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BEAUTIES of MILTON

Thomson and Young.

*Interit by their sweet Poetry exalts
Her voice thro' ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
A never to die.*

Thomson



DUBLIN

Printed for the Company of Booksellers



John
O H E R
G R A C E
John T H E *John*

DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

O THOU! of Beauty's self the Pride!
Whose magic Graces charm the Heart;
To ev'ry Excellence ally'd,
That points the love-inspiring Dart;
Whose Worth's the Theme of ev'ry Swain,
Imperial Queen of Hymen's reign!

Pride of the Year, sweet Flora strows
Her earliest Flow'rs thy Paths along,
While from their Beds of gay Primrose,
The Wood-Nymphs swell thy Natal song;
Enamour'd Nature owns thy Sway,
Viewing less fair her Daughter, May!

Humility from thy meek Eye
Sheds a sweet blessing on the Poor,
Celestial Pæans round thee fly,
And thy immortal bliss secure;
Where'er the Seasons rove, we see
Some Beauty bloom, design'd for thee!

Sublime o'er all, lov'd RUTLAND, view
This Offspring of the British Muse;
A Flow'ry Chaplet twin'd for you,
That Tints or Lustre will not lose;
Their Beauties never know decay,
Here Genius triumphs over May!

London, Dec. 16, 1782.

W. H.

H C A K O

THE

POETRY OF RUTLAND.

Of the Poet of Rutland's Birthplace
And the Poet of Rutland's Birthplace

And the Poet of Rutland's Birthplace
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P R E F A C E.

THOUGH the number of books upon the plan of this volume is now pretty extensive, and all have a sufficient portion of merit to entitle them to a considerable share of applause; yet, the sublime display of genius in MILTON, THOMSON, and YOUNG, were such a temptation, that I thought I could not do a greater service to the rising youth of both sexes than by making such a selection as would improve the *Morals*, raise the opinion of English *Literature*, and give considerable strength to the dignity of *Elocution*. The *Episodes* are such as no volume can parallel, that of the Beauties of Sterne excepted. The Reader will see I have paid more attention to them than to short sentences, because I am convinced from experience how much more estimable they are deemed by the world: the extensive sale of the Beauties of Sterne is a striking testimony of the truth of my assertion. A volume of short sentences is a most useful companion for a school-boy, but a volume like that in question is a companion for every refined reader. I have put useful and illustrative notes to the Beauties of Milton from Dr. Newton's Edition of his Works.

Many are the admirers of Milton, Thomson, and Young, and a number out of the many have never tasted the sublime beauties of the *first* and the *last* of these poets: they seldom make their appearance in front, and those readers I hint at will not give themselves time to mow down the *weeds* for a view of the incomparable *flowers*. —

The cheek of Indignation may be crimsoned at my asserting there are weeds to be found in the writings of Milton, and Young, but that shall give me very little anxiety.

The admirers of beautiful writing are many, and, sure I am, out of the number, many have never *beheld its charms!* *Opinion* is as much an object of *Fashion*, as *Taste*, and the features of a *secluded Beauty* in high life, are as much the theme of the illiterate as though they were every instant in their view.

I have taken some pains in the prosecution of this work, and hope to find these Beauties well received though they do not carry the air of *novelty*.

Indeed when I reflect that Milton could obtain but fifteen pounds for his *Paradise Lost*—On Otway, Savage, Boyce, and Chatterton, being starved to death—On Smollet's *Widow* advertising for charity, and see that charity—wretched indeed! On Officers who have bravely fought in defence of our country, and whose children are in the like predicament.—When I reflect on these things, and turn my eyes on objects less meritorious, raised to the pinnacle of Fortune, through ostentation, my wonder at the vitiated choice of the world subsides into perfect indifference, and I shall rest satisfied whether this immortal offspring of British Genius meets with the patronage of the Public or not.

T H E

L I F E O F M I L T O N .

MR. John Milton was born in London Dec. 9, 1608, about nine years before Shakespeare died. He had a most liberal education, and gave several proofs of his poetic genius before he was seventeen, when he was sent to Christ's-College, Cambridge, where his obliging behaviour, added to his great learning and ingenuity, made him regarded with admiration and esteem. Having spent five years at this university, and taking up his degree of Master of Arts, he went to his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where he spent five years more in a learned retirement, in which he wrote his excellent masque of Comus, *l'Allegro, il Penferoso*, and his *Lycidas*, pieces alone sufficient to have rendered his name immortal. After which his mother dying, he obtained leave of his father to make the tour of Europe. At Paris, the lord Scudamore introduced him to the learned Grotius; at Rome, he gained the friendship of the Marquis of Villa, a nobleman of singular virtue and distinguished merit; and, in general, was every where received by the great and the learned, with the highest marks of respect. Having shipped off at Venice the books he collected in his travels, he went to Genoa, from whence he set sail to England.

We shall pass over the incidents of his public and private life after his return, as well as the various disputes in which he was engaged, as it is not our design to consider him as a politician, and an excellent prose writer, but as a poet. Though at

the restoration, which happened some time after he had lost his sight, his books were burnt by the hands of the common hangman. Mr. Milton after a short confinement easily obtained his pardon. He then retired from the world, and from a principle of conscience, bravely refused (though often solicited) to accept of the same office of Latin secretary under Charles II. which he had enjoyed under Oliver. In this retirement he wrote his *Paradise Lost and Regained*, and his *Samson Agonistes*. The first one of the finest poems the world has ever produced, the second a piece far from being void of merit, and the third, an admirable dramatic poem. His *Paradise Lost and Regained* are founded on the most important events, events in which we are all interested. The Messiah is his hero, and the Supreme with astonishing majesty is represented uttering his decrees, and sending his son to vanquish the rebel host, and to accomplish the great works of creation and redemption. The angels are as much diversified in Milton, as the gods in Homer and Virgil: And the infernal spirits have each a separate character, which they constantly sustain. And in his smaller pieces, as his *Samson Agonistes*, *Comus*, *l'Allegro, il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*, there is such strength of expression, such poetic fire, and such a noble dignity, beauty, and harmony, as render even these performances inimitable. Milton's learning and erudition was immense, he was a great historian, mathematician, logician, and divine; he was not only master of the Greek and Latin, but of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, as well as of the Spanish, French, and Italian. He was of strict morals, of a cheerful, facetious, and affable temper, and his conversation was at once delightful and instructive. He lived till he was sixty-six years of age, died of the gout in the year 1674, and his body was interred in the chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

LIFE OF THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, an admirable British poet, was the son of a minister in Scotland, and was born at Ednam in the shire of Roxburgh, the 11th of September, 1700. He studied at the university of Edinburgh, where Mr. Hamilton, who filled the divinity chair, prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which are celebrated the power and majesty of God. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a style so highly poetical, that it surprised the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton complimented him upon it, but at the same told him, with a smile, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation. From this Mr. Thomson concluded, that the advantages he might receive from the study of theology were very precarious: and having soon after received some encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother, then in London, he set out on his journey thither. Though this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, his merit did not lie long concealed: Mr. Forbes, afterwards lord president of the session, received him very kindly, and recommended him to some of his friends, particularly to Mr. Aikman, whose premature death he has affectionately commemorated in a copy of verses written on that occasion. The kind reception he met with here emboldened him, in 1726, to risk the publication of his admired poem called Winter, and from that time his acquaintance

was courted by all men of taste. Dr. Rundle, afterwards bishop of Derry, received him into his intimate confidence, and introduced him to his great friend the lord chancellor Talbot. In return Mr. Thomson's chief care was to finish the plan which their wishes had laid out for him: and the expectations which his *Winter* had raised, were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the three other seasons. Besides these, he published in 1727, his Poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased, and also his *Britannia*, a poem.

His poetical pursuits were now interrupted by his attendance on the honourable Mr. Charles Talbot, son of the lord chancellor, in his travels; with him he visited most of the courts of Europe, and what judicious observations he made on this occasion appears from his excellent poem on Liberty, which he began soon after his return to England. But while he was writing the first part of this poem, he received a severe shock by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, which was soon followed by another severer still, the death of lord Talbot himself, whom Mr. Thomson laments in the most pathetic manner, in the poem dedicated to his memory. His lordship had a little before made him secretary of the briefs; but this place falling with his patron, he found himself reduced to a state of precarious dependance, in which he passed the greatest part of the remainder of his life.

It will not here be improper to mention an incident, which, though omitted in his life prefixed to his Works, is worthy of notice. Mr. Thomson having the misfortune to be arrested by one of his creditors, the report of his distress reached the ears of Mr. Quin, who being told that he was in the hands of a bailiff, at a spunging-house in Holborn, went thither, and being admitted into the room, was, after some civilities on both sides, invited by Mr. Thomson to sit down. Quin then told him, that he was come to sup with him, and had already ordered supper to be pro-

vided, which he hoped he would excuse. Mr. Thomson made a suitable reply, and the discourse turned on subjects of literature. When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly round, Quin observed that it was time to enter upon business. On which Thomson, thinking he was come about some affairs relating to the drama, declared that he was ready to serve him to the utmost of his capacity, in any thing he should command. "Sir (said Quin) you mistake my meaning; I am in your debt; I owe you a hundred pounds, and am come to pay you." Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, that as he was a gentleman whom to his knowledge he had never offended, he wondered he should come to insult him under his misfortunes. Quin, in return, expressed his detestation of such ungenerous behaviour, adding, "I say, I owe you a hundred pounds; and there it is," laying a bank-note of that value before him. Thomson, filled with astonishment begged he would explain himself. "Why (returned Quin) I'll tell you. Soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it in my head, that, as I had something to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and among the rest of my legatees, I set down the author of the Seasons a hundred pounds; but this day hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying you the money myself, as order my executors to pay it, when, perhaps, you might have less need of it." Mr. Thomson expressed his grateful acknowledgments. The sum being much more than the debt for which he was confined, he was immediately discharged, and a very strict friendship subsisted from that time between him and his generous benefactor.

The profits Mr. Thomson received from his works were not inconsiderable; his tragedy of Agamemnon, acted in 1738, yielded a good sum. But his chief dependance was now on the protection and bounty of Frederick, prince of Wales, who, upon the re-

commendation of Lord Lyttelton, settled on him a handsome allowance; but the misunderstanding which subsisted between his royal highness and the court, prevented his obtaining a licence for his tragedy of Edward and Elconora. His next dramatic performance was the mask of Alfred, written jointly with Mr. Mallet, for the entertainment of his royal highness's court, at his summer-residence. In 1745, his *Tancred and Sigismunda* was performed with applause; and, in the mean time, he had been finishing his *Castle of Indolence*, an allegorical poem, in two cantos; which was the last piece Mr. Thomson published. Soon after, the generous friendship of Lord Lyttelton procured for him the place of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, which he enjoyed during the two last years of his life.

Mr. Thomson had improved his taste upon the finest originals, ancient and modern. The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night he commonly chose for his studies. The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the best relations of travellers. Though he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond-gardens; nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. As for the more distinguishing qualities of his mind and heart, they best appear in his writings. There his devotion to the Supreme Being, his love of mankind, of his country and friends, shine out in every page; his tenderness of heart was so unbounded, that it took in even the brute creation. It is not known, that, through his whole life, he ever gave any person a moment's pain, either by his writings or otherwise. He took no part in the political squabbles of his time, and was therefore respected and left undisturbed by both sides. These

amiable virtues did not fail of their due reward; the applause of the public attended all his productions; his friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardour, and sincerely lamented his untimely death, which happened on the 27th of August, 1748, in the 48th year of his age.

His executors were the Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Mitchell, by whose interest the tragedy of *Coriolanus*, which he had just finished, was brought upon the stage to the best advantage. His works, particularly the *Seasons*, have had several impressions. In 1762, were published two editions of his works, one in two volumes quarto, the other in four volumes duodecimo. With the profits arising from the former, which was printed by subscription, a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster-abbey; on which he is represented in full length, in a sitting posture, with his right-hand upon an open book, and his left arm resting on an urn, embellished with four figures in bass relief. On the other side stands a small winged figure holding over the urn, in his right hand, a chaplet of bays. Under it are these lines:

Tutor'd by the^o. Sweet Poetry exalts
Her voice thro' ages, and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought
Never to die.

Obiit Ætatis 48, A. D. 1748.

T H E

L I F E O F Y O U N G .

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, near Winchester, in June 1681. He was the son of Edward Young, at that time Fellow of Winchester College, and Rector of Upham. We find by Mr. Croft's life of him that Queen Mary was his god-mother. He was placed upon the foundation at Winchester College and remained there till the election after his eighteenth birth-day, the period at which those upon the foundation are superannuated. On the 13th of October 1703, he was entered an independent member of New College. In a few months the warden of New College died. He then removed to Corpus College. In 1708 he was nominated to a law fellowship at All-Souls by archbishop Tenison. On the 23d of April 1714, he took his degree of Bachelor of Civil Laws, and his Doctor's degree on the 10th of June, 1719. There are who relate, that, when first Young found himself independent, and his own master at All-Souls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality which he afterwards became. Young was certainly not ashamed to be patronized by the infamous Wharton. But Wharton befriended in Young, perhaps the Poet, and particularly the Tragedian. If virtuous authors must be patronized only by virtuous Peers, who shall point them out? Yet Pope is said by Ruffhead to have told Warburton, that "Young had much of a sublime genius, though without common sense; so that his genius having no guide, was perpetually liable to degenerate into bombast. This made him,

pass a *foolish youth*, the sport of peers and poets: but his having a very good heart enabled him to support the clerical character when he assumed it, first with decency, and afterwards with honour. The Poem on the *Last Day* was published at Oxford May 19, 1713. His next Poem was *The Force of Religion, or, Vanquished Love*. This Poem is founded on the execution of Lady Jane Gray, and her husband Lord Guildford, in 1554. The Tragedy of *Borfiris* was brought upon Drury-lane stage in 1719. And that of the *Revenge* in 1721. Young, after he took orders, became a very popular preacher, and was much followed for the grace and animation of his delivery. By his oratorical talents, he was once in his life, according to the *Biographia*, deserted. As he was preaching in his turn at St. James's, he plainly perceived it was out of his power to command the attention of his audience. This so affected his feelings, that he sat back in the pulpit, and burst into tears. His Satires were originally published separately in folio, the appearance of the first was about the year 1725. These poems he gathered into one publication under the title *The Universal Passion*. It is related by Mr. Spence, in his manuscript anecdotes, on the authority of Mr. *Rawlinson*, that Young, upon the publication of his *Universal Passion*, received from the Duke of Grafton two thousand pounds; and that, when one of his friends exclaimed, *Two thousand pounds for a Poem!* he said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for the poem was worth four thousand.

When Young was writing a Tragedy, Grafton is said to have sent him a human skull, with a candle in it, as a proper lamp. In July 1730 he was presented by his College to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. In April 1732, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and widow of Colonel Lee; and was deprived of her in the year 1740. She was soon followed by an

amiable daughter, the child of her former husband, who was just married to Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Temple did not long remain after his wife. How suddenly their deaths happened, and how nearly together, none who has read the *Night Thoughts* (and who has not read them ?) needs to be informed.

In satiate Archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, e'er thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

To the sorrow Young felt at his losses we are indebted for the *Night Thoughts*. In 1753, when the *Brothers* had lain by him above thirty years, it appeared upon the stage. If any part of his fortune had been acquired by servility of adulation, he now determined to deduct from it no inconsiderable sum, as a gift to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. To this sum he hoped the profits of *The Brothers* would amount. In his calculation he was deceived; but the Society were not losers by the bad success of the play. The author made up the sum he intended, which was a thousand pounds, from his own pocket. Young and his housekeeper were ridiculed, with more ill-nature than wit, in a kind of Novel published by Kidgell in 1755, called *The Card*, under the names of Dr. Elwes and Mrs. Fusby. Kidgell had been Young's curate. In April 1765, at an age to which few attain, a period was put to the life of Young. His epitaph is as follows:

M. S.

Optimi parentis
Edwardi Young, LL.D.

Hujus ecclesiæ recti.

Et Elizabethæ

Fœm. prænob.

Conjugis ejus amantissimæ

Pio & gratissimo animo

Hoc marmor posuit

F. Y.

Filius superstes.

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J

THE

Quirk

BEAUTIES OF MILTON.

* L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
holy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darknes 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 ‡.

* This and the following poem are exquisitely beautiful in themselves, but appear much more beautiful, when they are considered as they were written, in contrast to each other. There is a great variety of pleasing images in each of them; and it is remarkable, that the *Ulet* represents several of the same objects as exciting both mirth and melancholy, and affecting us differently, according to the different dispositions and affections of the soul. He derives the title of both poems from the Italian, which language was then principally in vogue. *L'Allegro* is the cheerful merry man. *Newton.*

† *Where brooding darknes*). Called so because darknes lets the imagination on work, to create ideal forms and beings.

Warburton.

‡ *In dark Cimmerian desert.*) The Cimmerians were people who lived in caves under ground, and never saw the light of the sun.

Newton.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n *ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
 Or whether (as some sager 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.
 Hasten 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 honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved 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,
 Through 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,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Some time 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 plough man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his sith,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 'T'raight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip round it measures,
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring 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 neighb'ring eyes *.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,

B 2

* *The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.*) *Cynosura* is the constellation of Ursa minor, or the Little Bear next to our pole : it signifies a guide.

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the 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 rebecs 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 holy-day,
 '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 frier's 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 sleave hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-lab'ers could not end ;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

* *And the jocund rebecs sound.*) *Rebec* is a three-stringed fiddle.
Newton.

† *To earn his cream-bowl duly set.*) *Reginald Scot* gives a brief account of this imaginary spirit much in the same manner with this of our Author.—“Your grand-dames, maids, were wont to set
 “ a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—his white bread and
 “ milk was his standing fee.”—*Discovery of Witchcraft*, London, 1588 and 1651. 4to. p. 66.
Perk.

And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towered 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 Shakespeare, 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 through 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 heapt Elylian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite fet free
 His half regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

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* 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,

* *Il Penseroso* is the thoughtful melancholy man; and Mr. Thyer concurred with me in observing that this poem, both in its model and principal circumstances, is taken from a song in praise of melancholy, in Fletcher's Comedy, called the *Nice Valour*; or, *Pas-sionate Madman*.
 Newton.

† *The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.*) *Morpheus*, the minister of Somnus or Sleep, so called because he feigns the very countenances, words, manners, and gestures of mankind, and exhibits them in dreams.
 Peck.

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove *
 To set her beauties 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 bow'rs 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 Cyprus 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 rapt 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 ;

* Or that starr'd Ethiop Queen, &c.) Cassiope, wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia. She was the mother of Andromeda, and was taken into Heaven; for which last reason Milton calls her the *Starr'd Ethiop Queen*. Peck.

† Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, &c.) One of the goddesses of the ancients.

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 chauntrefs oft the woods among
 I woo to hear thy even-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
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfeu sound †,

* *Sweet bird, &c.*) It is remarkable that here he begins his time from evening, as in *L'Allegro* from the early morning ; and here with the nightingale as there with the lark. And as Mr. Thyer observes, this rapturous start of the Poet's fancy in praise of his favourite bird is extremely natural and beautiful : and 'tis worth the reader's while too to observe, how finely he makes it serve to connect his subject, and insensibly as it were to introduce the following charming night-scene. *Newton.*

† *I hear the far-off Curfeu sound, &c.*) William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at eight of the clock, and that all persons should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed ; the ringing of which bell was called Curfeu, *Fr. Course-feu*, that is, cover fire. The frequent alliteration of the letter S, inimitably expresses the motion and sound of a great heavy bell. We almost think we hear it,

Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with lull'd roar.

Newton.

Over some wide water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with fullen 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 bleis 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 Demons 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 coming sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower ‡

* *Where I may oft out-watch the Bear.*) The constellation so called, that never sets. Newton.

† *With thrice great Hermes.*) *Hermes Trismegistus.* The Egyptian philosopher, flourished a little after Moses. He maintained the truth of one God against the idolatry and polytheism of his countrymen. Peck.

‡ *Might raise Musæus from his bower.*) The poet Musæus makes the most distinguished figure in Virgil's Elysium, *En. VI. 667.* Newton.

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 Algarife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride ;
 And if ought else great bards beside
 In sage and solid tunes have sung,
 Of turneys 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,
 Not trickt and frounc'd as she was wont †
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to sting
 His flaming 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.

* *The story of Cambuscan bold.*) He means Chaucer and his Squire's tale. Newton.

† *Not TRICKT and FROUNC'D as she was wont.*) *Trickt* signifies *dress*. *Frounc'd*, crisped, curled, frizzled. Newton

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 thie,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery 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 cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic 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 through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
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 every 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.

*The Arrival of SATAN at Hell; and the Allegory
of SIN and DEATH*.*

SATAN with thoughts inflam'd of high'st design,
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd's the gates of hell
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds,
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
 Ply, stemming nightly tow'rd the pole: so seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
 Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice three fold the gates; three folds were
 brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantinè rock;
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,

* The flight of Satan to the gates of Hell is finely imaged. The genealogy of the several persons is contriv'd with great delicacy; Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring of Sin. The reader will observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted, by one common interest to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly Sin is made the portress of Hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of tortures. The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas.

Abdija.

I look upon the sublimity of Homer, and the majesty of Virgil with somewhat less reverence than I used to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to shew me in the first of these any thing equal to the allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatness and justness of the inventions, or the height and beauty of the coloring.

Atterbury to Pope.

Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape ;
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting : about her middle round
 A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal ; yet, when they list, would creep,
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there ; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,
 Lur'd with the smell of infant-blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either ; black it stood as Night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides ; Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd ; God and his Son except,
 Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd ;
 And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, thou grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee :

14. THE BEAUTIES OF MILTON.

Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
Art thou that traitor-Angel, art thou He,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heav'n.
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where-I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
'Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
'Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
'To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung

Had not the snaky forcerefs that fat
 Faft by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Kis'n, and with hideous outcry rufh'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
 Againſt thy only Son? What fury, O Son,
 Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart
 Againſt thy Father's head? and know'ſt for whom:
 For him who ſits above and laughs the while
 At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids;
 His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.

She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
 Forbore; then theſe to her Satan return'd.

So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
 Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
 Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
 In this infernal veal firſt met thou call'ſt
 Me Father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my Son:
 I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
 Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.

'T' whom thus the portrefs of Hell-gate reply'd.
 Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
 Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
 In Heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in fight
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
 In bold conſpiracy againſt Heav'n's King,
 All on a ſudden miſerable pain
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
 In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
 Threw forth; till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
 Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
 Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd
 Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
 All th' hoſt of Heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid
 At firſt, and call'd me Sin, and for a ſign
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,

I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becam it enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else?) to our almighty foe
 Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
 Through all the empyrean, down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this deep; and in the general fall
 I also; at which time this pow'rful key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my entrails that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out, Death;
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded, Death.
 I fled; but he pursu'd, (though more, it seems,
 Inflam'd with lust than rage,) and, swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother, all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me; for when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw

My bowels, their repast ; then bursting forth
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 'That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death, my son and foe ; who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd ; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be ; so fate pronounc'd.
 But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly ; for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd ; and the subtle Fiend his lore
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
 Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of ; know
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee ; and all the Heav'nly host
 Of Spirits, that in our just pretences arm'd
 Fell with us from on high : from them I go
 'This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round ; a place of bliss
 In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room ; though more remov'd,
 Let Heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought

Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
 To know; and this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd,
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and
 Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd; and bless'd his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire.

The key of this infernal pit by due,
 And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful King,
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
 But what owe I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly born,
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
 Thou art my Father, thou my author, thou
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And tow'rd's the gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;
 Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers

Could once have mov'd ; then in the key-hole turns
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfastens : on a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus *. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r ; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host,
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array ;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
 And time, and place are lost ; where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

PARAD. LOST, Book II. p. 139.

* The most profound depth of Hell.

Newton.

MILTON'S *Address to the SUN.*

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblam'd ? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
 Before the Heav'n's thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite *.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne †,
 With other notes than to th' Orphëan lyre ‡,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath §,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget

* *Won from the void and formless infinite.*) Void must not here be understood as emptiness, for Chaos is described full of matter; but void, as destitute of any formed being, void as the earth was when first created. Richardson.

† *Through utter and through middle darkness.*) Through Hell, which is often called *utter darkness*, and through the great gulf between Hell and Heaven, the *middle darkness*. Newton.

‡ *Orphëan lyre*) Orpheus made a hymn to Night; which is still extant, he also wrote of the creation out of Chaos. Orpheus was inspired by his mother Calliope only, Milton by the *heavenly Muse*; therefore he boasts he sung with other notes than Orpheus, though the subjects were the same. Richardson.

§ — the flow'ry brooks beneath.} Kedon and Siloh.

Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind *Thamyris*, and blind *Mæonides* *,
 And *Tiresias*, and *Phineus*, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

PARAD. LOST, Book III.

* Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*.) *Mæonides* is Homer, (so called from the name of his father *Mæon*. *Thamyris* was a Thracian by birth, and invented the Doric mood or measure.

ADDRESS *from the DEITY to his SON.*

O Thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least,

Though last created ; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join ;
And be thyself Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth : be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd, and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redcem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss,
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high ; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds ;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne ;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shall reign

Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King ; all power
I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits ; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce ;
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning Archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal ; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and Angels ; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies ;
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from bless'd voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions : lowly reverent,
Tow'rd's either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold ;

Immortal amarant *, a flow'r which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of blis through midst of
 Heav'n

Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream :
 With these that never fade, the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams ;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took ;
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

PARAD. LOST, Book III. p. 64.

* *Immortal amarant, &c.*) A flower of a purple velvet colour, which though gathered, keeps its beauty when all other flowers fade, recovering its lustre by being sprinkled with a little water, as Pliny affirms.

SATAN'S *Address to the Sun*.*

O Thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King.
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was,
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I disdain'd † subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me high't, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,

* Satan being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered while he was in Hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it: he reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation: but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing Man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the Sun is very bold and noble. This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole Poem.

Addison.

† Disdain'd.

Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd ;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd ; what burden then ?
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 'Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not ? some other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part ; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Had'st thou the same free-will and pow'r to stand ?
 Thou hadst : whom hast thou then, or what t' accuse,
 But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all ?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay, curs'd be thou ; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 'To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O then at last relent : is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but by submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the Sp'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boasts so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
 'The lower still I fall, only supreme

In misery : such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace, my former state ; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore ? ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep :
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher : therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace :
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
 Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost :
 Evil be thou my good : by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 256.

Description of ADAM and EVE.

TWO of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honor clad
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all :
 And worthy seem'd ; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),
 Whence true authority in men : though both

Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd :
 For contemplation he, and valor form'd ;
 For softness she and sweet attractive^{oo} race ;
 He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthian locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd ;
 'Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works, honor dishonorable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity, and spotless innocence !
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or Angel ; for they thought no ill :
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met ;
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born.
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain-side
 They sat them down ; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gard'ning labour than iustic'd
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine-fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline

On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
 The favory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as befeems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 279.

ADAM'S *Address to EVE, relative to the Tree of
 Knowledge, and EVE'S Reply.*

SOLE partner*, and sole part, of all these joys,
 Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite;
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Ought whereof he hath need; he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
 Confer'd upon us, and dominion given

C 3

* *Sole-partner, &c.*) The speeches of these two first lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth, but at the same time founded upon truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of Paradise. *Addison.*

Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task,
 To prune these growing plants and tend these flowers,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
 Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmur'd sound
 Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer'ing looks
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,

And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race. What could I do,
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan *; yet methought less fair
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd;
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee be'ng I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father; half her swelling breast
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms
 Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
 That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
 With kisses pure.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 290.

C. 4

* *Under a platan.*) The plane tree, so named from the breadth of its leaves; a tree useful and delightful for its extraordinary
Notes.

*Discourse between ADAM and EVE, retiring to rest,
with the Description of their Bower.*

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray *
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were sunk ; all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung :
Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament
With living saphirs : Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids : other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest ;

* This is the first evening in the Poem ; for the action of the preceding books lying out of the sphere of the Sun, the time could not be computed. When Satan came first to the earth, and made that famous soliloquy at the beginning of this book, the Sun was *ligh in his meridian tower* : and this is the evening of that day ; and surely there never was a finer evening ; words cannot furnish out a more lovely description. The greatest Poets in all ages have, as it were, vied one with another in their descriptions of evening and night ; but for the variety of numbers and pleasing images, I know of nothing parallel or comparable to this to be found amongst all the treasures of ancient or modern poetry. There is no need to point out the beauties of it ; it must charm every body, who does but read it or hear it.

Newton.

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity.
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways ;
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 'To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labor, to reform
 Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon; with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth ;
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to-tread with ease :
 Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

'To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
 Unargu'd I obey : so God ordains ;
 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft show'rs ; and sweet the coming on,
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train :
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glist'ring with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,

Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd.
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
 These have their course to finish round the earth,
 By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Minitt'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things; which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 'Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar * virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were
 none,

That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake (and when we sleep):
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others note,
 Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night †, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.

* — (stellar, &c.) Relating to the stars.

† Divide the night, &c.) Into watches, as the trumpet did among the ancients, sounding as the watch was relieved, which was called *dividing the night*.
 Newton.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bow'r : it was a place
 Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to Man's delightful use ; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade—
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin *
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
 wrought

Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem : other creature here,
 Beatt, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none ;
 Such was their awe of Man. In thadier bower
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
 And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our fire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
 In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,

* *Iris all hues, &c.* The flower-de-luce so called from resembling the colors of the iris or rainbow.

And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 306.

W E D D E D L O V E .

H A I L wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise of all things common else.
 By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from Men
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities *
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,

* ——— *all the charities*) All the endearments of consanguinity and affinity.

Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
 Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours,
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight-ball,
 Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 319.

ADAM'S *Morning Salutation* ; and EVE'S *Account*
of her Dream.

NOW morn her rosy steps * in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
 As airy light from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapours bland, which th' only fount
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough ; so much the more

* *Now morn her rosy steps, &c.*) This is the morning of the day after Satan's coming to the earth ; and as Homer makes the morning with *rosy fingers*, so Milton gives her rosy steps, and vi. 3. a *rosy hand*. The morn is first gray, then rosy upon the nearer approach of the sun. And she is said to sow the earth, &c. by the same sort of metaphor as Lucretius says of the sun, II. 211.

— (t lumine *conspicit arva*.)

Mr. Thyer adds that the same allegorical description he remembers to have seen in Shakespeare, and more poetically expressed :

— The morn in saffron robe,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Newton.

Any one acquainted with Shakespeare must see Dr. Newton's error in the first line of his quotation, which runs in Hamlet thus :

— The morn in russet mantle clad.

His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest : he on his side,
 Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes *,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake,
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever-new delight,
 Awake : the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us ; we lose the prime †, to mark how spring
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colors, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye
 On Adam ; whom embracing, thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd ; for I this night
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrows next design ;
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night : methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said,
 Why sleep'st thou Eve ? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light

* *Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes.*) As when the soft
 western gales breathe on the flowers. Exceeding poetical and
 beautiful. Richardson.

† The prime of the day.

Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
 If none regard : Heav'n wakes with all his eyes ;
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire ?
 In whole sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd, through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
 And, as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
 By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;
 And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor Man ? Is knowledge so despis'd ?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offer'd good ; why else set here ?
 This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted : me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold.
 But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men :
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The author not impair'd, but honor'd more ?
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
 Partake thou also ; happy though thou art,
 Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be :
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,
 But sometimes in the air, as we sometimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see

What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant favory smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation; suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep: but O how glad I wak'd,
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself, and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear:
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know, that in the soul
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve
 Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
 Her office holds; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
 Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private cell when nature rests.
 Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
 To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unprov'd, and leave

No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope:
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud these looks,
 That wont to be more chearful and serene,
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
 And let us to our fresh employments rise,
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd;
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste:
 But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landkip all the east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid
 In various style; for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from her lips, in prose or numerous verse,
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

ADAM and EVE'S Orisons to the DEITY.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good*
 Almighty, thine this universal frame.
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen.
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r 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'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arifes, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise

* *These are thy glorious works, &c.*) The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of those Psalms, where in the overflowings of gratitude and praise the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm, which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise, which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.

In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st 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 steaming lake, dusky or gray,
'Till the sun paint your fleecing skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'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 ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

The BATTLE of ANGELS.

_____ THE shout
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midit exalted as a God
 'Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
 Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields ;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length : before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
 Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold ;
 Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
 O Heav'n ! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and realty
 Remain not : wherefore should not strength and
 might
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable ?
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
 I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd
 Unfound and false ; nor is it ought but just,
 'That he who in debate of truth hath won,
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor ; though brutish that contest, and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is that reason overcome.
 So pondering, and from his armed peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have
reach'd

The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finished thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness; but thou feelt
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my feast thou feelt; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye advance,
'Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in with'd hour
Of my revenge, first fought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
'Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met,
'Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring Sp'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n.

Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove
 To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote :
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature ; God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 'To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
 Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd ;
 Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd ;
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect : mean while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstay'd ; as if on earth
 Winds underground, or waters forcing way,
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest ; our joy fill'd, and shout,
 Preſage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battle : whereat Michael bid sound
 Th' Arch Angel trumpet ; through the vast of
 Heav'n

It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the High'st : nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd

The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage: all Heav'n
Resounded; and had earth been then, all Earth
Had to her center shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himself rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then

Conflicting fire : long time in even scale
 The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell d
 Squadrons at once ; with huge two handed sway,
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference. At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heav'n, the arch-foe subdu'd
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself,
 And thy adherents ; how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion ? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now prov'd false ? But think not here
 To trouble holy rest ; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So spake the Prince of Angels ; to whom thus
 The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind

Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
 To chase me hence? Err not, that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
 The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
 Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
 Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
 And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such height
 Of Godlike pow'r? for likest gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion; such as, to let forth
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung.
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition in mid sky
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both, with next to' almighty arm
 Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 As not of pow'r at once; nor nods appear'd
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword

Of Michael from the armoury of God
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd,
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring, shar'd
 All his right side : then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore
 'The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him : but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
 Not long divisible ; and from the gash
 A stream of noct'rous humour issuing flow'd
 Sanguine, such as celestial Spi'rits may bleed,
 And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of war : there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
 'To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
 Yet soon he heal'd ; for Spi'rits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die ;
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,
 They limb themselves, and color, shape, or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
 Of Moloch, furious king ; who him defy'd,
 And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound

Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
 Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
 Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
 Vanquish'd Adramelech *, and Asmadai,
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods
 Diddain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and
 mail †.

Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
 Ariel and Arioch ‡, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.

I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
 For strength from truth divided, and from just,

* *Adramelech.*) Hebrew, *Mighty magnificent King*, one of the idols of Sepharvaim, worshipped by them in Samaria, when transplanted hither by Salmanser. *And the Sepharaites burnt their children in the fire to Adramelech*, 2 Kings xvii. 31. *Asmadai*, the lustful and destroying Angel Asmodeus, mentioned Tobit iii. 8. who robbed Sarah of her seven husbands; of a Hebrew word signifying to *destroy*. Hume.

† *—plate and mail.*) *Plate* is the broad solid armour. *Mail* is that composed of small pieces like shells, or scales of fish laid one over the other; or something resembling the feathers as they lie on the bodies of fowl. Richardson.

‡ *Ariel and Arioch.*) Two fierce Spirits, as their names denote. *Ariel* Hebrew, *the lion of God*, or a *strong lion*. *Arioch* of the like signification, *a fierce and terrible lion*. *Ramiel* Hebrew, *one that exalts himself against God*. Hume.

Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

PARAD. LOST, Book VI. p. 436.

*The ANGELS Second Battle, and the MESSIAH'S
 Victory on the Third Day.*

NOW when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd*,
 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to arms
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply †, refulgent host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed
 scour,

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow
 But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

* There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of Angels. The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our Author, to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel Angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors, so it entered very properly into the thoughts of that being, who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his maker.

Addit'n.

† *Of golden panoply.*) With golden armour from head to foot completely armed.

Ilumne.

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure: let each
His adamant coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling show'r,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm
And onward move imbattled: when behold
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the Fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however witness Heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,

With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
 Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
 With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce; at each behind
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd;
 Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose
 roar

Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
 Of iron globes; which on the victor host
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands. Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
 The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
 Have easily, as Spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferr'd files
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends why come not on these victors proud?
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast, (what could we more?) propounded
 terms

Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
 If our proposal once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Babel in like gamesome mood,
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbled many: who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand;
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory; eternal might
 To match with their inventions they presum'd
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them
 arms

Against such bellish mischief fit to' oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
 (For earth hath this variety from Heav'n
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
 Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
 From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
 They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
 Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
 When coming towards them so dread they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
 Till on those cursed engines triple-row

They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep ;
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
 Main promontories flung, which in the air
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions
 arm'd ;

Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and
 bruis'd

Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such pris'n, though Spi'rits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.

The rest in imitation to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore :
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade ;
 Infernal noise : war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar : horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose. And now all Heav'n
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread ;
 Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd :
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
 To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All pow'r on him transferr'd : whence to his Son,
 Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began.

Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by deity I am,
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
 To days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,
 Since Michael and his pow'rs went forth to tame
 These disobedient ; fore has been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd :

For to themselves I left them ; and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,
 Save what sin hath impair'd ; which yet hath
 wrought

Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found :
 War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd ; which
 makes

Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue' and grace
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
 In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare ;
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 'To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir, and to be King
 By sacred unction thy deserved right.
 Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might,
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
 Pursue these sons of darkness ; drive them out
 From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep :
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God, and Messiah his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
 Shone full ; he all his Father full express'd
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;
 And thus the Filial Godhead answ'ring spake.

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best ; thou always seek'st
 To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
 As is most just ; this I my glory' account,

My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
 Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume ;
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 'Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st :
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 'Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount
 Unfeign'd Halleluiahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
 So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose *
 From the right hand of glory where he sat ;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through Heav'n. Forta rush'd with whirl-
 wind found
 The chariot of Paternal Deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself intinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
 By four Cherubic shapes ; four faces each
 Had wondrous ; as with stars their bodies all

* *So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose, &c.* The description of the Messiah's going out against the rebel Angels is a scene of the same sort with Hesiod's Jupiter against the Titans. They are both of them the most undoubted instances of the true sublime ; but which has exceeded, it is very difficult to determine. There is, I think, a greater profusion of poetical images in that of the latter ; but then the superior characters of a Christian Messiah, which Milton has with great judgment and majesty supported in this part of his work, gives a certain air of religious grandeur, which throws the advantage on the side of the English Poet. *Thyer.*

And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
 Of beryl, and careering fires between * ;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch.
 He in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim †, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended ; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow,
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd ;
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire.
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came, far off his coming shone ;
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen.
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the crystalline sky, in saphir thron'd,
 Illustrious far and wide ; but by his own
 First seen : then unexpected joy surpris'd,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
 Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heav'n ;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
 Under their Head imbodied all in one.
 Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd ;
 At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious ; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
 In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell ?

* — the wheels of beryl, and careering fires between ;) The *beryl* is a precious stone of a sea-green color, and *careering fires* are lightnings darting out by fits.

† *Urim* signifies *light*.

But to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
 They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
 Took envy; and aspiring to his height,
 Stood reimbattled fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall
 In universal ruin last *; and now
 'To final battle drew, disdain'g flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
 'To all his host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand,
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
 Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
 'The punishment to other hand belongs;
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
 Nor multitude; stand only, and behold
 God's indignation on these godless pour'd
 By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
 Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
 Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme
 Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,
 Hath honor'd me, according to his will.
 'Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
 'That they may have their wish, to try with me
 In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
 Or I alone against them, since by strength
 'They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.
 So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld,

* Dr. Bentley, reads *last*.

And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the found
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their
strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd.
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n;
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heav'n; which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse

Urg'd them behind ; headlong themselves they threw.
Down from the verge of Heav'n ; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell : confounded Chaos roar'd,
And left tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin : Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd ;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd ;
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to reign ; he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high ; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

PARAD. LOST, Book VI. p. 474.

*Formation of the WORLD, and MAN, related by
RAPHAEL, to ADAM.*

THE Son on his great expedition now appeared *;
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine ; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God ; where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage ; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord ; Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.

* The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the worlds were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of Angels, and cloathed with such a majesty as becomes his entering upon a work, which according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our Author raised upon that hint in one of the Prophets! *And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass.* Zech. vi. 1. I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of the gates of Heaven ; and shall here only add, that Homer gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening of themselves ; though he afterwards takes off from it by telling us, that the *Hours* first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

Addison.

On heav'nly ground they stood *, and from the
shore

They view'd the vast immeasurable abyfs
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault,
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end;
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice; him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe.

This universe, and all created things;
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world.

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter uniform'd and void; Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyfs; but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outspread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
'Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life; then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place

* On heav'nly ground they stood, &c.) I do not know any thing in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down on the Chaos, calming its confusion, rising into the midst of it, and drawing the first out-line of the creation.

Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And Earth self-balanc'd on her center hung.

Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn,
Nor past uncelebrated*; nor un Sung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning
prais'd

God and his works. Creator him they sung,
Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters; and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing; for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud music

* *Nor past uncelebrated, &c.* The beauties of description lie so very thick, that it is almost impossible to enumerate them. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work; and to assist among the quires of Angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day.

Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame ;
 And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament : so ev'n
 And morning chorus sung the second day.

'The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
 Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,
 Appear'd not ; over all the face of earth
 Main ocean flow'd ; not idle, but with warm
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe,
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial moisture ; when God said,
 Be gathered now ye waters under Heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.
 Immediately the mountains huze appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky ;
 So high as heav'd, the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters ; thither they
 Hastened with glad precipitance, uproll'd
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry ;
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste ; such flight the great command im-
 press'd.

On the swift floods ; as armies at the call
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
 Soft ebbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill,
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
 And on the wathy ooze deep channels wore ;
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
 All but within those banks, where rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
 The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters he call'd seas ;
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth

Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
 And fruit tree yielding fruit after her kind,
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green ;
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
 Opening their various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet : and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Imbattled in her field, and th' humble shrub,
 And bush with frizzl'd hair implicit : last
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 Their blossoms * : with high woods the hills were
 crown'd

With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers ; that earth now
 Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might
 dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
 Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was ; but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth
 God made, and every herb, before it grew
 On the green stem ; God saw that it was good :
 So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
 High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide
 The day from night ; and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
 And let them be for lights as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of Heav'n
 To give light on the Earth ; and it was so.

* Put forth their blossoms, — to bud forth.

And God made two great lights, great for their use
 To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night altern; and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of Heav'n
 'To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good;
 For of celestial bodies first the sun
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,
 'Though of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
 And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field;
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
 And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns:
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades * before him danc'd,
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,
 But opposite in levell'd west was set,
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light

* The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus, which rising about the time of the vernal equinox, are called by the Latins *Vergilæ*. Our poet therefore in saying that the Pleiades danced before the sun at his creation, intimates very plainly that the creation was in the spring according to the common opinion.

From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines.
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere; then first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
 Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Display'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n.
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave,* in sculls that oit
 Bank the mid sea; part single or with mate
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance,
 Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch; on smooth the seal,
 And bended dolphins play; part huge of bulk
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean; there leviathan,

*————— in sculls that oit

Bank the mid sea:) Shoals of fish so vast, that they appear like
 mighty banks in the midst of the sea. Sculls and shoals are vast
 multitudes of fish, of the Saxon *scoule*, an assembly. Hume.

Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory, ſleeps or ſwims,
 And ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
 Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and ſhores,
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that
 ſoon

Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
 Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and ſledge
 They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime.
 With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In proſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their * eyries build:
 Part looſely wing the region, part more wiſe
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way †,
 Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
 Their airy caravan high over ſeas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
 Floats, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes;
 From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong
 Solac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
 Till ev'n; nor then the ſolemn nightingale
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
 Others on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breſt; the ſwan, with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 The dank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons, tower
 The mid aerial ſky; others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds
 The ſilent hours, and th' other whoſe gay train

* Their neſt.

† ——— rang'd in figure wedge their way.) Pliny has deſcribed certain birds of paſſage, flying in the form of a wedge, and ſpreading wider and wider. Thoſe behind reſt upon thoſe before, till the leaders being tired are in their turn received into the rear.

Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry' eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last arose
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God said,
Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and th' beast of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait
Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown; out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd,
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung:
The grassy clods now calv'd*, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head; scarce from his mold
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness; fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants; ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm; those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,

* Dr. Pearce justly observes, to *calve* (from the Belgic word *Kalven*) signifies to bring forth; it is a general word, and does not relate to cows only; for *hinds* are said to *calve* in Job xxxix. 1. and Psalm xxix. 9. Newton.

With spots of gold and purple', azure and green ;
 These as a line their long dimension drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all
 Minims * of nature ; some of serpent-kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
 The parsimonious emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty ; swarming next appear'd
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stor'd ; the rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
 names,

Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
 First wheel'd their course ; earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely mild ; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was
 walk'd

Frequent ; and of the sixth day yet remain'd ;
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end
 Of all yet done ; a creature who not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes

* The word was in use before for an order of Fryars, *Minim minimi*, so called from affected humility. *Newton.*

Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works : therefore th' omnipotent
 Eternal Father (for where is not he
 Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
 This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
 The breath of life : in his own image he
 Created thee, in the image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Female for race ; then bless'd mankind, and said,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
 And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 'This garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste ;
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee ; all sorts are here that all th' earth
 yields,
 Variety without end ; but of the tree,
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may'st not ; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st ;
 Death is the penalty impos'd ; beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he [had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good ;
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day ;
 Yet not till the Creator from his work

Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created world,
 Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
 Follow'd with acclamation and the found
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
 Resounded, (thou remember'it, for thou heard'st),
 The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung
 The glorious train ascending. He through Heav'n,
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
 To God's eternal house direct the way;
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the
 seventh

Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
 Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his great Father; for he also went
 Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege

Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things ; and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept ; the harp
 Had work, and rested not ; the solemn pipe
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire *
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison : of incense clouds
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
 Creation and the six days acts they sung,
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
 Thy pow'r ; what thought can measure thee, or
 tongue

Relate thee ? greater now in thy return
 Than from the giant-Angels : thee that day
 Thy thunders magnifi'd, but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire ? Easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostate, and their counsels vain
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might : his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another Heav'n,
 From Heav'n gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline †, the glassy sea ;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destin'd habitation ; but thou know'st

E 2

* *All sounds on fret by string or golden wire*) On the finger-board of a bass-viol, for instance, are divisions athwart, by which the sound is regulated and varied. These divisions are called frets.

Richardson.

† The glassy sea.

Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
 And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
 Created in his image, there to dwell,
 And worship him; and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshippers
 Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright.
 So sung they, and the empyrean rung
 With Halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.

PARAD. LOST, Book VII. p. 21.

ADAM'S *Account of himself* to RAPHAEL.

AS new wak'd from soundest sleep *
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun

* *As new wak'd from soundest sleep, &c.*) Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the beautiful landscape that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion? Adam is afterwards described as surpris'd at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the light of reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the effect of some being infinitely good and powerful, and that this being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination. His next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden, which

Soon dry'd, and on the reaking † moisture fed.
 Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet : about me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams ; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling ; all things simil'd,
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led :
 But who I was, or where, or from that cause,
 Knew not ; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake ;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 What'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ?
 Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in-pow'r pre-cminent ;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,

E. 3

was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagin-
 ed, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story. These and
 the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work have in them
 all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have
 all the graces of nature. They are such as none but a great Ge-
 nius could have thought of, though, upon the perusal of them,
 they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats.
 In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious, which is
 the true character of all fine writing. *Addison.*

† ——— *reoking*) or reeking, is the same as steaming or smoking
 from the Saxon *Rec*, smoke. This idea is not the most delicate.

Newton.

And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 'This happy light, when answer none return'd,
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
 Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve ;
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
 First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 First Father ; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 'To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
 And over fields and waters, as in air
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain ; whose high top was plain,
 A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
 Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
 'Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat ; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
 My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submit ; he rear'd me, and Whom thou sought'st
 I am,
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou see'st
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine

To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat :
 Of every tree that in the garden grows ;
 Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth ;
 But of the tree whose operation brings
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
 Amid the garden by the tree of life,
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence ; for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
 From that day mortal, and this happy state
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
 Not to incur ; but soon his clear aspect
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 To thee and to thy race I give ; as lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds ; I bring them to receive
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection ; understand the same
 Of fish within their watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 Their element, to draw the thinner air.
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two, these cowering low
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endu'd
 My sudden apprehension. But in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still ;
 And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all these,

Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
 Surpassest far my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,
 And all this good to Man? for whose well-being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
 Their language and their ways? they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
 So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ord'ring. I, with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.
 Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferior far beneath me set?
 Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity
 The one intense, the other still remiss,
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek; fit to participate
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lions;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl

So well converse, nor with the ox the ape ;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd.

A nice and subtle happiness I see
'Thou to thyself propos'st, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state ?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not ? who am alone
From all eternity ; for none I know
Second to me, or like ; equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?

He ceas'd ; I lowly answer'd. To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things ;
'Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found : not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Should'st propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though one ;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
'Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd :
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
 My image, not imparted to the brute.
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still : I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone ;
 And no such company as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,
 To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet :
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy otherself,
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more ; for now
 My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height
 In that celestial colloquy sublanc,
 As with an object that excels the sense
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
 Of fancy, my internal light, by which
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd :
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,

'That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd not
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfeelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 'The spirit of love, and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
 'To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: on she came,
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage-rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
 Before me: Woman is her name, of Man
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or, to say all,
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd:
 I follow'd her, she what was honor knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd

My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r
 I led her blushing like the morn; all Heav'n
 And happy constellations on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening-star
 On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

PARAD. LOST, Book VIII. p. 86.

EVE'S Ascendency over ADAM, RAPHAEL'S Advice to him, relative to his Conduct towards her, and ADAM'S Reply.

..... W H E N I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
 And in herself compleat, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows;
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow,
Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part ;
Do thou but thine ; and be not diffident
Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself ;
Then value : oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well-manag'd ; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows :
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honor thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattle and each beast ; which would not be
To them made common, and divulg'd if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What high'r in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still ;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not : love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious ; is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend ;
Not sunk in carnal pleasure ; for which cause
Among the beasts no meat for thee was found.
To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd.
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought

In procreation common to all kinds
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem),
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions mix'd with love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair
 More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.
 Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing; yet still free
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
 Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide:
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask.
 Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how their love
 Express they, by looks only, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel, with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
 Us happy, and without love no happiness,
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
 (And pure thou wert created), we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars:
 Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
 But I can now no more; the parting sun
 Beyond the earth's green Cape* and verdant isles

* Beyond Cape de Verd, the most western point of Africa, and verdant isles, the islands of Cape de Verd, a knot of small islands

Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy', and love; but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons,
 'The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the Blest; stand fast; to stand or fall
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
 Perfect within, no outward aid require;
 And all temptation to transgresses repel.

PARAD. LOST, Book VIII. p. 110.

islands lying off Cape de Verd, subject to the Portuguese. *Hesperian sets*, sets westward, from Hesperus the evening star appearing there, *my signal to depart*, for he was only to stay till the evening.

ADAM'S *Advice to EVE, to avoid Temptation.*

O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left
 Of all that he created, much less Man,
 Or ought that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r;
 Against his will he can receive no harm.
 But God left free the will, for what obeys
 Reason, is free, and reason he made right,
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinform the will

To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely if from me
 'Thou sever not; trial will come unsought.
 Would'it thou approve thy constancy? approve
 First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think, trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence, rely
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

PARAD. LOST, Book IX. p. 153.

GOD'S *Sentence in* PARADISE.

FROM his radiant seat he rose
 Of high collateral glory; him Thrones and Pow'rs
 Princedoms, and Dominions ministrant
 Accompanied to Heaven gate, from whence
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended strait: the speed of Gods
 'Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
 Now was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour

To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in
 The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
 Came, the mild judge and intercessor both,
 To sentence Man. The voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they
 heard,

And from his presence hid themselves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
 Where obvious duty' ere while appear'd unfought:
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve more loath, though
 first

To' offend; discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd:
 Love was not in their looks, either to God
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy', and hate, and guile.
 Whence Adam falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief.
 I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoic'd; how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam fore beset reply'd.

O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge, either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life;
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame
 By my complaint: but strict necessity

Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
 This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill;
 And what she did, whatever in itself,
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'ran Presence thus reply'd.
 Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
 Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 Whercin God set thee' above her, made of thee
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
 Were such as under government well seem'd,
 Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few.
 Say, Woman, what is this which thou have done?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd.
 The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To judgment he proceeded on the accus'd
 Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
 The guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation, justly then accus'd,
 As vitiated in nature: more to know

Concern'd not man, (since he no further knew),
 Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best :
 And on the serpent thus his curse let fall.
 Because thou hast done this thou art accurs'd
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field ;
 Upon thy belly grov'ling thou shalt go,
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
 Between thee and the woman I will put
 Enmity, and between thine and her seed ;
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verify'd
 When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,
 Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heav'n,
 Prince of the air ; then rising from his grave
 Spoil'd Principalities and Pow'rs, triumph'd
 In open show, and with ascension bright
 Captivity led captive through the air,
 The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd :
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ;
 Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise.
 And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.
 Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
 By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth ; and to thy husband's will
 Thine shall submit : he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.
 Because thou' hast hearken'd to the' voice of thy
 wife,

And eaten of the tree, concerning which
 I charg'd thee, say'ing, Thou shalt not eat thereof :
 Curs'd is the ground for thy sake ; thou in sorrow
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life ;
 Thorns also' and thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid ; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field.
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
 'Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou

Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

PARAD. LOST, Book X. p. 224.

ADAM'S Soliloquy after his FALL.

O Miserable of happy' ! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of blessed ? hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness ! yet well, if here would end
The misery ; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings : but this will not serve ;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*,
Now death to hear ! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head ?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head ? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam ; but his thanks
Shall be the execration : so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes !
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mold me Man ? did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden ? As my will

Concurr'd not to my be'ing, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign and render back
 All I receiv'd, unable to perform
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I fought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes ? inexplicable
 Thy justice seems ; yet, to say truth, too late
 I thus contest ; then should have been refus'd
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd :
 Thou didst accept them ; wilt thou' enjoy the
 good,

Then cavil the conditions ? And though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
 Prove disobedient and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget me' ? I fought it not :
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse ? yet him not thy election,
 But natural necessity, begot.
 God made thee' of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him ; thy reward was of his grace ;
 Thy punishment then justly' is at his will.
 Be' it so, for I submit ; his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
 O welcome hour whenever ! why delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fix'd on this day ? why do I overlive ?
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain ? how gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible ? how glad would lay me down
 As in my mother's lap ? there I should rest
 And sleep secure ; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die ;
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spi'rit of Man

Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
 With this corporeal clod ; then in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death ? O thought
 Horrid, if true ! yet why ? it was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd ; what dies but what had life
 And sin ? the body properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die : let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also ? be it, Man is not so,
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on Man whom death must
 end ?

Can he make deathless death ? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument
 Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite
 In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigour
 Satisfy'd never ? that were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law,
 By which all causes else according still
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity : Ah me, that fear
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head ; both Death and I
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both ;
 Nor I on my part single, in me all
 Posterity stands curs'd : fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, Sons ; O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none !
 So disinherited how would you bless
 Me, now your curse ! Ah, why should all mankind

For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all disputes
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction; first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou sup-
 port
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future,
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.
 O conscience, into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

PARAD. LOST, Book X. p. 283.

CHRIST *interceding with his Father for ADAM,*
and the ALMIGHTY's Reply.

SEE, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
 From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
 And pray'rs, which in this golden censer mix'd
 With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring;
 Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy seed

Soon with contrition in his heart, than those
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
 To supplication; hear his sighs though mute:
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me,
 Interpret for him, me his advocate
 And propitiation; all his works on me,
 Good or not good, ingraft; my merit thofe;
 Shall perfect: and for these my death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in me from these receive
 The smell of peace tow'ard mankind; let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
 Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, (which I
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
 To better life shall yield him, where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me, as I with thee an one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
 Those pure immortal elements, that know
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd, with happiness
 And immortality: that fondly lost,
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
 Till I provided death; so death becomes
 His final remedy, and after life
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,

Wak'd in the renovation of the just,
Religns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.

PARAD. LOST, Book XI. p. 318.

L Y C I D A S *.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due ;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destin'd urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my fable shroud.
For we were nurs't upon the self-same hill,

F

* In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester, on the Irish seas, 1637 ; and by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Tow'ard Heav'n's descent had stop'd his westring
wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
'Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
'Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
deep

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wifard stream :
Ay me ! I fondly dream
Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchancing son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spi'rit doth rise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
'That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
'That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged winds
'That blows from off each beaked promontory;
'They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
'That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flow'r inscribed with woe.
 Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake,
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his mitr'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 'Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it then? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swol'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alphcus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flourets of a thousand hues.
 Ye Valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Being the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white-pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daisiadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks tow'ard Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the

waves,

Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

Vol. IV. p. 184.

VIRTUE, WISDOM, and CONTEMPLATION.

V I R T U E could see to do what Virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day :
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,

Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 124.

MEDITATION *and* BEAUTY.

MUSING Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unincharmed eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 125.

C H A S T I T Y.

SHE that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells

By grotts, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of Chastity?

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th'
 woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,

And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe?

So dear to Heav'n is faintly Chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,

Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants

Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,

And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,

Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,

Lets in defilement to the inward parts,

The foul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrates, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnal vaults, and sepulchres,
 Ling'ring, and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 128.

PHILOSOPHY.

HOW charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Ibid. p. 133.

TRUE LIBERTY.

TRUE Liberty
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells -
 'Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being;
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
 Immediately inordinate desires
 And upstart passions catch the government
 From reason, and to servitude reduce
 Man till then free.

PARAD. LOST, Book XII. p. 400.

*The MESSIAH'S Opinion of EARTHLY GLORY
and PRAISE.*

WHAT is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the
 praise?
 They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 'To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
 His lot who dares be singularly good.
 'Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.

PARAD. REGAIN'D, Book III. p. 137.

*The MESSIAH'S Opinion of EARTHLY
WARRIORS.*

THEY err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inslave
 Peaceable nations, neighb'ring or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,

And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 'Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worshipt with temple, priest and sacrifice;
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
 Till conqu'ror Death discovers them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.

PARAD. REGAIN'D, Book III. p. 39.

PROWESS of BODY and MIND.

O H how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
 When God into the hands of their deliverer
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
 Hardy and indutrious to support
 'Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue
 The righteous and all such as honor truth;
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigor arm'd,
 'Their armories and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useles, while
 With winged expedition
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

SAMSON AGONISTES, Vol. III. p. 292.

On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honor'd
bones

The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Vol. IV. p. 45.

SONG: *On MAY MORNING.*

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Vol. IV. p. 44.

VIRTUE *and* EVIL.

VIRTUE may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd ;
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd : if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 143

P A T I E N C E.

MANY are the sayings of the wise
 In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
 Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude ;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought ;
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

SAMSON AGONISTES, Vol. IV. p. 253.

SONNET. *On his deceased WIFE.*

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused faint
 Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband gave,
 Reſcued from death by force, though pale and
 faint.

Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the old Law did ſave,
 And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
 Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
 Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
 Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
 I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

Vol. IV. p. 235.

S P I R I T S.

———— SPIRITS when they pleaſe
 Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
 And uncompounded is their eſſence pure;
 Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
 Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chuſe
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
 Can execute their airy purpoſes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.

PARAD. LOST, Book I. p. 13.

P A I N.

W H A T avails
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with
 pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remis the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine;
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils; and excessive, overturns
 All patience.

PARAD. LOST, Book VI. p. 150.

H Y P O C R I S Y.

N E I T H E R man or angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only' evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth:
 And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
 At Wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
 Refrains her charge, while goodne's think no ill
 Where no ill seems.

PARAD. LOST, Book III. p. 76.

The LADY *reproving* COMUS.

I HATE when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she good caterefs
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and befitting share
 Of that which lewdly pamper'd luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That have so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
 Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth

Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
 shake,

Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 159.

SONNET *to the* NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon blooming spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

Vol. IV. p. 215.

ECHO: A SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen,
 Within thy aery shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 110.

*BELIAL's Instructions to seduce the MESSIAH, and
 SATAN's Reply.*

SE T women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found ;
 Many are in each region passing fair
 As the noon sky ; more like to Goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive. virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t'approach,
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
 Severe't temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,
 As the magnetic, hardest iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
 And made him bow to the Gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
 Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself ; because of old
 'Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring
 Their shape, their color, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
 For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
 Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state ;
 Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd :
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
 Of greatest things ; what woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
 Of fond desire ? or should she confident,
 As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 'T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell ;
 How would one look from his majestic brow
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
 All her array ; her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent awe ? for beauty stands
 In th' admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive ; cease to' admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden flighting quite abash'd :
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honor, glory, and popular praise.

THE BEAUTIES OF THOMSON.
BY
THE
LONDON

THE

BEAUTIES OF THOMSON.

THE

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Mirk

BEAUTIES OF THOMSON.

DEPARTURE of WINTER.

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

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

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

Forth fly the tepid Airs, and unconfm'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives

Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
 Drives from their stalls to where the well-us'd
 plough

Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost :
 There unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
 Mean-while incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step, and lib'ral throws the grain
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heav'n ! for now laborious Man
 Has done his part. Ye soft'ning Breezes, blow !
 Ye soft'ning Dews, ye tender Showers, descend !
 And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
 Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
 In ancient times the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings and awful fathers of mankind ;
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war, then, with unweary'd hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye gen'rous Britons ! venerate the plough ;
 And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded. As the sea
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,

So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exub'rant, Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er ev'ry land, the naked nations clothe,
 And be th' exhaustless gran'ry of a world!

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

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy-forest stands display'd
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales,
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colors of the flushing year,
 By nature's swift and secret-working hand
 The garden glows, and fills the lib'ral air
 With lavish fragrance, while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
 Bury'd in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps
 Oft' let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 drops

From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
 Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk,
 Or taste the smell of dairy, or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpl'd show'r

Of mingled blossoms, where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 3.

SPRING *unfolding her* BEAUTIES.

THE north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heav'n
Breathes the big clouds with vernal show'rs distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether, but by swift degrees
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom,
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of ev'ry hope and ev'ry joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-implo'ring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,

And forests seem impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
 In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
 'The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
 Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade while Heav'n descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flow'rs, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth,
 And while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country color round
 Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life,
 'Till in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs
 around
 Full swell the woods; there ev'ry music wakes,
 Mixt in mild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean-time refracted from yon' eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense, and ev'ry hue unfolds
 In fair proportion running from the red

'To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism,
 And to the sage instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 'To catch the falling glory; but amazed
 Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
 'Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soften'd shade and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand diff'rent plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the pow'r
 Of botanists to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search, or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way, or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innum'rous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
 The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce
 With vision pure, into these secret stores
 Of health and life, and joy? the food of Man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years, unlesh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
 Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;

For their light slumbers gently fum'd away,
 And up they rose as vig'rous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
 Mean-time the song went round; and dance and
 sport,

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

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
 The fabling poets took their Golden Age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious pow'rs
 Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
 Is of the poise within. The passions all
 Have burst their bounds, and reason, half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or, pale

And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry pow'r.
 Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire.
 Which, selfish joy disdain'g, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells,
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm ; whence, deeply rankling grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
 Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence :
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
 And joyless Inhumanity pervades
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 8.

F I S H I N G.

NOW when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whit'ning, down their mossy tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,
 While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,

'The rod fine tap'ring with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
 Convulsive, twilt in agonizing folds,
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

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

The next pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious point where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly,
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Straight as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook ;
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
 With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless pray scarce bends your pliant rod,
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heav'n,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 'The speckled captive throw : but should you lure

From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear :
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desp'rate takes the death
 With fullen plunge : at once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode,
 And flies aloft, and slounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 16.

NATURE *superior to FANCY* : *And the POET'S*
Invocation to AMANDA.

————— WHO can paint
 Like Nature ? Can Imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In ev'ry bud that blows ? If Fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah ! what shall language do ? ah ! where find words
 Ting'd with so many colors, and whose pow'r,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,

That inexhaustive flow continual round?
 Yet tho' successful will the toil delight.
 Come then ye virgins and ye youths! whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, Amanda! come, pride of my song!
 Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
 Oh, come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flow'rs to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores
 Irriguous spreads. See how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
 In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk
 Where the breeze blows from yon' extended field
 Of blossom'd beans: Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, lib'ral, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flow'rs,
 The negligence of nature, wide and wild,
 Where undisguis'd by mimic Art, the spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye:
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
 Thro' the soft air the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
 Sucks its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
 And oft', with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders; now the bow'ry walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps,
 Now meets the bended sky; the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
 The forest dark'ning round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
 But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders bright with dew,
 And in yon' mingled wilderness of flow'rs
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms ev'ry grace;
 'Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus, of unnumber'd dyes;
 The yellow wall-flow'r, stain'd with iron brown,
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
 Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
 To family; as flies the father-dust
 The varied colors run, and while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes;
 Nor Hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
 Nor, show'r'd from ev'ry bush, the damask rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,

With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom.

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

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 19.

LOVE and MUSIC in the feather'd World.

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled; but no sooner grows
'The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
'Than all, alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of Morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copse

Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Pending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes : when lilt'ning Philomela deigns
 'To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 'The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
 'The mellow bull-finch answers from the grove ;
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flow'ring furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
 Innum'rous songsters in the fresh'ning shade
 Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous ; the jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert, while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

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

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,

Pleasure, or food, or secret safety, prompts,
 That Nature's great command may be obey'd ;
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
 Some to the rude, protection of the thorn
 Commit their feeble offspring ; the cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests :
 Others apart, far in the grassy dale
 Or rough'ning waste their humble texture weave :
 But molt in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fixt. Among the roots
 Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes,
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 't is nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent ; and often from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft', when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the barn a straw ; till soft and warm,
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfil'd, the callow young,

Warin'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family ! demanding food
 With constant clamour : O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring, bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young,
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Ev'n so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of gen'rous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot, amid the distant woods
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heav'n,
 Oft' as they, weeping, eye their infant train
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn ; exalting love,
 By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighb'ring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
 Th' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the head
 Of wand'ring swain the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
 In long excursion, skims the level lawn
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck hence
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen, flutters : pious fraud ! to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its bright ning lustre lost ;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,

Which, clear and vig'rous, warbles from the beech.
 O then, ye Friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes ! this barb'rous art forbear !
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls,
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
 Her sorrows thro' the night, and on the bough
 Sole sitting, still at ev'ry dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain, and, weighing oft' their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky,
 'This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown.
 Unlavish wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some ev'ning, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heav'ns, and look abroad
 On Nature's common, far as they can see
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails ; their pinions still
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
 Trembling refuse, till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives

Its plummy burden, and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead
 Farther and farther on, the length'ning flight,
 Till vanish'd ev'ry fear, and ev'ry pow'r
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
 And once rejoicing, never know them more.

SPRING Vol. I. p. 24.

FORCE of SPRING on MAN.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man.
 When heav'n and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being and serene his soul,
 Can he forbear to join the gen'ral smile
 Of Nature? can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove
 Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye fordid Sons of Earth!
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
 Or only lavish to yourselves: away!
 But come, ye gen'rous minds! in whose wide
 thought
 Of all his works creative Bounty burns
 With warmest beam, and on your open front
 And lib'ral eye sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want; nor, till invoc'd
 Can restless Goodness wait; your active search
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working Heav'n, surprizing oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladiome plenty o'er the world;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,

Ye flow'r of human race ! In these green days
 Reviving Sicknels lifts her languid head,
 Life flows afresh, and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the pow'r of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought and contemplation still :
 By swift degrees the love of Nature's works,
 And warms the bosom, till at last sublim'd
 'To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world !

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 34.

LOVE, REPENTANCE, JEALOUSY, and CON-
 NUBIAL BLISS.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year,
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and leis, the live carnation round ;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom yields
 With palpitations wild ; kinds tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic pow'r, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah ! then, ye Fair !
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts ;
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
 Downcast, and low, in meek submission dress'd,
 But full of guile : let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will ; nor in the bow'r,

Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While Ev'ning draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love;
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 't is too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-lostness pours:
 Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapp'd in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace,
 Th' enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heav'n,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty and death;
 And still false-warbling in his cheated ear
 Her Syren voice, enchanting draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of Love
 Inglorious laid, while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine and wanton hours,
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest; a quick returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart, where honor still,
 And great design, against the oppressive load
 Of luxury by fits impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes arous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless muting fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blait the bloom of life?
 Neglected fortune flies, and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around, the darken'd sun
 Loses his light; the rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping Fancy pines, and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All Nature fades extinct, and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses ev'ry thought,
 Fills ev'ry sense, and pants in ev'ry vein.
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends,
 And sad amid the social band he sits,

Lonely and inattentive. From his tongue
 Th' unfinish'd period falls; while borne away
 On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair,
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 'To glimm'ring shades and sympathetic glooms,
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling streams
 Romantic hangs: there thro' the pensive dusk
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost:
 Indulging all to love, or on the bank
 'Thrown amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
 With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his; or while the world
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear,
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page
 Meant for the moving messenger of love,
 Where rapture burns on rapture, ev'ry line,
 With rising frenzy fir'd: but if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies:
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy pow'r
 In any posture finds; till the gray Morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest.
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 'That o'er the sick imagination rise,

And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft' with th' enchantress of his soul he talks
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retir'd
 To secret-winding flow'r enwoven bow'rs,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths,
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapp'd, or shrinks aghast
 Back from the bending precipice, or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore, where succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores,
 But strives in vain ; borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
 These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
 Corroding ev'ry thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye Fairy Prospects, then,
 Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bow'rs of joy,
 Farewel ! ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow tinging plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah, then, instead of love enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire ;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek.
 Where the whole poison'd soul malignant sits,
 And frightens Love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views

Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours
 Afresh her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins,
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;
 For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds
 'Thro' flow'ry tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of sever'd rapture or of cruel care,
 His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.
 But happy they! the happiest of their kind;
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings, blend,
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnat'ral oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love,
 Where friendship full exerts her softest pow'r,
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence; for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungen'rous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care
 Well merited consume his nights and days:
 Let barb'rous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;

Let Eastern tyrants from the light of heav'n
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a mere lifeless violated form,
 While those whom love cements in holy faith
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all :
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ?
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind or mind-illumin'd face :
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heav'n.
 Mean time a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees
 The human blossom blows, and ev'ry day,
 Soft as it rolls along shews some new charms,
 The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care,
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh ! speak the Joy, ye whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart ;
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease, and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving heav'n.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love,
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy, and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garlands on their heads ;

Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep :
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 37.

MORNING *in* SUMMER; *with the* POET'S
 ADDRESS *to the* SUN.

WHEN now no more th' alternate 'Twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the Night,
 And soon, observant of approaching Day,
 'The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east,
 'Till far o'er ether spreads the wid'ning glow,
 And from before the lustre of her face
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
 Brown Night retires ; young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawnly prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine,
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limpes aukward ; while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy,
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells.
 And from the crowded fold in order drives
 His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
 And springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song?
 For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half,
 The fleeting moments of too short a life,
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves, when ev'ry Muse
 And ev'ry blooming pleasure wait without
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?

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

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

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

Informer of the planetary train!

Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mafs, inert and dead,
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life,
 How many forms of being wait on thee!
 Inhaling fpirit, from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee fublim'd, down to the daily race,
 The mixing myriads of thy fetting beam?

The vegetable world is alfo thine,
 Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as thro thy vast domain
 Annual along the bright ecliptic road
 In world-rejoicing ftate it moves fublime.
 Mean-time th' expecting nation, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or fend grateful up
 A common hymn, while round thy beaming car,
 High-teen, the Seasons lead, in fprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rofy finger'd hours;
 The Zephyrs floating loofe, the timely Rains,
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
 And foften'd into joy the furly Storms;
 Thefe in fucceffive turn with lavish hand
 Show'r ev'ry beauty, ev'ry fragrance flow'r,
 Herbs, flow'rs, and fruits, till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flufh'd the vernal year.

Nor to the furface of enliven'd earth,
 Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal trefles, is thy force confin'd,
 But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The min'ral kinds confefs thy mighty pow'r.
 Effulgent hence the veiny marble fhines;
 Hence labour draws his tools; hence burnifh'd

War

Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
 Hence blefs mankind, and gen'rous Commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itfelf, impregn'd by thee;
 In dark retirement forms the lucid ftone:
 The lively di'mond drinks thy pureft rays,

Collected light, compact, that polish'd bright,
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
 At thee the ruby lights its deepning glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.
 From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
 Its hue cerulean; and, of ev'ning tinct,
 The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns;
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of spring,
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green em'erald shows: but, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whit'ning opal play thy beams,
 Or flying, sev'ral from its surface form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter mazes the relucient stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys
 Wildly thro' all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruin glitters; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use
 Unequal far, great delegated source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy, below!

NOON *in* SUMMER, HAY-MAKING, and SHEEP-SHEARING.

HOME from his morning task the swain re-
treats,

His flock before him stepping to the fold,
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Shelt'ring, embrace, direct their lazy flight,
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embow'r'd
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.

Faint underneath the household fowls convene;
And in a corner of the buzzing shade
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale, till waken'd by the wasp
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the noisy summer race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
Not mean, tho' simple, to the Sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad, by the light air upborne;
Lighter, and full of soul. From ev'ry chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs
To higher life by myriads forth at once
Swarming they pour, of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand diff'rent tribes,
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly, where on the pool
They sportive wheel, or, sailing down the stream,

Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout
 Or darting falcon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray, there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
 In the fresh leaf: luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit ev'ry flow'r
 And ev'ry latent herb; for the sweet task
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
 Employs their tender care: some to the house,
 The fold and dairy, hungry bend their flight,
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
 Off', inadvertent from the milky stream
 They meet their fate, or welt'ring in the bowl
 With pow'rless wings around them wrapp'd expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death, where gloomily retir'd
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
 Of carcasses in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around:
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wand'rer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shews his front:
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line,
 And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs
 Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd; the flutt'ring
 wing

And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon,
 Or drowsy shepherd as he lies reclin'd.
 With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
 Of willows grey close-crowding o'er the brook.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose,
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,

Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Ev'n stooping Age is here, and infant hands
 Trail the long rake, or with a fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
 Or, as they rake the green appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The ruffet haycock rises thick behind,
 In order gay: while, heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides; and oft the swain,
 On some, impatient, seizing, hurls them in:
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
 The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream,
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race, where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill, and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white the gather'd flocks

Are in the wattled pen innu'm'rous press'd,
 Head above head; and rang'd in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
 Shines o'er the rest, the past'ral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd king,
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Mean-time their joyous task goes on apace;
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some
 Deep on the new-thorn vagrant's heaving side
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along:
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
 By needy man, that all depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
 What softness in its melancholy face,
 What dumb-complaining innocence appears!
 Fear not, ye gentle Tribes! 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care,
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

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

THUNDER, LIGHTNING, *and the Story of*
CELADON *and* AMELIA.

'TIS list'ning fear and dumb amazement all ;
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud,
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heav'n
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds ; till over-head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze :
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar.
 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulling heav'n and earth !

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone descending rain. Wide-rent the clouds
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
 Black from the stroke above the smould'ring pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie :
 Here the soft flocks ; with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In Fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull,
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the catted cliff,
 The venerable tow'r and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
 Wide flaming out, their trembling inmate shake,

Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar : with mighty crush
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of *Penmanmaur*, heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and *Snowden's* peak
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Far-scen the heights of healthy *Cbeviot* blaze,
 And *Thulé* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled
 thought ;

And yet not always on the guilty head
 Descends the fated flash. Young *Celadon*
 And his *Amelia* were a matchless pair ;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone ;
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd ; but such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of Innocence and undissembing Truth.
 'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self,
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd pow'r
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled ; till in evil hour
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
 While with each other bless'd creative Love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.

Prefaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on *Celadon* her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.

In vain assuring love and confidence
 In Heav'n repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On ying faints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said,
 " Sweet Innocence! thou stranger to offence,
 " And inward storm ! He, who yon' skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 " That wades at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless ; and that very voice
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
 " To clasp Perfection !" From his void embrace,
 Mysterious Heav'n ! that moment to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb
 The well-diffembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent and for ever sad.

SUMMER, Vol. I. p. 88.

DAMON and MUSIDORA.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,
 Where winded into pleasing solitudes
 Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs :
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse murm'ring fell, and plaintive breeze that
 play'd
 Among the bending willows, falsely he
 Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.

She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coynefs or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd, save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her down-cast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in fifted sighs.
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart,
 And if an infant passion struggled there
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !
 A lucky chance that oft decides the fate
 Of mighty monarchs then decided thine ;
 For, lo ! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 'This cool retreat his Musidora sought :
 Warm in her cheek the fultry season glow'd,
 And rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do ? in sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutt'rings, he a while remain'd :
 A pure ingenious elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few,
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire ;
 But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in virtue ! say,
 Say, ye Severest ! what would you have done ?
 Mean-time this fairer nymph than ever bless'd
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
 'The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood :
 Ah, then ; not Paris on the piny top
 Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
 'The rival goddesses the veil divine
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, Damon, thou, as from the snowy leg
 And slender foot th' inverted silk she drew :
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone,
 And thro' the parting robe the alterate breast,
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desp'rate Youth !
 How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,

As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
 'Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd,
 And ev'ry beauty soft'ning, ev'ry grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed;
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild,
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill conceal'd, and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew
 Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd at last
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if ought profane to love
 Can e'er be deem'd; and struggling from the shade
 With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,
 'Trac'd by his ready pencil on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my

"Fair!

"Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
 "Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy haunt,
 "To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 "And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:
 So stands the statue* that enchants the world;
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 'The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recov'ring, swift she flew to find those robes

H 5

* The Venus of Medici.

Which blissful Eden knew not; and array'd
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd:
 But when her Damon's well known hand she saw
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted, even a sense
 Of self approving beauty, stole across
 Her busy thought. At length a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul,
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
 "Dear Youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 "By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
 "Alas! not favour'd less, be still, as now
 "Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."
 SUMMER, Vol. I. p. 94.

EVENING *and* NIGHT in SUMMER, *with an*
 ADDRESS to PHILOSOPHY.

CONFESS'D from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether soft'ning, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air,
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth, then that of deeper dye
 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn,

While the quail clamours for his running mate,
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn as swells the breeze
 A whit'ning show'r of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature nought disdains; thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd feeds the wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
 The beauty whom perhaps his wile's heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk and unfrequented, where
 At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
 In various game and revelry, to pass
 The summer night, as village stories tell;
 But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious Violence. The lonely tow'r
 Is also shunn'd, whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes on ev'ry hedge
 The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark
 A moving radiance twinkles. Ev'ning yields
 The world to Night, not in her winter-robe
 Of massy Stygian wool, but loose array'd
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye,
 While wav'ring woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heav'n
 Thence weary Vision turns, where leading soft

These silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
 When day-light tikkens till it springs afresh,
 Unrivall'd reigns the fairest lamp of night.
 As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd gaze the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky, or horizontal dart
 In wondrous snapes, by fearful murm'ring crowds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 'That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space
 Returning with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends,
 And as he sinks below the shading earth
 With awful train projected o'er the heav'ns
 'The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 'Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 'The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
 Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great; they in their pow'rs exult,
 'That wondrous force of thought which mounting
 spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While from his far excursion thro' the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent,
 'To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
 From his huge vap'ry train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the num'rous orbs
 'Thro' which his long ellipses winds; perhaps
 'To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 'To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene Philosophy! with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence and truth!

A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon, and pure as that
 Whole mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day.
 Hence thro' her nourish'd pow'rs, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the flutt'ring crowd, and angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions or th' abyss
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
 The first up-tracing from the dreary void
 The chain of causes and effects to him,
 The world-producing Essence, who alone
 Possesses being; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heav'n and earth,
 And ev'ry beauty delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

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

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
 A savage, roaming thro' the woods and wilds
 In quest of prey, and with the unfashion'd fur
 Rough-clad, devoid of ev'ry finer art
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic; nor the heav'n conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
 Mother severe of infinite delights;

Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than nonexistence worse; but thought by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace,
 To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all,
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 The ruling helm; or, like the lib'ral breath
 Of potent Heav'n, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

SUMMER, Vol. I. p. 107.

I N D U S T R Y.

—————ATTEMPER'D suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm, while broad and brown below
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand: for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
 The clouds fly diff'rent, and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along;
 A gaily checker'd heart-expanding view,
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough Pow'r!
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of ev'ry gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life:
 Raiser of human-kind! by Nature cast
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods

And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite, but idle all,
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast
 Slept th' lethargic pow'rs ; Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the lib'ral hand
 Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year ;
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shiv'ring wretch !
 Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak North,
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost ;
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
 And the wild season fordid pin'd away ;
 For home he had not ; home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Ev'n desolate in crowds ; and thus his days
 Roll'd heavy, dark and unenjoy'd, along ;
 A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth ;
 His faculties unfolded, pointed out
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand
 Of Art demanded : shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic pow'rs,
 To dig the min'ral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blast ;
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood and hue the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn ;

With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The gen'rous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-resuming soul of decent Wit;
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace:
 And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below.

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

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

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant; the big warehouse built,
 Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street,
 With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames!
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts

Shot up their spires : the bellying fleet between
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd regular to harmony : around
 The boat light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent Toil
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with
 oak,

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

Then, too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
 Its ample roof, and Luxury within
 Pour'd out her glitt'ring stores ; the canvass smooth,
 With glowing life protub'rant, to the view
 Embodiy'd rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming Art imagination-flush'd.

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

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 116.

A HARVEST PICTURE.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
 In fair array each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate

By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,
 While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
 And, conscious, glancing oft on ev'ry side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest, pick.
 Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf with charitable stealth
 The lib'ral handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you,
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide hover round you like the fowls of heav'n,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of Fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 12c.

PALEMON *and* LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
 And Fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth;
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of ev'ry stay save Innocence and Heav'n,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bathful modesty conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn

Which Virtue sunk to poverty would meet
 From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs ;
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for Loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowring woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia ! till at length compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was ! the gen'rous and the rich !
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train

To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze.
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 'The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :

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

When strict enquiring from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto! who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame avow'd and bold,
 And as he view'd her ardent o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

- " And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
 " She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 " So long in vain? O Heav'ns! the very same,
 " The soften'd image of my noble friend;
 " Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry feature,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring,
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 " That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah! where,
 " In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted Heav'n?
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
 " Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
 " O let me now into a richer soil
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and
 " show'rs
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest, influence,
 " And of my garden be the pride and joy.
 " Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits
 " Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick
 " The very refuse of those harvest fields
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
 " hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 " The fields, the master, all, my Fair! are thine,
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the pow'r of blessing thee."

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While pierc'd with anxious thought she pin'd away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate,
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her ev'ning hours ;
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A num'rous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 121.

HARE *and* STAG-HUNTING.

POOR is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd, the rushy fen, the ragged furze ;
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath, the stubble chap'd ;
 The thistly lawn, the thick-entangled broom ;
 Of the same friendly hue the wither'd fern ;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook :
 Vain is her best precaution, tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes, |
 By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in.
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
 In scatter'd fullen op'nings, far behind,
 With ev'ry breeze she hears the coming storm :
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The fighting gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of Game is up at once :
 The pack full-op'ning various ; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase : and the loud hunter's shout ;

O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy!

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the less'ning murd'rous cry behind;
Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the North,
He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood.

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his ev'ry shift.

He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
The glades mild op'ning to the golden day,
Where in kind contest with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To loose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? his once-so-vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course, but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair;
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish, while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous-chequer'd sides with gore.

DECLINE *of* AUTUMN.

SEE the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
 Of ev'ry hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low whisp'ring, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the Season in its latest view.

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

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd grove where scarce is heard
 One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse;
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shiv'ring sit
 On the dead tree, a full despondent flock,
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chatt'ring discord in their note.
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,

The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, flutt'ring on the ground!

The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
 Oft startling such as studious walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
 Till, chok'd and matted with the dreary show'r,
 The forest walks at ev'ry rising gale
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blatted verdure of the fields,
 And, thrunk into their beds, the flow'ry race
 Their sunny robes resign: ev'n what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree,
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in ev'ry breeze the pow'r
 Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declares,
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes,
 Inflames imagination, thro' the breast
 Infuses ev'ry tenderness; and far
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,
 As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
 To rapture and divine astonishment;
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,

To make them bless'd ; the sigh for suff'ring Worth
 Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;
 Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame ;
 The sympathies of love and friendship dear,
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 148.

DEMOLITION *of a BEE-HIVE.*

AH! see where robb'd and murder'd in that pit
 Lies the still heaving hive! at ev'ning snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur, while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people in their waxen cells
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
 Of temperance for Winter poor ; rejoic'd
 To mark full flowing round their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends,
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race
 By thousands tumble from their honey'd domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
 And was it then for this you roam'd the spring
 Intent from flow'r to flow'r ? for this you toil'd,
 Ceaseless, the burning summer heats away ?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
 Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ?
 O Man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation ? When oblig'd,
 Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial food
 Can you not borrow, and in just return
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds,
 Or as the sharp year pinches with their own

Again regale them on some smiling day?
 See where the stony bottom of their town
 Looks desolate and wild, with here and there
 A helpless number who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep.
 (As late Palermo! was thy fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hur'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench invol'd,
 Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 156.

The PLEASURES of RURAL RETIREMENT.

OH! knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he who, far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale with a choice few retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate
 Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatt'ers false, and in their turn abus'd?
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glitt'ring robe,
 Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppres him not?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys

That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain,
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the spring,
 When heav'n descends in show'rs, or bends the
 bough

When summer reddens, and when autumn beams,
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap,
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
 Unfally'd beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
 Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil,
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct! and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery; let these

Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord and perplexing right,
 An iron race! and those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state:
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapp'd close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats and flow'ry solitudes
 To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
 Admiring sees her in her ev'ry shape,
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
 Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
 And not an op'ning blossom breathes, in vain.
 In Summer he beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse of these
 Perhaps has in immortal numbers sung,
 Or what she dictates writes; and oft, an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vig'rous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy his heart distends
 With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing then he best exerts his song.
 Ev'n winter wild to him is full of bliss:
 The mighty tempest and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,

Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
 O'er land and sea imagination roams ;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs ;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 'The touch of kindred too, and love he feels ;
 'The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 'The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still and smiling kind.
 'This is the life which those who fret in guilt
 And guilty cities never knew ; the life
 Led by primeval ages uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man !

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 158.

NIGHT, *with an ADDRESS to the DEITY.*

NOW, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night,
 And Contemplation, her sedate compeer ;
 Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.
 Where now, ye lying vanities of life !
 Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train !
 Where are ye now ? and what is your amount ?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sick'ning thought ! and yet deluded man,

A scene of crude disjointed visions pass'd,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
 With new flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
 Father of Light and Life ! thou Good Supreme !
 O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From ev'ry low pursuit ! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 172.

S N O W.

THE cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white :
 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun
 Faint from the West emits his ev'ning ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the lab'rer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heav'n,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The red breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His thiv'ring mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth ; then hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is !

'Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 'Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heav'n, and next the glist'ning earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

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

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 173.

*A MAN perishing in the SNOW, with a Reflection
 on PLEASURE, POWER, and AFFLUENCE.*

AS thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
 All Winter drives along the darken'd air,
 In his own loose revolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands, sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain,
 Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray.

Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And ev'ry tempest howling o'er his head
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throug the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the pow'r of frost,
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
 Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land unknown,
 What water of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On ev'ry nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

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

A WINTER'S EVENING *in* COUNTRY *and*
TOWN.

THE village rouses up the fire,
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all;
 Or frequent in the sounding hall they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiſs, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
 The leap, the slap, the haul; and, hhook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance:
 Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of Riot flow
 Down the loose dream of false enchanted joy
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
 Of total ruin, honor, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd and evolv'd a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses ev'ry pomp;
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
 While, a gay insect in his summer shine,
 The fop, light flutt'ring, spreads his mealy wings.
 Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns:
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear

Steals o'er the cheek; or else the Comic Muse
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in gen'rous Bevil * shew'd.

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 186.

* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

A FROSTY NIGHT and MORNING.

LOUD rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise, while at his ev'ning watch
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief:
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
 Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
 Of starry glitter glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
 'Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent Night;
 Prone from the dripping cave and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar.
 The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid track, cold-gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave,

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

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 190.

SPORTS *on the ICE*, and SHOOTING.

ON blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
 While ev'ry work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train: the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or where the Rhine
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From ev'ry province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep
 On sounding skates a thousand diff'rent ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
 'The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Mean time, to raise
 The manly strife with highly blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
 Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
 Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day,
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun
 Broad o'er the south hangs at his utmost noon,
 And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray;
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,

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

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 191.

A HYMN to the SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
 Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
 And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy.
 Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year;
 And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.
 THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms
 Around THEE thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll'd!
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore
 And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.
 Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd,
 Shade unperceiv'd so soft'ning into shade,

And all so forming an harmonious whole,
 That as they still succeed they ravish still
 But wand'ring oft with brute unconscious gaze
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres,
 Works in the secret deep, shoots steaming thence
 The fair profusion that o'er spreads the Spring,
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
 Feeds ev'ry creature, hurls the tempest forth,
 And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join ev'ry living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join, and ardent raise
 One gen'ral song! To HIM, ye vocal Gales!
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes;
 Oh! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
 Where o'er the rock the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And Ye! whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, list high to heav'n
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong Torrents! rapid and profound:
 Ye softer Floods! that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou, Majestic Main!
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flow'rs!
 In mingled clouds to HIM, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye Forests, bend! ye Harvests, wave to HIM!
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies! effuse your mildest beams.
 Ye Constellations! while your angels strike

Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great Source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round.
 On Nature write with ev'ry beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate World!
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn Hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye Hills! ye mossy Rocks!
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
 Ye Vallies, raise, for the Great Shepherd reigns!
 And his unsuff'ring kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day
 Expiring lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela! charm
 The list'ning shades, and teach the night his praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great Hymn! In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled Men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base,
 And as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heav'n.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove,
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
 Ruffles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleans,
 Or Winter rises in the black'ning East,
 Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
 Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam

Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full!
 And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
 When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey: there with new pow'rs
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons,
 From seeming evil still educing good
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE:
 Come then, expressive Silence! muse his praise.

Vol. I. p. 205.

ADDRESS to PEACE.

OH first of human blessings! and supreme!
 Fair *peace*! how lovely, how delightful thou!
 By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
 And un suspicious faith: while honest Toil
 Gives ev'ry joy, and to those joys a right,
 Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.
 Pure is thy reign, when, unaccurs'd by blood,
 Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
 Trickling, distils into the vernal glebe;
 Instead of mangle carcases, sad seen,
 When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field,
 When only thining thares, the crooked knife,
 And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound;
 When the land blushes with the rose alone,
 The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
 Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life,
 Beneath whose calm inspiring influence

Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ;
 Blest be the man divine who gives us thee !
 Who bids the Trumpet hush his horrid clang,
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;
 Who sheaths the murderous blade ; the deadly gun
 Into the well-pil'd armoury returns ;
 And, ev'ry vigour from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The country flourish, and the city smile.
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings,
 And him the smiling mother to her train :
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chaunts ; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
 The Husbandman of him, as at the plough
 Or team he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ;
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
 Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends,
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

BRITANNIA, Vol. II. p. 15.

VERSES *occasioned by the Death of MR. AIKMAN,*
a particular Friend of the AUTHOR'S.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
 String after string is sever'd from the heart ;
 Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.
 Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
 Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
 Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
 Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

Vol. II. p. 283.

To the Reverend MR. MURDOCH, *Rector of*
STRADDISHALL in SUFFOLK, 1738.

THUS safely low, my Friend, thou can'st not fall :
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all :
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear ;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;
That bids defiance to the forms of fate :
High bliss is only for a higher state.

Vol. II. p. 287.

EPITAPH on MISS STANLEY.

HERE, Stanley, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauty stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain :
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief :
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own :
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere :
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !
O, born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To show us Virtue in her fairest form :
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful science arrogates in vain ;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
 When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
 Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
 'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
 Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
 Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
 To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
 Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

Vol. II. p. 285.

*A PARAPHRASE on the latter Part of the Sixth
 Chapter of ST. MATTHEW.*

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
 While all my warring-passions are at strife,
 O, let me listen to the words of life!
 Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
 And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
 Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
 Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
 While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
 And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
 Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
 And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
 See the light tenants of the barren air;
 'To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
 Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song:
 Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
 On the least wing that flits along the sky.
 To him they sing when Spring renews the plain,
 To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign,
 Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:

He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye Faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

Vol. II. p. 288.

O D E.

I.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under ev'ry well-known tree
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And ev'ry tear is full of thee:

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

Vol. II. p. 234.

O D E.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love :

O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale to me !

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretched fate ;
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds ! by Nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare ;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care ;

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should
blame ;

And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride :
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

Vol. II. p. 295.

A 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 thepherd 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 Hartford'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 fervours 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 rapt 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.

EXERCISE *and* HEALTH.

IT was not by vile loitering in ease,
 'That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
 'That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
 'To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
 In all supreme ' complete in every part!
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 And o'er the nations took her conquering dart:
 For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
 Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded nought
 But in loose joy their time to wear away,
 Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
 Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
 Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
 No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
 No arts had made us opulent and gay:
 With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
 None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honor'd been,
 none prais'd.

Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
 To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
 Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
 Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
 The wits of modern time had told their beads,
 And Monkish legends been their only strains;
 Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
 Our Shakespeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
 swains

Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.
 Dumb, too, had been the sage historic Muse,
 And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
 Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse,
 Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
 Had all been lost with such as have no name.
 Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?

Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
 Who in the public breach devoted stood,
 And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood!

But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
 If right I read, you pleasure all require;
 Then hear how best may be obtain'd this see,
 How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.
 'Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
 Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
 Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
 In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
 O leaden-hearted Men, to be in love with death!

Ah what avail the largest gifts of Heav'n,
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
 How tasteless then whatever can be given?
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 Behold the wretch who slugs his life away
 Soon swallow'd in Disease's sad abyss,
 While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,
 Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as
 day.

O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
 Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
 The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
 See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind;
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-
 saunce breeds?

CASTLE of INDOLENCE, Vol. II. p. 266.

S O N G.

ONE day the God of fond desire,
 On mischief bent, to Damon said,
 Why not disclose your tender fire,
 Not own it to the lovely maid ?

The shepherd mark'd his treach'rous art,
 And, softly sighing, thus reply'd ;
 'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,
 But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

The slave in private only bears
 Your bondage who his love conceals,
 But when his passion he declares,
 You drag him at your chariot wheels.

Vol. II. p. 290.

UNBLEMISHED HONOUR.

UNBLEMISH'D honor is the flower of virtue !
 The vivifying soul ! and he who flights it
 Will leave the other dull and lifeless dross.

TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA, Vol. IV. p. 183.

S O N G.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
 In flowery tracts along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green,
 Ye gentle Spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
 O tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
 Oh! tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.
 Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.
 But if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship sooth her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

Vol. II. p. 291

F R E E D O M.

————— H E, who contends for freedom,
 Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe :
 No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to subvert it,
 The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
 Who best deserves that name; he is a worm
 That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA, Vol. IV. p. 12.

S O N G.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bow'r ;
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flow'r :
 Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing :
 In vain the freshening fields appear :
 Without my love there is no spring.

Vol. II. p. 292.

S O N G.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between and bid us part :
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown.
 And all the life of life is gone ?
 But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Vol. II. p. 293.

S O N G.

COME gentle God of soft desire,
 Come and possess my happy breast,
 Not fury-like in flames and fire,
 Or frantic Folly's wildness drest :
 But come in Friendship's angel-guise :
 Yet dearer thou than friendship art,
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,
 More sweet emotions at the heart.
 O come with Goodness in thy train,
 With Peace and Pleasure void of storm,
 And wouldst thou me for ever gain,
 Put on Amanda's winning form.

Vol. II. p. 294.

*A NUPTIAL SONG. Intended to have been in-
 serted in the Fourth Act of SOPHONISBA.*

COME, gentle Venus ! and assuage
 A warring world, a bleeding age ;
 For Nature lives beneath thy ray,
 The wintry tempests haste away,
 A lucid calm invests the sea,
 Thy native deep is full of thee :
 The flowering earth, where'er you fly,
 Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky ;
 A genial spirit warms the breeze ;
 Unseen among the blooming trees,
 The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
 The desert glows a soften'd note ;
 Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
 And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
 You strike the dear delicious dart;
 You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
 'To languish in luxurious woe;
 'To feel the gen'rous passions rise,
 Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs:
 Each happy moment to improve,
 And fill the perfect year with love.

Come, thou delight of heav'n and earth!
 'To whom all creatures owe their birth;
 Oh come, sweet smiling! tender, come!
 And yet prevent our final doom:
 For long the furious God of war
 Has crush'd us with his iron car,
 Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
 Has soil'd them with his cruel stains,
 Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
 And made the widow'd virgin weep.
 Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
 Oh take him to thy twining arms!
 And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
 While deep he prints the humid kifs,
 Ah! then his stormy heart controul,
 And sigh thyself into his soul.

Vol. III. p. 105.

CHARACTERS *belonging to the* CASTLE *of*
 INDOLENCE.

OF all the gentle tenants of the place,
 'There was a man of special grave remark;
 A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
 Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark;
 As soft this man could sing as morning lark,
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart;

But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature painting Art.

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound,
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he balk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are found;
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light fate trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow: so had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past;
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And marks the clouds that drove before the wind,
'Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
'Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace be-
hind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
'To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven! the
day is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, no face of mortal seen:
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And sure his linen was not very clean.
'Through secret loop holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;

Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
 Our Castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy nook,
 We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
 A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;
 Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
 Before the sprightly tempest tossing light :
 Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
 Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
 Turning the night to day and day to night :
 For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
 If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not even pleasure to excess is good :
 What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
 When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
 'The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
 'The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.
 Taught by this son of Joy we found it so,
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
 Our madden'd Castle all, the abode of Sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he twceps along,
 Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
 Soothing at first the gay repoling throng ;
 And oft he sips their bowl : or, nearly drown'd,
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
 And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound,
 'Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;
 Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad :
 Him thro' the inmost walks the Muses lad,
 'To him the sacred love of Nature lent,
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;
 When as we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better fort this friendly message sent :

"Come, dwell with us! true son of Virtue, come!
 "But if alas! we cannot thee persuade
 "To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
 "Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,
 "Yet when at last thy toils, but ill apaid,
 "Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
 "Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 "There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark;
 "We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus* of the age,
 But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restor'd him to the stage
 And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep,
 Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
 With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
 Each due decorum: Now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judg-
 ment takes.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
 Of clerks good plenty here you note espy:
 A little, round, fat, oily-man of God,
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
 If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
 Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
 And strait would recollect his piety anew.

Here languid-Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
 Bevy of dainty dames, of high degree,
 From every quarter hither made resort,
 Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
 They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury:
 Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
 Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel and loom.

K 5

* Mr. Quin.

Their only labour was to kill the time,
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
 Then, rising sudden, to the glafs they go,
 Or faunter forth, with tottering step and flow:
 'This soon too rude an exercise they find;
 Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours on hours they fighting lie reclin'd,
 And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found;
 But, ah! too late, as shall cftsoons be shewn.
 A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
 Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
 Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
 Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
 Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan,
 For of these wretches taken was no care;
 Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
 'To this dark den, where Sicknefs tofs'd always.
 Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
 Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard, lay
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath.
 And his half-open'd eye he shut straitway;
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the
 breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy;
 Unwieldy man! with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery supply;
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
 And inoping here did Hypochondria sit,
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit,
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a
 wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low ;
 She felt, or fancy'd, in her fluttering mood,
 All the diseases which the Spittles know,
 And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro ;
 For sometimes she would laugh and sometimes cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
 Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings ;
 The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings :
 Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, Vol. II. p. 229.

FORTUNE DISREGARDED.

IS there no patron to protect the Muse,
 And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil ?
 To every labour its reward accrues,
 And they are sure of bread who swink and toil ;
 But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,
 As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee ;
 Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
 Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.
 I care not, Fortune ! what you me deny ;
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace

The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve ;
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, Vol. II. p. 241.

ODE *in the* MASK of ALFRED.

I.

WHEN Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain :
 " Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves :
 " Britons never will be slaves."

II.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 " Rule, &c.

III.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke :
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 " Rule, &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown.
 " Rule, &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 All thine shall be the subject main ;
 And every shore it circles thine.
 “ Rule, &c.

VI.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 “ Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves ;
 “ Britons never will be slaves.”

Vol. III. p. 253.

BOUNTY to ENEMIES.

ON mere indifferent objects, common bounty
 Will shower relief ; but when our bitterest foe
 Lies sunk, disarm'd, and desolate, then ! then !
 'To feel the mercies of a pitying God,
 'To raise him from the dust, and that best way
 'To triumph o'er him, is heroic goodness.

SOPHONISBA, Vol. III. p. 48.

D E A T H.

THE death of those distinguish'd by their station,
 But by their virtue more awakes the mind
 To solemn dread, and strikes a sadd'ning awe ;
 Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,
 Left to the toil of life—And yet the best
 Are, by the playful children of this world,
 At once forgot, as they had never been.

TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA, Vol. IV. p. 93.

THE

BEAUTIES OF YOUNG.

T H E
B E A U T I E S O F Y O U N G .

S L E E P .

T I R ' D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep* !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles ! the wretched he forsakes ;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear,
NIGHT THOUGHTS, Vol. III. p. 3.

ADDRESS to the DEITY.

T H O U , who didst put to flight
Primæval *Silence*, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;
O T H O U , whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ;
My soul which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Thro' this opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of *Life* and *Death* ;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.

Nor less inspire my *Conduct*, than my *Song* ;
 Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will
 Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
 Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 4.

T I M E.

THE bell strikes *One*. We take no note of time
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the *knell* of my departed hours :
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the *signal* that demands dispatch :
 How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—On what ? a fathomless abyss ;
 A dread eternity ! how surely *mine* !
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

N. THOUGHTS, p. 5.

REFLECTION ON MAN.

HOW poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder He, who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes !
 From diff'rent natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguish'd *link* in being's endless chain !
Midway from *Nothing* to the *Deity* !

A beam ethereal, fully'd and absorpt !
 Tho' fully'd, and dishonor'd, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect *infinite* !
 A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her *own* : How reason reels !
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my life ! or what destroy !
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave :
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 5.

LIFE and ETERNITY.

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule ;
Life s theatre as yet is shut, and death,
 Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us *embryos* of existence free,
 From *real* life, but little more remote
 Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
 The *future* embryo, slumb'ring in his fire.
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
 Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of gods, O transport ! and of man.

Yet man, fool man ! *here* buries all his thoughts ;
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon
Here pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by heav'n
 To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,

Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
 In HIS full beam, and ripen for the jult,
 Where momentary ages are no more!
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death ex-
 pire!

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
 'To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
 Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
 'To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 7.

TIME and DEATH.

EACH *Moment* has its sickle, emulous
 Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
 Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
 'The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words and vain!
 Implicit treason to divine decree!
 A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n!
 I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
 O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
 What darts of agony had mis'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
 The sun himself by thy permission shines;
 And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
 Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust

Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so *mean* ?
 Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me* ?
 Infatiate archer ! could not *one* suffice ?
 Thy shaft flew *thrice* ; and *thrice* my peace was slain ;
 And *thrice*, ere *thrice* you moon had fill'd her horn.
 O *Cynthia* ! why so pale ? Dost thou lament
 Thy wretched neighbour ? Grieve to see thy wheel
 Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?
 How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss ! from *fortune's* smile,
 Precarious courtesy ! not *virtue's* sure,
 Self-given, *solar* ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
 How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
 Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
 Thro' the dark pottern of time long laps'd,
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
 Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)
 Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing *pass* ;
 Inquest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
 And finds all desert *now* ; and meets the ghosts
 Of my departed joys ; a num'rous train !
 I rue the riches of my former fate ;
 Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
 I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
 And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why *complain* ? or why complain for one ?
 Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
 The *single* man ? Are angels all beside ?
 I mourn for millions : 'Tis the common lot ;
 In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
 The mother's throes on all of woman born,
 Not more the children, than sure heirs of *pain*.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 10.

OPPRESSION, WANT, and DISEASE.

WAR, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
 Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
 Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind,
 God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
 Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
 And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
 In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
 Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valor sav'd;
 If to the tyrant, or his minion, doom,
Want, and incurable *disease*, (fell pair!)
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
 At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
 How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead!
 What numbers groan for sad admission there!
 What numbers, once in *fortune's* lap high fed,
 Solicit the cold hand or charity!
 To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
 Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
 You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
 And breath from your debauch: Give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: But so great
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
 Happy! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.
 Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save;
 Disease invades the chastest temperance;
 And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
 Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
 Man's caution often into danger turns,
 And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
 Not *happiness* itself makes good her name;
 Our very wishes give us not our wish.
 How distant oft the thing we doat on most,

From that for which we doat, *felicity!*
 The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains;
 And *truest* friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
 Without misfortune, what calamities!
 And what hostilities, without a foe!
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
 But endless is the list of human ills,
 And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 11.

D E A T H.

BEWARE, LORENZO! a *slow sudden* death.
 How dreadful that deliberate surprize!
 Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not This be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, "That all men are about to live."
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise;
 At least, their own; their *future* selves applauds;
 How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
 Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly's* vails;
 That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign;
 The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;
 'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
 And scarce in human *wisdom* to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man.

And that thro' ev'ry stage : When young, indeed,
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
 Unanxious for *ourselves* and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
 At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool ;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan ;
 At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve* ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal, but *Themselves* ;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where past the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains ;
 The parted wave no furrow from the *keel* ;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 16.

INCONSISTENCY of MAN.

A H ! how unjust to nature, and himself,
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure nature for a span too short ;
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
 And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.
Art ! brainless *Art !* our furious charioteer
 (For *Nature's* voice unstifled would recall)
 Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of death ;
 Death, most our dread ; death *thus* more dreadful
 made :
 O what a riddle of absurdity !

Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot-wheels ;
 How heavily we drag the load of life !
 Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of *Cain*,
 It makes us wander ; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant, thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;
 The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
 Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,
 From hateful *Time* if prisons set us free.
 Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
 We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
 To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age ;
 Behold him, when past by ; what then is seen,
 But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.
 We rave, we wrestle, with *Great Nature's* plan ;
 We thwart the Deity ; and 'tis decreed,
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves ;
 Our thoughts at enmity ; our bosom broils ;
 We push time from us, and we wish him back ;
 Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life ;
Life we think long, and short ; *Death* seek, and shun ;
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
 United jar, and yet are loth to part.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 25.

V A N I T Y.

OH the dark days of vanity ! while here,
 How tasteless ! and how terrible, when gone !
 Gone ! they ne'er go ; when past, they haunt us still ;

The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd ;
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *past*,
 And time *possess*, both pain us, what can please ?
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
 Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
 He *walks with Nature* ; and her paths are peace.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 27.

PARENTAL LOVE.

FATHERS alone, a Father's heart can know ;
 What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
 When brothers love ! But if their hate succeeds
 They wage the war ; but 'tis the *Father* bleeds.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 219.

C O N S C I E N C E .

O Treach'rous *Conscience* ! while she seems to sleep
 On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song ;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
 Unmark'd ;—see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross *Act* alone employs her pen ;
 She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band,
 A watchful foe ! the formidable spy,
 List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp ;
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal

Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs ;
 Thus with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable *Time* ;
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd ;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history ; which *Death* shall read
 In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear :
 And *Judgment* publish ; publish to more worlds
 Than this ; and endless age in groans resound.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 30.

OLD AGE.

WHEN men once reach their Autumn, sickly joys
 Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
 At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows ;
 Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
 In the chill blasts of winter they expire.
 This is the common lot.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 227.

SELF-LOVE.

WHO venerate themselves, the world despise.
 For what, gay friend ! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
 Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night ?
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
 Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude : We gaze around ;
 We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while
 We sigh, we sink ; and *are* what we deplor'd ;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot !

Is death at distance ? No: He has been on thee ;
 And given sure earnest of his final blow,

Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
 The rest are on the wing: How fleet their flight!
 Already has the fatal train took fire;
 A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
 The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 33.

COMMUNION *with* PAST HOURS.

'TIS greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
 And ask them, what report they bore to heav'n;
 And how they might have borne more welcome
 news.

Their answers form what men *Experience* call;
 If *Wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe.

O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,

“ There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;

“ The more our joy, the more we know it vain:

“ And by success are tutor'd to despair.”

Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.

Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.

Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,

Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 34.

C O N S C I E N C E .

CONSCIENCE, what art thou? Thou tremendous pow'r!

Who dost inhabit us without our leave;

And art within ourselves, another self;

A master self, that loves to domineer,

And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.

How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?

Make the past, present; and the future, frown?
 How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
 As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
 In this long restless dream, which idiots hug,
 Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life?

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 212.

L I F E.

————— L I F E speeds away
 From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still.
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
 Too subtile is the movement to be seen;
 Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; *Gnomons*, time:
 As *these* are useless when the sun is set:
 So *those*, but when more glorious *Reason* shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
 That sedentary shadow travels hard.
 But such our gravitation to the wrong,
 So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
 'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
 A* *Wilmington* goes slower than the sun:
 And all mankind mistake their time of day;
 Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
 In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
 We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since old
 Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 35

* Lord Wilmington.

B L I S S.

_____ MUCH is talked of Bliss; it is the art
 Of such as have the world in their possession,
 To give it a good name, that fools may envy:
 For envy to small minds is flattery.
 How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
 Against their consciences? And this we know;
 Yet, knowing, disbelieve; and try again
 What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction:
 Each new experience gives the former credit,
 And reverend grey *Threescore* is but a voucher,
 'That *Thirty* told is true.

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 130.

F R I E N D S H I P.

KNOW'ST thou, LORENZO! what a friend contains?

As bees *mixt Nectar* draw from fragrant flow'rs,
 So men from FRIENDSHIP, *Wisdom* and *Delight*;
 'Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
 Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad?
Good Sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want
 air,

And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd;
 Speech thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion
 too!

Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross;
 When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.

If sterling, store it for thy future use;
 'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
 'Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd;
 Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
 'The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;

Brightens, for ornament ; and whets, for use.
 What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
 Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
 And rusted in ; who might have borne an edge,
 And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech ;
 If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue !
 'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate
 push

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
 And defecates the student's standing pool.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 36.

WISDOM, FRIENDSHIP, JOY, and HAPPINESS.

WISDOM, tho' richer than *Peruvian* mines,
 And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
 What is she, but the means of *Happiness* ?
 That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool ;
 A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
 The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
 Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
 Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;
 Joy flies monopolists : It calls for *Two* ;
 Rich fruit ! heav'n planted ! never pluckt by *One*.
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
 To *social* man true relish of himself.
 Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight :
 Delight intente, is taken by rebound ;
 Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one thrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends
 For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend ;

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
 Each other's pillow to repose divine.
 Beware the counterfeit : In *Passion's* flame
 Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
 'True love strikes root in *Reason*; passion's foe :
Virtue alone entenders us for life :

I wrong her much—entenders us for ever :
 Of *Friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
 Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
 And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
 O the soft enmity ! endearing strife !
 'This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
 And gives the rivet of eternity.

From *Friendship*, which outlives my former themes,
 Glorious survivor of old *Time* and *Death* !
 From Friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly seed,
 'The wise extract earth's most *Hyblean* bliss,
 Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this *Elysian flower* ?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at *Home*.
 LORENZO ! pardon what my love extorts,
 An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
 'Tho' choice of follies fasten on the *Great*,
 None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
 'That sacred friendship is their easy prey ;
 Caught by the wafure of a golden lure,
 Or fascination of a high-born smile.
 'Their smiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
 For others hearts, tenacious of their own ;
 And we no less of ours, when *such* the bait.
 Ye fortune's cofferers ! Ye powers of wealth !
 Can gold gain friendship ? impudence of hope !
 As well mere man an angel might beget.
 Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
 LORENZO ! pride repress ; nor hope to find
 A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
 All like the purchase ; few the price will pay ;
 And this makes friends such miracles below.

FRIENDSHIP.

DELIBERATE on all things with thy friend.
 But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
 Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
 First, on thy friend, delib'rate with Thyself;
 Pause, ponder, list; not Eager in the choice,
 Nor Jealous of the chosen; Fixing, Fix;
 Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
 Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
 How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
 A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
 " Poor is the friendless matter of a world;
 " A world in purchase for a friend is gain."
 O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
 And elevating spirit, of a friend,
 For twenty summers ripening by my side;
 All feculence of falshood long thrown down;
 All social virtues rising in his soul
 As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
 Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
 High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare!

N. THOUGHTS, p. 40.

HAPPINESS.

THRICE happy they, who sleep in humble life,
 Beneath the storm ambition blows. 'Tis meet
 The *Great* should have the fame of happiness,
 The consolation of a little envy,
 'Tis all their pay for those superior cares,
 Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 213.

DISSOLUTION of a VIRTUOUS MAN.

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
 Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
 Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
 Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
 That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease;
 If unrestor'd by This, despair your cure.
 For, *Here* resistless demonstration dwells;
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *dissimulation* drops her masque,
 Thro' life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here Real, and Apparent, are the Same.
 You see the *Man*; you see his hold on heav'n;
 If sound his virtue; as *PHILANDER's*, sound.
 Heav'n waits not the last moment, owns her friends
 On this side death; and points them out to men,
 A lecture, silent, but of lov'reign pow'r!
 To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 42.

L O V E.

LOVE calls for Love. Not all the pride of beauty;
 Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of;
 Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life;
 Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt:
 All these possess are nought, but as they are
 The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
 And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 111.

PLEASURES of MEDITATION.

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's mazerum
mad,

To *Reason*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.

O! Lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble fallies of the soul!

Who think it solitude, to be Alone.

Communion sweet! communion large and high!

Our *Reason*, *Guardian Angels*, and our *God*!

Then nearest *These*, when Others most remote;

And All, ere long, shall be remote, *but These*

How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,

A stranger! unacknowledg'd unapprov'd!

Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy
breast;

To win thy wish, creation has no more:

Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a Friend——

But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 47.

B E A U T Y.

BEAUTY alone is but of little worth;

But when the soul and body of a piece,

Both shine alike; then they obtain a price,

And are a fit reward for gailant actions.

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 163.

P A S S I O N S.

WHEN Reason, like the skilful charioteer,
 Can oreak the fiery passions to the bit,
 And, spite of their licentious fallies, keep
 The radiant track of glory; passions, then,
 Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reason,
 Firm in her feat, and swift in her career,
 Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks
 Their formidable flame, for high renown.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 251.

PICTURE of NARCISSA, DESCRIPTION of her
 FUNERAL, and a REFLECTION upon MAN.

SWEET harmonist! and Beautiful as sweet!
 And Young as beautiful! and Soft as young!
 And Gay as soft! and Innocent as gay!
 And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good!
 For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plumage,
 Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark)
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious! All its charms
 Extinguisht in the wonders of her song!
 Her song still vibrates in my ravisht ear,
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
 Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this
 group
 Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,
 As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
 Kneel, and present it to the skies; as All
 We guess of heav'n: And *these* were all her own,
 And she was mine; and I was—*was!*—most blest—

Gay title of the deepest misery !

As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life ;
Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.

Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;

And if in death still lovely, lovelier There ;

Far lovelier ! pity swells the tide of love.

And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?

Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep ;

Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.

Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languisht in her eye,

Dawning a dimmer day on human sight ;

And on her cheek, the residence of spring,

Pale omen sat ; and scatter'd fears around

On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,

That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,

I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,

Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,

And bore her nearer to the sun ; the sun

(As if the sun could envy) checkt his beam,

Deny'd his wonted succour ; nor with more

Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells

Of lilies ; fairest lilies, not so fair !

Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !

Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives ;

In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,

And drink the sun ; which gives your cheeks to
 glow,

And out-blush (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair :

You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,

Which often cropt your odours, incense meet

To thought so pure ! Ye lovely fugitives !

Coeval race with man ! for man you smile ;

Why not smile *at* him too ? You share indeed

His sudden pass ; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,

By what his glowing passions can engage ;

And glowing passions, bent on ought below,

Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;

And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
 Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
 By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,
 While *here*, presuming on the rights of heav'n.
 For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
 LORENZO? At thy friend's expence be wise;
 Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
 A broken reed, at best; but, oft, a spear;
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—Thought
 repell'd

Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
 Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
 And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
 And when high flavour'd thy fresh op'ning joys!
 And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!
 And on a foreign shore; where strangers wept!
 Strangers to Thee; and, more surprizing still,
 Strangers to Kindness, wept: Their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled down
 From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
 While *nature* melted, *superstition* rav'd;
 That mourn'd the dead; and *this* deny'd a grave.

Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
 Their will the *tyger* suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
 For oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
 While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* nurs'd
 In blind *infallibility's* embrace,
 The *sainted spirit* petrify'd the breast;
 Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread
 O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do? What succour? What resource?
 With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
 With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
 Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
 With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.

I *whisper'd* what should echo thro' their realms ;
 Nor writ her name; whose tomb should pierce the skies.
 Presumptuous fear ! How durst I dread her foes,
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd ?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade ! Of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;
 Half execration mingled with my prayer ;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ;
 Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust ;
 Stamp'd the curst soil ; and with humanity
 (Deny'd NARCISSE) wisht them all a grave.

Glows my resentment into guilt ? What guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead ?

The dead how sacred ! Sacred is the dust
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine !
 This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.
 When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend ;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt ;
 When man can wreak his rancour *unconscion'd*,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill will ;
Then, spleen to *dust* ? the dust of innocence ?
 An angel's dust ?—This *Lucifer* transcends ;
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride ;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than This is shocking in a race
 Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love ;
 And *uncreated*, but for love divine ;
 And, but for love divine, this moment, *lost*,
 By fate reorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
 Man hard of heart to man ! Of horrid things
 Most horrid ! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange !
 Yet 'oft his courtesies are smother wrongs ;
 Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
 And contumelious his humanity :
 What then is vengeance ? Hear it not, ye stars !
 And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the sound ;
 Man is to man the forest, surest ill.

A previous blast foretels the rising storm ;
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall ;
 Volcanos bellow ere they disembugue ;
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour ;
 And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire :
 Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
 Is this the flight of fancy ? Would it were !
 Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
 That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 50.

J E A L O U S Y.

IT is Jealousy's peculiar nature
 To swell small things to great ; nay, out of nought
 To conjure much ; and then to lose its reason
 Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 151.

P A S S I O N S.

WHILE passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
 Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.

BUSIRIS, Vol. II. p. 71.

C O W A R D S.

COWARDS in ill, like cowards in the field,
 Are sure to be defeated. To strike home,
 In both, is prudence. Guilt, begun, must fly
 To guilt consummate, to be safe.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 232.

DYING FRIENDS.

OUR dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
 'To damp our brainless ardors; and abate
 'That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
 Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
 Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
 Pluckt from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
 And, damp't with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
 Are angels sent on errands full of love;
 For us they languish, and for us they die:
 And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
 Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
 Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?
 LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
 Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
 That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
 Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
 And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
 Auspicious Æra! golden days, begin!
 The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.

THANKS to the DEITY.

BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid
 My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
 The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
 I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
 As that of seas remote or dying storms :
 And meditate on scenes, more silent still ;
 Pursue my theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager *ambition's* fiery chace I see ;
 I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
 Burt law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's prey ;
 As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ;
 Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 72.

P A S S I O N S.

PASSIONS, if great, tho' turn'd to their reverse,
 Keep their degree, and are great passions still.
 And she who, when she thinks her lover false,
 Retains her temper, never lost her heart.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 258.

HUMAN LIFE.

—————AH! what is human life?
 How like the dial's tardy-moving shade,
 Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd!

The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth ;
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen :
 Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.

BUSIRIS, Vol. II. p. 85.

M A N.

MAN! know thyself. All wisdom centres there!
 To none man seems ignoble, but to man ;
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire :
 How long shall human nature be *Their* book,
 Degen'rate mortal! and *unread* by Thee ?
 The beam dim *reason* sheds shews wonders There ;
 What high contents! Illustrious faculties !
 But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
 By heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*.
 Who looks on 'That, and sees not in himself
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
 A glorious partner with the Deity
 In that high attribute, immortal life?
 If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm :
 I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
 Catches strange fire, Eternity! at 'Thee ;
 And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys :
 How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
 What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
 Or, what a world, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!
 It is another scene! another self!
 And still another, as time rolls along ;
 And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
 Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
 Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
 What evolutions of surprizing fate!
 How nature opens, and receives my soul
 In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
 Encounter and embrace me! What new births

Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot!

Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him;
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals: one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain; pour'd Himself
Thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream,
Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Reforms them all into Himself again;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 85.

F E E L I N G.

WHO never lov'd ne'er suffer'd; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone;
And when we feel for others, reason reels,
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
As love alone can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the *marvellous* of pain;
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 290.

R E L I G I O N.

RELIGION's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next*;

Religion! the sole voucher man is man ;
 Supporter sole of man above himself ;
 Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
 She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an Aſter ſtate!
Here is firm footing ; *here* is ſolid rock!
This can ſupport us ; all is ſea beſides ;
 Sinks under us ; beſtorms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air;
 Darkneſs, and ſtench, and ſuffocating damps,
 And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate diſcharg'd,
 Climbs ſome fair eminence, where Ether pure
 Surrounds him, and *Elyſian* proſpects riſe,
 His heart exults, his ſpirits caſt their load ;
 As if new born, he triumphs in the change :
 So joys the ſoul, when from inglorious aims,
 And ſordid ſweets, from ſeculence and froth
 Of ties terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
 To *Reaſon's* region, her own element,
 Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the ſkies.

Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs ;
 And groaning *Calvary*, of thee ! *There* ſhine
 The nobleſt truths ; *there* ſtrongeſt motives ſling ;
 There ſacred violence aſſaults the ſoul ;
 There nothing but *compulſion* is forborn.
 Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the ſun ;
He ſighs !—the ſigh earth's deep foundation ſhakes.
 If in his love ſo terrible, what then
 His wrath inflam'd ? his tenderneſs on fire ?
 Like ſoft, ſmooth oil, outblazing other fires ?
 Can pray'r, can praiſe avert it ?—Thou, my *All!*
 My theme ! my inſpiration ! and my crown !
 My ſtrength in age ! my riſe in low eſtate !
 My ſoul's ambition ! pleaſure ! wealth !—my world !
 My light in darkneſs ! and my life in death !
 My boaſt thro' time ! bliſs thro' eternity !

Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
 To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me:
 My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!

N. THOUGHTS, p. 88.

J E A L O U S Y.

O JEALOUSY, each other passion's calm
 To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
 Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoize
 For all the transports beauty can inspire!

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 126.

FAITH and REASON.

FOND as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
 The fading flower shall die; but *reason* lives
 Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
 When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
 Wrong not the Christian; think not *reason your's*:
 'Tis *reason* our great *Majesty* holds so dear;
 'Tis *reason's* injur'd rights His wrath resents;
 'Tis *reason's* voice obey'd His glories crown;
 To give lost *reason* life, He pour'd his own:
 Believe, and shew the reason of a man;
 Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
 Thro' *reason's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die;
 Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
 And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 94.

M I S F O R T U N E.

MISFORTUNE stands with her bow ever bent
Over the world ; and he who wounds another,
Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,
Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 213.

VANITY and ADULATION.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who fought no more.

As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *muse*
Has often blusht at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause ;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd :
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given, to make *civet* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride*.
These share the man ; and these distract him too ;
Draw diff'rent ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride like an eagle builds among the stars ;
But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride*resents ;
Pleasure embraces : Man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once* : A point how hard to gain !
But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire ?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
 Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *reason's* taste ;
 In subtle *sophistry's* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
 To fordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose ;
 Nor lets than a *plump god* to fill the bowl :
 A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
 A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
 To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
 And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
 Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no
 more ;
 That which gave pride *offence*, no more offends.
Pleasure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
 At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
 By *wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace,
 And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
 From rank, rein'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art ! wipes off th' indebted blush
 From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.
 Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
 And infamy stands candidate for praise.
 All writ by man in favour of the soul,
 These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk transcend.
 The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
 O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
 Can pow'rs of genius exercise their page,
 And consecrate enormities with song.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 101.

G E N E R O S I T Y.

A GENEROUS soul is not confin'd at home,
 But spreads itself abroad o'er all the public,
 And *feels* for ev'ry member of the land.

BUSIRIS, Vol. II. p. 74.

REFLECTION *on the* WORLD.

WHAT is this world?—Thy school, O misery!
 Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
 And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
 REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 133.

INGRATITUDE.

HE that's ungrateful has no guilt but one;
 All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.
 BUSIRIS, Vol. II. p. 28.

DARKNESS *and* SOLITUDE.

LET *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
 It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
 To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre! *there* sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
 'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
 'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason's* reign,
 And *virtue's* too; these tutelary shades
 Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
 It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the croud,
 Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
 The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*,
 Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
 Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange: *Light, motion, concurrence, noise*,
 All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
 Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,
 And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
 Strikes like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
 And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
 From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
 And shot at random, often has brought home
 A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
 Of *envy, rancour, or impure desire*.
 We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
 Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
 Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!
 We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
 Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
 From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
 With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
 'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
 And looks, like other objects, black by night.
 By night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
 The conscious moon, thro' ev'ry distant age,
 Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
 On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
 The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,

And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
 While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
 His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,
 And seem all gazing on their future guest,
 See him soliciting his ardent suit
 In *private* audience : All the live-long night,
 Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands ;
 Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
 (Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main !)
 Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
 And gives him to the tumult of the world.
 Hail, precious moments ! stol'n from the black waste
 Of murder'd time ! Auspicious *midnight* ! hail !
 The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
 And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n,
 Here the soul sits in council ; ponders *past*,
 Predestines *future* action ; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm ;
 All her lyes answers, and *thinks* down her charms.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 105.

REFLECTIONS *in a* CHURCH-YARD.

THE man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
 (Scenes apt to thrust between Us and Ourselves !)
 Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
 Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent cypress shades,
 Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray ;
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs !
 LORENZO ! read with me NARCISSA's stone ;
 (NARCISSA was thy fav'rite) let us read
 Her *moral* stone ; few doctors preach so well ;
 Few orators so tenderly can touch
 The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the date !
 Apt words can strike : and yet in them we see
 Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
 What cause have we to build on length of life ?

Temptations seize, when *fear* is laid asleep ;
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine.

Truth, radiant goddess ! fallies on my soul,
And put's *delusion's* dusky train to flight ;

Dispels the mists our sultry *passions* raise,

From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene ;

And shews the *real* estimate of things ;

Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw ;

Pulls off the veil from *virtue's* rising charms ;

Detects *temptation* in a thousand lyes.

Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,

And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,

Driv'n by the whirlwind : Lighted by her beams,

I widen my horizon, gain new powers,

See things invisible, feel things remote.

Am present with futurities ; think nought

To man so foreign, as the joys *possess* ;

Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* sight ;

Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms ;

In pompous promise, from her schemes profound.

If future fate the plans, 'tis all in leaves,

Like *Sibyl's*, unsubstantial, fleeting blis !

At the first blast it vanishes in air.

What grave prescribes the best ?—A friend's ;
and yet,

From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage ?

Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.

Why are friends raviisht from us. 'Tis to bind,

By soft *affection's* ties, on human hearts,

The thought of death, which *reason* too supine,

Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *there*.

Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both

Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.

Behold th' inexorable hour at hand !

Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot !

And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,

Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.

REFLECTION.

A SOUL without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 121.

INATTENTION to *the* VOICE of DEATH.

TELL me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us, and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves, in that just mirror see!
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: He *must*,
And *soon*; We *may*, within an age, expire.
Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
Folly sings Six, while *nature* points at Twelve.

What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat

Defects of *judgment* ; and the *will's* subdue ;
 Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
 Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ;
 And put good works on board ; and wait the wind
 That shortly blows us into worlds unknown ;
 If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene !

All should be prophets to themselves ; foresee
 Their future fate ; their future fate foretaste ;
 'This art would waste the bitterness of death.
 The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
 A disaffection to that precious thought
 Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
 Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 122.

PROSPERITY, CONTENT, and AMBITION.

O How portentous is prosperity !
 How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines !
 Few years but yield us proof of *death's* ambition,
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
 With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
 The gaudy centre, of the public eye;
 When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
 Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,
 How often have I seen him dropt at once,
 Our morning's envy ! and our ev'ning's sigh !
 As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
 The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
 And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey.
 High *fortune* seems in cruel league with *fate*.
 Ask you for what ? To give his war on man
 The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;

Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
 And burns LORENZO still for the sublime
 Of life? to hang his airy nest on high,
 On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
 Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
 Granting grim *death* at equal distance *there*;
 Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends.

What makes man wretched? Happiness deny'd?

LORENZO! no: 'Tis happiness *dislain'd*.

She comes too meanly dress'd to win our smile;

And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!

Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn.

Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,

And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;

A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.

Unknowing what our mortal state admits,

Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;

And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;

Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!

Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!

As late I drew *death's* picture, to stir up

Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see

Gay *fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.

See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,

Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,

And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad

Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.

All ruff rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;

Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,

Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,

(Still *more* ador'd) to snatch the golden show'r.

Gold glitters most, where *virtue* shines no more;

As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.

O what a precious pack of votaries

Unkennell'd from the prisons, and the stews,

Pour in, all open in their idol's praise;

All, ardent, eye each wasture of her hand,

And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,

Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
 Untasted, thro' mad appetite for more ;
 Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.
 Sagacious All, to trace the smallest game,
 And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance !)
 Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
 O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
 Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r,
 Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 132.

LYSANDER and ASPASIA.

LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,
 Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
 He woo'd the fair ASPASIA : She was kind :
 In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest :
 All who knew, envy'd ; yet in envy lov'd :
 Can fancy form more finish'd happiness ?
 Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
 Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering spires
 Float in the wave, and break against the shore :
 So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
 The faithless morning smil'd : he takes his leave,
 To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
 The rising storm forbids. The news arrives :
 Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
 She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel) ;
 And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
 In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
 Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
 The guilty billows innocently roar ;
 And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 135.

GENIUS *connected with* IGNOMINY.

HEART merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 A celebrated wretch, when I behold,
 When I behold a genius bright, and base,
 Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims :
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.
 Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
 At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise——
 But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 150.

EXALTED STATION.

——— WHAT is station high?
 'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity.
 Monarchs and ministers, are awful names;
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
 Religion, public order, both exact
 External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve
 The meanest slave; *all more* is merit's due,
 Her sacred and inviolable right:
 Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth*;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.

Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
 And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
 Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His *own*, descending fairly from his fires.
 Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
 And souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without?
 Can *place* or lesson us, or aggrandize?
 Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch on *Alps*:
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
 Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids*:
 Her monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 151.

AMBITION and FAME.

AMBITION'S *boundless appetite* out-speaks
 The verdict of its *shame*. When souls take fire
 At high presumptions of their own desert,
 One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
 The thunder by the living *few* begun,
 Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
 We wish our names *eternally* to live:
 Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought,
 Had not our natures been *eternal* too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
 But our blind *reason* sees not *where* it lies;
 Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
 Fame is the shade of immortality,
 And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
 Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
 Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
 "And is This all?" cry'd CÆSAR at his height,
Disgusted. This *third* proof ambition brings
 Of immortality. The first in fame,

Observe him near, your envy will abate ;
 Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
 The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
 At *such* success, and blush at his renown.
 And why ? Because far richer prize invites
 His heart ; far more illustrious glory calls ;
 It calls in whispers, yet the dearest hear.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 187.

HUMAN PRAISE.

NOR absolutely vain is *human* praise,
 When human is supported by *divine*.
 I'll introduce LORENZO to Himself ;
Pleasure and pride (bad masters !) share our hearts.
 As love of *pleasure* is ordain'd to guard
 And feed our bodies, and extend our race ;
 The love of *praise* is planted to protect,
 And propagate the glories of the mind.
 What is it, but the *love of praise*, inspires,
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
 Earth's happiness ? From *that*, the delicate,
 The grand, the marvellous ; of *civil* life,
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
 The basis, on which *love of glory* builds.
 Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue* ! less in debt
 To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
 Were men not *proud*, what merit should we miss !
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
 Praise is the salt that seasons *right* to man,
 And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
 Thirst of applause is virtue's *second* guard ;
Reason, her first ; but reason wants an aid ;
 Our *private* reason is a flatterer ;
 Thirst of applause calls *public* judgment in,
 To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
 And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 188.

H O P E.

HOPE, of all passions, most befriends us *here* ;
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.

Joy has her *tears* and *transport* has her *death* :

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,

Man's heart, at once, *inspirits*, and *serenes* ;

Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys ;

'Tis All, our present state can *safely* bear,
 Health to the frame ! and vigour to the mind !

A joy attemper'd ! a *chastis'd* delight !

Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild, and sweet !

'Tis man's full cup ; his paradise below !

N. THOUGHTS, p. 224.

HUMAN LIFE compared to the OCEAN.

OCEAN ! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man !

Death's capital, where most he domineers,

With all his chosen *terrors* frowning round,

(Tho' lately feasted high at * *Albion's* cost)

Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more !

Too faithful mirror ! how dost thou reflect

The melancholy face of human life !

The strong resemblance tempts me farther still ;

And, haply, *Britain* may be deeper struck

By *moral truth*, in such a mirror seen,

Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
 When *young*, with sanguine cheer, and streamers
 gay,

We cut our cable, launch into the world,

And fondly dream each wind and star our friend ;

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

All in some darling enterprize embarkt:
 But where is he can fathom its extent?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
 And puffs them wide of hope: With hearts of proof,
 Full against wind, and tide, *some* win their way;
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
 'Tho' strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
 They strike; and while they triumph, they expire.
 In stress of weather, *most*; *some* sink outright;
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
 One CÆSAR lives; a thousand are forgot.
 How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
 (Darlings of Providence! fond fate's elect!)
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted! Yet ev'n These,
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain;
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
 They still are men; and when is man secure?
 As fatal *time*, as storm! the ruth of years
 Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
 In ruin end: And, now, their proud success
 But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow:
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
 Their nest so deeply down'd. and built so high!
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

N^o. THOUGHTS, p. 233.

HUMILITY TRUE GREATNESS.

————— D O S T thou demand a test,
 A test, at once, infallible, and short,
 Of *real* Greatness? That man Greatly lives,
 Whate'er his fate, or frame, who Greatly dies;
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
 If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
 Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
 Nought Greater, than an honest, Humble Heart;
 An Humble Heart, *His* residence! pronounc'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives!

N. THOUGHTS, p. 243.

P L E A S U R E.

P L E A S U R E's the mistress of ethereal powers;
 For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
 And well it was for man, that *pleasure* charms:
 How would all stagnate, but for *pleasure*'s ray!
 How would the frozen stream of action cease!
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?
 'The love of *pleasure*: That, thro' ev'ry vein,
 'Throws motion, warmth, and shuts out death from
 life.

Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family hold all in chains:
 Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
 Some honest *pleasure* court; and some, obscene.
Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
 Of passions, that can *err* in human hearts;
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
 'Think you there's but one whoredom? Whoredom
 All,
 But when our *reason* licenses delight.

Dost doubt, LORENZO? Thou shalt doubt no more.
 Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
 An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
 A rank adulterer with others *gold!*
 And that hag *vengeance*, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
 Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
 Whate'er the motive, *pleasure* is the mark:
 For Her, the black assassin draws his sword:
 For Her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
 To which no *single* sacrifice may fall:
 For Her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
 The *Stoic* proud, for *pleasure*, pleasure scorn'd;
 For Her, *affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
 For Her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
 And, with an aim *voluptuous*, rush on death.
 Thus universal her despotic power!

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of pleasure; doater on delight!
 I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
 Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name:
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
 Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower;
 And honest EPICURES' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the *wife* offence;
 If o'er-strain'd wisdom still retains the *name*.
 How knits *austerity* her cloudy brow,
 And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praise*
 Of *pleasure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
 Ye modern *Stoics!* hear my soft reply;
 Their senses men will trust: We can't impose;
 Or, if we could, is imposition right?
 Own *honey sweet*; but, owning, add this *sting*,
 "When mixt with poison, it is deadly too."
 Truth was never indebted to a lye.
 Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
 Why then is health prefer'd before disease?

What nature loves is good, without *our* leave.
 And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware;*"
Pleasure, tho' not from virtue, *should* prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven;
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
 'The *love of pleasure* is man's eldest born,
 Born in this cradle, living to his tomb;
Wisdom, her *younger* sister, tho' more *grave*,
 Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 245.

W I S D O M.

WISDOM is the growth of experience: but experience is not the growth of action, but of reflection on it. In an active life is *sown* the *seed* of wisdom; but he, who reflects not, never *reaps*: has no harvest from it; but carries the burden of age, without the wages of experience; nor knows himself old, but from his infirmities, the parish register, and the contempt of mankind. And what has age, if it has not esteem?—It has nothing.

LIFE'S REVIEW, Vol. IV. p. 215.

P I E T Y.

ON piety, humanity is built;
 And, on humanity, much happiness;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
 The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
 A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of *piety* delight inspires;

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
 O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man, in audience with the Deity.
 Who worships the *Great God* that instant joins
 The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 251.

FERVENT PRAYER.

THERE is a tenderneſs of heart, and a ſuſceptibility of awe, with regard to God, as well as man, in youth, which, in molt, is wanting afterwards. This want is an enemy we muſt fight, and fervent prayer, that *ſword of the ſpirit*, is the beſt weapon againſt him. He that has never prayed, can never conceive, and he that has prayed as he ought, can never forget, how much is to be gained by prayer.

On PLEASURE, Vol. IV. p. 209.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

NO man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
 There breathes not a more happy than himſelf;
 Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on All;
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel Here.
 Such angels, All, intitled to reſoſe
 On *Him* who governs fate: Tho' tempeſt frowns,
 Tho' nature ſhakes, how ſoft to lean on heaven!
 To lean on *Him*, on whom archangels lean!
 With inward eyes, and ſilent as the grave,
 They ſtand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
 For all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old.

In ISRAEL'S dream, come from, and go to, heav'n :
Hence, *they* studious of sequestered scenes ;
While noise, and dissipation, comfort *thee*.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 258.

J O Y.

VAIN are all sudden fallies of delight ;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fixt state ; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* bliss :
That is the gem : Sell All, and purchase That.
Why go a begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd ?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause ;
Suspect it ; what thou canst ensure, enjoy ;
And nought, but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself :
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 259.

W O R T H.

WORTH, conscious worth ! should *absolutely* reign,
And other joys ask leave for their approach ;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy ; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils ;
Not the least promise of internal peace !
No bosom comfort ! or unborrow'd bliss !
Thy thoughts are vagabonds ; all outward-bound,
'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for
pleasure ;
If gain'd, dear bought ; and better miss'd than
gain'd.

Much pain must expiate, what much pain procur'd.
Fancy and *sense*, from an infected shore,
 Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize.
 Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst!
 By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy still cruises, when poor *sense* is tir'd.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 260.

HAPPINESS and PLEASURE.

HAPPINESS and Pleasure, as Wisdom and Wit, are each other's friends, or foes; and if foes, of foes the worst. Well-chosen pleasure is a branch of happiness: well-judging wit is a flower of wisdom: but when these petty subalterns set up for themselves, and counteract their principals, one makes a greater wretch, and the other a grosser fool, than could exist without them: *Pleasure* then calls for our compassion, and wit for our contempt.

ON INFIDELITY, Vol. IV. p. 107.

PICTURE of a GOOD MAN.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
 What nothing less than angel can exceed!
 A man on earth devoted to the skies;
 Like ships in seas, while *in, above* the world.
 With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm;
 All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
 A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,

Bewilder'd in the vale ; in all unlike !
 His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
 What stronger demonstration of the right ?

The present all *their* care ; the future, *his*.

When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame ; *his* bounty *he* conceals.

Their virtues varnish nature ; *his* exalt.

Mankind's esteem *they* court ; and *he*, his own.

Theirs the wild chace of *false* felicities ;

His, the compos'd possession of the *true*.

Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,

All of one colour, and an even thread ;

While party-colour'd threds of happiness,

With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*.

A madman's robe ; each puff of *fortune* blows

The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than *theirs* : Where *they*

Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity* ;

What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.

Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* sees ;

An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.

They things terrestrial worship, as divine :

His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,

That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,

Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all bound.

Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)

He lays aside to find his dignity ;

No dignity *they* find in aught besides.

They triumph in externals (which conceal

Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.

Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud,

And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.

Too dear *he* holds his int'rest, to neglect

Another's welfare, or his right invade ;

Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.

They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;

Wrong *he* sustains with temper, looks on heaven,

Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;

Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his

peace.

A cover'd heart *their* character defends ;
 A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praise.
 With nakedness his innocence agrees !
 While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall !
Their no joys end, where *his* full feast begins :
His joys create, *Theirs* murder, future bliss,
 To triumph in existence, *his* alone :
 And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
 His *true* existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
 Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 263.

ARREARS to the DISTRESSED.

HOW deep are we in arrears to the distressed?—
 The distressed have, from reason, as just a demand
 on our superfluities, as we have, from law, on our
 stewards for our estates. But this is no *play debt*, and
 therefore, without dishonour, undischarged.

ON PLEASURE, Vol. IV. p. 142.

W I T.

WIT, how delicious to man's dainty taste ?
 'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *sense* ;
 But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
 Pernicious talent ! flatter'd by the world,
 By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
 Wisdom is rare, LORENZO ! Wit abounds ;
Passion can give it ; sometimes *wine* inspires
 The lucky flash ; and *madness* rarely fails.
 Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
 Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.

For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
 See *dulness*, blund'ring on vivacities,
 Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
 Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
 But *wisdom*, awful wisdom! which inspects,
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
 How rare! In senates, synods, fought in vain;
 Or if *there* found, 'tis sacred to the *few*;
 While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
 Frequent, as fatal, *wit*: In civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser; *sense*, a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
 And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
 In *states*, 'tis dangerous; in *religion*, death:
 Shall *wit* turn Christian, when the dull believe?
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume;
 'The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves.
Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, found;
 When cut by *wit*, it calls a brighter beam;
 Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of *good sense*, is worse than nought;
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
 'Thus, a *Half-CHESTERFIELD* is quite a fool;
 Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.
 N. THOUGHTS, p. 268.

N I G H T.

———— O majestic NIGHT!
 Nature's great ancestor! *day's* elder-born!
 And fated to survive the transient sun!
 By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,

In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.

N. THOUGHTS, Vol. IV. p. 22.

THE CONTRAST.

MOROSE is sunk with shame, when'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valu'd, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
A fam'd furtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling *rent*:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
*And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out.**

He scorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him;
'This hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim*:
'Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
'Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
'Their methods various, but alike their aim;
'The *sloven* and the *fopling* are the same.

LOVE OF FAME, Vol. I. p. 98.

* Milton.

W I T.

WHAT though *wit* tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd :
 Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword* ;
 And never on the *weak* ; or you'll appear
 As *there* no hero, no great genius *here* :
 As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set :
 Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;
 Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen,
 The *same* men give is for the joy they find ;
Dull! is the *jester*, when the joke's *unkind*.

Vol. I. p. 94.

LOVE of PRAISE.

THE *Love of Praise*, how'er conceal'd by art,
 Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart :
 'The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;
 The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
 O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells ;
 Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells :
 'Tis Tory, Whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
 Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.
 Here, to *S—e's humour* makes a bold pretence ;
 There, bolder, aims at *P—y's eloquence*.
 It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead ;
 Nor ends with *life* ; but nods in fable *plumes*,
 Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

Vol. I. p. 80.

REFLECTION on DEATH.

WHERE the prime actors of the *last year's* scene ;
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
 How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake* ?
 With lustre, and with noise ! has *death* proclaim'd
 A truce, and hung his fated lance on high ?

'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present year*
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought;
 Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality;
 Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
 As *mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs*.
 What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
 The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"*Profest diversions!* cannot these escape?"—
 Far from it: These present us with a shroud;
 And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
 As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
 We ransack tombs for *passime*: from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement: How like gods
 We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
 Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
 But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
 Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
 From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure †
 Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
 Like other worms shall we crawl on, nor know
 Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

LORENZO! such the glories of the world!
 What is the world itself? *Thy* world—A grave.
 Where is the dust that has not been alive?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
 Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

CLARINDA's bosom burns, but burns for *Fame*;
 And Love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame;
 Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
 Like *April* suns, dives into clouds agen:
 With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms:
 'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
 And to be taken with a sudden pain;
 Then, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
 And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this!
 O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight*;
 And looks delightfully with all her might!
 But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
 She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

ZARA resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows;
 Without she freezes, and within she glows!
 Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
 From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
 She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* of the day,
 In—CLEOPATRA, or the last new play.
 Thus gloomy ZARA, with a solemn grace,
 Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is she,
 Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;
 Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
 Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at peace*;
 To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,
 And vows—that her *great-grandfather* is dead.

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to bear:
 In that the skill of conversation lies;
 That *shows*, or *makes*, you both polite and wise.

XANTIPPE cries, "Let nymphs, who nought can
 say,
 " Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
 " And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
 " By tame behaviour, and a soft address;"

Through *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply
 With all the dictates of *humanity*;
 Through wisdom, *she* refuses to submit
 To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
 Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
 Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:
 But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
 Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
 Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
 Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
 But keen XANTIPPE, scorning *borrow'd* flame,
 Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
 O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*:
 Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
 She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
 Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,
 And the *last word* is her eternal right.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
 To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wife*?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
 Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
 What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state?
 What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*?
 If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
 We *make* misfortune; *suicides* in woe.
 Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!

Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
 How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
 (That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
 On *folly's* errands as we vainly roam,
 Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
 home?

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
 Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.

Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
 We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
 Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
 Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week;

Our very joys are anxious, and expire
 'Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.
 Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
 But *one*; a female friend's endearing smile;
 A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
 And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
 Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
 Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
 Man is not all the game they have in view;
 In woods and fields their glory they complete;
 There *Master BETTY* leaps a five-barr'd gate;
 While fair *Miss CHARLES* to toilets is confin'd,
 Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
 Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
 And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd steed*;
 Command his prancings with a martial air,
 And *ROBERT* has the forming of the *Fair*.

More than *one* steed must *DELIA*'s empire feel,
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
 And as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
 With what an air she finacks the *silken thong*?
 Graceful as *JOHN*, she moderates the reins,
 And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:
SESOSTRIS like, such charioteers as *these*
 May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please:
 'They drive, row, run, with love of glory suit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on *wit*.

But *one* admirer has the painted lass;
 Nor finds that one, but in her looking glass:
 Yet *LAURA*'s beautiful to such excess,
 That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.
 To deck the female cheek, *HE* only knows,
 Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*.

How gay *they* smile? Such blessings *nature* pours.
 O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:

In distant wilds, by human eyes unfeen,
 She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green:
 Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
 And *waste* their music on the savage race.
 Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
 Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?
 But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
 And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuse.
 Such FULVIA's passion for the town; fresh air
 (An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
 Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
 And larks, and nightingales are odious things:
 But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, de-
 light;
 And to be press'd to death, transports her quite:
 Where silver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads,
 And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their
 shades,
 Black kennels absent *odours* she regrets,
 And stops her nose at beds of violets.
 Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
 Or is the public to the private scene?
 Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
 'Through briars and brambles in the *world* we stray;
 Stiff opposition and *perplex'd* debate,
 And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,
 Which choak our passage, our career controul,
 And wound the firmest temper of our soul.

LOVE OF FAME, Vol. I. p. 121.

S O L I T U D E.

○ SACRED solitude! divine retreat!
 Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
 (Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*!

There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar :
There, blest'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next ;
There to the *Muses* sport ; these numbers free,
Pieriau EASTBURY ! I owe to thee.

LOVE OF FAME, Vol. I. p. 129.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

MISTAKEN lovers, who make worth their care,
 And think accomplishments will win the fair :
 'The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
 As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *sun* ;
 And yet in female scales a fop out-weighs,
 And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
 Nought shines so bright in vain LIBERIA'S eye
 As riot, impudence, and perfidy ;
 The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
 And kill'd his man and triumph'd o'er his maid ;
 For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
 Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms ;
 And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
 The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
 If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
 But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mien ;
 Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
 In fair and open dealing where's the shame ?
 What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
 'This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,
 And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
 (Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
 If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)
 And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
 An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.

Hark ! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
 And teach the neigh'ring echoes how to swear.
 By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain ;
 She, on the Christian System, is prophane.
 But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
 Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier.
 If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
 When Jove deposes a lady in his stead ?
 A *lady* ! pardon my mistaken pen,
 A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 134.

GOOD BREEDING.

FEW to good breeding make a just pretence,
 Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense ;
 The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
 With outward grace, the *body's virtue* join'd.
 A violated decency now reigns ;
 And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
 With *Chinese* painters modern *toasts* agree,
 The point they aim at is *deformity* :
 They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air
 Across the room, and *tears* into the chair.
 So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
 They, for our manners, have exchange'd their own.
 The modest look, the castigated grace,
 The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
 For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pray'd*,
 Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
 Stiff forms are bad ; but let not worse intrude
 Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
 And lady *D*——'s self will be polite.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 136.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

BUT adoration ! give me something *more*,
 Cries LYCE, on the borders of *threescore* :
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time* ;
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime ;
 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
 The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
 Autumnal LYCE carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
 O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
 Who looks through spectacles to see your charms !
 While rival *undertakers* hover round,
 And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
 Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
 She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.
 In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
 And nought of LYCE but *herself* is old.
 Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
 And art has *levell'd* her deep furrow'd face.
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
 We'll ask *her blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.
 She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
 (All ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine*.
 O how unlike her is the sacred age
 Of prudent PORTIA ? Her grey hairs *engage* ;
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline :
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* shine.
 That, and that *only*, can old age sustain ;
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.
 Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new ;
 And yearly some are falling of the *few* ;
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
 And downward tend into the vale of age,

They drop *apace* ; by *nature* some decay,
 And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away ;
 Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
 We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.

Where's PORTIA now ?—But PORTIA left behind
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
 What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
 Like blushing rose buds dipp'd in *morning* dew ?
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
 And forms their minds to flee from ills to come ?
 The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide ;
Fancy and *passion* toss it to and fro ;
 Awhile torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.
 Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
 Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust:
 Life swarms with ills ; the *boldest* are afraid :
 Where then is safety for a *tender maid* ?
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
 And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes !
 When kind, most cruel ; when oblig'd the most,
 The least obliging ; and by favours lost.
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate ;
 And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.
 If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick, through malice of your *own*.
 Most hard ! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies ;
 And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise :
 Then please the *Best* ; and know, for men of sense,
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Art on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
 Fright him that's worth your love, from your em-
 brace.

In *simp'e* manners all the secret lies ;
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise,
 Vain *show* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,
 Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
 Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
 Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.

Your sex's glory 'tis, to shine *unknown* ;
 Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.
 Beware the fever of the *mind* ! that thirst
 With which the age is eminently curst :
 'To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire ;
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire ;
 Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb ;
 Give peace *in hand* ; and promise bliss to *come*.

LOVE OF FAME, Vol. I. p. 137.

The DAY of JUDGMENT.

LO ! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,
 At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
 And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
 Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below :
 And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along ;
 NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the throng ;
 ADAM salutes his youngest son ; no sign
 Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart ;
 What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
 spent,

To fix a hero's birth day, or descent ?
 What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
 To see the glorious race of antient days ?
 'To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on record before the flood ?
 Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands,
 CÆSAR un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse ! not in number more,
 The waves that break on the resounding shore ;
 The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
 The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above ;

Those overwhelming armies, whose command
 Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand*:
 Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
 Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud *Cannæ's* field,
 Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
 (Another blow had broke the fates decree,
 And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
 Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia's* host,
 They All are here, and here they All are lost:
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
 For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!
 Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
 And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
 Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
 Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
 Most realms united in one common lord;
 Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
 The skies, JEHOVAH, all this world is mine:
 Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my muse,
 How art thou lost? what numbers canst thou chuse?

A Sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
 And now the crimson curtains open fly;
 Lo! far within, and far above all height,
 Where heav'n's great sov'reign reigns in worlds of
 light,

Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
 Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds! Where *time* and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
 Wait humble at the footstool of their God,
 And move obedient at his awful nod;
 Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
 At random on this air-suspended ball
 (Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
 The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.

Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, *knowledge* shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of *justice*, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the
source

Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
Could *Satan* hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of *him* in *Bethlem* born;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted, guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd,
and dy'd;

Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!

And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?

Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?

I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;

The world is vanish'd,—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken CAIAPHAS! Ah! which blasphem'd;

Thou or thy Pris'ner! which shall be condemn'd?

Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;

Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!

But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n He

Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for Thee!

Now the descending triumph stops its flight

From earth full twice a planetary height.

There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise

Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.

One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round

Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.

These an immeasurable arch support,

The grand tribunal of this awful court.

Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky.

Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns

fly.

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,

And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,

With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd,

Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,

And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,

From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,

Unfurls the *Christian* flag, which waving flies,

And shuts and opens more than half the skies:

The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,

Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main:

Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,

And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!

Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.

Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal

What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
 Say not, (to make the *Sun* shrink in his beam)
 Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
 Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
 Or *God* be spoil'd of his eternal sway.

But rather, if thou know'lt the means, unfold
 How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
 Quick, and severe its own offence to find?
 By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
 And all the pious violence of pray'r?

'Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
 I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
 In this great temple, which the skies surround,
 For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

“ O Thou! whose balance does the mountains
 weigh,

“ Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
 “ Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,
 “ That flame to tempest and that tempest tame;
 “ Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 “ And on the boundless of thy goodness-calls.

“ Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 “ To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:

“ Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,

“ And wholly dedicate my soul to thee:

“ Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow

“ At thy command, nor human motive know!

“ If anger boil, let anger be my praise,

“ And sin the graceful indignation raise.

“ My love be warm to succour the distress'd,

“ And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

“ Oh may my understanding ever read

“ This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!

“ Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?

“ Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?

“ Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown:

“ And bids old Winter lay her honours down:

“ Not the Great OTTOMAN, or Greater CZAR,

“ Not *Europe's* arbitress of peace and war.

- “ May sea and land, and earth and heav’n be join’d,
 “ To bring th’ eternal Author to my mind ?
 “ When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 “ May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance shake my
 soul !
 “ When earth’s in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 “ Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine* !
 “ Thro’ ev’ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
 “ Plenty, or want, Thy glory by my care !
 “ Shine we in arms ? or sing beneath our vine ?
 “ Thine is the vintage, and the conquest Thine :
 “ Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow ;
 “ The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow :
 “ ’Tis thou that lead’st our pow’rful armies forth,
 “ And giv’st Great ANNE Thy sceptre o’er the north.
 “ Grant I may ever, at the *Morning-Ray*,
 “ Open with Pray’r the consecrated day ;
 “ Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 “ And with the mounting sun ascend the skies :
 “ As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 “ And glow with ardour of consummate love ;
 “ Nor cease at eve, but with the *Setting Sun*
 “ My endless worship shall be still begun.
 “ And, oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night
 “ To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
 “ When this world’s shut, and awful planets rise,
 “ Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;
 “ Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
 “ And shew all nature in a milder light ;
 “ How every boisterous thought in calms subsides !
 “ How the smooth’d spirit into goodness glides !
 “ O how divine ! to tread the milky way,
 “ To the bright palace of the Lord of day ;
 “ His court admire, or for his favour sue,
 “ Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;
 “ Pleas’d to look down, and see the *World* asleep,
 “ While I long vigils to its *Founder* keep !
 “ Can’st Thou not shake the centre ? Oh controul,
 “ Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul

- " Thou, who can'st still the raging of the flood,
 " Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
 " Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
 " Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
 " O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
 " And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
 " Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
 " Which in *Eternity's* deep bosom lies!
 " At the *Great Day* of recompence behold,
 " Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
 " Then waded upward to the blissful feat,
 " From age to age, my grateful song repeat;
 " My Light, my Life, my GOD, my *Saviour* see,
 " And rival angels in the praise of *THEE*."

Vol. I. p. 27.

P L E A S U R E.

PLEASURE is in some sort more pernicious than direct vice. Vice has, naturally, some horror in it. It startles, and alarms the conscience, and puts us on our guard. Pleasure, under the colour of being harmless, has an opiate in it; it stupefies and besots. In the soft lap of pleasure conscience falls asleep. Vice, losing its horror, becomes familiar. And as vice increases, some expedient becomes necessary to reconcile us to ourselves. Thus, looking out for some shadow of excuse, we naturally slide into groundless doubts, and become infidels out of pure self-defence.

And, as pleasure makes us infidels, by stupefying the conscience; so it makes us very bad husbands of temporal enjoyments, by darkening our understandings; and this unqualifies us for the very point to which *alone* we pretend.

It is this cloud on their understanding which hinders our voluptuaries from discerning, that their blind rage

for pleasure turns blessings into their reverse. Birth, education, and abundance, are great blessings; but, abused by pleasure into motives and instruments of indulgence, birth is more ignoble than obscurity; knowledge is more pernicious than ignorance; and abundance more a misfortune than want. Men of rank (and of such I speak) if wrong, can scarce avoid sinning beyond themselves. How pestilential their example falls on the lower world, which, under the welcome force of such illustrious authority, turn dissolute, as much for the sake of their credit and fortune, as of their lusts; pride, and interest, bringing needless succour to loose desire; and Tyburn has sometimes reaped, what assemblies have sown. Great men in the wrong, are powerful engines of mischief, and, like bursting bombs, destroy themselves, and all around them.

ON PLEASURE, Vol. IV. p. 137.

I M P U D E N C E.

HOW hard for real worth to gain its price?
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
 If blest with pliant, tho' but slender, sense,
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
 A curic within, a smile upon his face;
 A bauteous sister, or convenient wife,
 Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and *virtue* they will soon desert,
 And lodge you in the bosom of the *great*.
 To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
 For men's refusing what you ought to gain.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 108.

PLEASURES of a GARDEN.

A Garden has ever had the praise, and affection, of the wise. What is requisite to make a wise, and happy man, but reflection, and peace? and both are the natural growth of a garden. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it; and, in some sort, shews him to himself. Its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness, and exposure of a common field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts; and sows celestial seed in their stead. For what see we there, but what awakens in us our gratitude to heaven? A garden to the virtuous is a paradise still extant; a paradise unlost. What a rich present from heaven of sweet incense to man was wasted in that breeze? What a delightful entertainment of sight glows on yonder bed, as if in kindly showers the watry bow had shed all its most celestial colours on it? Here are no objects that fire the passions! None that do not instruct the understanding, and better the heart, while they delight the sense; but not the sense of *these* men. To them the tulip has no colours; the rose no scent: Their palate for Pleasure is so deadened, and burnt out, by the violent stroke of higher tastes, as leaves no sensibility for the softer impressions of these; much less for the relish of those philosophic, or moral, sentiments, which the verdant walk, clear stream, embowering shade, pendant fruit, or rising flower, those speechless, not powerless, orators, ever praising their great Author, inspire: Much less still for their religious inspirations. Who cannot look on a flower till he frightens himself out of infidelity? Religion is the natural growth of the works of God; and infidelity, of the inventions of men.

P A T I E N C E.

CELESTIAL *Patience* ! how dost thou defeat
 The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate ?
 While *Passion* takes his part, betrays our peace ;
 'To death and torture swells each slight disgrace ;
 By not opposing, thou dost ill's destroy,
 And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

FORCE of RELIGION, Vol. I. p. 58.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

A SPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
 Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read ;
 Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
 But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.

“ Folks are so awkward ! Things so unpolite !”

She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.

Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes :

Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.

Heav'n by its favour has the fair distressed,

And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah ! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,

Thou *shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched* thing ?

Old-age *will* come ; disease *may* come before ;

Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.

Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay :

But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,

Their basis totters, their foundation shakes :

Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks ;

Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine ;

The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

JULIA's a manager, she's born for rule ;

And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool* ;

Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*
 That guides the lover to his fair one's bed :
 For difficult amours can smooth the way,
 And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
 But if depriv'd of such important cares,
 Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
 For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,
 Nor *take her tea* without a *stratagem* ;
 Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face ;
 Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.

Go breakfast with ALICIA, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree :
 Unlac'd her stays, her night-dress is unty'd,
 And what she has of head-dress is aside.
 She draws her words, and waddles in her pace :
 Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
 A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves ;
 And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
 Gloves by queen BESS's maidens might be mist ;
 Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *frist*.
 Lovers, beware ! to *wound* how can she fail
 With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail ?
 For H——y the first *wit* she cannot be,
 Nor, cruel R——o, the first *taust*. for thee.
 Since full each other station of *renown*,
 Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town ?
 Women were made to give our eyes delight ;
 A *female sloven* is an odious sight.

Fair ISABELLA is so fond of *fame*,
 That her *dear self* is her eternal theme ;
 Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
 " Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day !"
 When most the world applauds you, most beware ;
 'Tis often less a *bleffing* than a *snare*.
 Distrust *mankind* : with your own *heart* confer ;
 And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
 The breath of *others* raises our renown ;
 Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.

Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all* :
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall ?
So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
'To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim
Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.

But CLIO thus : " What ! railing without end ?
" Mean task ! how much more gen'rous to com-
" mend ?"

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.

" DAPHNISS," says CLIO, " has a charming eye ;

" What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry !

" ASPASIA'S shape indeed—But then her air—

" The man has parts who finds destruction there.

" ALMERIA'S wit has something that's divine ;

" And wit's enough—how few in all things shine.

" SELINA serves her friends, relieves the poor—

" Who was it said SELINA'S near threescore ?

" At LUCIA'S match I from my soul rejoice ;

" The world congratulates so wise a choice ;

" His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—

" But mortgages will sap the best estate.

" In SHERLEY'S form might cherubims appear ;

" But then—she has a *freckle* on her ear."

Without a *but*, HORTENSIA she commends,

The first of women, and the best of friends ;

Owens her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright :

But how comes this to pass ?—She dy'd last night.

LOVE OF FAME, Vol. I. p. 146.

P L E A S U R E.

WHAT an extravagant dominion does *pleasure* exercise over us ? It is not only the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; but an arrow that destroyeth

at noon-day. The moon hides her face at our midnight enormities ; and the morning blushes on our unfinished bebauch. I am almost tempted to say, that our impudent folly puts nature out of countenance. But there is no need by words to exaggerate the fatal truth. Our luxury is beyond example, and beyond bounds ; it stops not at the poor : even they that live on alms are infected with it.

It has often been observed, that it is with states, as with men. They have their birth, growth, health, distemper, decay, and death. Men sometimes drop suddenly by an apoplexy ; states, by conquest ; in full vigour both. As man owes his mortality to original sin ; some states owe their fall to some defect, or infelicity, in their original constitution. But contracted distemper is the most common ruin of states, and men. And what national distemper more mortal than our own ? On the soft beds of luxury most kingdoms have expired.

ON PLEASURE, Vol. IV. p. 134.

ADVICE to AUTHORS.

'T IS harder far to please than give offence ;
 The least misconduct damns the brightest sense ;
 Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
 Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
 Flagitious manners make impressions deep
 On those, that o'er a page of *Milton* sleep :
 Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
 True, these are fools ; but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
 If they confine their talents to the pen ;
 When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
 Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
 Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
 And play the fool, because they're men of sense.

What instances bleed recent in each thought,
 Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought?
 Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
 Purely through want of wit to be undone?
 Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
 That *wit's* a jewel which we need not wear.
 Of plain sound *sense* life's current coin is made;
 With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
 A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
 A certain snare to miseries immense;
 A gay prerogative from common sense;
 Unless strong Judgment that wild thing can tame,
 And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
 Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
 Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
 'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
 As it is great to seize the golden prize
 Of place or pow'r; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
 Think private merit less than public fame,
 And fancy not to write is not to live;
 Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
 But ponder what it is: how dear 'twill cost,
 To write one page which you may justly boast.
 Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
 Who write an awful character profess;
 The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
 And for their stipend an immortal fame:
 Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
 Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
 Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
 No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
 Much trust example, but reflection more:
 More had the ancients writ, they more had taught;
 Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know; and, known,
adore:

Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that *Newmarket* praise,
Slow runs the *Pegasus* that wins the bays.

Much time for immortality to pay,
Is just and wise; for *less* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek:
What man can be immortal in a week?

Excuse no *fau't* though beautiful, 'twill harm;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness; *Addison*
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once *Achilles* found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part's* unsound.

He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*:
The part you burn, smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well:
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice;
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly *Lucius* censures and commends,
That *Lucius* has no foes, except his friends.

Let *satire* less engage you than *applause*;
 It shews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws:
 Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
 Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's*, *religion's* friend;
 The public glory by your own beget;
 Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
 And since the fam'd alone make others live,
 First *have* that glory you presume to *give*.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
 'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
 Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
 As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
 Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart,

Painters and surgeons may the *structure* scan;
 Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:

Defaults in those alone should give offence!
 Who strikes the *person*, pleads his innocence.

My narrow-minded satire can't extend
 To *Codrus'* form; I'm not so much his friend:
 Himself should publish that (the world agree)
 Before his works, or in the pillory.

Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
 Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd *humour*? It has this pretence,
 'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or sense.

Unless you boast the genius of a *Swift*,
 Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *last shift*.

Can others write like you? Your talk give o'er,
 'Tis printing what was publish'd long before,
 If nought peculiar through your labours run,
 They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
 Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
 Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
 To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
 Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life:
 When most unfought, such inspirations rise,
 Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise;

Expect peculiar fame from these alone ;
 These make an author, these are all your own.
 Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er ;
 Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
 True, all men think of course, as all men dream ;
 And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half-renown ;
 They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
 No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
 But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
 Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force ;
 Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
 Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine :
 Let nature, art, and judgment wit, exceed ;
 O'er learning reason reign ; o'er that, your *Creed* :
 Thus *virtue's seeds*, at once, and *laurels*, grow ;
 Do thus, and rise a *Pope* or a *Despreau* :
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines :
 Parts but expose those men who virtue quit ;
 A falling angel is a fallen wit ;
 And they plead *Lucifer's* detested cause,
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
 Would you restore just honours to the pen ?
 From able writers *rise* to worthy men.

EPISTLE II. Vol. I. p. 193.



F I N I S.

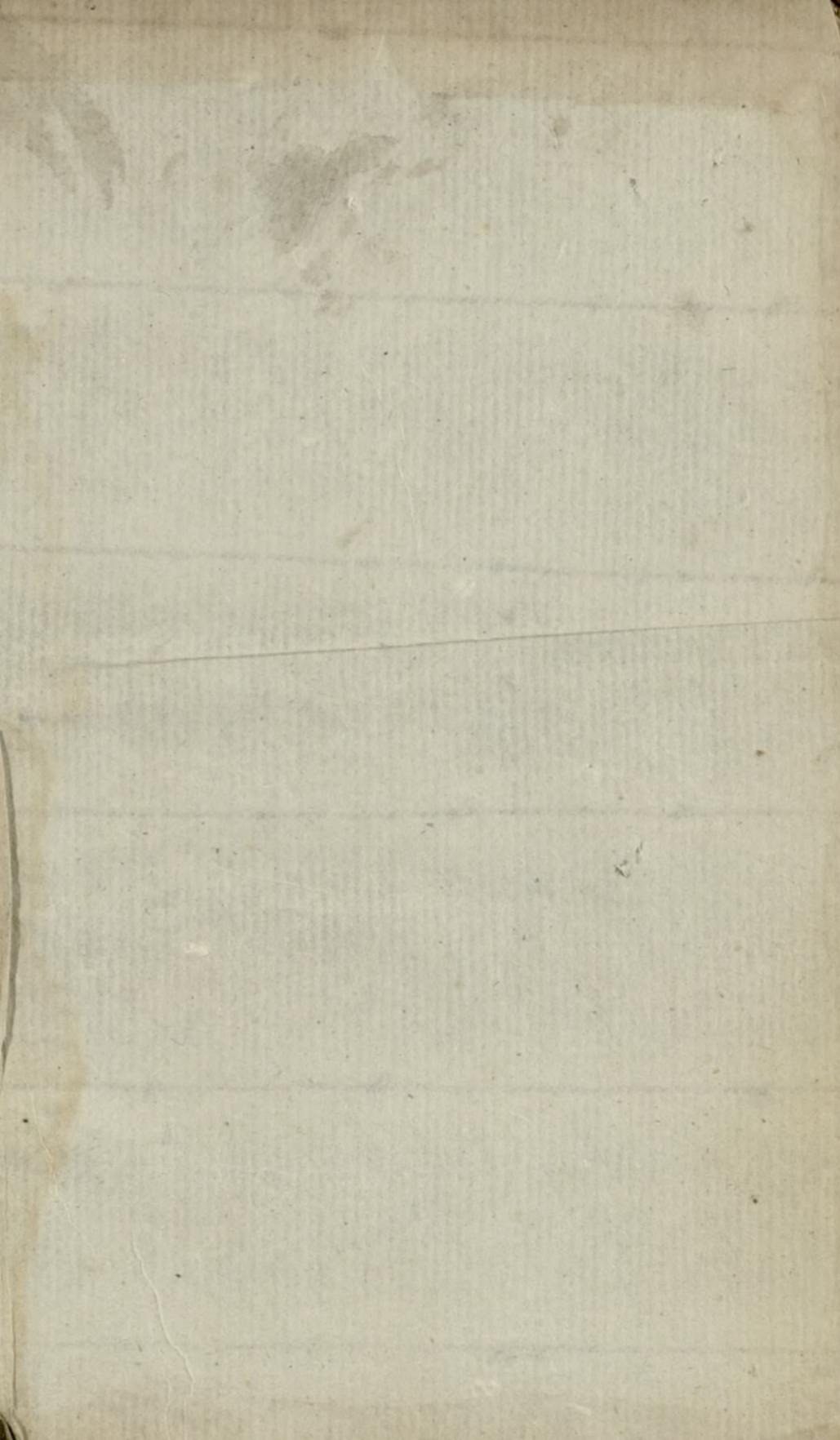
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