

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

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

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

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

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

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

MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild-brook babbling down the
mountain side.

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple
bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs
above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of
love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal
grove.

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

EDWIN'S FANCIES AT EVENING.

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

Or when the setting moon, in crimson
died,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy
deep,

To haunted stream, remote from man
he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont
to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till
sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind
'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers
bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the
vault of Night.

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

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

THE HUMBLE WISH.

LET vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons
of renown,

In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where the green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sunshine sweetly
on my grave.

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

FANCY AND EXPERIENCE.

I CANNOT blame thy choice (the Sage replied),
For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery ways.
And yet even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined?

Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:

To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
And often, when no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, and endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

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

POETIC LEGENDS IN EARLY CHILDHOOD.

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

Ah me! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,

Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door:
Then as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the beldam 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

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

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

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:

"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rang symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself, or with nature, at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

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

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high

She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again :
But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

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

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

" And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,

And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb !"

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728—1774.]

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd ;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please ;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene ;
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbour'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made !
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,

Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'er'tops the mould'ring wall ;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;

A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose :
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME AND INFANCY.

SWEET Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy
train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past
to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world
of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my
share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by re-
pose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-
learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns
pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he
flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

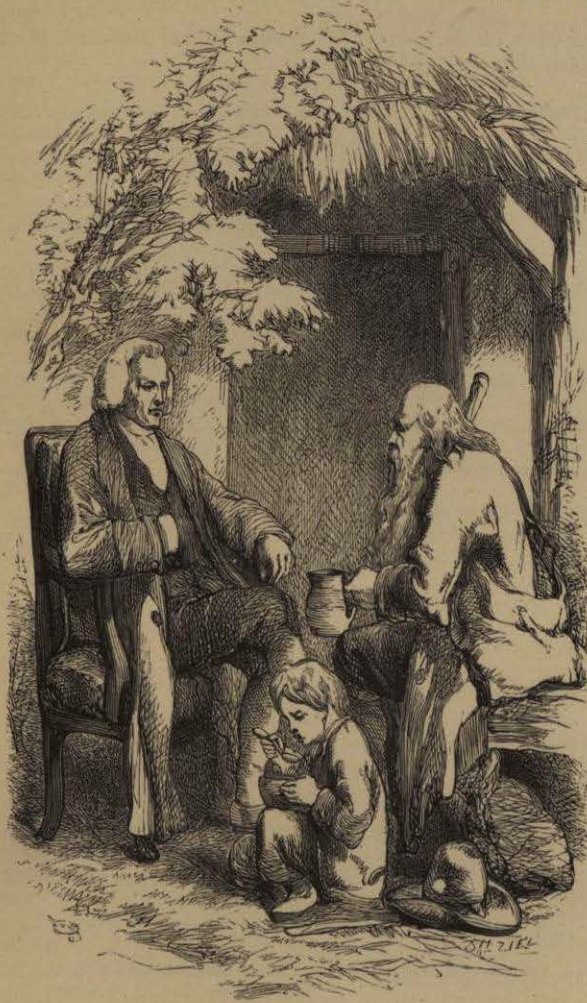
O blest retirement, friend to life's
decline,
Retreats from care that never must be
mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades
like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong tempta-
tions try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to
fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and
weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous
deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the
last,
His heaven commences ere the world be
past !

Sweet was the sound, when, oft at
ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose :
There, as I past with careless steps and
slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from
below ;
The swain, responsive as the milkmaid
sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their
young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the
pool,
The playful children just let loose from
school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the
whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the
shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had
made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way
tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy
spring ;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for
bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the
thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

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THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the gar-  
den smiled  
And still where many a garden flower  
grows wild ;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place  
disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion  
rose.





THE VILLAGE PASTOR (GOLDSMITH.)

The long remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.—P. 171

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a  
year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to  
change his place ;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying  
hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to  
prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to  
rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant  
train,  
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved  
their pain ;  
The long remember'd beggar was his  
guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged  
breast ;  
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer  
proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims  
allow'd ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow  
done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how  
fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man  
learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to  
scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his  
pride,  
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's  
side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt  
for all ;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment  
tries,  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the  
skies ;  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull  
delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the  
way.

Beside the bed where parting life was  
laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns  
dismay'd,  
The rev'rend champion stood. At his  
control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling  
soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch  
to raise,  
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd  
praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected  
grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double  
sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained  
to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
Even children follow'd, with endearing  
wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good  
man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-  
prest,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares  
distrest ;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs  
were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in  
heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves  
the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds  
are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

#### THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE VILLAGE INN.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts  
the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to  
rule,  
The village master taught his little school ;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;



Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace,  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in ought,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;  
The village all declared how much he knew ;  
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge :  
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,  
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;  
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspin boughs and flowers and fennel gay,  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all  
[fall ?  
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

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THE EXILES.

WHERE, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here while the proud their long-drawn poms display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way :

The dome where pleasure holds her mid-night reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !—
Are these thy serious thoughts ? ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Ming'ling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green ;
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep !
The good old sire, the first, prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe :
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,

Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her
woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure
rose ;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with
many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly
dear ;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend
relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.—
O luxury ; thou cursed by Heaven's
decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these
for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness
grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;
At every draught more large and large
they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo ;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part
unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin
round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done ;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I
stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy
band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the
strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are
there :
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest
maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest
fame ;

Dear charming nymph, neglected and
decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
wo,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and
keep'st me so :
Thou guide by which the nobler arts
excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.

~~~~~  
THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;  
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian  
boor  
Against the houseless stranger shuts the  
door ;  
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
A weary waste expanding to the skies :  
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to  
thee : [pain,  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless  
And drags at each remove a lengthening  
chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest  
friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints  
attend ;  
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests  
retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening  
fire :  
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain  
repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;  
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty  
crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never  
fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to  
share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and  
care ;

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with  
the view :  
That, like the circle bounding earth and  
skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my  
own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes  
ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend :  
And, placed on high, above the storm's  
career,  
Look downward where an hundred realms  
appear ;  
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending  
wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's  
humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around  
combine,  
Amidst the store, should thankless pride  
repine ?  
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
That good which makes each humbler  
bosom vain ?  
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it  
can,  
These little things are great to little man ;  
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind  
Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and  
spendour crown'd ;  
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion  
round ;  
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy  
gale ;  
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery  
vale ;  
For me your tributary stores combine ;  
Creation's heir, the world, the world is  
mine !

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it  
o'er :  
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures  
fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting  
still ;

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
Pleased with each good that Heaven to  
man supplies ;  
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,  
Where my worn soul, each wandering  
hope at rest ;  
May gather bliss, to see my fellows  
bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot  
below,  
Who can direct, when all pretend to  
know ?  
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his  
own ;  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;  
The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy  
wine,  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid  
wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the good they  
gave.  
Such is the patriot's boast where'er he  
roam,  
His first, best country, ever is at home.  
And yet, perhaps, if countries we com-  
pare,  
And estimate the blessings which they  
share,  
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom  
find  
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :  
As different good, by art or nature given,  
To different nations makes their blessings  
even.

~~~~~  
CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS.

FAR to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's
side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride :
While oft some temple's mouldering tops
between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are
found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the
ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied
year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern
sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to
die ;
These here disporting, own the kindred
soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's
toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings
expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling
land.

But small the bliss that sense alone
bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles
here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners
reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submis-
sive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet
untrue ;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed
the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd
through the state ;
At her command the palace learn'd to
rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the
skies,
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en Nature
warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human
form :
Till, more unsteady than the southern
gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her
sail ;

While nought remain'd of all that riches
gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a
slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless
skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here sup-
plied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former
pride ;
From these the feeble heart and long-
fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp
array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the caval-
cade :
By sports like these are all their cares
beguiled ;
The sports of children satisfy the child :
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long con-
trol,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the
soul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast be-
hind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cesars once
bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
shed ;
And, wondering man could want the
larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a
smile.

CHARACTER OF THE SWISS.

MY soul turn from them ;—turn we to
survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race dis-
play,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-
sion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his
sword :

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of
May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's
breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms
invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread
a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
though small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble
shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet
deal,
To make him loth his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the
soil.

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short
repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he
goes ;

With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his ventures ploughshare to the
steep ;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark
the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a
shed ;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round
surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the
blaze ;

While his loved partner, boastful of her
hoard,

Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And, haply too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds im-
part,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And ev'n those hills, that round his man-
sion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund sup-
plies :

Dear is that shed to which his soul con-
forms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the
storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds
molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's
breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's
roar,
But bind him to his native mountains
more.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners
reign,

I turn ; and France displays her bright
domain.

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social
ease,

Pleased with thyself, whom all the world
can please,

How often have I led thy sporting choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring
Loire,

Where shading elms along the margin
grew,

And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr
flew ;

And haply, though my harsh touch
falt'ring still,

But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the
dancers' skill,

Yet would the village praise my wondrous
power,

And dance forgetful of the noon-tide
hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirth-
ful maze ;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic
lore,

Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-
score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms
display,

Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind
endear,

For honour forms the social temper here.

Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise:
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

CONCLUSION OF THE
TRAVELLER.

HAVE we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?

Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murder's aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE WRETCH, CONDEMNED
WITH LIFE TO PART.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, unmeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing, and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrup in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep:
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms!

And, "Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, and finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe is me,
Their constancy was mine!

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain:
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee!

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

[TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721—1772.]

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of
time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze!
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause! oh, fatal morn!
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;

Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the
sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every
varying clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,
The sons of Woden to the field defied:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal
blow,
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptised with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage past that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow
beard;
And his broad shoulders braved the
furious blast.

He stopt : he gazed ; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her
charms :

He seized the advantage fate allow'd,
And straight compressed her in his vigo-
rous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
Old Time exulted as he flew ;
And Independence saw the light.

The light he saw in Albion's happy
plains,

Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled
strains, [born.

The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was
The mountain dryads seized with joy,
The smiling infant to their care con-
sign'd ;

The Doric muse caress'd the favourite
boy ;

The hermit Wisdom stored his opening
mind.

As rolling years matured his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his
sire ;

While the mild passions in his breast
assuage

The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the as-
piring soul.

On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where tyranny beheld amazed
Fair freedom's temple, where he mark'd
her grave.

He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberians double chain ;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide
domain.

He with the generous rustics sate,
On Uri's rocks in close divan ;
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of
man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamant shrine ;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast !
He snatch'd from under fell oppression's
wing,

And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould ;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky
shore,

And turns the dross of Corsica to gold :
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart
denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never
tread,

Where varnish'd vice and vanity com-
bined,

To dazzle and seduce, their banners
spread, [mind ;

And forge vile shackles for the free-born
While insolence his wrinkled front up-
rears,

And all the flowers of spurious fancy
blow ;

And title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the mis-
creant's brow :

Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and
vain,

Presents her cup of stale profession's
froth ;

And pale disease, with all his bloated
train,

Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils op-
prest ;

So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd
pride,

That bears the treasure which he cannot
taste.

For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling
string ;

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure
lay ;

And jingling bells fantastic folly ring ;
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall inter-
vene ;

And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every
scene,

Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd
haunts,

By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove,
or cell,

Where the poised lark his evening ditty
chaunts,

And health, and peace, and contempla-
tion dwell.

There study shall with solitude recline ;
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-
swains ;

And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life
sustains :

And fearless poverty shall guard the door ;
And taste unspoil'd the frugal table
spread ;

And industry supply the humble store ;
And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing
shed ;

White-mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far-off the goblins of the
night ;

And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power ! my patron and my
pride.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain

That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave

My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,

No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,

With white round polish'd pebbles spread ;

While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;

The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;

The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,

By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen :

And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale ;

And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil ;

And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard !

[SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746-1794.]

TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

Persian.

THERE, on the nurse's lap, a new-born
child,

We saw thee weep while all around thee
smiled ;

So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Thou still may'st smile, while all around
thee weep.

[JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735-1779.]

ELEGY.

OH ! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay !
Fond hopes, of innocence and fancy
born !

For you I'll cast these waking thoughts
away,

For one wild dream of life's romantic
morn.

Ah ! no : the sunshine o'er each object
spread

By flattering hope, the flowers that blew
so fair ;

Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vanish'd from the powerful rod of
care.

So the poor pilgrim, who, in rapturous thought,
Plans his dear journey to Loretto's shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
And Sharon's roses all his passage strew:
So fancy dreams; but fancy's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient light,
Where hope, and joy, and fancy hold their reign;
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright,
The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's wain.

In radiant colours youth's free hand pours
Trays, [eye];
Then holds the flattering tablet to his
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence fancy conquer'd by the dart of pain,
And wandering far from her Platonic shade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
Nor unrepeating sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
[train];
Their fairy race that fill'd her festive
Joy rears his wreath, and hope inverts her eye,
And folly wonders that her dream was vain.

[CHATTERTON. 1752—1770.]

ON RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the powers of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then, why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the infliction of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

[ANONYMOUS. 1750.]

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

MY love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it all with lily flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport and went his way,
And brought the king that very night
Who broke my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight to me so dear;
He slew my knight and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremity.

I sew'd his sheet, making my moan;
I watch'd his corpse, myself alone;
I watch'd his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod so green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair;
Think nae ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

No living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
With one lock of his yellow hair,
I'll bind my heart for evermair.

[DAVID MALLETT. 1703?—1765.]

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'T WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;

The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

“Awake,” she cried, “thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refused to save.

“This is the dark and dreary hour,
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

“Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

“Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

“How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

“Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

“That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

“The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

“But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.”