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!
 When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
 And thus I construed the mellifluent strain.
- “ Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
 “ At every note a lover sheds his tear;
 “ Sing on, my bird—'tis Damon hears thy song;
 “ Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear.
- “ He the sad source of our complaining knows;
 “ A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love!
 “ He mourns the story of our ancient woes;
 “ Ah! could our music his complaints remove!
- “ Yon plains are governed by a peerless maid;
 “ And see pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
 “ A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade;
 “ Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply:
- “ Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir'd,
 “ No lover bless'd the glow-worm's pallid ray;
 “ But ill-star'd birds, that listening note admir'd,
 “ Or list'n'ing envy'd our superior lay.
- “ Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his power,
 “ Let such by day unite their jarring strains;
 “ But let us choose the calm, the silent hour,
 “ Nor want fit audience, while Dione reigns.”

SHENSTONE,

PEACE AND THE SHEPHERD.

LOW in a deep sequester'd vale,
 Whence Alpine heights ascend,
 A beauteous nymph, in pilgrim garb,
 Is seen her steps to bend.

Her olive garland drops with gore;
 Her scatter'd tresses torn;
 Her bleeding breast, her bruised feet
 Bespeak a maid forlorn.

- “ From bower, and hall, and palace driven
“ To these lone wilds I flee,
“ My name is Peace, I love the cot ;
“ O Shepherd, shelter me !”
- “ O beauteous pilgrim, why dost thou
“ From bower and palace flee ?
“ So soft thy voice, so sweet thy look,
“ Sure all would shelter thee.”
- “ Like Noah’s dove no rest I find ;
“ The din of battle roars
“ Where once my steps I lov’d to print
“ Along the myrtle shores !
- “ For ever in my frighted ears
“ The savage war-whoop sounds ;
“ And, like a panting hare, I fly
“ Before the op’ning hounds.”
- “ Pilgrim, those spiry groves among
“ The mansions thou may’st see,
“ Where cloister’d saints chaunt holy hymns,
“ Sure such would shelter thee !”
- “ Those roofs with trophied banners stream
“ There martial hymns resound ;
“ And, Shepherd, oft from crosier’d hands
“ This breast has felt a wound.”
- “ Ah ! gentle Pilgrim, glad would I
“ Those tones for ever hear !
“ With thee to share my scanty lot,
“ That lot to me were dear.
- “ But lo, along the vine-clad steep,
“ The gleam of armour shines ;
“ His scatter’d flock, his straw-roof’d hut
“ The helpless swain resigns.
- “ And now the smouldering flames aspire ;
“ Their lurid light I see ;
“ I hear the human wolves approach ;
“ I cannot shelter thee.”

ON SEEING THE SUN SHINE IN AT MY WINDOW
FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS YEAR.

CALM the western sun declines,
Red his evening glory shines,
Long by wintry clouds conceal'd,
Now he glows, he burns reveal'd!
Now he darts a stronger ray,
And smiles upon the lengthen'd day!
It comes, it comes, the welcome beam!
See the ruddy radiance stream;
See the long lost splendour fall
Playful on the dusky wall!
Hail, lovely stranger, to my cell!
Here with studious silence dwell;
Disperse the cold, ungenial dews,
And wake to song the torpid Muse!
Touch'd by thee with living fire,
Joyous sounds the feather'd choir;
By thee the glitt'ring insect throng
Fill the air with murm'ring song!
From clime to clime the tribes of Spring
Follow thee with gaudy wing;
The birds, the flowers, thy light obey,
All that gem the car of May;
Unblest by thee, with drooping head
They sink within their earthy bed.
Let others fly the golden noon
To stray beneath the pallid moon,
And in languid strains relate
Hapless loves, and hostile fate,
While the cold and glimm'ring ray
Sadly glides, the ghost of day,
And the boding owlets scream
Flitting thro' the doubtful gleam;
Be mine to hail the source of light,
When the west attracts his sight;

Let him my chearful song employ,
 God of music, life, and joy !
 And when sportive youth expires,
 Feeling cools, and fancy tires,
 Often may his evening glow
 Gild again my locks of snow ;
 Oft at noon, with tott'ring feet,
 May I court his vital heat ;
 Amid his radiance bask at will,
 And smiling bid him welome still.

MISS AIKIN.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
 The violet sweet and lily fair,
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath ;
 The flowers less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day :
 And every nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay,
 Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
 Their odour lost, their colours past ;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground,
 Her Garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any Muse's tongue could speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek:

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour : pr'ythee tell ;
 That falling tear—what does it mean ?

She sigh'd ; she smil'd : and to the flowers
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said ;
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made !

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
 And that of Beauty, are but one :
 At morn both flourish bright and gay ;
 Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;
 The amorous youth around her bow'd :
 At night her fatal knell was rung ;
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day ;
 Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

PRIOR,

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

DELIGHTFUL mansion ! blest retreat !
 Where all is silent, all is sweet !
 Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
 The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings,
 While May leads on the chearful hours,
 And opens a new world of flowers,
 Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
 And in a thousand shapes appears.
 Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves
 Thro' airy walks, and museful groves ;
 Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
 And charms in all I hear and see !

In this elysium while I stray,
 And Nature's fairest face survey,
 Earth seems new-born, and life more bright;
 Time steals away, and smooths his flight;
 And Thought's bewilder'd in delight.
 Where are the crowds I saw of late?
 What are those tales of Europe's fate?
 Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown;
 And leagues to pull usurpers down?
 Of marching armies, distant wars;
 Of factions, and domestic jars?
 Sure these are last night's dreams, no more;
 Or some romance, read lately o'er;
 Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
 And powers confederate to destroy
 Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
 With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
 And to possess another's right,
 Durst the whole world to arms excite.
 Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids close,
 These dull impressions help me lose:
 Let Fancy take her wing and find
 Some better dream to sooth my mind;
 Or waking let me learn to live;
 The prospect will instruction give.
 For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
 Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
 Free from extremes of ebb and flow.
 Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
 Such let my life's smooth current be,
 Till from Time's narrow shore set free,
 It mingle with th' eternal sea;
 And, there enlarg'd shall be no more
 That trifling thing it was before.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

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

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

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
 " I ne'er the paths of learning try'd ;
 " Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
 " To read mankind, their laws and arts ;
 " For man is practis'd in disguise,
 " He cheats the most discerning eyes.
 " Who by that search shall wiser grow?
 " By that, ourselves we never know.
 " The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 " Was all from simple Nature drain'd ;

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

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

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

GAY.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
 Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rife all the breathing Spring.
 No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.
 No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew!
 The redbreast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend its little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.
 When howling winds and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
 Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.
 Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who so fair didst come,
 From the old Negro's darksome womb!
 Which when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smil'd.
 Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow!
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
 Who does in thee descend, and heav'n to earth make love!
 Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
 Her joy, her ornament and wealth!
 Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee!
 Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he!
 Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy winged arrows fly?
 Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
 From thy great sire they came, thy sire the Word divine:
 'Tis I believe, this archery to shew,
 That so much cost in colours thou,
 And skill in painting dost bestow
 Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.
 Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
 Thy race is finish'd when begun;
 Let a post-angel start with thee,
 And thou the goal of earth shall reach as soon as he.
 Thou in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
 And all the year doth with thee bring
 A thousand flow'ry lights, thine own nocturnal spring.
 Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands above
 Thy sun's gilt tent for ever move,
 And still as thou in pomp dost go,
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble glow-worms to adorn,
 And with those living spangles gild
 (O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.
 Night, and her ugly subject, thou dost fright,
 And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
 Asham'd and fearful to appear,
 They screen their horrid shapes, with the black hemisphere.
 With 'em there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
 Of painted dreams a busy swarm;
 At the first opening of thine eye,
 The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly,
 The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
 Creep conscïous to their secret rests:
 Nature to thee does reverence pay,
 Ill omens and ill sights remove out of thy way.
 At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
 To shake his wings and rouse his head;
 And cloudy Care has often took
 A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.
 At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
 Thy sun-shine melts away his cold:
 Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
 To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.
 Even Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
 Blushes if thou be'st in the place;
 To Darkness' curtains he retires,
 In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.
 When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
 Out of the Morning's purple bed,
 Thy choir of birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.
 The ghosts, and monster sprites, that did presume
 A body's priv'lege to assume,
 Vanish again invisibly,
 And bodies gain anew their visibility.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
 Is but the several liveries ;
 Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
 Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.
 A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;
 A crown of studded gold thou bear'st ;
 The virgin lilies in their white,
 Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light,
 The violet, Spring's little infant, stands,
 Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands,
 On the fair tulip thou dost doat ;
 Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.
 With flame condens'd, thou dost the jewels fix,
 And solid colours in it mix ;
 Flora herself envies to see
 Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.
 Ah, goddess ! would thou could'st thy hand with-hold,
 And be less liberal to gold ;
 Didst thou less value to it give,
 Of how much care, alas ! might'st thou poor man relieve !
 To me the sun is more delightful far,
 And all fair days much fairer are :
 But few, ah wondrous few there be,
 Who do not gold prefer, O goddess, ev'n to thee.
 Thro' the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,
 Which open all their pores to thee,
 Like a clear river dost thou glide,
 And with thy living stream thro' the close channels slide.
 But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
 Gently thy source the land o'erflows ;
 Takes their possession and does make,
 Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake.
 But the vast ocean of unbounded day
 In th' empyrean heav'n does stay ;
 Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
 From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S MEDITATION IN THE FIELD.

WITH toilsome steps when I pursue,
 O'er breaking clods, the ploughshare's way,
 Lord, teach my mental eye to view
 My native dissoluble clay.

And when with seed I strew the earth,
 To thee all praises let me give,
 Whose hand prepar'd me for the birth,
 Whose breath inform'd, and bade me live.

Pleas'd I behold the stately stem
 Support its bearded honour's load :
 Thus, Lord, sustain'd by thee, I came
 To manhood, thro' youth's dangerous road.

Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
 Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
 From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
 Nor leave one baneful root behind.

When blight destroys the opening ear,
 Life, thus replete with various woe,
 Warns me to shun, with studious care,
 Pride, my most deadly latent foe.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop
 Prone to the reaper's sickle yields ;
 And I beneath Death's scythe must drop,
 And soon or late forsake these fields.

When future crops in silent hoards,
 Sleep for a while, to service dead ;
 Thy emblem this, oh Grave ! affords
 The path of life, which all must tread.

ANONYMOUS.

VERSES WRITTEN FOR A BEGGAR.

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

MALLETT.

ON RURAL SPORTS.

THE sun wakes jocund—all of life, who breathe,
 In air, or earth, and lawn, and thickets rove,
 Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
 Swell the full chorus of delight and love.
 But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
 Whose levell'd thunder frightens morn's repose,
 Who drag the net whose hook insidious wounds
 A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?
 I see ye come, and havock loose the reins,
 A general groan the general anguish speaks,
 The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,
 The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.
 Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
 Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!
 Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!
 I call in vain—they gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
 With dogs of war, the spurning bull their prize,
 And now he bellows, humbled to the ground ;
 And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.
 You too must feel their missile weapon's power,
 Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air ;
 Thou the morn's harbinger must mourn the hour,
 Vigil to fasts, and penitence and prayer.
 Must fatal war of human avarice, wage
 For milder conflicts, love their palm design'd ?
 Now sheath'd in steel, must rival Reason's rage,
 Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind ?
 Are these your sovereign joys, creation's lords ?
 Is death a banquet for a godlike soul ?
 Have rigid hearts no sympathizing chords,
 For concord, order, for th' harmonious whole ?
 Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood !
 Heaven tempers power with mercy—heaven reverent
 Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food ;
 But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear !
 Ah ! rather turn, and breathe this evening gale,
 Uninjur'd, and uninjuring Nature's peace.
 Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
 Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase
 See pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields
 Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil !
 Or see the panting spaniel try the fields,
 While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil !
 Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force,
 Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind controul ;
 Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
 And fainting, staggering, lash him to the gaol !
 Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
 Mark the gay floating myriads, nor molest
 Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
 Of evil fled, and all creation blest !

Or else beneath thy porch, in social joy
 Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,
 Humanity's sweet tones while all employ
 To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!
 There smiling see a fop in swelling state,
 The turkey strut with valour's red pretence,
 And duck row on, with waddling honest gait,
 And goose mistake solemnity for sense!
 While one with front erect in simple pride
 Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call,
 Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
 That each may taste the bounty meant for all!
 Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye
 Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
 While he, the bolder sparrow scorns to fly,
 A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.
 Liberal to him; yet still the wafted grain,
 Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense,
 And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful strain,
 Let Heaven's best joy be thine, Benevolence!
 While flocks soft bleatings echoing high and clear,
 The neigh of steeds responsive o'er the heath,
 Deep lowing sweeter melt upon thy ear,
 Than screams of terror and the groans of death.
 Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood:
 Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old!
 For not their fury, a consuming flood,
 Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.
 But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law!
 Eager on man, a nobler chase they start;
 Now from a brother's side a dagger draw,
 Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.
 See as they reach Ambition's purple fruits,
 Their reeking hands in nation's carnage dy'd!
 No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
 They swim to empire in a human tide,

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
 With scorpion conscience lash himself, the last!
 See festering in the bosom where they sprung;
 The fury passions that laid nature waste?

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
 And weary Heaven with many a fruitless groan!
 By pining fast, by voluntary pains,
 Revenging Nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
 He calls down Heaven in thunders to pursue
 Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love,
 The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
 To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
 Heaven breathes benevolence to all, to thee;
 Each being's bliss consummates general good.

LOVEBOND.

DOMESTIC PLEASURES.

WRITTEN IN STAINER-WOOD, SELBY, YORKSHIRE.

WHEN ev'ning's mellow tints enrich the west,
 And the dim distance cheats the wand'ring eye;
 When Nature's stillness makes the weary blest,
 And the smooth breeze scarce whispers out a sigh:
 From social joys then gladly would I steal,
 From scenes whence gaudy pleasure proudly flies;
 In solitude the pow'r of Fancy feel,
 And trace her pleasing visions as they rise:—
 Deluding Hope each fond illusion moulds,
 Where Happiness in tempting form is seen;
 Imagination ev'ry wing unfolds,
 And flutters round the transitory scene.

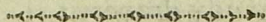
- “ Far from those ranks, where Fashion rules the hour,
 “ Where Luxury her pampering revels keeps;
 “ Where Envy marks the splendid pride of Pow’r,
 “ And pining Discontent in anguish weeps;
 “ My humble mansion decks the lowly vale,
 “ Where Health extends her animated smile:
 “ Where sweet Contentment tells her simple tale,
 “ To smooth the chearful peasant’s rugged toil.
 “ Oft as the morn renews the tut’ring strain
 “ The little linnet from its dam receives,
 “ And oft as ev’ning tells the wearied swain
 “ To taste the sweet repose that Nature gives,
 “ With solitary step each wood I trace,
 “ Where Contemplation stills the lonely way;
 “ Muse on the hours of woe that others pass,
 “ And catch the lustre of Contentment’s ray.
 “ And if some mortal sorrows chill’d the time,
 “ When youth’s warm inexperienc’d pleasures glow’d,
 “ To shrink from these, e’en Pity calls a crime;
 “ For ills unfelt her tender tear’s bestow’d:
 “ She feels the lash, that tyranny compels
 “ The slave in silent agony to bear;
 “ And oft in Mercy’s ear each mis’ry tells,
 “ That marks the convict’s solitary care:
 “ She hears the wretch’s last convulsive groan,
 “ That howls the secret horror of his mind:
 “ She lets not Penury complain alone,
 “ And hopeless Sorrow owns her soothings kind.
 “ But from such visionary woes I swerve,
 “ With happiness each pensive thought to drown;
 “ The pleasures of my peaceful home observe,
 “ And smile with gratitude on joys my own:
 “ Joys that my wedded partner chearful shares,
 “ That make us spurn the lux’ries of the great:
 “ Joys that are heighten’d by her soothing cares,
 “ That gently heal each poison’d wound of Fate.

- " For when pale Sickness wakes each tort'ring fear,
 " Lest ills unknown the peaceful charm should break,
 " Oft have I seen the sympathetic tear
 " Tremble beneath the smile that decks her cheek :—
 " And when the balmy sweets of health return,
 " To grace the homely board they cheer'd before,
 " With grateful hearts their valued worth we learn ;
 " Possess'd of these, how great our little store !—
 " And, O ye little ones! whose infant tongues
 " Have learn'd to lisp the strains Affection taught ;
 " To whom the fascinating pow'r belongs,
 " By little arts to chase each pensive thought ;
 " Preserve th' untainted heart, the soul sincere,
 " That piety, and soft compassion warms :—
 " I would not barter crowns for ties so dear ;
 " Compar'd with these, what human treasure charms ?
 " Come ye, who proudly tread 'Ambition's height,
 " And grasp the puny fumes that Wealth bestows ;
 " And ye whom pow'r's too pois'ning sweets delight,
 " Who taste no joy but what from affluence flows ;
 " Resign your pleasures—view that father's care,
 " Who bends with fondness o'er his happy child ;
 " Own that one moment of his bliss to share,
 " Pleas'd ye'd desert your golden projects wild.
 " Ye never felt that genuine delight
 " That animates a parent's glowing breast ;
 " Your grandest hopes an adverse blast can blight ;
 " My humblest pleasures happiness has blest—
 " If on our joys Misfortune's keenest winds
 " Blow angrily, and all her horrors send ;
 " Oh ! what a balm an aged father finds
 " In the sweet soothings of a filial friend !—
 " A mother too—whom finer feelings move,
 " Whose softer bosom ev'ry anguish shares,—
 " Calm her thou source of comfort, filial love—
 " Maternal sorrows claim your tend'rest cares.

“ Go on, ye young ones, deckt with modest worth,
 “ Possess’d of virtue, ev’ry torrent brave :
 “ Be truly great, and those that gave you birth
 “ Will meet with calm content the peaceful grave !”

The charm’s dissolv’d—my wand’ring steps I bend
 Where first my fancy drew each flatt’ring line :—
 The chill unhealthy dews of night descend,
 And ev’ry melancholy thought is mine.—

R.



INSCRIPTION ON A SEAT AT THE LEASOWES.

○ LET me haunt this peaceful shade ;
 Nor let Ambition e’er invade
 The tenants of this leafy bower,
 That shun her paths, and slight her power !

Hither the peaceful haleyon flies
 From social meads and open skies ;
 Pleas’d by this rill her course to steer,
 And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
 Forsakes the river’s proud domains ;
 Forsakes the sun’s unwelcome gleam,
 To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure, I hear the Naiad say,
 Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way !
 Tho’ lovely soft thy murmurs are,
 Thy waters lively, cool and fair :

Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain
 Thy small unsullied stores disdain ;
 Nor let the pensive sage repine,
 Whose latent course resembles thine.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

PARENT of Day ! whose beauteous beam of light
 Spring from the darksome womb of Night,
 And 'midst their native horrors show,
 Like gems adorning of the negro's brow :
 Not Heav'n's fair bow can equal thee,
 In all its gaudy drapery ;
 Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day !
 That usher'st in the sun, and still prepar'st its way.
 Rival of shade, eternal spring of light !
 Thou art the genuine source of it :
 From thy bright unexhausted womb,
 The beauteous race of days and seasons come.
 Thy beauty, ages cannot wrong,
 But spite of time, thou'rt ever young :
 Thou art alone Heav'n's modest virgin light,
 Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human sight.
 Like some fair bride thou risest from thy bed,
 And dost around thy lustre spread ;
 Around the universe dispense
 New life to all, and quickening influence.
 With gloomy smiles thy rival Night
 Beholds thy glorious dawn of light ;
 Not all the wealth she views in mines below
 Can match thy brighter beams, or equal lustre show.
 At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
 The smiling universe is glad ;
 The drowsy earth and seas awake,
 And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take :
 When thy more chearful rays appear,
 Ev'n guilt and women cease to fear :
 Horror, despair, and all the sons of Night ;
 Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

To thee the grateful east their altars raise,
 And sing with early hymns thy praise ;
 Thou dost their happy soil bestow
 Enrich the heavens above, and earth below :
 Thou risest in the fragrant east,
 Like the fair phœnix from her balmy nest :
 No altar of the gods can equal thine,
 The air's thy richest incense, the whole land thy shrine !

But yet thy fading glories soon decay—
 Thine's but a momentary stay ;
 Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our sight,
 Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd with light.
 Thy beams to their own ruin haste,
 They're fram'd too exquisite to last :
 Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd state.
 Pity so fair a birth, should yield so soon to fate !

Before th' Almighty Artist fram'd the sky,
 Or gave the earth its harmony,
 His first command was for thy light ;
 He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it :
 In purple swaddling-bands it struggling lay,
 Not yet maturely bright for day :
 Old Chaos then a cheerful smile put on,
 And, from thy beauteous form, did first presage its own.

“ Let there be light ! ” the great Creator said,
 His word the active child obey'd :
 Night did her teeming womb disclose ;
 And then the blushing morn, its brightest offspring, rose.
 Awhile the Almighty wondering view'd,
 And then himself pronounc'd it good :
 “ With night, (said he) divide th' imperial sway ;
 “ Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless the day.”

YALDEN.

THE CAMELEON.

OFT it has been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark ;
 With eyes that hardly serv'd at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post :
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before,
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop :
 " Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 " I've seen—and sure I ought to know—"
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they past,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
 Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Cameleon's form and nature.
 " A stranger animal," cries one,
 " Sure never liv'd beneath the sun :
 " A lizard's body, lean and long,
 " A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 " Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd ;
 " And what a length of tail behind !
 " How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"
 " Hold there," the other quick replies,
 " 'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
 " As late with open mouth it lay,
 " And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;
 " Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
 " And saw it eat the air for food."
 " I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 " And must again affirm it blue ;

" At leisure I the beast survey'd
 " Extended in the cooling shade.
 " 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye—"
 " Green!" cries the other in a fury—
 " Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
 " 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies.
 " For if they always serve you thus,
 " You'll find them of but little use."
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows :
 When luckily came by a third ;
 To him the question they referr'd ;
 And begg'd he'd tell them if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
 " Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother—
 " The creature's neither one nor t'other .
 " I caught the animal last night,
 " And view'd it o'er by candle light :
 " I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
 " You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
 " And can produce it."—" Pray, Sir, do :
 " I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
 " And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
 " The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 " Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 Replies the man, " I'll turn him out :
 " And when before your eyes I've set him,
 " If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
 He said ; and full before their sight
 Produc'd the beast, and lo!---'twas white."
 Both star'd, the man look'd wond'rous wise—
 " My children," the Cameleon cries,
 (Then first the creature found a tongue)
 " You all are right, and all are wrong :
 " When next you talk of what you view,
 " Think others see as well as you :
 " Nor wonder, if you find that none
 " Prefers your eye-sight to his own." MERRICK.

HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

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

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to cheer, when day did close ;
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver :
 Give unto thy flying hart,
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

B. JOHNSON.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE gods on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgcumbe turn'd their eyes ;
 " That place is mine," great Neptune cries :
 " Behold ! how proud o'er all the main
 " Those stately turrets seem to reign !
 " No views so grand on earth you see !
 " The master too belongs to me :
 " I grant him my domain to share,
 " I bid his hand my trident bear."
 " The sea is yours, but mine the land,"
 Pallas replies ; " by me were plann'd

“ Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
 “ That fort, which crown those island rocks :
 “ The lady too is of my choir,
 “ I taught her hand to touch the lyre ;
 “ With every charm her mind I grac’d,
 “ I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste.”
 “ Hold, Madam,” interrupted Venus,
 “ The Lady must be shar’d between us :
 “ And surely mine is yonder grove,
 “ So fine, so dark, so fit for love ;
 “ Trees, such as in th’ Idalian glade,
 “ Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade.”
 Then Orcads, Dryads, Naiads, came ;
 Each nymph alledg’d her lawful claim.
 But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate :
 “ Nor god, nor goddess, great or small,
 “ That dwelling his or her’s may call ;
 “ I made Mount Edgumbe for you all.”

LYTTLETON.

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN NEAR THE MONUMENT OF THE
 REV. JOHN PARKHURST, AT EPSOM, IN SURREY.

WHEN Memory, led by Resignation, strays
 Thro’ the dark mazes of life’s thorny ways,
 The weary wand’rer loves to linger here,
 Embalming Virtue with a sainted tear.
 For here, beyond the wild’ring toils of earth,
 Repos’d in darkness, sleeps the son of Worth ;
 While his pure spirit quits the life-worn sod,
 To meet in endless light his Friend and God.

Yet, O ! while Memory’s tear embalms the urn,
 Reflection pauses—and will pause to mourn ;
 For, in the turmoil of disast’rous life,
 Ambition’s airy dream, and Folly’s strife ;

Where all the timid virtues trembling hide
 Beneath the giant-wing of tow'ring Pride ;
 Where bold Oppression lifts the pond'rous arm,
 Whose withering poison blights Perfection's charm ;
 Where Reason trembles ; and Religion's tear
 Marks the red annals of each fateful year ;—
 Reflection weeps, and in her downcast eye
 The drop, soft-trembling, marks the good must die !
 While o'er the ashes of the sainted dead
 Vice, still unvanquish'd, lifts its Gorgon head ;
 Lifts it triumphant o'er the sons of worth,
 And, hydra-gifted, desolates the earth !

O ! shade rever'd ! If ever thou hast rov'd,
 The guardian of thy child*, so long belov'd ;
 If still, in regions blest, thy soul can trace
 The fond regrets that haunt this lonely space ;
 If, in the silent hour, when Fancy gives
 Thy form to her, who still laments, and lives—
 Lives ! but to prove, by Virtue's proudest claim,
 Thy sage instructions, and thy lasting fame !
 If on this woe-fraught sphere thy spirit strays,
 To steal the thorn from filial Virtue's ways ;
 Bid the frail sons of Vanity and Guile,
 Thy journey trace,—and emulate the while ;
 Teach them the stings of Sorrow to defy ;
 Like thee, live honour'd, and lamented die ;
 Labour, like thee, in bland Religion's fields,
 And find that harvest, Virtue only yields ;
 Then bid them hope, like thee, and patient wait
 The closing scene of this world-sick'ning state ;
 Like thee, when Death their busy hour shall end,
 Look, smiling, to their God, their Judge, their Friend.

MRS. ROBINSON.

* Mrs. Thomas, wife of the Rev. Joseph Thomas, of Epsom, in Surrey.

CHARITY.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define;
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith, like that which Israel saw,
 When Moses gave them miracles and law:
 Yet gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
 Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
 Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
 A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;—
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind.
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
 Betwixt vile Shame and arbitrary Pride.
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft Peace she brings wherever she arrives;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
 Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bound and due restriction knows;
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,
 And, finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,

In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen, than art can show;
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope;
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawning of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne,

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

PRIOR.

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF CASIMIR.

SOLACE of life, my sweet companion lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all soilt delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

- “Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
“Yet beneath them lurks a thorn;
“Fair and flowery is the brake,
“Yet it hides the vengeful snake.
“Think not she, whose empty pride
“Dares the fleecy garb deride,
“Think not she, who, light and vain,
“Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.
“Artless deeds and simple dress
“Mark the chosen shepherdess;
“Thoughts by decency control’d,
“Well conceiv’d, and freely told.
“Sense that shuns each conscious air,
“Wit that falls ere well aware;
“Generous pity, prone to sigh
“If her kid or lambkin die.
“Let not lucre, let not pride,
“Draw thee from such charms aside;
“Have not those their proper sphere?
“Gentler passions triumph here.
“See, to sweeten thy repose,
“The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
“Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
“All that milk and fruits afford.
“Seek no more---the rest is vain;
“Pleasure ending soon in pain,
“Anguish lightly gilded o’er;---
“Close thy wish, and seek no more.”

SHENSTONE.

THE GOLDFINCHES : AN ELEGY.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ,

TO you, whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,
 Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
 To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
 The Doric strain belongs, O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle Spring, when all the plummy race,
 By Nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine!
 A Goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
 And with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,
 With wond'rous art they built their airy seat;
 In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
 Not distant far a wood-lark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
 With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves,
 Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest
 With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!
 What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food?
 What joy each other's likeness to descry,
 And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
 How does the fairest purpose often fail?
 A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
 Their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he,
 No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart;
 With concord false, and hideous prosody
 He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd with rav'nous eyes,
 Where wrapt in down the callow songsters lay,
 Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
 And bore it in his impious hands away!

- But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
 The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
 When from her secret stand aghast she view'd
 The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed ?
- “ O grief of griefs ! ” with shrieking voice she cried,
 “ What sight is this that I have liv'd to see !
 “ O ! that I had in youth's fair season died,
 “ From Love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free.
- “ Was it for this, alas ! with weary bill,
 “ Was it for this I pois'd th' unweildy straw ?
 “ For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
 “ Nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw ?
- “ Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
 “ Intent with nicer skill our work to crown ;
 “ For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
 “ And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down ?
- “ Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,
 “ And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain ;
 “ For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
 “ To bear the scorching heat, and pealing rain ?
- “ Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim ?
 “ For this the roses on my cheek turn pale ;
 “ Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim !
 “ And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail !
- “ O plund'rer vile ! O more than adders fell !
 “ More murd'rous than the cat, with prudish face !
 “ Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,
 “ And thievish as the cuckoo's pilf'ring race !
- “ May juicy plumbs for thee forbear to grow,
 “ For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dyes ;
 “ May birch-trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,
 “ And list'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries.”
- Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,---
 The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd ;
 Then side by side they sought the distant vale,
 And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND UNCERTAINTY OF
RICHES.

WHY dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
 Or, what is worse, be left by it?
 Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
 Oh, man! ordain'd to die?
 Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
 Thou who art under ground to lie?
 Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
 For Death, alas! is sowing thee.
 Suppose thou Fortune could to tameness bring,
 And clip or pinion her wing;
 Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,
 As not to cut off thy entail;
 Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh;
 Death will that foolish gard'ner mock,
 Who does a slight and annual plant ingraff,
 Upon a lasting stock.
 Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
 A mighty husband thou wouldst seem;
 Fond man! like a bought slave thou all the while
 Dost but for others sweat and toil.
 Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
 In bus'ness that concerns not thee;
 For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
 Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.
 Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
 Children again, for age prepare;
 Provisions for long travel they design,
 In the last point of their short line.
 Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards,
 The stock which summer's wealth affords;
 In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
 How vain were such an industry?

Of power and honour the deceitful light
 Might half excuse our cheated sight,
 If it of life the whole small time would stay,
 And be our sunshine all the day.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud
 (Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud)
 Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
 And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh, scene of fortune! which dost fair appear
 Only to men that stand not near :
 Proud Poverty that tinsel brav'ry wears,
 And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep!
 In a weak boat trust not the deep ;
 Plac'd beneath envy—above envying rise ;
 Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heav'nly lark,
 Thy fellow-poet, Cowley! mark ;
 Above the clouds let thy proud music sound ;
 Thy humble nest build on the ground.

COWLEY.



THE WISH.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face ;
 Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple choose my heart.
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire ;
 By happy alchymy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find ;
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen ;

And meretricious arts of dress,
 To feign a joy, and hide distress :
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose ;
 And cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts, that round them fly :
 Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares ;
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good possess'd.

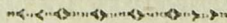
Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
 The blithsome goddess sooths my care ;
 I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus she models my desire.
 Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;
 Two maids that never saw the town,
 A serving man, not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow,
 And drive, while t'other holds the plough.
 A chief, of temper form'd to please,
 Fit to converse and keep the keys ;
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece ;
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cupboard, little plate,
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land :
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;
 Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye and to the feet ;

Where od'rous plants in ev'ning fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too can scale,
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre surrounds :
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills thro' plains in dusk array'd,
 Extended far, repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid ;
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of Fate,
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech
 Inspire, and docile Fancy teach ;
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle thro' the mind :
 Here dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measur'd motions frisk about,
 Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green ;
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
 And silver streams thro' meadows stray,
 And naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills
 From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm thro' life ;

See Faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy ;
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
 By Av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
 Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
 May I, with look, ungloom'd by guile,
 And wearing Virtue's liv'ry smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down.
 Unhurt by Sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing into age,
 When Fate extends its gathering gripe—
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe ;
 Quite a worn being without pain,
 In hope to blossom soon again.

GREEN.



AGAINST INDOLENCE.

AN EPISTLE.

IN Frolic's hour, ere serious thought had birth,
 There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when
 The Muse would take me on her airy wing
 And waft to views romantic ; there present
 Some motley vision, shade and sun : the cliff
 O'erhanging, sparkling brooks, and ruins grey :

Bade me meanders trace, and catch the form
Of various clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes Ambition, brushing by, would twitch
My mantle, and, with winning look sublime,
Allure to follow. What tho' steep the track,
Her mountain's top would overpay when climb'd,
The scaler's toil; her temple there was fine,
And lovely thence the prospects. She could tell
Where laurels grew, whence many a wreath antique;
But more advis'd to shun the barren twig,
(What is immortal verdure without fruit?)
And woo some thriving art: her numerous mines
Were open to the searcher's skill and pains.

Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulse
Sounded irregular marches to be gone—
What, pause a moment when Ambition calls?
No, the blood gallops to the distant goal,
And throbs to reach it. Let the lame sit still.
When Fortune gentle, at th' hill's verge extreme,
Array'd in decent garb, but somewhat thin,
Smiling approach'd; and what occasion, ask'd,
Of climbing: She, already provident,
Had cater'd well, if stomach could digest
Her viands, and a palate not too nice:
Unfit, she said, for perilous attempt;
That manly limb requir'd, and finew tough:
She took, and laid me in a vale remote,
Amid the gloomy scene of fir and yew,
On poppy beds, where Morpheus strew'd the ground:
Obscurity her curtain round me drew,
And Syren Sloth a dull quietus sung.

Sithence no fairy lights, no quick'ning ray,
No stir of pulse, nor objects to entice
Abroad the spirits: but the cloyster'd heart
Sits squat at home, like pagod in a niche
Obscure, or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in presence of the throne,

Turk, or Indostan.—Cities, forums, courts,
 And prating sanhedrims, and drumming wars,
 Affect no more than stories told to bed
 Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
 Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
 Instead of converse and variety,
 The same trite round, the same stale silent scene :
 Such are thy comforts, blessed Solitude !—
 But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,
 And simple Quiet, with her downy couch,
 Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams,
 And saunter with a book, and warbling Muse
 In praise of hawthorns—Life's whole business this !
 Is it to bask i' th' sun? if so, a snail
 Were happy crawling on a southern wall.

Why sits Content upon a cottage sill
 At eventide, and blesseth the coarse meal
 In sooty corner? why sweet slumber wait
 Th' hard pallet? Not because from haunt remote
 Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap :
 'Tis Labour makes the peasant's sav'ry fare,
 And works out his repose : for Ease must ask
 The leave of Diligence to be enjoy'd.

Oh ! listen not to that enchantress Ease
 With seeming smile : her palatable cup
 By standing grows insipid ; and beware
 The bottom, for there's poison in the lees.
 What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd !
 What daily martyrs to her sluggish cause !
 Less strict devoir the Russ and Persian claim
 Despotic ; and as subjects long inur'd
 To servile burthen grow supine and tame,
 So fares it with our sov'reign and her train.

What tho' with lure fallacious she pretend
 From worldly bondage to set free, what gain
 Her votaries? What avails from iron chains
 Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast !

But not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me :
 The patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue ;
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you. POPE.

ELEGY TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
 LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

ERE yet, ingenuous Youth, thy steps retire
 From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
 Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
 And met thee musing in her cloisters pale :
 O ! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
 Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay !
 A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
 And this let voluntary friendship pay.
 Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
 When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
 Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
 Must learn each passion's boisterous breath to bear.
 There if Ambition, pestilent and pale,
 Or luxury should taint their vernal glow ;
 If cold Self-interest, with her chilling gale,
 Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they blow ;
 If mimic hues, by Art or Fashion spread,
 Their genuine, simple colouring should supply ;
 O ! with them may these laureate honours fade ;
 And with them (if it can) my friendship die.
 —And do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string ;
 The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
 And vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.
 Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,
 The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
 Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
 And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
 Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
 With frantic step Maria flew—
 Maria, Sorrow's early child;
 By duty led, for every vein
 Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;
 With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main
 She, lovely, faithful wanderer came.
 For well she thought, a friend so dear
 In darkest hours might joy impart;
 Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
 Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.
 Tho' look'd for long—in chill affright,
 (The torrent bursting from her eye)
 She heard the signal for the fight—
 While her soul trembled in a sigh—
 She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
 Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
 His manly heart the charm confest—
 Then broke the charm, and rush'd away.
 Too soon in few—but deadly words,
 Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
 That in the foremost strife of swords
 The young, the gallant Edgar fell.
 She prest to hear—she caught the tale—
 At every sound her blood congeal'd;
 With terror bold—with terror pale,
 She sprung to search the fatal field.
 O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
 She went—with courage not her own—
 On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
 And turn'd her ear to many a groan.
 Drear anguish urged her to press
 Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;
 —Of comfort glad, the drear caress
 The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled --
 When late pale Edgar's form she found,
 Half-bury'd with the hostile dead,
 And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

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

PENROSE.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

—ALL our praises why should Lords engross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that Heaven-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.

Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own, she learn'd to melt at others woe.
 Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe!
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.
 Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.
 Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.
 Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear
 Thy milder influence impart;
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

TO CÆLIA PLAYING ON A LUTE.

AN ODE.

WHILE Cælia's hands fly swiftly o'er,
 And strike this soft machine,
 Her touch awakes the springs, and life
 Of Harmony within.

Sweetly they sink into the strings,
 The quivering strings rebound,
 Each stroke obsequiously obey,
 And tremble into sound.

Oh ! had you blest the years of old ;
 His lute had Ovid strung,
 And dwelt on your's, the charming theme
 Of his immortal song.

Yours, with Arion's wondrous harp,
 The Bard had hung on high ;
 And on the new-born star bestow'd
 The honours of the sky.

The radiant spheres had ceas'd their tunes,
 And danc'd in silence on,
 Pleas'd the new harmony to hear,
 More heavenly than their own.

Of old to raise one shade from hell,
 To Orpheus was it given :
 But every tune of your's calls down
 An angel from his heaven.

PITT.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose,

A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain,
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won,
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave, ere charity began.

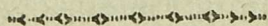
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side:
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran :
 Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile ;
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.



THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

A FABLE.

GENIUS, blest term, of meaning wide,
 For sure no term so misapply'd,
 How many bear thy sacred name,
 That never felt a real flame !
 Proud of the specious appellation,
 Thus fools have christen'd Inclination.

But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratia, me or you ;
 Whate'er he tries with due attention,
 Rarely escapes his apprehension ;
 Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
 You'd swear he learnt by intuition,
 Should he rely alone on parts,
 And study therefore but by starts,
 Sure of success whene'er he tries,
 Should he forego the means to rise ?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
 Gold, if you will, for value's sake ;

Its springs within in order due,
 No watch, when going, goes so true;
 If ne'er wound up with proper care,
 What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,
 Perhaps within your bosom plays:
 O how the purer rays aspire,
 If Application fans the fire!
 Without it Genius vainly tries,
 Howe'er sometimes it seems to rise:
 Nay Application will prevail,
 When braggart parts and Genius fail;
 And now to lay my proof before ye,
 I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
 When birds convers'd as well as sung,
 When use of speech was not confin'd,
 Merely to brutes of human kind,
 A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighb'ring plain,
 Would oft deride the drudging crowd:
 For geniuses are ever proud.
 He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
 For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow,
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation,
 "Oh puss, it bodes thee dire disgrace,
 "When I defy thee to the race.
 "Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
 "I lay my shell upon the trial."
 'Twas done and done, all fair, a bet,
 Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring hare out-stript the wind,
 The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
 And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
 When puss had almost reach'd the goal.

“ Friend Tortoise,” quoth the jeering Hare,
 “ Your burden’s more than you can bear,
 “ To help your speed it were as well
 “ That I should ease you of your shell :
 “ Jog on a little faster pr’ythee,
 “ I’ll take a nap and then be with thee.”
 So said, so done, and safely sure,
 For say, what conquest more secure ?
 Whene’er he walk’d (that’s all that’s in it)
 He could o’ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
 But still resolv’d to persevere,
 Still drawl’d along, as who should say,
 I’ll win, like Fabius, by delay;
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While puss unknowing soundly slept.

The bets were won, the Hare awoke,
 When thus the victor Tortoise spoke.
 “ Puss, tho’ I own thy quicker parts,
 “ Things are not always done by starts,
 “ You may deride my aukward pace,
 “ But slow and steady wins the race.”

LLOYD.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry’s holy shade;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor’s heights th’ expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields below'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of Pleasure trace)

Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?

What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

Whilst some, on earnest business bent,
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty;

Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
 Least pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast;
 Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
 Wild Wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born;

The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait!
The ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah! tell them, they are men?

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah! why should they know their fate ?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies :
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

THE LARK : A SIMILE.

TO A CLERGYMAN.

SEE how the Lark, the bird of day,
 Springs from the earth, and wings her way !
 To Heav'n's high vault her course she bends,
 And sweetly sings as she ascends.
 But when, contented with her height,
 She shuts her wings, and checks her flight,
 No more she chants the melting strain,
 But sinks in silence to the plain.

This you observ'd, and ask'd from me,
 My gentle friend, a simile.
 So take in homely verse, but true,
 Instead of one, the following two :

That Larks are poet's birds, is known—
 So make the case the poet's own.
 And see him first from fields arise,
 And pastoral scenes, to Cælia's eyes.

From thence the bold adventurer springs
 To vaulted roofs, and courts, and kings.
 Till having crown'd his soaring lays
 With something more than empty praise ;
 And, like his readers, learnt aright
 To mingle profit with delight ;
 He reads the news, he takes the air,
 Or slumbers in his elbow chair.

Or lay side for once grimace,
 And make it yours, the parson's case ;
 Who leaving curate's humble roof,
 Looks down on crape, and sits aloof,
 Tho' no vain wish his breast enthrall
 To swell in pomp pontifical,
 But pure contentment seated there,
 Nor finds a want, nor feels a care,
 Yet are there not to stain the cloth,
 O may'st thou live secure from both !
 A city pride, or country sloth ?
 And may not man, if touch'd with these,
 Resign his duty for his ease ?

But I forbear ; for well I ween
 Such likenings suit with other men.
 For never can my humble verse
 The cautious ear of Patron pierce ;
 Nor ever can thy breast admit
 Degrading Sloth, or Self-conceit.

Then let the birds or sing or fly,
 As Hector says, and what care I ?
 They hurt not me, nor eke my friend ;
 Since, whatsoe'er the Fates intend,
 Nor he can sink, nor I ascend.

ODE TO AURORA.

ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

OF Time and Nature eldest born,
 Emerge thou rosy-finger'd Morn :
 Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
 And chace from Heav'n night's envious shade,
 That I once more may, pleas'd, survey,
 And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of Time and Nature eldest born,
 Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd Morn :
 In order at the eastern gate
 The hours to draw thy chariot wait ;
 Whilst Zephyr, on his balmy wings,
 Mild Nature's fragrant tribute brings,
 With odours sweet to strew thy way,
 And grace the bland, revolving day.

But as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
 That gilds its birth, and marks the year,
 And as his stronger glories rise,
 Diffus'd around th' expanded skies,
 Till cloth'd with beams serenely bright,
 All Heav'n's vast concave flames with light ;
 So, when, thro' life's protracted day,
 Melissa still pursues her way,
 Her virtues with thy splendor vie,
 Increasing to the mental eye :
 Tho' less conspicuous, not less dear,
 Long may thy Bion's prospect cheer ;
 So shall his heart no more repine,
 Blest with her rays, tho' robb'd of thine.

BLACKLOCK.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE.

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

At length, quite vain, he needs must show
 His master what his art could do ;
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead
 To Academus' sacred shade.
 The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
 The wood-nymphs startled at the sight,
 The Muses dropt the learned lyre,
 And to their inmost shades retire !

Howe'er, the youth with forward air
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car ;
 The lash resounds, the courser's spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring,
 And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

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

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd ;
 The youths with emulation glow'd,

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

WHITEHEAD.

ON TIME.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross ;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss ;
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good,
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine,

About the supreme throne
 Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time.

MILTON.

A HYMN TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

SWEET as the fragrant breath of genial May,
 Come, fair Hygeia, goddess heav'nly born,
 More lovely than the sun's returning ray,
 To northern regions, at the half-year's morn.
 Where shall I seek thee? in the wholesome grot,
 Where temperance her scanty meal enjoys?
 Or peace contented with her humble lot,
 Beneath her thatch th' inclement blast defies?
 Swept from each flow'r that sips the morning dew,
 Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around;
 Where'er thou fly'st the blossoms blush anew,
 And purple vi'lets paint the hallow'd ground.
 Thy presence renovated Nature shows,
 By thee each shrub with varied hue is dy'd,
 Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
 And all creation smiles with flow'ry pride.
 But in thy absence joy is felt no more,
 The landscape wither'd e'en in spring appears,
 The morn low'rs om'nous o'er the dusky shore,
 And evening suns set half extinct in tears.
 Ruthless disease ascends when thou art gone
 From the dark regions of th' abyss below,
 Where Pestilence, the guardian of her throne,
 Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

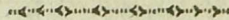
In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,
 Or Po the balsam of his weeping trees ;
 In vain Arabia's aromatic coasts
 Tincture the pinions of the passing breeze.

No wholesome scents impregn the western gale,
 But noxious stench exhal'd by scorching heat,
 Where gasping swains the pois'nous air inhale
 That once diffus'd a medicinal sweet.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd,
 Heal, with the balm of thy prolific breath,
 Rekindle life within my clay-cold breast,
 And shield my youth from canker-worms of death.

Then on the verdant turf, thy fav'rite shrine,
 Restor'd to thee a votary I'll come,
 Grateful to offer to thy pow'r divine,
 Each herb that grows round Æsculapius' tomb.

COOPER.



ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that ewe-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built sned,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Offt did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
 The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowds ignoble strife;
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful-day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 " Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 " Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 " Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

" The next with dirges due in sad array
 " Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
 " Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 " Grav'd on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 ('There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

SOLITUDE.

WELCOME cool breeze, to fan my glowing mind,
 Cinder'd with feverish cares and constant woe !
 Welcome soft bliss, by gracious Heav'n design'd,
 The out-worn paths of ancient Peace to show,
 The road which Wisdom loves to go,
 And teach aspiring man true happiness to know,
 In thy sweet shades uninterrupted reigns,
 Free from care-toil'd Nature's strains,
 The downy god of ease !
 In the innocent and life-bliss'd swains,
 Unsway'd by low desire of worldly gains,
 Their uncorrupted senses justly please ;
 Nor know the penetrating curse of pains,
 But travel smoothly up to Death by mild and slow degrees.
 On thy calm coast no whirlwind doubts we find,
 No terrifying blast to break soft sleep,
 No self-rai'd tempest shake man's hurry'd mind,
 For question'd riches, which the wild winds sweep,
 Along the furrow'd bosom of the deep ;
 And which ev'n e'er we gain we fear to lose.
 No watchful guards in thee we need to keep,

But rest in peaceful slumber duly find,
Nor feel the killing cares which great men madly choose.

Smoothly revolving years,
Unloaded with a needless weight of fears,
Slide unperceiv'd and steadily away ;
Safe in the humble shelter of Content,
Our apprehension, easy and unbent,
Sometimes but seldom looks abroad to know,
How things about us go.

Sometimes we upward deign to cast our eye,
And view, with curious scorn, the gath'ring clouds,
Which warring princes plac'd for mischief high,
Supinely sit and bid against each other fly :
From coverts, where our choice, our fortune shrouds.
We see all this and hear the noise it makes ;
As one well hous'd sees the blue light'ning fly,
And hears the rolling thunder shake the sky ;
While he, regardless where the tempest breaks,
Without the danger the delight partakes.
Thus, while on earth, our bodies happy stay,
While here our joy-fin'd moments swim away,
Our elevated minds above the spheres,
Forget their weak-built tenements of clay,
And by the trying fire of reason, grow
So pure, so free, from thought-disord'ring sin,
That when from life on their last call they go,
In large expanse of soul, they upwards flow,
And rather mix with heav'n than dwell therein.

HILL.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,

To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fattling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.

O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magic wand,
 Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens grow
 'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
 While the various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;
 O lover of the desert, hail!
 Say in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Midst falls of water you reside,
 'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between,
 'Midst forest dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human heart appear'd,
 Nor e'er one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
 Where Nature seem'd to sit alone,
 Majestic on a craggy throne;
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest:
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,
 Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,

In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser thro' a fairy grove ;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound !

Me goddess, by the right hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads ;
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads ;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song.

Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy,
Can long my pensive mind employ ;
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh !
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where to avoid cold winter's show'rs,
The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,
Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat ;

The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear ;
 " Give me another horse," I cry,
 Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly ;
 Whence is this rage?—What spirit, say,
 To battle hurries me away ?
 'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign ;
 Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead :
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,
 And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield !

O guide me from this horrid scene
 To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
 The fervours of the mid-day sun ;
 The pangs of absence, O remove,
 For thou canst place me near my love,
 Canst fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss.

When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose ;
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To Summer tells her tender tale,
 When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
 When Winter like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,
 At ev'ry season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

O warm, enthusiastic maid,
 Without thy pow'ful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to ev'ry line ;

Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
 Save when with smiles thou bidst me sing.

O hear our pray'r, O hither come
 From thy lamented Shakespear's tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er thy darling grave;
 O Queen of numbers, once again
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
 May boldly strike the sounding lyre,
 May rise above the rhyming throng,
 And with some new unequall'd song
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
 With terror shake, with pity move,
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
 O deign t' attend his evening walk,
 With him in groves and grottos talk:
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art
 Feebly to touch th'enraptur'd heart;
 Like lightning let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce:
 With native beauties win applause,
 Beyond cold critic's studied laws:
 O let each Muse's fame increase,
 O bid Britannia rival Greece!

WARTON.

THE NIGHT-PIECE.

HARK! the prophetic raven brings
 My summons on his boding wings;
 The birds of night my fate foretel,
 The prescient death-watch sounds my knell.
 A solemn darkness spreads the tomb,
 But terrors haunt the midnight gloom;

Methinks a browner horror falls,
And silent spectres sweep the walls.

Tell me, my soul, oh tell me why
The faltering tongue, the broken sigh?
Thy manly cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Tell me, my soul, from whence those fears?

When conscious Guilt arrests the mind,
Avenging Furies stalk behind,
And sickly Fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.

Jesus, to thee I'd fly for aid,
Propitious sun dispel the shade;
All the pale family of Fear
Would vanish, were my Saviour here.

No more imagin'd spectres walk,
No more the doubtful echoes talk;
Soft zephyrs fan the neighbouring trees,
And Meditation mounts the breeze.

How sweet these sacred hours of rest,
Fair portraits of the virtuous breast,
Where lawless lust, and Passions rude,
And Folly never dare intrude!

Be others' choice the sparkling bowl,
And mirth, the poison of the soul;
Or midnight dance, and public shows,
Parents of sickness, pains, and woes.

A nobler joy my thoughts design;
Instructive solitude be mine;
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A chearful conscience to the last.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend which never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

Come then, my soul, be this thy guest,
And leave to knaves and fools the rest :
With this thou ever shalt be gay,
And night shall brighten into day.

With this companion in the shade,
Surely thou couldst not be dismay'd :
But if thy Saviour here were found,
All Paradise would bloom around.

“ Had I a firm and lasting faith,”
To credit what th' Almighty saith,
I could defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Tho' tempests drive me from the shore,
And floods descend and billows roar ;
Tho' Death appears in every form,
My little bark should brave the storm.

Then if my God requir'd the life
Of brother, parent, child, or wife,
Lord, I should bless the stern decree,
And give my dearest friend to thee.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign Love directs the rod ?

Peace, rebel-thoughts—I'll not complain,
My Father's smiles suspend my pain ;
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

Tho' Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine ;
Comforts that shall o'er Death prevail,
And journey with me thro' the vale.

Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold,
 And her reward is more secure
 Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
 A length of happy years,
 And in her left, the prize of fame
 And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
 In Pleasure's path to tread,
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase,
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

LOGAN.

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wond'rous fair! thyself how wond'rous then!
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowliest works: yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs

And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n.
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'd the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light:
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud: and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise,
Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise:
 Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

ODE TO THE ATHEIST.

EXPATIATE long in nice debate
 On chance, necessity, and fate;

 With learn'd Lucretius stray
 In Epicurus' magic grove,
 Where the self-motion'd atoms rove
 In mazy mystic play.

Some vain hypothesis admit,
 The specious cobweb-work of wit;
 And daringly deny

What every object round avows,
 What every act of Reason shews,
 An all-wise Deity!

The clearest evidence contest
 Divinely stamp'd on ev'ry breast,
 Since Time was taught to roll;

In Error's gloomy coverts stray,
 From Truth's indisputable ray
 Remote, as pole from pole.

So shuts the moping bird of night,
 Her feeble eyes against the light,
 That glads the cheerful day;

And when prevailing darkness reigns,
 Thro' groves obscene or dreary plains,
 She wings her dubious way.

Consult the blue expanse on high,
The blush that paints the morning sky,
 The cloud that nimbly rides;
The orbs that mark with lustre bright
The spangled mantle of the night,
 Who there supreme resides.

Question the gaudy scenes around,
That scent the air, or paint the ground,
 Whose influence they obey;
Whose hand imparts the various dyes,
At whose command they bud and rise,
 At whose command decay.

Say ye, on down, or mountain steep,
That stately tread or lowly creep;
 And ye, aerial throng,
That cheer the woodland scene and fields
With vocal strains; whose bounty yields
 Or sustenance or song?

Who, in the ocean's waste domain,
The tenants of the wat'ry plain
 With liberal hand supplies?
The floods in icy fetters binds,
Smooths the rough surge, and lulls the winds,
 Or bids the tempest rise?

Nature, in ev'ry mystic scene
Declares a plastic Author's reign;
 Above the morning's wings,
Beyond the sea's remotest tides,
Beneath the Dædal earth, resides
 Th' Almighty King of kings.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood :

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye ;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her bless'd, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek :
Such orient colour shines thro' heav'n,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains :
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair :

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art ;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught ;
Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The Father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd ;
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of diff'rent passions strove :
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept ;
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanemore's wint'ry waste,
Beneath the moon-light shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast :
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

“ 'Tis past ! ” he cry'd ; “ but if your souls
“ Sweet mercy yet can move,
“ Let these dim eyes once more behold
“ What they must ever love ! ”

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
(A cruel sister she!)
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of light,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in ev'ry sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door:
"He's gone!" she cry'd; "and I shall see
That angel-face no more!"

"I feel, I feel, this breaking heart
"Beat high against my side!—"
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For, yet, by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But, when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way,
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair :

Then, near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
 And "Hail, my son!" the rev'rend sire replied:
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk, of various kind, deceiv'd the road;
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 This youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
 Nature, in silence, bid the world repose;
 When, near the road, a stately palace rose:
 There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:—
 His cup was vanish'd; for, in secret guise,
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
 As one, who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,

Disorder'd, stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
 So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but dare not ask, to part :
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble lightning, mix'd with show'rs, began ;
 And, o'er their heads, loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest) ;
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls :
 Bread, of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And, when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;

And why should such (within himself he cried)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When, from his vest, the young companion bore
 That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought :
 His partner's acts without their cause appear ;
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie ;
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great ;
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

“ Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 “ To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 “ From him you come, for him accept it here,
 “ A frank and sober, more than costly, cheer !”
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed ;

When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the day with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd !
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done ?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues : the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way ;
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries
" Detested wretch ! " — but, scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man !
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air ;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprize, in secret chains, his words suspends,
 And, in a calm, his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke
 (The voice of Music ravish'd as he spoke) :

“ Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 “ In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 “ These charms success in our bright region find,
 “ And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
 “ For this commission'd, I forsook the sky :
 “ Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

“ Then know the truth of government divine,
 “ And let these scruples be no longer thine.

“ The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 “ In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 “ Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
 “ On using second means to work his ends :
 “ 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 “ The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
 “ Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 “ And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

“ What strange events can strike with more surprize,
 “ Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?
 “ Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 “ And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

“ The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
 “ Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 “ Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 “ And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 “ Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 “ And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“ The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door,
 “ Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor ;
 “ With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 “ That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind,

" Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 " And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 " Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 " With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 " In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 " And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

" Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 " But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;
 " (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 " And measur'd back his steps to earth again:
 " To what excesses did his dotage run ?
 " But God, to save the father, took the son.
 " To all but thee, in fits it seem'd to go,
 " And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
 " The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 " Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

" But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
 " Had that false servant sped in safety back ?
 " This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 " And what a fund of charity would fail !

" Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
 " Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
 Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
 " Lord, as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done."
 Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PARNELL.

ODE TO EDUCATION.

WHEN now on Britain's sea-girt shore,
 Resounds the threat'ning voice of war ;
 Bursts the loud cannon's frequent roar ;
 And glares the ensign from afar ;
 The Muse, who shuns the harsh alarms
 That wake the madding world to arms,
 And scorns to share the factious rage
 That prompts to deeds of blood the age ;
 Turns joyful to those happier seats
 Where sacred Science loves to rest,
 And Genius, 'midst the calm retreats,
 Pours all his influence o'er the breast :
 Not more rever'd the hallow'd bow'rs,
 Where truth distill'd from Plato's honey'd tongue ;
 Nor those fair scenes, where Tully's happier hours
 In philosophic leisure fled along.

There Education, power divine !
 Her favourite temple long has plann'd,
 And calls around her sacred shrine,
 To guard her laws, a chosen band.
 Where yon fair dome its front uprears,
 Her venerable form appears ;
 To the young view one hand displays
 The wreath of honourable praise :
 With stronger grasp her left sustains
 The harsher emblems of controul,
 That check wild Folly's headlong reins,
 And bend the rude and stubborn soul :
 In dreadful state, behind her glide,
 Her handmaids, Fear, and Jealousy, and Shame :
 By whom she knows the youthful step to guide,
 To peace, to virtue, excellence, and fame.

Mark, how th' attentive votaries throng
 Where she her genuine lore imparts!
 And catch from her inspiring tongue
 The thirst of praise, the love of arts.
 As she unveils the brighter day,
 The shades of error melt away,
 And sacred Truth, of simple mien,
 In all her native charms is seen :
 —Not she who o'er her shadowy coast
 Long led th' inquiring mind astray,
 In dull scholastic reasonings lost,
 While Aristotle led the way ;
 But she, who Bacon's vows approv'd,
 And o'er his hours of meditation stole,
 Who at one glance (each ling'ring doubt remov'd)
 With charms congenial strikes the human soul.

What joy ! whilst youth its aid supplies,
 To trace the years that long have fled,
 And bid th' illustrious forms arise
 Of sages, and of warriors dead :
 In soft attention catch the sound
 That Virgil's genius pours around,
 Sweet, as when first the matchless song
 Spontaneous echo'd from his tongue ;
 With sprightly Horace smile at care,
 And ev'ry fleeting hour improve ;
 With exil'd Ovid drop the tear,
 And with Tibullus melt in love ;
 Or when, by Cic'ro taught to flow,
 Strong and unfetter'd rolls the nervous line,
 To feel his passions, catch his genuine glow,
 His conquering warmth, and energy divine !

But whilst elate the youthful bands
 Each beauty of past ages share,
 Her wonted victim's life demands,
 And points to more substantial care ;

Severer studies then engage
 The seasons of maturer age,
 To fill with dignity and ease
 The several stations Heav'n decrees.
 —Yon sprightly train, who erst were joy'd
 To trace each herb of varied hue,
 That decks the mountain's vernal side,
 And Nature's bashful steps pursue;
 Ere long, improv'd by studious toil,
 Shall soothe the frame by fell disease opprest,
 Bid brightening Health diffuse her wonted smile,
 And give to Friendship's vow the kindred breast.

Yon few—as yet unknown to strife—
 Whom Tully's liberal spirit charms,
 —Foes to the silent paths of life,
 The thirst of elocution warms;
 Theirs be the task, to mark with awe
 The mighty edifice of law:
 And having caught the general view,
 Trace ev'ry varied chamber thro':
 And may they scorn the vulgar tribe,
 Who sense for formal gingle slight:
 Superior to the guilty tribe,
 With learning grave, with wit polite:
 By Blackstone's bright example taught,
 Watch o'er each private right with generous fear;
 And, with th' unconquer'd love of freedom fraught,
 Preserve those claims to every Briton dear.

Yet nobler paths for some remain
 —By hallow'd footsteps only trod;
 And these shall seek the sacred fane,
 And give their studious hours to God.
 Hark! while th' inspiring diction flows,
 Each breast with holy rapture glows;
 See trembling Guilt betrays his fears,
 See sad Repentance pours her tears,

Till, from her starry mansion charm'd,
 The smiling cherub Peace descends,
 And o'er the soul with doubts alarm'd,
 Her guardian wings unseen extends.
 Whilst those, attentive to the cause
 Of Britain, shall to her devote their days;
 In the full senate meet unbought applause,
 And place their glory in their country's praise.

Exulting Science now disdains
 The ties of Custom's proud controul,
 And breaks the rude and barbarous chains
 That fetter'd down the free-born soul;
 Extinguish'd now her vernal fires,
 Lo! Superstition slow retires;
 Or from some cloister's mouldering fane,
 Pours out her mutter'd curse in vain:
 While the warm breast, with generous joy,
 Embraces all of human kind;
 And scorns each mean and narrower tie,
 To climate and to sect confin'd.
 Deaf to the Bigot's frantic voice,
 Conducts each dubious step by Reason's plan,
 To her unerring rule conforms its choice,
 Nor tamely yields the sacred rights of man.

O ye! whom Science chose to guide
 Her unpolluted stream along,
 Adorn with flowers its cultur'd side,
 And to its taste allure the young:
 O say, what language can reveal
 Th' exalted pleasures you must feel,
 When, fir'd by you, the youthful breast
 Disdains to court inglorious rest.
 And to the world's admiring gaze,
 (Each precept into action brought)
 In full reality displays
 The liberal maxims you have taught!

RETIREMENT : AN ODE.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even,
 The lingering light decays,
 And Hesper on the front of heaven
 His glittering gem displays ;
 Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
 Beside a lulling stream,
 A pensive youth, of placid mien,
 Indulg'd his tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd,
 High o'er the glimmering dale ;
 Ye woods, along whose windings wild
 Murmurs the solemn gale ;
 Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
 And Woe retires to weep,
 What time the wane moon's yellow horn
 Gleams on the western deep :

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
 Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
 'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
 To your retreats I fly.
 Deep in your most sequester'd bower
 Let me at last recline,
 Where Solitude, mild modest Power,
 Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair !
 Thy heavenly smile how win !
 Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,
 And stills the storm within ?
 O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
 Thine ardent votary bring,
 And bless his hours, and bid them move
 Serene, on silent wing !

Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
 With dreams of former days,
 When in the lap of Peace reclin'd,
 He fram'd his infant lays ;
 When Fancy rev'd at large, nor Care
 Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
 Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
 His simple youth had harm'd :

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
 His early vows were paid,
 From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
 Devoted to the shade !
 Ah, why does Fate his steps decoy,
 In stormy paths to roam,
 Remote from all congenial joy !
 O take the wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
 Thy charms my only theme ;
 My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
 Waves o'er the gloomy stream ;
 Whence the scar'd owl, on pinions grey,
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away,
 To more profound repose.

O while to thee the woodland pours
 Its wildly warbling song,
 And balmy from the bank of flowers
 The zephyr breathes along,
 Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
 Flash on the startled eye !

But, if some pilgrim thro' the glade
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
 O guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore ;

For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread ;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful Hope misled ;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enliv'ning strain ;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

BEATTIE.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mong'st horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy ;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell,
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
When lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right-hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight :
 While the plow-man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
 Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied :
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by a cottage-chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country-messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind his sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,

Till the live-long day-light fail ;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Fairy Mab the junkets eat ;
 She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friars' lanthorn led ;
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
 A crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow'red cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice thro' mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of Harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose faintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiopè queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended;
 Yet thou art higher far descended.
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress-lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation:
 And the mute silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song

In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ;
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
 I woo to hear thy ev'ning song :
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Thro' the heav'n's wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfeu sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers thro' the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those Dæmons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (tho' rare) of later age
Ennobl'd hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Nor trick'd and flounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust has blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring

To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voic'd quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extacies,
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes,

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell

Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew :
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. POPE.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing ;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear ;
 Now louder and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away
 In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies :
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds :
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :

Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes ;

Intestine war no more our Passions wage
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms !

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.

Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,

Enflam'd with glory's charms :

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,

And half unsheath'd the shining blade :

And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound

To arms ! to arms ! to arms !

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,

Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,

Love, strong as Death, the Poet led

To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,

What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts ?

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams.

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans,

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts ;

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance !

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance!
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.
 By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,
 Or amaranthine bow'rs ;
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's pray'r :
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair :
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard, and how glorious !
 Tho' Fate had fast bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal Sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no-crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the fall of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;

And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah see, he dies!
 Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal powers incline their ear:
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

POPE.

ODE TO ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

T WAS at the royal feast, when Persia won,
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state
 The god-like hero sate
 On his imperial throne :
 His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.
 The lovely Thäis by his side
 Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair ;
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.
 Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire,
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 Such is the pow'r of mighty Love !
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god :
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world—
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound ;
 A present deity they shout around,
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
 Bacchus ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain:
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain:
 Fought all his battles o'er again:
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of fate below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred soul to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War he sung is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !
 Lovely Thäis sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.—
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head ;
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in the air,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand ;

These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the plain;
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew;

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
 The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
 And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.
 Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increas'd with years

So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room ;
 And looking grave—" You must," says he,
 " Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 " With you ! and quit my Susan's side !
 " With you !" the hapless husband cried ;
 " Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard !
 " Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd :
 " My thoughts on other matters go ;
 " This is my wedding-day you know."
 What more he urg'd, I have not heard,
 His reasons could not well be stronger ;
 So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
 And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
 " Neighbour," he said, " farewell ; no more
 " Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :
 " And farther, to avoid all blame
 " Of cruelty upon my name,
 " To give you time for preparation,
 " And fit you for your future station,
 " Three several Warnings you shall have,
 " Before your summon'd to the grave.
 " Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
 " And grant a kind reprieve ;
 " In hopes you'll have no more to say ;
 " But, when I call again this way,
 " Well pleas'd the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell :
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near ;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace.
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along Life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,

Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprize,
“ So soon return'd ! ” old Dodson cries.

“ So soon, d'ye call it ? ” Death replies

“ Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !

“ Since I was here before

“ 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,

“ And you are now fourscore.”

“ So much the worse,” the clown rejoin'd ;

“ To spare the aged would be kind :

“ However, see your search be legal ;

“ And your authority—is't regal ?

“ Else you are come on a fool's errand,

“ With but a secretary's warrant.

“ Beside, you promis'd me Three Warnings,

“ Which I have look'd for nights and mornings !

" But for that loss of time and ease,
 " I can recover damages."
 " I know," cries Death, " that at the best,
 " I seldom am a welcome guest ;
 " But don't be captious, friend, at least :
 " I little thought you'd still be able
 " To stump about your farm and stable ;
 " Your years have run to a great length ;
 " I wish you joy, tho' of your strength !"
 " Hold," says the farmer, " not so fast !
 " I have been lame these four years past."
 " And no great wonder," Death replies :
 " However, you still keep your eyes ;
 " And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
 " For legs and arms would make amends."
 " Perhaps," says Dodson, " so it might,
 " But latterly I've lost my sight."
 " This is a shocking tale 'tis true ;
 " But still there's comfort left for you :
 " Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
 " I warrant you hear all the news."
 " There's none," cries he ; " and if there were,
 " I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
 " Nay, then, " the spectre stern rejoin'd,
 " These are unjustifiable yearnings ;
 " If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
 " You've had your Three sufficient Warnings.
 " So come along, no more we'll part ;"
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart.
 And now, old Dodson turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

THRALE.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph ! with curious eye,
 Who, the purple eve, dost lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man,

Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar ; in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;
Grongar ! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the ev'ning still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

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

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !

No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
 But the gay, the open scene
 Does the face of Nature show
 In all the hues of Heav'n's bow;
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
 Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires:
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow-mountain heads,
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
 And glitters on the broken rocks:

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes:
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew;
 The slender fir that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs:
 And, beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Virtue, Peace, and Love!
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
 Her sides are cloth'd with waving wood;
 And ancient tow'rs crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps:
 So both a safety from the wind,
 In mutual dependence, find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
 And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;

While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state :
 But transient is the smile of Fate !
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have,
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
 Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun !
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life to endless sleep.
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wand'ring thought ;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

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

See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide,
 How close and small the hedges lie !
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem :

So we mistake the future's face,
 Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass,
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear :
 Still we tread the same coarse way ;
 The present's still a cloudy day.

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

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

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

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares

And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye :

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.

O'er Idalia's velvet-green

The rosy-crowned Loves are seen

On Cytherea's day

With antic Sport, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,

Frisking light in frolic measures ;

Now pursuing, now retreating,

Now in circling troops they meet :

To brisk notes in cadence beating,

Glance their many-twinkling feet.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare ;
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.

With arms sublime, that float upon the air,

In gliding state she wins her easy way :

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move

The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await !

Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,

Disease, and Sorrow's weeping Train,

And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,

And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse ?

Night and all her sickly dews,

Her Spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky :

Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,

Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom

To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.

And oft, beneath the od'rous shade

Of Chili's boundless forests laid,

She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat

In loose numbers wildly sweet

Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.

Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,

Glory pursue, and generous Shame,

Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,

Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,

Or where Mæander's amber waves

In lingering Lab'riths creep,

How do your tuneful Echoes languish,

Mute, but to the voice of Anguish !

Where each old poetic Mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face: The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time;
 The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two Coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,

Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,
 But ah! 'tis heard no more——
 Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

GRAY.

THE BARD.

“**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 “ Confusion on thy banners wait;
 “ Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 “ They mock the air with idle state.
 “ Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
 “ Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 “ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 “ From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!”
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.
 On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;

(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 " Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
 " Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 " O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 " Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 " Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 " To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.
 " Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 " That hush'd the stormy main:
 " Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 " Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 " Modred, whose magic song
 " Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head,
 " On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 " Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 " Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
 " The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by.
 " Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 " Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 " Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 " Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 " No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 " On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 " I see them sit, they linger yet,
 " Avengers of their native land:
 " With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 " And wave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."
 " Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 " The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King!

- " She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him wait!
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind,
 " Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the sable Warrior fled?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 " The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 " Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey,
 " Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye Tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his Consort's faith, his father's fame,
 " And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
 " The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade

“ Now, Brothers, bending o’er th’ accursed loom,
 “ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 “ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun,)
 “ Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 “ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”
 “ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 “ Leave me unblest’d, unpitied, here to mourn :
 “ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 “ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 “ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
 “ Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 “ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
 “ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
 “ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 “ All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s Issue, hail.

“ Girt with many a Baron bold
 “ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 “ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old,
 “ In bearded majesty, appear.
 “ In the midst a Form divine!
 “ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
 “ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 “ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
 “ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 “ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 “ Hear from the grave, great Talliessin hear;
 “ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 “ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 “ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

“ The verse adorn again
 “ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 “ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
 “ In buskin’d measures move
 “ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 “ With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.

" A voice, as of the Cherub Choir,
 " Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 " And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 " That lost in long futurity expire.
 " Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 " Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day ?
 " To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 " And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 " Enough for me : With joy I see
 " The different doom our Fates assign.
 " Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
 " To triumph, and to die, are mine."
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

GRAY.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
 (Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
 That crawls at evening in the public path ;
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
 The creeping vermine, loathsome to the sight,
 And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes
 A visiter unwelcome into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
 The chamber, or refectory, may die.
 A necessary act incurs no blame.
 Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
 And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field :
 There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts
 Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong ;
 Disturbs th' œconomy of Nature's realm,

Who when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this ; if man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sov'reign wisdom, made them all.
Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defl'd, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas ! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man :
And that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

COWPER.

THE PASSIONS.

(AN ODE.)

WHEN Music, heavenly Maid ! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell :
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,

From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.
 First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire
 In lightning's own'd his secret stings;
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurry'd hand the strings;

With woeful measures wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air!
 'Twas said by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delightful measure?

Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong.

And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;

And Hope enchanted smil'd, and view'd her golden hair:

And longer had she sung—But with a frown

Revenge impatient rose;

He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,

And with a withering look

The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;

And ever and anon he beat

The doubling drum with furious heat;

And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice apply'd,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of fight seem'd bursting from his
 head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy ! to nought were fix'd ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul,
 And clashing soft from rocks around
 Bubbling runnells join'd the sound ;
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs dy'd away.
 But, O ! how alter'd was its sprightly tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder hung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The Hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd sisters and their chaste-ey'd queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;

But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.

They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw, in Temple's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unweari'd minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound :

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings:

O Music! sphere descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess! why to us deny'd?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time!
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that god-like age
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

THE Golden Age was first : when man, yet new,
 No rule but incorrupted Reason knew ;
 And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
 Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
 His words were simple, and his soul sincere :
 Needless was written law, where none opprest ;
 The law of man was written in his breast :
 No suppliant crowds before the Judge appear'd ;
 Nor court erected yet, nor cause was heard ;
 But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
 The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
 Ere yet the pine descended to the seas ;
 Ere sails were spread new oceans to explore ;
 And happy mortals unconcern'd for more,
 Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
 No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound,
 Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound :
 Nor swords were forg'd ; but void of care and crime,
 The soft creation slept away their time.
 The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
 And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow :
 Content with food, which Nature freely bred ;
 On wildings and on strawberries they fed ;
 Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
 And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
 The flowers unsown in fields and meadows reign'd ;
 And western winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
 In following years the bearded corn ensu'd
 From earth, unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
 From veins of vallies milk and nectar broke ;
 And honey sweating from the pores of oak.
 But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
 Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
 Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,
 Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.

Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear
 And Spring was but a season of the year.
 The sun his annual course obliquely made,
 Good days contracted or enlarg'd the bad.
 Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
 The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow ;
 And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
 Sought shelter from th' inclemency of heaven.
 Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
 With twining oziars fenc'd, and moss their beds.
 Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
 And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.
 To this next came in course the Brazen Age,
 A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage
 Not impious yet —————
 Hard steel succeeded then ;
 And stubborn as the metal were the men.
 Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook :
 Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
 Then sails were spread to every wind that blew ;
 Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new :
 Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain :
 Ere ships in triumph plow'd the wat'ry plain.

Then land-marks limited to each his right ;
 For all before was common as the light.
 Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
 Her annual income to the crooked share ;
 But greedy mortals rummaging her store,
 Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore ;
 Which next to hell the prudent god had laid ;
 And that alluring ill to sight display'd.
 Thus-cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
 Gave Mischief birth, and made that mischief bold :
 And double death did wretched man invade,
 By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
 Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
 Mankind is broken loose from moral bands ;

Nor rights of hospitality remain ;
 The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain :
 The son-in-law pursues the father's life :
 The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
 The step-dame poison for the son prepares,
 The son inquires into his father's years.
 Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns ;
 And Justice, here opprest, to Heaven returns.

DRYDEN.

THE CONTENTED PHILOSOPHER.

DEEP silence reign'd, and dewy Night
 Her silver vestment wore ;
 The western gale breath'd calm delight,
 And busy day was o'er :

To hail Reflection's hour I rose,
 Each throbbing care at rest ;
 For sacred Peace in mild repose
 Had lull'd my anxious breast.

The breezy mount, the misty vale,
 Alternately I stray'd ;
 The Gothic spire, the lonely cell,
 My wandering eye survey'd :

Till, where the trembling beams of night
 O'er limpid currents play'd,
 Meandering—fix'd my roving sight
 On deep Retirement's shade.

The unambitious dome, conceal'd,
 Fear'd no intrusive foes ;
 From deep-embowering trees reveal'd
 The seat of calm repose.

'Twas Sophron's grove, an aged sire,
 Who, vers'd in Wisdom's lore,
 Now tun'd his consecrated lyre,
 To close the silent hour.

- The hallow'd strain inflam'd my breast,
 I gain'd the rustic cell ;—
 The courteous father bless'd his guest,
 Then gave th' instructive tale.
- “ How false the aim of erring life !
 “ How fruitless the employ !
 “ That treads the pompous maze of strife,
 “ In quest of solid joy !
- “ The plummy tribes unceasing roam,
 “ Each verdant bough survey ;
 “ But fix at last their leafy home,
 “ Where silence woos their stay :
- “ Where no alarming hinds invade,
 “ No fear their peace destroys ;
 “ Remote in the sequester'd shade,
 “ They rear their callow joys.
- “ Thus restless Nature loves to range,
 “ Thro' life's gay scenes to rove ;
 “ Till Reason prompts the happier change,
 “ To Contemplation's grove !
- “ When Fortune smil'd, when Pleasure woo'd,
 “ How indolently gay,
 “ Life's transitory stream I view'd
 “ Unheeded haste away !
- “ The gay delusive dream once o'er,
 “ Calm Reason's thoughts arise ,
 “ Obey'd the monitorial power,
 “ That whisper'd, “ Now be wise !”
- “ This silent grove my search survey'd,
 “ Where Peace displays her charms :
 “ How free Contentment's humble shade
 “ From Fortune's wild alarms !
- “ Now free from each fantastic strife,
 “ Untroubled and serene,
 “ I wait the closing hour of life,
 “ To leave its empty scene :

" For tides of bliss, that boundless roll
 " Around th' Eternal throne,
 " Shall waft the persevering soul
 " To joys on earth unknown !
 " But, lo ! the fading stars declare,
 " The eastern herald blows,
 " The hour of rosy morn is near,
 " And Nature claims repose."

I sigh'd, and thought it soon to part
 From Wisdom's ivy'd cell ;
 How ill my sympathizing heart
 Could bid the sage, farewell.

For wealth, be smiling Peace my share !
 With Friendship's generous love ;
 And, lost to each ambitious care,
 Be mine the flowery grove !

There studious thought would wear the day,
 In each instructive page ;
 Or happier speed the hours away,
 In converse with the sage.

Taught by the awful voice of Truth,
 Life's syren snares to fly,
 By Reason's chart conduct my youth,
 And like my Sophron die !

CUNNINGHAM.

THE PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEATTIE.

THE PRINCESS AND THE SLAVE.

WHERE fragrant breezes sigh'd thro' orange bowers,
And springing fountains cool'd the air with showers,
From pomp retired, and noon-tide's burning ray,
The fair, the royal Nouronihar lay.
The cups of roses, newly cropp'd, were spread
Her lovely limbs beneath, and o'er her head
Imprison'd nightingales attuned their throats,
And lull'd the Princess with melodious notes.
Here roll'd a lucid stream, its gentle wave
With scarce heard murmur; while a Georgian slave
Placed near the couch with feathers in her hand,
The Lady's panting breast in silence fann'd,
And chased the insects who presum'd to seek
Their banquet on the Beauty's glowing cheek.

This slave, a mild and simple maid was she,
 Of common form, and born of low degree,
 Whose only charms were smiles, devoid of art,
 Whose only wealth, a gentle feeling heart.

While thus within her secret lov'd retreat,
 Half sleeping, half awake, oppress'd with heat,
 The Princess slumber'd : near her, shrill, yet faint ;
 Rose the sad tones of suppliant sorrow's plaint.
 She starts, and angry gazes round : when lo !
 A wretched female, bent with age and woe ;
 Drags her unsteady feet, the arbour nigh,
 While every step is number'd by a sigh.
 Meagre and wan her form, her cheek is pale ;
 Her tatter'd garments scarce her limbs can veil ;
 Yet still, thro' want and grief, her air betrays
 Grandeur's remains, and gleams of better days.
 Soon as to Nouronihar's couch she came,
 Low on the ground her weak and trembling frame
 Exhausted sank ; and then, with gasping breast,
 She thus in plaintive tones the fair address'd :—

“ If e'er compassion's tear your cheek could stain,
 “ If e'er you languish'd in disease and pain,
 “ If e'er you sympathized with age's groan,
 “ Hear, noble Lady, hear a suppliant's moan !
 “ Broken by days of want, and nights of tears,
 “ By sickness wasted, and oppress'd by years,
 “ Beneath our sacred Mithra's scorching fire
 “ I sink enfeebled, and with thirst expire.
 “ Yon stream is near : oh ! list a sufferer's cry,
 “ And reach one draught of water, lest I die !”

“ What means this bold intrusion ?” cried the fair,
 With peevish tone, and discontented air :
 “ What daring voice, with wearying plaint, infests
 “ The sacred grove where Persia's Princess rests ?
 “ Beggar begone, and let these clamours cease !
 “ This buys at once your absence, and my peace.”

Thus said the Princess, and indignant frown'd,
 Then cast her precious bracelet on the ground,
 And turn'd again to sleep. With joyless eye
 The fainting stranger saw the jewel lie :
 When lo ! kind Selima (the Georgian's name),
 Softly with water from the fountain came ;
 And while, with gentle grace, she gave the bowl,
 Thus sweetly sad her feeling accents stole.

—“ Humble and poor, I nothing can betow,
 “ Except these tears of pity for your woe :
 “ 'Tis all I have ; but yet, that all receive
 “ From one who fain your sorrows would relieve,
 “ From one who weeps to view such mournful scenes,
 “ And would give more, but that her hand lacks means.
 “ Drink, mother ! drink ! the wave is cool and clear,
 “ But drink in silence, lest the Princess hear !”——

Scarce are these words pronounc'd, when, bless'd surprize!
 The stranger's age-bow'd figure swells its size !
 No more the stamp of years deforms her face ;
 Her tatter'd shreds to sparkling robes give place ;
 Her breath perfumes the air, with odours sweet ;
 Fresh roses spring, wherever tread her feet,
 And from her eyes, where reign delight and love,
 Unusual splendor glitters thro' the grove !
 Her silver wand, her form of heavenly mould,
 Her white and shining robes, her wings of gold,
 Her port majestic, and superior height,
 Announce a daughter of the world of light !
 The Princess, whom her Slave's delighted cries
 Compell'd once more to ope her sleep-bound eyes,
 With wonder mix'd with awe the scene survey'd,
 While thus the Peri cheer'd the captive maid.
 “ Look up, sweet girl, and cast all fears aside !
 “ I seek my darling son's predestin'd bride,
 “ And here I find her : here are found alone,
 “ Feelings as kind, as gracious as his own.
 “ For you, fair princess, in whose eyes of blue,
 “ The strife of envy, shame, and grief, I view,

" Observe, and profit by this scene! you gave,
 " But oh! how far less nobly than your Slave!
 " Your bitter speech, proud glance, and peevish tone,
 " Too plain declar'd, your gift was meant alone
 " Your own repose and silence to secure,
 " And hush the beggar, not relieve the poor!
 " Oh! royal lady, let this lesson prove,
 " Smiles, more than presents, win a suppliant's love;
 " And when your mandates rule some distant land,
 " Where all expect their blessings from your hand,
 " Remember, with ill-will and frowns bestow'd,
 " Favours offend, and gifts become a load!"

She ceas'd, and touching with her silver wand
 Her destin'd daughter, straight two wings expand
 Their purple plumes, and wave o'er either arm;
 Next to her person spreads the powerful charm;
 And soon the enraptur'd wondering maid combin'd
 A faultless person with a faultless mind.
 Then, while with joy divine their hearts beat high,
 Swift as the lightning of a jealous eye
 The Peries spread their wings, and soar away
 To the bless'd regions of eternal day.

Stung with regret, the Princess saw too plain,
 Lost by her fault what tears could ne'er regain!
 Long on the tablets of her humbled breast,
 The Peri's parting words remain'd impress'd.
 E'en when her hand Golconda's sceptre sway'd,
 And subject realms her mild behests obey'd,
 The just reproof her conscious ear still heard;
 Still she remember'd, with ill grace conferr'd,
 Crowns to a feeling mind, less joy impart,
 Than trifles, offer'd with a willing heart.

M. G. LEWIS.

DESCRIPTION OF A PARISH POOR-HOUSE.

BEHOLD yon house that holds the parish poor,
 Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door !
 There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
 And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day ;
 There children dwell who know no parents' care ;
 Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there ;
 Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
 Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;
 Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
 And crippled age with more than childhood fears ;
 The lame, the blind, and far the happiest they !
 The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
 Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve :
 Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
 Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below ;
 Here sorrowing they each kindred sorrow scan,
 And the cold charities of man to man :
 Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride :
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
 And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;
 Who with sad pray'rs the weary doctor tease
 To name the nameless ever-new disease ;
 Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
 Which real pain, and that alone, can cure ;
 How would you bear in real pain to lie,
 Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?
 How would you bear to draw your latest breath,
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
 And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
 And lath and mud are all that lie between ;
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head.
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
 Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
 Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

CRABBE.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

AH! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
 Albion as now thy cliffs (that white appear
 Far o'er the wave, and their proud summits rear
 To meet the beams of morn) my beating heart
 With eager hope and filial transport hails
 Scenes of my youth ; reviving gales ye bring,
 As when erewhile the tuneful morn of Spring
 Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,
 And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain :
 Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave,
 Yet still I gaze and count each rising wave
 That bears me nearer to your haunts again ;
 If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
 Stranger to peace, I yet may meet her there.

BOWLES.

THE PRAISE OF THE CREATOR.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ :

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews ;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ;

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours,
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :

Yet, to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

BARBAULD.

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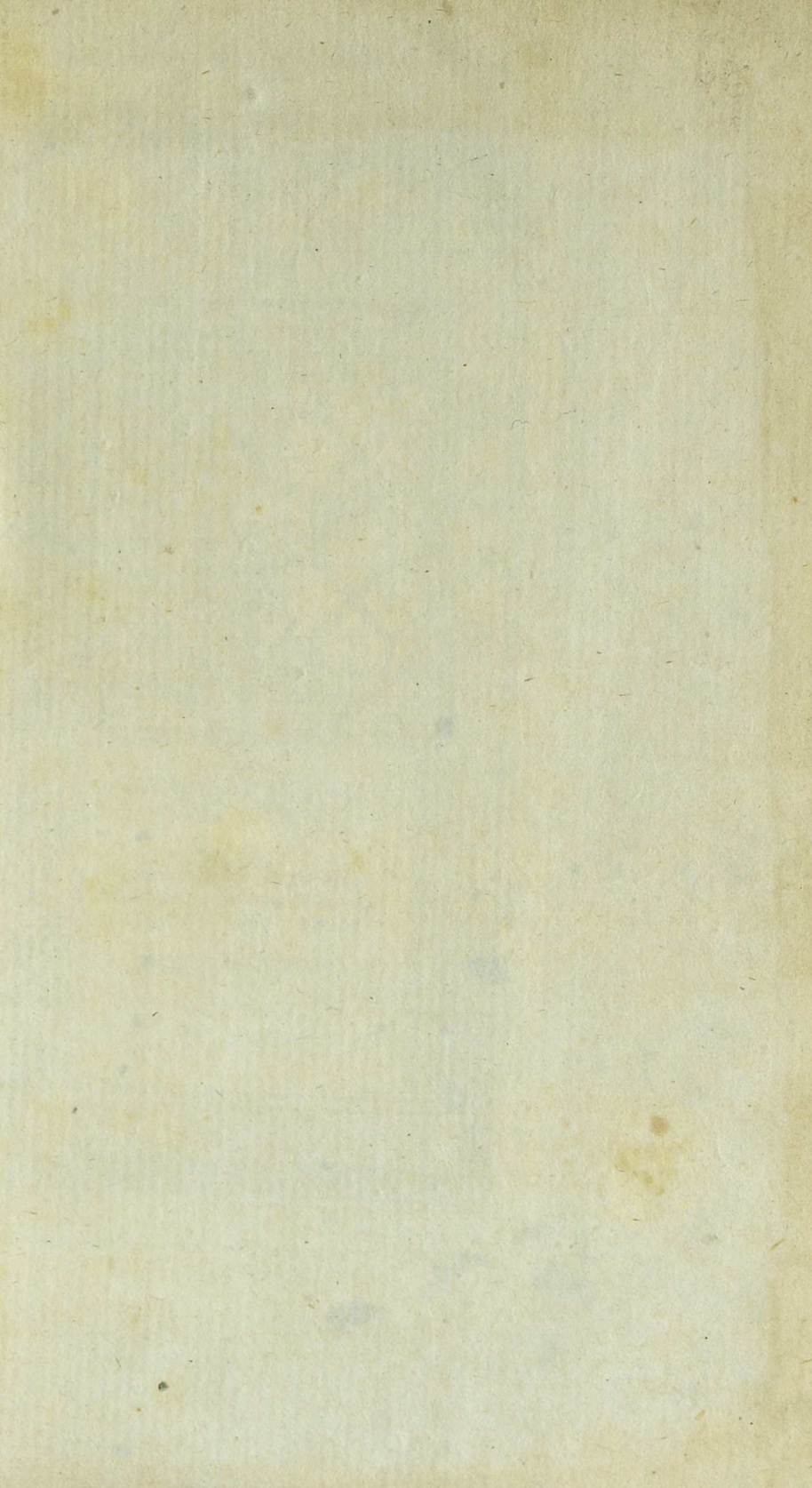
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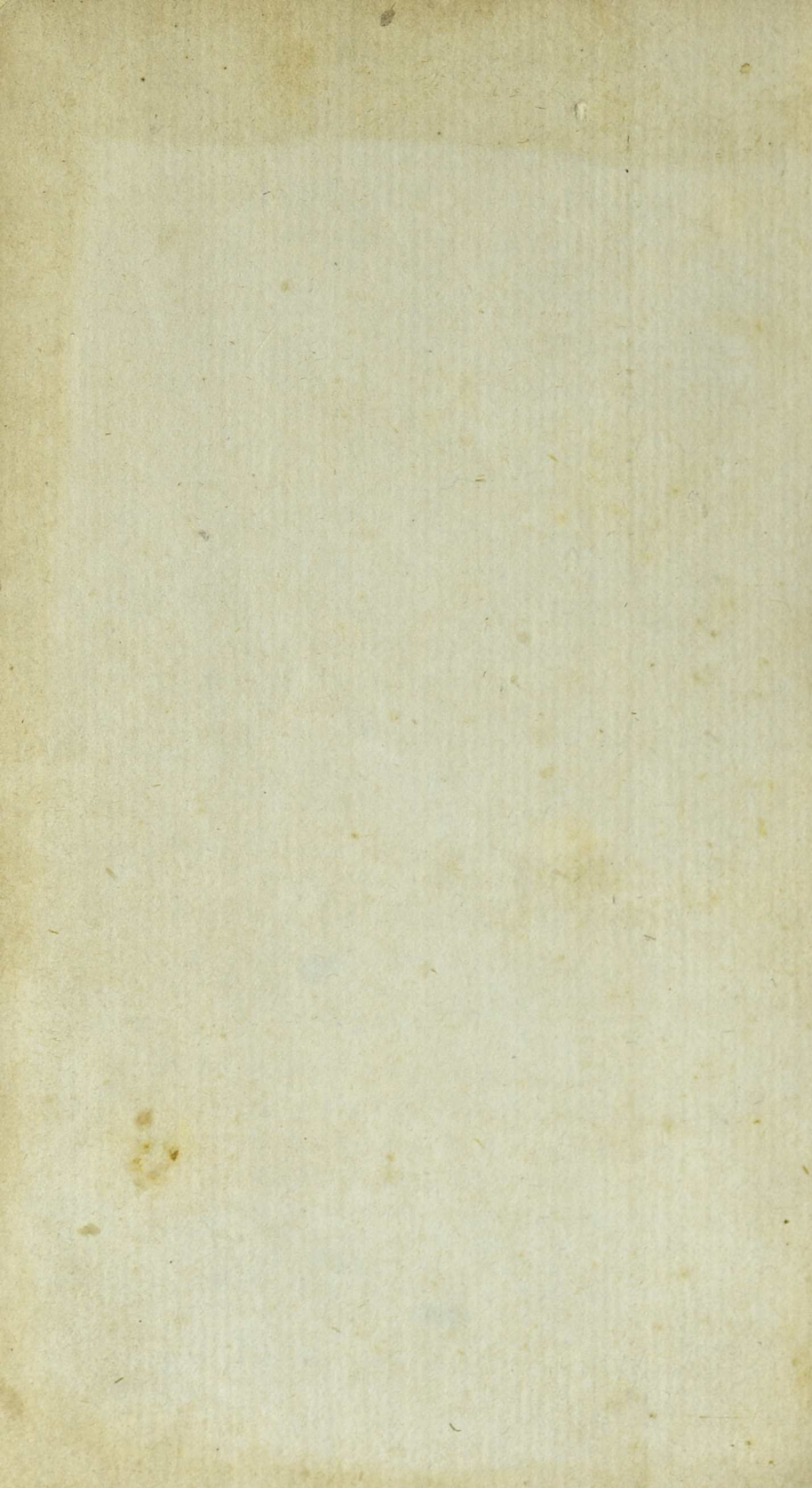
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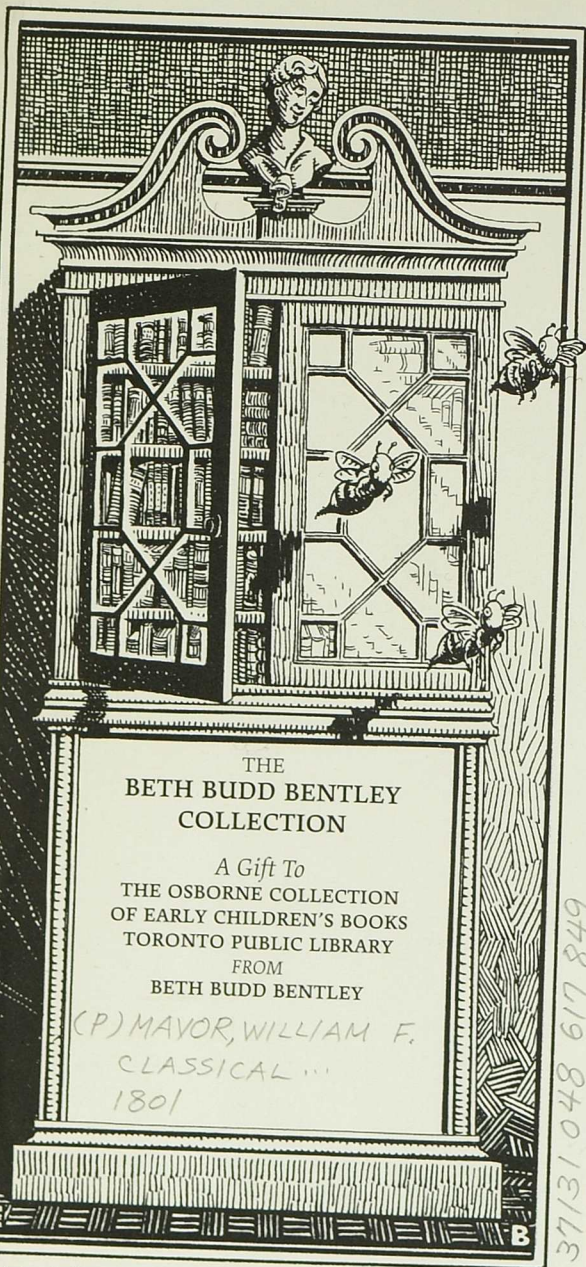
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