

BOOK

Porter

Chauncey Beattie

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THE BOOK

OF THE

POETS

ILLUSTRATED

WITH FORTY ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL,

FROM DESIGNS BY CORBOULD &c

With an Essay on ~~English~~ Poetry

LONDON

J J CHIDLEY, 123, ALDERSGATE STREET

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ESSAY

ENGLISH POETRY,

FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT

UNTIL THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

A FREQUENT error among the lovers of abstract intellect has been to undervalue the power of language as an auxiliary to thought. With them it is enough if an idea is expressed in as many words as will serve to make it intelligible; all beyond this they account a mere labour of supererogation. But with as much justice they might despise the diversity of hues, the beauty of forms, and the melody of sounds, with which the beneficent Creator has adorned this material world, and made it a habitation in which man can be happy, because these are not essential to the mere sustenance of man. It is in the intellectual as in the physical world. An abstract idea to be productive of practical results in society must be rendered not merely intelligible but attractive. An argument for the purposes of conviction must be not only conclusive in itself but invested with those persuasive qualities which will secure its entrance into the hearts of those who are addressed. Man is a poetical as well as a philosophical being, and while his intellect requires sustenance his imagination craves for enjoyment. For this, something analogous to the material world is necessary—something by which the mere prose of reality is beautified, and aggrandised with form and light, and melody. On account of the human mind being so constituted, language is

not merely the outline, but the body of thought—the bones, and muscles, and flesh, and blood, through which a phantom like idea becomes a living tangible reality

To this poetical tendency, which so essentially constitutes a great portion of our nature, we must refer that amplitude of language by which the vocabulary of every country is distinguished. Even the rudest savage would not be contented with those few words that suffice to express his simple wants, or to indicate the external objects around him. He would not announce an important fact to his mistress, by the abrupt declaration “I love you” nor panegyrisé a deceased warrior by merely summing up, upon his fingers, the number of scalps of which he had become the owner. His kindled imagination struggles to aggrandize either circumstance. his language rises, and expands with the theme, and what might have been originally expressed in the naked form of a mathematical proposition, and in a single sentence, becomes an harangue or a poem. Such is also the case with society as it continues to progress from the savage to the civilized state of life. In every stage it is felt that conversation, and speech in general, must consist of something more than the announcement of simple facts or propositions and thus the routine of social every day life is impressed with the spirit of poetry. But even this is not enough. There must be men set apart and consecrated for the wants of the imagination, as well as those of intellect and faith, and the poet therefore becomes as indispensable an appendage of constituted society as the teacher or the priest. And amidst this natural and universal craving, the language of every country is rendered more or less fit for the purposes of poetry. Words are multiplied to express the same object, the principles of verbal inflection are increased to indicate the states and relations of objects. rhythms are invented by which to give utterance to every variety of emotion and arbitrary laws of connexion are established, between the sound of the language and the idea of which it is the utterance.

When the savage or natural has thus merged into the artificial state of poetry the adaptation of language for poetical purposes will depend upon the intellectual character of the community, the situation in which it has been placed, and the

circumstances of its national history. When these are of a favourable description, the few hundreds of words of which a language originally consisted, are expanded, in the course of ages like a mighty forest that has grown from a handful of seedlings. Such was the case with the language of Greece—that voice of poetry itself—that music of the heart whose tones will continue to reverberate upon human sympathy as long as an ear exists to hear, or a soul to be moved with the feelings of a human intelligence. At first it was only the rude gabble of the savage who scaled the steep sides of *Æta* or chased the flying deer upon the plains of Marathon. But successive families of more civilized beings settled in that beautiful land and introduced new ideas, with a correspondent nomenclature, and as the Grecian savage rose into the creature of civilization, his language became expressive of something more than the mere wants and feelings of the passing hour. The bright and gentle atmosphere, and the beautiful scenery of Attica made the Athenian from the first a poet: the glorious history of his people furnished him with the noblest of poetical themes, and therefore the language of Grecian poetry in the various attributes of strength, expressiveness, and melody—of copiousness to indicate every minute shade of thought, or terseness to condense a distinct proposition—remains and perhaps will for ever remain, without a rival among the national modifications of human speech. In the same manner the Latin tongue was enabled to assume the second rank among poetical languages. As Rome gradually rose from a village of thatched huts into a city of towers and palaces and absorbed kingdom after kingdom in the list of her conquests her tributary subjects added not only to her wealth and power but also to her vocabulary and when she sang the song of liberty which Greece had taught her it was in that language of strength and majesty with which she issued her commands over half the world.

The language of modern poetry which occupies a similar rank in the present day to that of the Greek and Latin in ancient times is unquestionably the English—the language of Shakspeare and Milton. It combines in an admirable degree, the harmony and flexibility of the Greek with the strength and majesty of the Roman tongue, and has thus been made the

happy vehicle of every poetical mood, whether grave or gay whether amatory or warlike This combination of opposite qualities is analogous to the mixture of different races which constitutes the British nation And we shall find that to produce such a tongue, many of those circumstances combined which were so favourable to Greece and Rome When the men of the north conquered and colonized the island of Britain they consisted of three tribes, the Jutes Angles and Saxons and on being united into one people their dialects, blended together, served to strengthen and enrich each other The Britons reduced to a state of serfage, but still holding an important place in the political scale, naturally added to the speech of their Anglo-Saxon masters and the invasion and temporary supremacy of the Danes introduced further additions and modifications Then succeeded a period of revolution in which the language and manners of the court of Normandy predominated among the English courtiers of Edward the Confessor so that the French tongue became the chief recommendation to royal favour —and after this came the Norman Conquest in which the English language was degraded into a badge of servitude and abandoned to the enslaved populace But although the kings and nobles of England for several generations disdained the language of the people over whom they ruled, and regarded the French tongue as the only language of courtesy nobleness and valour the true English hearts still clung to their native speech with filial and patriotic affection This devotedness was richly rewarded by the final predominance of their Saxon tongue which superseded that of the court and the aristocracy and the language of the conquerors only served to amplify that national speech which it had vainly endeavoured to annihilate The native language of our country having thus asserted its superiority and established its rule in the court and the college became the utterance of learning and courtesy, the legitimate medium of communication for the noble the priest and the scholar, and therefore during the fourteenth century when this emancipation was completed, English poetry which had grown and strengthened in the form of ballads romances and chronicles attained the first great stage of its early perfection in the works of Chaucer and his illustrious contemporaries

After this period, the enlargement and improvement of our language was beyond all former precedent. Foreign war and conquest, commercial intercourse, and the progress of travel and discovery enriched it with the treasures of modern tongues, the labours of the learned not only added to it a large portion of words, but the principles of grammatical order and refinement, and the cultivation of every department of art and science added new nomenclatures which were incorporated with the national language. In this manner, the rugged and scanty speech which Hengist and Horsa brought to our shore, and enforced upon the country at the sword point became the nucleus of additions and improvements until it rose into grandeur and harmony and gave utterance to every poetic impulse. Nor was this all. These opportunities have been more or less common in the progress of every language from barbarism to refinement. But to these, which England enjoyed in so eminent a degree we must also add the mildness of our climate, the fertility of our soil, the verdure and beauty of our scenery the nature of our political institutions which permit such freedom of speech and action the heroic character of our historical associations, and that wide empire of British conquest upon which the sun never sets. In these circumstances, which also possessed so powerful an influence upon the happiest characteristics of the Greek and Roman languages, we shall read the sources of that copiousness and expressiveness for which our native tongue is so conspicuous, and by which it is so admirably fitted for all the purposes of poetry.

Of the state of poetry among the ancient Britons who originally occupied this island, we know little or nothing. All that can be asserted on this point is, that it was carefully cultivated among them, that much of the instructions of the Druids was delivered in verse, and that the bards, by their songs possessed a powerful influence over the community, especially in time of war. The Saxons, who followed, and who became the fathers of the English nation, do not appear to have been at any time distinguished, either for their love of literature or poetical susceptibilities. Few fragments of the Anglo Saxon poetry remain. The chief of these are the mythic legend of Beowulf and Hiothgar, the song of the elder Caedmon, "On

the Origin of Things metrical paraphrases of portions of the Holy Scriptures, ascribed to a second Caedmon Athelstan's Song of Victory, with a few elegies and odes, chiefly of a religious character From these scanty and imperfect specimens, we are unable to ascertain the exact laws of their metre but their character, as compositions, is distinguished by that extremely artificial construction so unfavourable to the spirit of true poetry, abounding in a mechanical inversion of words and phrases, the frequent occurrence of alliteration the omission of particles, and in abrupt transitions from one idea to another During the earlier periods of their history, the Anglo Saxons appear to have possessed that love of song by which all the tribes of ancient northern pirates were distinguished and at their banquets the harp was passed from hand to hand, while every guest was expected to sing a song in rotation, but when they had become a settled people amidst the abundance and luxuries of England, this love of poetry was gradually swallowed up in the accompanying sensualities of eating and drinking Such continued to be the state of the popular taste until the period of the Norman Conquest Glee men and glee women indeed there were in abundance who were in great request at every feast and festival but the popular poetry of which they were the representatives, must have been at a very low ebb when we remember that they were dancers, tumblers, and buffoons, as well as minstrels

Although the Norman Conquest was destined to superinduce a new intellectual character upon the naturally rustic spirit of the Saxon stock, the poetry of England for a considerable period was rather thrown back than advanced by this important political change In consequence of the contempt with which every thing English was viewed by the dominant race the language was abandoned to the common people and when it was used as the vehicle of poetical numbers, it was to celebrate the resistance of their national heroes to the Norman invaders, or panegyrisé the exploits of the outlaws of the gay greenwood themes which were so obnoxious to their masters, that they were sung in an under key, and with fear and trembling Except in such instances as these, the poetry of England continued to possess a foreign character, being composed either

in Latin or in French Of the last language, there were two great dialects, one of which was called the *Langue d'oc*, and the other the *Langue d'oïl*, in both of which the *trouveurs* and *troubadours* of the Anglo Norman court recorded the deeds and wonders of the classical or chivalric ages, and the themes of such minstrelsy soon became sufficiently abundant in the stirring events of those warlike periods Knightly deeds of valour, the charms of love and the graces of courtesy, were embodied in lays or legends, and sung at the banquets of the nobles and the exploits of the founders of the great families of England found willing hearers and liberal rewarders in their descendants A still wider and more heart stirring theme succeeded with the Crusades, and the gorgeous fictions and scenery of the East were engrafted upon the northern poetry more especially when English Richard, himself a perfect knight as well as an accomplished minstrel, lent both his lyre and sword to the poetical spirit of his country

The time, however, was coming, although by slow approaches, and rude desultory efforts, when the Muse of England was to give utterance to her inspirations in the English language So uncertain indeed was the transition state in which it ceased to be Saxon, and became English, that a translation of Wace's *Metrical Chronicle*, executed about the middle of the twelfth century by Layamon, a priest of Ernleye has puzzled our most learned antiquarians, who cannot decide whether the version should be considered a Saxon or an English one During the latter part of the reign of Henry III, and that of his son Edward I, numerous poets appear to have flourished in England, whose chief literary labours consisted of translations and imitations of the French romances The principal name that occurs during this epoch, is that of Robert, a monk of Gloucester, who proposed to himself the very useful and difficult task of writing the *History of England in verse*, which he carried down to his own day As a poem, this work is comparatively worthless, but it must have been an acceptable boon to the commons of his own time, composed as it was in the language and phraseology which had been so long endeared to them by courtly disfavour and contempt, and recording every historical event with the fidelity and minuteness of the most prosaic his-

torian Next in the list of English poets of the middle ages is Robert de Brunne, also a monk, a translator who lived in the fourteenth century, and who compiled a rhyming Chronicle of the History of England, from the works of Wace, and Peter of Langtoft Passing over other names of poets who lived about the same period, we may mention that of Laurence Minot, who wrote some spirit stirring ballads narrating the victories of Edward III Few reigns in English history were so well qualified to excite the poetical spirit by splendid chivalric spectacles and heroic achievements, as that of this monarch, graced as it was by the deeds of his son the Black Prince and accordingly English poetry during the period of his administration assumed not only a distinctive form, but displayed some of its highest attributes This was especially the case in those romances which portrayed the characters, the events, and the pageantries, of chivalry A greater poet than any who had preceded him, was Robert Langland, who wrote his singular and well known work entitled, 'The Visions of Piers Plowman, probably about 1362 In this poem, the author appears to have imitated the old Saxon models of versification rather than those of his own day, and the lines are constructed upon the principle of alliteration, rather than rhyme His chief subjects were the abuses of religion, and the demoralization of society, in which he took occasion to attack the dissolute priests, friars, and nuns, with a freedom, severity, and energy, to which as yet, they had been little accustomed But the manner in which he handles his subject sufficiently shows, that the principles of taste in poetical composition were still very imperfectly understood Piers Plowman is an impersonation of the Christian life, and he receives from Grace four strong oxen, whose names are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, to plough up the field of divine truth He has afterwards assigned to him four vigorous bullocks, to harrow up the ground which has been already ploughed and these are, Ambrose, Augustine, Gregory, and Jerome, the illustrious fathers of the Christian church

But immeasurably beyond all the poets whom we have lately mentioned, was the immortal and imitable Chaucer This writer, in originality as well as excellence, stands alone It was little indeed, comparatively speaking, that he could gain from

the lessons of those who had gone before him, they had left him nothing but a language still in a state of barbarism, and examples of Romanesque poetry which he considered only worthy of ridicule, and which he ridiculed accordingly in his romance of Sir Topas, as well as in the satirical references with which his *Canterbury Tales* abound. To him was consigned the important office of being, not only a great national poet, but the creator of the language and style of the national poetry. In these respects, as well as in the universality of his genius, he comes nearest to Shakspeare, of whom he may also be considered the type. While Langland, his distinguished contemporary, was endeavouring to reduce English poetry to the obsolete models of the old Anglo Saxon verse, Chaucer, with a happier perception of poetical propriety, and the hidden powers of our language, was moulding it into that form which was so much more congenial to its character and construction, and for such a task he was well fitted, by the strength as well as the many sidedness of his mind. Shakspeare alone excepted, no one has ever excelled, or even equalled him, in so much observation combined with such original invention—in the grandeur and minuteness of his descriptions—in pathos, and in humour—in the highest flights of imaginative poetry, and the most correct pictures of real and every day life—in all that constitutes imagination, fancy, and correct observation, combined with a cheerful healthy temperament of mind, and great common sense. In looking at his splendid productions, the works of the minstrels and poetical moralists who precede him sink into utter insignificance. On account of his diversified power, he tried every kind of poetry which had been already cultivated, and succeeded in each, as well as extracted from every foreign author whatever was characteristic of excellence in his peculiar style. He was thus by turns a translator, an imitator, and an improver, as well as an original writer. But of all his writings the *Canterbury Tales* include the perfection of his multifarious qualities, and constitute his most distinguished work. Here he has concentrated all his knowledge, as well as all his minute powers of genius, and every story teems with brilliant pictures, with profound thoughts, with lively sallies of humour, with correct sketches

of common life, and an ample fund of close philosophical observation upon every state of society, thus constituting a work to which there is no parallel either in the English or in any other language. The idea of this production was probably adopted from Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, but the genius of Chaucer appears as superior to his original as the characters of the Knight and Squire, the Host, Reeve, and Miller, are superior to the indiscriminated ladies and gentlemen whom the Italian novelist created as the organs of his sentiments—the mere mouth pieces of his hundred amusing stories.

The time of Chaucer, compared with previous ages was a golden era of English poetry. Besides Langland, he had the 'moral Gower' for his contemporary, and Occleve and Iydgate for his immediate successors. Each of these was illustrious in his particular sphere, but all of them were vastly inferior to the great master of English song, who stood unapproached and unrivalled. Of these poets, the last came the nearest to Chaucer, whom he calls his master. It might now have been expected that so bright a morning of English poetry would have strengthened into a cloudless mid day—but the light was soon to be darkened by the eclipse of civil contention. The wars of the Roses occurred—and in the fierce rivalry of the houses of York and Lancaster, the princely and noble patrons of learning—Humphrey of Gloucester, and the Lords Tiptoft and Scales—perished by assassination or upon the scaffold, the Universities were deserted, learning and study were abandoned—and society was thrown back into that state of barbarism, which is always the most frightful when it is accompanied with a sort of half civilization. Had the strife been a noble one no such results would have followed—and poetry, instead of being silenced and trodden into the dust, would have soared over the contention, to animate the living and immortalize the dead. But it was a base and heartless struggle, in which all natural feelings were abandoned, and where the axe of the executioner was as actively employed as the sword of the warrior. Even after the strife itself had ceased, society had so greatly retrograded, and the hearts of men had become so steeled that a considerable period was still to elapse before the cultivation of poetry could be resumed. A deathlike

silence consequently continued during the suspicious reign of Henry VII, and the greater part of that of his despotic successor, and it was only towards the close of the life of Henry VIII that Wyat, Surrey, and Vaux, appeared as the successors of Chaucer, after two hundred years of poetical apathy had intervened

It is gratifying, however, to think, that although the flame had been so completely repressed in one quarter, it had burst out in another This was in Scotland, where a bright race of poets arose, to fill up the long gap that had occurred in English history In that country flourished Barbour Henry the Minstrel, James I, Henrysone, Gavin Douglas, Dunbar, Mersar, Su David Lyndsay, and James V —poets of whom any country would have been proud, and whose spirits were nursed among stirring deeds and picturesque scenery, and, above all, in that heroic struggle for national liberty which so often constitutes the very essence of poetry They kept up an uninterrupted succession of song, therefore, from the time of Chaucer to the close of the reign of Henry VIII when, strangely enough, they cease at this period, as if they had transferred the task to its original owners, in the consciousness that they had resigned it into more able hands One very singular peculiarity of these Scottish poets is, that the earliest of them wrote English in a style considerably in advance of their age even in England, while the latest, instead of advancing, fell back to the rude Anglo Saxon phraseology, which had been disused in England for centuries Thus Barbour, Blind Harry, and James I, express themselves not only with the purity and correctness, but also in the language, of the Elizabethan period, while Lyndsay, and especially Gavin Douglas, who lived considerably later, use the English that prevailed in the south during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries We content ourselves with stating the simple fact as it stands The causes of this wonderful advance and retrogression have sorely puzzled the philologist and antiquarian

In consequence of the invention of printing, the general study of classical learning, and the discovery of America, it might have been expected that the English intellect would have been aroused at an earlier period, and that the commencement

of the sixteenth century, at least, would have been crowded with names illustrious in arts and literature. But the mightiest of all human subjects was now in agitation, and before it every minor pursuit was annihilated. This was the Reformation, by which the community of England was divided into two great parties and employed in even a higher struggle than that of mere life and death. It is not in the midst of fearful exertion and intense excitement that either communities or individuals are in a mood to be poetical. The storm must pass away, or be listened to with safety, before it can be portrayed in tuneful numbers, and during the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary, when this the keenest of all conflicts was hanging in suspense, and when the hearts of men were alternately maddened or frozen with momentous every day realities, any thing like poetical excitement would have been a very superfluous addition. But at the accession of Elizabeth, when the contest was drawing to its close, the continuing expansion of heart and soul demanded fresh subjects of thought, and new fields of action. And these were most naturally found in commerce in discovery, in invention and in literature, from all of which poetry imbibed the elements of a new and vigorous existence. It was natural that some poet of surpassing excellence should have been born from this new and favourable state of things, and the author of the *Faery Queen* appeared as the first great landmark of the new era. Spenser adopted for his subject the wonders and the achievements of chivalric life and accordingly he extracted from the great masters of Italian poetry those incidents and ideas with which to enrich his narrative. He portrayed the characters and events of a by gone state of existence, and therefore, while he wrote in the language of his day he adopted wherever he could, that antiquated phraseology which seemed the fittest to support and adorn such a theme. No poet ever possessed a richer and more discursive fancy and he threw himself into that boundless universe of allegory in which he could expatiate without hinderance, and create without limitation. And then, the richness of the language and the music of versification, by which all the wonders of the *Faery Queen* successively unfold themselves, until the whole work is completed, remind us of the erection of that

magnificent and supernatural palace which Milton has described in his *Paradise Lost* —

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet

Such glorious notes as those which were struck by Spenser, could not die away upon the void without awakening congenial echoes and, accordingly, after the publication of the first part of the *Faery Queen*, there appeared successively two poems, rich in those qualities in which Spenser excelled these were, *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tam Lin and Lucrece*, which gave promise that, even in these departments of poetry, Spenser himself was likely to find a rival, or perhaps a superior But Shakspeare soon discovered that his genius was best qualified to excel in another department, and he turned his attention to the drama, in which he was to reign without a rival It is in this fact, perhaps that we are to account for the circumstance of the poetry of England not becoming exclusively Spenserian, after the gorgeous pageantries of the *Faery Queen* had arrested the public gaze A mightier than Spenser arose, and he created a more attractive style of poetry than that of the allegory—and therefore Shakspeare and not Spenser became the great model of imitation Dramatic writing accordingly, became the chief glory of what is called the Elizabethan period of our poetry that is the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth and the whole of that of her successor Not to speak of Shakspeare's early contemporaries, Marlow Greene and Peele, upon whom he so greatly improved, there were those of a later date—Ben Jonson the friend, and all but worshipper of Shakspeare Lyly Kyd, Webster Decker Lodge, Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Shirley, Marston Massinger, Ford Tournemine, Heywood—men who received their dramatic impulses, either directly or indirectly from the great master of the drama, and whom, illustrious though many of them were, they were unable to rival, and could at best only imitate During the life time of Shakspeare alone, indeed, there was a prodigious amount of poetry so far as mere *quantity* is concerned that was not of a dramatic character and the names of two hundred and thirty English poets have been recorded by Dr Dialect, as having

written within the short period of fifty years But, with the exception of a few, their works were lost amidst the superior attractions of the dramatic writers, just as the writings of the latter were, with a few happy exceptions, extinguished in the immeasurable superiority of Shakspeare

But popular although dramatic writing continued to be, in preference to every other species of poetry, it had to contend against a strength and violence of prejudice, under which at last it was obliged to succumb This was the age of the Puritans, who regarded every thing pertaining to the stage not only as frivolous, but sinful and who warred as fiercely against the theatre, as they did against popery, surplices, and lawn sleeves When they obtained the ascendancy, therefore the drama was proscribed along with the other abominations of monarchy and prelacy and in 1642, the Long Parliament decreed that the acting of all stage plays should be discontinued This was followed up by several severe enactments, in which acting was made a public offence, and all its adherents were rendered liable to fine or imprisonment These expressions of the public feeling were a death blow to dramatic writing, from which it has never recovered, for although English poetry afterwards regained its full strength, and attained the highest excellence, it was in every department except the drama that continued to be carefully shunned as a sphere of intellectual exertion, in which success was difficult and uncertain and therefore, since that period, notwithstanding the number and excellence of our poets, we have had no writers of plays equal to the second rate dramatic writers who flourished at the close of the sixteenth, and the earlier part of the seventeenth centuries The reign of Puritanism, and the popular feeling it produced, were powerful enough to stamp a sentence of reprobation upon this the most important department of poetic writing, and to confine the national poetry itself within a channel which it has never since dared to overflow It is true indeed, that after this period we meet with such names as those of Dryden, Otway, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, but do their dramatic efforts exhibit that boldness, spontaneity, and love of the art, which are to be found in the writings of Marlowe, Ford, Massinger, and Shirley?

Of the throng of unremembered poets, not dramatic, who wrote from the time of Shakspeare to the period of the Commonwealth, a few names only are worthy of being rescued from oblivion. Of these, the first in merit, although not in time, is Drummond of Hawthornden, who, after the long interval that had elapsed in Scotland since the days of Lyndsay and James V, appeared to vindicate the poetical character of his countrymen. Of all the English sonneteers from Surrey downwards, none equalled Drummond in his admirable transfusion of the chief beauties of the Italian language into our own tongue combined with tenderness of feeling and correctness of taste. There was also Michael Drayton, the poetical chronicler, and author of the *Polyolbion*—a writer who displayed learning, observation, and poetic merit, in a more than ordinary measure, and Daniel, who wrote a sort of epic poem on the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, which is distinguished by the modern character of its language and the smoothness and evenness of its rhythm. and Giles and Phineas Fletcher, who with considerable original talent devoted themselves to the imitation of Spenser, and who would have reached a higher excellence if they had been more judicious in the choice of their subjects. There was also Sir John Davies, who is chiefly remembered by his philosophical poem, *Nosce Teipsum*, in which he has used that difficult species of measure called the quatrain, with a happier effect than either Davenant or Dryden, who attempted the same experiment, the former in *Gondibert*, and the latter in *Annus Mirabilis*. Dr Donne, also, who was contemporary with Davies, was a poet of great strength and deep piercing wit but of studied obscurity, who seems to have delighted in puzzling his readers, and setting all their faculties upon the stretch.

During the reign of Charles I the ascendancy of the Commonwealth, and put of the reign of Charles II, the poets of England are usually divided into two classes, the Metaphysical and the Classical. Of the first class were Cowley, Herrick, and a host of followers, who abounded in forced illustrations and far fetched conceits, by which they endeavoured to aggrandize their ideas in proportion to the toil they occasioned in discovering them. This school was indeed strong, though

the powerful genius fertile imagination, and lively natural feeling, of Cowley, by which he consecrated a system that of itself would have soon fallen and come to nothing The classical school, the leaders of which were Denham, Waller, and Carew, endeavoured to imitate the spirit of the ancient models, and refine the harshness of their native language, in which they succeeded so happily, as to merit the title of Reformers of our poetry This was certainly high praise, even though they cannot lay claim to that of being first rate poets also Besides these two classes which we have mentioned, the period abounded in religious poets, at the head of whom may be placed Crashaw, Herbert, Wither Marvel, and Quarles It was the fashion during the periods of Charles II and Anne to decry these writers under the name of Puritans—a title of which most of them were by no means covetous, as they belonged to the opposite party in politics, but their stigmatisers found the term convenient, as it was a blighting epithet until that of Methodist was invented, and by deterring readers from the perusal of such authors, they could better conceal their own numerous plagiaries which they committed upon the proscribed pages of these religious poets The most talented and imaginative was Crashaw, whose translations or rather paraphrases, from the Italian of Strada, are splendid improvements upon the original while his own poems breathe in many instances, the very spirit of harmony, imagination and feeling Herbert, Wither, and Quarles, with great liveliness fancy, and strength of intellect, unfortunately attached themselves to the metaphysical school, the style of which, although ridiculous enough when applied to subjects of mere earthly feeling, was still more unfortunate in the service of religion and devotion In addition also to metaphysical obscurities and conceits, they addressed their productions to the eye, by moulding them into the most grotesque forms, so that the verses were frequently arranged to represent sand glasses, altar pieces, and wings But notwithstanding these perversities of taste, they exhibit not only passages, but whole poems, pervaded with the full strength and spirit of genuine poetry

During this important era in our national history, a voice was heard by fits over the whole swell of English song—a

voice of mingled grandeur and sweetness even already without a rival, and which was to rise at last from earth to heaven, and fill the universe with its melody. Some of the early poems of Milton, and especially his Hymn on the Nativity, Lycidas, Comus, L Allegro, and Il Penseroso, while they immeasurably distanced all the works of his contemporaries, were only the striking of those commencing notes by which he ascertained the compass and harmony of his heaven bestowed instrument. Even from his earliest years he had laboured steadfastly for "an immortality of fame" and conscious of the power that was within him, he had felt an inward prompting that he might "leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let die." And no man, perhaps, was ever better qualified by previous training for so great an achievement as Milton. He was incontestably the most learned of our English poets: he had travelled, when his taste was formed and his understanding matured, among the rich and classic scenery of Italy, and enjoyed its accomplished and intellectual society; and when he returned to England, it was at the call of duty, and to mingle in those great national events from which a vigorous mind would acquire greater strength, and a generous heart a more lofty disinterestedness. Then too, he mingled in common intercourse with the great master spirits of the age: the patriotic Pym, the upright and gallant Fairfax, the incorruptible Marvell, and Howe: the learned and eloquent, and above all with Cromwell himself, in whose gigantic intellect and correspondent achievements he had a living impersonation of those heroes whom he had so deeply studied in his beloved records of the classical ages. But even yet the time had not arrived to realize the great purpose of his existence. An after history followed of persecution, and neglect, and poverty, in which his heart was to be weaned from earthly themes and affections, only to be fixed more intently upon those that were correspondent to his character and powers: and, worse than all there was the calamity of blindness, by which the present world was extinguished: so that to him there was no home but heaven, and no reality but that of the spiritual existence. It was natural, therefore, that he should no longer think of his formerly selected but inferior theme of Prince Arthur, and the

deeds of British and Armoric chivalry the world that is unseen was his abode, and thither only, in the language of scripture, 'he could flee away and be at rest. Thus it was that from first to last—in prosperity and adversity—with the clear sighted eyes of study and observation, and amidst the solemn starless midnight of remembrance and meditation, he was trained by heaven itself to become the earthly laureate of its deeds in the work of *Paradise Lost*. Even the love of present reputation also, that solace which would have been so cheering to the heart of a blind old man, and which might have tempted him to make concessions to the tastes and progress of society, could not obtain from him a single sacrifice in return for all it could bestow. As Milton sang in darkness, he also sang in solitude this he was assured would be his fate when he selected such a theme. He knew the state of society too well to anticipate its sympathy or approval but he was writing for eternity, and not for time and he knew that every note of his anthem would find an imperishable echo which would sound through future ages. And was not such a thought, when he had closed his labour of immortality, the richest reward that life could bestow—an over payment for blindness itself, and all the loneliness and neglect to which he was abandoned?

The anticipations of Milton when he selected such a subject as that of *Paradise Lost*, were verified by the event. On the restoration of Charles II, an access of frantic loyalty had taken possession of the public mind, so that the courtiers, and the educated classes in general who at that time composed the aristocracy of England, were too much devoted to Church and State to read any thing that had been written by the Latin Secretary of Cromwell. It was deemed indeed a marvellous stretch of favour, that "the blind old Roundhead" was even permitted to live. To have relished Milton's poem, would not only have required an amount of taste and scholarship not very common at that period, but a purity and elevation of moral feeling which was still more rarely to be found. *Paradise Lost*, therefore, with the exception of a chosen few whom the age had been unable to corrupt, was by most readers thrown aside, or overlooked, for the more attractive gaiety and licentiousness of such writers as Sedley, Rochester, and Buckingham. The

poetry of England was now reduced to a very low ebb The "ribald king and court regarded poetry, as they did every thing else, merely as an instrument that could contribute to their amusement and poets accordingly, who knew no inspiration but court favour and royal approbation, took their style of writing from France, and their themes from the obscenities of the day A correspondent character was also introduced into the new drama and plays were written in rhyme, and filled with every kind of moral perversity, to suit the tastes of lordly debauchees, and coroneted prostitutes Such a state of taste in poetic composition naturally produced abundance of inanity and there is therefore a mournful satisfaction in rescuing from the mass those few names that were not degraded by intellectual, as well as moral abasement Of these, there was Otway, who wrote several unreadable dramatic pieces but who finally produced *Venice Preserved* and *The Orphan*, in which he exhibited a depth of feeling and power of description, that promised to raise him next to Shakspeare, and who died at the premature age of thirty There was also Butler, who, in his *Hudibras*, combined the greatest extent of erudition with a drollery and keenness of satire which have never been surpassed But the noblest of all the names of this period next to Milton is that of Dryden, who began the work of poetry in early life improved with every successive effort, and at last, in old age attained to a pre eminence which no succeeding poet has been able to equal Without either the lofty imagination or the delicate susceptibilities that compose the most important elements of poetry, he possessed such a strength of observation vigour of thought, correctness of taste and mastery of the whole range of our language, as constituted him one of the greatest of our national poets He too was most unfortunate in the circumstance of having been born in such an age when he was obliged to exert his God given strength in making sport for the Philistines instead of, like Milton, devoting himself to some great work that would have conferred lasting honour upon his country and his own name But the taste of the age demanded other gratification, and he had not self denial to resist Against his better judgment, he yielded to the call, and

left a name which all lovers of poetry will be constrained to cherish, but over which Virtue will never cease to weep

The great successor of Dryden, and also his rival, was Pope. The former, whose chief strength lay in grasp of intellect and vigour of language, endeavoured to excel in that species of poetry for which such powers were best qualified, and accordingly he reasoned in rhyme, and was the poet of philosophy, a department in which he stands unrivalled, on account of his wonderful command of poetic diction, and his power of expressing the noblest sentiments in simple and familiar language. Pope saw, that in this it was hopeless to contend with his master, and consequently he did not attempt it; but as he too was an ethical poet, he tried to produce similar effects by those faculties in which he most excelled. And no one ever took a more judicious measure of his own powers, or turned them to better account, than Pope. Without the sublimity of Milton, or the creative fancy of Spenser, his mind was richly stored with the fruits of meditation and study; he had tenderness of feeling, delicacy of perception, and an ear modulated for the harmony of language beyond any of his predecessors. He wisely, therefore, selected for his path the tender and impressive in didactic poetry, where the surpassing grace, delicacy, and polish of his language and versification, appeared with happiest effect, and the world was soon charmed with the announcement of moral truths, in a style of ease and harmony which Dryden only occasionally reached, but which, in Pope, is sustained and consistent. In the choice of his subjects also, he was peculiarly happy; and in consequence of this each of his poems is a complete, highly finished, and perfect picture. Criticism itself finds it difficult to cavil with such productions as *The Rape of the Lock*, the *Flegy on the Death of an unfortunate Lady*, or the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*: no flaw is perceptible; no excrescence, however slight, upon which to lay hold—all is as smooth, and also as bright, as a polished surface of spotless marble. Even the faults of Pope arise from the excess of this excellence; and his melody is so continuous, that the sated ear occasionally longs for a note of discord to break the monotony. His system also of ending the

sense with the line, and delivering his ideas in couplets, confines poetry within narrow limits, and gives it too much the nature of a mechanical process. These faults, for which Pope atoned so richly by his numerous merits, were glaringly apparent in the versification of his followers. Without the taste and delicacy of their master, and his command of variety and effect within a limited compass, they constructed verses by as artificial a process as brick making, and built up poems as if they were erecting houses. There was the line, with the pause ending invariably on the fourth or sixth syllable, and the everlasting see saw of the couplet, while the chief requisite of a poet was merely to possess a good ear. As it was so easy to manufacture upon this principle the learned and the unlearned, the poetical and the prosaic, people of every age, sex, and degree, inundated the world with their commodities of verse, until poetry itself threatened to become nothing but prose measured off and rhymed—and the jaded public clamoured for something new.

The period of Queen Anne, which has been commonly reckoned the Augustan era of poetry in England, although the epithet would be better applied to that of Elizabeth and James I., produced a distinguished succession of authors, of whom the principal were Prior, Addison, Swift, and Gay. The poetry of Prior is that of a gentleman who writes at ease, and who possesses the talents of the artist and the scholar, and therefore there is an airy, graceful lightness about his poetry, combined with correctness, which has rendered it, and especially his apologues and tales, deservedly in high favour with the public. Of Addison, the best that can be said is, that, like his prose writings, his poems exhibited correctness, grace, refinement, and some power of fancy, but they are wholly devoid of all the higher attributes of poetry. Swift's principal inspiration as a poet is derived, not from the Muse, but Misanthropy, and his verses exhibit that ferocious energy and blistering power of satire, which rendered his prose works so terrible. Still, however, he exhibits none of that exclusive love towards the divine art which is so necessary to constitute a genuine poet, and he seems to rhyme, merely because it afforded a change in the venting of his atrabilious humour,

after he had exhausted it in prose Gay had more imagination and a livelier fancy than any of these poets, with the exception of Prior, and therefore, without either the ostentatious pomp of Addison, or the rough and reckless energy of Swift, his works have always possessed a wider popularity

Didactic poetry, and the delineation of the artificial world, which had been confirmed by the powerful authority of Dryden and Pope, had now obtained exclusive possession of the public, so that a picture of simple nature or powerful passion would have been regarded as frivolous or unnatural But even while the established mode was still in the ascendancy, and successive writers were exhausting it to the lees and dregs, a healthy reaction began to manifest itself—slowly and gradually, indeed, at first, as it was in contradiction to the popular taste, but indicative of the dawn of a better day The first of these new poets was Thomson, the author of *The Seasons* It was indeed a bold and an original attempt at the time, to write so large a poem in blank verse wholly devoted to descriptions of nature and rural life, and but for one of those favourable accidents which so frequently decide the fate of authorship, it might never have seen the light But *The Seasons* was worthy of the immortality it obtained, in consequence of its surpassing merits Of late years, the attempts at describing nature had been chiefly in pastoral poetry, but the lawns and fields over which it expatiated were a sort of Ranelagh or Vauxhall, and the shepherds and shepherdesses were fine ladies and gentlemen, who carried crooks of ivory bound with ribbons fresh from Cheapside or Bond Street Then there was Goldsmith, who so touchingly described “sweet Auburn, and sketched its principal characters with such graphic power—and Collins, whose chief attempt was to avoid the beaten track and hackneyed epithets, and the beauty of whose poetry, neglected at first, has continued to be more and more appreciated to the present day A powerful mind among these innovators was also that of Young, who struck out a new path for himself, and combined the highest species of didactic and moral poetry, with deep delineations of feeling, and powerful appeals to the passions *The Night Thoughts*, indeed, was a daring experiment upon the public taste, in which the author seemed to anticipate that

style of poetry which was afterwards to be so effective under the more powerful mastery of Byron Gray, also, the most erudite of our poets next to Milton, unfolded beautiful glimpses of nature and feeling, which would have been more ample and permanent, but for that timidity which fettered him to established rule. But it was reserved for Cowper alone to break through all those trammels that had enthralled the spirit of poetry, and herald the full emancipation of the nineteenth century, the commencement of which he was permitted to behold. It was late in life that he commenced the writing of poetry, so that he had not the errors and prejudices of youth to unlearn. He wrote, not so much for fame as to mollify the anguish of mental disease, and therefore he felt himself independent either of popular approbation, or the dread of criticism. When the poem was written, his pains were assuaged, and having fulfilled its commission, it mattered little to the author whether the winds carried it to fame or oblivion. To these it may be added, that he was severely devout, and wished to reform the world which he believed to be lying in error, and thus its conventional phraseology had in his eyes none of that authority which it had hitherto exercised over less independent minds. Hence the matured vigour and sturdy independence which his verses so eminently possessed. Men were astonished to find themselves addressed in numbers so different in time and tune from those to which their ears had been modulated and were at first inclined to turn away in contempt. But they were soon compelled to feel, that the spirit of the old English poetry had risen from the dead in all its former flexibility and power. Had the career of Cowper been brief, these effects might have been transitory. But his life extended over a considerable space, and his writings were numerous, so that he lived to complete the dethronement of the established poetry, and to prepare the world for the long forgotten language of nature and reality.

While such was the history of poetry in England during the eighteenth century, a similar process of emancipation had been going on in Scotland, where a strictly national species of poetry was cultivated, which was independent of the dominant mode Ramsay, in his songs, and especially in his Gentle Shepherd, had

daringly broke loose from that puling sentimentality of purling streams with which the rural scenery of the poets abounded, and had delineated real nature, as well as genuine passion, in the nervous and flexible dialect of his own romantic land, and Fergusson, who confined himself to city life, exhibited with equal truth and fidelity the habits and humours of the town. But a poet of Nature's own making succeeded, to startle, subdue, and enthral, by the utterance of more intense feelings than the cold children of art had dared to express. Burns, to use his own beautiful simile, was found by the Muse of his country, like Elshie, at the plough, where she cast her mantle over him, and from that moment he sang with an obedient and overflowing heart of the peasant's home, and the peasant's joys and affections—all that nature loved and cherished in language which Nature herself inspired, and the spirits of men, borne onward by the resistless impulse, could only listen and admire. Thus while Cowper in England was piercing refined society through and through with the keenness of his satire, and alternately pleading, exhorting, and reproaching, in strains that modulated themselves to every change of his theme, Burns in Scotland, untrammelled by rule, was pouring forth the rich and impetuous tide of song with the vehemence of an inspired prophet, while every glen and mountain caught and returned the echoes of his glorious melody. Adieu, therefore, to the cold formalities and pedantic restraints which the poetry of the eighteenth century had so slavishly obeyed! The idol fell and the ritual disappeared at the approach of a more true and holier worship.

THE
BOOK OF THE POETS
CHAUCER TO BEAUFIE

So dark a cloud obscures the early history of the great Father of English poetry that no antiquarian has been able to trace his origin and he has been alternately represented as of noble or ignoble birth according to the caprice of to biographers. It is certain however that he was born in London in 1328 and there is some probability that he was the son of a vintner who died in 1348. The young poet appears to have been educated partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge and at the latter place when only eighteen years old he produced his *Court of Love*. His proficiency as a scholar was wonderful for the age and it embraced every department of learning then cultivated. When he was between thirty and forty years of age Edward III. probably on account of Chaucer's high reputation as a poet and a scholar appointed him controller of the custom of wool an office of great honour and trust but involving considerable application. But the chief patron of the talented and favoured courtier was John of Gaunt the powerful duke of Lancaster to whom Chaucer at length became related by marrying Philippa Rouet sister of Catherine the mistress and afterwards the wife of the duke.

A John of Gaunt had shown a leaning toward the opinions of Wicliffe he was the enemy of the clergy and an advocate of ecclesiastical reform. Chaucer sympathised with the principles of his patron in consequence of which he fearlessly exposed in his writing the iniquity of the monk and friar and inflicted upon them the uttermost of his hostility both in the allegorical *Summoners* and *Priores*. These powers of annoyance were terrible weapons which the monks were unable to resist except by anathemas and clamour and it perhaps not too much to consider Chaucer as a valuable talent to the cause of the Reformation in England by the tendency of his works to bring the Rotten hierarchy to contempt and to keep alive the spirit of the Wicliffites. His death the poet had lived in wealth and amidst the luxuries of a court at the time the most splendid in Europe but as the reign of Richard II. continued the favour of the duke of Lancaster declined Chaucer in consequence of this change in the fortune of his patron dropped out of his pension and bidding adieu to the court retired in 1388 to his favourite Woodstock. It was a happy scene for English literature for it was there when he had reached at least his sixtieth year that he commenced his *Cantebury Tales* incontestably the best of his productions.

The different accounts of the last year of Chaucer's life are so contradictory that it is unnecessary to particularise them. We are assured however that although he never regretted the many bitter things he had written against the clergy yet he grieved deeply over those positions of his work that had any tendency to foster a malignant spirit and that as death approached he frequently exclaimed in the anguish of his heart "Woe is me woe is me that I cannot recall and annul them but alas they are now contented from man to man and I cannot do what I desire." To express also his repentance more permanently he imposed the touching lines entitled *Good Counsaile of Chaucer*. His death is supposed to have occurred October 2 1400 when he was seventy two years old.

His writings of Chaucer that *Well of English Unfiled* are too thoroughly appreciated in the present day to require a particular analysis. While they indicate in their author a scholar wonderfully accomplished for so early a period they abound in such truthful delineations as well as minute touches of nature that they show in the highest degree the man of observation as well as study. Thus it is that his *Cantebury Pilgrims* are living men of flesh and blood rather than passing shadows. We know every article of their costume and every lineament of their face and when we hear them speak we recognise each speaker because he uses his own peculiar phraseology. In this department of dramatic power he approaches more nearly than any other writer our own immortal Shakespeare.



CHAUCEER

CONFESSION OF PALAMON

Clere was the day, as I have told or this
And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,
With his Ipolita, the fayre quene,
And Emele yclothed all in grene
On hunting ben they ridden really
And to the grove, that stood ther faste by
In which ther was an hart as men him told,
Duk Theseus the streite way hath hold
And to the launde he rideth him ful right
Ther was the hart ywont to have his flight
And over a brooke, and so forth on his wey
This duke wol have a cours at him or twey
With houndes swiche as him lust to commaunde
And when this duk was comen to the launde,
Under the sonne he loked, and anon
He was ware of Arcite and Palamon
That foughten breme, as it were bolles two
The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro
So hidously, that with the leste stroke
It semed that it wolde felle an oke

But what they weren, nothing he ne wote
This duke his courser with his spores smote,
And at a stert he was betwix hem two
And pulled out a swerd, and cried, "Ho!
No more, up peine of lesing of your hed
By mighty Mars, he shal anon be ded,
That smiteth any stroke, that I may sen
But telleth me what mistere men ye ben,
That ben so hardy for to fighten here
Withouten any juge, othei officere,
As though it were in listes really

This Palamon answered hastily,
And saide "Sire, what nedeth wordes mo?
We have the deth deserved bothe two
Two woful wretches ben we, two caitives
That ben accombred of our owen lives
And as thou art a rightful lord and juge,
Ne yeve us neyther mercie ne refuge
And sle me first, for seinte charitee
But sle my felaw eke as wel as me
Or sle him first for, though thou know it lite,
This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,
That fro thy lond is banished on his hed,
For which he hath deserved to be ded
For this is he that came unto thy gate,
And sayde that he highte Philostrate
Thus hath he japed thee ful many a yere
And thou hast maked him thy chief squiere
And this is he, that loveth Emelie

"For sith the day is come that I shall die
I make plainly my confesson
That I am thilke woful Palamon
That hath thy prison broken wilfully
I am thy mortal fo, and it am I
That loveth so hot Emelie the bright,
That I wold dien present in hire sight
Therefore I axe deth and my jewise
But sle my felaw in the same wise,
For both we have deserved to be slain
This worthy duk answerd anon again,
And sayd, "This is a short conclusion
Your owen mouth, by your confesson
Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde
It nedeth not to peine you with the corde
Ye shul be ded by mighty Mars the rede

CHAUCER

THE MERCHANT

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
 In mottelee and highe on hors he sat,
 And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat
 His botes clapsed fayre and fetisly
 His resons spake he ful solempnely
 Souning alway the encrease of his winning
 He wold the see were kept for any thing
 Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell
 Wel coude he in eschanges sheldes selle
 This worthy man ful wel his wit besette
 There wiste no wight that he was in dette
 So stedefastly didde he his governance,
 With his bargaines and with his chevisance
 Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
 But soth to sayn, I n ot how men him calle

F Plogue to the Cantabrigie

EMELIE

Thus passeth yere by yere and day by day
 Till it felle ones in a morwe of May
 That Emelie that fayrer was to sene
 Than is the lile upon his stalke grene,
 And fresher than the May with floures newe
 (For with the rose colour strof hire hewe
 I n ot which was the finer of hem two)
 Er it was day as she was wont to do
 She was arisen and all redy dight
 For May wol have no slogardie a-night
 The seson priketh every gentil herte,
 And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
 And sayth ' Arise and do thin observance
 This maketh Emelie han remembrance
 To don honour to May and for to rise
 Yclothed was she freshe for to devise
 Hire yelwe here was broided in a tresse
 Behind hire back, a yerde long I gesse
 And in the gardin at the Sonne uprist
 She walketh up and down wher as hire list
 She gathereth floures partie white and red,
 To make a sotel gerlond for hire hed,
 And as an angel hevenlich she song

The Knight's Tale

CHAUCER

EMETRIUS

With Arcita, in stories as men find,
 The gret Emetrius the king of Inde,
 Upon a stede bay, trapped in stele,
 Covered with cloth of gold diaped wele
 Came ridng like the god of armes Mars
 His cote armure was of a cloth of Tars,
 Couched with perles, white, and round and grete
 His sadel was of brent gold new ybete
 A mantlet upon his shouldres hanging
 Bret ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling
 His crisper here like ringes was yronne,
 And that was yelwe and glittered as the Sonne
 His nose was high his eyen bright citrin,
 His lippes round his colour was sanguin,
 A fewe fraknes in his face yspent
 Betwixen yelwe and blake somdel ymeint
 And as a leon he his lokng caste
 Of five and twenty yer his age I caste
 His berd was well begonnen for to spring
 His vois was as a trompe thondering
 Upon his hed he wered of laurer grene
 A gerlond freshe and lusty for to sene,
 Upon his hond he bare for his deduit
 An egle tame, as any hley whit
 An hundred lordes had he with him there,
 All armed save hir hedes in all hir gere,
 Ful richely in alle manere thinges
 For trusteth wel that erles, dukes, kinges
 Were gathered in this noble compaignie
 For love and for encrese of chevalrie
 About this king ther ran on every part
 Ful many a tame leon and leopart

From the h. g. t. 11

SIRE THOPAS

Sire Thopas was a doughty swain
 White was his face as paindemaine,
 His lippes red as rose
 His rudde is like scarlet in grain,
 And I you tell in good certain
 He had a semely nose

CHAUCEUR

His here his berde, was like safroun,
That to his girdle raught adoun
His shoon of cordewane
Of Brugges were his hosen broun
His robe was of ciclatoun
That coste many a jane

He coude hunt at the wilde dere
And ride on hauking for the rivere
With grey goshawk on honde
Therto he was a good archere
Of wrastling was ther non his pere
Ther ony ram shuld stonde

For many a maide bright in bour
They mourned for him *par amour*
Whan hem wer bet to slepe
But he was chaste and no lechour
And swete as is the bramble flour
That bereth the red hepe

F m t h e R f S

GOOD COUNSAIL OF CHAUCEUR

He fro the prease and dwell with soothfastnesse
Suffise unto thy good though it be small
For horde hath hate and climbing tikelnesse
Proase hath envy and wele is blent over all
Savour no more than thee behove shall
Rede well thy selfe that other folks canst rede
And trouth thee shall deliver it is no drede

Paine thee not ech crooked to redresse
In trust of her that tourneth as a ball
Great rest standeth in little businesse
Beware also to spurn againe a nall
Strive not as doth a crocke with a wall
Deme thy selfe that demest others dede
And trouth thee shall deliver it is no drede

That thee is sent receive in buxomesse
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall
Here is no home, here is but wilderness
Forth pilgrime forth beast out of thy stall
Looke up on high and thanke God of all
Weive thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede

Of JOHN GOWER the year in which he was born cannot be ascertained. One account also makes him a native of Kent while another asserts that he was born in Wales. His chief work was the *Confessio Amantis* finished probably in 1393, in which he severely reprobated the clergy. Its origin was rather singular. At the poet was sailing on the Thames he was accidentally encountered by the royal barge in which Richard II was sailing. The king hailed him, held a conference with him, and desired him to book some new thing, and the *Confession* was the result. Gower died at an advanced age in 1409.

FORTUNE UNJUSTLY BLAMED

And nethelless yet some men write
 And sayn fortune is to wite
 And some men holde opinion
 That it is constellation,
 Whiche causeth all that a man doothe
 God wote of bothe whiche is soothe
 The worlde as of his propre kinde
 Was ever untrew and as the blinde
 Improperly he demeth fame
 He blameth that is nought to blame
 And preiseth that is nought to preise
 Thus whan he shall the thinges peise
 Ther is decit in his balance
 And all is that the variance
 Of us that shulde us better avise
 For after that we fall and rise
 The worlde ariste and falleth with all
 So that the man is over all
 This owne cause of wele and wo
 That we fortune clepe so
 Out of the man himselfe it groweth
 And who that other wise troweth?
 Beholde the people of Isiael
 For ever while thei bidden well
 Fortune was thom debonaire
 And when thei bidden the contrair
 Fortune was contrariende
 So that it proveth wele at ende
 Why that the worlde is wonderfull,
 And maie no while stande full
 I hough that it emc wele besayn
 For every worldes thing is vaine
 And ever gothe the whele aboute,
 And ever stant a man in doute
 Fortune stant no while still
 So lath ther no man his will
 Als far as any man maie knowe,
 There lasteth nothing but a throwe

ONE of the immediate successors of Chaucer and a voluminous writer is supposed to have been born about 1375 and ordained a priest in 1397. After he had spent some time at Oxford he travelled in France and Italy where he completed his education and on returning to England opened a school in his monastery where he gave lessons in poetry and belles lettres to the sons of the nobility. During his own day and indeed for two centuries later the works of Lydgate enjoyed a popularity that was far beyond their merit but still he deserves the high praise of having amplified and refined the English language and according to Warton he was the first of our writers whose style was clothed with that purity in which the English phraseology appears at this day to an English reader. The year of Lydgate's death is uncertain.

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF MAN

Then kneeled downe the seconde Ierarchye
 And humbly sayd O soverayne lorde of all
 We be ymade thy myght to mannyfye
 And to observe thy lawe imperyall
 As worthy lordes that in generall
 With besy cure supporten thyn empyre
 And with knyghthode obeyen thy desyre

Hens from us all the proude Prynce of Derkness
 As captyve toke lordes of eche estate
 Then man was made through the hevenly goodnes
 For to restore this kyngdome desolate
 But welawaye! wherto was man create
 Syth that the lyon of all cruelte
 In his derke lake of him hath soveraynte?

Our worthy lordshippes and our maners olde
 O mighty God! how long voyde shall they be?
 Thyn heyres eke, how longe shall deth withholde?
 Syth thou arte lyfe, why hath deth soveraynte?
 If thou be kyng to thyn honour thou se
 So bynde the Fende and take man by conquest,
 Unto thy blysse and set thy reygne in rest

Foure thousande yere is suffysaunt
 For to punysse olde Adam for a taste
 And welawaye! hell is exuberaunt
 With his ofspringes and our realme stondest waste
 Now rewe on man thou that all mercy haste,
 For now is tyme of mercy, and of peas
 And tyme come that all vengeance sholde seas

NOTWITHSTANDING the fame which this the first author of the Scottish school of poetry has justly acquired as a poet and historian his personal history is both scanty and obscure. The general idea is that he was born at Aberdeen in Scotland about the year 1316 and in 1347 was appointed Archdeacon of his native town. His thirst for learning was so great that in 1364 and again in 1368 when already advanced in years he travelled from Scotland to the University of Oxford to perfect the acquirements which he had made in his own country. His chief work *The Bruce* was undertaken at the request of David the successor of Robert Bruce who bestowed upon the Archdeacon a pension for his encouragement. Barbour died in 1396.

COMBAT BETWEEN BRUCE AND SIR HENRY BOHUN

Schyr Henry the Boune, the worthy
 That wes a wicht knyght, and a hardy
 And to the erle off Herfurd cussyne
 Armyt in armys gud and fyne
 Come on a sted a bow schote ner
 Befor all othyr that thar wer
 And knew the king for that he saw
 Him swa rang his men on raw
 And by the croune that wes set
 Alsua upon his bassynet
 And towart him he went in hy
 And quhen the king sua apertly
 Saw him cum forouth all his feris
 In hy till him the hors he steris
 And when Schyr Henry saw the king
 Cum on for owtyn abaysing
 Till him he raid in full gret hy,
 He thought that he suld weill lychty
 Wyn him and haf him at his will
 Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill
 Sprent thar samyn in till a ling
 Schyr Henry myssit the noble king
 And he that in his sterapys stud
 With the ax that wes hard and gud
 With sa gret mayne raucht him a dynt
 That nothyr hat na helm mycht stynt
 The hevy dusche that he him gave
 That ner the heid till the barnys clave
 The hand ax schaft fruschit in twa
 And he doune to the erd gan ga
 All flatlynys for him faillyt mycht
 This wes the fryst strak off the fycht

THE fictions of poetry have seldom exhibited any thing so tender or so tragic as the real history of James I. His elder brother having been murdered by a perfidious uncle and his own life being menaced by the same infamous kinsman, he was sent at the early age of twelve years to France that he might escape the threatened danger. But during the voyage he was intercepted by Henry IV. although at a time that subsisted between Scotland and England and doomed to perpetual captivity in consequence of which his aged father died broken hearted. Although the English sovereign had thus violated the law of nations and with such gratuitous cruelty he caused the education of the royal boy to be carefully attended to and James made such proficiency in every branch of learning as well as graceful accomplishments as left little to be regretted on the score of his captivity. His marriage with Mary of Guise also became his happy home in consequence of that bright vision which he saw and which he has described in such glowing language in the following verses. When the English court at last agreed to liberate the prince and restore him to the throne of his disturbed country this compulsory measure was finally confirmed by the marriage of James with the beautiful Jane Beaufort daughter of the duke of Somerset the lady upon whose charms he had brooded with subdued light during his imprisonment. It was unfortunate that as king of Scotland his character was too refined and his measures too much in advance of the age to be agreeable to the half savage nobility by which he was surrounded and he fell victim to the treachery of assassins on the 20th of February 1437 in the forty-fourth year of his age after having reigned for twenty years. A prophet says that he was not only the contentment of his people but perhaps even the equal of Claudius whose happy establishment has not surpassed the principal work of James called the King's Quene.

JANE BEAUFORT

And therewith kest I down myn eye ageyne
 Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure
 Full secretly, new cumyn hir to pleyne
 The fairest or the freschest young floure
 That ever I sawe methoght, before that houre
 For which sodayne abate anon astert
 The blude of all my body to my hert

And though I stood abaisit tho a lyte,
 No wonder was for quhy? my wittis all
 Were so overcome with plesance and delyte,
 Only through latting of myn eyen fall,
 That sudaynly my hert became hir thrall,
 For ever of free wyll, for of manace
 There was no takyn in hir suete face

And in my hede I drew ryt hastily
 And eft sones I lent it out ageyne,
 And saw hir walk that verray womanly
 With no wight mo but only women tueyne
 Than gan I studye in myself and seyne,
 'Ah suete' are ye a warldly creature,
 Or hevyingly thing in likenesse of nature?

Or are ye god Cupidis owin princesse
 And cumin are to louse me out of band ?
 Or are ye veray Nature the goddesse
 That have depavntit with your hevinly hand
 This gardin full of flouris, as they stand ?
 Quhat saal I think, allace ! quhat reverence
 Sall I mester to your excellence ?

Giff ye a goddesse be and that ye like
 To do me payne, I may it not astert
 Giff ye be warldly wight that dooth me sike
 Quhy lest God mak you so my derest hert
 To do a sely prisoner thus smert
 That lufis you all and wote of noucht but wo
 And therefore merci suete sen it is so

Quhen I a ly ill thrawe had maid my mone
 Bewailing myn infortune and my chance
 Unknawin how or quhat was best to done
 So ferre I fallying into lufis dance
 That sodeynly my wit my contenance
 My hert my will, my nature and my mynd
 Was changit clene ryght in ane other kind

Of hir array the form gif I sal write
 Toward hir goldin haire, and rich atyre
 In fretwise couchit with perlis quhite
 And grete balas lemyng as the fyre
 With mony an emerant and faire saphire
 And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe
 Of plumys partit rede and quhite and blew

Full or quaking spangis bricht as gold
 Forgit of schap like to the amorettis
 So new so fresch, so pleasant to behold
 The plumys eke like to the floure jonettis
 And other of schap like to the floure jonettis
 And above all this there was wele I wote
 Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote

About hir neck quhite as the fyre amaille
 A gudelic cheyne of small orfeverye
 Quhare by there hang a ruby, without faille
 Like to ane hert schapin verily
 That as a sperk of lowe so wantonly
 Semyt birnyng upon hir quhite throte
 Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wote

THIS personage is better known in his native Scotland by the title of Blind Harry for it appears that he was actually blind. No poet however has exercised a greater influence upon a national character than this sightless wanderer. His Wallace a rude Epic in eleven books familiarised the minds of his countrymen to the idea of successful resistance to England and animated their efforts like the spirit stirring notes of a war trumpet and even when his language had become obsolete the work in a modernised form was and is still to be found in every Scottish cottage. Pinkerton has supposed that A.D. 1470 may be taken as the date when he appeared in the character of an author.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN WALLACE AND BRUCE AFTER THE
BATTLE OF FALKIRK

Wallace commaundyt his ost tharfor to byd
Hys ten he tuk for to meit Bruce thair ryd
Southwest he past, quhar at the tryst was set
The Bruce full son and gud Wallace is met
For loss off Graym, and als for proper teyn,
He grewyt in ire quhen he the Bruce had seyn
Thar salusying was bot boustous and thrawin
 Rewis thow he said thow art contrar thin awin?
Wallace said Bruce ' rabut me now no mar
Myn awin dedis has bet me wondyr sar
Quhen Wallace hard with Bruce that it stud sua,
On kneis he fell far contenans cae him ma
In armes son the Bruce has Wallace tane
Out fra thair men in consalle ar thair gane
I can nocht tell perfytyl thair langage
Bot this was it thair men had off knowlage
Wallace him prayet ' Cum fra yon Sotheroun
The Bruce said Nay thar lattis me a thing
I am so boundyn with wytnes to be leill
For all Ingland I wold nocht fals my seill
Bot off a thing I hecht to God and the
That contrair Scottis agayn I sall nocht be
In till a feild with wappynnys that I ber,
In thi porpos I sall the never der
Gyff God grantis off us ourhand till haiff
I will bot fle myn awin selff for to saiff
And Edward chrip, I pass with him agayn
But I throu force be other tane or slayn
Brek he on me quhen that my term is out
I cum to the, may I chaip fra that dout
Off thair consaill I can tell yow no mar,
The Bruce tuk leyff and cam till Edduard fayr,
Rycht sad in mynd for Scottis men that war lost,
Wallace in haist providyt son his ost

Of this Scottish poet nothing can be ascertained except that he was a schoolmaster in Dunfermline. His chief poems are *The Testament of Cresseid* and an amusing popular ballad in dialogue entitled *Robene and Makynne*. His birth is dated A.D. 1400 and his death at 1495 but for this there is no authority except mere conjecture. It is unfortunate in the early poetry both of England and Scotland that not only the era of some of the best poets is unknown but that several distinguished pieces cannot be ascribed to any particular author. Such was the uncertainty of intellectual reputation even during the first age of printing.

DESCRIPTION OF JUPITER AND MARS IN CRESSEID'S VISION

Than Juppiter richt fair and amiabill
 God of the starris in the firmament
 And neureis to all thing generabill
 Fra his father Saturne far different
 With burelie face and browis bricht and brunt
 Upon his heid ane garland wonder gay
 Of flouris fair as it had bene in May

His voice was cleir as christal wer his ere
 As golden wyre so glitterand was his hair
 His garmound and his gyis full of grene
 With golden listis gilt on everie gair
 Ane burelie brand about his middill bair
 In his richt hand he had ane groundin spier,
 Of his father the wraith fra us to weir

Nixt efter him came Mars the god of ire
 Of strife debait and all dissensioun,
 To chide and fecht als fiers as ony fyre
 In hard harnes hewmound, and habirgeoun
 And on his hanche ane roustie fell facion
 And in his hand he had ane roustie sword
 Wrything his face with mony angrie word

Scharikand his sword befor Cupide he come
 With reid visage and grislie glowr, and ene
 And at his mouth ane bullar stude of fome
 Lyke to ane bair quhetting his tuskis kene
 Richt Twilyeour lyke but temperance in tene
 Ane horne he blew with mony bosteous brag
 Quhilk all this warld with weir hes maid to wag

DUNBAR one of the most eminent of the ancient Scottish poets was born as is supposed about the year 1465 at Salton in East Lothian. He became a travelling novice of the Franciscan order and in this capacity visited several parts of England and France. At what time he resigned this vocation we know not but the latter part of his life was spent in his native country where he died at an advanced age about the year 1530. His poems which are chiefly of a moral and didactic character are remarkable for their fancy originality and harmony of versification. His principal pieces are *The Thistle* (Thistle) and *the Rose* which was written on the nuptial of James IV with Margaret eldest daughter of Henry VII in 1504 and *The Golden Targe*. The following specimens will exhibit a melody of language as well as a richness of versification which we may seek for in vain among the poets of this age.

SONGS TO THE ROSE

A costly crown with clarefeid stonis bricht,
 This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclose,
 Quhylk all the land illumynit of the lycht
 Quhairfour methocht the flouris did repose
 Crying attanis ' Hail be thou richest Rose
 Hail hairbis Empryce hail freschest Quene of flouris,
 To thee be glory and honour at all houris

Thane all the birdis song with voice on hicht,
 Quhois mirthfull soun was marvellus to heir
 The mavis sang ' Hail Rose most riche and richt
 That dois upflureiss under Phebus speir '
 Hail plant of youth hail prince's dochter deir
 Hail blosome breking out of the blud royall,
 Quhois pretius vertew is imperial

The merle scho sang, ' Hail Rose of most delyt
 Hail of all fluris quene and soverane
 The lark scho sang, Hail Rose both reid and qubyt
 Most pleasant flour, of mighty colours twane
 The nightingall sang Hail Naturis suffragene
 In bewty nurtour, and every nobilness
 In riche array renown, and gentilness

The common voce upraise of burdis small
 Upon this wys, ' O blissit be the hour
 That thou wes chosen to be our principall,
 Welcome to be our Princes of honour
 Our perle, our plesans and our paramour
 Our peace, our play, our plane felicity
 Christ thee conserf from all adversite

GAWIN OR GAVIN DOUGLAS was the third son of Archibald 5th earl of Angus, and was born at Brechin in Scotland in 1474. In 1515 he was nominated to the bishoprick of Dunkeld but his life was vexed with those numerous feuds in which as a member of the overgrown house of Douglas he was involuntarily involved. He took refuge in England and died in London of the plague in 1522. He wrote several poetical pieces of distinguished merit; but his chief labour was a translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil. To each book he prefixed a prologue abounding in great originality of thought and beauty of expression. The translation itself is remarkable for power and fidelity.

A WINTER MORNING

The sary gled quhissils with mony ane pew
 Quharby the day was dawing wele I knew
 Bid bete the fyre, and the cundyll alicht,
 Syne blissit me and in my wedis dicht
 Ane chot wyndo unschet ane litel on char
 Persavit the mornynge blaw and har
 Wyth cloudy gum and rak ouerquhelmyt the are
 The sulze stiche hasard rouch and hare
 Branchis brattlyng and blaknyt schew the brayis
 With hirstis harsk of waggand wyndit strayis
 The dew droppis congelit on stibbil and rynd,
 And scharp halstanys mortfundyt of kind,
 Hoppand on the thak and on the causay by
 The schote I closit and drew inward in hy
 Cheverand for cald, the sessoun was sa snell
 Schupe with hait flambis to flemie the fresing fell

*From the Prologue to the XIIth book of the *Æneid**

SONG OF THE BIRDS TO THE SUN

Welcum the lord of licht and lampe of day,
 Welcum fosterare of tender herbis grene
 Welcum quhikkinnar of flurist flouris schene,
 Welcum support of every rute and vane
 Welcum comfort of al kind frute and grane,
 Welcum the birdis beild apoun the brere
 Welcum maister, and reulare of the yere,
 Welcum welefare of husbandis at the plewis,
 Welcum reparare of woddis treis, and bewis,
 Welcum depaynter of the blomyt medis,
 Welcum the lyffe of every thing that spreddis,
 Welcum storare of all kynd bestial
 Welcum be thy bricht bemes gladand al

*From the Prologue to the XIIth book of the *Æneid**

THIS accomplished monarch was the son of James IV who perished so miserably at Flodden and was born at Linlithgow in April 1512. His popular and winning manners and the frankness with which he associated with all ranks procured for him from his people the title of King of the Commons. For the purpose of diversion as well as from motives of policy he frequently went about disguised on which occasions the society into which he was frequently thrown and the adventure he underwent may be surmised from his two principal poems *Chrystis Kirk on the Green* and the *Gaberlunzie Man*. In the first of these poems he ridicules with much sly humour the inferiority of his subject in Archery a disqualification which he endeavoured to amend by statutes as well as poetical satire. He died broken hearted on the 13th of Dec. 1542 in consequence of the shameful rout of his army at Solway.

A RUSTIC COQUETTE

Sche scornit Jok, and scrippit at him,
 And morgeound him with morkkis
 He wald have luffit hir, sche wald not let him
 For all his yallow locks
 He cherist hir, scha bad ga chat him,
 Sche comptit him nocht twa clokis,
 Schamfullie ane schort gown sat him,
 His lymmis was lyk twa rokkis
Sche said
 At Chrystis kirk on the grene

A COWARD

Then Lowry as ane lyon lap,
 And sone a flane can feddir
 He hecht to perss him at the pap
 Theron to wed a weddir
 He hit him on the wame a wap,
 It buft lyk ony bledder
 But sua his fortune was and hap
 His doublit wes maid of ledder
And saift him
 At Chrystis kirk on the grene
 The buff so boisterously abaift him
 That he to the eard dusht down,
 The uther man for deid then left him
 And fled out of the toune
 The wyves cam furth and up they reft him,
 And fand lyfe in the loune
 Then with three routis up they reft him,
 And curd him of his soune
Fra hand that day
 At Chryttis kirk on the grene

SIR DAVID LYNDISAY held the office of Lyon King at Arms under James V and was the esteemed friend as well as faithful servant of that great sovereign. He was born probably about the year 1490 and received his education at the university of St. Andrews after which he entered into public life and bore a considerable part in the negotiations of the Scottish court with England and other countries. The chief subjects of Lyndisay's poetry are the abuses that had crept into religion and the vices of the Scottish clergy whom he lashed with such unsparing severity as well as truth that the public mind was roused to inquiry by his writings and prepared for the advent of the Reformation. Few poets have enjoyed such a national reputation as Sir David. His verses were circulated through every cottage and castle and only ceased to be read when the language in which they were written had become in a great measure obsolete. The exact period of his death is uncertain but it was probably near 1550.

LAMENT FOR JAMES IV OF SCOTLAND

During his tyme sa justice did prevall
The savage iles trymblyt for terrour
Eskdale Evisdale Liddisdale and Armandale
Durst nocht rebell, douting his dintis dour
And of his lordis had sic perfyte favour
So for to schaw that he affeirrit not ane
Out throuch his realme, he wald ryde him allane

And of his court throuch Europe sprang the fame
Of lustie lords and lufesum ladyis ying
Tryumpf and tornayis, justing, and knichtly game
With all pastime according for ane king
He wes the glore of princehe governing
Quhilk throuch the ardent lufe he had to France,
Again England did move his ordinance

Of Floddoun feild the rewyne to revolve
Or that maist dolent day for till deplore
I nyll for dreid that dolour yow dissolve,
Schaw quhow that prince in his triumphand glore
Distroyit was, quhat neidith proces more?
Nocht be the vertue of Inglis ordinance
But be his awin wilfull misgoverance

Allace! that day had he bane counsolabill,
He had obtenit laud, glore, and vorie
Quhose piteous proces bene sa lamentabill,
I nyll at lenth it put in memorie
I never red in tragedie, nor storie,
At ane tornay sa mony nobillis slane
For the defence, and lufe of thair sovairane

THE CONFESSORIAL RIDICULED

He me absoluit for ane plak
 I hocht he na pryce with me wald mak
 And mekil Latyne he did mummill
 I hard na thing bot hummill bummill
 He schew me nocht of Goddis wo d
 Quhilk scharpei is than ony sword
 He counsalit me nocht till abstene
 And lead ane haly lyfe and clene
 Of Christis blude na thing he knew,
 Nor of his promissis full trew,
 That sais all that will beleve
 That Satan sall us never greve
 He techit me nocht for till traist,
 The comfort of the Haly Gaist
 He bid me nocht to Christ be kynd
 To keip his law with hart and mynd
 And lufe and thank his greit mercie
 I sa sin and hell that savit me,
 And lufe my nichtbour as my sell —
 Of this na thing he could me tell

From Kirk's Confession



SIR THOMAS WYATT was born at Allington Castle in Kent in 1503 and was the father of the person of the same name who was beheaded for rebellion in the reign of Queen Mary and with whom he has been sometimes confounded. Sir Thomas was a favoured courtier and one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Henry VIII where congeniality of taste and disposition united him in close friendship to the noble and accomplished Earl of Surrey. A romantic and possibly a true report was prevalent that the object of Wyatt's youthful affection was the beautiful Anne Boleyn who sought him for the deceitful allurements of a crown and we know that when she became the object of his love and persecution it was whispered that he was one of the favourites. Notwithstanding this report he still continued to enjoy the royal favour and was repeatedly employed in honourable and important embassies. Sir Thomas Wyatt died in 1542 in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

THE LADY TO ANSWER DIRECTLY WITH YEA OR NAY

Madame, without many wooerdes
Once I am yee you will or no
And if you will then leave your booides,
And use your wit and shew it so

For with a becke you shall me call
And if of aye, that burnes alwaye
Ye have pitie or ruth at all,
Answer him faue with yea or nay
If it be nay frendes as before
You shall in other man obtayne
And I myne own and yours no more

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE

Farewell love and all thy lyes for ever,
Thy bated hookes shall tangle me no more,
Seneca and Plato call me from thy lore,
To purst welth my witt for to endore
In blind error when I did perseuer
Thy sharp repulse that pricketh aye so sore
Taught me in trifies that I set noe store
But scape forth thence, since libertie is leffer
Therefore farewell ' go trouble younger huts
And in time claim noe more auctoritie
With idle youth goe use thy propertie,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts
For hitherto, though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten bowes to chime

HENRY HOWARD Earl of Surrey the friend of Wyatt, and the lover of Geraldine has been frequently confounded with that Earl of Surrey who gained the victory of Flodden The noble poet was born about 1516 three years after the battle took place Another popular mistake makes him a wandering knight-errant through Italy to uphold the superiority of his fair Geraldine with sword and lance The Earl was more honourably and usefully employed in the wars of Henry VIII with France in which with his father the Duke of Norfolk he held a principal command The end of the noble Surrey was truly tragic Having fallen under the suspicion of his tyrannical sovereign he was tried and condemned upon a groundless charge of high treason, and beheaded on Tower Hill in 1546 when he was only in his thirty first year His works were a Collection of Songes and Sonnettes a translation of Solomon s Ecclesiastes and a few of the Psalms of David into rhyme and portions of the Second and fourth Books of the Æneid

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GIRALDINE

From Tuscan came my ladies worthy race
 Faire Florence was, sometyne, her auncient seat
 The western yle whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber s cliff, did geve her lyvely heate
 Fo ter d she was with milke of Irishe breste
 Her sire, an Erle her dame of princes blood
 From tender yeres in Britaine she doth rest,
 With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food
 Honsdon did first present her to myne eyne
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight
 Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above,
 Happy is he that can obtain her love

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING WHEREIN ECHE THING RENEWES,
SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

The soote season that bud and bloome fourth bringes
 With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale
 The nightingall, with fethers new, she singes,
 The turtle too her mate hath told her tale
 Somer is come, for every spray now springes,
 The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale,
 The bucke, in brake his winter coate he flynges,
 The fishes flete with new repayred scale,
 The adder, all her slough away she flynges,
 The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smalle
 The busy bee, her honey how she mynges,
 Winter is worn, that was the floures bale
 And thus I see, among these pleasant thynges,
 Lche care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges

Much conjecture has been exercised in reference to the identity of this noble bard but it is now generally believed that he was Thomas, Lord Vaux of Harrowden in Northamptonshire and son of Lord Nicholas, first baron of that title with whom he has been sometimes confounded. He sat in parliament in 1531 and lived till the end of the reign of Queen Mary. His poems which are of a miscellaneous nature are to be found in Tottel's collection and the *Library of Dainty Devices*. His poem of "I loath that I did love" must be interesting to the readers of Shakspere from the circumstance of three lines being quoted in the play of Hamlet by the Grave-digger.

THE AGED I OVER RENOUNCETH THE YOVN

I loath that I did love

In youth that I thought sweet
As time requires for my behoove,
Methinks they are not meet

My lusts they do me leave
My fancies all be fled
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head

For Age with sterling steps
Hath claw'd me with his cloutch
And lusty life away she leup
As there had been none such

My Muse doth not delight
Me, as she did before
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore

For Reason me denies
This youthly idle Rhyme
And day by day to me she cries
"Leave off these toys in time

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face
Say "Limping Age will hedge him now
Where youth must give him place

The harbinger of Death
To me I see him ride
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provide

A pick axe, and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet

LORD VACY

Methinks I hear the clerk,
That knolls the careful knell
And bids me leave my woful wark
Ere Nature me compel

My keepers knit the knot
That Youth did laugh to scorn
Of me that clean shall be forgot
As I had not been born

Thus must I Youth give up
Whose badge I long did wear
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear

I o here the bared scull
By whose bald sign I know
That stooping Age away shall pull
Which youthful years did sow

I o Beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought
And shipped me into the land
From whence I first was brought

And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust,
As ye of clay were cast by hand
So shall ye waste to dust



THIS poet was a native of Huntingdonshire but the date of his birth is unknown. He was chaplain to Bishop Ridley and would perhaps have suffered martyrdom with his patron during the persecution in the reign of Queen Mary had he not sought inglorious safety by a recantation. He died about 1563. Grimoald's poetry is remarkable for elegance of language and smoothness of versification and it is worthy of remark that he was the first poet after Lord Surrey who attempted English blank verse.

DEATH OF CICERO

When he afar the men approach he spieth
And of his foen the ensign doth aknow

The chariot turn saith he 'let loose the rein ,
Run to the undeserved death , me lo,
Hath Phœbus fowl, as messenger forewarn'd,
And Jove desires a new heaven's man to make
Brutus and Cassius souls, live you in bliss ?
In case yet all the Fates gainstrive us not
Neither shall we, perchance die unrevenge'd
Now have I lived, O Rome, enough for me
My pass'd life nought suffereth me to doubt
Noisome oblivion of the loathsome death
Shy me yet all th' offspring to come shall know
And thus decease shall bring eternal life
Yea and (unless I fail, and all in vain,
Rome I sometime thy Augur chosen was,)
Not evermore shall friendly fortune thee
Favour Antonius Once the day shall come
When her dear wights, by cruel spite thus slain
Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require
Melikes therewhile, go see the hoped heaven
Speech had he left, and therewith he, good n in
His throat prepared, and held his head unmoved
His hasting to those fates the very knights
Be loth to see, and rage rebated when
They his bare neck beheld, and his hoar hairs
Scant could they hold the tears that forth gan burst,
And almost fell from bloody hands the swords
Only the stern Herennius with grim look,
Dastards why stand you still? he saith, and straight
Swaps off the head with his presumptuous iron

THIS poet who is justly entitled by Pinkerton the Anacreon of old Scottish poetry has scarcely left a trace of his personal history. It appears that he commenced his authorship about the year 1550 and several of his poems which are distinguished by correctness and elegance of versification and justness of sentiment are to be found in Lord Hailes's Collection and the Bannatyne MS.

LAMENT WHEN HIS WIFE LEFT HIM

To love unloved it is a pain
For she that is my sovereign,
Some wanton man so high has set her
That I can get no love again,
But break my heart, and nought the better

When that I went with that sweet may
To dance to sing to sport, and play,
And oft time in my arms I let her—
I do now mourn both night and day,
And break my heart and nought the better

Where I was wont to see her go,
Right timely pass to and fro,
With comely smiles when that I met her—
And now I live in pain and wo
And break my heart and nought the better

What an ane glaukit fool am I
To slay myself with melancholy
Sen weill I ken I may not get her !
Or what should be the cause and why
To break my heart, and nought the better ?

My heart sen than may not her please,
Adieu as good love comes as gais
Go, choose another, and forget her
God give him dolour and disease,
That breaks his heart, and nought the better

THIS accomplished scholar poet courtier and soldier was born in 1554 and during the short period of his life few were so greatly or so generally endeared to society by talent and worth as the author of the *Arcadia*, by which work he was chiefly distinguished in his own day. The principal poetry of Sir Philip Sidney is his *Astrophel and Stella* comprising a collection of sonnets addressed to the lady to whom he gave the latter appellation. His death at Zutphen in 1586 when he had only reached his thirty second year and the heroic circumstances with which it was accompanied are too generally known to require further mention.

TO THE MOON

With how sad steps O Moon ! thou climb'st the sky !
 How silently and with how wan a face !
 What ! may it be that ev'n in heavenly place
 That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries ?
 Sure, if that long with Love acquainted eyes
 Can judge of Love thou feel'st a lover's case
 I read it in thy looks thy languish'd grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes

Then ev'n of fellowship, O Moon tell me
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

From Astrophel and Stella

TO STELLA

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try,
 O give my passions leave to run their race
 Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace
 Let folk overcharged with brain against me cry
 Let clouds be dim, my face break in mine eye,
 Let me no steps then of lost labour trace
 Let all the earth with scorn recount my case
 But do not will me from my love to fly

I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
 Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame,
 Nor aught do care, though some above me sit
 Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruel heart —
 Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue art

From Astrophel and Stella

THOMAS SACKVILLE Earl of Dorset was born in Sussex in 1536 His first work was the tragedy of Gorboduc which he composed while a student of the Inner Temple and the title of which was afterwards changed into Ferrex and Porrex In addition to this he contributed the Induction and Legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the Mirror for Magistrates After having been employed in several foreign negotiations, he was raised to the office of Lord High Treasurer on the death of Burghley The earl died suddenly at the council table at 1608

REMORSE

And first within the porch and jaws of Hell
 Sat deep Remorse of Conscience all besprent
 With tears and to herself oft would she tell
 Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent
 To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
 With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
 Would wear and waste continually in pain

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there
 Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought
 So was her mind continually in fear,
 Toss'd and tormented by the tedious thought
 Of those detested crimes which she had wrought
 With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky
 Wishing for death, and yet she could not die

OLD AGE

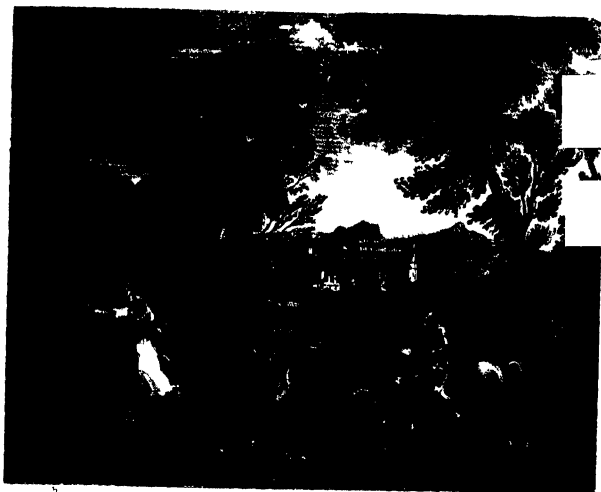
And next in order sad Old Age we found
 His beard all hoar his eyes hollow and blind
 With drooping cheer still poring on the ground
 As on the place where Nature him assign'd
 To rest, when that the sisters had entwined
 His vital thread and ended with their knife
 The fleeting course of fast declining life

Crook'd back'd he was, tooth shaken, and ble'n eyed,
 Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four
 With old lame bones that rattled by his side
 His scalp all pill'd and he with eld forlore,
 His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door,
 Trembling and driv'ling as he draws his breath
 For brief, the shape and messenger of Death

THIS English poet incomparably the best that had appeared since the days of Chaucer was born in London in East Smithfield near the Tower about the year 1553. He received his education at the university of Cambridge where he formed an intimate acquaintanceship with Gabriel Harvey one who was so wedded to the poetry of Greece and Rome that he conceived the possibility of reducing English versification to the old classical quantities. Under this wrong-headed friend, Spenser commenced his poetical career very inauspiciously by attempting English trimeter iambics but he soon emancipated himself from these impracticable trammels and became the poet of truth and nature. Harvey rendered our bard a more judicious service when he counselled him to leave his obscure situation and gave him an introduction to Sir Philip Sidney by whom he was recommended to the powerful Earl of Leicester. While residing at the habitation of Sir Philip at Penshurst, Spenser produced his *Shepherd's Calendar* which enjoyed a high popularity. Notwithstanding its intrinsic poetical merit however the pedantic style and far-fetched allusions of the *Shepherd's work* and the immeasurably superior attractiveness of the *Faery Queen* have thrown it entirely into the shade so that it is no longer quoted and scarcely at all remembered.

In 1580 Lord Grey of Wilton being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland Spenser accompanied him thither as secretary but two years afterwards he returned to England in consequence of the recall of his patron. By the kind mediation of his powerful friends however he received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of 3028 acres of land in Cork in consequence of which he was bound to reside in that country and cultivate the lands that had been assigned to him. His habitation in Ireland was an ancient castle at Kilcolman that had belonged to the earl of Desmond and was surrounded by rich and magnificent scenery and in this place so fitted for study and meditation an event occurred that ought to be deemed the recreation of every lover of English literature. He was invited by Sir Walter Raleigh at that time a captain in the queen's army and the result of the conference of two such congenial minds was the resolution of Spenser to prepare the first part of the *Faery Queen* for publication. This measure occasioned his temporary return to London after an absence of four years and on his arrival published the three first books of his celebrated work. This occurred in 1590 and about four years afterward when his fame had attained its most palmy time he married at Cork a country maiden of humble birth. During the six following years he occasionally revisited England and published portions of the *Faery Queen* and other poetical productions besides a small political sketch on the condition of Ireland.

But like many fortunes clouded the little days of this talented and noble heroic poet. In 1597 he returned for the last time to Ireland and almost immediately after his arrival the rebellion under Tyrone broke out. The insurgents advanced towards Kilcolman upon which Spenser fled with his family but one of his children who was left behind in the confusion perished in the destruction of the castle which was set on fire by the rebels. Spenser returned to London an impoverished and heart-broken fugitive and died in 1598 in a state of considerable destitution. No poet of England or perhaps any other country has equalled Spenser in richness of fancy and few have equalled him in the other essentials that constitute greatness of poet. His *Faery Queen* mine of thoughts and descriptions which the most laborious reading cannot exhaust and whether it be perused as a literal tale of romance or a moral allegory it is always sure to afford instruction and delight. His personages embodied in allegorical characters are invested with such attributes for all the twinings of nature only their separate identity but we know the ever-individual from the blazonry upon which he led to the riots in his noisier. We trust this truth is not distant from the public taste will receive the offering of Spenser with a pleasurable greater than they have ever yet enjoyed.



SPENSER

ENCOUNTER OF ST GEORGE WITH THE DRAGON

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground
Lftsoones that dreidful dragon they espyde
Where strecht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a greut hill
But all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glstring armes that heaven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill

The knight gan fayrely couch his steadv speare
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might,
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare
His hunder hyde would nether perce nor bight,

But glauncing by, foorth passed forward right
 Yet sore amoved with so puisaunt push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely passing by did brush
 With his long sayle, that horse and man to ground did
 rush

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe
 And fresh encounter towards him addrest,
 But th ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest
 Exceeding rage enflam d the furious beast,
 To be avenged of so great despight,
 For never felt his imperceable biest
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight,
 Yet had he prov d the powre of many a puissant knight

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
 The yelding ayre, which might too feeble found
 Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
 To beare so greate a weight he cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round
 At last low stouping with unweldy sway,
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
 So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
 To let them downe before his flightes end
 As hagar d hauke presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
 To trusse the prey too heavy for his flight
 Which coming down to ground, does free itselfe by fight.

He so disseized of his griping grosse,
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
 In his bras plated body to embosse,
 And three mens strength into the stroake he layd,
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
 And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the uncooth smart the monster lowdly cryde

He cryde as raging seas are wont to rore,
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threāt,
 The roaring billows beat the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat
 And greedy gulfe does gape as he would eat
 His neighbour element in his revenge
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threāt
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge
 And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge

THE BOWER OF BLISS

And over him Art stryving to compayre
 With Nature did an arber greene disprede,
 Framed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
 Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
 His prickling armes, entayld with roses red
 Which daintie odours round about them threw
 And all within with flowres was garnished
 That when myld Zephyrus amongst them blew
 Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colours shew

And fast beside their trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame whose murmuring wave did play
 Emongst the pumy stones and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay
 The wearie traveller wandring that way
 Therein did often quench his thirsty hart,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display
 Whiles creeping slombre made him to forget
 His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweat

And on the other syde a plesaunt grove
 Was shott up high full of the stately tree
 That dedicated is to Olympick Iove
 And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
 In Nemus gayned goodly victoree
 Therein the merie birdes of every sorte
 Chaunted alowd their cheyfull harmonie
 And made amongst themselves a sweete consort
 That quickned the dull spright with musicke all comfort

ANGELIC GUARDIANSHIP

And is there care in heaven ? and is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?
 There is else much more wretched were the cace,
 Of men then beasts but O th exceeding grace
 Of highest God ! that loves his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want ?
 How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
 The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant ?
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant
 And all for love and nothing for reward
 O why should hevenly God to men have such regard ?

COMBAT BETWEEN BLANDAMOUR AND PARIDELL.

Then fire steedes with so untamed forse
 Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
 That both their speares with pitlesse remorse
 Through shield, and mayle, and haberieon, did wend,
 And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
 That with the furie of their owne affret
 Each other horse and man to ground did send,
 Where lying still awhile, both did forget
 The perillous present stownd in which their lives were set

As when two warlike brigandines at sea
 With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight
 Do meete together on the watry lea,
 They stemme ech other with so fell despight
 That with the shooke of their owne heedlesse might
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder
 They which from shore behold the dreadful sight
 Of flashing fire and heare the ordenance thonder
 Do greatly stand amazed at such unwonted wonder

At length they both upstarted in amaze,
 As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
 And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
 Till seeing her, that Florimell did seeme,
 In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
 Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
 And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
 Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
 And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes
 did hew

So furiously each other did assayle,
 As if their soules they would attonce have rent
 Out of their brests, that streames of blood did rayle
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent,
 That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent
 And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore
 Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
 So mortall was their malice, and so sore,
 Become of fayned friendship which they vow d afoie

DESCRIPTION OF SIR CALIDORE

Of court it seemes men courtesie doe call,
 For that it there most useth to abound
 And well beseemeth that in princes hall
 That vertue should be plentifully found
 Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
 And roote of civill conversation
 Right so in Faery Court it did redound,
 Where courteous knights and ladies most did won
 Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon

But mongst them all was none more courteous knight
 Then Calidore beloved over all,
 In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
 And manners mylde were planted naturall
 To which he adding comely guize withall,
 And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away
 Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
 And well approved in batteilous affray
 That him did much renowme, and far his fame display

Ne was there knight, ne was there lady found
 In Faery Court but him did deare embrace
 For his faire usage and conditions sound,
 The which in all mens liking gayned place,
 And with the greatest purchast greatest grace
 Which he could wisely use and well apply,
 To please the best, and th evill to embrace
 For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
 And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty

SIR CALIDORES COURTSHIP OF PASTORELL

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell
 And long while after whilest him li t remune
 Dayly beholding the fayre Pastorell
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane
 During which time he did her entertaine
 With all kind courtesies he could invent
 And every day her companie to gaue
 When to the field she went, he with her went
 So for to quench his fire he did it more augment

But she, that never had acquainted bene
 With such quient usage fit for queens and kings,
 Ne ever had such knightly service scene
 But being bred under base shepherds wings
 Had ever leaind to love the lowly things,
 Did litle whit regard his courteous guise
 But cared more for Colin s carolings
 Then all that he could doe or ev 1 devize
 His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all de pize

Which Calidore perceiving thought it best
 To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke
 And doffing his bught armes, himselfe address
 In shephcard s weed and in his hand he tooke
 Instead of steale head speare, a shephcard s hook
 That who had seene him then, would have bethought
 On Phrygion Puns by Plexippus brooke,
 When he the love of fayre Clnone sought
 What time the golden apple was unto him brought

So being clad unto the fields he went
 With the faire Pastorella every day
 And kept her sheepe with diligent attē it
 Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away
 The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and ply
 And every evening helping them to fold
 And otherwhiles for need he did assay
 In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold
 And out of them to presse the milke love so much
 could

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
 Long time had loved and hoped her love to gaine
 He much was troubled at that straunger s guise
 And many gealous thoughts conceived in vaine,
 That this of all his labour and long paine
 Should reape the harvest ere it ripen d were
 That made him scoule and pout and oft complaine
 Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there
 That she did love a straunger swayne then him more
 deir

And ever when he came in companie,
 Where Calidore was present he would loue
 And byte his lip and even for gealousie
 Was readie oft his owne hart to deuoure
 Impatient of any paramoure
 Who on the other side did seeme so farie
 I rom making or grudging his good houre
 That all he could he graced him with her
 Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of hate

And oft, when Condon unto her brought
 Or little sparowes stolen from their nest
 Or wanton squills in the woods farre sought
 Or other daintie thing for her addrest
 He would commend his gift and make the best
 Yet she no whit his presents did regard
 Ne him could find to fancie in her brest
 This new come shepherd had his market mard
 Old love is little worth when new is more prefard

One day whenas the shepheud swaynes together
 Were met to make then sports and merry glee,
 As they are wont in faire sunshyne weather
 The whiles their flocks in shadows shrouded bee

They fell to daunce then did they all agree
 That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit,
 And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
 That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit
 Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
 Tooke Coridon and set him in his place
 That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion,
 For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace,
 And whenas Pastorella him to grace,
 Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head
 And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
 And did it put on Coridon's instead
 Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that erst seemed dead

Another time whenas they did dispose
 To practise games and maisteries to try
 They for their iudge did Pastorella chose
 A garland was the meed of victory
 There Coridon forth stepping, openly
 Did challenge Calidore to wrestling game
 For he through long and perfect industry
 Therrin well practised was and in the same
 Thought sure to avenge his grudge, and worke his foe
 great shame

But Calidore he greatly did mistake
 For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight
 That with one fall his neck he almost brake
 And had he not upon him fallen light,
 His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight
 Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
 Given to Calidore as his due right
 But he, that did in courtesie excell,
 Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abear
 Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
 That even they, the which his rivals were,
 Could not maligne him, but commend him needs
 For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
 Good will and favour, so it surely wrought
 With this fayre mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
 Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
 The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearly
 bought

THE history of this noble accomplished and ill requited personage is too well known to require repetition. He was born at Hayes Farm in Devonshire in 1552 and fell a victim to the mean jealousy of James I. by whose sentence he was beheaded on the 29th of October 1618. The superior reputation of Sir Walter Raleigh as a scholar philosopher and enterprising navigator has eclipsed his reputation as a poet although his verses alone would have procured him distinction among his contemporaries. It is unfortunate that his fugitive pieces which are scattered among the uncertain poetry of the period cannot always be identified.

HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day ?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how far she be ?

Were her tresses angel gold
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets too !
If the mine be grown so free
What care I how rich it be ?

Were her hand as rich a prize
As her hairs or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners sake
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be ?

No, she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow balls do,
Not like fire by burning too,
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be !

This satirical poet who was born in 1574 at Asby de la-Zouch in Leicester shire devoted himself to the church, and after several ecclesiastical preferments was created Bishop of Norwich, by Charles I. in 1641 but during the troubled times that succeeded he was committed to the Tower and subjected to sequestration. He died in 1656 at the age of eighty two and in the midst of poverty and obscurity. The poetry of Hall is distinguished for vigour and harmony and on account of his eloquent illustrations of moral duties he has often been designated the Christian Seneca.

YOUTHFUL DESIRE OF TRAVEL

The brain sick youth that feeds his tickled ear
 With sweet sauced lies of some false traveller,
 Which hath the Spanish Decades read awhile
 Or whetstone leasings of old Mandeville
 Now with discourses breaks his midnight sleep
 Of his adventures through the Indian deep
 Of all their massy heaps of golden mine,
 Of the antique tombs of Palestine,
 Of Damascus magic wall of glass
 Of Solomon his sweating piles of brass,
 Of the bird roc that bears an elephant
 Of mermaids that the southern seas do haunt,
 Of headless men, of savage cannibals,
 The fashions of their lives and governalls
 What monstrous cities there erected be,
 Cairo, or the city of the Trinity
 Now are they dunghill cocks that have not seen
 The bordering Alps, or else the neighbour Rhine
 And now he plies the news full Grasshopper,
 Of voyages and ventures to inquire
 His land mortgaged, he sea beat in the way
 Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day
 And now he deems his home bred fare as lief
 As his parch'd biscuit, or his barrell'd beef
 Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
 O let me lead an academic life
 To know much, and to think for nothing, know
 Nothing to have, yet think we have enow
 In skill to want, and wanting seek for more,
 In weal nor want, nor wish for greater store
 Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excess,
 At our low sail, and our high happiness

THE HOLLOW INVITATION

The courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
 With hollow words, and overly request
 "Come, will ye dine with me this holyday?
 I yielded though he hoped I would say nay
 For had I mayden d it, as many use
 Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse—
 Alacke sir I were loath another day —
 I should but trouble you,—pardon me if you may'—
 No pardon should I need for to depart
 He gives me leave and thanks too in his heart
 Two words for mome, Daibishirian wise,
 (That s one too manie) is a naughtie guise
 Who looks for double biddings to a feast
 May dine at home for an importune guest
 I went then saw and found the greate expence
 The fue and fashions of our citizens
 Oh Cleopatra! what wanteth there
 For curious cost and wondrous choice of cheere?
 Pleece that erst Hercules held for finest fue
 Porke for the fit Bæotian or the hare
 I or Mutril fish for the Venetian
 Coose liver for the likorous Roman
 Th Athenian s gorte quile Iolan s cheere
 The he for Esculape and the Parthian decre,
 Grapes for Arcesilas figs for Plato s mouth,
 And chesnuts faue for Amanillis tooth
 Hadst thou such cheere? wert thou evere there before?
 Never—I thought so nor come there no more
 Come there no more, for so meant all that cost
Never hence take me for thy second host
 I or whom he means to make an often guest
 One dish shall serve and welcome make the rest

CONCLUSION TO HIS SATIRES

Thus have I writ in smother cedar tree
 So gentle Satires penn'd so easily
 Henceforth I write in crabbed oak tree rynde,
 Search they that mean the secret meaning find
 Hold out ye guilty and ye galled hides
 And meet my far fetch'd stripes with waiting sides

THE year of his birth is uncertain. He was educated for the church at the university of Cambridge and obtained the living of Alderston in Suffolk where he died in 1623 His principal work is *The Temptation and Victory of Christ*

JUSTICE

She was a virgin of austere regard
 Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind,
 But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
 Her eye with heaven's, so, and more brightly shined
 Her lamping sight for she the same could wind
 Into the solid heart, and, with her ears,
 The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
 And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears
 No riot of affection evel kept
 Within her breast, but a still apathy
 Possessed all her soul, which softly slept
 Securely without tempest no sad cry
 Awakes her pity but wrong'd Poverty
 Sending his eyes to heaven swimming in tears,
 With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
 Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears
 The win'ed lightning is her Mercury,
 And round about her mighty thunders sound
 Impatient of himself lies pining by
 Pale Sickness with his kercher'd head upwound
 And thousand noisome plagues attend her round
 But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul
 The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll
 And airy mountains shake, and frightened shadows howl



PHINEAS FLETCHER was the elder brother of Giles and like him a successful imitator of Spenser. He selected however an unfortunate subject for his Muse which was the Purple Island where he exhausted all the powers of a rich imagination in endeavouring to make an anatomical treatise poetical. On this account the work notwithstanding its intrinsic merits has long sunk into universal neglect.

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE

Thrice oh thrice happy shepherd's life and state !
 When courts are happiness unhappy pawns !
 His cottage low and safely humble gate
 Shuts out proud Fortune with her spoils and frowns
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep
 Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep

No Scian worms he knows, that with their threads
 Draw out their silken lives nor silken pride
 His lambs warm fleece well fits his little need
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright
 Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite
 But sweet content exiles both misery and spite

Instead of music and base fluttering tongues,
 Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise
 The cheerful lark wakes him with early song,
 And birds sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes
 In country plays is all the strife he uses
 Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses
 And but in music's sports all difference refuses

His certain life that never can deceive him
 Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content
 The smooth leaved beeches in the field receive him
 With coolest shades till noon tide rage is spent
 His life is neither tossed in boisterous seas
 Of troublous world nor lost in slothful ease
 Pleased, and full blest he lives, when he his God can please

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
 While by his side his faithful spouse hath place
 His little son into his bosom creeps,
 The lively picture of his father's face
 Never his humble house nor state torment him
 Less he could like, if less his God had sent him,
 And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content
 him

This poet was born in the parish of Tisbury Wiltshire in 1570 and was educated at Queen's College Oxford after which he removed to the Inner Temple but from this place he was expelled on account of his riotous conduct. One year however after this unfortunate circumstance he published his *Nosce Teipsum*, a poem on the Immortality of the Soul with which James I was highly gratified, that he honoured the author with his royal patronage on his accession to the throne of England. In consequence of this the rise of Davies was rapid, so that in 1626 he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England but before he could be sworn into office he died suddenly of apoplexy on the night of the 7th of December in the fifty seventh year of his age. It is worthy of remark that Sir John, after writing so argumentative and religious a poem as that on the Immortality of the Soul at the age of twenty five and while he was notorious only as a wild young barrister should have written his *Orchestra*, or the Art of Dancing when he was a grave statesman and judge at fifty two. Besides these works he wrote Hymns to A treatise of Acrostics on the name of Elizabeth also two treatises upon the condition of Ireland, which were fraught with sound political wisdom.

VARIOUS DEFINITIONS OF THE SOUL AND THEIR FRUITLESSNESS.

One thinks the Soul is air, another fire
Another blood, diffused about the heart
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part

Musicians think our souls are harmonies
Physicians hold that they complexions be,
Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee

Some think one general Soul fills every brain
As the bright sun sheds light in every stain
And others think the name of Soul is vain,
And that we only well mixt bodies are

In judgment of her substance thus they vary
And thus they vary in judgment of her seat,
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat

Some place it in the root of life, the heart
Some in the river, fountain of the veins
Some say, she's all in all, and all in every part
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom shew,
While with their doctrines they at hazard play,
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they

For no crazed brain could ever yet propound,
 Touching the Soul, so vain and fond a thought,
 But some among these masters have been found,
 Which in their schools the self same thing have taught

God only wise, to punish pride of wit
 Among men s wits hath this confusion wrought
 As the proud tower whose points the clouds did hit,
 By tongues confusion was to ruin brought

But Thou which didst man s soul of nothing make,
 And when to nothing it was fallen again,
 ' To make it new the form of man didst take
 And God with God, becam st a man with men

Thou that hast fashion d twice this Soul of ours,
 So that she is by double title thine
 Thou only know st her nature and her powers,
 Her subtil form thou only canst define

From The Immortality of the Soul

PRAISE OF DANCING

Of all their ways I love Meander s path
 Which to the tune of dying swans doth dance,
 Such winding flights, such turns and cricks he hath,
 Such creaks, such wrenches, and such dalliance,
 That whethet it be hap or heedless chance
 In this indented course and wriggling play
 He seems to dance a perfect cunning hay

But wherefore do these streams for ever run ?
 To keep themselves for ever sweet and clear
 For let their everlasting course be done,
 They straight corrupt and foul with mud appear
 O ye sweet nymphs that beauty s loss do fear,
 Contemn the drugs that physic doth devise,
 And learn of love this dainty exercise

See how those flowers that have sweet beauty too
 (The only jewels that the earth doth wear,
 When the young sun in bravery her doth woo),
 As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
 Do wave their tender bodies here and there,
 And though their dance no perfect measure is,
 Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss

From the O chestra.

THIS voluminous writer was born at Atherston in Warwickshire as it is conjectured, in 1563 and in consequence of the poverty of his parents was educated at the expense of Sir Godfrey Goodere. He seems to have been distinguished at an early period for poetical talent. On the accession of James I to the throne of England, Drayton hastened with the crowd to worship the rising sun and hymned the joyful occasion but the monarch it would appear paid no attention to his verses and the poet was consigned to his original penury. His life after this was a struggle in which he supported himself by the labours of his pen, while his literary avocations were constantly intermingled with quarrels with his booksellers. He died in 1631. The principal works of Drayton are *Moses's Birth and Miracles* *The Barons Wars* *Nymphidia* and *Polyolbion*, in which there is everywhere to be found a rich fund of poetical sentiment and description. But unfortunately his imagination was overlaid by his reading so that the minuteness of the chronicle writer and the geographer often supersede the ardour of the poet. On this account, his chief production the *Polyolbion* consisting of about thirty thousand verses notwithstanding its great power and numerous sparkling passages is universally neglected.

HENRY V AND HIS TROOPS ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

The night forerunning this most dreadful day,
The French that all to jollity incline,
Some fall to dancing some again to play
And some are drinking to this great design
But all in pleasure spend the night away
The tents with lights, the fields with bonfires shine
The common soldiers freemen's catches sing
With shouts and laughter all the camp doth ring

The wearied English watchful o'er their foes
The depth of night then drawing on so fast,
That fain a little would themselves repose,
With thanks to God do take that small repast
Which that poor village willingly bestows,
And having placed their sentinels at last,
They fall to prayer, and in their cabins blest,
To refresh their spirits then took them to their rest

In his pavilion princely Henry laid,
Whilst all his army round about him slept,
His restless head upon his helmet staid,
For careful thoughts his eyes long waking kept
"Great God (quoth he), withdraw not now thy aid
Nor let my father Henry's sins be heaped
On my transgressions, up the sum to make,
For which thou mayst me utterly forsake

“ King Richard s wrongs to mind I oíd do not call
 Nor how for him my father did offend
 From us alone derive not thou his fall,
 Whose odious life caused his untimely end
 That by our alms be expiated all
 Let not that sin on me his son descend,
 When as his body I translated have,
 And buried in an honourable grave

From The Battle of Agincourt

NIGHT

The sullen night had her black curtain spread,
 Lowering that day had tarried up so long,
 And that the morrow might he along abed,
 She all the heaven with dusky clouds had hung
 Cynthia pluck'd in her newly horned head
 Away to West, and under earth she flung
 As she had long'd to certify the Sun,
 What in his absence in our world was done

The lesser lights like sentinels in war
 Behind the clouds stood privily to pry,
 As though unseen they subtly strove from far
 Of his escape the manner to descry
 Hid was each wandering as each fixed stai,
 As they had held a council in the sky,
 And had concluded with that present night,
 That not a star should once give any light

In a slow silence all the shores are hush'd
 Only the scritch owl sounded to th' assault
 And Isis with a troubled murmur rush'd
 As if consenting, and would hide the fault
 And as his foot the sand or gravel crush'd,
 There was a little whispering in the vault,
 Moved by his treading, softly as he went
 Which seem'd to say it further'd his intent

From The Bayons Wars Book III

QUEEN MABS CHARIOT

Her chariot ready strait is made,
 Each thing therein is fitting laid,
 That she by nothing might be stay'd,
 For nought must her be letting

Four nimble gnats the horses were,
 Their harnesses of gossamere,
 Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
 Upon the coach box getting

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 Which for the colours did excel
 The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 So lively was the limning
 The seat the soft wool of the bee,
 The cover (gallantly to see)
 The wing of a pyed butterfly
 I trow twas simple trimming

The wheels composed of crickets bones
 And daintily made for the nonce,
 For fear of rattling on the stones
 With thistle down they shod it
 For all her maidens much did fear
 If Oberon had chanced to hear
 That Mab his Queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it

From As You Like It the Court of Fairy

THE BIRTH OF MOSES

Yet tis so sweet, so amiably fair,
 That their pleased eyes with rapture it behold,
 The glad sad parents full of joy and care
 Fain would reserve their infant if they could,
 And still they tempt the sundry varying hours,
 Hopes and despairs together strangely mixt,
 Distasting sweets with many cordial sours,
 Opposed interchangeably betwixt
 If aught it ail'd or haplessly it cried,
 Unheard of any that she might it keep,
 With one short breath she did entreat and chide,
 And in a moment she did sing and weep
 Three labouring months them flatterer like beguiled,
 And danger still redoubling as it lasts,
 Suspecting most the safety of the child,
 Thus the kind mother carefully forecasts
 To Pharaoh's will she awfully must bow,
 And therefore hastens to abridge these fears,
 And to the flood determines it should go,
 Yet ere it went she'll drown it with her tears

From Moses's Birth and Miracles

THIS writer who was of some note in his day is now almost wholly and perhaps unjustly forgotten. He was born at Taunton in Somersetshire in 1562, and was the son of a music-master. At the age of seventeen he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he made considerable proficiency in learning. It is worthy of remark that after some years when the Earl of Southampton the friend of the unfortunate Earl of Essex was under disgrace Daniel who had enjoyed the patronage of that nobleman continued to cling to him in adversity and in spite of the danger of court disgrace. Daniel succeeded Spenser as Poet Laureate and died in October 1619. Of the estimation in which he was held as a poet by his illustrious contemporaries the eulogies written upon him by Spenser Browne and others are a sufficient proof. His chief work is a poem in Eight Books entitled *A History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster*

THE QUEEN OF RICHARD II AWAITING THE ENTRANCE OF
HER HUSBAND AND BOLINGBROKE INTO LONDON

Strait towards London in this heat of pride
They forward set, as they had fore decreed,
With whom the captive king constrain'd, must ride,
Most meanly mounted on a simple steed
Degraded of all grace and ease beside
Thereby neglect of all respect to breed
For th' overspreading pomp of prouder might
Must darken weakness, and debase his sight

Now Isabel the young afflicted queen
(Whose years had never shew'd her but delights,
Nor lovely eyes before had ever seen
Other than smiling joys, and joyful sights
Born great match'd great, lived great and ever been
Partaker of the world's best benefits,)
Had placed herself, hearing her lord should pass
That way, where she unseen in secret was,

Sick of delay and longing to behold
Her long miss'd love in fearful jeopardies
To whom although it had in sort been told
Of their proceeding and of his surprise
Yet thinking they would never be so bold,
To lead their lord in any shameful wise
But rather would conduct him as their king,
As seeking but the state's re-ordering

And forth she looks, and notes the foremost train
And grieves to view some there she wish'd not there
Seeing the chief not come stays, looks again
And yet she sees not him that should appear
Then back she stands, and then desires, as fain
Again to look to see if he were near
At length a glittering troop far off she spies,
Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and cries

‘ Lo yonder ! now at length he comes, saith she
 “ Look, my good women, where he is in sight
 Do you not see him ? Yonder, that is he !
 Mounted on that white courser, all in white,
 There where the thronging troops of people be
 I know him by his seat He sits upright
 Lo now he bows ! Dear lord, with what sweet grace !
 How long have I long d to behold that face !

“ O what delight my heart takes by mine eye !
 I doubt me when he comes but something near,
 I shall set wide the window—What care I
 Who doth see me, so him I may see clear ? —
 Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
 (Sweet lady) in the thing she held so dear
 For, nearer come she finds she had mistook
 And him she mark d was Henry Bolingbroke

Then envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,
 Where sorrow had prepared herself a seat
 And words of wrath from whence complaints should rise,
 Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat
 ‘ Traitor saith she is t thou, that in this wise
 To brave thy lord and king art made so great ?
 And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong
 To look on thee ? For this stay d I so long ?

‘ Ah ! have they graced a perjured rebel so ?
 Well for their error I will weep them out,
 And hate the tongue defiled, that praised my foe
 And loathe the mind, that gave me not to doubt
 What ! have I added shame unto my woe ?
 I ll look no more—Ladies, look you about
 And tell me if my lord be in this train
 Lest my betraying eyes should err again * * *

What might he be, she said, “ that thus alone
 Rides pensive in this universal joy ?

* * *
 “ Let me not see him but himself, a king
 I or so he left me, so he did remove
 This is not he, this feels some other thing
 A passion of dislike, or else of love
 O yes, tis he ! That princely face doth bring
 The evidence of majesty to prove
 That face I have conferr d which now I see
 With that within my heart, and they agree

JOHN DONNE who has been so highly eulogised by Dryden Pope and our most eminent poets was born in London in 1573. He entered Lincoln's Inn intending to qualify himself for the bar but the subject of theology soon occupying his principal study he after mature deliberation abandoned the Church of Rome in which he had been educated and declared his adhesion to the Protestant faith. Having accompanied the Earl of Essex upon his expedition to Cadix in 1596 he subsequently travelled several years in France and Italy after which he was appointed secretary to Lord Chancellor Egerton. The friends of Donne however being anxious that he should devote his talents to the church he at last yielded to their solicitation and was finally appointed chaplain to Charles I and Dean of St Paul's. He died on the 31st March 1631. His poems which are of a miscellaneous character suggested by the impulse of the moment rather than the result of systematic study consist chiefly of satires elegies songs and sonnets and although his versification is frequently harsh and his language pedantic yet his productions possess an innate vigour and freshness which will always secure them a high rank in our English poetry.

HIS PICTURE

Here take my picture though I bid farewell
Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell
Tis like me now but, I dread 'twill be more
When we are shadows both than twas before
When weather beaten I come back my hand
Perhaps with rude oars torn or sun beams tann'd
My face and breast of hui cloth and my head
With Cries harsh sudden hoarseness overspread
My body a sack of bones broken within
And powder's blue stains scattered on my skin
If rival fools thrice thou have loved a man
So foul and coarse as oh! I may seem then,
This shall say what I was and thou shalt say
Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind that he
Should now love less what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate
Was but the milk which in Love's childish state
Did nurse it, who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that which to weak tastes seems tough

1101 of Elphinstone

THE DISSOLUTION

She's dead! and all which die
To their first elements resolve,
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another
My body then doth hers involve,
And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow and burdensome,
And nourish not, but smother

My fire of passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthly sad despair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by Love's security)
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair
And I might live long wretched so
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow

SONNET

What if the present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O Soul! where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright,
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light
Blood fills his frowns which from his pierced head fell
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes' fierce spite?
No, no but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour, so I say to thee
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind



THIS talented and original writer is better known by his Anatomy of Melancholy than his poetry although he was attached to the study of the latter and the specimen which we have extracted from his preface to the Anatomy is no inconsiderable proof of his poetical powers He was born in 1576 He studied at Brazen Nose College and was made vicar of St Thomas Oxford, where he died in 1639

PAINS AND PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY

When I lie sit, or walk alone
 I sigh, I grieve making great moan,
 In a dark grove, or irksome den,
 With discontents and furies, then
 A thousand miseries at once
 Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce
 All my griefs to this are jolly,
 None so sour as melancholy

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
 Sweet music wondrous melody
 Towns, palaces, and cities fine
 Here now, then there, the world is mine,
 Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
 Whate'er is lovely or divine
 All other joys to this are folly,
 None so sweet as melancholy

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
 Ghosts, goblins, fiends —my fantasy
 Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
 Headless bears black men and apes
 Doleful outcries, and fearful sights,
 My sad and dismal soul affrights
 All my griefs to this are jolly,
 None so damn'd as melancholy

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
 Methinks I now embrace my miss
 O blessed days, O sweet content !
 In Paradise my time is spent !
 Such thoughts may still my fancy move,
 So may I ever be in love !
 All my joys to this are folly,
 Nought so sweet as melancholy

Of this author little is known except that he was the son of that Secretary of State whom Queen Elizabeth treated so harshly under the false pretence that he had hurried on the execution of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, without her privacy or consent. Davison published several poetical pieces in 1602 in a Miscellany of which he was the editor. The following production, which appeared in it, was his own although it has been erroneously ascribed to a different author.

A FICTION HOW CUPID MADE A NYMPH WOUND HERSELF
WITH HIS ARROWS

It chanced of late a shepherd s swain,
That went to seek a strayed sheep,
Within a thicket, on the plain,
Espied a dainty nymph asleep

Her golden hair o'er spread her face,
Her careless arms abroad were cast,
Her quiver had her pillow s place,
Her breast lay bare to every blast

The shepherd stood and gazed his fill
Nought durst he do nought durst he say
When chance, or else perhaps his will
Did guide the god of love that way

The crafty boy that sees her sleep
Whom, if she waked, he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place
Ne dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace

Scarce was he gone when she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by,
Her bended bow in haste she takes
And at the simple swain let fly

Forth flew the shaft, and pierced his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot and shot, but all in vain
The more his wounds, the more his might
Love yieldeth strength in midst of pain

Her angry eyes are great with tears,
 She blames her hands, she blames her skill,
 The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
 And try them on herself she will

Take heed, sweet nymph, try not thy shaft !
 Each little touch will prick the heart
 Alas ! thou knowst not Cupid's craft,
 Revenge is joy, the end is smart

Yet try she will, and prick some bare
 Her hands were gloved and next to hand
 Was that fair breast, that breast so rare
 That made the shepherd senseless stand

That breast she pricked, and through that breast
 Love finds an entry to her heart
 At feeling of this new come guest
 Lord ! how the gentle nymph doth start

She runs not now, she shoots no more
 Away she throws both shafts and bow
 She seeks for that she shunn'd before,
 She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow

Though mountains meet not, lovers may,
 So others do, and so do they,
 The god of love sits on a tree,
 And laughs that pleasant sight to see

DESIRE'S GOVERNMENT

Where Wit is over ruled by Will,
 And Will is led by fond Desire,
 There Reason were as good be still,
 As speaking, kindle greater fire
 For where Desire doth bear the sway,
 The heart must rule, the head obey

What boots the cunning pilot's skill,
 To tell which way to shape their course,
 When he that steers will have his will,
 And drive them where he list perforce ?
 So Reason shews the truth in vain
 Where fond Desire as king doth reign

WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden son to Sir John Drummond, was born at that romantic seat near Edinburgh from which he derives his title in the year 1585. He received his education at the High School and University of Edinburgh, from which he departed to France where he studied Civil Law for four years. On the expiration of that period he returned to his native residence where he devoted his time to the study of the Classics. Having formed an attachment to an amiable and beautiful lady the day of marriage was appointed and a bright prospect of happiness lay before him but her sudden sickness and death blasted his expectations. To soften the anguish of this bereavement he once more left his beautiful and classic seclusion, and travelled for eight years through Germany France and Italy. He returned to Scotland at the commencement of the civil war and finding in his forty fifth year a lady who resembled her he had lost he married her and spent the remainder of his life at Hawthornden. He was highly esteemed by his learned and poetical contemporaries and Ben Jonson one of the most distinguished of their number walked into Scotland in 1619 for the purpose of seeing him and enjoying his conversation. He died on the 4th of December 1649.

SONNET

That learned Grecian who did so excel
 In knowledge passing sense, that he is named
 Of all the after worlds divine doth tell
 That all the time when first our souls are flamed
 Eye in these mansions blind they come to dwell
 They live bright rays of that eternal light,
 And others see, know love, in heaven's great height
 Not toil'd with aught to reason doth rebel
 It is most true, for straight at the first sight
 My mind me told that in some other place
 It elsewhere saw the idea of that face
 And loved a love of heavenly pure delight
 What wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
 Since I her loved ere on this earth she came?

SONNET

O Fate conjured to pour your worst on me!
 O rigorous rigour which doth all confound!
 With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,
 And fruit with leaves have scatter'd on the ground
 A little space of earth my love doth bound
 That beauty which did raise it to the sky,
 Turn'd in disdained dust, now low doth lie
 Deaf to my plants, and senseless of my wound
 Ah! did I live for this? ah! did I love?
 And was't for this (fierce powers) she did excel—
 That ere she well the sweets of life did prove,
 She should (too dear a guest) with darkness dwell!
 Weak influence of heaven! what fair is wrought,
 Falls in the prime, and passeth like a thought

CONSOLATION FOR THE DEATH OF HIS MISTRESS

If she be dead, then she of loathsome days
 Hath past the line, whose length but loss bewrays
 Then she hath left this filthy stage of care,
 Where pleasures seldom, woe doth still, repair
 For all the pleasures which it doth contain,
 Not countervail the smallest minute's pain
 And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
 This little vapour this poor spark of fire,
 Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath
 But some few years which birth draws out to death?
 Which if thou parallel with lustres run,
 Or those whose courses are but now begun
 In days great number they shall less appear,
 Than with the sea when matched is a tear
 But why shouldst thou here longer wish to be?
 One year doth serve all nature's pomp to see
 Nay, even one day and night This moon, that sun,
 Those lesser fires about this round which run
 Be but the same, which under Saturn's reign,
 Did the serpentine seasons interchain
 How oft doth life grow less by living long?
 And what excelleth but what dieth young?
 For age, which all abhor (yet would embrace)
 Doth make the mind as wrinkled as the face
 Then leave laments, and think thou didst not live
 I aw to that first eternal cause to give,
 But to obey those laws which He hath given,
 And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven
 Which cannot err whatever foggy mists
 Do blind men in these sublunary lists

But what if she for whom thou spends those groans,
 And wastes thy life's dear torch in ruthless moans,
 She, for whose sake thou hast the joyful light,
 Courts solitary shades and irksome night,
 Doth live? Ah! if thou canst through tears, a space
 Lift thy dimm'd lights and look upon this face,
 Look if those eyes which, fool, thou didst adore,
 Shine not more bright than they were wont before
 Look if those roses death could aught impair,
 Those roses which thou once saidst were so fair
 And if these locks have lost aught of that gold,
 Which once they had when thou them didst behold
 I live, and happy live, but thou art dead
 And still shalt be, till thou be like me made

SONNET

Sweet bard, that sing'st away the early hours
 Of winters past, or coming, void of care
 Well pleased with delights which present are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers
 To rocks to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
 (Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
 Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
 To aërs of spheres, yea, and to angels' lays

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

Jerusalem that place divine,
 The vision of sweet peace is named
 In heaven her glorious turrets shine,
 Her walls of living stones are framed
 While angels guard her on each side,
 Fit company for such a bride
 She deck'd in new attire from heaven
 Her wedding chamber now descends
 Prepared in marriage to be given
 To Christ, on whom her joy depends
 Her walls wherewith she is enclosed,
 And streets are of pure gold composed
 The gates adorn'd with pearls most bright
 The way to hidden glory show
 And thither by the blessed might
 Of faith in Jesus' merits go
 All these who are on earth distressed
 Because they have Christ's name profest
 These stones the workmen dress and beat,
 Before they thoroughly polish'd are,
 Then each is in his proper seat
 Establish'd by the builder's care
 In this fair frame to stand for ever
 So join'd that them no force can sever
 To God who sits in highest seat,
 Glory and power given be,
 To Father, Son, and Paraclete
 Who reign in equal dignity,
 Whose boundless power we still adore,
 And sing their praise for evermore

OF A BEE.

O do not kill that bee
 That thus hath wounded thee
 Sweet, it was no despite,
 But hue did him deceive
 For when thy lips did close,
 He deemed them a rose
 What wouldst thou further crave ?
 He wanting wit, and blinded with delight
 Would fain have kiss d, but mad with joy did bite

UPON A BAY TREE NOT LONG SINCE GROWING IN THE RUINS
 OF VIRGIL'S TOMB

Those stones which once had trust
 Of Maro's sacred dust,
 Which now of their first beauty spoild are seen,
 That they due praise not want,
 Inglorious and remain
 A Delian tree (fair nature's only plant)
 Now counts and shadows with her tresses green
 Sing Io Pæan ye of Phœbus train
 Though Envy Avarice Time, your tombs throw down,
 With maiden laurels Nature will them crown

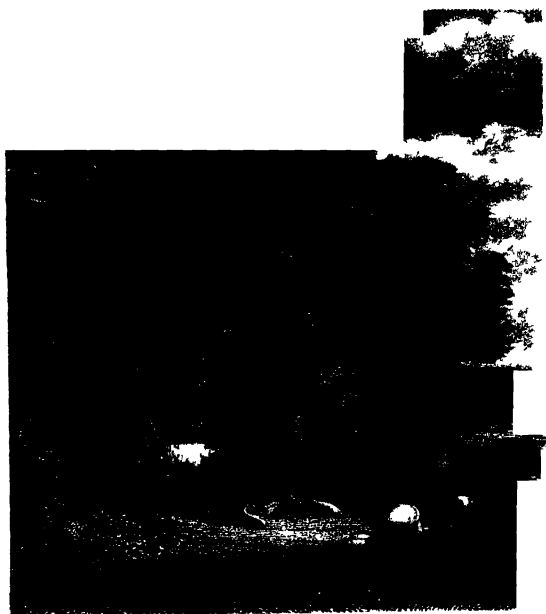
UPON A GLASS

If thou wouldst see threads purer than the gold,
 Where love his wealth doth show—
 But take this glass, and thy fair hair behold
 If whiteness thou wouldst see more white than snow,
 And read on wonder's book—
 Take but this glass, and on thy forehead look
 Wouldst thou in winter see a crimson rose,
 Whose thorns do hurt each heart ?
 Look but in glass how thy sweet lips do close
 Wouldst thou see planets which all good impart,
 Or meteors divine ?
 But take this glass, and gaze upon thine een
 No, planets, rose, snow, gold, can not compare
 With you, dear eyes, lips, brows, and amber hair

GEORGE WITHER was born in 1588 at Bentworth, near Alton and was descended from a family of substance and consideration in Hampshire. At the age of six teen, George was sent to the university of Oxford but after a short sojourn there and while he was just beginning to be enamoured of science he was summoned home by his father to the occupations of farming. Disgusted at this change he repaired to London in the hope of succeeding at Court but when he discovered how completely flattery was necessary for success in such a region his manly spirit loathed the conditions and his indignation broke forth in an energetic satire entitled, *Abuses Whipt and Stript*. In those days however it was dangerous to utter even the most palpable truths against courtiers and men in power and the poet was sent to prison, where he continued for several months. But here his pen was not idle for among other productions he wrote his *Shepherd's Hunting* a work abounding in much deep feeling and many admirable touches of poetical beauty. He also composed in prison his *Satire to the King* a poem written in a manly uncompromising spirit which however procured him his liberation. After he had been set at liberty he published the *Hymns and Songs of the Church* a work undertaken under the protection of James I. and with the sanction of one of the highest dignitaries of the church. But through the factious opposition of Wither's political enemies and the selfishness of the booksellers—of whom he complained, that they were like cruel bee masters who burn the poor Athenian bees for their honey—the effort was unsuccessful even several of the clergy interfered with his design and most unjustly branded his pious and orthodox effusions with the title of needless songs and popish rhymes. After this king James died and Wither on the demise of his royal patron repaired to the Queen of Bohemia, that he might present to her with his own hand, a translation of the *Psalms* which he had been encouraged by his late sovereign to render into English verse.

On the commencement of the civil war Wither sold his paternal estate and raised a troop of horse for the service of the parliament but he was taken prisoner by the enemy and would have been executed, but for the interference it is said, of Denham, the royalist poet. Wither was afterwards Major General for Surrey under Oliver Cromwell and was rewarded for his sacrifices in behalf of the Commonwealth by a share of the sequestrations. This unfortunately he was obliged to refund at the Restoration by which he was reduced to his former poverty. He indignantly remonstrated against the injustice of the new government in stripping him of his property and for this he was twice imprisoned first in Newgate and afterwards in the Tower. Here he continued for three years to write remonstrances and complaints upon the iniquity with which he had been treated and his representations although ineffectual were but too well grounded. At length he was released from prison on the 27th of July 1663 on giving bond to the lieutenant of the Tower for his good behaviour after which we know nothing of his history except that he died on the 2d of May 1667.

It was unfortunate for the poetical reputation of Wither that he plunged into the troubled sea of war and politics for his earliest productions are his best. In these he has depicted nature and poured forth the amiable feelings of his own heart in beautiful energetic and appropriate language—language which he tells us flowed forth without study as he could not spend time to put his meaning into other words. But party injuries and party principles when he became a polemical writer too often jarred the harmony of his feelings, and expressed themselves with the same spontaneity but in a less happy style. Still however he clung to the Muse in prosperity and adversity in freedom and bondage and in prison when even pen and ink were denied him, he wrote down his thoughts with red ochre upon his trencher. Few authors have also been more vilified and ridiculed, both during his life-time and after his death but time although tardily has at length done justice to his memory and he is now recognised as a genuine poet notwithstanding the unmerited satire of Butler Pope and their contemporaries.



WITHER

SONG OF THE NYMPH

Gentle swan, good speed befall thee
And in love still prosper thou
Future times shall happy call thee,
Though thou lie neglected now
 Virtue's lovers shall commend thee
 And perpetual fame attend thee

Happy are these woody mountains
In whose shadows thou dost hide
And as happy are those fountains
By whose murmurs thou dost bide,
 For contents are here excelling,
 e than in a prince's dwelling

There thy flocks do clothing bring thee,
And thy food out of the fields
Pretty songs the birds do sing thee,
Sweet perfumes the meadow yields

And what more is worth the seeing,
Heaven and earth thy prospect being?

Thy affection reason measures,
And distempers none it feeds,
Still so harmless are thy pleasures,
That no other's grief it breeds
And if night begets thee sorrow,
Seldom stays it till the morrow

From The Mistress of Phylarete

RESISTANCE TO THE OPPRESSOR

Do I not know a great man's power and might,
In spite of innocence, can smother right
Colour his villainies to get esteem
And make the honest man the villain seem?
I know it and the world doth know 'tis true
Yet I protest if such a man I knew,
That might my country prejudice, or thee,
Were he the greatest or the proudest he
That breathes this day if so it might be found
That any good to either might redound,
I unappalled, dare in such a case
Rip up his foulest crimes before his face,
Though for my labour I were sure to drop
Into the mouth of ruin without hope

From a Satire addressed to the King

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD

Hence away, thou Siren, leave me,
Pish! unclasp these wanton arms
Sugar'd words can ne'er deceive me
(Though thou prove a thousand charms)
Fie, fie, forbear,
No common snare
Can ever my affection chain
Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I m no slave to such as you be ,
 Neither shall that snowy breast
 Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
 Ever rob me of my rest
 Go, go, display
 Thy beauty s ray,
 To some more soon enamour d swam
 Those common wiles
 Of sighs and smiles
 Are all bestow d on me in vain

I have elsewhere vow d a duty
 Turn away thy tempting eye
 Show not me a painted beauty
 These impostures I defy
 My spirit loaths
 Where gaudy clothes
 And feigned oaths may love obtain
 I love her so,
 Whose look swears No,
 That all your labours will be vain

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on every breast are worn
 That may pluck the virgin roses
 I rom their never touched thorn ?
 I can go rest
 On her sweet breast
 That is the pride of Cynthia s train
 Then stay thy tongue,
 Thy mermaid song
 Is all bestow d on me in vain

He s a fool that basely dallies,
 Where each peasant mates with him
 Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
 Whilst there s noble hills to climb ?
 No, no, though clowns
 Are scared with frowns
 I know the best can but disdain ,
 And those I ll prove
 So will thy love
 Be all bestow d on me in vain.

FRANCIS QUARLES one of those poets whose reputation is now only emerging from the obloquy under which it was industriously buried, was born at Stewards near Romford in Essex in the year 1592. He was educated at Christ's College Cambridge after which he was entered at Lincoln's Inn but his purpose in studying the law was to be able to arbitrate among his friends and neighbours, rather than to follow it as a profession. He was appointed cup-bearer to the Queen of Bohemia (daughter of James I) and was afterwards secretary to Archbishop Usher. On the breaking out of the rebellion in Ireland, he fled from that kingdom and, in consequence of the ruin of the royal cause in England his property was confiscated. Even this he could have borne but the ruin or dispersion of his books and manuscripts is supposed to have broken his heart. He died in 1644.

The poetry of Quarles has been much and unjustly ridiculed on account of the conceits with which it abounds. But the present age is beginning to rescue him from the contumely of heartless critics and to do justice to his excellence. His verses are wonderfully harmonious for the period in which he lived and many passages can be extracted from his writing which display not only great polish but the utmost energy of diction and strength of imagination.

FAITH

Advance thy shield of Patience to thy head
 And when Grief strikes, twill strike the striker dead
 In adverse fortunes, be thou strong and stout
 And bravely win thyself heaven holds not out
 His bow for ever bent the disposition
 Of noblest spirit doth, by opposition
 Exasperate the more a gloomy night
 Whets on the morning to return more bright
 Brave minds, oppress'd should, in despite of Fate
 Look greatest like the sun, in lowest state
 But, ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and blood?
 Receives he glory from, or reaps he good
 In mortals' ruin, that he leaves man so
 To be overwhelmed by this unequal foe?
 May not a potter, that, from out the ground,
 Hath framed a vessel, search if it be sound?
 Or if by furbishing he take more pain
 To make it fairer, shall the pot complain?
 Mortal, thou art but clay, then shall not he,
 That framed thee for his service, season thee?
 Man, close thy lips, be thou no undertaker
 Of God's designs dispute not with thy

FROM A SONG

1 THE TUNE OF CUCKOLDS ALL A ROW

If once that Antichristian crew
 Be crush'd and overthrown,
 We'll teach the nobles how to crouch,
 And keep the gentry down
 Good manners have an ill report,
 And turn to pride, we see
 We'll therefore cry good manners down,
 And hey! then up go we!

The name of lord shall be abhor'd
 For every man's a brother
 No reason why in church or state,
 One man should rule another
 But when the change of government
 Shall set our fingers free,
 We'll make the wanton sisters stoop
 And hey! then up go we!

Our cobblers shall translate their souls
 From caves obscure and shady
 We'll make Tom T * * as good as my lord,
 And Joan as good as my lady
 We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
 Into the Roman sea
 We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
 And hey! then up go we!

EMBLEM I BOOK III

MY SOUL HATH DESIRED THEE IN THE NIGHT

Good God! what horrid darkness doth surround
 My groping soul! how are my senses bound
 In utter shades, and, muffled from the light,
 I lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
 The bold-faced lamp of heaven can set and rise,
 And with his morning glory fill the eyes
 Of gazing mortals, his victorious ray
 Can chase the shadows and restore the day
 Night's bashful empress, though she often wane,
 As oft repents her darkness, primes again,

And with her curling horns doth re embrace
 Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face
 But, ah! my sun deep swallow'd in his fall,
 Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all
 My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light
 Alas! my darkness is perpetual night
 Falls have their risings, wanings have their primes,
 And desperate sorrows wait their better times
 Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their spring
 All states have changes, hurried with the swings
 Of chance and time, still riding to and fro
 In terrestrial bodies and celestial too
 How often have I vainly groped about
 With lengthen'd arms, to find a passage out
 That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
 And bathe my soul in these celestial fires!
 Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew
 To scour her downy robes, and to renew
 Her broken flags preparing to overlook
 The timorous mallard at the sliding brook,
 Jets off from perch to perch from stock to ground,
 From ground to window, thus surveying round
 Her dove befeather'd prison, till at length
 Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
 Whereto her wing was born, her ragged beak
 Nips off her jangling jesses, strives to break
 Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
 At every glimpse and darts at every grate
 Upon so my weary soul, that long has been
 An inmate in this tenement of sin,
 Locked up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
 My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
 Now suns her shadows, and begins to dart
 Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art
 The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
 These dusky clouds that make so dark a night
 Shine forth, great glory, shine, that I may see,
 Both how to loathe myself, and honour thee
 But if my weakness force thee to deny
 Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye
 If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant
 That I at least may wish those beams I want

THE VIRGIN TO HER CHILD

Come, come, my blessed infant, and immure thee
 Within the temple of my sacred arms,
 Secure mine arms,—mine arms shall then secure thee
 From Herod's fury, or the High Priest's harms
 Or if thy danger'd life sustain a loss,
 My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross
 But ah! what savage tyrant can behold
 The beauty of so sweet a face as this is
 And not himself be by himself controll'd,
 And change his fury to a thousand kisses!
 One smile of thine is worth more mines of treasure
 Than there were myriads in the days of Cæsar
 O had the Tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,
 So known thy stock he had not thought to paddle
 In thy dear blood, but prostrate on the earth,
 Had veil'd his crown before thy royal cradle
 And laid the sceptre of his glory down,
 And begg'd a heavenly for an earthly crown
 Illustrious babe! how is thy handmaid graced
 With a rich armful! how dost thou decline
 Thy majesty, that wert so late embraced
 In thy great Father's arms and now in mine!
 How humbly gracious art thou to refresh
 Me with thy spirit, and assume my flesh!
 But must the treason of a traitor's hail
 Abuse the sweetness of these ruby lips?
 Shall marble hearted cruelty assail
 These alabaster sides with knotted whips?
 And must these smiling roses entertain
 The blows of scorn, and flirts of base disdain?
 Ah! must these dainty little springs that twine
 So fast about thy neck, be pierced and torn
 With ragged nails and must these brows resign
 Their crown of glory for a crown of thorn?
 Ah! must the blessed infant taste the pain
 Of death's injurious pangs, nay, worse, be slain?
 Sweet babe! at what dear rate do wretched I
 Commit a sin! Lord, every sin's a dart,
 And every trespass lets a javelin fly
 And every javelin wounds thy bleeding heart
 Pardon, sweet babe, what I have done amiss,
 And seal that granted pardon with a kiss

GEORGE HERBERT who was brother of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury was born at Montgomery Castle in Wales, on April 3rd 1593 and was educated at Westminster school and afterwards at Trinity College Cambridge. His first aim was to succeed in life as a courtier and for this purpose he ingratiated himself into the favour of James I. who rewarded his services with a sinecure worth 150*l* per annum. But on the death of the king and his principal court patrons he renounced his ambitious hopes, and resolved to devote himself to the church for which purpose he resumed his theological studies and obtained the prebendary of Leighton Bromswold in the diocese of Lincoln and subsequently the living of Bemerton. After a life of apostolic piety and diligence in the office of a country pastor he died in February 1633. The popularity of Herbert in his own day was extravagantly great but much of this may be attributed to his personal character and perhaps still more of it to the perverted taste of the age which Herbert has in many cases gratified to the utmost extreme. Hence the wings and altar pieces into which he moulded the shape of his verses and the strange parallels which he delighted in establishing. In consequence of these defects his poetry although often striking and beautiful is inferior to that of Quarles Wither and Crashaw.

SIN

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
 Parents first season us then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws, they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,
 Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises
 Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears
 Without, our shame, within, our consciences
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears

Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom sin blows quite away

LOVE

Immortal Love, author of this great fame,
 Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
 How hath man parcell'd out thy glorious name,
 And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made

While mortal love doth all the title gain !
 Which siding with invention they together
 Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain
 (Thy workmanship), and give thee share in neither

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit
 The world is theirs, they two play out the game
 Thou standing by and though thy glorious name
 Wrought our deliverance from th' infernal pit,
 Who sings thy praise ?—only a scarf or glove
 Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love

APOLOGY FOR SACRED POETRY

Who says that fictions only and false hair
 Become a verse ? Is there in Truth no beauty ?
 Is all good structure in a winding stair ?
 May no lines pass except they do their duty
 Not to a true, but painted chair ?

Is it no verse, except exchanted groves
 And sudden arbours shadow coarse spun lines ?
 Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves ?
 Must all be veiled, while he that reads divines
 Catching the sense at two removes ?

Shepherds are honest people, let them sing
 Riddle who list, for me and pull for pime
 I envy no man's nightingale or spring
 Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme
 Who plainly say, *My God, my King*

EMPLOYMENT

If as a flower doth spread and die
 Thou wouldst extend me to some good
 Before I were by frost's extremity
 Nipt in the bud

The sweetness and the praise were thine
 But the extension and the room
 Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
 At thy great doom

This poet, it is supposed, was born in London where his father was a clergyman of high reputation. The year in which he was born is unknown but it is supposed to have been about 1615. He was educated at the Charter House and afterwards became a Fellow of Peter House Cambridge but from the latter place he was ejected by the Parliamentary army in 1644. He had been already distinguished as an eloquent and persuasive preacher it is possible however that the injury he had sustained from the Puritan party acting upon an enthusiastic temperament produced the change that followed for he abandoned England for France and abjured the Protestant faith for that of the Church of Rome. As he was in a comparatively destitute condition the Queen of Charles I. who interested herself in his fortunes advised him to repair to Italy in order to better his condition. He went thither accordingly and became secretary to a cardinal; but in consequence of his remonstrances with the ministers of the cardinal's retinue on account of their dissolute conduct his life was menaced, so that to escape their violence he was obliged to repair on a pilgrimage to Loretto. He overheated himself on the journey and died a few weeks after his arrival not without suspicion of having been poisoned by his enemies.

There is a richness and melody in the poetry of Crashaw to which we scarcely find a parallel among the religious poets of the period and in some of his descriptions he seems to have caught the very spirit in which Milton conceived the brightest passages of his *Paradise Lost*. It is unfortunate however that his fancy was so unconstrained and his taste so perverted that he is seldom equal throughout any of his poems and even the most beautiful of his descriptions frequently terminate in a perplexing maze or sink into absolute bathos. In the extra to which we have given from his delightful poem *On the Ascent of Mount St. Vincent* the reader will not fail to remark the zeal of Crashaw for his adopted religion and the fanciful application which he could make of the Song of Solomon to notions of the most untenable dogmas of his church.

THE NAILIVITY

We saw thee in thy balmy nest
 Bright dawn of our eternal day!
 We saw thine eyes break from their east
 And chase the trembling shades away
 We saw thee and we blest the sight
 We saw thee by thine own sweet light

Poor world (said I), what wilt thou do
 To entertain this starry stranger!
 Is this the best thou canst bestow
 A cold, and not too cleanly manger?
 Contend ye powers of heaven and earth
 To fit a bed for this huge birth

Proud world (said I), cease your contest,
 And let the mighty Babe alone
 The phoenix builds the phoenix nest,
 Love's architecture is all one
 The Babe whose birth embraces this morn
 Made his own bed ere he was born

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
 Come hovering o'er the place's head,
 Offering their whitest sheets of snow,
 To furnish the fair Infant's bed
 Forbear (said I), be not too bold,
 Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold

I saw the obsequious Seraphims
 Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
 For well they now can spare their wings,
 Since Heaven itself lies here below
 Well done (said I), but are you sure
 Your down, so warm will pass for pure?

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
 Where to repose his royal head
 See see, how soon his new bloom'd cheek
 Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed
 Sweet choice (said I) no way but so
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow

Yet when young April's husband showers
 Shall bless the fruitful Maria's bed
 We'll bring the first born of her flowers
 To kiss thy feet, and crown thy head
 To thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
 The shepherds more than they then sheep

From a Hymn to the Nativity

ON THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY

Hark! she is call'd, the parting hour is come
 Take thy farewell poor world! heav'n must go home
 A piece of heav'nly earth purer and brighter
 Than the chaste stars, whose choice lamps come to light
 her

While through the crystal orbs clearer than they
 She climbs and makes a far more milky way
 She's call'd Hark! how the dear immortal dove
 Sighs to his silver mate Rise up my love,
 Rise up my fair, my spotless one,
 The winter's past, the rain is gone
 The spring is come the flowers appear,
 No sweets but thou are wanting here
 Come away my love
 Come away my dove,
 Cast off delay

The court of heav'n is come,
 To wait upon thee home
 Come, come away
 — The flowers appear,
 Or quickly would, were thou once here
 The spring is come or if it stay,
 'Tis to keep time with thy delay

TO THE MORNING —SATISFACTION FOR SLEEP

What succour can I hope the muse will send,
 Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the muse's friend?
 What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,
 Unless the muse sing my apology?

O in that morning of my shame when I
 Lay folded up in sleep's captivity,
 How at the sight didst thou draw back thine eye
 Into thy modest veil? how didst thou rise
 Twice dyed in thine own blushes, and didst thou
 To draw the curtains, and awake the sun?
 Who rousing his illustrious tresses came
 And seeing the loath'd object hid for shame
 His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides
 Me from his patronage I pray he chides
 And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me tell
 My own Apollo 'tis if I can make
 His Lethe be my Helicon and see
 If Morpheus have a muse to wait on me
 Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings
 No nimble rapture starts to heaven and brings
 Enthusiastic flames, such as can give
 Marrow to my plump genius make it live
 Drest in the glorious madness of a muse
 Whose feet can walk the milky way and choose
 Her starry throne whose holy heats can warm
 The grave, and hold up an exalted arm
 To lift me from my lazy urn, to climb
 Upon the stooping shoulders of old time
 And trace eternity — But all is dead
 All these delicious hopes are buried
 In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,
 Where mercy cannot find them but O! thou
 Bright lady of the morn, pity doth lie
 So warm in thy soft breast it cannot die

Have mercy then and when he next shall rise
 O' meet the angry god, invade his eyes,
 And stroke his radiant cheeks, one timely kiss
 Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss
 So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
 Thrice will I pay three tears to show how true
 My grief is so my wakeful lay shall knock
 At th' oriental gates, and duly mock
 The early lark's shrill orizons to be
 An anthem at the day's nativity
 And the same rosy finger'd hand of thine
 That shuts night's dying eyes, shall open mine

But thou faint god of sleep, forget that I
 Was ever known to be thy votary
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
 Nor will I offer any more to thee
 Myself a melting sacrifice I'm born
 Again a fresh child of the buxom morn
 Heir of the sun's first beams why threat'st thou so?
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? go
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe
 Sickness and sorrow whose pale lids ne'er know
 Thy downy finger dwell upon their eyes
 Shut in their tears shut out their miseries

THE APOSTOLIC SPIRIT INVOKED

O that it were as it was wont to be!
 When thy old friends of fire all full of thee
 Fought against frowns with smiles, gave glorious chase
 To persecutions, and against the face
 Of death, and fiercest dangers, duist with brave
 And sober pace, march on to meet a grave
 On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
 And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee
 In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee
 Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thee
 Little, alas! thought they
 Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
 Their fury but made way
 For thee, and served therein thy glorious ends

THE year of this poet's birth cannot be ascertained. He was descended from the ancient family of Carew in Devonshire and after having spent some time at Corpus Christi College Oxford he perfected his education by foreign travel. At his return he became a favourite at court on account of his elegance, wit, and talents and was patronized by Charles I. who appointed him Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary. He was held in high estimation by the literary characters of the day and his merits are honourably recorded by Clarendon in his Life and Continuation. Carew died in 1639.

TO THE NEW YEAR FOR THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

Give Lucinda pearl nor stone,
Lend them light who else have none
Let her beauty shine alone

Gums nor spice bring from the east,
For the Phoenix in her breast
Builds his funeral pile and nest

No rich ture thou canst invent
Shall to grace her form be sent,
She adorns all ornament

Give her nothing but restore
Those sweet smiles which hitherto
In her cheerful eyes she wore

Drive those envious clouds away,
Veils that have overcast my day
And eclipsed her brighter ray

Let the royal Goth mow down
This year's harvest with his own
Sword, and spare Lucinda's frown

Janus, if, when next I trace
Those sweet lines, I in her face
Read the charter of my grace

Then, from bright Apollo's tree,
Such a garland wreathed shall be
As shall crown both her and thee

THE PROTESTATION

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers,
 Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
 Nor April violets paint the grove,
 If I forsake my Celia's love

The fish shall in the ocean burn
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn
 The humble oak no flood shall know
 When floods shall highest hills overflow
 Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
 If e'er my Celia I deceive

I owe shall his bow and shaft lay by
 And Venus' doves want wings to fly
 The sun refuse to show his light,
 And day shall then be turn'd to night
 And in that night no star appear,
 If once I leave my Celia dear

I owe shall no more inhabit earth
 Nor lovers more shall love for worth
 Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
 Nor pain torment poor souls in hell
 Grim death no more shall horrid prove
 If e'er I leave bright Celia's love

THE PRIMROSE

Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year,
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew
 I straight will whisper in your ears
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears
 Ask me why this flower doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too,
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending yet it doth not break,
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover

FILGY ON LADY MARIA WENTWORTH ELDEST DAUGHTER
OF THOMAS EARL OF CLEVELAND

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin

In height it soar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love

Before, a pious duty shined
To parents' courtesy, behind,
On either side, an equal mind

Good to the poor to kindred dear
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justified
A chaste polygamy, and died

Learn from hence (reader) what small trust
We owe this world, where Virtue must
Fruil as our flesh, crumble to dust

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLERS

This little vault, this narrow room,
Of love and beauty is the tomb
The dawning beam, that gan to clear
Our clouded sky, lies darken'd here,
For ever set to us, by death
Sent to inflame the world beneath

'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
More sweetness than shall spring again,
A budding star, that might have grown
Into a sun, when it had blown
This hopeful beauty did create
New life in Love's declining state
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free,
His brand, his bow, let no man fear,
The flames, the arrows, all lie here

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was born at Witham, in Middlesex in 1609 His early life had something marvellous in it, according to his contemporaries, who related strange instances of the precocity of his talents, so that at fifteen he must have been a genius of no common mark Nor was his youth without enterprise and adventure for before he had finished his twentieth year he had travelled through a considerable part of Europe visited its principal Courts, and served as a volunteer under the great Gustavus Adolphus in several engagements On his return to England, young gay and accomplished, and with a high reputation he naturally became a universal favourite and basked in the smiles of the court until the civil war commenced when he joined the unfortunate Charles I with a hundred horsemen magnificently equipped at his own expense But this gay troop was too fine for active service and only excited the derision of both friends and enemies He was so active an adherent of the king however that the House of Commons was about to arrest him upon which he fled to France On the way to Paris his servant robbed him at an inn while he slept and knowing the ardent temper of his master the villain stuck the blade of a small knife into one of Sir John's boots When the knight awoke he booted him self in haste to pursue the fugitive but a wound was the consequence of which he died on the 7th of May 1641

The poetry of Sir John Suckling is light gay and sparkling like that which was afterwards cultivated at the Restoration but like it also it is not merely tamed but imbued with an irreligious and licentious spirit His productions therefore which were universally prized during the period of Charles II can only afford for the general reading of the present age a few carefully selected extracts

SONG

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be
 But an ill love in me,
 And worse for thee,
 For were it in my power
 To love thee now this hour,
 More than I did the last,
 I would then so fall
 I might not love at all
 I love that can flow, and can admit increase,
 Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less

True love is still the same, the torrid zones,
 And those more frigid ones
 It must not know,
 For love grown cold or hot
 Is lust or friendship, not
 The thing we have,
 For that's a flame would die
 Held down, or up too high
 Then think I love more than I can express,
 And would love more, could I but love thee less

DESCRIPTION OF A BRIDE

But wot you what? the youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing,
 The parson for him staid
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much wish all past
 (Perchance) as did the maid

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale—
 For such a maid no Whitson ale
 Could ever yet produce
 No grape that s kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so soft, as she,
 Nor half so full of juice

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck
 And to say truth (for out it must)
 It look d like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt s neck

Her feet beneath her petticoat
 Like little mice stole in and out
 As if they fear d the light
 But oh! she dances such a way!
 No sun upon an Easter Day,
 Is half so fine a sight

Her cheeks so rare a white was on
 No daizy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone)
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Katherine pear
 The side that s next the sun

Her lips were red, and one was thin
 Compared to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face
 I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July

Her mouth so small when she does speak
 Thou dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get,
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours or better,
 And are not spent a whit

SIEGE OF A HEART

Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent !) a year and more,
And still I did my part

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise
And did already understand
The language of her eyes

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer,
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not

I then resolved to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Prising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done

I sent to know from whence and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief

March, march (quoth I), the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever

To such a place our camp remove
As will not siege abide,
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride

I pr ythee spare me, gentle boy !
 Press me no more for that slight toy
 That foolish trifle of an heart
 I swear it will not do its part
 Though thou dost thine employ st thy power and art

For through long custom it has known
 The little secrets and is grown
 Sullen and wise, will have its will
 And, like old hawks, pursues that still
 Which makes least sport flies only where t can kill

Some youth that has not made his story
 Will think perchance the pain s the glory
 And mannerly sit out I ove s feast
 I shall be carving of the best
 Rudely call for the last course fore the rest

And oh ! when once that couse is past
 How short a time the feast doth last !
 Men rise away and scarce say grace,
 Or civilly once thank the face
 That did invite but seek another place

PERJURY FOCUSED

Alas, it is too late ! I can no more
 Love now, than I loved before
 My I lora, tis my fate, not I
 And what you call contempt, is destiny
 I am no monster sure I cannot shew
 Two hearts, one I already owe
 And I have bound myself with oaths, and vow d
 Oft ner, I fear, than heaven has e er allow d,
 That faces now should work no more on me,
 Than if they could not charm or I not see
 And shall I break em? shall I think you can
 Love, if I could, so foul a perjured man ?
 Oh no tis equally impossible that I
 Should love again, or you love perjury

This indefatigable author who was by turns soldier projector theatrical manager and political envoy was born at Oxford in 1605 and was the son of an innkeeper who was also mayor of that city At the age of sixteen he was entered a member of Lincoln College where poetry allured his attention to the exclusion of logic and other severe branches of scholarship His stay at the University however was brief and, on leaving it he came to London like the other fortune hunting youths of that stirring age in quest of patronage and advancement Here after several changes he commenced writer for the stage and his efforts in this department secured him the approbation of the wits of the day as well as the patronage of several influential persons so that after the death of Ben Jonson he was promoted to the Laureateship in 1638 The civil war however soon interrupted the tuneful avocations of the poet and Davenant taking up arms in behalf of the royal cause behaved so gallantly at the siege of Gloucester that he received the honour of knighthood On the ruin of his party he fled to France and was employed as an envoy between the Queen and Charles I At last by the advice of her Majesty he collected a body of unemployed artificers with whom he embarked for the loyal colony of Virginia but he was intercepted by an English ship of war and sent prisoner to Cowe Castle on the Isle of Wight with the disagreeable prospect of being arraigned and executed as a traitor Such however was his energy of character that withal continually confronting him employed the hours of captivity in continuing the heroic poem of Gondibert the two first books of which he had previously written in Paris At the earnest intercession of several influential persons of the Republican party to whom he had shown kindness during the civil war he received a full pardon and on being set at large he resumed his dramatic occupations of the theatrical manager and dramatic author which he continued till his death He died on the 10th of April 1668 and was interred in Westminster Abbey The poetic reputation of Davenant chiefly depends upon his Gondibert an unfinished heroic or rather romantic poem a work rich in poetical beaut but which has been suffered to fall into neglect on account of the measure in which it is written and the eccentricities of sentiment and style with which it is often disfigured

BENEFIT OF POETRY

By what bold passion am I rudely led,
 Like Fame's too curious and officious spy,
 Where I these rolls in her dark closet read,
 Where worthies wrapp'd in Time's disguises lie ?

Why should we now their shady curtains draw
 Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
 And gone to lands exempt from Nature's law,
 Where Love no more can mourn, or Valour bleed

Why to this stormy world from their long rest,
 Are these recall'd to be again displeased,
 Where during Nature's reign we are oppress'd,
 Till we by Death's high privilege are eased ?

Is it to boast that verse has chemic power,
 And that its rage (which is productive heat)
 Can these revive, as chemists raise a flow'r,
 Whose scatter'd parts their glass presents complete ?

Though in these worthies gone, valour and love,
 Did chastely as in sacred temples meet
 Such revived patterns us no more improve
 Than flow'rs so raised by chemists make us sweet

Yet when the soul's disease we desperate find,
 Poets the old renown'd physicians are,
 Who for the sickly habits of the mind,
 Examples as the ancient cure prepare

And bravely then physicians honour gain
 When to the world diseases cureless seem
 And they (in science valiant) never refrain
 Art's war with nature till they life redeem

Put poets their accustomed task have long
 Forborne (who for examples did disperse
 The heroes' virtues in heroic song)
 And now think virtue sick past cure of verse

Yet to this desperate cure I will proceed
 Such patterns show as shall not fail to move
 Shall teach thee valiant patience when they bleed
 And hapless lovers constancy in love

As rivers to their ruin hasty be
 So life (still earnest, loud, and swift) runs post
 To the vast gulf of death as they to sea,
 And vainly travels to be quickly lost

From Gondibert Book I. Cant. IV

DESCRIPTION OF A LEADER

For aid of action he obedience taught,
 And silent patience for affliction's cure
 He praised my courage when I boldly fought
 But said, they conquer most that most endure

The toils of diligence as much approved
 As valour's self or th'arts her practice gains,
 The care of men, more than of glory, loved
 Success rewarded, and successless pains

To joyful victors quenching water sent
 Delightful wine to their lamenting slaves,
 For feasts have more brave lives than famine spent,
 And temperance more than trench or armour save

Valour his mistress Caution was his friend
 Both to their different seasons he applied
 The first he loved on the other did depend
 The first made worth uneasy by her pride

He to submissive devotion more was given
 After a battle gained, than ere 'twas fought
 As if it nobler were to thank high Heaven
 For favours past, than bow for bounty sought

From Gondibert Book I Cant III

CONSCIENCE

For though the plain judge Conscience, make no show,
 But silently to her dark session comes
 Not as red law does to arraignment go
 Or war to execution with loud drums

Though she on hills sets not her gibbets high
 Where frightful law sets hers nor bloody seems
 Like war in colours spread yet secretly
 She does her work and many men condemns

Choaks in the seed what law till ripe ne'er see
 What law would punish, conscience can prevent
 And so the world from many mischiefs frees
 Known by her cures, as law by punishment

From Gondibert Book II Cant I

SONG

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
 And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings,
 He takes this window for the east
 And to implore your light, he sings,
 Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
 The ploughman from the sun his season takes,
 But still the lover wonders what they are
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes
 Awake awake break through your vails of lawn!
 Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn

EPITAPH ON MRS KATHERINE CROSS BURIED IN FRANCE.

Within this hallow'd ground this seed is sown
 Of such a flower though full n'er fully blown
 As will when doom (the saint's first spring) appears
 Be sweet as those which heaven's choice bosom wears
 Sweeter in wither'd death than fresh flow'rs are
 And through death's foul and frightful vizard fair
 As calm in life as others in death's shade
 So silent that her tongue seem'd only made
 For precepts weigh'd as those in wisest books
 Yet nought that silence lost us for her looks
 Persuaded more than others by their speech
 Yet more by deeds than words she loved to teach
 Thus fan flower's seed let none remove till doom
 No though to make some great dead princess room
 The world's triumph'nt courts prefer high birth
 But saints in death's low palace under earth
 My claim chief place she was a stranger here
 And born within opinion's giddy sphere
 A land where many whilst they are alive
 Profanely for the style of saintship strive
 From others and themselves as saints esteem
 Yet sainting after death profaneness deem
 Hence young she from the sinful living fled
 For safety here among the sinless dead
 Near to this blessed stranger's lowly tomb
 Who dares for neighbourhood presume to come?
 Unless as her religious proselyte
 Her mother challenge a just tenant's right

He was born in St Dunstan's parish London in 1618 and was the son of a citizen who died before the birth of his son but this bereavement of the future eminent poet was compensated by the care of Cowley's mother who strained her scanty means to procure him a liberal education. For this sacrifice she was well rewarded, as she lived long enough to witness the distinction with which her son was ultimately crowned. The first impulse which the mind of Cowley received towards poetry was from an accidental circumstance. In the window of his mother's apartment lay a copy of Spenser's *Faery Queen* and as he turned over the pages of this work the young boy pored with such enthusiasm that as he tells us he became irrecoverably a poet. And this spirit was not long in manifesting itself for a volume of his poems was written and printed in his thirteenth year among which was the tragical *History of Pyramus* and *Thisbe* composed when he was only ten years old. While a mere school boy also he produced a comedy called *London's Riddle* which was not published until he had removed to the University of Cambridge. At this state of learning his love of poetry continued to grow and strengthen so that while still a young student he composed the greater part of his *Dissertation* a work in which the literary materials alone indicated a high taste for scholarship and great diligence and application. At Cambridge also at the age of twenty he published besides *London's Riddle* a Latin comedy entitled *Invitation to the Jocular*. Thus the period with other poets a century only began to try their powers he had produced several works of great merit and not till his marriage did it engendered statism among the poets of England.

A period of public utility and exertion ensued that period during the public duties of learning as well as the noisy courts of political controversy. In 1643 Cowley who was now Master of Art was rejected from the university by the parliament on account of his adherence to the royal cause. In regard to this attachment to loyal principles he obtained the favour of the king's royal pardon and was appointed secretary to Lord Jermyn at Paris in consequence of which the letters between Charles I and the Queen passed through his hands. After the execution of Charles I in 1649 he returned to London but shortly after the fall of the king was imprisoned and thrown into prison. He submitted however to the rigours of a dungeon as a reward. At the dissolution of the Protectorate by the death of Oliver Cromwell he was released from prison and remained there till the Restoration. From which he expected reward for all his labours and troubles. But this was the reward of blood and pain which he fit as well as past injuries were imagined at a forgotten. He continued with spirit embittered by disappointment first to Ben Jonson and afterwards to the Cheyney in Surrey. It is gratifying however to add that after shortly to his private life through the interest of the Earl of St Alban (formerly Lord of Jersey) and the Duke of Buckingham a lease of the Queen's lands upon very easy terms as afforded him a comfortable subsistence for the rest of his day. He died at the Portico House in Chertsey on the 28th of July 1667 and was interred in the church at Pontifical Westminster Abbey a multitude of noble attending the procession. Charles II by whom the devoted poet had been ungratefully treated might be said to pronounce his funeral eulogium when he declared that Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England.

The poetical work of Cowley besides the already mentioned works *The Mistress* *The Clerical* *The Miscellany* *The Book of Plants* and *Anacreon*. He belonged unfortunately to the metaphysical school of poetry a class that appeared about the beginning of the seventeenth century a class whose production abounded with far fetched conceits and extravagant hyperboles rather than truth and simplicity. This propensity indeed would of itself be sufficient to shew that as it was unnatural had it not been for the sanction which it received from our poet who exerted the utmost of his ingenuity to gratify himself in the prevailing taste. But notwithstanding these defects with which Cowley frequently charged himself there is a fund of real nature and feeling as well as of grandeur and beauty in his production which will always give them an eminent rank in the poetry of England.



COWLEY

THE HEART FLED AGAIN

False, foolish heart ! didst thou not say
That thou wouldst never leave me more ?
Behold ! again tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before
I strove to bring it back again
I cried and hollow d after it in vain

I v n so the gentle Tynian dame,
When neither grief nor love prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th ingrateful Trojan, hoist his sail
Aloud she call d to him to stay ,
The wind bore him and her lost words away

The doleful Ariadne so,
 On the wide shore forsaken stood
 "False Theseus, whither dost thou go ?
 Afar false Theseus cut the flood
 But Bacchus came to her relief
 Bacchus himself s too weak to ease my grief

Ah ! senseless heart, to take no rest,
 But travel thus eternally !
 Thus to be froz n in every breast !
 And to be scorch d in every eye !
 Wandering about like wretched Cain,
 Thrust out, ill used, by all, but by none slain !

Well, since thou wilt not here remain
 I ll e en to live without thee try
 My head shall take the greater pain,
 And all thy duties shall supply
 I can more easily live, I know,
 Without thee, than without a mistress thou

From The Mistress

THE CHRONICLE A BALLAD

Margarita first possest
 If I remember well my breast,
 Margarita first of all
 But when a while the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had play d
 Martha took the flying ball

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Catharine
 Beauteous Catharine gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza s conquering face

Eliza till this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsels ta en
 Fundamental laws she broke,
 And still new favourites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began
 Alternately they sway'd
 And sometimes Mary was the fur
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obey'd

Another Mary then arose
 And did rigorous laws impose
 A mighty tyrant she !
 I long alas ! should I have been
 Under that iron sceptred queen
 Had not Rebecca set me free

When fair Rebecca set me free,
 I was then a golden time with me
 But soon those pleasures fled
 For the gracious princess died
 In her youth and beauty's pride
 And Judith reigned in her stead

One month three days, and half an hour
 Judith held the sovereign power
 Wondrous beautiful her face !
 But so weak and small her wit
 That she to govern was unfit
 And so Susanna took her place

But when Isabella came
 Arm'd with a resistless flame
 And th' artillery of her eye
 Whilst she proudly march'd about
 Greater conquests to find out,
 She beat out Susan by the bye

But in her place I then obey'd
 Black eyed Bess her victory moud,
 To whom ensued a vacancy
 Thousand worse passions then possess'd
 The interregnum of my breast
 Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then
 And a third Mary next began
 Then Joan and Jane and Audia,
 And then a pretty Thomasine,
 And then another Katharine,
 And then a long *et cetera*

But should I now to you relate,
 The strength and riches of their state,
 The powder patches, and the pins
 The ribbons, jewels and the rings
 The lace the paint and warlike things,
 That make up all their magazines,

If I should tell the politic arts
 To take and keep men's hearts
 The letters embassies and spies,
 The frowns and smiles and flutteries,
 The quarrels tears and perjuries
 (Numberless, nameless mysteries !)

And all the little lime twigs laid
 By Machiavel the writing mud—
 I more voluminous should grow
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All change of weathers that befall)
 Than Holinshed or Stow

But I will briefer with them be
 Since few of them were long with me
 An higher and a nobler strain
 My present Emperess does claim,
 Heleonora first of th name
 Whom God grant long to reign !

I s l a

THE EPICURI

Underneath this myrtle shade
 On flowery beds supinely laid
 With odorous oils my head o'er flowing
 And around it roses growing
 What should I do but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day ?
 In this more than kingly state
 I owe himself shall on me wait
 Fill to me I owe nay fill it up
 And mingled cast into the cup
 Wit, and mirth and noble fires
 Vigorous health and gay desires
 The wheel of life no less will stay
 In a smooth than rugged way

COWLEY

Since it equally doth flee
 Let the motion pleasant be
 Why do we precious ointments shower ?
 Nobler wines why do we pour ?
 Beauteous flowers why do we spend
 Upon the monuments of the dead ?
 Nothing they but dust can show
 Or bones that hasten to be so
 Crown me with roses whilst I live
 Now your wines and ointments give,
 After death I nothing crave
 Let me alive my pleasures have—
 All are Stoics in the grave

F A a t

DESTRUCTION OF THE FIRST BORN OF EGYPT

Of God's dreadful anger these
 Were but the first light skirmishes
 The shock and bloody battle now begins
 The plenteous harvest of full ripen'd sins
 It was the time when the still moon
 Was mounted softly to her noon
 And dewy Sleep which from Night's secret springs issues,
 Gently as Nile the land oversflows
 When lo ! from the high countries of refined day
 The golden heaven without alloy—
 Whose dross in the creation purged away
 Made up the sun's adulterate ray—
 Michael the warlike prince does downwards fly
 Swift as the journeys of the sight
 Swift as the rays of light
 And with his winged will cuts through the yielding sky
 He pass'd through many a star and as he past
 Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there
 Than they did in their sphere
 On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at last
 And a mild look of sacred pity cast
 Down on the sinful land where he was sent
 To inflict the tardy punishment
 ' Ah ! yet, said he, yet stubborn king ! repent
 Whilst thus unarm'd I stand
 I see the keen sword of God fill my commanded hand
 Suffer but yet thyself, and thine to live

Who would, alas ! believe
 That it for man, said he
 ' So hard to be forgiven should be,
 And yet for God so easy to forgive !'
 He spoke and downwards flew,
 And o'er his shining form a well cut cloud he threw,
 Made of the blackest fleece of Night,
 And close wrought to keep in the powerful light
 Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his flight
 But through the key holes and the chinks of door
 And through the narrow st walks of crooked pore
 He past more swift and free,
 Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee
 He took a pointed Pestilence in his hand
 The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
 The strongly temper'd blade
 The sharpest sword that e'er was laid
 Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked land
 Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took
 And as he march'd the sacred first born stroud
 Of every womb none did he spare
 None, from the meanest beast to Cenchire's purple hen
 The swift approach of endless night
 Breaks ope the wounded sleepers rolling eyes
 They awake the rest with dying cries
 And darkness doubles the affright
 The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear
 And lose then parted souls twist grief and fear
 Louder than all, the shrieking women's voice
 Pierces this chaos of confused noise
 As brighter lightning cuts away
 Clear and distinguish'd through the day
 With less complaints the Zoan temples sound,
 When the adored heifer's drown'd,
 And no true mark'd successor to be found
 Whilst health, and strength and gladness doth possess
 The festal Hebrew cottages
 The blest Destroyer comes not there,
 To interrupt the sacred cheer
 That new begins their well reformed year
 Upon their doors he read and understood
 God's protection writ in blood
 Well was he skill'd in character Divine
 And though he pass'd by it in haste
 He bow'd and worshipp'd as he past
 The mighty mystery through its humble sign

THE BARGAIN

Take heed, take heed thou lovely maid,
 Nor be by glittering ills betray'd,
 Thyself for money ! oh, let no man know
 The price of beauty fall'n so low !
 What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
 When love, that's blind, is by blind Fortune led ?

The foolish Indian that sells
 His precious gold for beads and bells
 Does a more wise and gainful traffic hold
 Than thou who sell'st thyself for gold
 What gains in such a bargain are ?
 He'll in thy mines dig better treasures far

Can gold, alas ! with thee compare ?
 The sun, that makes it, is not so fair
 The sun, which can not make nor ever see
 A thing so beautiful as thee
 In all the journeys he does pass
 Though the sea served him for a looking glass

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee
 Since Ma^gus none so bold as he
 Thou'rt so divine a thing that thee to buy
 Is to be counted simony
 Too dear he'll find his sordid price
 Has forfeited that and the Benefice

If it be lawful thee to buy
 There's none can pay that rate but I
 Nothing on earth a fitting price can be
 But what on earth's most like to thee
 And that my heart does only bear
 For there thyself, thy very self is there

So much thyself does in me live
 That, when it for thyself I give
 'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
 Whose stamp and value equal is
 And, that full weight too may be had
 My soul and body, two grains more I'll add

THE DAUGHTERS OF SAUL

Like two bright eyes in a fair body placed,
 Saul's royal house two beauteous daughters graced
 Merab the first Michal the younger, named
 Both equally for different glories famed
 Merab with spacious beauty fill'd the sight
 But too much awe chastis'd the bold delight
 Like a calm sea which to th' enlarg'd view
 Gives pleasure but gives fear and reverence too
 Michal's sweet looks clear and free joys did move
 And no less strong though much more gentle love
 Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice to obey
 (Tyants themselves less absolute than they)
 Merab appear'd like some fur princely tower
 Michal some virgin queen's delicious bower
 All Beauty's stores in little and in great
 But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat
 A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye
 Such as the prouder colours might envy
 Michal's pure skin shone with such taintle's white
 As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight
 Her lips and cheek's a nobler red did shew
 Than e'er on fruits or flowers heaven's pencil drew
 From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings came —
 From Michal's, the sun's mild yet active, flame
 Merab's long hair was glossy chestnut brown
 Tresses of purest gold did Michal crown
 Such was their outward form and one might find
 A difference not unlike it in the mind
 Merab with comely majesty and state
 Bore high the advantage of her worth and fate
 Such humble sweetness did soft Michal show
 That none who reach so high e'er stoop'd so low
 Merab rejoiced in her wrack'd lovers pain
 And fortified her virtue with disdain
 The griefs she caused, gave gentle Michal grief
 (She wish'd her beauties less for then relief)
 Even to her captives civil yet th' excess
 Of naked virtue guarded her no less
 Business and power Merab's huge thought and vex
 Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex
 Michal no less disdain'd affairs and noise
 Yet did it not from ignorance but choice
 In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn,
 Merab of Saul, Michal of Jonathan

SIR JOHN DENHAM was born at Dublin in 1615 and was the only son of Sir John Denham Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. When only two years old the future poet was brought to England, and after having received the elements of education in London he was sent in 1631 to Oxford. In 1642 he published the *Sophy* a work that strongly excited the public attention and in the following year his *Coopers Hill* that tended still more highly to his reputation. Sir John's station in life obliged him to take a share in public affairs and on the discomfiture of the royal cause he was appointed in 1648 to marry James the young Duke of York from London to France an office which he safely accomplished. While he resided in the latter country with the royal family of England, he helped to enlighten their mind highly with his occasional lectures. At the Restoration he was one of the few suffering Loyalists who benefited by the change as he was decorated with the Order of the Bath and appointed Surveyor of the King's Buildings. He died on the 19th of March 1688 and was buried by the side of his friend Cowley. Sir John Denham as a poet is not only of a superior order but he has also distinguished merit by being one of the Fathers of English verse on account of the regularity and harmony of which he first set the example.

THE THAMES

Parting from thence twist'ng and shaming
 Those for what's past and this for what's too new
 My eye descending from the hill surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays
 Thames the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs
 Hast'ning to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold
 Whose foam is amber, and then gravel gold
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore
 Search not his bottom but survey his shore
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wings
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay
 Like mothers which their infants overlay
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil
 But god-like his unwearied bounty flows
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours,

Finds wealth where tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme !
 Though deep, yet clear though gentle, yet not dull
 Strong without rage without overflowing full
 Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser current's lost,
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars and bathe the gods

From Cooper H U

Morpheus the humble God that dwells
 In cottages and smoky cells
 Hates gilded roofs and beds of down
 And though he fears no prince's frown,
 Flies from the circle of a crown

Come, I say, thou powerful God
 And thy leaden charming rod
 Dipt in the Lethean lake,
 O'er his wakeful temples shake
 Lest he should sleep, and never wake

Nature (alas) why art thou so
 Obliged to thy greatest foe ?
 Sleep that is thy best repast,
 Yet of death it bears a taste
 And both are the same thing at last

ON THE GAME OF CHESS

A tablet stood of that abstersive tree
 Where *Æthiop's* swarthy bird did build her nest
 Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
 Drawn from the jaws of *Afric's* prudent beast
 Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,
 Their equal armies draw into the field
 Till one take th' other prisoner they contest
 Courage and fortune must to conduct yield

This game the Persian Magi did invent
 The force of Eastern wisdom to express,
 From thence to busy Europeans sent,
 And styled by modern Lombards pensive Che
 Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
 Penthesilea Priam did oblige,
 Her Amazons, his Trojans taught this sport
 To pass the tedious hours of ten years siege
 There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
 Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights
 Yet maiden modesty her motions steers
 Nor rudely skips o'er bishops' heads like knights

HOMER

I can no more believe old Homer blind,
 Than those who say the sun hath never shined
 The age wherein he lived was dark, but he
 Could not want sight who taught the world to see
 They who Minerva from Jove's head derive
 Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive
 And from his brain that Helicon distil
 Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill
 Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite
 Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight
 Old Homer's soul at last from Greece retired,
 In Italy the Mantuan swain inspired

From The Poet's Grave 6

COWLEY

Old mother Wit and Nature gave
 Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have
 In Spenser and in Jonson, Art
 Of slower Nature got the start
 But both in him so equal are
 None knows which bears the happiest share
 To him no author was unknown,
 Yet what he wrote was all his own
 Horace's wit, and Virgil's state
 He did not steal but emulate
 And when he would like them appear
 Their garb, but not their clothes did wear

*From the Epigram on Mr. Abraham Cowley Dead
 But at among the ancient Poets*

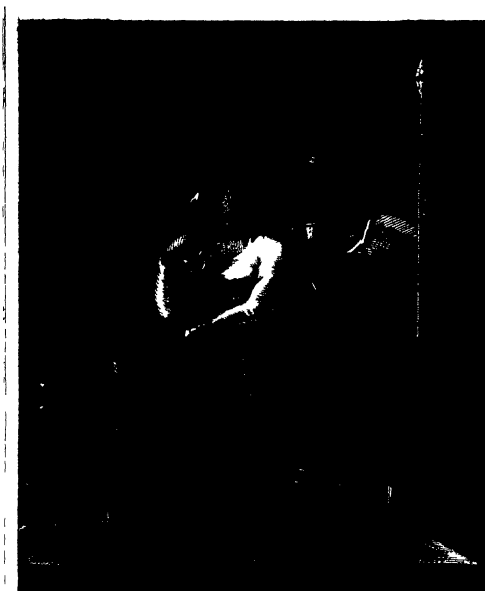
THIS boast of his country who with Homer and Virgil completes the poetical triumvirate which Nature took three thousand years to produce was the son of a respectable scrivener in London where he was born on the 9th of December 1608. He was distinguished in his early days for a love of learning in which he made great proficiency and even while still a youth he wrote several poetical pieces of distinguished excellence. But these compared with his future productions and especially with his *Paradise Lost* were like the first flights of the young eagle before it learns to ascend above the clouds and look steadily upon the sun. In his sixteenth year he was sent to Christ's College Cambridge where he took the degrees of Bachelor and Master but the system of discipline which prevailed at that time excited his disgust he accordingly left the University and returned to his father's house where he perfected himself in classical literature by intense self application. During this period also he produced the mask of Comus the elegy of Lycidas and probably *Arcades*. After this he left England in 1638 for a continental tour during the course of which he visited Paris Florence Sienna, Rome and Naples and intended to have continued his travels through Sicily and Greece when the troubles in England that preceded the civil war obliged him to alter his intentions and being an ardent admirer of civil liberty he returned to London after an absence of fifteen months to aid his countrymen in contending for their rights. With this view he sacrificed his time to more congenial poetical pursuits for political controversy and published several powerful pamphlets in which he successfully refuted the arguments of the Royalist party.

During this period Milton taught a school by which he was enabled to support his relations who had been impoverished by the civil war. He was afterwards appointed Latin Secretary to the Parliament in which capacity he was employed to defend the establishment of the new Commonwealth and justify its measures a labor which he pursued so earnestly that in his celebrated letter written to Sir Thomas Massey he lost his eyesight. He was continued in office by Oliver Cromwell and notwithstanding his blindness was still able to pursue his filial and patriotic duties. In this manner he labored to his forty-ninth year when he retired from the burden of politics to meditate upon the great attributes which he had never lost sight of and which was of more importance than all undue political intrusions—the conception of an Empire that would redound to the glory of his country. His heroic faith seems to have been shared between the History of Britain Arthur and the subject of *Paradise Lost*, when he applied for the world and his own fame he decided upon the latter and began.

Things in attempt to write in prose or rhyme

After so prodigious an effort of genius as the production of *Paradise Lost* the mind of Milton did not repose upon its past labours. When this great work was finished, he had shown it to Elwood the quaker who observed to him—Thou hast said a great deal upon *Paradise Lost* what hast thou to say upon *Paradise Found*? Upon this hint the poet resumed his labours and in 1667 appeared *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. After this period his time was chiefly occupied in writing treatises upon miscellaneous subjects until he had reached his sixty-sixth year when his constitution was broken under repeated attacks of the gout and he died on the 10th of November 1674.

The fate of *Paradise Lost* at the period of its publication and for some time afterwards is generally known. The poet sold the copy of this immortal work for 15*l* and yet this bargain threatened to be a losing one to the publisher from the very tardy sale that followed. During the reign of Charles II the royalist and literary taste that predominated equally eschewed religious and republican poetry and it was only after the lapse of time and through the recommendatory criticisms of such leaders of the popular mind as Dryden and Addison that public attention was awakened in its behalf. But this once secured the success of *Paradise Lost* could no longer be retarded. The eyes that were opened were compelled to see the light and Milton by common consent was recognised and acclaimed as the great national poet of his country.



MILTON

INVITATION OF COMUS TO THE LADY

Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger from these gates
Sorrow flies far See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst

Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you received on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tired all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted, but, fair Virgin,
 This will restore all soon

I o Commus a Mask

SAMSON'S LAMENTATION FOR HIS BLINDNESS

O loss of sight of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see I dark in light exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day!
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
 'Let there be light, and light was over all
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confined,
 So obvious and so easy to be quenched?

And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
 That she might look at will through every pore²
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And buried, but O yet more miserable¹
 Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Buried, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes

From Sonnet on Agonist

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY

It was the winter wild,
 While the Heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour

 Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame
 Pollute with sinful blame
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities

 But he her fears to cease
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,
 She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes an universal peace through sea and land

No war, or battel s sound
 Was heard the world around
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
 The hooked chariot stood,
 Unstain d with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the aimed throng
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kist,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
 wave

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fix d in stedfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light
 Or Lucifer that often warn d them thence ,
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new enlighten d world no more should need
 He saw a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne or burning axletree, could bear

The shepherds on the lawn
 Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row
 Full little thought they then,
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below ,
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the ære region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night array'd
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Hen

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony

For if such holy song
 Inwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a rainbow and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
 And Heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so
 The babe lies yet in smiling infancy
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss
 So both himself and us to glorify
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
 deep

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake
 The aged earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins for from this happy day
 Th' old Dragon under ground,
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving,
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving,
 No nightly trance or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale eyed priest from the prophetic cell

The lonely mountains o'er
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament,
 From haunted spring and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent
 With flower inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn

In consecrated earth
 And on the holy heath,
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint
 In urns and altars round
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint
 And the chill marble seems to sweat
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat

Peor and Baalim
 Forsake their temples dim
 With that twice batter'd God of Palestine
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Ihammuz
 mourn

And sullen Moloch fled,
 Hath left in shadows dre'd
 His burning idol all of blackest hue,
 In vain with cymbals ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue
 The brutish Gods of Nile as fast
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud,
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark

He feels from Judas land
 The dreaded Infants hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne
 Nor all the Gods beside
 Longer dare abide
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine
 Our babe, to show his Godhead true
 Can in his swadling bands control the damned crew

So when the sun in bed
 Curtain'd with cloudy red
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow skirted Fays
 Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon loved maze.

But see the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending,
 Heavens youngest teemed star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd crown
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright harness Angels sit in order serviceable

SATAN ADDRESSING THE FALLEN ANGELS

Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
 Their dread commander — he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent
 Stood like a tower, his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness nor appear'd

Less than Arch Angel ruin'd, and the excess
 Of glory obscured, as when the sun new risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
 In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th' Arch Angel but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and cruel
 Sat on his faded cheek but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Then glory wither'd as when Heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks or mountain pines,
 With sing'd top their stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted heath He now prepared
 To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
 With all his peers attention held them mute
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way

1701 Paradise Lost

PANDEMONIUM

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave nor did there want
 Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven,
 The roof was fretted gold Not Babylon
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories to inshrine
 Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat
 Their kings when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury Th' ascending pile

Stood fix'd her stately highth, and strait the doors
 Opening their brazen folds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement from the arch'd roof
 Pendent by subtle magic many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus yielded light
 As from a sky

From Paradise Lost

OPENING OF THE GATES OF HELL

Thus saying from her side the fatal key
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took
 And towards the gate rolling her bestial train
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew
 Which but herself not all the Stygian Powers
 Could once have moved then in the key hole turns
 The 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
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus She open'd, but to shut
 Excess'd her power 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 highth,
 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
 For hot cold moist, and dry four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
 Their embryon atoms they around the flag
 Of each his faction, in their several clans
 Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil

Levi'd to side with warring winds, and poise
 Their lighter wings To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray
 By which he reigns next him high arbiter
 Chance governs all Into this wild abyss,
 The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds
 In o this wild abyss the wary Fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pondering his voyage, for no narrow frith
 He had to cross

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SATAN'S SOLILOQUY ON FIRST BEHOLDING ADAM AND EVE.

O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
 Creatures of other mold, earth born perhaps,
 Not Spirits yet to heavenly spirits bright
 Little inferior, whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
 Ah gentle pair ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy
 Happy but for so happy ill secured
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven
 Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd, yet no purposed foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn
 Though I unpitied League with you I seek
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Maker's work he gave it me,
 Which I as freely give, Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings, there will be room,

Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring, if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor
 So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds

From Paradise Lost

EVE'S FIRST AWAKENING TO LIFE

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flow'rs, much wondering where
 And what I was whence thither brought and how
 Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
 Pure as th' expanse of Heaven I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watery gleam appear'd
 Bending to look on me I started back,
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer'ing looks
 Of sympathy and love there I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now, and pined 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 espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth watery image back I turn'd
 Thou following crydst aloud, Return fair Eve,

* * * *

My other half With that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine I yielded and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair

From Paradise Lost

ADAM'S FIRST AWAKENING TO LIFE

As new waked from soundest sleep
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed
 Strait toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
 And gazed a while the ample sky, till raised
 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 lap of murmuring streams by these
 Creatures that lived and moved and walk'd or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling all things smiled,
 With fragrance and with joy my heart overflow'd
 Myself I then perused and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led
 But who I was, or where or from what cause,
 Knew not to speak I try'd and forthwith spake
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whatever I saw Thou Sun, said I fur 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 power preeminent
 Tell me how may I know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 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

TEMPTATION OF ADAM BY EVIL

This tree is not as we are told, a tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Opening the way, but of divine effect
 To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste,
 And hath been tasted such, the serpent wise,
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
 Indued with human voice and human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th effects to correspond open mine eyes,
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 And growing up to Godhead, which for thee
 Chieflly I sought, without thee can despise
 For bliss as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
 Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love

From Paradise Lost



THIS poet, who shares with Denham the glory of having harmonized the *er* sification of England, was born at Colshill in Hertfordshire in 1605. He studied at King's College Cambridge and was admitted into parliament so early as his eighteenth some even say his sixteenth year. It is more gratifying however to contemplate his poetical than his political career for in the latter he seems to have been nothing more than a time-server veering from the king to the parliament and from the parliament to the king as each might happen for the time to possess the ascendancy. But his crowning delinquency was his betraying his fellow conspirators to save his own life when their plot for the restoration of monarchy was detected. Although he thus meanly escaped the death to which they were sentenced he was not set free till after the most abject submission besides the payment of a penalty of ten thousand pounds. His subsequent consistency was worthy of his former career. He wrote a panegyric upon Cromwell which is one of his best productions and also a poem on his death and upon the arrival of the Restoration he composed a palinode in praise of Charles II. After having lived to great age he died on the 21st of October 1687. His poetry notwithstanding the celebrity it attained during his own age and when the principles of harmonious versification were still imperfect too trivial in its subjects as well as too nerveless in its general character to be much appreciated in the present day. His rank perhaps may be best designated by the term of a third-rate poet.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S (CHARLES I.) RECEIVING THE NEWS OF
THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH

So earnest with thy God! Can no new care,
No sense of danger, interrupt thy prayer?
The sacred wrestler till a blessing given,
Quits not his hold but halting conquers Heaven
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopp'd
When from the body such a limb was lopp'd,
As to thy present state was no less main
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same
Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign
In his best pattern of Patroclus slain,
With such amazement as weak mothers use,
And frantic gesture, he receives the news
Yet fell his darling by the impartial chance
Of war imposed by royal Hector's lance
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command
The famous painter could allow no place
For private sorrow in a Prince's face
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief
Twas want of such a precedent as this,
Made the old heathen frame their Gods amiss
Their Phœbus should not act a fonder part
For the fair boy than he did for his hart
Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own,
That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been known

He that with thine shall weigh good David's deeds,
 Shall find his passion nor his love exceeds
 He curst the mountains where his brave friend died,
 But let false Ziba with his heir divide
 Where thy immortal love to thy blest friends
 Like that of Heaven, upon their seed descends
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
 God like unmoved and yet like woman kind!
 Which of the ancient poets had not brought
 Our Charles's pedigree from heaven and taught
 How some bright dame comprest by mighty Jove,
 Produced this mix'd Divinity and Love?

SONG

Behold the brand of beauty tost!
 See how the motion doe dilute the flame!
 Delighted Love his spoils does boast,
 And triumph in this game
 Fire to no place confined,
 Is both our wonder and our fear
 Moving the mind
 As lightning hurried through the air

High heaven the glory does increase
 Of all her shining lamps this artful way
 The sun in figures, such as these,
 Joys with the moon to play
 To the sweet strains they advance,
 Which do result from their own spheres,
 As this nymph's dance
 Moves with the numbers which she hears

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR

We must resign! Heaven his great soul doth clum
 In storms, as loud as his immortal fame
 His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle
 And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile
 About his palace their broad roots are tost
 Into the air — So Romulus was lost!
 New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king
 And from obeying, fell to worshipping
 On Cæta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
 With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread

The poplar too, whose bough he wou't to wear
 On his victorious head, lay prostrate there
 Those his last fury from the mountain rent
 Our dying hero from the continent
 Ravish'd whole towns and forts from Spaniards rest,
 As his last legacy to Britain left
 The ocean, which so long our hopes confined
 Could give no limits to his vaster mind
 Our bounds enlargement was his latest toil
 Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle
 Under the tropic is our language spoke,
 And part of Flanders hath received our yoke
 From civil broils he did us disengage
 Found nobler objects for our martial rage
 And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
 The ancient way of conquering abroad
 Ungrateful then ' if we no tears allow
 To him that gave us peace and empire too
 Princes that fear'd him grieve concern'd to see
 No pitch of glory from the grave is free
 Nature herself took notice of his death,
 And sighing swell'd the sea with such a breath,
 That to remotest shores her billows roll'd
 Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS WHEN SHE WAS TAKING
LEAVE OF THE COURT AT DOVER

That sun of beauty did among us rise,
 England first saw the light of your fair eyes
 In English too your early wit was shown
 Favour that language ' which was then your own,
 When though a child, through guards you made your
 way
 What fleet, or army, could an angel stay?
 Thrice happy Britain ' if she could retain,
 Whom she first bred within her ambient Main
 Our late burnt London, in apparel new
 Shook off her ashes to have treated you
 But we must see our glory snatch'd away
 And with warm tears increase the guilty sea
 No wind can favour us, howe'er it blows,
 We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose!
 Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell—
 Fair lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell!

THIS nobleman was the son of Henry Earl of Rochester and was born at Ditchley Oxfordshire in 1647 After having finished his studies at the University with reputation he travelled into France and Italy In 1665 he went to sea with Earl Sandwich and distinguished himself in two instances during the war with Holland by remarkable courage and daring On returning home however he belied these tokens by symptoms of cowardice frequently involving his companions in street quarrels, and afterwards leaving them to shift for themselves. His life was a career of the most reckless intemperance chequered with transient fits of study and with a mind naturally of considerable power his poetical productions were for the most part of such a licentious character that even the profligate age in which they were produced was not hardy enough to save them from oblivion He died from an exhausted constitution in 1680 at the early age of thirty four and during his last days his penitence was as remarkable as his profligacy

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor used of old
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do
I'm none of those that took Mæstrick
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations

But carve thereon a spreading vine
Then add two lovely boys,
Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
The type of future joys

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May drink and love still reign!
With wine I wash away my cares,
And then to Love again

UPON NOTHING

Nothing ! thou elder brother ev'n to Shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid

Fre Time and Place were Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something straight begot
I hen all proceeded from the great united—What ?

Something, the general attribute of all,
Severed from thee, its sole original
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall

Yet something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand,
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land

Matter, the wicked st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace
And rebel Light obscured thy reverend dusky face

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join
Body, thy foe with thee did leagues combine
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line

But turn coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, bribed by thee, assists thy short lived reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves again

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray

Great Negative ! how vainly would the wise
Inquire define, distinguish, teach, devise ?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate,

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduced to thee, are least unsafe and best

But Nothing, why does Something still permit
 That sacred monarchs should at council sit
 With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains
 From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's brains,
 And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns

Nothing, who dwell st with fools in grave disguise,
 For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
 Lawn sleeves and furs, and gowns, when they like thee
 look wise

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
 Hibernian learning, Scotch civility
 Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
 Kings' promises, whores' vows towards thee they bend,
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

LOVE AND LIFE A SONG

All my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone

The time that is to come is not,
 How can it then be mine?
 The present moment's all my lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phyllis, is only thine

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts, and broken vows,
 If I, by miracle, can be
 This live long minute true to thee,
 Tis all that heaven allows

THIS upright uncompromising patriot and honoured friend of Milton was born at Hull in 1620. At the age of fifteen young Marvell while pursuing his studies at Cambridge was allured from the College by the Jesuits who marked his promising talents and wished to secure him as a proselyte. His father however followed him to London rescued him from their machinations and sent him back to the University. Having lost this careful parent in 1640 through a melancholy accident Marvell was adopted by a wealthy lady by whose kindness he was enabled to perfect his education, and make a tour through a large part of Europe in the course of which he resided for some time at Constantinople as Secretary to the English embassy. In 1653 he was employed by Cromwell first as guardian to a Mr Dutton and afterwards as Assistant Latin Secretary to Milton a year and a half before the death of the latter. Marvell in 1660 and as long as he lived sat in Parliament as the representative of his native town of Hull. His zealous attendance upon his duties in the House of Commons was so constant and unwearied, as to excite the admiration of all parties while his disinterestedness and indifference to wealth in an age of venality and while his means were extremely limited would have ranked him among the noblest characters of ancient Greece or Rome. He died in 1678. He left few poetical pieces but they are valuable as the spontaneous outpourings of a pure warm affectionate heart refined by extensive learning and a good natural taste.

111 NYPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN

The wanton troopers riding by
 Have shot my fawn, and it will die
 Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
 Who kill'd thee Thou ne'er didst alive
 Them any harm, alas! nor could
 Thy death to them do any good
 I'm sure I never wish'd them ill
 Nor do I for all this nor will
 But, if my simple prayers may yet
 Prevail with heaven to forget
 Thy murder I will join my tears,
 Rather than fail But, O my fears!
 It cannot die so Heaven's king
 Keeps register of every thing,
 And nothing may we use in vain,
 Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain

Inconstant Sylvio when yet
 I had not found him counterfeit,

One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me nay, and I know
What he said then I'm sure I do
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a Fawn to hunt his Deer
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled
This waxed tame while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his Fawn, but took his heart
Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this, and very well content
Could so my idle life have spent
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart and did invite
Me to its game it seem'd to bless
Itself in me How could I less
Than love it? Oh I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me
Had it lived long I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man
With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed,
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they
It had so sweet a breath And oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft
And white shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
Twas on those little silver feet
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race,
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds
*I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,*

And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring time of the year
It only loved to be there
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise
Find it, although before mine eyes
For in the flaxen lilies shade
It like a bank of lilies laid
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips e en seem d to bleed
And then to me twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold
Had it lived long, it would have been
I lilies without, roses within



THE celebrated author of *Hudibras* was born at Strensham in Worcestershire in 1612. It cannot be ascertained whether he enjoyed a University education or not, but it is evident that his scholarship, however acquired, was both arduous and profound. It was fortunate also that the services in which he was successively employed were favourable for the development of his love of study, the first of these being the employment of clerk to Mr Jefferys, an eminent magistrate in Worcestershire, where he enjoyed ample leisure for reading and meditation, and the second an office in the household of the Countess of Kent, where he had the use of an ample library and the society of the learned Selden, the friend and instructor of poets. We next find him in the employ of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, where he had abundant opportunities of studying the manners of the Puritans, and here it is supposed he conceived the first idea of his satirical epic of *Hudibras*, and collected the principal materials.

On the accession of Charles II. at the Restoration, Butler hoped that the liberty he had evinced in the last times would not pass unremembered, but on this occasion he found many others who had still stronger claims upon royal gratitude that Charles had extended the Act of Oblivion to friends as well as foes. Although on the publication of the first part of *Hudibras* in 1663 the work became the delight of the court and was frequently quoted by the king, the poet reaped nothing, but this empty applause as the reward of his genius and labours. In the following year the second part was published, but with the same results. We are also told that Butler had been taught to expect much from the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, who engaged to recommend the poet to his majesty, but as that volatile nobleman was as heartless and thoughtless as his royal master, the promise was never fulfilled. Butler, however, still continued to write amidst obscurity and discouragement, and in 1678 the third part of *Hudibras* appeared. The elasticity of spirit however which had hitherto lent such a charm to the work had been greatly impaired from the numerous causes, so that this part is considerably inferior to the other two. Butler died in 1680, when he was buried at the sole expense of a friend in the churchyard of Gwent Ground, after a place of interment in Westminster Abbey had been refused.

The poem of *Hudibras* was evidently suggested by the adventure of Don Quixote. Cervantes, in sending his hero upon a chivalrous crusade to right wrongs, redress grievances, and make all mankind confess that Dulcinea was the peerless beauty of the world, intended to portray Chivalry, and his wars to right the church, and bring all sects and opinions to one way of thinking. Charles baffled his attempt, retired to a cell, and there died, and how hopeless it was to force the whole world to think and act alike, and accordingly the knight of La Mancha, after being cudgelled and duped, returns to his peaceful home, becomes a sober thinking man, and discovers that chivalry is a delusion. In the same manner Butler intended to display the career of Puritanism during the period of the civil wars, its abhorrence of all amusements, its gloom, hypocrisy and duplicity, and for this purpose he impersonated it in Sir Hudibras, as we now find, a colonelling against bear-baiting and every popular sport, and ended by being a cheat and a dupe. He has a contempt for the hero with every requisite and thrust him into every adventure, by which such a picture could be illustrated, while the singularity of figures, language, metre and rhyme, in which the narrative is embodied, adds poignancy to the general conception. Like Cervantes, also Butler has brought to the task an amount of learning and a depth of observation, that indicate the labour and thought of years, rather than the easy and spontaneous overflow of an author writing merely to amuse. We must add, however, that the Puritan of Butler is an aggravated caricature, rather than a faithful portrait, and that, like too many wits, who endeavour to apply the test of ridicule to religious errors, he has frequently confounded a conscientious preciseness with affectation and religious fervour with hypocrisy.



BUTLER

DESCRIPTION OF HUDIBRAS.

When civil dudgeon first grew high
And men fell out they knew not why
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore,
When Gospel trumpeter, surrounded
With long ear d rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic
Was beat with fist instead of a stick
Then did Su Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder blade,
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant,
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of War, as well as Peace
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoever they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ,
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool
For it has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras
(For that is the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write)
But they are mistaken very much
Tis plain enough he was no such
We grant although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about
Unless on holy days, or so,
As men their best apparel do
Beside tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak ,
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird tis to whistle
Being rich in both, he never scant'd
His bounty unto such as wanted
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word
For Hebrew roots, although they are found
To flourish most in barren ground,

He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit
Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks
Call fire, and sword, and desolation
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing never done
As if Religion were intended
I or nothing else but to be mended
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss
More peevish cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract, or monkey sick
That with more care keep holy day
The wrong, than others the right way
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite
The self same thing they will abhor
One way and long another for
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge,
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose

Thus was he gifted and account'd
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward
 That next of all we shall discuss
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face,
 In cut and dye so like a tile
 A sudden view it would beguile
 The upper part whereof was whey
 The nether orange, mix'd with grey

* * * *

His back, or rather burthen, show'd
 As if it stoop'd with its own load
 For as Æneas bore his sire
 Upon his shoulders through the fire
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack
 Of his own buttocks on his back
 Which now had almost got the upper
 Hand of his head for want of crupper
 To poise this equally he bore
 A paunch of the same bulk before
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare
 As white pot, butter milk and curds,
 Such as a country house affords
 With other victual which anon
 We farther shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cupboard where he kept his meat
 His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword yet cudgel proof,
 Whereby twas fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise
 His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen,
 To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own
 Through they were lined with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood
 For as we said, he always chose
 To carry vittle in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise,

And when he put a hand but in
The one or t other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on t stood
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till th were storm d and beaten out,
Ne er left the fortified redoubt
And though knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed there s not one word
Of their provision on record,
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight
Tis false for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull d out behind
And eke before, his good knights dined,
Though twas no table some suppose
But a huge pair of round trunk hose
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons
They took their breakfasts or then nunchions
But let that pass at present, lest
We should for get where we digrest,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th purpose come
His puissant sword unto his side
Near his undaunted heart, was tied
With basket hilt that would hold broth
And serve for fight and dinner both
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch
He ne er gave quarter to ny such
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, twas so minful,

And so much scorn d to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not show its face
 In many desperate attempts
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appear d with courage bolder
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder
 Oft had it ta en possession,
 And prisoners too, or made them run

This sword a dagger had, his page,
 That was but little for his age
 And therefore waited on him so
 As dwarfs upon knights errant do
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging
 When it had stabb d, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers or chip bread,
 Toast cheese or bacon though it were
 To bait a mouse trap, twould not care
 Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth
 It had been prentice to a brewer
 Where this and more it did endure,
 But left the trade as many moie
 Have lately done on the same score

In th holsters at his saddle bow,
 Two aged pistols he did stow
 Among the surplus of such merit
 As in his hose he could not get
 These would inveigle rats with th scent
 To forage when the cocks were bent,
 And sometimes catch them with a snap,
 As cleverly as th ablest trap
 They were upon hard duty still,
 And every night stood sentinel,
 To guard the magazine i th hose
 From two leggd and from four leggd foes

FORTUNE OF HUDIBRAS IN BATILL

For Colon, chusing out a stone,
 Levell d so right, it thump d upon
 His manly paunch with such a force,
 As almost beat him off his hoise

He loosed his whinyard, and the rein,
 But laying fast hold on the mane,
 Preserved his seat and as a goose
 In death contracts his talons close,
 So did the Knight, and with one claw,
 The tricker of his pistol draw
 The gun went off, and as it was
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
 In all his feats of arms, when least
 He dreamt of it to prosper best
 So now he fared the shot let fly
 At random mong the enemy
 Pierced Talgol's gabardine, and grazing
 Upon his shoulder in the passing
 Lodged in Magnano's brass habeigeon
 Who straight A surgeon cried, a surgeon
 He tumbled down, and as he fell,
 Did Murther, Murther, Muurther, yell

COMBAT BETWEEN TRULLA AND HUDIBRAS

This said he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
 And steer'd him gently towards the Squire
 Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
 His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd
 When Trulla whom he did not mind,
 Charged him like lightening behind
 She had been long in search about
 Magnano's wound, to find it out
 But could find none nor where the shot
 That had so startled him was got
 But having found the worst was past
 She fell to her own work at last,
 The pillage of the prisoners,
 Which in all feats of arms was hers
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
 When Hudibras's hard fate drew
 To succour him, for as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of blows so heavy, and placed so well,
 On th' other side, that down he fell
 Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she), or die,
 Thy life is mine, and liberty
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy

To try thy fortune o'er afresh
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
 Thy aims and baggage, now my right
 And, if thou hast the heart to try't,
 I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
 And once more, for that carcase vile,
 Fight upon tick — Quoth Hudibras,
 Thou offer'st nobly valiant lass,
 And I shall take thee at thy word
 First let me rise and take my sword
 That sword which has so oft this day
 Through squadrons of my foes made way
 And some to other worlds dispatcht
 Now with a feeble spinster matcht
 Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd
 By which no honour is to be gain'd
 But if thou wilt take my advice in this
 Consider, whilst thou may'st what tis
 To interrupt a victor's course
 By opposing such a trivial force
 For if with conquest I come off
 (And that I shall do sure enough),
 Quarter thou canst not have nor grace
 By law of arms, in such a case
 Both which I now do offer freely
 I scorn (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly
 Quarter or counsel from a foe
 If thou canst force me to it do
 But lest it should again be said
 When I have once more won thy head
 I took thee napping, unprepared,
 Arm and betake thee to thy guard
 This said she to her tackle fell,
 And on the Knight let fall a peal
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home
 That he retired and follow'd his hum
 Stand to't (quoth she), or yield to mercy
 It is not fighting *arsue versue*
 Shall serve thy turn — This stunn'd his spleen
 More than the danger he was in
 The blows he felt, or was to feel,
 Although they already made him reel
 Honour despite, revenge, and shame,
 At once into his stomach came
 Which fired it so he raised his aim
 Above his head and rain'd a storm
 Of blows so terrible and thick,

As if he meant to hash her quick
 But she upon her truncheon took them
 And by oblique diversion broke them
 Waiting an opportunity
 To pay all back with usury
 Which long she fail'd not of for now
 The Knight with one dead doing blow
 Resolving to decide the fight
 And she with quick and cunning sleight
 Avoiding it the force and weight
 He charged upon it was so great
 As almost sway'd him to the ground
 No sooner she th' advantage found
 But in she flew and seconding
 With home made thrust, the heavy swing
 She laid him flat upon his side
 And mounting on his trunk astride
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring brise scum
 Say will the law of arms allow
 I may have grace and quarter now?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word
 And stain thine honour than thy sword?
 A man of war to damn his soul,
 In basely breaking his parole
 And when before the fight th' had stvow'd
 To give no quarter in cold blood
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar
 To make me agunst my will take quarter,
 Why dost not put me to the sword,
 But cowardly fly from thy word?
 Quoth Hudibras The day's thine own,
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down
 My laurels are transplanted now
 And flourish on thy conquering brow
 My loss of honour's great enough,
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
 But cannot blur my lost renown
 I am not now in Fortune's power
 He that is down can fall no lower
 The ancient heroes were illustrious
 For being benign, and not blustrious
 Agunst a vanquish'd foe then swords
 Were sharp and trenchant not then words
 And did in fight but cut work out
 To employ their courtesies about

Quoth she Although thou hast deserved
Base Slubberdegullion, to be served
As thou didst vow to deal with me
If thou hadst got the victory
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame than thy desert
Thy arms, thy liberty beside
All that s on th outside of thy hide
Are mine by military law
Of which I will not bite one straw
The rest thy life and limbs once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore

* * * *

This said the Knight did straight submit
And laid his weapons at her feet
Next he disrobed his gabardine
And with it did himself resign
She took it and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore said, jesting,
Take that and wear it for my sake,
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back



WENTWORTH DILLON Earl of Roscommon was born in Ireland about the year 1633 during the lieutenancy of the Earl of Strafford his maternal uncle in that kingdom and by whom he was sent to Yorkshire at an early period when the Irish disorders menaced the safety of the Protestant nobles and their families. When Strafford himself was about to be impeached, Dillon was sent to Caen being then only nine years old. After studying there for some years and perfecting himself in classical attainments the troubled state of England deterred him from returning and Roscommon travelled into Italy where he gratified his love of antiquity by collecting valuable ancient relics and especially medals in which he was a distinguished connoisseur. On the Restoration he returned to England threw himself headlong into the frivolities and vices of the times and impoverished himself by gaming and other excesses. He afterwards married and devoted himself more closely to literature until his death which took place in 1684. The poems of this Earl are few but his verses redounding chiefly by their polish and what is more by their morality—a rare quality for the age in which he lived.

In all Charles days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays —POPE

COMPARISON BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH TRANSLATORS OF POETRY

When France had breathed after intestine broils
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
I here (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew fast, and spread and blest the land
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known
Her excellent translators made her own
And Europe still considerably gains,
Both by their good example and their pains
From hence our generous emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the same
But now, we show the world a nobler way
And in translated verse do more than they
Serene and clear harmonious Horace flows
With sweetness not to be express'd in prose
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill
And shows the stuff, but not the workman's skill
I (who have served him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my master as he there appears
Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their cries,
The fault is more their languages than theirs
His courtly, floud, and abounds in words
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords,
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine
I speak my private, but impartial sense,
With freedom, and (I hope) without offence,

For I'll recant, when France can show me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ

From An Essay on Translation

ODE UPON SOLITUDE

Hail sacred Solitude ! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities
With pity moved for others cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd
On rocks of folly and of vice I see them lost
Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men or adverse Fate
Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted state
But more far more a numberless prodigious train
Whilst Virtue courts them, but alas in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms
Deaf to her fondest call blind to her greatest charms
And sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease
They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate please

Hail sacred solitude ! soul of my soul
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give
Dost each unruly appetite control
Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
With unmixed joy uninterrupted rest
Presuming love does never invade
This private solitary shade
And with fantastic wounds by beauty made
The joy has no alloy of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere
Yet I exalted Love admire
Friendship abhorring sordid gain,
And purified from Lust's dishonest stain
Nor is it for my solitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one,
Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise
Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
All blessings man can hope to know
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the mind,

Pleasures which do from friendship and from knowledge
rise

Which make us happy, as they make us wise
Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass
Till with a gentle force victorious death

My solitude invade,
And stopping for a while my breath
With ease convey me to a better shade

THE CONFIDENT QUACK

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had by man midwifery got wealth and fame
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid
Well season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise,
And largely what she wants in words, supplies,
With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees
Struts in a new unlicensed gown and then
From saving women falls to killing men
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in
His pills as thick as hand grenades flew
And where they fell, as certainly they slew
His name struck every where as great a damp
As Archimedes through the Roman camp
With this the doctor's pride began to cool
For smarting soundly may convince a fool
But now repentance came too late for grace
And meagre Famine stared him in the face
Fain would he to the wives be reconciled
But found no husband left to own a child
The friends that got the brats, were poisoned too
In this sad case what could our vermin do?
Worried with debts and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpyried wretch lies rotting in a jail
And there with basket alms, scarce kept alive
Shows how mistaken talents ought to thrive

From An Essay on Translated Verse

CHARLES COTTON was born in 1630. After studying at Cambridge and travelling broad he married at his return to England the daughter of Sir Thomas Owthorp. As, however he inherited a heavily encumbered estate and possessed extravagant habits, he was obliged to embrace the military profession as a means of subsistence and he went as a captain to Ireland where he married his wife Mary Countess Dowager of Ardglass. Cotton still continued to indulge in reckless habits of expense and died insolvent at Westminster in 1687. Of his poetry his chief production is *A Voyage to Ireland in burlesque* in which there is considerable comic humour delivered in an unconstrained and lively manner. He also wrote a disgusting burlesque translation of part of the *Æneid*.

A HOST AND HOSTESS

A hay! quoth the foremost, "ho! who keeps the house?"

Which said, out an host comes as brisk as a louse,
His hair comb'd as sleek as a barber he'd been
A civat with black ribbon tied under his chin
Though by what I saw in him, I straight gan to fear
That knot would be one day slipp'd under his ear
Quoth he (with low conge) What lack you my lord?

The best liquor quoth I that the house will afford
You shall straight quoth he, and then calls out
'Merry,

Come quickly and bring us a quart of Canay
Hold hold, my spruce host! for 't is morning so early
I never drink liquor but what's made of barley
Which words were scarce out but which made me admire
My lordship was presently turn'd into squire

Ale, squire, you mean? quoth he nimbly again
'What, must it be purl'd? — No, I love it best plain
'Why if you'll drink ale, sir, pray take my advice
Here's the best ale in the land, if you'll go to the price
Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple
But then in plain truth it is sixpence a bottle

Why faith quoth I 'friend if your liquor be such,
I or the best ale in England, it is not too much
Let's have it, and quickly — O sir! you may stay,
A pot in your pate is a mile in your way
Come bring out a bottle here presently, wife
Of the best Cheshire hum he ever drank in his life
Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat of silk,
As clear as a milkmaid, as white as her milk,
With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,
As straight as an arrow, as right as my leg
A cuitsey she made, as demure as a sister
I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd her

Then ducking another with most modest mien,
The first word she said, was, "Will t please you walk
in ?

I thank d hei but told her, I then could not stay
For the haste of my bus ness did call me away
She said she was sorry it fell out so odd
But if when again I should travel that road
I would stay there a night she assured me the nation
Should no where afford better accommodation

From A Voyage to Ireland Canto I

COTTON'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

Supper being ended and things away taken,
Master mayor's curiosity gan to awaken
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his chin,
He will d and required me there to declare
My country, my birth my estate and my parts,
And whether I was not a master of arts
And eke what the bus ness was had brought me thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither
Giving me caution, no he should escape me,
For if I should trip he should certainly trap me
I answer d, my country was famed Staffordshire
That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever writ squire
That of land I had both sorts some good, and some evil,
But that a great part on t was pawn d to the Devil
That as for my parts they were such as he saw
That, indeed I had a small smatt ring of law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading
By sitting o th bench, whilst others were pleading
But that arms I had ever more studied than arts,
And was now to a captain raised by my deserts
That the business which led me through Palatine ground
Into Ireland was, whither now I was bound
Where his worship's great favour I loud will proclaim,
And in all other places wherever I came
He said, as to that, I might do what I list
But that I was welcome, and gave me his fist
When having my fingers made crack with his gripes,
He call d to his man for some bottles and pipes

From A Voyage to Ireland Canto II

CHARLES SACKVILLE, Earl of Dorset, was born January 24th 1637. He was educated under a private tutor and afterwards he travelled into Italy from which he returned a little before the Restoration. He soon became a favourite of Charles II and distinguished himself as a leader in the profligacy and excesses of the courtiers. In the naval war with the Dutch he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in 1665 was present at the victory obtained on the 3d of June, and as the report was generally current composed the song 'To all you ladies now at land, on the evening preceding the engagement.' After being employed in political business during the reigns of Charles II and James II Lord Dorset took a decided part in favour of the Revolution, and became a favourite with William by whom he was appointed lord-chamberlain of the household. His lordship died January 19th 1706. His poetry consists of only a few fugitive pieces.

TO MR EDWARD HOWARD ON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOM-
PREHENSIBLE POEM CALLED THE BRITISH PRINCE

Come on ye Critics find one fault who dare
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers
I will do as well, throw not away your jests
On solid nonsense that abides all tests
Wit like tierce claret, when it begins to pall,
Neglected lies and is of no use at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play
Thou hast a brain, such as it is indeed
On what else should thy worm of fancy feed?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the kernel is gone
This simile shall stand in thy defence,
Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write sense
Thy style is the same whatever be thy theme,
As some digestions turn all meat to phlegm
They lie dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion
Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud
Than all the swift finned racers of the flood
As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking
Thou writ'st below even thy own natural parts,
And with acquired dulness and new arts
Of studied nonsense, takest kind readers' hearts

Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear
 Such loud complaints gainst critics to prefer,
 Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller,
 Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write,
 Did ever libel yet so sharply bite?

SONG

Corydon beneath a willow
 By a murmuring current laid,
 His arm reclined, the lover's pillow
 Thus address'd the charming maid

O! my Sacharissa, tell
 How could Nature take delight
 That a heart so hard should dwell
 In a frame so soft and white

Could you feel but half the anguish,
 Half the tortures, that I bear,
 How for you I daily languish,
 You'd be kind as you are fair

See the fire that in me reigns,
 O! behold a burning man
 Think I feel my dying pains,
 And be cruel if you can

With her conquest pleased, the dame
 Cried, with an insulting look
 Yes I fain would quench your flame,
 She spoke, and pointed to the brook

SONG

WRITTEN AT SEA IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR 1665 THE NIGHT BEFORE
 AN ENGAGEMENT

To all you ladies now at land,
 We men, at sea, indite
 But first would have you understand,
 How hard it is to write,
 The Muses now, and Neptune too
 We must implore to write to you
 With a 'a, la, la, la, la

FARL OF DORSET

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea
With a fa, &c

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind
Our tears we'll send a speedier way
The tide shall bring them twice a day
With a fa, &c

*The king with wonder and surprise
Will swear the seas grow bold
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall sturs
With a fa, &c*

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree
I or what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a fa, &c

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind
Let Dutchmen vapour Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find
Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe
With a fa, &c

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play,
But, why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you
With a fa, &c

EARL OF DORSET

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan
With a fa, &c

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote,
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd
With a fa, &c

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness,
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love
With a fa, &c

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears,
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea
With a fa, la la, la, la

SONG

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace,
Her Cupid is a black guard boy,
That runs his link full in your face

THIS great poet who ranks next to Milton and Shakspeare was born at Aldwinkle near Oundle on the 9th of August, 1631. He was first educated in Westminster School and afterwards in Trinity College, Cambridge. He must have commenced the writing of poetry at an early period, as his poem *On the Death of Lord Hastings*, was published in 1649 when he was not more than eighteen years old. After the death of Cromwell in 1658 when his mind had been matured by study he stepped forth to public notice by his *Heroic Stanzas* on the late Lord Protector a subject which from its intrinsic greatness seems to have wrung mournful lyrics even from those who were the first to hymn the arrival of Charles II. Dryden upon this occasion was as eager as the rest to welcome the new sovereign which he did in his *Astræa Redux*. It would appear however that like his tuneful brethren after having sown the wind of panegyric he was fated to reap the whirlwind of disappointment for he was obliged to betake himself to a less congenial, although a more profitable department of poetry and write for the stage which he continued to do for many years. At intervals he continued to produce several poems which raised his reputation above all his contemporaries and in 1668 he succeeded Davenant as Poet Laureate.

Dryden however was not allowed to enjoy his high reputation undisturbed. Envy was excited, and satire and slander were alternately circulated against him. Among his most distinguished enemies were the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester of whom the former ridiculed the poet in his well known farce *The Rehearsal* while the latter took Settle, the antagonist of Dryden under his protection. But these although studied insults and calculated to wound deeply were not the worst. The Duke of Buckingham having written an anonymous satire reflecting upon the Duchess of Portsmouth Dryden was suspected of being the author in consequence of which he was waylaid and severely beaten. To these evils were superadded the hardships of poverty and during a period in which he was refining our language in verses that constitute some of the noblest of our national literary treasures Dryden was struggling for subsistence and obliged to depend upon the stinted allowances of his booksellers. Like Milton too he entertained the noble enthusiasm of writing some epic that should redound to the glory of his country and had fixed upon Prince Arthur for his theme but Charles and his frivolous courtiers were too deeply immersed in sensuality to extend the necessary patronage for such a purpose and an opportunity which the wealth of England cannot purchase back was lost for want of one of those salaries which were so liberally dealt out to pimps and parasites.

In 1681 Dryden inflicted a tremendous revenge upon his personal enemies by the publication of *Absalom and Achitophel* perhaps the most vigorous, as it was also the most popular of all his writings. The victims writhed, the nation at large read, admired, and applauded and every reply only showed the hopelessness of encountering such a formidable antagonist.

After the accession of James and when Popery became the chief qualification for court favour Dryden renounced Protestantism, and became a Papist. This change happened at a suspicious season so that the honesty of his conversion was called in question but that he was sincere in his new creed was sufficiently attested by his educating his sons in the doctrines and worship of the church of Rome. He now endeavoured to wield his pen in defence of the Romish faith and his chief attempt in this new warfare was *The Hind and the Panther*. But notwithstanding its splendid descriptions and vigorous sentiments the plan of the work was too startling and the idea of two beasts discussing arguments in theology and quoting the Fathers excited disgust or merriment so that as a work of controversy it proved a complete failure. If the poet had hoped to obtain profit or court favour by changing his faith, these hopes were completely blasted by the Revolution. He was deprived of the laurel, which was given to his enemy Shadwell and in his old days he was obliged to rely wholly upon his pen for subsistence. In this manner he laboured till his death which occurred on the 1st of May 1701.



DRYDEN

FROM AN ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS ANNE KILLIGREW

When in mid air the golden trumpet sound
To raise the nations under ground
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate,
And there the last assizes keep
For those who wake and those who sleep
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread
Those clothed with flesh and life inspires the dead
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound
And foremost from the tomb shall bound
For they are covered with the lightest ground
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mountain larks to the new morning sing
There thou sweet saint before the quire shall go
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below

TRUTH OF REVELATION

Dost thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
 And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
 Then thou art Justice in the last appeal
 Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel
 And, like a king remote and weak must take
 What satisfaction thou art pleased to make
 But if there be a power too just and strong,
 To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
 Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay
 Had not eternal wisdom found the way
 And with celestial wealth supplied thy store
 His justice makes the fine his mercy quits the score
 See God descending in thy human frame
 Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name
 All thy misdeeds to him imputed see
 And all his righteousness devolved on thee

For granting we have sinn'd and that th' offence
 Of man is made against Omnipotence
 Some price that bears proportion must be paid
 And infinite with infinite be weigh'd
 See then the Deist lost remorse for vice,
 Not paid or paid, inadequate in price
 What farther means can reason now direct,
 Or what relief from human wit expect?
 That shows us sick and sadly are we sure
 Still to be sick till heaven reveal the cure
 If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
 Which must, if we want cure and Heaven be good,
 Let all records of will reveal'd be shown,
 With scripture all in equal balance thrown
 And our one sacred book will be that one

Proof needs not here for whether we compare
 That impious idle, superstitious ware
 Of rites, lustrations, offerings which before,
 In various ages, various countries bore,
 With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
 None answering the great ends of human kind
 But this one rule of life, that shows us best
 How God may be appeased, and mortals blest
 Whether from length of time its worth we draw
 The word is scarce more ancient than the law

Heaven's early care prescribed for every age,
 First, in the soul, and after, in the page
 Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
 Or on the writers, or the written book,
 Whence, but from heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
 In several ages born in several parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price?

If on the book itself we cast our view,
 Concurrent heathens prove the story true
 The doctrine, miracles, which must convince
 For heaven in them appeals to human sense
 And though they prove not, they confirm the cause
 When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws

Then for the style, majestic and divine,
 It speaks no less than God in every line
 Commanding words whose force is still the same
 As the first fiat that produced our frame
 All faiths beside or did by arms ascend
 Or sense indulged has made mankind their friend
 This only doctrine does our lusts oppose
 Unfed by Nature's soil, in which it grows
 Cross to our interests curbing sense and sin
 Oppress'd without, and undermined within,
 It thrives through pain, its own tormentors tires
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires
 To what can reason such effects assign,
 Transcending Nature but to laws divine
 Which in that sacred volume are contain'd
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?

I m R l g I c t

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE

The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
 As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace,
 God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No king could govern, nor no God could please,
 Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
 That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise
 These Adam wits, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty,

And when no rule, no precedent, was found,
 Of men, by laws less circumscribed and bound,
 They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
 And thought that all but savages were slaves
 They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
 Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego,
 Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
 And with a general shout proclaim'd him king
 Those very Jews, who at their very best
 Their humour more than loyalty exprest,
 Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
 An idle monarch which their hands had made
 Thought they might ruin him they could create
 Or melt him to that golden calf, a state
 But these were random bolts no form'd design
 Nor interest, made the factious crowd to join
 The sober part of Israel, free from stain
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign
 And, looking backward with a wise affright
 Saw scars of wounds dishonest to the sight
 In contemplation of whose ugly scars
 They curst the memory of civil wars
 The moderate sort of men thus qualified
 Inclined the balance to the better side
 And David's mildness managed it so well
 The bad found no occasion to rebel
 But when to sin our bias'd nature leans
 The careful devil is still at hand with means,
 And providently pumps for ill desires
 The good old cause revived a plot requires
 Plots true or false are necessary things
 To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings

From Absalom and Achitophel

CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY UNDER THE
NAME OF ACHITOPHEL.

Of these the false Achitophel was first
 A name to all succeeding ages curst
 For close designs, and crooked counsels fit
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And overinform'd the tenement of clay

A daring pilot in extremity
 Pleased with the danger when the waves went high
 He sought the storms, but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too high the sands to boast his wit
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide,
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt of life yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd two-legged thing a son
 Got while his soul did huddled notions try
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy
 In friendship false, implacable in hate
 Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state
 To compass this the triple bond he broke
 The pillars of the public safety shook
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke
 Then seized with fear yet still affecting fame
 Usurped a patriot's all atoning name
 So easy still it proves in factious times
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill
 Where none can sin against the people's will!
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own?
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes or hands more clean
 Unbribed unsought the wretched to redress
 Swift of dispatch and easy of access
 Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
 With virtues only proper to the gown
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song
 But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand
 And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
 Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree
 Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince,

Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws
 The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes,
 Some circumstances finds, but more he makes
 By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
 Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
 Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
 And proves the king himself a Jebusite
 Weak arguments¹ which yet he knew full well
 Were strong with people easy to rebel
 For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
 Tread the same track when she the prime renews
 And once in twenty years their scribes record,
 By natural instinct they change then lord

To a b a l a i i i i i i

DESCRIPTION OF THE POET SHADWELL UNDER THE
 NAME OF OC

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come—
 O₆ from a treason tavern rolling home
 Round as a globe and liquor'd every chink
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in O₅
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter
 As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme
 He curses God, but God before curst him
 And, if man could have reason, none has more
 That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor
 With wealth he was not trusted, for heaven knew
 What twas of old to pamper up a Jew
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
 That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But tho' heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
 He never was a poet of God's making,
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing—Be thou dull
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity—but for the pen!
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink

I see, I see, tis counsel given in vain,
 For treason botcht in rhyme will be thy bane
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck
 Why should thy metre good king David blast?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last
 Darest thou presume in verse to meet thy foes
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
 Doege, whom God for mankind's mirth has made
 O'erlops thy talent in thy very trade
 Doege to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A poet is, though he's the poet's horse
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
 For writing treason and for writing dull
 To die for faction is a common evil
 But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil
 Had thou the glories of thy king express'd
 Thy praises had been satire at the best
 But thou in clumsy verse unlickt, unpointed
 Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed
 I will not rake the dunghill for thy crimes
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
 But of king David's foes be this the doom—
 May all be like the young man Absalom!
 And for my foes may this their blessing be—
 To talk like Doege and to write like thee!

F o A b u d l A c l l l l

LONDON

London, thou great emporium of our isle
 O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert?
 Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?
 I call'd thee Nile the parallel will stand
 Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land
 Yet monsters from thy large increase we find
 Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind
 Sedition has not wholly seized on thee,
 Thy nobler parts are from infection free
 Of Israel's tribe thou hast a numerous band,
 But still the Canaanite is in the land
 Thy military chiefs are brave and true,
 Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few

The herd is loyal which thy heart commands,
 But what's a head with two such gouty hands?
 The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
 And are content to thrive and to obey
 But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave,
 None are so busy as the fool and knave
 Those let me curse, what vengeance will they urge
 Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
 Nor sharp experience can to duty bring
 Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
 In gospel phrase their chapmen they betray,
 Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey
 The knack of trades is living on the spoil
 They boast even when each other they beguile
 Customs to steal is such a trivial thing
 That 'tis their charter to defraud their king
 All hands unite of every jarring sect
 They cheat the country first and then infect
 They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone
 And they'll be sure to make his cause their own
 Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
 Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
 Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
 And kings and kingly power would murder too
 What means that traitorous combination less,
 Too plain to invade, too shameful to confess?
 But treason is not own'd when 'tis desciend
 Successful crimes alone are justified
 The men who no conspiracy would find
 Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd
 Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence
 At first without, at last against, their prince
 If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan
 The same bold maxim holds in God and man
 God were not safe, his thunder could they shun
 He should be forced to crown another son
 Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
 The rich possession was the murderer's own
 In vain to sophistry they have recourse
 By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worse—
 Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force,
 Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
 'Tis working in the immediate power to be,
 For from pretended grievances they rise,
 First to dislike, and after to despise
 Then cyclop like in human flesh to deal,
 Chop up a minister at every meal

Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king,
 But clip his regal rights within the ring
 From thence to assume the power of peace and war
 And ease him by degrees of public care
 Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
 He should have leave to exercise the name
 And hold the cards while commons play'd the game
 For what can power give more than food and drink,
 To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
 These are the cooler methods of their crime,
 But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time,
 On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand
 And grin and whet like a Croatian band
 That waits impatient for the last command
 Thus outlaws open villany maintain,
 They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain
 And if their power the passengers subdue,
 The most have right, the wrong is in the few
 Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
 For in some soils republics will not grow
 Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain,
 Of popular sway or arbitrary reign
 But slides between them both into the best,
 Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest
 And though the climate veild with various winds
 Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
 The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
 To recommend the calmness that succeeds

From The Medal

A SONG

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
 Thy words will more prevail than mine
 To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
 The gods ordain this kind relief
 That music should in sounds convey,
 What dying lovers dare not say

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
 But love on pity cannot live
 Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid

Tell her my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress,
 But ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,
 Attends but death to close his eyes

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER

He who in impious times undaunted stood
 And midst rebellion durst be just and good
 Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
 Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before
 Rests here rewarded by an heavenly prince,
 For what his earthly could not recompense
 Pray, reader that such times no more appear
 Or if they happen, learn true honour here
 Ask of this age's faith and loyalty
 Which, to preserve them, heaven confined in thee
 Few subjects could a king like thine deserve
 And fewer such a king so well could serve
 Blest king blest subject, whose exalted state
 By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate
 Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
 To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven

THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER

So had her children too for charity
 Was not more fruitful, or more kind, than she
 Each under other by degrees they grew,
 A goodly perspective of distant view
 Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face
 In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
 And marshalling the heroes of his name,
 As in their order, next, to light they came
 Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
 Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky,
 Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
 As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit
 Her pious love excell'd to all she bore,
 New objects only multiplied it more
 And as the chosen found the pearly grain
 As much as every vessel could contain

As in the blissful vision each shall share
 As much of glory as his soul can bear,
 So did she love, and so dispense her care
 Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best
 As longer cultivated than the rest
 The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
 And early knew his mother in her smiles
 But when dilated organs let in day
 To the young soul, and gave it room to play
 At his first aptness, the maternal love
 Those rudiments of reason did improve
 The tender age was pliant to command
 Like wax it yielded to the forming hand
 True to th artificer, the labour d mind
 With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind
 Soft for impression from the first prepared,
 Till virtue with long exercise grew hard
 With every act confirm d, and made at last
 So durable as not to be effaced,
 It turn d to habit and, from vices free,
 Goodness resolved into necessity

F. J. Elton ra.



Of the life of this author little is recorded. He was the son of the Rev. Mr Pomfret Rector of Luton in Bedfordshire was born about 1667 and studied at Cambridge where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1684 and that of Master in 1698. After he had entered into holy orders he was presented to a valuable living into which however his diocesan refused to induct him in consequence of the misinterpretation of a passage in *The Choice* in which it was alleged that Pomfret had written disparagingly of marriage. The unfortunate poet in consequence of the delay in London which this misunderstanding occasioned was visited with the small pox there of which he died in 1703. His *Choice* obtained a popularity beyond its merits as it can boast of little more than simplicity of sentiment correctness of language and harmony of versification.

MEANS OF BENEVOLENCE, HOSPITALITY AND FRIENDSHIP

I'd have a clear and competent estate
 That I might live genteelly but not great
 As much as I could moderately spend
 A little more, sometimes to oblige a friend
 Nor should the sons of poverty repine
 Too much at fortune—they should taste of mine
 And all that objects of true pity were
 Should be relieved with what my wants could spare
 For that our Maker has too largely given
 Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven
 A frugal plenty should my table spread
 With healthy not luxurious dishes spread
 Enough to satisfy and something more
 To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor
 Strong meat indulges vice and pampering food
 Creates diseases and inflames the blood
 But what is sufficient to make nature strong
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take, and, as I did possess
 The bounteous Author of my plenty bless
 I'd have a little vault but always stored
 With the best wines each vintage could afford
 Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse
 By making all our spirits debonair,
 Throws off the lees the sediment of care
 But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends
 So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
 Does many mischievous effects produce
 My house should no such rude disorders know,
 As from high drinking consequently flow,

Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
 To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven
 If any neighbour came, he should be free,
 Used with respect, and not uneasy be,
 In my retreat, or to himself or me
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason, gave,
 All men may, with impunity receive
 But the least swerving from their rule s too much,
 For what s forbidden us, tis death to touch

That life may be more comfortable yet,
 And all my joys refined, sincere and great,
 I d choose two friends, whose company would be
 A great advance to my felicity

Well born, of humours suited to my own
 Discreet and men as well as books have known
 Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose behaviour, or formality
 Airy and prudent, merry, but not light
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right
 Secret they should be, faithful to their trust
 In reasoning cool strong temperate, and just
 Obliging, open without huffing, brave
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious, tried
 By solid reason, and let that decide
 Not prone to lust, revenge or envious hate
 Nor busy medlers with intrigues of state
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight
 Ioyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar true,
 As dying martyrs, to their Maker too
 In their society I could not miss
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss

From The Choice

THE SECRET CRIEF

The happiest man that ever breathed on earth,
 With all the glories of estate and birth
 Had yet some anxious care, to make him know,
 No grandeur was above the reach of woe
 To be from all things that disquiet, free,
 Is not consistent with humanity
 Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming thing ,
 O er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,

We think the person who enjoys so much,
 No care can move, and no affliction touch
 Yet could we but some secret method find
 To view the dark recesses of the mind,
 We there might see the hidden seed of strife,
 And woes in embryo ripening into life
 How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills
 The labouring spirit with prolific ills,
 Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,
 And all right reason's godlike powers control
 But if she must not be allow'd to sway,
 Though all without appears serene and gay
 A cankerous venom on the vitals preys
 And poisons all the comforts of his day

MISERIES OF CIVIL WAR

Here in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
 A wretched poor old man, besmear'd with blood
 And at his feet just through the body run
 Struggling for life was laid his only son
 By whose hard labour he was daily fed
 Dividing still, with pious care his bread
 And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears
 The sole support of his decrepit years
 The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows
 With blasphemous derision, mock'd his woes

There, under a wide oak disconsolate,
 And drown'd in tears a mournful widow sate
 High in the boughs the murder'd father hung
 Beneath the children round the mother clung
 They cried for food, but 'twas without relief
 For all they had to live upon was grief
 A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
 No creature, merely human, long could bear
 First in her arms her weeping babes she took,
 And, with a groan, did to her husband look
 Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cried
 Pity me, Saviour of the world ! and died

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
 Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd
 Friends for their friends sisters for brothers, wept,
 Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept
 Each every hour did the black message dread,
 Which should declare the person loved was dead

From Cruelty and Lust

JOHN PHILIPS was born December 30 1676 at Bampton in Oxfordshire of which place his father was minister After being educated for some time at Winchester he entered himself at Christ Church College where he was distinguished as a scholar of great acquirements The poetical work by which he first became known to the world was *The Splendid Shilling* an imitation of the lofty style of Milton, applied to an humble subject which occasioned a degree of admiration far beyond what the intrinsic merits of the production deserved In consequence of this questionable popularity he was employed by the Tories to celebrate the victory of Blenheim in opposition to Addison and this he did by representing the Duke of Marlborough charging the French, sword in hand, in person and mowing them down in the style of one of Homer's heroes Philips was better employed when he wrote his next poem on *Cyder* in which he imitated Virgil's *Georgics* He also meditated a poem upon the *Last Day* and had made some progress in the work when he was carried off by an asthma, on February 15 1708

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

Sing heavenly Muse
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme —
A shilling brooches and chimeras dire

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise
To Juniper's Magpye or Town hall repairs
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint
But I whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In gullet vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro Briton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,

High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares or at th Arvonian mart
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
 Yclep d Brechinia, or where Vaga s stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown d Falern

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls I know
 The voice ill boding and the solemn sound
 What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amazed,
 Confounded to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood hole straight my bristling hairs erect
 Through sudden fear, a chilly sweat bedews
 My shuddering limbs and (wonderful to tell !)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech,
 So horrible he seems ! His faded brow
 Entrench d with many a frown and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forebode, in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscribed,
 Grievous to mortal eyes, (ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men !) Behind him stalk
 Another monster, not unlike himself
 Sullen of aspect by the vulgar call d
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible and magic charms,
 I ust have endued if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
 To some enchanted castle is convey d,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free

Beware, ye debtors ! when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect, oft with insidious ken
 The catiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow d touch So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn

An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chunky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin So her disembowell'd web
 Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
 Obvious to vagrant flies she secret stands
 Within her woven cell, the humming pie
 Regardless of their fate rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms or shapes of lovely hue
 The wasp insidious and the buzzing drone
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares
 Useless resistance make with eager strides
 She towering flies to her expected spoils
 Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags

So pass my days But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and the inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights distress'd forlorn
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind, or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades
 O! desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow tree
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought
 And restless wish, and rave, my parched throat
 Finds no relief nor heavy eyes repose
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain, awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing and the pleasant phantom cure
 Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial ray
 Mature, the apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay,
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain
 My Galligaskins, that have long withstood,

The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)
 An horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
 Wide discontinuous at which the winds
 Furus and Auster and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts
 Portending agues Thus a well freighted ship
 Long sailed secure or through the Ægean deep
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lalybean shore with hideous crush
 On Scylla or Charybdis (dangerous rocks !)
 She strikes rebounding whence the shattered hull
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand
 Admits the sea in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless overwhelming horrors seize
 The mariners death in their eyes appears
 They stare they lave, they pump, they sweat, they
 pray
 (Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in
 Implacable till deluged by the foam
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss



This distinguished poet was born on the 21st of July 1664 but the place of his birth is uncertain. He was educated at Westminster School and afterwards was sent to St John's College Cambridge through the kindness of the Earl of Dorset. After having finished his studies at the University he commenced public life as an author by writing in conjunction with the Earl of Halifax *The Town Mouse and Country Mouse* for the purpose of ridiculing Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. This work procured such favourable notice for Prior that he was appointed Secretary of Legation to the Congress at the Hague where his conduct gave such satisfaction that King William appointed him one of the gentlemen of the bed chamber. In 1697 he was appointed Secretary to another embassy upon the treaty of Ryswick and was afterwards raised to the office of Commissioner of Trade and in 1701 he was chosen representative of East Crinstead. Nine years afterwards he was sent privately to Paris with proposals of peace from the British cabinet a negotiation that ended in the peace of Utrecht. For his own share however in this unpopular measure he was upon his return placed under arrest and menaced with impeachment. After more than two years of confinement he obtained his liberty when he published by subscription, a complete edition of his poems in order to repair his dilapidated fortune. The attempt was successful and he obtained from the proceeds an easy competence for the rest of his life. The death of Prior occurred on the 18th of September 1721.

HENRY'S COURTSHIP OF EMMA

As with her stature, still her charms increased
 Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd
 Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!
 From distant shires repair the noble youth
 And find report for once had lessen'd truth
 By wonder first, and then by passion moved,
 They came they saw they marvell'd, and they loved
 By public praises, and by secret sighs,
 Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And graced their choicest songs with Emma's name
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ
 Useless their strength and impotent their wit
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
 Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art
 Great Venus must prefer the happy one
 In Henry's cause her favour must be shown
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone
 While these in public to the castle came,
 And by their grandeur justified their flame,

More secret ways the careful Henry takes,
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears
And graceful at his side his horn he wears
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way
With knowing skill he drives the future prey
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake
And shows the path her steed may safest take,
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound
Pleased in his toils to have her triumph crown'd,
And blows her praises in no common sound

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands
Practised to rise and stoop at her commands
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down cast eye reveals his inward woes,
And by his look and sorrow is express'd,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast

A shepherd now along the plain he roves
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear
Lest any careless sound offend her ear

A frantic Gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals
They tell the secret first which he reveals,
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguiled,
What groom shall get, and squire maintain, the child
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow,
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply,

That she shall prove as fortunate as fair
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserved for her

Now oft had Henry changed his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame,
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Received his vows with no reluctant ear
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain

To the Hon. and Ex. Emma

CHARITY

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE
TO THE CORINTHIANS

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounced, or angels sung
Had I all knowledge human and divine
That thought can reach or science can define
And had I power to give that knowledge birth
In all the speeches of the babbling earth
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast in pain
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair
A tymbal's sound was better than my voice
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind,
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives,

Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows,
To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act exists no more
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees
Knowledge shall fail and prophecy shall cease
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive

A through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover but allow
That more remains unseen, than art can show
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up
By Faith directed and confirm'd by Hope
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawning of beams and promises of day
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight
Too great its swiftness and too strong its light

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld
In all his robes with all his glory on
Seated sublime on his meridian throne

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive—

Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER A BALLAD

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the
Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave,

Where Honour and Justice most oddly contribute
 To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet
 Derry down down, hey derry down

There Death breaks the shackles which Force had put
 on
 And the hangman completes what the judge but begun
 There the squire of the pad and the knight of the post
 Find their pains no more balk d, and their hopes no more
 crost
 Derry down, &c

Great clums are there made, and great secrets are
 known
 And the king and the law and the thief has his own
 But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou ul'
 Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale
 Derry down, &c

'Twas there then in civil respect to harsh laws
 And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
 A Norman though late, was obliged to appear
 And who to assist but a grave Cordelier?
 Derry down &c

The Squire whose good grace was to open the scene
 Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin
 Now fitted the halter now traversed the cart,
 And often took leave but was loth to depart
 Derry down, &c

What frightens you thu my good son? says the
 Priest
 You murder'd, we sorry, and have been confest
 O Father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon
 For 'twas not that I murder'd but that I was taken
 Derry down, &c

Pugh! prythee need trouble thy head with such
 fancies
 Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis
 If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
 You have only to die let the church do the rest
 Derry down, &c

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
 It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade

Courage friend, for to day is your period of sorrow,
 And things will go better believe me to morrow
 Derry down, &c

To morrow! our hero replied in a fright
 He that s hang d before noon ought to think of to night
 Tell your beads, quoth the Priest and be truly truss d up
 For you surely to night shall in Paradise sup
 Derry down, &c

Alas! quoth the Squire howe'er sumptuous the treat
 Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat
 I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace
 Would you be so kind as to go in my place
 Derry down, &c

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot
 But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit
 The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste
 I or this night, by our order, is mark d for a fast
 Derry down, &c

Then turning about to the hangman he said
 Dispatch me I pry thee this troublesome blade
 For thy cord and my cord both equally tie
 And we live by the gold for which other men die
 Derry down &c

CHALLENGE TO HUMAN WISDOM

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
 The wondrous nature and the various race
 Or wild or tame or friend to man or foe
 Of us what they or what of them we know?
 Tell me ye studious, who pretend to see
 Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
 Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer
 Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air?
 Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
 The fertile hills where sweeter herbage grows
 And honey making flowers their opening buds disclose?
 How from the thicken'd mist and setting sun,
 Finds she the labour of her day is done?
 Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
 To bring her burden to the certain hive,
 And through the liquid fields again to pass
 Dutious, and hearkening to the sounding brass?

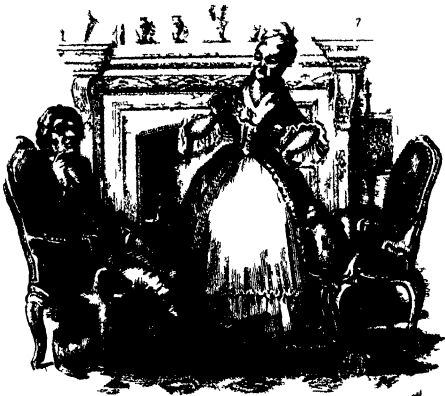
And, O thou sluggard, tell me, why the ant,
 Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want
 By constant journeys careful to prepare
 Her stores, and, bringing home the corny ear,
 By what instruction does she bite the grain,
 Lest hid in earth, and taking root again
 It might elude the foresight of her care?
 Distinct in either insect's deed appear
 The marks of thought, contrivance, hope and fear

From Solomon Book I

A LEARNED LADY

You know a certain lady, Dick
 Who saw me when I last was sick
 She kindly talk'd at least three hours
 Of plastic forms and mental powers,
 Described our pre-existing station
 Before this vile terrene creation
 And lest I should be wearied madam
 To cut things short, come down to Adam
 From whence, as fast as she was able,
 She drowns the world and builds up Babel
 Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes
 And takes the Romans in the close

From a Cant II



Of the life of this poet little comparatively is known. He was born at Handley in Worcestershire but in what year is uncertain and was educated at Westminster School, after which he was entered at Christ Church Oxford. Both at school and college he was distinguished by the splendour of his talents and greatness of his attainments and like Cowley he wrote poetry even in boyhood but his high powers were rendered of no avail by a reckless career of dissipation with which the heads of the University were so disgusted that after a long endurance of his irregularities they expelled him from his college in 1705. Smith repaired to London where his talents might have procured him respectability and wealth but, unfortunately he still continued to indulge in those excesses, which unfitted him for regular application. He died in July 1710.

MUSIC

Music, soft charm of heaven and earth
 Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
 Or art thou of eternal date?
 Sire to thyself thyself as old as Fate,
 Ere the rude ponderous mass
 Of earth and waters from their chaos spring
 The morning stars then anthems sang
 And nought in heaven was heard but melody and love
 Myriads of spirits forms divine
 The Seraphim with the bright host
 Of angels, thrones, and heavenly powers,
 Worship before th' eternal shrine,
 Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,
 In love and wonder pass their blissful hours
 Nor let the lower world repine
 The massy orb in which we sluggards move,
 As if sequestered from the arts divine
 Here's Music too
 As ours a rival were to the world above

Finis Ode to the Praeface of Music

ODE FOR THE YEAR 1705

Janus, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
 So bright a scene of triumph rise?
 Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,
 As crown'd the last auspicious year?

When first at Blenheim ANNE her ensigns spread
And Marlborough to the field the shouting squadrons led.

In vain the hills and streams oppose,
In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose
To the rough Danube's winding shore,
His shatter'd foes the conquering hero bore

They see, with staring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise
Amazed aghast they turn, but find
In Marlborough's arms, a surer fate behind
Now his red sword aloft impends
Now on their shrinking heads descends
Wild and distracted with their fears
They justling plunge amidst the sounding deep
The flood away the struggling squadrons sweep
And men, and arms and horses, whirling bear
The frighted Danube to the sea retreats
The Danube soon the flying ocean meets
Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play
And clouds of smoke involve the day
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar
And Africa echoes from its distant shore
The French, unequal in the fight
In force superior take their flight
Factions in vain the heroes worth decry
In vain the vanquish'd triumph while they fly

Now, Janus with a future view
The glories of her reign survey
Which shall o'er France her arms display
And kingdoms now her own subdue
Lewis for oppression born
Lewis, in his turn, shall mourn
While his conquer'd happy swains
Shall hug their easy wish'd for chains
Others enslaved by victory,
Their subjects as their foes oppress
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bless

THIS poet was born in London in 1663. He commenced his education at Westminster School under the famous Dr Busby and completed it at Christ Church College where he was famed for laborious diligence and literary acquirements. In 1692 he took the degree of Doctor of Civil Law and was admitted advocate at Doctors Common but poetry general literature and fashionable dissipation had more charms for him than the profession he had adopted. He neglected his business by which his revenues were impoverished and although his friends were kind and influential his indolence and thoughtlessness counteracted all their efforts in his behalf. He died in 1712. The chief merit of King's poetry was his lively vein of humour in which he equalled the most distinguished of his contemporaries.

RULES FOR GIVING A DINNER

Next let discretion moderate your cost
 And when you treat three courses be the most
 Let never flesh machines your pastry try
 Unless grantees or magistrates are by
 Then you may put a dwarf into a pie
 Or if you doubt in alderman and mayor
 Within a pasty lodge a living hare
 Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise
 And all the guild pursue with joyful cries
 Crowd not your table let your number be
 Not more than seven and never less than three
 'Tis the dessert that graces all the feast
 For an ill end disparages the rest
 A thousand things well done and one forgot
 Defaces obligation by that blot
 Make your transparent sweet meats truly nice
 With Indian sugar and Arabian spice
 And let your various creams encircled be
 With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree
 Let plates and dishes be from China brought
 With lively paint and earth transparent wrought
 The feast now done discourses are renew'd,
 And witty arguments with mirth pursued
 The cheerful master midst his jovial friends
 His glass to their best wishes recommend
 The grace cup follows to his Sovereign's health
 And to his country, "Plenty peace and wealth"
 Performing then the piety of grace
 Each man that pleases re-assumes his place
 While at his gate from such abundant store
 He showers his god-like blessings on the poor

REWARD OF CRUEL COUNSEL

For nine years space Egypt had fruitless stood
 Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood,
 When Thrasius said, That blessing to regain,
 The gods require a stranger should be slain
 Be thou the man, the fierce Busiris cries
 "I'll make thy adviser his own sacrifice
 Nor can be blame the voice by which he dies
 Perillus first and last of s triad,
 For Phalaris a Bull had made
 With fire beneath and water hot
 He put the brazier in the pot
 And gave him like an honest fellow
 Precedence in his Bull to bellow
 The tyrants both did right no law more just
 Than ' He that thinks of ill, should feel it first

F T T t f l o r

HERCULES AND OMIPHAE

When Hercules by labours done
 Had proved himself to be Jove's son
 By peace which he to earth had given
 Deserved to have his rest in heaven
 Envy that strives to be unjust
 Resolved to mortify him first
 And, that he should enamoured be
 Of a proud jilt, called Omphale,
 Who should his heroship expose
 By spinning hemp in women's clothes
 Her mind she did vouchsafe one day
 Thus to her lover to display
 "Come, quickly, sir, off with this gown
 Think you, I'll let a tanner in?
 If you of lions talk, or boars
 You certainly turn out of doors
 Your club's abundantly too thick
 For one shall move a fiddle stick
 What should you do with all those arrows?
 I will have nothing killed but sparrows
 Heccy, this day you may remember
 For you shall see a lady's chamber
 Let me be rightly understood
 What I intend is for your good

In boddice I design to lace ye,
 And so among my maids I ll place ye
 When you re genteeler grown, and thinner,
 May be I ll call you up to dinner
 With arms so brawny, fists so red
 You ll scrub the rooms or make the bed
 You can t stick pins, or fieveze my hair—
 Bless me ! you ve nothing of an air
 You ll ne er come up to working point
 Your fingers all seem out of joint
 Then, besides, Heccy, I must tell ye,
 An idle hand has empty belly
 Therefore this morning I ll begin,
 Try how your clumsiness will spin
 You are my shadow, do you see,
 Your hope, your thought your wish, all be
 Invented and controll d by me
 Look up whene er I laugh look down
 With trembling horror, if I frown
 Say as I say servants can t lie
 Your truth is my propriety
 Nay you should be to torture brought
 Were I but jealous you transgress d in thought
 Or if from Jove your single wish should crave
 The fate of not continuing still my slave

From The Art of J I

MUSIC AN AUXILIARY TO FEMALE CHARMS

Vugins should not unskill d in Music be,
 For what s more like themselves than harmony ?
 Let not vice use it only to betray
 As syiens by their songs entice their prey
 Let it with sense, with voice, and beauty join
 Grateful to eyes and ear and to the mind divine
 For there s a double grace when pleasing strings
 Are touch d by her that more delightful sings
 Thus Orpheus did the rage of deserts quell
 And charm d the monstrous instruments of hell
 New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
 Whilst to the work officious marble ran
 Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
 On the mute fish safe through the rolling flood

From The Art of Ton

Was born in the city of Exeter in 1671 and studied at Magdalen Hall Oxford. He entered into holy orders in 1700 and was presented to the vicarage of Willoughby in Warwickshire. In 1707 he became Doctor in Divinity and was afterwards presented to several church preferments. Although he led a peaceful life he was suspected of sharing in Bishop Atterbury's conspiracy in consequence of which he was taken into custody and subjected to examination but as nothing appeared to criminate him he was set at liberty. After this he continued unmolested till his death which occurred in 1736. The poems of Yalden are chiefly lyrical and although he was an imitator of Cowley his verse exhibits a rough dignity and vigour that evince considerable original power. His Hymn to Darkness which he wrote in imitation of Mr. perhaps we should rather say in rivalry to Cowley is one of his best productions.

HYMN TO DARKNESS

Darkness, thou first great parent of us all,
 Thou art our great original
 Since from thy universal womb
 Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring,
 come
 Thy wondrous birth is even to Time unknown
 Or like Eternity thou dost none
 Whilst Light did its first being owe
 Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now
 Say in what distant region dost thou dwell
 To reason inaccessible?
 From form and duller matter free
 Thou soarest above the reach of man's philosophy
 Involved in thee, we first receive our breath,
 Thou art our refuge too in death
 Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb
 Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come
 The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
 When thy majestic shades appear
 Thou dost compose the air and sea,
 And earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to Rest and Peace
 In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
 And court the umbrage of the Night
 In vaults and gloomy caves they stray
 But fly the Morning's beams, and sicken at the Day
 Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
 Nor will the brightest ray admit
 No substance can thy force repel
 Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre dwell

The sparkling gems and ore in mines below,
 To thee their beauteous lustre owe,
 Though form'd within the womb of Night,
 Bright as their fire they shine, with native rays of light

When thou dost raise thy venerable head
 And art in genuine Night array'd
 Thy Negro beauties then delight,
 Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own dulness
 bright

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow
 And know'st no difference here below
 All things appear the same by thee
 Though Light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality

Calm as the bless'd above the anchorites dwell
 Within their peaceful gloomy cell
 Their mind with heavenly joys are fill'd
 The pleasures Light denies, thy shades for ever yield

In caves of Night the oracles of old
 Did all their mysteries unfold
 Darkness did first Religion grace
 Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand
 Thy shades enclosed the hallow'd land
 In clouds of Night he was array'd
 And venerable Darkness his pavilion made

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might
 He veil'd the beatific light
 When terrible with majesty
 In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
 Or brighter firmament was made
 Ere matter time or place was known
 Thou, monarch Darkness, sway'dst these spacious realm
 alone

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
 Invades thy scanty lot of Night
 By rebel subjects thou art betray'd,
 The anarchy of Stars depose their monarch Shade

Yet fading Light its empire must resign,
 And Nature's power submit to thine
 An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
 And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own

THE SATYRS ADDRESS

Five Satyrs of the woodland sort
 Thought politicians then
 Their ears prick'd up their noses short,
 And brows adorn'd like aldermen
 With asses' hoofs, great goggle eyes
 And ample chins of Be—m's size

To Jove tript up with an address,
 In favour of the plains
 That it would please him to suppress
 All heats and colds, his winds and rains,
 The sun that he'd extinguish too
 And in the skies hang something new

My wise reforming friend quoth Jove
 Our elements are good!
 We manage for the best above
 Though not so rightly understood
 But since such profound Squires are sent
 We'll treat you like the cream of Kent

Then Jove brought out ethereal fire
 In a gilt chafing dish
 The sparkling flame they all admire
 'Twas fine they vow'd as heart could wish
 They gaped they grin'd they jump'd about!
 'Jove, give us that the sun put out!

The charming flames they all embrace
 Which urged by Nature's laws
 Their shaggy hides set in a blaze
 And soundly singed their paws
 In corners then they sneak'd with terror dumb,
 And o'er the immortal pavements scud it home

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679 and was the son of a gentleman of Cheshire who at the Restoration migrated to Ireland where he settled and purchased an estate. The poet after receiving the elements of education at a grammar school was admitted into the University of Dublin and the usual routine of study being finished he was ordained a deacon in 1700 by a dispensation from the Bishop of Derry as he was still under the canonical age. Five years afterwards he was promoted to the archdeaconry of Clogher.

Up to this period of his life Parnell had sided with the Tory party but on the ejection of the latter from office towards the end of the reign of Queen Anne he found it convenient to alter his political principles he therefore stepped over to the Whigs, by whom he was received with open arms. As his talents were known he was deemed a valuable auxiliary to the cause and Parnell, who hungered for preferment although his private fortune was sufficiently abundant, endeavored to recommend himself to notice by his eloquence in the pulpits of London. But from the new ministry he received nothing more substantial than carresses and empty protestations and the death of the Queen put an end to his hopes of promotion in the church by political subservience. He embittered his disappointment, he had also lost in 1712 his amiable wife to whom he was affectionately devoted. These calamities preying upon a sensitive mind, drove him to the miserable refuge of intemperance a habit that grew upon him towards the latter part of his life although not so openly as the occasion general scandal. His private friends however were not unmindful of his interests and, through the recommendation of Swift Archbishop of Dublin worth 400/p r annum But Parnell did not long enjoy this promotion. Only a year after his appointment, and while he was on his way to Ireland to enter into his new charge he sickened and died at Chester in July 1717 in the thirtieth year of his age.

Parnell was an industrious writer and seems to have published many pieces anonymously in the periodicals of the day but his production were carefully selected by his friends Pope and Goldsmith and published in a separate form. These are *The Rise of Merlin* *The Fairy Tale of Sir Tiphin* *Vigil of Venus* *The Bookworm* and a didactic poem of considerable length called *The Gift of Poetry*. In these there does not appear either his originality or great power of imagination but their chief excellence is in that easy and graceful flow of ideas and language which always gives pleasure without creating either astonishment or delight. His works therefore have deservedly continued to be popular to the present day while many of his contemporaries of greater pretensions have sunk into neglect.

The poem by which Parnell is chiefly known is *The Hermit* a production that has continued since his own time to be an especial favourite with every class of readers. The story indeed is not original as it is to be found in *Moral Dialogues* and *Hewellette* and can probably be traced to an eastern origin but its merits were so obvious that both Parnell and Voltaire adopted it the latter having introduced it with some modifications into his tale of *Zadig*. Our countryman however has adorned it with a great variety of events and elicited from it a higher morality. The *Hermit* is a revealing panorama of beautiful pictures each perfect in itself and with the various shades and gradations of a summer day and amidst the freest varieties of English scenery we have the venerable pilgrim and his companion the manservant of ostentatious hospitality the churlish squalid abode the kind lost the guide and finally the angelic appearance all full of life and combining with each other in the most admirable union to produce the great result. The versification is also worthy of the subject being full of harmony but always changing like a piece of carefully composed music with the variations of the tale. In these circumstances the *Hermit* will always continue to be popular even should the other productions of Parnell cease to charm and be consigned to forgetfulness.



PARNEI I

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN

For what was all the gracious Saviour's stay,
Whilst here he trod in life's encumber'd way
But troubled patience, persecuted breath,
Neglected sorrows, and afflicting death
Approach, ye sinners, think the garden shows
His bloody sweat of full arising throes
Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain,
Through David's person, and in David's strain

Oh, save me God, thy floods about me roll,
Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my soul
I come at length where rising waters drown,
And sink in deep affliction, deeply down
Deceitful snares to bring me to the dead,
Lie ready placed in every path I tread

And Hell itself, with all that Hell contains,
 Of fiends accur'd and dreadful change of pains
 To daunt firm will, and cross the good design'd,
 With strong temptations fasten on the mind
 Such grief such sorrows in amazing view,
 Distracted fears and heaviness pursue
 Ye sages deeply read in human frame
 The passions cruses and their wild extreme
 Where moved an object more opposed to bliss
 What other agony could equal his ?

F D d

ADVICE TO AN OLD BEAUTY

'Tis true when beauty dawns with early fire
 And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire
 If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
 The soul with pleasing avocation strays
 But beauty gone 'tis easier to be wise
 As harpers better by the loss of eyes
 Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs
 Haunt less the plays and more the public prayers
 Reject the Mechlin head and gold brocade
 Go play in sober Norwich crape array'd
 Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take
 (Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake)
 Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl—
 You'll find your Fanny an obedient gull
 So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
 You walk through life, unmingled with the young
 And view the shade and substance as you pass
 With joint endeavour tiffing at the glass,
 Or Folly drest and rambling all her days
 To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise
 Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
 You neither fret nor envy at the vain

SONG OF HEZEKIAH

I said, My God, when in the loath'd disease
 Thy Prophet's words cut off my future days,
 Now to the grave, with mournful haste, I go,
 Now Death unbars his sable gates below

How might my years by course of nature last !
 But thou pronounced it, and the prospect pass'd
 I said, My God, thy servant now no more
 Shall in thy temple's sacred courts adore,
 No more on earth with living man converse
 Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable hearse
 My life, like tents which wandering shepherds raise
 Proves a short dwelling and removes at ease
 My sins pursue me see the deadly band !
 My God, who sees them cuts me from the land
 As when a weaver finds his labour sped
 Swift from the beam he parts the fastening thread
 With pining sickness all from night to day
 From day to night, he makes my strength decay
 Reckoning the time I roll with restless groans,
 Till with a lion's force, he crush my bones
 Now morning dawns, but like the morning past
 This day, tis night, and still my sorrows last
 Now screaming like the crane, my words I spoke
 Now, like the swallow, chattering quick, and broke
 Now like the doleful dove when on the plums
 Her mourning tone affects the listening swains
 To heaven, for aid my wearying eyes I throw
 At length they're weary'd quite and sink with woe
 From Death's arrest for some delays I sue
 Thou Lord, who judg'd me, thou relieve me too
 Rapture of joy ! what can thy servant say ?
 He sent his Prophet to prolong my day
 Through my glad limbs I feel the wonder run
 Thus said the Lord and this Himself has done
 Soft shall I walk and, well secured from fear
 Possess the comforts of my future years
 Keep soft, my heart keep humble while they roll
 Nor e'er forget my bitterness of soul
 'Tis by the means thy sacred words supply
 That mankind live, but in peculiar I
 A second grant thy mercy pleased to give
 And my raised spirits doubly seem to live
 Behold the time ! when peace adorn'd my reign
 'Twas then I felt my stroke of hurblin' pain
 Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to sink,
 God loved my soul and snatch'd me from the brink
 He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
 As men who pass accounts, and cast them by
 What mouth has death, which can thy praise proclaim ?
 What tongue the grave, to speak thy glorious name ?

Or will the senseless dead exult with muth,
 Moved to their hope by promises on earth?
 The living, Lord, the living only praise,
 The living only fit to sing thy lays
 These feel thy favours, these thy temple see
 These raise the song, as I this day to thee
 Nor will thy truth the present only reach
 This the good fathers shall their offspring teach
 Report the blessings which adorn my page,
 And hand their own, with mine, from age to age
 So when the Maker heard his creature crave,
 So kindly rose his ready Will to save
 Then march we solemn towards the temple door,
 While all our joyful music sounds before
 I here, on this day, through all my life appear
 When this comes round in each returning year
 There strike the strings, our voices jointly raise,
 And let his dwellings hear my songs of praise

Fro H I h

ON BISHOP BURNET'S BEING SET ON FIRE IN HIS CLOSET

From that due era, bane to Sarum's pride
 Which broke his schemes and laid his friends aside,
 He talks and writes that Popery will return,
 And we and he and all his works, will burn
 What touch'd himself was almost fairly proved
 (Oh far from Britain be the rest removed!)
 For as of late he meant to bless the age,
 With flagrant Prefaces of party rage,
 O'erwrought with passion and the subject's weight
 Iolling he nodded in his elbow seat
 Down fell the candle, Grease and Zeal conspire,
 Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn then Sire
 Here crawls a Preface on its half-burn'd maggots
 And there an Introduction brings its faggots
 Then roars the Prophet of the Northern Nation,
 Scorch'd by a flaming speech on Moderation
 Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,
 Thou Briton vaunting in thy second sight?
 In such a ministry you safely tell,
 How much you'd suffer, if Religion fell

ON MRS ARABELLA FERMOR LEAVING LONDON

From town fair Arabella flies
 The beaux unpowder'd grieve,
 The rivers play before her eyes
 The breezes, softly breathing rise,
 The Spring begins to live

Her lovers swore they must expire
 Yet quickly find their ease
 For, as she goes, their flames retire,
 Love thrives before a nearer fire,
 Esteem by distant rays

Yet soon the fair one will return
 When Summer quits the plain
 The rivers pour the weeping urn,
 The breezes sadly sighing, mourn,
 The lovers, burn again

Is constancy enough in love
 That Nature's fairly shown
 To search for more will fruitless prove,
 Romances and the turtle dove,
 The virtue boast alone

OSTENTATIOUS HOSPITALITY

Now sunk the sun the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey,
 Nature in silence bid the world repose
 When near the road a stately palace rose
 Thence by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass
 It chanced the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home
 Yet still the kindness from a thirst of praise,
 Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease
 The pair arrive the liveried servants wait
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good
 Then led to rest the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and neaps of down

At length tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play
 Fresh o'er the gay parteries the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall,
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
 Which the kind master forced the guests to taste
 Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe
 His cup was vanish'd for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize
 As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near
 Then walks with faintness on and looks with fear
 So seem'd the Sire when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd
 He stopp'd with silence walk'd with trembling heart
 And much he wish'd but durst not ask, to part
 Mumbling he lifts his eyes and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward

THE END

EPICRAM

The greatest gifts that Nature does bestow
 Can't unassisted to perfection grow
 A scanty fortune clips the wings of Fame,
 And checks the progress of a rising name
 Each dastard virtue drags a captive's chain,
 And moves but slowly, for it moves with pain
 Domestic cares sit hard upon the mind,
 And cramp those thoughts which should be unconfin'd
 The cries of Poverty alarm the soul,
 Abate its vigour, its designs control
 The stings of Want inflict the wounds of Death,
 And motion always ceases with the breath.
 The love of friends is found a languid fire
 That glares but faintly, and will soon expire,
 Weak is its force, nor can its warmth be great,
 A feeble light begets a feeble heat
 Wealth is the fuel that must feed the flame,
 It dies in rags, and scarce deserves a name

THIS talented writer was born at Shelton near Newcastle in 1683 and was educated at Cambridge but as he was of non-juring principles he refused the oaths that were necessary to qualify him for a literary degree as well as public employment On this account the earlier part of his life was spent under considerable deprivations, until he was kindly relieved by Pope who introduced him to Secretary Craggs and afterwards to Sir William Trumball, by both of whom he was employed in a literary capacity Fenton was likewise a coadjutor of Pope in translating Homer's *Odyssey* and his share of that performance was the first, the fourth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth books He died at East-hamstead the seat of Lady Trumball in Berkshire in 1730

IMPOTENCE OF HUMAN WISDOM

The spark of pure ethereal light
That actuates this fleeting frame
Darts through the cloud of flesh a sickly flame,
And seems a glow worm in a winter night
But man would yet look wondrous wise,
And equal chains of thought devise
Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims
And diagrams he draws, to explain
The learned chimeras of his brain
And, with imaginary wisdom proud,
Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud

Through error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil
Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam
False images our sight beguile
But still we stumble through the gloom,
And science seek, which still deludes the mind
Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
With disproportion'd speed we urge the chase
In vain! the various prey no bounds restrain,
Fleeting it only leaves, to increase our pain,
A cold unsatisfying scent behind

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man
With random guesses makes pretence
To sound thy searchless providence
From which he first began
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
And circumscribe, with fancied laws, thy power

Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
 The moon, presiding o'er the sea
 Governs the waves with equal sway
 But man, perverse and lawless still,
 Boldly runs counter to thy will
 Thy patient thunder he defies,
 Lays down false principles, and moves
 By what his vicious choice approves,
 And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wise

Return, return, too long misled !
 With filial fear adore thy God
 Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,
 Or body first in space abode,
 Glories ineffable adorned his head
 Unnumbered seraphs round the burning throne,
 Sung to th' incomprehensible Three One
 Yet then his clemency did please
 With lower forms to augment his train,
 And made thee, wretched creature, Man,
 Probationer of happiness

EDUCATION

Nature permits her various gifts to fall
 On various climes, nor smiles alike on all
 The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
 And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling year
 But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
 To raise the jasmine, or the coy jonquil ?
 Who finds the peach among the savage sloes,
 Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose ?
 Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
 And there the vine her racy purple yields
 High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
 Proud to survey the seas her power defends,
 Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,
 Scornful of softer India's spicy groves

These instances, which true in fact we find,
 Apply we to the culture of the mind
 This soil, in early youth improved with care,
 The seeds of gentle science best will bear,
 That, with more particles of flame inspired,
 With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fired,

Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
 But, barren as it is, twill bear a beau
 If these from Nature's genial bent depart,
 In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part,
 Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,
 Or leave his problems for a birth night ball
 Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
 And in heroics only murder men,
 Should the soft fop forsake the lady's charms,
 To face the foe with inoffensive arms,
 Each would variety of acts afford,
 Fit for some new Cervantes to record

From the Epitaph to Mr. Imlay

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT

Welcome, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
 Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
 To attend the rich unenvied by the poor
 Thou that dost Æsculapius deride
 And o'er his gallipots in triumph ride
 Thou that art used to attend the royal throne,
 And under prop the head that bears the crown
 Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
 And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state
 Thou that upon the bench art mounted high
 And warn'st the judges how they tread awry
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
 Emphatically urge the pains below
 Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
 And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace,
 Thou that art used to sit on ladies' knee,
 To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea,
 Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free,
 Whence comes this unsought honour unto me?
 Whence does this mighty condescension flow?
 To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!

As Jove vouchsafed on Ida's top, 'tis said,
 At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed,
 Pleased with the poor but hospitable feast,
 Jove bid him ask, and granted his request,
 So do thou grant (for thou art of race divine,
 Begot on Venus by the God of Wine)
 My humble suit!—And either give me store
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more



WATTS

ALTHOUGH the poetry of this amiable and talented author has been almost entirely overlooked by the critical of his time, he was highly and justly esteemed and included in the catalogue of genuine English poets had it not been for the friendly intervention of Johnson who vindicated his real excellence to the world and showed that he was something more than the mere laureate of a sect. James Watt was born at Southanpton in 1674 and was the eldest of nine children. We are told that he was distinguished by a love of books from infancy and that he began to learn Latin at four years old. His proficiency at school was so remarkable that a subscription was proposed for his support at the University but he conscientiously sacrificed this tempting opportunity by proclaiming his adherence to the principles of the Dissenter. Accordingly in 1690 he repaired to the academy kept by Mr Rowe and there distinguished himself beyond all his class fellows by his exercises and acquisitions. His poetical productions were numerous as he continued to write verses from the age of fifteen to fifty and they consisted chiefly of a paraphrase of the Psalms of David a large collection of Hymns many lyrics and a collection of Divine Songs for infants—a species of writing of which he may be justly considered the founder. After a long life of eminent usefulness as a clergyman and the establishment of a high literary reputation by his ethical and metaphysical writings in consequence of which he received from the colleges of Glasgow and Aberdeen the degree of Doctor of Divinity he retired to his rest on the 21st of November 1743.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

Not from the dust my sorrows spring,
 Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies !
 Let all the baneful planets shed
 Their mingled curses on my head,
 How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
 Look through the clouds, and bless me with his eyes !
 Creatures with all their boasted sway
 Are but his slaves, and must obey ,
 They wait their orders from above,
 And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love

Tis by a warrant from his hand
 The gentler gales are bound to sleep
 The north wind blusters, and assumes command
 Over the desert and the deep ,
 Old Boreas with his freezing powers
 Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
 Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass
 And chains them moveless to their shores
 The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies
 Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
 Walks o'er the solid lakes snuffs up the wind and
 dies

Fly to the polar world, my song
 And mourn the pilgrims there (a wretched throng !)
 Seized and bound with rigid chains
 A troop of statues on the Russian plains
 And life stands frozen in the purple veins
 Atheist forbear no more blaspheme
 God has a thousand terrors in his name,
 A thousand armies at command,
 Waiting the signal of his hand
 And magazines of frost and magazines of flame
 Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath
 His sharp artillery from the north
 Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame
 Sublime on Winter's rugged wings
 He rides in arms along the sky
 And scatters fate on swains and kings
 And flocks, and herds, and nations, die
 While impious lips, profanely bold,
 Grow pale , and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
 Give their own blasphemies the lie

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
 When the hot dog star fires the realms on high
 Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
 Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
 From the incensed Divinity
 In vain our parching palates thirst
 For vital food in vain we cry,
 And pant for vital breath,
 The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
 The sun has drunk the channels dry,
 And all the air is death
 Ye scourges of our maker's rod,
 'Tis at his dread command at his imperial nod
 You deal your various plagues abroad

Hail, whirlwinds hurricanes and floods
 That all the leafy standards strip
 And bear down with a mighty sweep
 The riches of the fields and honours of the woods
 Storms that ravage o'er the deep
 And bury millions in the waves
 Earthquakes that in midnight sleep
 Turn cities into heaps and make our beds our grave
 While you dispense your mortal harms
 'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds you loud alarms
 When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms

O for a message from above
 To bear my spirits up!
 Some pledge of my Creator's love
 To calm my terrors and support my hope!
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
 Be thou my God and the whole world is mine
 While thou art Sovereign, I am secure
 I shall be rich till thou art poor
 For all I fear, and all I wish, heaven, earth, and hell, are
 thine

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A RESTLESS WORLD

Eternal mind, who rulest the fates
 Of dying realms, and rising states
 With one unchanged decree

While we admire thy vast affairs,
 Say, can our little trifling cares
 Afford a smile to thee?

Thou scatterest honours crowns, and gold
 We fly to seize, and fight to hold
 The bubbles and the ore
 So emmets struggle for a grain
 So boys their petty wars maintain
 For shells upon the shore

Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
 The next a broken sceptre takes,
 And warriors win and lose
 This rolling world will never stand,
 Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
 As power decays or grows

Earth's but an atom greedy swords
 Carve it among a thousand lords
 And yet they can't agree
 Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
 I can be poor but, Lord, I pray
 To sit and smile with thee

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY

It was a brave attempt! adventurous he
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea
 And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind
 I see the surging brine the tempest raves
 He on a pine plank rides across the waves,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves
 He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
 Conquers the flood, and manages the gales

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
 Fearless when the great Master gives command
 Death is the storm she smiles to hear it roar
 And bids the tempest waft her from the shore
 Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
 And manages the raging storm with ease
 (Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
 Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things

As the shores lessen so her joys arise,
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies,
 Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
 The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright

FREE PHILOSOPHY

Custom, that tyranness of fools,
 That leads the learned round the schools,
 In magic chains of forms and rules !
 My genius storms her throne
 No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
 Beat the dull track, nor dance the round
 I loose hands, and quit th enchanted ground
 Knowledge invites us each alone

I hate these shackles of the mind
 Forged by the haughty wise,
 Souls were not born to be confined,
 And led, like Samson, blind and bound
 But when his native strength he found
 He well avenged his eyes
 I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
 Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
 Only dissolves the frozen snow,
 Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
 And choose the channels where they run

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind,
 The pinions of a single mind
 Will through all nature fly
 But who can drag up to the poles
 Long fettered ranks of leaden souls ?
 A genius which no chain controls
 Roves with delight, or deep, or high
 Swift I survey the globe around,
 Dive to the centre through the solid ground,
 Or travel o'er the sky

TO THE REV JOHN HOWE.

Great man, permit the Muse to climb
 And seat her at thy feet,

Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
 And consecrate her wit
 I feel, I feel th attractive force
 Of thy superior soul
 My chariot flies her upward course,
 The wheels divinely roll
 Now let me chide the mean affairs
 And mighty toil of men
 How they grow grey in trifling cares,
 Or waste the motions of the spheres
 Upon delights as vain !

A puff of honour fills the mind,
 And yellow dust is solid good
 I hus, like the ass of savage kind
 We snuff the breezes of the wind
 Or steal the serpent s food
 Could all the chous
 That charm the poles
 But strike one doleful sound,
 Twould be employ d to mourn our souls,
 Souls that were framed of spightly fires
 In floods of folly drown d
 Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy
 How they disclaim their heavenly birth,
 Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
 And hate to be refined from that impure alloy

Oft has thy genius roused us hence
 With elevated song,
 Bid us renounce this world of sense,
 Bid us divide th immortal prize
 With the seraphic throng
 " Knowledge and love make spirits blest,
 Knowledge their food, and love their rest,
 But flesh, th unmanageable beast
 Resists the pity of thine eyes,
 And music of thy tongue
 Then let the worms of grovelling mind
 Round the short joys of earthly kind
 In restless windings roam
 Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
 Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
 Where love, the centre and the pole,
 Completes the heaven at home

THIS poet was born at Marlborough on the 29th of July 1677 His favourite studies were poetry and music which he succeeded in combining by the production of several Cantatas that were greatly admired by the public Occasionally also he wrote in prose of which his contributions to the Spectator Tatler and Guardian secured him the esteem of his talented contemporaries More fortunate also than the generality of the poets of his day he in 1717 received from Lord Chancellor Cowper the appointment of Secretary to the Commissions of the Peace an office that secured him affluence for the remainder of his life which unfortunately however terminated only three years after As a poet Hughes is chiefly known by his tragedy of The Siege of Damascus

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY

PLAYING ON THE ORGAN

When famed Cecilia on the organ play'd,
 And fill'd with moving sounds the tuneful frame,
 Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid
 From heaven, 'tis said, a listening angel came
 Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse
 In vain—for were the bold tradition true,
 While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
 Again the seraph would appear to you
 O happy fair! in whom with purest light
 Virtue's united beams with beauty shine!
 Should heavenly guests descend to bless our sight
 What form more lovely could they wear than thine?

ON DIVINE POETRY

In Nature's golden age, when new-born day
 Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay
 When God with pleasure, all his works survey'd,
 And virgin innocence before him play'd
 In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
 The Muse by heaven inspired began to sing
 Descending angels, in harmonious lays,
 Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise
 Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
 The Muse's loss, since Eden is no more
 When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra head,
 Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astræa, fled,
 And sought protection in her native sky
 In vain the heathen Nine her absence would supply

Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone
 In ages past, her heavenly charms were known
 Hence learn'd the bard in lofty strains to tell
 How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell
 And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
 Through parting seas, derived his songs of praise
 She gave the rapturous ode, whose ardent lay
 Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sisera,
 She tuned to pious notes the Psalmist's lyre,
 And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's fire!

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE

IN IMITATION OF AN ODE IN CASIMIR

Solace of life, my sweet companion lyre!
 On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
 While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
 And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky

While whispering gales, that court the leaves and flowers,
 Play through thy strings, and gently make them sound,
 Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
 In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground

But see—what sudden gloom obscures the air!
 What falling showers impetuous change the day!
 Let's rise, my lyre—Ah Pleasure false as fair!
 How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay!

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER BOOK

So fair a form, with such devotion join'd!
 A virgin body, and a spotless mind!
 Pleased with her prayers, while heaven propitious sees
 The lovely votaress on her bended knees

Sure it must think some angel lost its way—
 And happening on our wretched earth to stray,
 Tired with our follies, fain would take its flight,
 And begs to be restored to those blest realms of light

ODE ON THE SPRING

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Wanton Zephyr, come away !
 On this sweet this silent grove,
 Sacred to the Muse and Love,
 In gentle whisper'd murmurs play !
 Come, let thy soft, thy balmy breeze
 Diffuse thy vernal sweets around
 From sprouting flowers, and blossom'd trees
 While hills and echoing vales resound
 With notes, which wing'd musicians sing
 In honour to the bloom of spring

Lovely season of desire !
 Nature smiles with joy to see
 The amorous months led on by thee,
 That kindly wake her genial fire
 The brightest object in the sky
 The fairest lights that shine below
 The sun, and Minus charming eyes
 At thy return more charming grow
 With double glory they appear
 To warm and grace the infant year

SONG

Fame of Dorinda's conquest, brought
 The God of Love her charms to view,
 To wound the unwary maid he thought
 But soon became her conquest too

He dropp'd half drawn his feeble bow,
 He look'd heaved, and sighing pined,
 And wish'd in vain he had been now,
 As painters falsely draw him, blind

Disarm'd, he to his mother flies,
 Help, Venus, help thy wretched son !
 Who now will pay us sacrifice ?
 For Love himself's, alas ! undone

To Cupid now no lover's prayer
 Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs,
 My darts are gone, but oh ! beware
 Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes !

THIS terrible satirist, who proclaimed war and defiance to all mankind, was born at Dublin in 1667 although by his own account his birth-place was Leicester but he proclaimed himself an Englishman or Irishman according to the convenience of the moment. He was educated at the University of Dublin and was at first so inattentive to his studies that when the time arrived for claiming a Bachelorship of Arts he was found so unqualified, that the degree was conferred on him by special favour rather than on account of merit. This degradation stung him so deeply that he resolved to repair his deficiencies by studying eight hours a day for seven years—a resolution to which he adhered, and by which he laid the foundation of his future eminence. At the age of twenty one he obtained the patronage of Sir William Temple who introduced him to King William and the latter whose ideas were wholly military was so well pleased with Swift that he would have made him a captain of horse an offer which the young aspirant to political power thought proper to decline. Finding that the patronage of Temple was not likely to procure solid benefit Swift resolved to enter into the church. He accordingly took orders and had many promises of advancement but after repeated disappointments he could obtain nothing but the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin in the diocese of Meath. He now gave full vent to his satirical spirit by publishing his *Tale of a Tub* in 1704 a work which on being shown to the Queen excluded the author from all hope of an English bishopric and from that period until 1710 he addressed the public with occasional pamphlets and treatises suggested by passing events. After this his career was a fierce scramble for political influence and preferment until 1714 when finding himself worsted in the struggle and deprived of all hope by the death of Queen Anne he indignantly withdrew to Ireland to settle in his Deanery of St Patrick which he had obtained the previous year. Thus he was deterred, after all his labours and prospects to content himself with what he considered a very paltry remuneration and to spend the rest of his life in a country which he hated and among a people whom he despised. His pen however which was actively employed afforded him consolation and he wielded it with not the less vigour and severity from the recollection of past disappointments. This continued till his death in 1744 when he expired a driveller and a shadow. It could scarcely be expected that an irreligious divine heartless politician and selfish lover could possess the elements of true poetry and therefore Swift might be considered a rhymester rather than a poet. His verse like his prose is terse and vigorous but it never for a moment makes the slightest approach to the sublime or the tender and even when he endeavours in his addresses to Vanessa or Stella to use the language of love the effort is so overstrained and artificial that it moves nothing but contempt. Indeed, he has written nothing in verse which he could not have expressed as well or perhaps much better in prose.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN

Mordanto fills the trumpet of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host
Talks politics, and gives the toast,

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race

From Paris gazette à la maine
This day arrived, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain

A messenger comes all a reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek
He left the town above a week

Next day the post boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn

Mordanto gallops on alone
The roads are with his followers strown
This breaks a girth, and that a bone

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind

A skeleton in outward figure
His meagre corpse though full of vigour
Would halt behind him were it bigger

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion
He's with you like an apparition

Shines in all climates like a star
In senates bold, and fierce in war
A land commander, and a tar

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name sake Charles of Sweden

EPIGRAM

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble,
Then ventured to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,

Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life
 Went home—and was cudgell'd again by his wife

ON A CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY

I march'd three miles through scorching sand,
 With zeal in heart, and notes in hand,
 I rode four more to Great St Mary,
 Using four legs, when two were weary
 To three fair virgins I did tie men,
 In the close bands of pleasing Hymen
 I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
 And purified their mother after
 Within an hour and eke a half
 I preach'd three congregations deaf
 Where thundering out, with lungs long winded,
 I chopp'd so fast that few there minded
 My emblem, the laborious sun
 Saw all these mighty labours done
 Before one race of his was run
 All this perform'd by Robert Hewit
 What mortal else could e'er go through it?

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY

The farmer's goose, who in the stubble
 Has fed without restraint or trouble
 Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
 Can scarce get o'er the barn door sill,
 And hardly waddles forth to cool
 Her belly in the neighbouring pool,
 Nor loudly cackles at the door,
 For cackling shows the goose is poor
 But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
 And round the barren common strays,
 Hard exercise and harder fare
 Soon make my dame grow lank and spare
 Her body light, she tries her wings,
 And scorns the ground, and upward springs,
 While all the parish, as she flies,
 Hears sounds harmonious from the skies
 Such is the poet fresh in pay
 (The third night's profits of his play),

His morning draughts till noon can swill
 Among his biethren of the quill
 With good roast beef his belly full,
 Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
 Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
 What poet e'er could take his flight?
 Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
 What poet e'er could sing a note?
 Nor Pegasus could bear the load
 Along the high celestial road,
 The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
 To raise the lumber from the earth

But view him in another scene,
 When all his drink is Hippociene
 His money spent, his patrons fail,
 His credit out for cheese and ale
 His two years' coat so smooth and bare,
 Through every thread it lets in air
 With hungry meals his body pined,
 His guts and belly full of wind
 And, like a jockey for a race,
 His flesh brought down to flying pace
 Now his exalted spirit loaths
 Incumbrances of food and clothes,
 And up he rises, like a vapour,
 Supported high on wings of paper,
 He singing flies, and flying sings
 While from below all Grub street rings

RIDDLE ON THE CAIION

There is a gate, we know full well,
 That stands twixt heaven, and earth, and hell
 Where many for a passage venture,
 Yet very few are fond to enter
 Although 'tis open night and day,
 They for that reason shun this way
 Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
 They can't come near it for their blood
 What other way they take to go,
 Another time I'll let you know
 Yet commoners with greatest ease
 Can find an entrance when they please
 The poorest hither march in state
 (Or they can never pass the gate),

Like Roman generals triumphant,
 And then they take a turn and jump on't
 If gravest parsons here advance,
 They cannot pass before they dance
 There s not a soul that does resort here,
 But strips himself to pay the porter

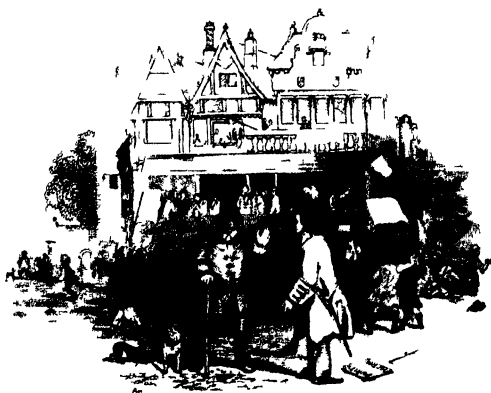
ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER

Salmoneus as the Grecian tale is
 Was a mad coppersmith of Elis
 Up at his forge by morning peep
 No creature in the lane could sleep
 Among a crew of roystering fellows
 Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse
 His wife and children wanted bread
 While he went always drunk to bed
 This vapouring scab must needs devise
 To ape the thunder of the skies
 With *brass* two fiery steeds he shod
 To make a clattering as they trod
 Of polish'd *brass* his flaming car
 Like lightning dazzled from afar
 And up he mounts into the box
 And he must thunder with a pox
 Then furious he begins his march
 Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch
 With squibs and crackers and to throw
 Among the trembling crowd below
 All ran to prayers both priest and lute
 To pacify this angry deity
 When Jove in pity to the town
 With real thunder knock'd him down
 Then what a huge delight were ill in
 To see the wicked varlet sprawling
 They search'd his pockets on the place
 And found his copper all was base,
 They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
 To take the noise of brass for thunder

The moral of this tale is proper
 Applied to Wood's adulter'd copper
 Which as he scatter'd, we like dolt,
 Mistook at first for thunder bolts,
 Before the Drapier shot a letter
 (Nor Jove himself could do it better)
 Which, lighting on the impostor's crown,
 Like real thunder knock'd him down

THE DOG AND THE THIEF

Quoth the thief to the dog Let me into your door,
And I ll give you these delicate bits
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than you are
And besides must be out of my wits
Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread,
You ll fly when you get what you came here to steal,
And I must be hang d in your stead
The stock jobber thus from Change alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town
And here is a guinea to drink
Says the freeman Your guinea to night would be spent !
Your offers of bribery cease
I ll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease
From London they come silly people to chouse,
Their lands and their faces unknown
Who d vote a rogue into the Parliament house
That would turn a man out of his own?



THOMAS TICKELL was born at Bridekirk in Cumberland in 1686. He was a student and afterwards became a fellow of Queen's College Oxford but he vacated his fellowship in 1726 by marrying at Dublin. The literary career of Tickell was chiefly of a political character and he espoused the cause of his party with such ardour that he obtained from Dean Swift the nick-name of Whiggiasimus. What was of greater importance to him was his obtaining the friendship of Addison who recommended his poetry to public notice and in 1717 when his position was made Secretary of State he appointed Tickell under secretary. This friendship continued till the death of Addison who solemnly commended him on his death-bed to the patronage of Craggs and gave him the charge of publishing his works and Tickell prefixed the collection with an Elegy on its author which forms one of the most affecting funeral poems in the English language. In 1727 Tickell was made Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland and in this office he continued till his death which occurred April 23 1740.

FROM AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbodied mind
 A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
 From world to world unwearied does he fly?
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of heaven's decrees where wondering angels gaze?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battled and the dragon fell
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
 O! dost thou warn poor mortals left behind
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
 Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend
 To me thy aid thou guardian genius, lend!
 When rage misguides me or when fear alarms
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms
 In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart,
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more
 That awful form, which so the heavens decree,
 Must still be loved and still deplored by me,
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise
 Or, roused by Fancy, meets my waking eyes
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there,
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape overtakes me in the lonely grove

Twas there of just and good he reason d strong,
 Clear d some great truth, or raised some serious song
 There patient show d us the wise counse to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe
 There taught us how to live and (oh ! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die

COLIN AND LUCY

A BALLAD

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace,
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face
 Till luckless love, and pining care,
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,
 When beating rains descend ?
 So droop'd the slow consuming maid
 Her life now near its end
 By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjured swains, beware

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring,
 And shrieking at the window thrice,
 The raven flapp'd his wing
 Too well the love lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke
 The virgins weeping round

" I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
 Which says, I must not stay,
 I see a hand, you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away
 By a false heart, and broken vows,
 In early youth I die

Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I'

' Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows
Vows due to me alone
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own
To morrow in the church to wed
Impatient, both prepare !
But know, fond maid, and know, false man
That Lucy will be there !

Then bear my corse my comrades, bear
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay
I in my winding sheet
She spoke she died, her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts ?
How were these nuptials kept ?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead
And all the village wept
Confusion shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook he groan'd, he fell

From the vain bride ah, bride no more !
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead
Then to his Lucy's new made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod
For ever he remains

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen,
With garlands gay, and true love knots,
They deck the sacred green
But, swain forsworn, whoever thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there

THE CHANGELING

By magic fenced, by spells encompass'd round,
 No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground
 No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
 Stolen from the couch of some terrestrial dame
 I or oft of babes they robb'd the nation's bed,
 And left some sickly changeling in their stead

It chanced a youth of Albion's royal blood
 Was foster'd here the wonder of the wood
 Mill ah for wiles above her peers renowned
 Deep skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
 As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
 Observed the infant Albion where he lay
 In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride
 And stole him from the sleeping mother's side

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind !
 Ah wretched nymph, to future evils blind !
 The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
 The theft hard hearted ! of that guilty day
 I thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine
 And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine
 He who adorns thy house the lovely boy
 Who now adorns it shall at length destroy

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
 The gay robed fairies glimmer on the green
 And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
 To nineteen years, as mortals measure time
 Flush'd with resistless charms he fired to love
 Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove
 For skilful Milkah spared not to employ
 Her utmost art to rear the princely boy,
 Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone
 And to the Elfin standard kept him down
 She robb'd dwarf elders of their fragrant fruit,
 And fed him early with the daisy's root
 Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran
 And form'd in beauteous miniature the man
 Yet still, two inches taller than the rest
 His lofty port his human birth confest !
 A foot in height, how stately did he show !
 How look superior on the crowd below !
 What knight like him could toss the rushy lance ?
 Who move so graceful in the mazy dance ?
 A shape so nice or features half so fair
 What elf could boast ? or such a flow of hair ?

Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign
 And felt the charmer burn in every vein
 She heiress to this empire's potent lord,
 Prised like the stars and next the moon adored
 She, whom at distance thrones and principedoms view'd,
 To whom proud Oriel and Azrael sued
 In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
 And pined in secret for a mortal boy

From Kensington Garden

IN PRAISE OF THE HORN BOOK

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell
 In which thou dost all other books excel?
 No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil
 Nor crooked dogs' ears thy smooth corners spoil,
 In idle pages no errata stand
 To tell the blunders of the printer's hand
 No fulsome dedication here is writ
 Nor flattering verse, to praise the author's wit
 The margin, with no tedious notes is vex'd
 Nor various reading to confound the text
 All parties in thy literal sense agree
 Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
 Search we the records of an ancient date
 Or read what modern histories relate
 They all proclaim what wonders have been done
 By the plain letters taken as they run

Thy heavenly notes, like angels' music, cheer
 Departing souls, and soothe the dying ear
 An aged peasant on his latest bed,
 Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read
 The pious grandson thy known handle takes
 And (eyes lift up) this savoury lecture makes
 Great A, he gravely read the important sound
 The empty walls and hollow roof rebound
 The expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head
 And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read
 Great B, the younker bawls! O heavenly breath!
 What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!
 What hopes I feel! Great C, pronounced the boy,
 The grandsire dies with ecstasy of joy

THE illustrious writer who may be considered the father of our national periodical literature was born at Milston in Wiltshire on the 1st of May 1672. He received his education at the Charterhouse School where he contracted that friendship for Sir Richard Steele which united them through life in their literary exertions. In 1687 Addison was entered into Queen's College Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his critical taste and the excellence of his Latin verses. His original design had been to devote himself to the church but from this he was diverted by the advice of his friends and he resolved to become a contributor—in consequence of which he commenced with periodicals upon King William and the Peace of Ryswick. But a more profitable time awaited him: this was the great victory of Blenheim which required an adequate poet to celebrate it and Addison having undertaken the task produced *The Campaign* for which he was rewarded with the office of Commissioner of Appeals. After this his promotion was remarkable that it must have astonished himself as well as the world for he was first appointed Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and afterwards Secretary to the Regency upon the death of Queen Anne and finally in 1717 the labour was finished, by his being made Secretary of State. But in this service it would appear as if too Malicious expectations might be built up upon him for his gentle spirit and inimitable bashfulness completely unfitted him for the management of a state so that he shortly declined and retired upon a pension of £1000 a year. After this he devoted himself to literature and the society of his literary friends until he died which occurred on the 17th of June 1719. His last moments were in beautiful tranquillity and religious portended writing for he was then chiefly satisfied to show Christian and

As a poet Addison's *Cato* which a dramatic poet rather than a play too well known to require further notice. In the tutelage of the noble omniscient with imitating Dryden and added by selecting Pope's first model but he never lost the test of the ideal form nor the sweet of the literature. It was by his writing of the pious letters that he spent the time in the influence of the pen and the wisdom and the poet and single height of the Republic of the world in English and Latin poetry. His senses indeed instead of being the panting utterances of a heart that voluntarily declines from the common sense that have been entrusted to a style and upon his best title he tended to his advancement—and truly they did it in a rare way.

A N O D E

The spacious firmament on high
 With all the blue ethereal sky
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame
 Their great original proclaim
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll
And spread the truth from pole to pole

III

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine
The hand that made us is Divine



THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

But now the trumpet terrible from far
 In shriller clangours animates the war
 Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat
 Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's join'd
 Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind
 The daring prince his blasted hopes renews
 And, while the thick embattled host he views
 Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength

The fatal day its mighty course began
 That the grieved world had long desired in vain
 States that their new captivity bemoan'd
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd
 Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard
 And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred
 Europe's loud cries that Providence assail'd
 And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd
 The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
 His care and conduct of the world below

Behold in awful march and dread array
 The long extended squadrons shape their way!
 Death in approaching terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life
 No vulgar fears can British minds control
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
 Overlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host,
 Though fens and floods possess the middle space
 That unprovoked they would have fear'd to pass
 Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
 When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands

But O my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
 Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound
 The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise
 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was prov'd
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examined all the dreadful scenes of war

In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid
 Inspired repuls'd battalions to engage
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage
 So when an angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm

But see the haughty household troops advance!
 The dread of Europe and the pride of France
 The war's whole art each private soldier know
 And with a general's love of conquest glow
 Proudly he marches on and void of fear
 Laughs at the shaking of the British spear
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns
 Each fights as in his arm the important day
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay
 A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
 Triumphant laurels and immortal fame
 Confused in crowds of glorious actions he
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die
 O Dornier how can I behold thy fate
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
 How can I see the gay the brave the young
 Fall in the cloud of war and lie unsung!
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath
 And fill'd with England's glory smiles in death

The rout begins the Gallic squadrons run
 Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun
 Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd
 Floating in gore with their dead masters mixt
 Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around
 Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd
 Troop of bold youths born on the distant Soane,
 Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone
 Or where the Seine her flowery field divides
 Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away
 And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey
 From Blenheim's towers the Gaul with wild affright
 Beholds the various havoc of the fight

HIS waving banners, that so oft had stood
 Planted in fields of death and streams of blood
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
 That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
 Thine only son pierced with a deadly wound,
 Choked in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
 The chief, the father, and the captive, wept
 An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
 Greatly distress'd they loud complaints forbear
 Blame not the turns of fate and chance of war
 Give thy brave foes their due nor blush to own
 The fatal field by such great leaders won
 The field whence famed Eugenio bore away
 Only the second honours of the day
 With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
 The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
 Or midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd
 Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
 In painful bondage, and inglorious chains
 Ev'n those who scape the fetters and the sword
 Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
 Their raging king dishonours to complete
 Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat
 From Memminghen's high domes and Augsburg's wall
 The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls
 Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
 The rescued States his great protection claim
 Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
 And longs to open her obsequious gates

From The Campaign

See how the golden groves around me smile
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle
 Or when transplanted, and preserved with care
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air
 Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents

I v n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume
 Bear me, some god to Buia s gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria s green retreats
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive
 When Rome s exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie
 An amphitheatre s amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 That on its public shows unpeopled Rome
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise
 Where the old Romans deathless acts display d,
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wondering at their height through airy channel flow

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks ad mires
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
 And soften d into fle h the rugged stone
 In solemn silence a majestic band
 Heroes, and Gods and Roman consul stand
 Stern tyrant whom their cruelties renown
 And emperors in Parian marble frown
 While the bright dame to whom they humbly sued
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts ublued

Can would I Raphael s godlike art rehearse,
 And show th immortal labours in my verse
 Where from the mingled stren_gth of shade and light
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow
 So warm with life his blended colours glow
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost
 Amidst the soft variety I m lost
 Here pleasing ams my ravish d soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my Muse

How has kind Heaven adorn d the happy land
 And scatter d blessings with a wasteful hand !

But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains?

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The reddening orange and the swelling grain
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines
 Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst

Oh Liberty thou goddess heavenly bright
 Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight!
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train
 Eased of her load subjection grows more light,
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day

From Letter f It 14

PROLOGUE TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS

Long has a race of heroes fill'd the stage
 That went by note and through the gamut range
 In songs and airs express their martial fire,
 Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire
 While, lull'd by sound and undisturb'd by wit
 Calm and serene you indolently sit
 And, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
 Hear the facetious fiddle's repartee
 Our home spun authors must forsake the field,
 And Shakspeare to the soft Scarlett yield

To your new taste the poet of this day
 Was by a friend advised to form his play,
 Had Valentine musically coy
 Shunn'd Phædra's arms and scorn'd the proffer'd joy
 It had not moved your wonder to have seen
 An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen
 How would it please should she in English speak,
 And could Hippolitus reply in Greek!
 But he, a stranger to your modish way
 By your old rules must stand or fall to day,
 And hopes you will your foreign taste command
 To bear, for once, with what you understand

THE date of this author's birth is unknown but it was probably about 1671. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and he published his Pastorals the work by which he is chiefly known about the commencement of the eighteenth century. His literary career seems to have been in the midst of great pecuniary difficulties as he was reduced to translate Persian tales for Tonson the publisher for a mere pittance. His chief merit as a poet consisted in his successful translation or adaptation of the works of others of which his *Distressed Mother* a play almost wholly rendered from the *Andromaque* of Racine and his English versions of the Odes of Sappho are sufficient proofs. Having acquired by his writings a considerable literary reputation and effective patronage the latter part of his life was spent in competence and comfort. He died in June 1749.

A RUSTIC RECESS

This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made
 So close these elms inweave their lofty shade
 The twining woodbine, how it climbs ' to breathe
 Refreshing sweets around on all beneath
 The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread
 Through which the springing flower uprears the head
 Lo here the kingcup of a golden hue,
 Medled with daisies white and endive blue
 And honeysuckles of a purple dye
 Confusion gay! bright waving to the eye
 Hark how they warble in that brambly bush
 The gaudy goldfinch and the speckly thrush
 The linnet green with others framed for skill
 And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill
 In sprightly concert how they all combine
 Us prompting in the various songs to join
 Up, Aigol then, and to thy lip apply
 Thy mellow pipe or voice more sounding try
 And since our ewes have grazed what harm if they
 Lie round and listen while the lambskins play?

From the First Pastoral

THE HAPPY SWAIN

Have ye seen the morning sky,
 When the dawn prevails on high,
 When, anon, some purple ray
 Gives a sample of the day
 When, anon, the lark, on wing
 Strives to soar, and strains to sing?
 Have ye seen the ethereal blue
 Gently shedding silvery dew,

Spangling o'er the silent green,
 While the nightingale, unseen,
 To the moon and stars, full bright,
 Lonesome chants the hymn of night?

Have ye seen the broder'd May
 All her scented bloom display,
 Breezes opening, every hour
 This and that, expecting flower,
 While the mingling birds prolong,
 From each bush, the vernal song?

Have ye seen the damask rose
 Her unsullied blush disclose,
 Or the lily's dewy bell,
 In her glossy white, excel
 Or a garden varied o'er
 With a thousand glories more?

By the beauties these display,
 Morning evening night, or day
 By the pleasures these excite,
 Endless sources of delight
 Judge, by them, the joys I find,
 Since my Rosalind was kind
 Since she did herself resign
 To my vows, for ever mine

BEAUTIES OF A WINTER MORNING

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
 The winter in a lovely dress appear
 I've yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
 Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,
 At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
 And the descending rain unsullied froze
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew
 The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
 The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
 And brighten'd every object to my eyes
 For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
 And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass,
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow
 The thick sprung reeds which watery marshes yield,
 Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field
 The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise

The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
 Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun

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

From an Epitaph on the Earl of D.

SONG

From White s and Will s,
 To purling rills
 The love sick Strephon flies
 There, full of woe
 His numbers flow
 And all in rhyme he dies
 The fair coquet,
 With feign'd regret,
 Invites him back to town,
 But, when in tears
 The youth appears,
 She meets him with a frown
 Full oft the maid
 This prank had play'd
 Till angry Strephon swore
 And, what is strange,
 Though loth to change
 Would never see her more

THE GREAT master of the whole melody and power of the English language in its application to poetry was born in London on the 22d of May 1688. Being from his infancy of a feeble frame and delicate constitution his education was chiefly domestic and after his twelfth year the acquisitions which he made in learning were the result of his own undirected application. At a very early period, he manifested that love of poetry which could not be satisfied with but attempts at composition and when only a child boy he constructed a play from Ogilby's play to be acted by his young class-fellows the part of Ajax to be performed by the bulky gardener of the establishment. At this season also he wrote several lampoons and translated nearly a fourth part of Ovid's Metamorphoses. The best known of his juvenile productions is his Ode on Solitude written before he was twelve years old, and which besides being remarkable for the precocity of sentiment it exhibits possesses a delicacy of language and harmony of versification and a promise of his future excellence in these qualifications. At fourteen he translated the first book of the Iliad and wrote his poem upon Silence in imitation of that of Lord Rochester upon Nothing.

Having trained himself by these and similar exercises for the task of authorship and possessing a delicacy of physical organization that ripened his intellectual powers into a quick maturity Pope was able to appear before the public at a season when few poets have exhibited. In the buds of promise he returned at the age of sixteen his Pastoral which soon took precedence of the Pastorals of Philip. At the age of eighteen he produced the Mithras poem founded upon Virgil's Pollio but which is far superior to the model. The latter of these appeared at intervals and placed him with authority at the head of the poetical world. The chief of these were the Essay on Criticism written in 1703 and published in 1711. The Rape of the Lock written in the last-mentioned year. The Temple of Fame composed in 1714 and attained the age of twenty in 1715. In 1712 the poem of Windsor Forest which was suggested by Sir Robert Brown, Mail. These and several minor pieces although they had hitherto established his poetical reputation had added nothing to his fortune and he resolved therefore to attempt some literary task by which his circumstances might be improved. He accordingly commenced at the age of twenty-five a translation of the Iliad of Homer to be published by subscription. This labour he accomplished in five years and the profits of the work were such as to gratify his utmost expectations. So far from the result being as he had anticipated to attempt the Odyssey which he finished with the aid of Broom and Fen-ton rendering twelve books for his own share and entrusting the other twelve to his associates.

The applause which Pope had procured by his writings could scarcely escape the attack of the envious and a host of small critics individually insignificant but troublesome from their numbers had never ceased to annoy him. It was now full time to retaliate and in 1728 he published *The Dunciad* a work which fell among his opponents like an exterminating thunderbolt. The kingdom of the Dunces was haken to its centre and the whole tribe writhed in anguish and howl in dismay. It must be acknowledged, however that while Pope had the power to retaliate he did not in any case use the giant's strength with proper discrimination. On the account the chastisement of some was greatly beyond their demerits and in several cases individuals were branded as dunces who were far from meriting such an odious distinction. Of these it is only enough to mention the talented De Foe.

In 1733 and the following year Pope published the three Epistles of the Essay on Man a work that startled the reflective public. In consequence of the sceptical tendencies it was alleged to possess and which formed a ground of keen theological controversy between the friends and opponents of the poet. After this period, he continued to compose incidental pieces or translate from the ancients and had planned an Epic poem upon the history of Brutus the Trojan when the growing infirmities of his naturally feeble constitution announced that his death was approaching. He expired on the 30th of May 1744.



POPE

MESSIAH A SACRED ECLOGUE IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S IOLLIO

Ye nymphs of Solyma ' begin the song
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shade
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun
A Virgin shall conceive a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move
And on its top descends the mystic Dove
Ye Heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !

The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid
 From storms a shelter and from heat a shade
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend
 And white robed Innocence from Heaven descend
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn'
 Oh spring to light auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring
 With all the incense of the breathing spring
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forest on the mountains dance
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
 A God a God! the vocal hills reply
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity
 Io earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains and ye valleys, rise
 With herds declined, ye cedars homage give
 Be smooth, ye rocks ye rapid floods give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient birds foretold
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray
 And on the sightless eye ball pour the day
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From every face he wipes off every tear
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air
 Explores the lost the wandering sheep directs
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised father of the future age
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor valient warriors meet with hateful eye
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,

And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end
 Then palaces shall rise, the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short lived sire begun,
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lil es spring, and sudden verdure rise
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear
 On rifted rocks, the dragon s late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods
 Waste sandy valleys once perplex'd with thorn
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim s feet
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake
 Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play
 Rise crown'd with light imperial Salem rise!
 Lift thy tower'd head and lift thy eyes
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise
 Demanding life impatient for the skies!
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend
 Wall in thy light and in thy temple bend
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume s spicy forests blow
 And seeds of gold in Ophir s mountains glow
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts the Light himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God s eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust and mountains melt away,
 But fix'd his word his saving power remains,
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns

CANDIDATES FOR FAME

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer —
 Long have we sought to instruct and please mankind
 With studies pale with midnight vigils blind
 But thank'd by few reward'd yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow
 For fame is all we must expect below

The goddess heard and bade the Muses raise
 The golden trumpet of eternal praise
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound
 That fills the circuit of the world around
 Not all at once as thunder breaks the cloud
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud
 By just degrees they every moment rise
 Fill the wide earth and gain upon the skies
 At every breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread
 Less fragrant scents than unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales

Next these the good and just an awful train
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane —
 Since living virtue is with envy curs'd
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou just Goddess call our merits forth,
 And give each deed its exact intrinsic worth
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd
 Let fuller notes than applauding world amaze,
 And the loud claxon labour in your praise

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
 Prefer'd the same request and lowly bow'd
 The constant tenour of whose well spent days
 No less deserved a just return of praise
 But straight the direful Trump of Slander sounds
 Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report through every region flies
 In every ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gathering scandals grew on every tongue
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke
 The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
 And withers all before it as it flies

A troop came next who crowns and armour wore
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore —
 For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood
 And swam to empire through the purple flood
 Those ills we dared thy inspiration own
 What virtue seem'd was done for thee alone
 Ambitious fools ! (the Queen replied and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd
 There sleep forgot with mighty tyrants gone
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
 A sudden cloud strait snatch'd them from my sight
 And each majestic phantom sink in night

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen
 Plain was their dress and modest was their mien —
 Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit nor aspire to fame !
 But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard of, as we lived unseen
 'Tis all we beg thee to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness which themselves requite
 O let us still the secret joy partake
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake

And live there men who slight immortal fame ?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
 But mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide
 Rise ! Muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death
 She said in air the trembling music floats
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes
 So soft though high so loud and yet so clear
 Lest listening angels lean from heaven to hear
 To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies

From The Temple of Fame.

A FRAGMENT

What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
 The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
 But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind !

So the struck deer in some sequester'd part,
 Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart)
 There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
 Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away

MUTUAL DEPENDANCE OF ALL UPON EACH OTHER

Look round our world behold the chain of Love
 Combining all below, and all above
 See plastic Nature working to this end
 The single atoms each to other tend,
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace
 See matter next with various life endued,
 Press to one centre still the General Good
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again
 All forms that perish other forms supply
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
 They rise they break, and to that sea return
 Nothing is foreign parts relate to whole,
 One all extending, all preserving Soul
 Connects each being greatest with the least
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast
 All served all serving nothing stands alone
 The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown
 Has God thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime thy attire, thy food?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays and justly, the deserving steer
 The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all

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

From Fanny on Man Epistle III

STRENGTH OF THE RULING PASSION IN DEATH

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy
Time that on all things lays his lenient hand
Yet tames not this, it sticks to our last sand
Consistent in our follies and our sins
Here honest Nature ends as she begins
Old politicians chew on wisdom past
And totter on in business to the last
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out
As sober Lanesborough dancing in the gout
A salmon's belly Helluo was thy fate
The doctor call'd declares all help too late
'Mercy!' cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!"
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl
The frugal crone whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires
'Odious!' in woollen! twould a saint provoke
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke),
No, let a charming Chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face
One would not, sure be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red
The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
An humble servant to all human kind
Just brought out this when scarce his tongue could stir
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"
'I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir! what all?
Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul
The manor, Sir?—The manor! hold, he cried
"Not that,—I cannot part with that —and died

And you ! brave Cobham, to the latest breath
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 "Oh, save my country, Heaven ! shall be your lot

F m Moral F ay Lp t I

TIMON'S VILLA

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away !"
 So proud, so grand of that stupendous air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there
 Greatness with Timon, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought
 To compass this, his Building is a Town
 His pond an Ocean his parterre a Down
 Who but must laugh the Master when he sees,
 A puny insect shivering at a breeze !
 I o what huge heaps of littleness around !
 The whole a labour'd Quarry above ground
 Two Cupids squirt before a Lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind
 His Gardens next your admiration call
 On every side you look behold the Wall !
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
 No artful Wildness to perplex the scene
 Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other
 The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees !
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a Summer house that knows no shade,
 Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers,
 There Gladiators fight, or die in flowers,
 Unwater'd, see the drooping sea horse mourn,
 And swallows roost in Nilus dusty Urn

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
 First through the length of yon hot Terrace sweat,
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
 Just at his Study door he'll bless your eyes

His Study ! with what Authors is it stored ?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord,

To all their dated backs he turns you round
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound
 Lo, some are Vellum, and the rest as good
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood
 For Locke or Milton, tis in vain to look
 These shelves admit not any modern book

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear
 That summons you to all the Pride of Prayer
 Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven
 On painted ceilings you devoutly stare
 Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye
 To rest the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
 Who never mentions Hell to ears polite

But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call,
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall
 The rich Beaufet well colour'd Serpents grace
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face
 Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
 No tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb
 A solemn Sacrifice perform'd in state
 You drink by measure and to minutes eat
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there
 Between each Act the trembling salvers ring
 From soup to sweet wine and God bless the King
 In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate
 Treated caress'd and tired, I take my leave
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve
 I curse such lavish cost and little skill
 And swear no day was ever past so ill

From Moral Essays Epistle II

THE LITERARY PATRON

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand and hand in song
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)

Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd every day, and some days eat,
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh
 Dryden alone escaped his judging eye
 But still the Great have kindness in reserve—
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve

Fr. Prologue to the Sat. 4.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT

I know the thing that's most uncommon
 (Envy be silent and attend!)

I know a reasonable Woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a Friend

Not warp'd by Passion, awed by Rumour
 Not grave through Pride nor gay through Folly
 An equal mixture of Good Humour,
 And sensible soft Melancholy

'Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir?
 Yes, she has one, I must aver
 When all the world conspires to praise her
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear

MUTUAL FLATTERY

The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law
 With equal talents, these congenial souls,
 One lull'd the Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls,
 Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit
 'Twas, "Sir, your law —and 'Sir, your eloquence,
 "Yours, Cowper's manner —and "Yours, Talbot's sense
 Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit

Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
 Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine
 Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
 No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please
 'My dear Tibullus!' if that will not do,
 Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you
 O! I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains
 And you shall rise up Otway for your pains

From Instructions of Henry

BELINDA'S VISION

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray
 And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day
 Now lap dogs give themselves the rousing shake
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound
 Belinda still her downy pillow pre't
 Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head
 A youth more glittering than a birth night beam
 (That even in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say
 Fairest of mortals! thou distinguish'd crew
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,
 Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 O! virgins visited by Angel Powers,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers
 Hear, and believe! thy own importance know
 Not bound thy narrow views to things below
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd
 What though no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly
 The light Militia of the lower sky

These, though unseen are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring,
 Think what an equipage thou hast in an
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chan
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once enclosed in Woman's beauteous mould
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead
 Succeeding vanities she still regards
 And though she plays no more o'erlooks the card
 Her joy in gilded Chariots when alive
 And love of Ombre after death survive
 For when the Fan in all their pride expire
 To their first Elements their souls retire
 The sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
 Mount up and take a Salamander name
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away
 And sip, with Nymphs then elemental tea
 The grave Prude sink downward to a Cuckoo
 In search of mischief till on Luth to roo
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repin
 And sport and flutter in the field of Air



THIS author would perhaps have never descended to posterity but for his connexion with Pope. He was born in Cheshire but the year and place of his birth are unknown. He was educated first at Eton school and afterwards at St. John's College and at an early period evinced such a fondness for versification that he was commonly termed by his companions the poet. His first public appearance in authorship was in connexion with Ozell and Oldisworth with whom he published a prose translation of the Iliad, a work which was soon thrown into the shade by the more popular version of Pope. The latter great poet, however, was soon conscious of the merits of Broome whom he invited in conjunction with Fenton to aid him in the translation of the Odyssey and Broome's share of the labour was the second, sixth eighth eleventh twelfth, sixteenth, and twenty third books besides all the notes for which he received the inadequate remuneration of five hundred pounds and as many copies of the work for presentation as amounted to one hundred more.

The latter part of the life of Broome was passed in comfortable circumstances, as he married a wealthy widow and held two church livings in Suffolk. In 1728 he was made Doctor of Laws, on the occasion of the king's visit to Cambridge. He died at Bath on the 16th of November 1745. Broome excelled in the command of appropriate language rather than fertility of imagination and therefore he was more successful as a translator than a poet.

POVERTY AND POETRY

Twas sung of old how one Amphion
 Could by his verses tame a lion
 And, by his strange enchanting tunes
 Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons
 His songs could call the timber down
 And form it into house or town
 But it is plain that in these times
 No house is raised by poets' rhymes
 They for themselves can only rear
 A few wild castles in the air
 Poor are the brethren of the bays
 Down from high strains, to ekes and ives
 The Muses too are virgins yet
 And may be—till they portions get

Yet still the doating rhymer dreams,
 And sings of Helicon's bright streams
 But Helicon, for all his clatter,
 Yields only uninspiring water
 Yet even athirst he sweetly sings
 Of Nectar, and Elysian springs

What dire malignant planet sheds
 Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
 Lawyers, by endless controversies
 Consume unthinking clients' purses,
 As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
 Devoured the plump and well fed bodies

The grave physician, who by physic,
 Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
 Pursues a sure and thriving trade,
 Though patients die, the doctor's paid
 Licensed to kill, he gains a palace,
 For what another mounts the gallows

In shady groves the Muses stray
 And love in flowery meads to play,
 An idle crew ! whose only trade is
 To shine in trifles like our ladies
 In dressing dancing, toying, singing
 While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning
 Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
 Their votaries, but a laurel wreath

But love rewards the bard ! the fur
 Attend his song, and ease his care
 Alas ! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
 Without a jointure though a Virgil
 Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
 You nobly swell the lofty strain
 (O Daphne flies, and you will find as
 Hard hearts as hers in your Belindas

But then some say you purchase fame,
 And gain that envied prize—a name
 Great recompence ! like his who sells
 A diamond, for beads and bells
 Will fame be thought sufficient bail
 To keep the poet from the jail ?

Thus the brave soldier, in the war
 Gets empty praise and aching scars
 Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
 And, starved, the glorious vagrant begs

THE COQUETTE

Sillia with uncontested sway
 Like Rome's famed tyrant reigns,
 Beholds adoring crowds obey,
 And heroes proud to wear her chains
 Yet stoops, like him, to every prize,
 Busy to murder beaux and flies

She aims at every trifling heart
 Attends each flatterer's vows
 And, like a picture drawn with art,
 A look on all that gaze bestows
 O' may the power who lovers rules,
 Grant rather scorn than hope with fools'

Mistaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
 Adore thee into shame,
 Unguarded beauty is disgrace
 And coxcombs, when they praise, defame
 O' fly such brutes in human shapes
 Nor, like th' Ægyptians, worship apes

ON DEATH

Abash'd ashamed I cry Eternal Power
 I yield! I wait resign'd th' appointed hour!
 Man foolish man no more thy soul deceive!
 To die, is but the surest way to live
 When age we ask we ask it in our wrong
 And pry our time of suffering may be long
 The nauseous draught, and diags of life to drain
 And feel infirmity and length of pain!
 What art thou, life that we should court thy stay?
 A birth, one single gasp must puff away!
 A short lived flower that with the day must fade!
 A fleeting vapour and an empty shade!
 A stream, that silently but swiftly glides
 To meet eternity's immeasured tides!
 A being, lost alike by pain or joy!
 A fly can kill it or a worm destroy!
 Impair'd by labour and by ease undone,
 Commenced in tears, and ended in a groan!
 Ev'n while I write the transient now is past
 And death more near, this sentence than the last!
 As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides
 Beat by rude waves, and sapp'd by ruin's tides,
 Torn from its base, no more their fury bears,
 At once they close, at once it disappears
 Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd
 Between two worlds, the future and the past
 To time to sickness, and to death, a prey,
 It sinks the frail possession of a day!

THE talented and popular author of *Night Thoughts* was born at Upham near Winchester in June 1681 and was the son of Edward Young rector of Upham and afterwards Dean of Sarum. He was first educated at Winchester School where he remained till the age of eighteen, after which he became a student of Corpus Christi College. In 1708 he was nominated to a Fellowship in All Souls and in 1719 he took his degree of Doctor of Laws. Little is known of the early history and studies of the future poet, except the following anecdote which shows that his mind had not been allowed to lie idle. Tindal the atheistic writer who used to spend much of his time at All-Souls, was in the habit of debating with the young students, and perplexing them with difficulties on the subject of theology but upon Young he could make no impression. The other boys said the sceptical sophist, "I can always answer because I know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times but that fellow Young is continually pestering me with something of his own."

When Young had discovered the strength of his poetical powers he was fired by the example of Addison, who upon the strength of *The Campaign* had risen to promotion and wealth. He therefore commenced with political eulogies and afterwards dedicated his poem on *The Last Day to the Queen* but the death of her Majesty disappointed whatever expectations he might have formed in that quarter. Previous to the royal demise he also published *The Force of Religion or Vanquished Love* a poem founded on the execution of Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley. On the accession of George I Young addressed the new sovereign in strains as laudatory as those he had used towards Queen Anne but he still remained unplaced and unpensioned. A patron indeed he obtained, but this was no other than the meteoric Duke of Wharton whose patronage was more likely to blight than enlighten. Young then turned his attention to dramatic writing and produced *Busiris* which was acted at the Swan Lane in 1719 and *The Revenge* which was acted in 1731. During the interval he wrote a *Lament on the death of Addison* a *Paraphrase on part of the Book of Job* and his *Satires* which were published under the title of *The Universal Passion*. By this last production he realised more than 3000*l*.

Young did not enter into holy orders until 1728 and in 1730 he was presented to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. Of his preparation for this pastoral office an anecdote is told of Young which places his unsuspecting simplicity in a ludicrous point of view. Instead of consulting with the leaders of the church as to the authors which he ought to study he applied to Pope who mischievously advised him to study the writings of Thomas Aquinas. Young withdrew and disappeared for half a year to the great alarm of Pope who found his friend in an obscure dwelling in the suburbs, entangled in the metaphysics of the middle ages from which he was rescued with some difficulty.

After he had assumed the clerical office Young continued to write both in prose and verse upon subjects connected with religion morals and politics. But the time arrived when he happily resolved to abandon the beaten track which he had already trodden too long and attempt some new and better path. In this spirit he commenced the *Night Thoughts* a poem which no other writer that we know of could have produced. The prevailing tone of the work is that of a deep and solemn sadness and that it might not be reckoned a mere poetical sadness he declares in his preface to *The Complaint* that the occasion of the poem was real not fictitious and that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thoughts of the writer. The death of his beloved daughter Narcissa also and the mournful circumstances connected with her funeral were events too well known to be attributed to mere fiction.

Although the poet was more than sixty when he produced this the longest and best of his works the activity of his mind was not exhausted by the effort so that in 1745 he wrote *Reflections on the Public Situation of the Kingdom* a poem addressed to the Duke of Newcastle and in 1754 he published his prose work entitled *The Centaur not Fabulous*. Several small pieces followed and his last poem *Resignation* was written when he was more than eighty. He died in April 1765 full of years but retaining his faculties to the last.



YOUNG

EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY

While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels,
Large doors unfolding, with a mournful sound,
To view discover, weltering on the ground,
Three headless trunks, of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd,
The lifted axe assured her ready doom
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room
Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale
Nor truths, to stagger human faith reveal?

She met this utmost malice of her fate
With Christian dignity, and pious state
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast

Her lord and father, for a moment's space,
 She strictly folded in her soft embrace!
 Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
 And sudden gladness smiled along the sky

'Your over fondness has not moved my hate,
 I am well pleased you make my death so great,
 I joy I cannot save you, and have given
 Two lives, much dearer than my own, to heaven,
 If so the Queen decrees —But I have cause
 To hope my blood will satisfy the laws,
 And there is mercy still, for you, in store
 With me the bitterness of death is o'er
 He shot his sting in that farewell embrace
 And all that is to come is joy and peace
 Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd
 Nor seem to envy my approaching rest
 Then turning to the ministers of fate,
 She smiling, says, "My victory's complete
 And tell your Queen, I thank her for the blow,
 And grieve my gratitude I cannot show
 A poor return I leave in England's crown,
 For everlasting pleasure and renown
 Her guilt alone allays this happy hour,
 Her guilt—the only vengeance in her power
 Not Rome untouch'd with sorrow heard her fate,
 And fierce Maria pitied her too late

From The Ficc of Religion

ANTICIPATION OF THE LAST DAY

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state,
 While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling journey prest,
 A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
 And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring
 Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel
 And some those watery worlds to sink, or swell
 Around her some their splendours to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God,
 Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair
 No sun in radiant glory shines on high
 No light, but from the terrors of the sky

Fall n are her mountains, her famed rivers lost,
 And all into a second chaos tost
 One universal ruin spreads abroad,
 Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God
 Such, earth ! thy fate what then canst thou afford
 To comfort and support thy guilty lord ?
 Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon
 How must he bend his soul's ambition down ?
 Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted stature, and assuming brow ?
 Claim kindred with the clay and curse his form
 That speaks distinction from his sister worm ?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade !
 Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made ?
 Who can sustain thy anger ? Who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ?
 It flies the reach of thought oh save me Power
 Of powers supreme in that tremendous hour !
 Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stood
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood
 Thou who for me, through every throbbing vein
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain
 Whom death led captive through the realms below
 And taught those horrid mysteries of woe
 Defend me, O my God ! Oh give me, Power
 Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour !

F H I I Dan

PRIDE

Some go to church proud humbly to repent
 And come back much more guilty than they went
 One way they look another way they steer
 Pray to the gods but would have mortal hear
 And when their sins they set sincerely down
 They'll find that their religion has been one
 Others with wishful eyes on glory look
 When they have got their picture towards a bool
 On pompous title like a gaudy sign
 Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine
 If at his title F—— had dropp'd his quill,
 T—— might have pass'd for a great genu still
 But T—— alas ! (excuse him, if you can)
 Is now a scribbler who was once a man
 Imperious, some a classic fame demand
 For heaping up with a laborious hand,

A waggon load of meanings for one word,
 While A s deposed, and B with pomp restored
 Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
 And think they grow immortal as they quote
 To patchwork learn'd quotations are allied
 Both strive to make our poverty our pride

On glass how witty is a noble peer !
 Did ever diamond cost a man so dear ?

Polite diseases make some idiots vain
 Which if unfortunately well, they feign
 Of folly, vice disease men proud we see
 And (stranger still !) of blockheads flattery
 Whose praise defames us as if a fool should mean
 By spitting on your face to make it clean

Nor is t enough all hearts are swoln with pride
 Her power is mighty as her realm is wide
 What can she not perform ? The Love of Fame
 Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame
 Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep
 And (stronger still !) made Alexander weep
 Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
 Though her loved lord has four half months been dead

This passion with a pimple have I seen
 Retard a cause and give a judge the spleen
 By this inspired (O ne'er to be forgot !)
 Some lords have learn'd to spell and some to knot
 It makes Globose a speaker in the House
 He hems and is deliver'd of his mouse
 It makes dear self on well bled tongues prevail
 And *I* the little hero of each tale
 Sick with the Love of Fame, what throngs pour in
 Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin !
 My growing subject seems but just begun,
 And, chariot like, I kindle as I run

L. 1. L. 1. of 1. 16

SCRIBBLERS

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
 Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign ?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme
 The college sloven or embroider'd spark,
 The purple prelate, or the parish clerk
 The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig,
 The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig,

Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad
 Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite
 Men that read well, or men that only write
 Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds
 For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut
 His hammer this and that his trowel quits
 And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits
 By thriving men subsists each other trade
 Of every broken craft a writer's made
 Thus his material, Paper takes its birth
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth

Hail, fruitful Isle! to thee alone belong
 Millions of wits and brokers in old song
 Thee well a land of liberty we name
 Where all are free to scandal and to shame
 Thy sons by print, may set their hearts at ease
 And be mankind's contempt whenever they please
 Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
 Is unperceived but when it gives offence
 This heavy prose our injured reason tines
 Their verse immortal kindles loose desires
 Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our principles
 Our sport and pity punishment and crime

What glorious motives urge our authors on
 Thus to undo and thus to be undone!
 One loses his estate and down he sits
 To show (in vain!) he still retains his wits
 Another marries, and his dear proves keen
 He writes as an Hypnotic for the spleen
 Some write confined by physic some by debt
 Some for tis Sunday some, because tis wet
 Through private pique some do the public right
 And love their king and country out of spite
 Another writes because his father writ
 And proves himself a bastard by his wit

Has Licio learning, humour thought profound?
 Neither why write then? He wants twenty pound
 His belly, not his brains, this impulse give
 He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live
 He rubs his awful front, and takes his remun
 With no provision made, but of his theme
 Perhaps a title has his fancy smit
 Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit

YOUNG

He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
 Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them just,
 Genius directly from the gods descends,
 And who by labour would distrust his friends ?
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
 In immortality he dips his quill
 And, since blank paper is denied the press,
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess,
 In various sets, which various words compose
 Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows

So sounds spontaneous from the Sibyl broke
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke
 The priests found out the meaning if they could
 And nations stared at what none understood

F F I I I

NARCISSA

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) is good !
 For fortune fond had built her nest on high
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plum
 Transfixt by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious ! All its charms
 Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song !
 Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
 Still melting there and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her !) thrilling through my heart !

Soon as the lustre languish'd 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) check'd his beam,
 Denied his wonted succour, nor with more
 Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
 Of lilies fairest lilies, not so fair !

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, smiled !
And when high flavour d thy fresh opening joys !
And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete !
And on a foreign shore , where strangers wept !
Strangers to Thee and more surprising 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 raved
That mourn d the dead , and this denied a grave
Their sighs incensed , sighs foreign to the will !
Their will the tiger suck d outraged the storm
For oh ! the cursed ungodliness of zeal !
While sinful flesh relented spirit nursed
In blind infallibility s embrace,
The sainted spirit petrified the breast
Denied the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust ! a charity their dogs enjoy
What could I do ? What succour ? What resource ?
With pious sacrifice 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 through 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 adored
Sore grudged the savage land her sacred dust,
Stamp'd the curst soil, and with humanity
(Denied Narcissa) wish d them all a grave

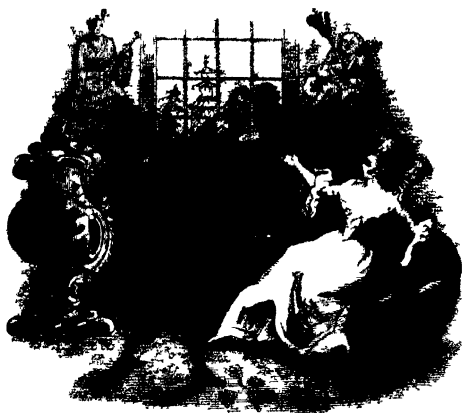
THIS amiable and distinguished poet was born in Devonshire in 1688. After having received an education at the school of Barnstaple he was apprenticed to a silk mercer in London. But he soon became weary of his occupation and easily persuaded his master to discharge him, after which he entered the service of the Duchess of Monmouth as secretary. In this situation he composed his *Rural Sports* and in the following year (1714) *The Shepherd's Week* consisting of six Pastorals in which he delineated the occupations and amusements of our peasantry. In this work his chief aim was to show that a close adherence to nature in pastoral poetry could produce nothing but what was low, barren and contemptible. But the result was far beyond the author's calculations. The public were surprised with the novelty of such an experiment and the picture of humble life which were drawn with such fidelity only to be laughed at were perused with attention and delight.

Gay had tried dramatic writing unsuccessfully in 1713 by his comedy called *The Wife of Bath* but he repeated the attempt with another comedy entitled *The What d'ye call it?* which was more successful. In 1717 he produced, with the aid it is said of Pope and Arbuthnot the comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage* one design of which was to ridicule Dr Woodward but the purpose failed for the play was hooted off the stage.

Th' fortunes of the poet had not prospered in the mean time consistently with his labour and expectations. In the last year of Queen Anne's reign he was appointed secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, ambassador to the court of Hanover but the death of the queen deprived him of that office while his unfortunate dedication of *The What d'ye call it* to Lord Bolingbroke put an end to his hopes of office under George I. In his friends and the public, however he found a more steady patronage for having published his *Poems* by subscription in 1701 he raised by it a thousand pounds with which he purchased an annuity. After this he produced his tragedy of *The Captives* which was acted at Drury Lane in 1723 but with indifferent success. Three years afterwards he wrote a volume of *Fables* for the improvement of the young Duke of Cumberland for which he was promised an adequate reward a promise which he expected to be fulfilled on the accession of George II. but the only appointment he received on the occasion was that of Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa. He indignantly refused the offer declaring that he was too old for such an office. Such was the end of his expectations of court patronage upon which he had hitherto so fondly trusted.

Gay being thus obliged to rely upon his own efforts resolved to strike out a new path to fame and profit. He had been indignant in common with many others at the fashion into which the Italian Opera had grown when Dean Swift observed to him one day what a pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral would make. These circumstances produced the *Beggar's Opera*. The friends of the poet, when the work was introduced upon the stage trembled for the success of so novel an experiment but it took the public by storm and the success was astounding. Night after night the play was performed with undiminished applause and from the metropolis it travelled to the boards of the provincial towns to Wales to Scotland, and Ireland while the songs of the *Beggar's Opera* were printed upon fans and the scenes painted upon house-screens. It is needless to add, that the Italian Opera fled in dismay and did not return to England till the danger was over. This reception encouraged Gay to write a second part of the *Beggar's Opera* under the title of *Polly* but its representation was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, on account of its alleged immorality although political rather than moral hostility was supposed to have prompted the prohibition. Gay therefore published the second part by subscription and the sale produced him more than a thousand pounds.

After this the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry received Gay into their house where he continued during the remainder of his life cheered by the hospitable kindness of his noble patrons. That life however which had been so often embittered and disappointed by court intrigue and ingratitude was already drawing to a close and he died on the 4th of December 1732.



GAY

WHISTLE TO A LADY ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA

What ecstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war,
What rival's near?—a china jar

China's the passion of her soul
A cup, a plate a dish a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy or break her rest

Some gems collect some medals prize,
And view the rust with lovers' eyes
Some court the stars at midnight hours
Some doat on Nature's charms in flowers
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face
My stars are in this brighter sphere
My lily and my rose is here

Philosophers, more grave than wise,
Hunt science down in butterflies,

Or, fondly poring on a spider
 Stretch human contemplation wider
 Fossils give joy to Galen's soul
 He digs for knowledge, like a mole
 In shells so learn'd, that all agree
 No fish that swims knows more than he !
 In such pursuits if wisdom lies
 Who, Laura shall thy taste despise ?

When I some antique jar behold,
 Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold,
 Vessels so pure and so refined
 Appear the types of womankind
 Are they not valued for their beauty
 Too fair, too fine, for household duty ?
 With flowers and gold and azure dyed
 Of every house the grace and pride ?
 How white how polish'd is their slim
 And valued most when only seen !
 She who before was highest priz'd
 Is for a crack or flaw depris'd
 I grant they're frail yet they're so rare
 The treasure cannot cost too dear !
 But man is made of coarser stuff
 And serves convenience well enough
 He's a strong earthen vessel made
 For drudging labour, toil, and trade,
 And when wives lose their other self
 With ease they bear the loss of self

Husbands, more covetous than sage
 Condemn this china buying rage
 They count that woman's prudence little
 Who sets her heart on things so brittle
 But are those wise men's inclinations
 Fix'd on more strong more sure foundations ?
 If all that's frail we must despise
 No human view or scheme is wise
 Are not ambition's hopes as weak ?
 They swell like bubbles, shine and break
 A courtier's promise is so slight,
 'Tis made at noon, and broke at night
 What pleasure's sure ? The Miss you keep
 Breaks both your fortune and your sleep
 The man who loves a country life
 Breaks all the comforts of his wife,
 And, if he quit his farm and plough,
 His wife in town may break her vow

I ove, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
 For each new winter breaks a charm,
 And woman's not like china sold
 But cheaper grows in growing old,
 Then quickly choose the prudent part,
 Or else you break a faithful heart

SONG BLACK EYED SUSAN

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind
 When black eyed Susan came aboard—
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
 If my sweet William sails among the crew

William who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands
 And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands

So the sweet lark, high poised in air
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast
 (If chance his mate shall call he hear),
 And drops at once into her nest
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet

O Susan Susan lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away
 In every port a mistress find
 Yes yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue

Though battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
 Though cannons roar yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye

The boatswain gave the dreadful word
 The sails their swelling bosom spread
 No longer must she stay aboard
 They kiss'd she sigh'd, he hung his head
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land
 Adieu! she cries, and waved her lily hand

DIRECTIONS FOR WAITING THE STREETS OF LONDON

I for ease and for dispatch, the morning's best
 No tides of passengers the streets molest
 You'll see a draggled damsel here and there
 From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear!
 On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains
 Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
 Before proud gates attending asses bray
 Or arrogate with solemn pace the way,
 These grave physicians with their milky cheer
 The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair
 Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
 And with their vellum thunder shake the pile
 To greet the new-made bride—Are sounds like these
 The proper prelude to a state of peace?
 Now industry awakes her busy sons
 Full-charged with news the breathless hawker runs
 Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
 And all the streets with passing cries resound
 If clothed in black you tread the busy town,
 Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
 Three trades avoid, oft in the mingling press
 The barber's apron soils the sable dress,
 Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
 Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh

Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear
 Three sully'ing trades avoid with equal care
 The little chimney sweeper skulks along
 And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng
 When small coal murmurs in the hoarser throat
 From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat
 The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eye
 When through the street a cloud of ashes flies
 But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn
 The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne
 With tallow spots thy coat resign the way,
 To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
 Butchers whose hands are dyed with blood's foul stain
 And always foremost in the hangman's train

Let due civilities be strictly paid
 The wall surrender to the hooded maid
 Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
 Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age
 And when the porter bends beneath his load
 And pants for breath clear thou the crowded road
 But, above all, the groping blind direct
 And from the pressing throng the lame protect

You'll sometimes meet a fop of nicest tread
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head
 At every step he dreads the wall to lose
 And risks, to save a coach, his red heel'd shoes
 Him, like the miller pass with caution by,
 I'est from his shoulder clouds of powder fly
 But when the bully with assuming pace,
 Cocks his broad hat edged round with tarnish'd lace
 Yield not the way defy his strutting pride
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose
 But mutters coward curses as he goes

If drawn by business to a street unknown
 I et the sworn porter point thee through the town
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
 Like faithful landmarks to the walking train
 Seek not from prentices to learn the way,
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
 He never deceives—but when he profits by't

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply
 To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
 Ere thou hast held their hands, some heedless flut
 Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt

Where porters hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
 Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope
 Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
 Stay thy rash step and walk without the post
 What though the gathering mire thy feet besmear?
 The voice of industry is always near
 Hark! the boy calls thee to his destined stand
 And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand

A FABLE THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN

Why are those tears? why droops your head?
 Is then your other husband dead?
 Or does a worse disgrace betide?
 Hath no one since his death applied?
 Alas! you know the cause too well
 The salt is spilt to me it fell
 Then to contribute to my loss
 My knife and fork were laid across
 On Friday too! the day I died!
 Would I were safe at home in bed!
 Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
 Bounce from the fire a coffin flew
 Next post some fatal news shall tell
 God send my Cornish friends be well!
 Unhappy Widow, cease thy tears
 Nor feel affliction in thy fears
 Let not thy stomach be suspended
 Eat now and weep when dinner's ended,
 And when the butler clears the table,
 For thy dessert I'll read my Fable
 Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
 A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
 And jogging on with thoughtful care,
 Summ'd up the profits of her ware
 When, starting from her silver dream
 Thus far and wide was heard her scream
 That Raven on yon left hand oak
 (Curse on his ill betiding croak!)
 Bodes me no good No more she said,
 When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
 Fell prone, o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
 And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way
 She sprawling in the yellow road,
 Rail'd, swore, and cursed 'Thou croaking toad

A murrain take thy whoreson throat !
 I knew misfortune in the note
 “ Dame quoth the Raven, ‘ spue your orths,
 Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes
 But why on me those curses thrown ?
 Goody, the fault was all your own
 For had you had this brittle ware
 On Dun the old sure footed mare
 Though all the ravens of the hundred
 With croaking had your tongue out thunder’d
 Sure footed Dun had kept her legs
 And you good woman saved your eggs

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY

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

Whenever neighbouring states contend
 Tis thine to be the gen’ral friend
 What is t’ who rules in other lands ?
 On trade alone thy glory stands
 That benefit is unconfined
 Diffusing good among mankind
 That first gave lustre to thy reigns
 And scatter’d plenty o’er thy plains
 Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
 And draws all Europe’s envious eyes
 Be commerce, then, thy sole design
 Keep that, and all the world is thine

THE SPILL

Hobnells, seated in a dreary vale,
 In pensive mood rehearsed her piteous tale

Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow
The woful day a day indeed of woe
When I ubberkin to town his cattle drove
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains
Return my I ubberkin, these ditties hear
Spells will I try and spells shall ease my care
“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around around, around

When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing
And call with welcome note the budding spring
I straightway set a running with such haste
Deborah that won the smock scuce ran so fast
Till spent for lack of breath quite weiry grown
Upon a rising bank I sat adown
Then doff d my shoe, and, by my troth I swear
Therein I spied this yellow fizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkins in curl and hue
As if upon his comely pate it grew
‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around around

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought
But to the field a bag of hemp seed brought
I scatter d round the seed on every side
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
‘ This hemp seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true love be the crop shall mow
I straight look d back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth
‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around around

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Then paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away
A field I went amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do)
I hec first I spied and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true love be
See Lubberkin, each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground
And turn me thrice around around, around

Last May day fair I search'd to find a snail,
 That might my secret lover's name reveal
 Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found
 (For always snails near sweetest fruit abound)
 I seized the vermin whom I quickly sped,
 And on the earth the milk white embers spread
 Slow crawl'd the snail and if I might can spell,
 In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*
 Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
 For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love
 ' With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground
 And turn me thrice around, around, around

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame
 And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name
 This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd
 That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd
 As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow
 For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow
 " With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground
 And turn me thrice around, around, around

As peascods once I pluck'd I chanced to see
 One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
 Which when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd,
 And o'er the door the spell in secret laid
 My wheel I turn'd and sang a ballad new,
 While from the spindle I the fleeces drew
 The latch moved up when, who should first come in
 But, in his proper person—Lubberkin
 I broke my yarn surprised the sight to see
 Sure sign that he would break his word with me
 Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight
 So may again his love with mine unite!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around

This I ady fly I take from off the grass,
 Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass
 Fly Lady bird north, south, or east, or west
 Fly where the man is found that I love best
 He leaves my hand see, to the west he's flown,
 To call my true love from the faithless town

' With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground
 And turn me thrice around, around, around

I pare this pippin round and round again,
 My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
 I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
 Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read,

Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
 Than what the spring makes upon the green
 With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice round, around, around

This pippin shall another trial make
 See from the core two kernels brown I take,
 This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
 And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne
 But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground
 A certain token that his love's unsound
 While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last
 Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast !
 ' With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around around

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree
 I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee
 He wist not when the hempen string I drew
 Now mine I quickly doff'd of inkle blue
 Together fast I tie the garters twain
 And while I knit the knot repeat this strain

Three times a true love's knot I tie secure
 I'll be the knot, firm may his love endure !

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around around around

As I was wont I trudg'd last market day
 To town with new laid eggs preserved in hay
 I made my market long before 'twas night,
 My purse grew heavy and my basket light
 Straight to the apothecary's shop I went
 And in love powder all my money spent
 Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
 When to the ale house Lubberkin repairs
 These golden flies into his mug I'll throw
 And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground
 And turn me thrice around, around, around

But hold—our Lightfoot barks and cocks his ears
 O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears
 He comes ! he comes ! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
 Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid
 He vows he swears he'll give me a green gown
 Oh dear ! I fall adown, adown, adown !

THIS national poet and favourite of Scotland was born at Crawford Moor Lanarkshire in 1686. His father was only an humble miner and in this occupation he pursued himself until he was fifteen years old when he apprenticed himself to a wig maker in Edinburgh. He had however acquired such a love of literature that when his apprenticeship expired he became a bookseller and opened the first Circulating Library that had been attempted in Scotland. He afterwards fitted up a theatre in Edinburgh to the great indignation of the sober citizens who designated the house a Synagogue of Satan. He lived to a good old age and died in 1758.

The poems of Ramsay which are numerous were published in small tracts as they were composed for popular circulation and their current among the common people was similar to that of the Spectator among the better classes of the English so that his verses became household words and it was spoken of under the endearing appellation of *little Allan*. But few of his works Gentle Shepherd is the best. In this admirable production he has not only exhibited the choicest specimen of pastoral poetry but of truth and nature in all its limitations to which no pastoral poet could have been so hardly as to confine himself. In The Gentle Shepherd the reference will vary in number and variety upon the Utopian inhabitants—no Pans Nymph and Satyr—no shepherds bleating over dying lambs or shepherds running naked in the dust of the wilderness. A Scottish spring with all its changes of sun and moon and Scottish scenery divers filled with hill and dale brook and haugh the halcyon and the swans who keep heap and make live equally numerous in the little with the prudent amidst their outship about the pleasant fallow and upon for the future firmly. But the every truthfulness on the tutes the great charm as well as the moral effect of the work so that it continues to enjoy at the present day an undiminished popularity among every class in Scotland.

RUSTIC COQUETTES

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whingeing way
Seem careless—there's my hand ye'll win the day
Hear how I served my lass I loe as weel
As ye do Jenny and wi' heart as leal
Last morning I was gye and early out,
Upon a dyke I leaned glowing about
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me—
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist
And she was close upon me ere she wist—
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straught bare legs, that whiter were than snaw
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek,
Her cheeks were ruddy and her een sae clear
And O! her mouth's like ony hunny pear
Neat neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she cam skiffing o'er the dewy green

Blythesome, I cried "My bonny Meg come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye re sae soon asteer
 But I can guess—ye re gawn to gather dew
 She scour'd awa and said, "What s that to you?
 "Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, and e en s ye like
 I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dyke
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She cam wi a right thieveless errand back
 Misca'd me first, then bade me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog
 I leugh, and sae did she then wi great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist—
 About her yielding waist and took a fouth
 O sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips
 My very saul came louping to my lip
 Sair, sair she flet wi me tween ilka smack
 But weel I kend she meant nae rs she spak
 Dear Roger when your jo puts on her gloom
 Do ye sae too and never fash your thoom—
 Seem to forsake her soon she ll change her mood,
 Gre woo anither and she ll gang clean wud

F om The Gentle St pl d.

DEFINCE OI MATRIMONY

Peggy Yes it s a heartsome thing to be a wife
 When round the ingle edge young sprouts are rife
 Gif I m sae happy I shall hae delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right
 Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee
 When a they ettle at—their greatest wish
 Is to be made o, and obtain a kiss?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like o them, when love maks care delight?

Jenny But poortith Peggy, is the warst o a
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg ry draw
 But little love or canty cheer can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o hay
 The thick blawn wreaths o snaw or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes

A dyvour buys your butter woo, and cheese,
 But, or the day o' payment breaks, and flees
 Wi' gloomin' brow the laird seeks in his rent,
 It's no to gie' your merchant's to the bent
 His honour maunna want—he pounds your gear
 Syne driven frae house and hald where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life
 Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife

Peggy May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears for that was never me
 Let fouk bode weel, and strive to do their best
 Nae mair's required, let Heaven mak out the rest
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say
 That lads should r' for wives that's virtuous pray
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel stored room unless his wife wad let
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care
 And win the vogue at market tron or fair,
 For halesome clean, cheep and sufficient ware
 A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter and some woo
 Shall first be sold to pay the laird his due
 Syne a' behind's our ain Thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer
 And when my Pate in burns and gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife

Jenny But what if some young giglet on the green
 Wi' dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half worn Meg,
 And her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free
 There's some men constanter in love than we
 Nor is the ferly great when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity o' mind
 They'll reason calmly and wi' kindness smile
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile
 Sae whensoever they slight their maiks at hame,
 It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart
 A' een, when he comes weary frae the hill
 I'll hae a' things made ready to his will
 In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth stane
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pats be ready to tak' aff,

Clean hag a bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face to keep his love for me

From The Gentle Shepherd

MIDNIGHT ASSASSINATION WITH A WITCH

Ah! Sir the witch ca'd Mause,
 That wins aboon the mill among the haws,
 First promised that she'd help me wi' her art
 To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart
 As she had trysted, I met wier this night
 But my true friend o' mine get sic a fright!
 For the curst hag instead o' doing me guid
 (The very thought o'ts like to freeze my bluid!)
 Roused up a ghaist, or deil I kenna whilk
 Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk
 Black hands it had and face as wan as death
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith
 And gat me down while I like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I used to be at school
 My heart out o' it a hool was like o' loup
 I pithless grew wi' fear and had nae houp
 Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite
 Syne I haurd dead wi' anger, fear, and spite
 Crap up and fled straught frae them Su' to you
 Hoping your help to gie the deil his due
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt
 Till, in a fat tar barrel, Mause be brunt

From The Gentle Shepherd

IN PRAISE OF THE PLAID

O first of garbs! garment of happy fate!
 So long employ'd, of such an antique date
 Look back some thousand years till records fail,
 And lose themselves in some romantic tale
 We'll find our godlike fathers nobly scorn'd
 To be with any other dress adorn'd
 Before base foreign fashions interwove,
 Which gainst their interest and their bravery strove

TWAS they could boast their freedom with proud Rome
 And arm'd in steel, despise the senate's doom
 Whilst o'er the globe their eagle they display'd,
 And conquer'd nations prostrate homage paid,
 They, only they unconquer'd stood their ground,
 And to the mighty empire fix'd the bound
 Our native prince who then supplied the throne,
 In Plaid array'd, magnificently shone
 Nor seem'd his purple or his ermine less,
 Though cover'd by the Caledonian dress
 In this at court the thanes were gaily clad
 With this the shepherds and the hynds were glad,
 In this the warrior wrapp'd his brawny arms
 With this our beauteous mothers veil'd their charms
 When ev'ry youth and ev'ry lovely maid
 Deem'd it a *dishabille* to want their Plaid

O heav'n! how chang'd! how little look their race,
 When foreign chains with foreign modes take place
 When Last and Western Indies must combine
 To deck the fop, and make the gewgaw shine!
 Thus while the Grecian troops in Persia lay
 And learn'd the habit to be soft and gay,
 By luxury enerv'd they lost the day

I ask'd Vaucl, what soldiers he thought best?
 And thus he answer'd to my plain request
 "Were I to lead battalions out to war,
 And hoped to triumph in the victor's car
 To gain the loud applause of worthy fame
 And columns raised to eternise my name,
 I'd choose (had I my choice) that hardy race
 Who fearless can look terrors in the face
 Who midst the snows, the best of limbs can fold
 In Tartan Plaids and smile at chilling cold
 No useless trash should pain my soldiers' back
 Nor canvas tents make loaden axles crack
 No rattling silks I'd to my standards bind
 But bright Tartanus waving in the wind
 The Plaid alone should all my ensigns be
 This army from such banners would not flee
 These these were they who naked taught the way
 To fight with art, and boldly gain the day!
 Ev'n great Gustavus stood himself amazed,
 While at their wondrous skill and force he gazed
 With such brave troops one might o'er Europe run,
 Make out what Richieu framed, and Louis had begun

HORACE TO VIRGIL ON HIS TAKING A VOYAGE TO ATHENS

O Cyprian goddess, twinkle clear,
 And Helen's brithers aye appear,
 Ye stars wha shed a lucky light,
 Auspicious aye keep in a sight
 King Eol, grant a tydie tirl
 But boast the blast that rudely whirl
 Dear ship, be canny wi' your caire,
 At Athens land my Virgil fair
 Syne soon and safe baith lith and spaul,
 Bring hame the tae hauf o' my saul
 Daring and unco stout he was,
 Wi' heart hool'd in three sloughs o' brass,
 Wha vent ired first on the rough sea
 Wi' hempen branks and horse o' tree
 Wha in the weak machine durst ride
 Thro' tempests and a rairing tide
 Nor clinty craigs, nor hurricane,
 That drives the Adriatic main,
 And gars the ocean gowl and quake
 Could e'er a soul sae sturdy shake
 The man wha could sic rubs win ower,
 Without a wink at death might glow
 Wha unconcern'd can tak his sleep
 Among the monsters o' the deep
 Love vainly twin'd the sea and eard,
 Since mariners are not afraid
 Wi' laws o' nature to dispense
 And impiously treat Providence
 Audacious men at nought will stand
 When vicious passions ha'e command
 Prometheus ventured up and staw
 A lowin' coal frae heav'n's high ha'
 Unsonsy thift which fevers brought
 In bakes which fouk like sybow hought
 Then death erst slaw began to ling,
 And fast as haps to dart his sting
 Neist Dedalus must contradict
 Nature forsooth and feathers stick
 Upon his back, syne upward streek,
 And in at Jove's high winnocks keek
 While Hercules wi' s' timmer mell
 Plays rap upo' the yates o' hell
 What is t' man winna eitle at?
 F'en wi' the gods he'll bell the cat

Tho Jove be very luth to kill
They winna let his bowt lie still

THE TWA BOOKS A FABLE

Twa books near neighbours in a shop
The tane a gilded Turkey fop
The tither's face was weather beaten
And cauf skin jacket, sair worm eaten
The coiky, proud o his braw suit
Curl'd up his nose, and thus cried out —
' Ah' place me on some fresher bink
Figh' how this mouldy creature stink ' !
How can a gentle book like me
Endure sic scoundrel company ?
What may fouk say to see me cling
Sae close to this auld ugly thing,
But that I m o' a simple spirit
And disregard my proper merit ?
Quoth grey beard ' Whisht sir, wi your din
For a your meritorious slin
I doubt if ye be worth within
For as auld fashion'd as I look,
May be I am the better book
O heavns ! I canna thole the clash
O this impertinent auld hash
I winna stay ae moment langer
My lord, please to command your angel
Pray only let me tell you that —
What wad this insolent be at ?
Rot out your tongue—pray, Master Symmer
Remove me frae this dinsome rhymmer
If you regard your reputation
And us o' a distinguish'd station
Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,
For wi his stour and stink I m worried
Scarce had he shook his paughty crap,
When in a customer did prap
He up douse Stanza lifts and eyes him,
Turns o'er his leaves admires and buys him
" This book, said he " is guid and scarce,
The saul o sense in sweetest veise
But reading tittle o gilt cleathing
Cries, ' Gods ! wha buys this bonny naithing ?
Nought duller e'er was put in print
Wow ! what a deal o Turkey's tint !

This physician and poet was born in Wiltshire of a good family but the year of his birth cannot be ascertained. He studied at Peter House Cambridge and became a Doctor of Medicine in 1691. His popularity and practice soon became extensive and he was distinguished in his profession not only for medical skill but benevolence and humanity. His principal poem *The Dispensary* which is an obvious imitation of the *Lutrin* of Boileau originated in the following cause. In 1687 the College of Physicians had published an edict by which all the fellows candidate and licentiates were required to give gratuitous medical aid to the neighbouring poor. This was done but, after the restrictive lenient design was almost frustrated by the high price of drugs and the avarice of the apothecaries—upon which the college took the superintendence of the patient into their own hands. The apothecaries without success and that the craft was in danger made loud and violent remonstrances but the use of the adverb *es* was popular and the physician triumphed. Garth eagerly entered the lists against the vendors of medicine by his poem of *The Dispensary* and thereby furnished a complete measure of the wit of the poem was for a temporary nature suffered to individuals and had the first success. A deed *The Dispensary* notwithstanding the important effect it produced in its own day is now universally neglected. Garth lived in friendly union and esteem with Pope Addison Granville and the principal authors of the age and on the accession of George I. he was honoured with knighthood. He died January 11 1718.

EVENING

The evening now with blushes warms the air
 The steer resigns the yoke the hind his care
 The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
 And falling dews refresh the earth below
 The bat with sooty wings flits through the grove
 The reeds scarce rustle nor the aspens move
 And all the feathered folks forbear their lays of love
 Through the transparent region of the skies
 Swift as a wish, the missionary flies
 With wonder he surveys the upper air
 And the gay gilded meteors sporting there
 How lambent jellies kindling in the night
 Shoot through the ether in a trail of light
 How rising steams in the azure fluid blend
 Or fleet in clouds or soft in showers descend
 Or if the stubborn rage of cold prevail
 In flakes they fly or fall in moulded hail
 How honey dews embalm the fragrant morn
 And the fair oak with luscious sweats adorn
 How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
 Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze
 Why nimble corruscations strike the eye,
 And bold tornados bluster in the sky,

Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
 Ferments, and in a living shower descends
 How vapours hanging on the towering hills
 In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills
 Whence infant winds their tender pinions try
 And river gods their thirsty urns supply

The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
 And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night
 He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
 To settle seasons here and fates above,
 The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
 The stormy Kids the weeping Hyades,
 The shining Lyre with strains attracting more
 Heavens glittering mansions now than Hells before
 Glad Ciriopeia circling in the sky,
 And each fair Churchill of the galaxy

From The Dispensary Cant II

THE REGIONS OF DISEASE

And now the goddess with her charge descends,
 Whilst scarce one cheerful glimpse their steps befriends
 Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps
 And, undisturbed by form in silence sleeps
 A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye
 An awkward lump of shapeless anarchy
 With sordid age his features are defaced,
 His lands uncopied and his countries waste
 To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
 There copious Morion safe in silence sleeps
 Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
 And soon as born like other monsters, die
 Upon a couch of jet in these abodes,
 Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods
 No ways and means their cabinet employ
 But their dark hours they waste in barren joy
 Nigh this recess, with terror they survey
 Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic sway
 In the close covert of a cypress grove,
 Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove,
 Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
 And there the monarchs triumphs are descried,

Confused, and wildly huddled to the eye,
 The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie
 Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow
 Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears overflow,
 Restless Anxiety forlorn Despair,
 And all the faded family of Care,
 Old mouldering urns, racks daggers, and distress,
 Make up the frightful horror of the place

Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
 Which execute the harsh decrees of Fate
 Febris is first the hag relentless hears
 The virgin's sighs and sees the infant's tears
 In her parch'd eyeballs fiery meteors reign
 And restless ferments revel in each vein

Then Hydrops next appears amongst the throng,
 Bloated and big she slowly sails along
 But like a miser, in excess she's poor,
 And pines for thirst amidst her watery store

Now loathsome Lepia, that offensive sprite
 With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight
 Still deaf to Beauty's soft persuading power
 Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure

Whilst meagre Pthisis gives a silent blow
 Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow
 No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults, are shown
 She starves the fortress first, then takes the town
 Behind stood crowds of much inferior fame,
 Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name
 The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
 Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly

I Thy D'snsa / (nt 11

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH ON HIS VOLUNTARY
 BANISHMENT

Go, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
 Which thy victorious arms before made free
 View that famed column, where thy name engraved
 Shall tell their children who their empire saved,
 Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
 To every grateful country but thy own
 O censure undeserved! unequal fate!
 Which strove to lessen him who made her great
 Which, pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
 Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name

But virtue is a crime when placed on high
 Though all the faults in the beholder's eye
 Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars
 Flies from no danger but domestic jars,
 Smiles at the dart which angry Envy shakes,
 And only fears for Her whom he forsakes
 He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd
 Blushing to see our blood no better lost
 Disdains in factious parties to contend
 And proves in absence most Britannia's friend
 So the great Scipio of old, to shun
 That glorious envy which his arms had won
 Far from his dear ungrateful Rome retired,
 Prepared whene'er his country's cause required
 To shine in peace or war and be again admired

ON THE STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE IN ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame
 Known by the Gentiles great apostle's name
 With grace divine great Anna's seen to rise
 An awful form that glads a nation's eyes
 Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear
 And with due reverence pay their homage there
 Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace
 And even wild India wears a smiling face

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen
 The sad attendant of so good a Queen
 Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
 All that great Anna for thy sake has done
 When sworn the kind defender of thy cause
 Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws,
 For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword
 For thee she broke her General—and her word
 For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told
 And learn'd to speak like oracles of old
 For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
 She lost the honour she had gain'd before
 Lost all the trophies which her arms had won
 (Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son),
 Resign'd the glories of a ten years' reign
 And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain
 For thee in annals she's content to shine,
 Like other monarchs of the Stuart line

THE eminent literary personage whose name occurs so frequently in the memoirs of the wits of the eighteenth century was born in 1685. Although his circumstances were comparatively narrow his life and means were devoted to the patronage of unfortunate genius and the promotion of schemes of public utility and he seems to have enjoyed the esteem of all his contemporaries except Pope who meanly libelled him and then as meekly apologised. After his death his honour and usefulness he died in 1750.

ALEXIS OR POPE

Tuneful Alexis on the Thames fair side,
 The ladies plaything and the Muses pride
 With merit popular, with wit polite
 Easy though vain and elegant though light
 Desiring and deserving others' praise
 Poorly accepts a fame he never repays
 Unborn to cherish sneakingly approves
 And wants the soul to spread the worth he loves
 This to the juniors of his tribe, gave pain
 For mean minds praise but to be praised again
 Henceforth renouncing an ungracious Baal
 His altars smoke not, and their offerings fail
 The heart his scorn had raised, his pride inflamed
 Till what they worshipp'd first they next defamed

VERSES WRITTEN WHEN ALONE IN AN INN
AT SOUTHAMPTON

Twenty lost years have stolen their hours away,
 Since in this inn even in this room, I lay
 How changed! what then was rapture, fire and joy
 Seems now sad silence all and blank despair!
 Is it that youth paints every view too bright
 And life advancing, fancy fades her light?
 Ah, no!—nor yet is day so far declined
 Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind
 'Tis that I miss the inspirer of that youth,
 Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth.
 Her from whose pain I never wish'd relief,
 And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief
 Prospects that, view'd with her, inspired before,
 Now seen without her can delight no more

Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her shue
But left her griefs to multiply my care

Pensive and cold this room in each changed part
I view, and, shock'd, from every object start
There hung the watch, that, beating hours from day
I told its sweet owner's lessening life away
There her dear diamond taught the sash my name
Tis gone! frail image of love, life, and fame
That glass she dress'd at, keeps her form no more
Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor
There sat she—yet those chairs no sense return,
And busy recollection smarts in vain
Sullen and dim what faded scenes are here!
I wonder and retract a starting tear
Gaze in attentive doubt—with anguish swell
And o'er and o'er on each weigh'd object dwell
Then to the window rush, gay views invite,
And tempt idea to permit delight
But unimpressive all in sorrow drown'd
One void forgetful desert glooms around

Oh life!—deceitful lure of lost desires!
How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires!
Source can a passion start (we change so fast)
The new lights strike us and the old are past
Schemes following schemes so long life's taste explore,
That ere we learn to live we live no more
Who then can think—yet sigh to part with breath,
Or shun the healing hand of friendly death?
Guilt, penitence and wrongs, and pain, and strife
Form the whole heap'd amount, thou flatterer, life!
Is it for this that toss'd twixt hope and fear,
Peace by new shipwrecks numbers each new year?
Oh take me death! indulge desired repose
And draw thy silent curtain round my woes

Yet hold—one tender pang revokes that prayer,
Still there remains one claim to tax my care
Gone though she is, she left her soul behind,
In four dear transcripts of her copied mind
They chain me down to life, new task supply,
And leave me not at leisure yet to die!
Busied for them I yet forego release
And teach my wearied heart to wait for peace
But when their day breaks broad, I welcome night,
Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light

THOMAS WARTON usually called the Elder to distinguish him from his more illustrious son was born in 1687. He was educated at Magdalen College Oxford, and on taking orders became vicar of Basingstoke and Cobham. Such was his reputation for taste and critical excellence that he was twice chosen Professor of Poetry. He died in 1745.

AN AMERICAN LOVE ODE

Stay stay thou lovely, fearful snake,
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake
But let me oft thy charms review
Thy glittering scales, and golden hue
From these a chaplet shall be wove
To grace the youth I dearest love

Then ages hence, when thou no more
Shalt creep along the sunny shore
Thy copied beauties shall be seen
Thy red and azure mix'd with green
In mimic folds thou shalt display —
Stay, lovely, fearful adder, stay

VERSES WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WINDSOR CASTLE

From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing wall,
To my low cot, from ivory beds of state,
Pleased I return unenvious of the great
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadows murmuring rill
Now haunts old hollow'd oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron flowers
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw built home

RETIREMENT AN ODE

On beds of daisies idly laid,
 The willow waving o'er my head,
 Now morning, on the bending stem,
 Hangs the round and glittering gem
 Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring
 Of Nature's various charms I sing
 Ambition, pride and pomp adieu
 For what has joy to do with you?

Joy rose-lipt dryad, loves to dwell
 In sunny field or mossy cell
 Delights on echoing hills to hear
 The reaper's song or lowing steer
 Or view with tenfold plenty spread
 The crowded corn field, blooming mead
 While beauty, health, and innocence,
 Transport the eye, the soul, the sense

Not fresco'd roofs not beds of state,
 Not guards that round a monarch wait
 Not crowds of flatterers can scare
 From loftiest courts, intruding Care
 Midst odours splendours banquets wine
 While minstrels sound, while tapers shine
 In sable stole sad Care will come,
 And darken the sad drawing room

Nymphs of the groves in green array'd
 Conduct me to your thickest shade
 Deep in the bosom of the vale
 Where haunts the lonesome nightingale
 Where Contemplation maid divine,
 Leans against some aged pine
 Wrapt in solemn thought profound,
 Her eyes fix'd stedfast on the ground

Oh, virtue's nurse retired queen
 By saints alone and hermits seen,
 Beyond vain mortal wishes wise
 Teach me St James's to despise
 For what are crowded courts but schools
 For fops, or hospitals for fools,
 Where slaves and madmen, young and old,
 Meet to adore some calf of gold?

THIS ardent lover and eloquent eulogist of field sports was born in 1692 and possessed a patrimonial estate in Warwickshire worth 1500*l* per annum. He was educated at Winchester and subsequently at New College Oxford after which he settled upon his property and distinguished himself as a skilful and enthusiastic sportsman. Unfortunately however his exertions in the field were followed by excesses at the table and his fortune was at length wasted by a course of reckless hospitality. This loss and the embarrassments that ensued, only drove him more deeply into fatal habits of intemperance by which his misery was completed and his end accelerated. He died in 1742. Although he wrote several poems distinguished for wit and elegance they are almost forgotten in the superior merits of *The Chase* which was written when age had matured his mind and practice improved his versification.

HARE HUNTING

Hail, gentle dawn! mild blushing goddess hail!
 Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
 O'er half the skies gems pave thy radiant way,
 And orient pearl from every shrub depend
 I arewell Cleora here deep sunk in down
 Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused
 Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
 Thy early meal or thy officious maids
 Thy toilet placed shall urge thee to perform
 Thy important work. Meanwhile joys invite
 The horn sonorous calls the pack awaked
 Their matins chant nor brook my long delay
 My courser hears their voice see there with ears
 And tail erect neighing he paws the ground
 Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes
 And boils in every vein As captive boys
 Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
 Of pedagogues severe from their hard tasks
 If once dismiss'd no limits can contain
 The tumult raised within their little breasts,
 But give a loose to all their frolic play
 So from their kennel rush the joyous pack
 A thousand wanton gambols express
 Their inward ecstasy their pleasing sport
 Once more indulged, and liberty restored
 The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
 As many colours from their glossy skins
 Beaming reflects as paint the various bow
 When April showers descend Delightful scene!
 Where all around is gay, men, horses dog,

And in each smiling countenance appears
 Fresh blooming health, and universal joy
 Huntsman, lead on! behind the clustering pack
 Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
 I oud clanging and thy harsher voice obey
 Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves,
 But let thy brisk assistant on his back
 Imprint thy just resentments let each lash
 Bite to the quick till howling he return
 And whining creep amid the trembling crowd
 Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
 With double blessings crowns the farmer's hope
 Where flowers autumnal spring and the rank mead
 Affords the wandering hares a rich repast
 Throw off thy ready pack See where they spread
 And range around and dash the glittering dew
 If some staunch hound with his authentic voice
 Avow the recent trail the justling tribe
 Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
 The welcome news confirm and echoing hills
 Repeat the pleasing tale See how they thread
 The brakes and up yon furrow drive along!
 But quick they back recoil and wisely check
 Their eager haste, then o'er the fallow'd ground
 How leisurely they work and many a pause
 Th harmonious concert breaks till more assured
 With joy redoubled the low valleys ring
 What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
 Ah! there she lies how close! she pan she doubts
 If now she lives she trembles as she sits
 With horror seized The wither'd grass that clings
 Around her head of the same russet hue
 Almost deceived my sight had not her eyes
 With life full beaming her vain wiles betray'd
 At distance draw thy pack let all be hush'd
 No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard
 I'est the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
 Untractable nor hear thy chiding voice
 Now gently put her off see how direct
 To her known mew she flies! Here huntsman bring
 (But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds
 And calmly lay them in How low they stoop
 And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
 With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
 That glads their fluttering hearts As winds let loose
 From the dark caverns of the blustering god
 They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn

Hope gives them wings while she is spurrd on by fear
 The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
 In the full concert join Now, my brave youths,
 Stripp'd for the chase, give all your souls to joy!
 See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
 More fleet the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
 Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print
 The grass unbruised with emulation fired
 They strain to lead the field top the barr'd gate,
 O'er the deep ditch exulting bound and brush
 The thorny twining hedge The riders bend
 O'er their arch'd necks, with steady hands, by turn
 Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage
 Where are their sorrows, disappointments wrong
 Vexations sickness cares? All, all are gone
 And with the panting winds lag far behind

Huntsman! her gait observe if in wide ring
 She wheel her mazy way in the same round
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track
 But if she fly and with the favouring wind
 Uge her bold course less intricate thy task
 Push on thy pack Like some poor exiled wretch
 The frighted chase leaves her late dear abodes
 O'er plains remote she stretches far away
 Ah! never to return! For greedy Death
 Hovering exults secure to seize his prey

Hark! from yon covert where those towering oaks
 Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
 Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunters shout
 The clanging horns swell their sweet winding notes
 The pack wide opening load the trembling air
 With various melody from tree to tree
 The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
 And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
 Through all the regions near afflictive birch
 No more the schoolboy dreads his prison broke
 Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call,
 The weary traveller forgets his road
 And climbs the adjacent hill the ploughman leaves
 The unfinished furrow nor his bleating flocks
 Are now the shepherd's joy! men boys, and guls,
 Desert the unpeopled village and wild crowds
 Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seized
 I look, how she pants! and o'er yon opening glade
 Slips glancing by! while at the farther end,
 The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,

Maze within maze The covert's utmost bound
 Slyly she skirts, behind them cautious creeps,
 And in that very track so lately stain'd
 By all the steaming crowd seems to pursue
 The foe she flies Let cavillers deny
 That brutes have reason sure 'tis something more
 'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspires
 Beyond the short extent of human thought
 But hold—I see her from the covert break
 Sad on yon little eminence she sits
 Intent she listens with one ear erect,
 Pondering, and doubtful what new course to take
 And how to escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
 That still urge on and still in volleys loud
 Insult her woes and mock her sore distress
 As now in louder peals the loaded winds
 Bring on the gathering storm her fears prevail
 And o'er the plain and o'er the mountains' ridge,
 Away she flies nor ships with wind and tide,
 And all their canvas wings scud half so fast
 Once more ye jovial train your courage try
 And each clean courser's speed We scour along
 In pleasing hurry and confusion tost,
 Oblivion to be wish'd The patient pack
 Hang on the scent unweari'd up they climb
 And ardent we pursue our labouring steeds
 We press we gore till once the summit gain'd
 Punfully panting there we breathe a while
 Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
 Precipitant, we smoke along the vale
 Happy the man who, with unrivall'd speed
 Can pass his fellows and with pleasure view
 The struggling pack how in the rapid course
 Alternate they preside and jostling push
 To guide the dubious scent how giddy youth
 Oft babbling errs by wiser age reprov'd
 How, niggard of his strength the wise old hound
 Hangs in the rear till some important point
 Rouse all his diligence or till the chase
 Sinking he finds then to the head he springs
 With thirst of glory fired and wins the prize
 Huntsman take heed they stop in full career
 Yon crowding flocks that at a distance gaze
 Have haply foil'd the turf See! that old hound,
 How busily he works, but dares not trust
 His doubtful sense draw yet a wider ring
 Hark! now again the chorus fills As bells

Sally'd a while, at once their peal renew,
 And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls
 See, how they toss, with animated rage
 Recovering all they lost!—That eager haste
 Some doubling wile foreshows—Ah! yet once more
 They're check'd,—hold back with speed—on either hand
 They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—Tis right
 Away they spring the rustling stubbles bend
 Beneath the driving storm Now the poor chase
 Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduced
 From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
 Her well known haunts, where once she ranged secure
 With love and plenty blest See! there she goes
 She reels along, and by her gait betrays
 Her inward weakness See, how black she looks!
 The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce leaves
 A languid scent And now in open view
 See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
 His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve
 How quick she turns their gaping jaws eludes,
 And yet a moment lives till round enclosed
 By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
 She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies

From Tithonus



THIS poet, who is not generally known, and to whom Johnson charlishly refused a place among the British poets was born, it is supposed in London in 1696 As his parents were Dissenters, they educated their son with the strictest rigour of their sect and in consequence of this injudicious austerity he no sooner entered the world than he threw himself loose from religious belief and became a free-thinker He obtained a place in the Custom House which insured him a fixed and comfortable salary but he was a martyr to low spirits to obtain relief from which he composed his poem *The Spleen* the best of his productions His poems were not published till after his death which occurred in 1737

REMEDIES FOR THE SPLEEN

Hunting I reckon very good
 To brace the nerves, and stir the blood
 But after no field honours itch
 Achieved by leaping hedge and ditch
 While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed
 Or o'er coal fires inclines the head
 Hygeia's sons with hound and horn
 And jovial cry awake the morn
 I these see her from the dusky plight
 Smear'd by the embraces of the night
 With rosal wash redeem her face
 And prove herself of Titian's race,
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies
 Shed light and fragrance as she flies
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display
 Exulting at the hark away
 And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
 From lungs robust field notes resound
 Then, as St George the dragon slew,
 Spleen pierced, trod down and dying, view,
 While all their spirits are on wing,
 And wood, and hills, and valleys, ring

To cure the mind's wrong bias Spleen
 Some recommend the bowling green
 Some, hilly walks, all exercise
 Fling but a stone the giant dies
 Laugh and be well Monkeys have been
 Extreme good doctors for the spleen,
 And kitten, if the humour hit,
 Has harlequin'd away the fit

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
 At some particulars let us laugh

Witlings, brisk fools, cursed with half sense,
 That stimulates their impotence,
 Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
 Err with their wings for want of eyes
 Poor authors worshipping a calf
 Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
 A strict dissenter saying grace,
 A lecturer preaching for a place,
 Folks, thing prophetic to dispense,
 Making the past the future tense,
 The popish dubbing of a priest,
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceased,
 Green apron d Pythonissas rage
 Great Æsculapius on his stage
 A miser starving to be rich,
 The prior of Newgate s dying speech,
 A jointured widow s ritual state
 Two Jews disputing tete a tete
 New almanacks composed by seers
 Experiments on felons ears,
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
 The superb muscle of the eye,
 A coquet s April weather face,
 A Queenbrough mayor behind his mic,
 And fops in military show
 Are sov reign for the case in view

If spleen fogs rise at close of day
 I clear my ev ning with a play
 Or to some concert take my way
 The company, the shine of lights,
 The scenes of humour, music s flights,
 Adjust and set the soul to rights

Life s moving pictures well wrought plays,
 To others grief attention raise
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow
 We borrow joy by pitying woe
 Here gaily comic scenes delight
 And hold true mirrors to our sight
 Virtue, in charming dress array d
 Calling the passions to her aid
 When moral scenes just actions join
 Takes shape, and shows her face divine

Music has charms, we all may find,
 Ingratiate deeply with the mind

When art does sound's high power advance,
 To music's pipe the passions dance
 Motions unwill'd its powers have shown,
 Tarantulated by a tune
 Many have held the soul to be
 Nearly allied to harmony
 Her have I known indulging grief
 And shunning company's relief
 Unveil her face, and looking round
 Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound
 The consanguinity of sound

In rainy days keep double guard
 O! Spleen will surely be too hard
 Which like those fish by sailors met
 Fly highest, while their wings are wet
 In such dull weather so unfit
 To enterprise a work of wit,
 When clouds one yard of azure sky
 That's fit for simile, deny
 I dress my face with studious looks
 And shorten tedious hours with books
 But if dull fogs invade the head
 I hat memory minds not what is read,
 I sit in window dry as ark
 And on the drowning world remark
 Or to some coffee house I stray
 For news, the manna of a day,
 And from the hipp'd discourses gather
 That politics go by the weather
 Then seek good humour'd tavern chums,
 And play at cards but for small sums,
 Or with the merry fellows quaff
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh
 Or drink a joco serious cup
 With souls who've took their freedom up,
 And let my mind beguiled by talk
 In Epicurus' garden walk,
 Who thought it heaven to be serene
 Pain, hell, and purgatory—spleen

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
 And chat away the gloomy fit
 Quit the stiff garb of serious scene
 And wear a gay impertinence
 Nor think nor speak with any pain
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins

IMAGINATION has invented few tales of a more mournful interest than the real history of this talented and most unfortunate genius. He was born in January 1698 but even before he saw the light his misfortunes commenced, by the public avowal of his mother the Countess of Macclesfield, who voluntarily confessed herself guilty of adultery and that the expected child was begotten by the Earl Rivers. It would have been well if the shameless woman had stopped there but not contented with thus depriving her unhappy child of wealth and rank she abandoned him to obscurity and neglect aspersed his character embittered his enemies against him and even endeavoured to procure his death upon the gallows. But who after the admirable life of Savage by his friend Johnson would attempt the same subject? After a strange career of improvidence suffering and misfortune he died on the 31st of July 1743 in Newgate prison where he had been confined for a paltry debt.

SUFFERING WORTH

O Thou, who form'd who raised the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite
If verse can gild instruction with delight
Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame
To rise, to dare to reach the noblest aim!

But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, though his mind elate
Æneas like he passes through the crowd
Unsought unseen beneath misfortune's cloud
Or seen with slight regard Upraised his name
His after honour, and our after shame
The doom'd desert, to Avarice stands confess'd
Her eyes averted aye and steel'd her breast
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes
Bold Insult, pointing hoots him as he flies
While coward Censure skill'd in darker ways
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise
Hunger thirst nakedness there grievous fall
Unjust derision too!—that tongue of gall!
Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endued,
Usher'd by pride, and by reproach pursued
Forced pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as scorn, ungenerous as neglect

Yet ~~suffering~~ Worth! thy fortitude will shine
Thy foes are Virtue's and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and peace thy days shall crown
Thy treasure prudence, and thy claim renown

Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!

From The Wanderer Canto III

ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY

I know thy soul believes,
His hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves,
Yet oft affliction purines the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless would beauteous symmetry disclose
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains
I lead colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
Show, though in broken views the blue serene
Severe distresses industry inspire
Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire
And boldly struggle through a state of shame,
To life, ease plenty, liberty and fame
Sword law has often Europe's balance gain'd
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd
We pass through want to wealth, through dismal life
To calm content through death to endless life
Libya thou nam'st—Let Africa's wastes appear
Cuius by those heats that fructify the year
Yet the same suns her orange groves befriend,
Where clustering globes in shining rows depend
Here, when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold
Even scenes that strike with terrible surprise,
Still prove a God, just merciful and wise
Sad wintery blasts that strip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery spring
Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air
Reft at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn
Her tombs wide shatter'd, and her dead up torn
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn
Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn
Then all were lost!—Or would we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew,
Plague, fever, frenzy, close engendering lie,
All these red ruptures clear the sullied sky

From The Wanderer Canto III

SAVAGE ON HIS MISFORTUNES AND THE QUEEN'S KINDNESS

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspired
 I sung Gay fluttering hope my fancy fired
 Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
 Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
 Rashly deceived, I saw no pits to shun,
 But thought to purpose and to act were one,
 Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
 Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray
 But now, exposed, and shrinking from distress
 I fly to shelter while the tempests press,
 My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone
 The raptures languish, and the numbers grow

O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
 Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
 Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
 Why add continuous smart to every blow?
 Few are my joys, alas! how soon forgot!
 On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not
 While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall,
 Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st them all

O fate of late repentance! always vain
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain
 Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd
 Call'd forth my virtues or from vice restrain'd
 Is it not thine to snatch some powerful aim
 First to advance then screen from future harm?
 Am I return'd from death, to live in pain?
 Or would imperial pity save in vain?
 Distrust it not—what blame can mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?

Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear
 All I was wretched by to you I owed
 Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
 New born I may a nobler mother claim,
 But dare not whisper her immortal name
 Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
 Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
 Queen of a People's heart, who ne'er before
 Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!

One contest yet remains in this design
 Who most shall give applause where all admire
From The Bastard.

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE OF THE POET

Be posts disposed at will!—I have for these,
 No gold to plead, no impudence to tease
 All secret service from my soul I hate,
 All dark intrigues of pleasure or of state
 I have no power election votes to gain
 No will to hackney out polemic strain
 To shape, as time shall serve, my verse or prose
 To flatter thence, nor slur a courtier's foes
 Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail,
 Nor shock'd by him with libels to assail
 Where these are not what claim to me belongs?
 Though mine the muse and virtue, birth and wrongs
 Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
 To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
 No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain
 The promise broke renew'd and broke again
 To be as humour deigns received, refused,
 By turns affronted, and by turns amused
 To lose that time which worthier thoughts require
 To lose the health which should those thoughts inspire,
 To starve a hope, or, like cameleons, fare
 On ministerial faith, which means but air

From The Poet's Dependence on State Ministry



THIS amiable author whose works are little known in England, was born it is supposed, about the year 1700. He was a merchant in the city of Glasgow and aided Ramsay in his collection of Scottish poems entitled *The Tea Table Miscellany*. His Lyrics and especially his song of Tweedside have been frequently admired while the name of the author has been forgotten. His personal history is very obscure as well as the circumstances of his death and it has been alleged although there is no sufficient proof of the fact that he was drowned while crossing from France to Scotland. The year of his death is uncertain.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR

Hear me ye nymphs, and every swain
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me
 Though thus I languish thus complain
 Alas! she ne'er believes me
 My vows and sighs like silent air
 Unheeded never move her
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair
 'Twas there I first did love her

That day she smiled, and made me glad,
 No maid seemed ever kinder
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her
 I tried to soothe my amorous flame
 In words that I thought tender
 If more there passed I'm not to blame
 I meant not to offend her

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented
 If e'er we meet she shows disdain
 She looks as ne'er acquainted
 The bonny bush bloomed fair in May
 Its sweets I'll aye remember
 But now her frowns make it decay
 It fades as in December

Ye rural powers who hear my strains
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains
 Then let her smiles relieve me
 If not, my love will turn despair
 My passion no more tender,

I ll leave the bush aboon Traquair—
To lonely wilds I ll wander

TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose !
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
Yet Mary s, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those
Such beauty and pleasure does yield

The warblers are heard in the grove
The linnet the lark, and the thrush
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring
We ll lodge in some village on Tweed
And love while the feather d folks sing

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed s murmurs should lull her to rest
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I d steal an ambrosial kiss

Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare
Love s graces around her do dwell,
She s fairest where thousands are fair
Say charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed
Shall I seek them on smooth winding Tlay
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

William Hamilton of Bangour was born of an ancient family in Ayrshire North Britain in 1704. Although he was of literary habits and possessed a delicate constitution he joined the insurgents in favour of the Pretender in 1745 and wrote an heroic eulogy upon their success at Preston Pans. But when the cause was crushed at Culloden the unfortunate bard shared largely in the miseries of the vanquished being obliged to skulk in the Highlands until he found an opportunity of escaping into France. He at length made his peace with government and returned to take possession of his family estate but an impaired constitution obliged him to return to the continent, where he died of consumption in 1754.

Ah the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate
 Nor dare disclose his anguish!
 Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
 My secret soul did cover
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her

The tender glance, the reddening cheek
 O'erspread with rising blushes
 A thousand various ways they speak,
 A thousand various wishes
 For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling
 That artless blush and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling!—

The every look and every grace
 So charm whenever I view thee
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Laid at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven

FROM CONTEMPLATION OR THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

Contemplation, baffled maid,
 Remains there yet no other aid?
 Helpless and weary must thou yield
 To love supreme in every field?
 Let Melancholy last engage,
 Reverend, hoary mantled sage

Sure, at his sable flag s display
Love s idle troop will flit away
And bring with him his due compeer
Silence sad, forlorn and drear

Haste thee, Silence, haste and go
To search the gloomy world below
My trembling steps, O Sibyl, lead
Through the dominions of the dead
Where Care, enjoying soft repose,
I ays down the burden of his woes
Where meritorious Want no more
Shiv ring begs at Grandeur s door
Unconscious Grandeur seal d his eyes,
On the mouldering purple lies
In the dim and dreary round
Speech in eternal chains lies bound
And see a tomb, its gates display d,
Expands an everlasting shade
O ye inhabitants ! that dwell
Lach forgotten in your cell,
O say ! for whom of human race
Has fate decreed this hiding place ?

And hark ! methinks a spirit calls
Low winds the whisper round the walls,
A voice the sluggish air that breaks,
Solemn amid the silence speaks
Mistaken man, thou seek st to know,
What known will but afflict with woe
There thy Monimia shall abide,
With the pale bridegroom rest a bride
The wan assistants there shall lay,
In weeds of death her beauteous clay

O words of woe ! what do I hear ?
What sounds invade a lover s ear ?
Must then thy charms, my anxious cure,
The fate of vulgar beauty share ?
Good heaven retard (for thine the power)
The wheels of time, that roll the hour

Yet ah ! why swells my breast with fears ?
Why start the interdicted tears ?
Love, dost thou tempt again ? depart,
Thou devil, cast out from my heart
Sad I forsook the feast the ball,
The sunny bower, and lofty hall,
And sought the dungeon of despair,
Yet thou overtakest me there

JOHN BYROM a poet of singularly amiable character was born at Kersal in 1691. He was educated at Merchant Tailors School after which he obtained through the favour of Dr Bentley the father of the Phœbe of his pastoral a fellowship at Cambridge but as he declined to go into the church he was obliged to vacate it. Afterward he went to London, and supported himself by teaching the art of stenography until by the death of his elder brother he succeeded to the family estate and enjoyed competence for the rest of his life. He died in 1763.

A PASTORAL

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

II

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

III

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

IV

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
 When Spring, Love, and Beauty, were all in their prime

But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
 I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass,
 Be still then I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry while I am so sad

V

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

VI

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

VII

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

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

IX

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return !
 While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn
 Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
 I could breathe on his wings, and twould melt down the
 lead

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
 And rest so much longer for t' when she is here
 Ah Colin ! old Time is full of delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst sav

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
 To be cured, thou must Colin thy passion remove
 But what swain is so silly to live without love ?
 No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn
 Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair
 Take heed, all ye swans, how ye part with your fan

THE BEAU AND THE BEDIAMITE

A patient in Bedlam that did pretty well
 Was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell
 One day when they gave him that freedom, he spied
 A beauish young spark with a sword by his side
 With a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard of steel
 That swung at due length from his hip to his heel

When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,
 The bedlamite ran, and survey'd him all round
 While a waiter suppress'd the young captain's alarm
 With—"You need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no harm
 At the last he broke out—*Aye, a very fine show !*
May I ask him one question ? "What's that ?" said the
 beau

Pray what is that long dangling, cumbersome thing
Which you seem to be tied to with ribband and string ?
 "Why that is my sword ? —*And what is it to do ?*
 "Kill my enemies, master, by running them through
Kill your enemies ! Kill a fool's head of your own !
They'll die of themselves, if you let them alone

THIS poet was born in Scotland, about 1700. It was supposed that his father belonged to the proscribed clan of Macgregor and that on emigrating to the Lowlands he changed his name to Malloch which the poet afterwards Anglicised into Mallet. James became tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose and afterwards he conducted them upon the grand tour. On returning home he became a wit, courtier and poet, was admitted into the brilliant circles of fashion and the societies of the learned and talented and attained distinction and wealth not so much by his intellectual merits as his dexterity in turning them to account. He died in April 1765. His poems with the exception of two ballads, *Edwin and Emma* and *William and Margaret* are now in a great measure forgotten.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET

Tw'as 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 left 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 dumb 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 flattering 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 late adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you

The lark sung loud the morning smiled,
With beams of rosy red
I ale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
That wrapp'd her breathless clay

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more !

EDWIN AND EMMA

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace
An humble cottage stood

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek
Such orient colour smiles through heaven
When vernal mornings break

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains
That sun who bids their diamonds blaze
To paint our lily deigns

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart

A mutual flame was quickly caught
Was quickly too reveal'd
For neither bosom lodged a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd

What happy hours of home felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd

The Father too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the clod,
 From whence his riches grew

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmoved
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapproved

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love

Denied her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where Emma walk'd and wept

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste
 Beneath the moonlight shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight mourner stray'd

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd
 A deadly pale o'ercast
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed,
 And wearied heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrows shed

'Tis past! he cried—but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold,
 What they must ever love!

She came, his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bathed with many a tear
 Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
 So morning dew appears

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
 A cruel sister she!
 Forbade what Emma came to say—
 "My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
 The churchyard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
 Her lover's funeral song

Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
 In every bush his hovering shade,
 His groan in every sound

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale—
 When lo! the death bell smote her ear,
 Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door—
 He's gone! she cried and I shall see
 That angel face no more

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side—
 From her white arm down sunk her head
 She shivering sigh'd, and died

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY

This humble grave though no proud structures grace,
 Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place
 Yet blameless Virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
 Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb
 O scaped from life! O safe on that calm shore
 Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more!
 What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
 Regard and Pity, wait sincere on thee
 Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear
 And holy Friendship stands a mourner here

He was the son of a physician, and was born at Blandford, in 1699. He first received his education at Winchester College where he distinguished himself by great proficiency in classical learning after which he was removed to New College. As he studied for the Church, he was presented, in 1722 to the rectory of Pimperm in Dorsetshire. Pitt was chiefly eminent as a translator and even while at college he rendered the whole of Lucian's *Pharsalia* into English verse. He afterwards translated Vida's *Art of Poetry* and, encouraged by the reception with which it was welcomed, he in his thirtieth year commenced a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, which he completed to the high satisfaction of the literary world. Pitt died in 1748 beloved by his people on account of his amiable character as well as by society at large on account of his talents and learning.

ON A SHADOW AN ODE

How are deluded human kind
By empty shows betray'd?
In all their hopes and schemes they find
A nothing or a shade

The prospects of a truncheon cast
The soldier on the wars,
Dismiss'd with shatter'd limbs at last
Brats, poverty, and scars

The fond philosophers for gain
Will leave unturn'd no stone,
But though they toil with endless pain
They never find their own

By the same rock the chemists drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready specie down,
In hopes of fancied gold

What is the mad projector's care?
In hopes elate and swelling,
He builds his castles in the air,
Yet wants a house to dwell in

At court the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitless toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a smile

How to philosophers will sound
 So strange a truth display'd?
 "There's not a substance to be found,
 But every where a shade

FROM THE ART OF PREACHING

Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
 And then conclude divinely with their own
 Like oil on water, mounts the prelate up
 His Grace is always sure to be at top
 That vein of mercury its beams will spread
 And shine more strongly through a mine of lead
 With such low arts your audience never balk
 For who can bear a fustian lined with silk?
 Sooner than preach such stuff I'd walk the town,
 Without my scarf, in Whiston's draggled gown,
 Ply at the Chapter and at Child's, to read
 For pence, and buy for a groat a head

Some easy subject choose within your power,
 Or you can never hold out half an hour
 One rule observe this Sunday split your text
 Preach one part now, and the other half the next
 Speak, look, and move with dignity and ease,
 Like mitred Secker you'll be sure to please
 But, if you whine like boys at country schools,
 Can you be said to study Cambray's rules?
 Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
 Set out in this high prancing stumbling style,
 "Whoever with a piercing eye can see
 Through the past records of futurity—
 All gape—no meaning—the puff'd orator
 Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour
 Truth and the text he labours to display,
 Till both are quite interpreted away
 So frugal dames insipid water pour,
 Till green, bohea, and coffee are no more
 His arguments in silly circles run
 Still round and round, and end where they begun
 So the poor turn spit, as the wheel runs round,
 The more he gains, the more he loses ground

THIS was a poet, who like Phillips was a sort of poetical mock-bird having no tune of his own, but readily catching that of any other author and upon this imitativeness his chief merit depends. He was born at Burton-upon-Trent in 1705. He was educated at Westminster and subsequently at Cambridge, after which he studied at Lincoln's Inn. Being however of independent circumstances he did not engage in the active pursuits of the legal profession. He was twice elected member of Parliament for Wenlocke in Shropshire and he died in 1760. His chief work is entitled *A Pipe of Tobacco* in which he has successfully imitated some of our principal poets.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO

IMITATION I.—COLLEY CIBBER. A NEW YEAR'S ODE

RECITATIVO

Old Battle array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-robed Peace again lifts up her head
Sing ye Muses Tobacco the blessing of peace
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus ire
When wintry storms around us beat
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire
Yellow autumn youthful spring
In thy praises jointly sing

RECITATIVO

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virguman fleets,
Fraught with Tobacco's balmy sweets
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power
And Boreas is afraid to roar

Happy mortal! he who knows
Pleasure which a pipe bestows,
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume

RECITATIVO

I et foreign climes the wine and orange boast
While wastes of war deform the teeming coast,
Britannia, distant from each hostile sound,
Enjoys a Pipe, with ease and freedom crown'd
E'en restless faction finds itself most free,
Or if a slave, a slave to liberty

Smiling years that gaily run
 Round the zodiac with the sun,
 Tell if ever you have seen
 Realms so quiet and serene
 British sons no longer now
 Hurl the bar or twang the bow,
 Nor of crimson combat think
 But securely smoke and drink

Smiling years, that gaily run
 Round the zodiac with the sun,
 Tell if ever you have seen
 Realms so quiet and serene

IMITATION II —AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Little tube of mighty power,
 Charmer of an idle hour,
 Object of my warm desire
 Lip of wax and eye of fire
 And thy snowy taper wrist,
 With my finger gently biaced,
 And thy pretty swelling crest,
 With my little stopper prest
 And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
 Breathing from thy balmy kisses
 Happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men,
 Who when again the night returns,
 When again the taper burns,
 When again the cricket's gay
 (Little cricket full of play),
 Can afford his tube to feed
 With the fragrant Indian weed
 Pleasure for a nose divine,
 Incense of the god of wine
 Happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men

IMITATION III —JAMES THOMSON

O thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
 Tobacco, fountain pure of *limpid truth*,

That looks the very soul whence pouring thought
Swarms all the mind absorpt his yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
 Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown
 Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
 Of ductile clay, with *plastic virtue* form'd,
 And glazed magnificent o'er I grasp, I fill
 From Pætotheke with pungent powers perfumed,
Itself one tortoise all, where shines unbid
Each parent ray then rudely illum'd illumine,
 With the red touch of zeal enkindling sheet,
Mark'd with Gibsonian lore forth issue clouds,
 Thought thrilling, thirst inciting clouds around,
 And many mining fires I all the while,
 Lolling at ease, *inhale* the breezy balm
 But chief, when *Bacchus wont with thee to join*
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl
 Oh be thou still *my great inspirer*, thou
My Muse oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shined,
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song

IMITATION V —ALEXANDER POPE

Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
 To Templars modesty, to parsons sense
 So raptured priests at famed Dodona's shrine,
 Drank inspiration from the steam divine
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
 Content, more solid than the smile of lords
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
 The last kind refuge of the wise and good
 Inspired by thee, dull cities adjust the scale
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail
 By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near
 Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
 While supperless he plies the piddling trade
 What though to love and soft delights a foe,
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau?
 Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue, are thy own
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
 And let me taste thee unexcised by kings

THIS poet, whose talents scarcely obtained justice during his own day and who since that period has been almost entirely neglected, was the son of a dissenting clergyman at Abingdon in Berkshire where he was born in 1712. He was originally bred to the humble business of a linen draper which he followed in London and Ireland but finding no success in trade and becoming disgusted with his unpoetical occupation he forsook the counter and became a literary adventurer. His verses were distinguished by correctness of taste and elegance of sentiment and his Fables which he published in 1744 first brought him into notice. He gained the patronage of Lord Lyttelton and other influential persons and devoted himself to dramatic writing in which his *Gamester* which still keeps possession of the stage was eminently successful. In 1751 Lord Lyttelton in conjunction with Dodsley planned a periodical called *The World* of which Moore was to enjoy the profits and the work went on prosperously till the conclusion which preceded the death of Moore only by a few weeks. He died in 1757.

THE RETURN OF THE PENITENT

Lovely Penitent, arise,
 Come, and claim thy kindred skies
 Come, thy sister angels say,
 Thou hast wept thy stains away
 Let experience now decide,
 Twixt the good and evil tried
 In the smooth, enchanted ground,
 Say, unfold the treasures found
 Structures, raised by morning dreams
 Sands, that trip the flitting streams
 Down, that anchors on the sur,
 Clouds, that paint then changes there
 Seas that smoothly dimpling lie
 While the storm impends on high,
 Showing in an obvious glass,
 Joys, that in possession pass,
 Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
 Flattering only to betray
 What, alas, can life contain!
 Life like all its circles, run!
 Will the stork, intending rest,
 On the billow build her nest?
 Will the bee demand his store
 From the bleak and bladeless shore?
 Man alone, intent to stray,
 Ever turns from wisdom's way,
 Lays up wealth in foreign land,
 Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand

Soon this elemental mass,
 Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,
 Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
 Time be spent, and life expire

Then, ye boasted works of men,
 Where is your asylum then ?
 Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
 Tell me, mortals, tell me where ?
 Gone, like traces on the deep,
 Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
 Dews, exhaled from morning glades
 Melting snows, and gliding shades

Pass the world, and what's behind ?
 Virtue's gold, by fire refined,
 From a universe depraved,
 From the wreck of nature saved
 Like the life supporting grain,
 Fruit of patience, and of pain
 On the swain's autumnal day,
 Winnow'd from the chaff away

Little trembler fear no more
 Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
 Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
 More than all thy scorers own

What though hostile earth despise
 Heaven beholds with gentler eyes
 Heaven thy friendless steps shall guide,
 Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side

When the fatal trump shall sound,
 When th' immortals pour around,
 Heaven shall thy return attest,
 Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd

Little native of the skies,
 Lovely penitent, arise,
 Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
 Virtue is thy sister now

More delightful are my woes,
 Than the rapture pleasure knows,
 Richer far the weeds I bring,
 Than the robes that grace a king

On my wars of shortest date,
 Crowns of endless triumphs wait,
 On my cares, a period bless'd,
 On my toils, eternal rest

Come, with Virtue at thy side,
 Come, be every bar defied,

'Till we gain our native shore,
Sister come, and turn no more

From Fables for the Ladies

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW WORM A FABLE

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

One night a glow worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glittering train,
Cried Sure there never was in nature
So elegant so fine a creature
All other insects that I see
The frugal ant, industrious bee
Or ilk worm with contempt I view
With all that low mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And placed on earth to live and shine
Those lights that sparkle so on high
Are but the glow worms of the sky
And kings on earth their gems admire
Because they imitate my fire

She spoke Attentive on a spray
A Nightingale forbore his lay,
He saw the shining morsel near
And flew, directed by the glare,
A while he gazed with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke —

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

From Fables for the Ladies

THE author of the Seasons was born September 7th 1700 at Ednam in Roxburgh of which parish his father was minister James received his education at the school of Jedburgh and there in the days of his boyhood, he showed his devotedness to poetry by composing fugitive pieces—and his ambition for higher excellence by throwing them into the fire on every new year's day From Jedburgh he was removed to Edinburgh the University of which he entered with the intention of studying for the church but when his probationary discourse in the divinity hall was delivered, the language was so elevated and poetical that the Professor of Divinity rebuked him for writing in a style so far beyond the capacities of any ordinary audience Thomson disgusted at this severe check resolved to abandon all hopes of the church and repair to London as the place where talent would be certain to prosper and on his arrival in the metropolis he found his countryman Mallet in whom he afterwards experienced a steady and influential friend

The first entrance of Thomson into London however was accompanied with serious difficulties His shoes were worn out with the pilgrimage while his pockets contained nothing but his Winter from which to raise the necessary supplies This poem too was so much out of the common style that the publishers among whom he hawked it demurred at the risk of the speculation and refused to undertake it At last Mr Millar purchased it for a small sum and ventured to publish it but even then the work threatened to lie dead upon the shelves but for a fortunate accident Mr Whatley a literary gentleman having seen the production was so struck by its merits that he blazoned its excellence throughout the town and excited the attention of the public in its behalf It gradually became popular and the reputation of the unfriended stranger was at length established upon a solid foundation In the following year (1727) Thomson published the next part of his Seasons entitled Summer a poem On the Death of Sir Isaac Newton and Bt m r and in 1728 appeared Spring A for Autumn, its publication delayed till 1730 but the poet of The Seasons had already turned his attention to the drama and in 1727 he produced the tragedy of Sophonisba which became popular because the public were determined in spite of the warning to admire it Thomson was now at the height of popularity His circumstances were prosperous and in consequence of his merit and popularity he was selected to accompany Mr Charles Talbot lord treasurer of the Chamberlain upon the grand tour On his return he published the fruits of his observations during two years under the title of Liberty a poem in five books which the author regarded as the best of his works but the public was and has ever continued to be of a different opinion so that the unfortunate poem has seldom found a reader

In consequence of the death of the Chancellor Thomson was reduced from a situation of ease and affluence to his former state of indigence which roused him to constitutional intolerance to exertion and as he resolved to devote himself to dramatic writing he produced in 1738 the tragedy of Agamemnon which was not successful in representation although it was outdressed by Pope He then produced Edward and Eleonora but in consequence of the strict censorship which was established upon plays of a political tendency a license to represent it was refused Shortly after he wrote in conjunction with Mallet The Mique of Alfred and in 1745 appeared his Tancred and Sigismunda the most successful of all his dramatic productions A favourable change now took place upon his fortunes for in addition to a pension which he enjoyed from the Prince of Wales of 100*l* per annum he was appointed Surveyor general of the Leeward Isles which after deducting the salary allowed to his deputy yielded 300*l* more The last work which Thomson published, was his exquisite poem The Castle of Indolence the best of his productions that seem to have flowed *con amore* from the innermost depths of his heart and which he had spent years in considering and correcting He did not live long after this work had been published and his death occurred August 27 1748



THOMSON

CHARITY INSPIRED BY SPRING

Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only lavish to yourselves away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want Nor, till invoked
Can restless goodness wait your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored,
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad, for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world,
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head
Life flows afresh, and young-eyed Health exalts

The whole creation round Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase

1 *Spring*

SHEEP SHEARING

Or rushing thence in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd to where the mazy running brook
 Forms a deep pool this bank abrupt and high
 And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore
 Urged to the giddy brink much is the toil
 The clamour much of men and boys and dogs
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides And oft the swam,
 On some impatient seizing hurls them in
 Embolden'd then nor hesitating more
 Fast fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the farthest shore
 Repeated this till deep the well wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood and from his lively haunt
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream
 Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race where as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills
 At last of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd
 Head above head and, ranged in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores
 With all her gay dress'd maids attending round
 One, chief in gracious dignity enthroned,
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd king
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall
 Meantime their joyous task goes on apace
 Some mingling stir the melted tar and some,
 Deep on the new shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cipher 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 waved
 No tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
 Who having now to pay his annual care,
 Borrow'd your fleece to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again

P m s u i e r

A FOX HUNTING BANQUET

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide
 The tankards foam and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin stretch'd immense
 From side to side in which with desperate knife
 They deep incision make and talk the while
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced
 While hence they borrow vigour of amun
 Into the paste plunged at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow
 Relating all the glories of the chase
 Then sat'd Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice steams liberal round
 A potent gale delicious as the breath
 Of Mirth to the love sick shepherdess,
 On violets diffused, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms
 Nor wanting is the brown October drawn,
 Mature and perfect from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years, and now his honest front
 Illumes in the light refulgent not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie
 To cheat the thirsty moments whist a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
 Wreath'd, fragrant from the pipe, or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon while romp loving miss
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust

At last these puling idlenesses laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle, and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking Nor evasion sly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulged apart, but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd
 Mean time, with sudden interruption loud,
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart,
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul
 And, opening in a full mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap the jocund curse, go round
 While from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
 The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls
 So gradual sinks their mirth Their feeble tongues
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
 Lie quite dissolved Before their maudlin eyes,
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
 Like the sun wading through the misty sky
 Then sliding soft, they drop Confused above,
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
 As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken scene and wide, below,
 Is heap'd the social slaughter where astride
 The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumberous, inclining still from side to side
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
 Awful and deep a black abyss of drink,
 Out lives them all and from his buried flock
 Retiring full of rumination sad
 Laments the weakness of these latter times

From Autumn

THE TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW

As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darken'd air,

In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect shag the trackless plain
 Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home the thoughts of 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 through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of man
 Which round him night resistless closes fast
 And every tempest howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
 Of cover'd pits unfathomably deep
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost
 Of faithless bogs of precipices huge
 Smooth'd up with snow and what is land unknown,
 What water of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils
 These check his fearful steps and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife his children, and his friends, unseen
 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fan blazing and the vestment warm
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence Alas!
 Nor wife nor children more shall he behold
 Nor friends nor sacred home On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes shuts up sense
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold
 Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd coise,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY AROUND THE CASTLE
OF INDOLENCE

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,
And there a season atween June and May
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd
A listless climate made, where sooth to say
No living wight could work, he cared even for play

Was nought around but images of rest
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed and beds of pleasant green
Where never yet was creeping creature seen
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale
And now and then sweet Philonél would wail,
Or stock doves plain amid the forest deep
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move
As idles fancy'd in her dreaming mood
And up the hills on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to
flow

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly

Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh,
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm the wicked wight
 Was plac'd and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate
From The Castle of Indolence Cant. I

THE ÆOLIAN HARP

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease,
 Aerial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft by small degrees
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung and breathed such soul dissolving mists,
 As did, alas! with soft perdition please
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all care

A certain music never known before
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind
 Full easily obtain'd Behoves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
 To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined
 From which, with airy flying fingers light
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refined
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight
 Whence, with just cause, the hup of Æolus it might

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
 Who up the lofty diapason roll
 Such sweet such sad, such solemn mists divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul?
 Now rising love they fann'd now pleasing dole
 They breathed, in tender musings through the heart
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,

As when seraphic hands an hymn impart
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

From the Castle of Indolence Canto I

THE MISERIES OF INDOLENCE.

' Ye impious wretches quoth the knight in wrath
' Your happiness behold ' —Then straight a wand
He waved, an anti magic power that hath
Truth from illusive falsehood to command
Sudden the landskip sinks on every hand
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken d stand
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature, crawls
around

And here and there on trees by lightning scathed,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bathed
They weltering lay, or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll d
These by distemper d blood to madness stung,
Had doom d themselves whence oft, when might
controll d

The world returning hither then sad spirits howl d
Meantime a moving scene was open luid
That lazar house, I whilom in my lay,
Depainted have, its horrors deep display d
And gave unnumber d wretches to the day
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay
Soon as of sacred light th unwonted smile
Pour d on these living catacombs its ray,
Though the drear caverns stretching many a mile
The sick up raised then heads, and dropp d their woes
awhile

" O, heaven ! (they cried) and do we once more see
Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair ?
Are we from noisome damp of pest house free ?
And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air ?
O thou ! or knight, or god ! who holdest there
That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains !
But what for us, the children of despair,
Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains ?
Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains

From The Castle of Indolence Canto II

He was born in Caermarthenshire Wales in 1700 and was educated at Westminster School after which he devoted himself to the profession of a painter but he studied the sister art of poetry as well as painting and in 1727 published *Grongar Hill*. In the pursuit of excellence in his professional art, he travelled to Italy and on his return to England in 1740 he published *The Ruins of Rome*. After this he married a lady of the name of Ensor whose grandmother as he tells us was a Shakespeare descended from a brother of every body's Shakespeare and abandoning at the same time his pictorial occupation, he entered into holy orders and became an humble curate. In 1757 he published his chief poem *The Fleece* and died in the following year. The popularity of Dyer has scarcely been equal to his merits although some of his own contemporaries could appreciate and acknowledge them and Akenside an incontestable judge of poetical excellence declared that he would regulate his opinion of the signing taste by the fate of Dyer's *Fleece*.

RECOMMENDATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Gold cannot gold appear until man's toil
 Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
 And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
 Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
 With oft repeated toil and oft in fire
 The metal purifies with the fatigue,
 And tedious process of its painful works
 The lusty sicken, and the feeble die

But cheerful are the labours of the loom
 By health and ease accompanied they bring
 Superior treasures speedier to the state
 Than those of deep Peruvian mines where slaves
 (Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand
 Pale palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
 Behold arising in their fattening flocks
 A double wealth more rich than Belgium's boast
 Who ends the culture of the flaxen reed
 Or the Cathayan's, whose ignoble care
 Nurses the silkworm or of India's sons
 Who plant the cotton grove by Ganges stream
 Nor do their toils and products furnish more,
 Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web
 To the luxurious but our kinder toils
 Give clothing to necessity keep warm
 The unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
 Benighted, while the tempest beats around
 No ye soft sons of Ganges and of Ind,
 Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
 Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
 To cast the strong flung shuttle, or the spear
 Can ye defend your country from the storm

Of strong invasion ? Can ye want endure
 In the besieged fort, with courage firm ?
 Can ye the weather beaten vessel steer
 Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm,
 Mid wild discordant waves, with steady course ?
 Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
 The overflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
 Brethren, by impious persecution driven,
 And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
 New regions climes, though barren, yet beyond
 The baneful power of tyrants ? These are deeds
 To which their hardy labours well prepare
 The sinewy arm of Albion's sons Pursue
 Ye sons of Albion with a yielding heart
 Your hardy labours let the sounding loom
 Mix with the melody of every vale
 The loom that long renown'd wide envied gift
 Of wealthy Flandria she from Grecian nymphs
 They from Phenice, who obtain'd the dole
 From old Ægyptus Thus around the globe
 The golden footed sciences their path
 Mark like the sun, enkindling life and joy
 And follow'd close by Ignorance and Pride
 Lead Day and Night o'er realms

F o T T T F o k III

I R O S I F C I I R O M C R O N C A R H I I I

Now I gain the mountain's brow
 What a landscape lies below !
 No clouds, no vapours, intervene
 But the gay the open scene,
 Does the face of Nature show
 In all the hues of heaven's bow !
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the sight
 Old castles on the cliffs arise
 Proudly towering in the skies !
 Rushing from the woods the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires !
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain heads !
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks
 And glitters on the broken rocks !

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

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

FROM THE RUINS OF ROME

Yet once again my Muse
 Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight
 Lo ! the resistless theme imperial Rome
 Fall n fall n, a silent heap her heroes all
 Sunk in their urns behold the pride of pomp,
 The throne of nations fall n obscured in dust,
 Ev n yet majestic the solemn scene
 Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
 Flames on the ruins in the purer air
 Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
 Like broken rocks a vast circumference
 Rent palaces, crush d columns rified mole
 Fanes roll d on fanes, and tombs on buried tomb
 Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
 Immense along the waste minuter art
 Glyconian forms, or Phidian subtly fau,
 Overwhelming as th immense Leviathan
 The finny brood, when near Ierne s shore
 Outstretch d unwieldy, his island length appears
 Above the foamy flood Globose and huge
 Grey mouldering temples swell, and wide o crest
 The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
 And boundless wilds, while the vine mantled brows
 The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
 Of hourly peril, though the clifted domes
 Tremble to every wind The pilgrim oft
 At dead of night, mid his oraison hears
 Aghast the voice of time, departing towers,
 Tumbling all precipitate down dash d,
 Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon
 While murmurs soothe each awful interval
 Of ever falling waters

Of the personal history of this poet whose writings do not seem to have been known proportionably to their deserts very little can be ascertained. He was probably born about the year 1700 and studied at Christ Church Oxford, where he took his degree of Master of Arts. His views being directed to the church he entered into orders and was appointed Vicar of Starting in Sussex where he died in 1744. His *Man of Taste* is a biting satire upon the gentlemen of fashion and virtue of his own day. Besides this poem he wrote *The Crooked Scepter* in imitation of Philips's *Splendid Shilling* and a political satire entitled *The Art of Politicking*.

FROM THE MAN OF TASTE.

But not to writings I confine my pen
 I have a taste for buildings, music, men
 Young travelled coxcombs mighty knowledge boast
 With superficial smattering at most
 Not so my mind unsatisfied with hints
 Knows more than Budgell writes, or Roberts prints
 I know the town, all houses I have seen,
 From Hyde Park corner down to Bednal Green
 Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones
 To murder mortar, and disfigure stones!
 Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern?
 I reckon Covent Garden church a barn
 Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral Paul!
 The chancel too big, the cupola too small
 Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like
 'Tis Vanbrugh's structures that my fancy strike
 Such noble ruins every pile would make,
 I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake
 To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,
 Soldiers and sailors all are welcomed home
 Her poor to palaces Britannia brings
 St James's hospital may serve for kings
 Buildings so happily I understand
 That for one house I'd mortgage all my land
 Doric, Ionic, shall not there be found,
 But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound
 From out my honest workmen I'll select
 A bricklayer, and proclaim him architect,
 First bid him build me a stupendous dome,
 Which having finished, we set out for Rome
 Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent
 Stare round, see nothing and come home content
 I'll have my villa, too, a sweet abode,
 Its situation shall be London road

Pots o'er the door I'll place like cit's balconies,
Which Bentley calls the gardens of Adonis

I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new?
Four four legged temples, theatres that vie
With all the angles of a Christmas pie
Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
What's high to sink, and what is low to raise?
Slopes shall ascend where once a green house stood,
And in my horse pond I will plant a wood
Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste
Expense and alteration shows a taste

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their several beauties by their price
Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
But choose my pictures by a skilful friend
Originals and copies much the same,
The picture's value is the painter's name

My taste in sculpture from my choice is seen
I buy no statues that are not obscene
In spite of Addison and ancient Rome
Sir Cloudesley Shovel's is my favourite tomb
How oft have I with admiration stood,
To view some city magistrate in wood!
I gaze with pleasure on a lord mayor's head,
Cast with propriety in gilded lead
Oh could I view, through London as I pass
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass
High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place
His magisterial paunch and griping face
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,
And grant the tradesman what a king's denied

Old coins and medals I collect, tis true
Sir Andrew has em, and I'll have em too
But among friends, if I the truth might speak,
I like the modern, and despise the antique
Though in the drawers of my japan bureau
To lady Gripeall I the Cæsars show
Tis equal to her ladyship or me
A copper Otho, or a Scotch bawbee

Without Italian or without an ear,
To Bononcini's music I adhere,
Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast
My soul has oft a secret pleasure found
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound

Bagpipes for men, shrill German flutes for boys,
 I m English born, and love a grumbling noise
 The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,
 And Scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat
 Let Senesino sing what David writ,
 And hallelujahs charm the pious pit
 Lager in thiongs the town to Esther came,
 And oratorio was a lucky name
 Thou, Heidegger! the English taste hast found
 And rul'st the mob of quality with sound
 In Lent if masquerades displease the town,
 Call em ridottos, and they still go down
 Go on prince Phiz! to please the British nation,
 Call thy next masquerade a convocation

Bears lions wolves and elephants, I breed
 And Philosophical Transactions read
 Next lodge I'll be Freemason nothing less,
 Unless I happen to be F R S

I have a palate and (as yet) two ears,
 Fit company for porters or for peers
 Of every useful knowledge I've a share,
 But my top talent is a bill of fare
 Snilons and rumps of beef offend my eyes
 Pleased with frogs, fiasco-seed and coxcomb pies
 Dishes I choose though little yet genteel
 Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal
 Pigs heads with ham on much my fancy please,
 I love young cauliflow'rs if stew'd in cheese
 And give ten guineas for a pint of peas

Oh could a British bruony be sold!
 I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold
 Could I the privilege of peer procure
 The rich I'd bully and oppress the poor
 To give is wrong but it is wronger still
 On my terms to pay a tradesman's bill
 I'd make the insolent mechanics stay
 And keep my ready money all for play
 I'd try if any pleasure could be found
 In tossing up for twenty thousand pound
 Had I whole counties, I to Whites would go
 And set land woods and rivers at a throw
 But should I meet with an unlucky run,
 And at a throw be gloriously undone
 My debts of honour I'd discharge the first,
 Let all my lawful creditors be cursed
 My title would preserve me from arrest
 And seizing hued horses is a jest

THIS writer of poetry history and sermons was born it is probable about 1700 He was educated at Marlborough College and took his degree of Master of Arts at Oxford His first attempt at authorship was in 1727 when he published a collection of Poems, most of which he boasted he had composed when he was under the age of nineteen He afterwards published an Essay on Satire and another on Reason in both of which he is supposed to have been assisted by Pope Among his other literary labours, Harte was persuaded to write a life of the renowned Gustavus Adolphus for which purpose he collected an immense quantity of materials during several years of research chiefly upon the continent but when the work was published the style was so obscure and so vitiated with foreign idioms as to be utterly unpalatable to the precise and formal taste of his own day Now however that historical accuracy is valued for its own sake Harte's History of Gustavus is prized as it ought to be and is continually increasing in popularity He died in 1774 The poetry of Harte is generally uncouth and pedantic but in many instances it evinces deep thought and affords food for important reflection

EXAMPLES OF THE GREAT WHO RETIRED FROM THE WORLD

Why dwells my unoffended eye
On yon blank desert's trackless waste,
All dreary earth, or cheerless sky,
Like ocean wild, and bleak, and vast?
There Lysidor's enamour'd reed
Ne'er taught the plains Eudokia's praise
There herds were rarely known to feed,
Or birds to sing, or flocks to graze
Yet does my soul complacence find
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Scipio sought virtue in his prime,
And, having early gained the prize
Stole from the ungrateful world in time,
Contented to be low and wise!
He served the state with zeal and force,
And then with dignity retired,
Dismounting from the unruly horse,
To rule himself, as sense required
Without a sigh, he power resigned —
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

When Diocletian sought repose,
Cloyed and fatigued with nauseous power,
He left his empire to his foes
For fools to admire, and rogues devout

Rich in his poverty, he bought
 Retirement & innocence and health
 With his own hands the monarch wrought,
 And changed a throne for Ceres' wealth
 Toil soothed his cares, his blood refined——
 And all from thee
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Composer of the mind !

He, who had ruled the world, exchanged
 His sceptre for the peasant's spade,
 Postponing (as through groves he ranged)
 Court splendour to the rural shade
 Child of his hand, the engrafted thorn
 More than the victor laurel pleased
 Heart's ease and meadow sweet, adorn
 The brow, from civic garlands eased
 Fortune, however poor, was kind ——
 All, all from thee
 Supremely gracious Deity
 Corrector of the mind !

Thus Charles with justice styled the Great
 For valour, piety, and laws
 Resigned two empires to retreat
 And from a throne to shades withdraws
 In vain (to sooth a monarch's pride)
 His yoke the willing Persian bore
 In vain the Saracen complied,
 And fierce Northumbrians stained with gore
 One Gallic farm his cares confined,
 And all from thee
 Supremely gracious Deity
 Composer of the mind !

Observant of the Almighty will,
 Prescient in faith, and pleased with toil,
 Abram Chaldea left to till
 The moss-grown Haran's flinty soil
 Hydras of thorns absorbed his gain
 The commonwealth of weeds rebelled,
 But labour tamed the ungrateful plain,
 And famine was by art repelled
 Patience made churlish nature kind ——
 All all from thee
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Corrector of the mind !

A FREQUENT and very foolish scruple has been often entertained about admitting this author into the list of British poets. We conceive that such fastidiousness was greatly out of place. The popular feeling of a whole century has cherished Blair's *Grave* as a standard poetical work, and a suffrage of this nature is a sufficient refutation of whole volumes of carping criticism.

Robert Blair was born about the beginning of the seventeenth century. His father the Rev. David Blair was one of the ministers of Edinburgh and a chaplain to the king. The author of *The Grave* was destined to the Scottish church and received his education at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1731 he was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian. His fortune independently of his profession was comfortable and his ambition moderate so that he never changed nor wished to change his place. accordingly he attached himself to his humble charge for life and combined in his own person the two happiest states—that of a country gentleman and a rural divine. He was distinguished, not only by devotedness to his clerical duties and the affection of his parishioners, but by his love of elegant and philosophical studies among which may be mentioned botany and optics, in which he made great proficiency. He married Isabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law of Elvingstone, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and with this lady who was distinguished by remarkable beauty and amiable manners, he realized such a life of substantial happiness as seldom falls to the lot of poets. His death occurred on the 4th of February 1746, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and he was succeeded in his clerical charge by John Home, the distinguished author of the tragedy of *Douglas*.

Blair was the author of a few poetical incidental pieces, but the superior merits of *The Grave* have entirely eclipsed them. Of this admirable poem he gives the following modest statement, addressed to Dr. Doddridge:—I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit you a manuscript poem of mine, entitled *The Grave*, written I hope in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed several years before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here to whom I showed it, to make it public, nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the doctor, signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honour. But at the same time he mentions to me that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who he tells me did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They can scarcely think (considering how critical an age we live in with respect to such kind of writings) that a person living three hundred miles from London could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so, though at the same time I must say in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged sometimes to go cross to my own inclination, well knowing that whatever poem is written on a serious argument must on that very account be under peculiar disadvantages, and therefore proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of those things. I beg pardon for breaking in on moments precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem.

When *The Grave* first made its appearance, the misgivings of Blair were in a great measure realized. It grated upon the nerves of the public like a death bell, and even those who could be charmed with good poetry could scarcely forgive the author for the high religious tone he had adopted. The theme was indeed too solemn for a frivolous age; the verse was, therefore, complained of as being stiff, and the language in many cases, vulgar and affected. But a short time sufficed to free the poem from these hypercritical aspersions, and it was soon universally felt and conceded that as a religious poem, it was scarcely inferior to any in the English language, and might be placed by the side of the *Night Thoughts*, which had probably inspired it.



BLAIR

THE CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were,
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead
The wind is up hark! how it howls! methinks,
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd and hung round with shreds or scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grizly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen

Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night
 Again the screech owl shrieks ungracious sound!
 I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill
 Quite round the pile a row of ivy-rend elms
 Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
 Long lashed by the rude winds some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks others so thin a top
 That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree
 Strange things the neighbours say, have happened here
 Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs,
 Dead men have come again and walk'd about,
 And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd
 Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping
 When it draws near to witching time of night
 Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen
 By glimpse of moonshine, chequering through the trees,
 The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
 (With nettles skirted and with moss o'ergrown)
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below
 Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears
 The sound of something purring at his heels
 Full fast he flies and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows
 Who gather round and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new open'd grave, and, strange to tell!
 Evanesces at crowing of the cock
 The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,
 Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead
 Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
 While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek
 Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
 She drops while busy meddling memory,
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours
 Tenacious of its theme Still still she thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way

THE RICH MAN'S FUNERAL

But see! the well plumed hearse comes nodding on,
 Stately and slow, and properly attended
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead
 By letting out their persons by the hour
 To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad
 How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurled
 And glitter in the sun! triumphant entries
 Of conquerors and coronation pomps
 In glory scarce exceed Great gluts of people
 Retard the unwieldy show, whilst from the casements,
 And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedged
 Hang bellying o'er But tell us, why this waste?
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
 That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us
 Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit
 Why is the principal concealed for which
 You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done
 What would offend the eye in a good picture
 The painter casts discreetly into shade
 Proud lineage! now how little thou appear'st!
 Below the envy of the private man!
 Honour, that meddling officious ill,
 Pursues thee even to death, nor there stops short
 Strange persecution! when the grave itself
 Is no protection from rude sufferance

P. H. Grae

THE GRAVE A UNIVERSAL LEVELLER.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
 The grave discredits thee thy charms expunged,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soiled
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high fed worm, in lazy volumes rolled
 Riots unscared For this was all thy caution?

For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
 To improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense
 Look, how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dewdrops on the bells of flowers
 Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress

Strength, too! thou surly and less gentle boast
 Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
 That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight
 What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
 With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belaboured gasps for breath
 Like a hudd hunted beast How his great heart
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play What now avail
 The strong built sinewy limbs and well spread shoulders?
 See how he tugs for life and lays about him,
 Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
 O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
 While the distempers rank and deadly venom
 Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up Heard you that groan?
 It was his last See how the great Goliath,
 Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
 Lies still What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
 To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
 Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
 And flee before a feeble thing like man
 That knowing well the slackness of his arm,
 Trusts only in the well invented knife!

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
 The star surveying sage close to his eye
 Applies the sight invigorating tube,
 And travelling through the boundless length of space
 Marks well the courses of the far seen orbs,
 That roll with regular confusion there,
 In ecstasy of thought But ah! proud man!
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,

And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
 Where nor device nor knowledge ever came
 Here the tongue warrior lies ' disabled now,
 Disaim'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagged,
 And cannot tell his ail to passers by
 Great man of language, whence this mighty change
 This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
 Though strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
 And sly Insinuation's softer arts
 In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue
 Alas! how chop-fallen now! thick mists and silence
 Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
 Unceasing Ah! where is the lifted arm,
 The strength of action, and the force of words,
 The well-turned period, and the well-tuned voice
 With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
 Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
 Rased from the book of fame or more provoking,
 Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
 Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
 With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes
 With heavy halting pace that drawl along
 Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
 And warm, with red resentment, the wan cheek

From The Grave

DEATH AND ITS CONSEQUENCE

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul!
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 The journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
 That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
 To tell what's doing on the other side!
 Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting
 For part they must—body and soul must part,
 Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair
 Thus wings its way to its Almighty Source,
 The witness of its actions, now its judge,
 That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use
 If death were nothing, and nought after death,
 If when men died, at once they ceased to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
 Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
 Untrembling, mouth the heavens then might the drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when tis drain'd
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 At the poor bugbear Death then might the wretch
 Who's weary of the world, and tired of life,
 At once give each inquietude the slip,
 By stealing out of being when he pleased,
 And by that way, whether by hemp or steel
 Death's thousand doors stand open Who could force
 The ill pleased guest to sit out his full time,
 Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able But if there's an hereafter,
 And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
 Then must it be an awful thing to die

From The Grave

DEATH OF THE GOOD MAN

—— Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
 Night dews fall not more gently to the ground
 Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green
 By unperceived degrees he wears away
 Yet like the sun, seems larger at his setting
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away
 While the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in the first fair fruits
 Of the last coming harvest Then, O then!
 Each earth born joy grows vile, or disappears
 Shrink to a thing of nought O how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
 'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd E'en the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more
 Nor shall it hope in vain the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long committed dust
 Inviolat

From The Grave

WAS born at Dublin in 1708 and was the son of a dissenting minister in that city. He was first educated at a private school in Dublin and then sent to the University of Glasgow but there by entering into an improvident marriage before he had reached his twentieth year he marred his future prospects of success in the world. A life of dissipation and recklessness ensued, and although his poetical talents procured him influential friends, who would have exerted themselves in his behalf his indolence and excesses negated all their efforts. He was in short an odious impersonation of the worst qualities of Savage. After a life of thoughtlessness meanness and suffering intermingled with paroxysms of repentance and remorse he died worn out by excesses in May 1749. His poetry which was scattered through several periodicals would, if collected form several bulky volumes but his chief poem *The Deity* how-
 us of what excellence he would have been capable if his mind had been under the control of better habits and principles

EPISTLE TO HENRY BROOKE, Esq

AUTHOR OF GUSTAVUS VASA

Though midst the cruel storm of passion tost
 I view the shore and sigh for safety lost
 While every distant hope of good is gone,
 And left by thee this joy to be undone
 Oh! read the thought where no design has part,
 The last faint purpose of my wretched heart,
 Long had between us (in a moment torn)
 The holy band of friendship's faith been worn
 I claimed the bliss, so happy once was I
 Dear to your breast, and cherished in your eye
 Now lost the privilege shall one short day
 Snatch all the labour of our lives away?
 But oh I err! I am not what I seem
 Friendship can never subsist without esteem
 Death were my choice, if Heaven my choice approved
 More easy than to lose the friend I loved
 Happy in this, that to your better care
 I gave a friend, will never lose his share
 Whose truth will still increase, the longer known,
 Whose faith, whose goodness, are so like your own
 Forget I bless you,—if this wish succeeds
 Then live Gustavus, though Arvida bleeds

THE REDEEMER

Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
 Behold, and if thou canst, forbear to melt!
 Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain
 And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?

Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
 When dying he looks down to bid thee live?
 Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
 Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?
 Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
 Re heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace?
 Can all the errors of thy life atone,
 And raise thee from a rebel, to a son?

O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
 Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
 (Where from the grave thou raised thy glorious head,
 Chained to thy car the powers infernal led)
 From that exalted height of bliss supreme
 Look down on those who bear thy sacred name
 Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace
 Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace
 Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
 And by their morals prove their faith divine!

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
 O'er the glad world thy healing light display
 Fair Sun of Righteousness! in beauty rise
 And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!
 To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
 Oh great Messiah! show thy promised reign
 O'er earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,
 As spreads the ambient air or falling dews
 And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy power,
 Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

From Deity

TO MRS OLDFIELD ON HER ACTING CLEOPATRA

Oft has my soul with strong compassion strove,
 To think of Antony's ill-fated love,
 To see him shrink before the ambitious boy,
 Fame, life, and honour, given for transient joy!
 Thus once I thought—but now my error see
 And the lost hero stands absolved by thee

Had Cleopatra's charms like Oldfield's shone!
 Had she the tuneful magic of thy tongue!
 Well might the Roman of his softness boast
 And think that love atoned for empire lost
 Well might he from the glorious war remove,
 And barter crowns and provinces for love!
 For oh! who would not make the fate his own?
 And wish to be so gloriously undone!

This laureate of the healing art was born at Castleton, in Roxburghshire about 1709 and was the son of the parish minister. After the usual routine of education pursued in the Scottish schools he was sent to the University of Edinburgh to perfect himself in classical learning and study the several branches of philosophy and medicine which he did with great reputation. Having taken his degree of Doctor he went to London, and commenced practice as a physician but with indifferent success. This circumstance combined with his natural vein of sarcastic wit produced from him certain fugitive essays and dialogues connected with the study of physic in which he happily ridiculed the medical errors and prejudices of the day.

It was from poetry however that Armstrong was to derive his chief celebrity although his first publication in that department was rather inauspicious. This was his *Economy of Love* in which he displayed all the elegance and more than the licentiousness of Ovid. At a later period of his life indeed he endeavoured to counteract the evil tendencies of the work by publishing a castigated edition but the whole subject was too thoroughly imbued with a prurient fancy to be purified by any process of pruning. His next production of still higher poetical merit and of a very different moral tendency from the former established his poetical reputation upon a lasting basis. This was his *Art of Preserving Health* which he published in 1744. After this he continued to pursue his professional vocation and write occasional poems until his death which occurred on the 7th of September 1779. While most of the poet of Armstrong has been forgotten his *Art of Preserving Health* will always continue to hold a high place in English literature.

A HEALTHY SITE

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
 Of burthen'd skies, mark where the dry champaign
 Swells into cheerful hills, where Marjoram
 And Thyme, the love of bees perfume the air
 And where the Cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires
 And let them see the winter morn arise,
 The summer evening blushing in the west
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east
 O' when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest
 To please the fancy in no trifling good

Where health is studied, for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
 And natural movements of th harmonious frame
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
 The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected gods
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th ethereal deep with endless billows chafes
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy

From The Art of Preserv ng Health Book I

TRUE LUXURY

Voluptuous Man

Is by superior faculties misled
 Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy
 Sated with Nature s boons, what thousands seek,
 With dishes tortured from their native taste,
 And mad variety, to spur beyond
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
 Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste,
 And know that temperance is true luxury
 Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim
 Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire,
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
 Whose praise is Fame Form d of such clay as yours,
 The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
 Though hush d in patient wretchedness at home
 Is there no virgin, graced with every charm
 But that which binds the mercenary vow?
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
 Unfoster d sickens in the barren shade,
 No worthy man, by fortune s random blows,
 Or by a heart too generous and humane
 Constrain d to leave his happy natal seat,
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
 There are, while human miseries abound,
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust

From The Art of Preserv ng H lth Book II

NIGHT MARE

Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid or too full
 But be the first concoction half matured
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties He from the toils
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy demons hurl, or in the main
 Overwhelm, or bury struggling under ground
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes, whose delirious brain
 Stung by the Furies, works with poisoned thought
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
 For ever torn and chaos floating round

From the Art of Preserving Health Book III

DESCRIPTION OF THE SWEATING SICKNESS IN ENGLAND

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
 Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field
 While, for which tyrant England should receive,
 Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd
 And daily horrors, till the Fates were drunk
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profused
 Another plague of more gigantic arm
 Arose a monster never known before,
 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head
 This rapid Fury not, like other pests,
 Pursued a gradual course but in a day
 Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
 And strew'd with sudden carcasses the land

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
 Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung,
 With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within,
 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires
 Through all the yielding pores, the melted blood

Gush'd out in smoky sweats, but nought assuaged
 The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
 The stomach's anguish With incessant toil,
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
 They toss'd from side to side In vain the stream
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still
 The restless arteries with rapid blood
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab' rings heaved
 At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
 A wild delirium came, their weeping friends
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs
 Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown, a ponderous sleep
 Wrapt all the senses up they slept and died

In some a gentle horror crept at first
 O'er all the limbs the sluices of the skin
 Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked
 The sweats overflow'd but in a clammy tide
 Now free and copious now restrain'd and slow
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature
 Had mix'd the blood, and rank with fetid steams
 As if the pent up humours by delay
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign
 Here lay their hopes (though little hope remain'd)
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats
 To drive the venom out And here the fates
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain
 For who survived the sun's diurnal race
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd
 Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third

Of many thousands few untainted scaped,
 Of those infected fewer scaped alive,
 Of those who lived some felt a second blow
 And whom the second spared a third destroy'd
 Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
 The fierce contagion O'er the mournful land
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms
 Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town
 Some, sad at home, and in the desert some
 Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind,
 In vain where'er they fled the Fates pursued
 Others with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
 To seek protection in far distant skies,
 But none they found It seem'd the general ill,
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,

Was then at enmity with English blood
For but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes nor did this Fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contain'd
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involved them still and every breeze was bane
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute and startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave
To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their prayers
Heaven heard them not Of every hope deprived
Fatigued with vain resources and subdued
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick and in their turns to die
In heaps they fell and oft one bed, they say
The sickening dying, and the dead, contain'd
Ye guardian Gods on whom the fates depend
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires
That lead through heaven the wandering year! ye powers
That o'er the encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad enough at home
Has Albion bled Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thinn'd her cities from those lofty cliffs
That o'er proud Gaul to Thule's wintry reign,
While in the west, beyond the Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
The death of cowards and of common men
Sunk void of wounds, and fallen without renown
But from these views the weeping muses turn
And other themes invite my wandering song

Was the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley in Worcestershire and was born in 1709. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards at Christ Church College and at an early period displayed his talents by his writings both in prose and verse. He obtained a seat in Parliament, where he distinguished himself by a constant opposition to the minister Walpole and in 1737 he was appointed Secretary to the Prince of Wales, in which situation he was enabled to recommend several of his talented contemporaries to the patronage of his royal master. In 1741 he married Miss Lucy Fortescue of Devonshire with whom he lived in great happiness till her death, which happened five years afterwards, when he endeavoured to express and soothe his affliction by one of the most affecting domestic poems in the English language. In 1744 Lyttelton was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury in 1755 he was advanced to the rank of Chancellor of the Exchequer and towards the end of the reign of George II. his political services were rewarded with a peerage. He died on the 22d of August 1773.

Lord Lyttelton's poems were the lightest, and perhaps the least valuable of his literary exertions. He wrote several prose works among which the most distinguished are his History of Henry II. and his Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul. The origin of the last work is often referred to. Lyttelton while a young man had become estranged from the Christian faith but as he advanced in life he felt the necessity of studying the important question with earnestness and impartiality. The result was that he became a firm and devout believer and his desire that others should become so led to his celebrated work on the Conversion of St. Paul—a work that demonstrates the truth of Christianity with a cogency and conclusiveness which infidelity has never been able to answer.

FROM AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF HIS WIFE

At length escaped from every human eye
 From every duty, every care,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry
 Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
 This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief
 And pour forth all my stores of grief,
 Of grief surpassing every other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on th' ennobled mind bestow
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
 Ye high overshadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more
 Nor will she now with fond delight

And taste refined your rural charms explore
Closed are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming used to shine
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing
The sweetest songsters of the spring
The woodlark and the linnet pleased no more
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel

In vain I look around
O'er all the well known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry,
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky,
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found
In all the wide stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts
Her modest beauty shunn'd the public eye
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly
With Nature there retired, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine

The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now she alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn
O come, and to this furer Laura pay
A more impress'd tear, a more pathetic lay

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refined,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others good destroy,
Her kindly melting heart,
To every want and every woe
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
Even for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all

WAS born in London on the 25th of January 1710 After receiving a private education he was sent to the Temple with the view of making law his profession but having been involved into a bond of security for Mr Fleetwood, of Drury Lane Theatre he was on the failure of that gentleman subjected to the penalty of three thousand pounds which not being able to pay he was confined for several years in the Fleet prison On obtaining his release however he was enabled to pass the rest of his life in affluence in consequence of a considerable fortune which he inherited from his deceased wife He died on the 30th of December 1774

Whitehead's chief poems are *Manners a Satire* *The State Dunces* *Honour* *The Gymnasiad* a mock heroic poem and an *Epistle to Dr Thomson*. As he never could be prevailed upon to publish a collected edition of his poems during his life time the task was performed after his death by his friend and relatives He was a keen political writer and he confined himself chiefly to the party contests of the day so that his poems do not now possess that interest which their intrinsic merits demand or which they would have undoubtedly obtained if they had been devoted to more general subjects.

WORTHLESSNESS OF EXTERNALS

Who would the courtly chapel holy call,
Though the whole bench should consecrate the wall?
While the trim chaplain conscious of a see
Cries out, My king I have no God but thee
Lifts to the royal seat the asking eye,
And pays to George the tribute of the sky
Proves sin alone from humble roofs must spring
Nor can one earthly failing stain a king

Bishops and kings may consecrate, tis true
Manners alone claim homage as their due
Without, the court and church are both profane,
Whatever prelate preach, or monarch reign
Religion's rostrum virtue's scaffold grows,
And crowns and mitres are mere raree shows

In vain, behold yon reverend turrets rise,
And Sarum's sacred spire salute the skies!
If the lawn'd Levite's earthly vote be sold,
And God's free gift retail'd for Mammon gold
No reverence can the proud cathedral claim,
But Henley's shop, and Sherlock's are the same

Whence have St Stephen's walls so hallow'd been?
Whence? From the virtue of his sons within
But should some guileful serpent, void of grace,
Glide in its bounds, and poison all the place
Should e'er the sacred voice be set to sale
And o'er the heart the golden fruit prevail,

The place is alter'd, Sir, nor think it strange
To see the senate sink into a change

Or court, or church, or senate house, or hall,
Manners alone beam dignity on all
Without their influence, palaces are cells
Crane court, a magazine of cockle shells,
The solemn bench no bosom strikes with awe,
But Westminster's a warehouse of the law

These honest truths my lord, deny you can,
Since all allow, that 'Manners make the man
Hence only glories to the great belong
Or peers must mingle with the peasant throng

Though strung with ribbons, yet behold His Grace
Shines but a lacquey in a higher place!
Strip the gay livery from the courtier's back
What marks the difference twixt my lord and Jack?
The same mean supple, mercenary knave,
The tool of power and of state the slave
Alike the vassal heart in each prevails
And all his lordship boasts is larger vails

Wealth, manors, titles may descend, 'tis true,
But every heir must merit's claim renew

From Manners

PURSUIT OF HONOUR

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue,
Yet most mistake the false one for the true
Lured by the trappings dazzled by the paint,
We worship oft the idol for the saint
Court'd by all, by few the fair is won
Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun
Naked she flies to merit in distress
And leaves to courts the garnish of her dress

The million'd merchant seeks her in his gold
In schools the pedant, and in camps the bold
The courtier views her, with admiring eyes,
Flutter in ribbons, or in titles rise
Sir Epicene enjoys her in his plume,
Mead, in the learned wainscot of a room
By various ways all woo the modest maid,
Yet lose the substance, grasping at the shade

From Hon

This lover of rural life was born at the Leasowes in Hales-Owen Shropshire in the year 1714 and was distinguished even in childhood by his love of reading and thirst for knowledge. He was first taught to read by an old village dame whom he has immortalized in his poem of the School-mistress and, after passing through several private academies he was sent in 1732 to Pembroke College where he continued his studies for ten years. Here he published his principal poems at intervals which consist of Elegies Odes Ballads the Judgment of Hercules and several miscellaneous pieces humorous and moral. In private life Shenstone was chiefly distinguished by his enthusiastic love for the picturesque improvement of his patrimonial estate to which he devoted all his time talents and capital so that the Leasowes became under his care a perfect fairy land. He died on the 11th of February 1763.

ANCIENT BRITONS.

And see Plinlimmon! even the youthful sight
Scales the proud hills ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such Caer caradoc! thy stupendous height,
Whose ample shade obscures the Iernan main

Bleak, joyless regions! where by science fired
Some prying sage his lonely step may bend
There, by the love of novel plants inspired
Invidious view the clambering goats ascend

Yet for those mountains clad with lasting now,
The freeborn Briton left his greenest mead,
Receding sullen from his mightier foe
For here he saw fair Liberty recede

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Sustained her drooping sons repell'd her foes,
Above all Persian luxe, or Attic art
The rude majestic monument arose

Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame
Sires, to his praise attuned their children's tongue,
The hoary Druid fed the generous flame,
While in such strains the reverend wizard sung —

Go forth, my sons!—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
Go forth, my sons! for what is instant death
To souls secure perennial joys to find?

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
 Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound
 Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,
 With misletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs,
 Your solemn woods resound their martial fire,
 To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
 If in the cause you vanquish or expire

Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves,
 What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms
 This is the favour'd moment heaven approves
 Sound the shrill trump, this instant, sound to arms

Theirs was the science of a martial race
 To shape the lance, or decorate the shield
 Even the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
 To give new horrors to the tented field

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow
 For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
 The list'd youth, nor waits loud signal know,
 Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize

Then if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
 Inert and silent slept the manly car,
 But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep
 If freedom's awful clarion breathed to war

Now the sleek courtier indolent, and vain,
 Throned in the splendid carriage glides supreme
 To taint his virtue with a foreign stain,
 Or at a favourite's board his faith resign

I leave then O Luxury! this happy soil!
 Chase her Britannia to some hostile shore,
 Or fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,
 And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

L. F. G. XXI

TO MR DODSLEY

Come then my friend, thy sylvan taste display
 Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay,
 Ah, rather come, and in these dells disown
 The care of other strains, and tune thine own

THE PRINCESS FLIZABETH A BALLAD
 LUDING TO A STORY RECORDED OF HER, WHEN SHE WAS PR
 AT WOODSTOCK 1554

Will you hear how once repining
 Great Eliza captive lay ?
 Each ambitious thought resigning,
 Foe to riches, pomp, and sway

While the nymphs and swains delighted
 Tript around in all their pride
 Envyng joys by others slighted,
 Thus the royal maiden cried —

Bred on plains, or born in valleys,
 Who would bid those scenes adieu ?
 Stranger to the arts of malice
 Who would ever courts pursue ?

Malice never taught to treasure
 Censure never taught to bear
 Love is all the shepherd s pleasure
 Love is all the damsel s care

How can they of humble station
 Vainly blame the powers above ?
 Or accuse the dispensation
 Which allows them all to love ?

Love like air is widely given
 Power nor chance can these restrain,
 Truest, noblest gifts of heaven !
 Only purest on the plain !

Peers can no such charms discover,
 All in stars and garters drest,
 As on Sundays does the lover
 With his nosegay on his breast

Pinks and roses in profusion
 Sud to fade when Chloe s near,
 Fops may use the same allusion
 But the shepherd is sincere

Hark to yonder milk maid singing
 Cheerly o'er the brimming pail
 Cowslips all around her springing
 Sweetly paint the golden vale

Never yet did courtly maiden
 Move so sprightly, look so fair
 Never breast with jewels laden
 Pour a song so void of care

Would indulgent Heaven had granted
 Me some rural damsel's part,¹
 All the empire I had wanted
 Then had been my shepherd's heart

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
 Free from fetters, might I rove
 Fearless taste the crystal fountains
 Peaceful sleep beneath the grove

Rustics had been more forgiving
 Partial to my virgin bloom
 None had envied me when living,
 None had triumph'd o'er my tomb²

ANACREONTIC

'Twas in a cool Aonian glade,
 The wanton Cupid, spent with toil
 Had sought refreshment from the shade,
 And stretch'd him on the mossy soil

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
 The subtle traitor fast asleep
 And is it thine to snore profound,
 She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush—from this auspicious hour
 The world, I ween, may rest in peace,
 And, robb'd of darts, and stript of power,
 Thy peevish petulance decrease

Sleep on, poor child, whilst I withdraw,
 And this thy vile artillery hide—
 When the Castalian fount she saw
 And plunged his arrows in the tide

That magic fount—ill judging maid!
 Shall cause you soon to curse the day
 Dared the shafts of love invade,
 And gave his arms redoubled sway

For in a stream so wondrous clear,
 When angry Cupid searches round,
 Will not the radiant points appear?
 Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were, and every dart
 Dipp'd in the muse's mystic spring
 Acquired new force to wound the heart
 And taught at once to love and sing

Then farewell ye Pierian quire
 For who will now your altars throng?
 From love we learn to swell the lyre
 And Echo asks no sweeter song

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUE

Thus, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd
 The simple sweets of innocence endear'd
 Her sprightly bloom her quick sagacious eye,
 Show'd native merit, mix'd with modesty
 Her air diffused a mild yet awful ray,
 Severely sweet and innocently gay
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid
 In artless folds of virgin white array'd!
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
 Her blushing cheeks, that shamed the purple morn
 Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils
 Or studied gestures, or well practised smiles
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less
 She proved the engaging chastity of dress
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,
 Ev'n thus she seem'd nay more than seem'd divine
 One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
 And in her hand the imperial sword she bore
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
 And match'd the awful honours of her face
 The shrubs, the flowers that deck'd the verdant ground
 Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd
 Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd
 She pleas'd while distant but when near, she charm'd
 So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam,
 That glittering quivers o'er a distant stream
 But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
 And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies

From The Judgment of Hercules

No man perhaps, was ever so fortunate in being distinctly and minutely perpetuated to posterity as this literary Colossus. From the recorded reminiscences of his admiring friends and, above all the copious narrative of Boswell we have the giant as distinctly before us as if he stood there in flesh and blood. Besides knowing completely the character of his mind, and his habits of thought, we hear the rough tones of his voice swelling in debate with the consciousness of approaching triumph, or sinking into huskiness with ill-suppressed anger or contempt—we see the working of his features upon his scarred and massive countenance and the shaking of his head, as he becomes more and more excited—we can even tell every curl of his wig and every button upon his coat and such will it be with the generations that live a century hence. Samuel Johnson will never be talked of in the past tense as a person who has been. He will be the living companion of every age. On this account, the writing of his life as well as a criticism upon his works would be a superfluous attempt and we shall content ourselves with a few chronological statements, to refresh the memory of the reader.

This singularly fortunate personage was born at Litchfield, in Staffordshire on the 7th of September 1709. Being afflicted in infancy with scrofula or king's-evil he was carried by his mother to Queen Anne for a cure but the royal touch like other fairy attributes, had now lost its power. At school Johnson is described as having been indolent and careless but who can augur of the state of a mind like his from external repose or indifference to the pursuits of his class fellows? He was entered a Commoner of Pembroke College Oxford in 1728 and even already he was distinguished by the extent of his reading and the

correctness and elegance of his Latin compositions. He had repaired to the University under hopes of pecuniary support that were never realized and the literary course was beset by extreme poverty and privation and the bitterness of spirit which this state produced, expressed itself in gay sallies which made the hearers laugh without their knowing that such mirthful language often expresses a sorrow too deep for complaint. He was generally to be found sauntering about the College quadrangles attended by a group of merry students who preferred his banter to the prelections of their tutors. Such was the pride and independence of spirit that one morning on finding a pair of shoes which his man had found left at his door his old man being worn out Johnson indignantly threw them away resolving rather to walk barefoot than receive what looked (as he thought) like an alms. This trivial circumstance shows the straits to which he must have been reduced while making those acquirements that were to render him immortal. After leaving College his narrow circumstances obliged him to accept the situation of an usher for in which he was glad to escape and hang loose for some time upon the world until he married and then attempted to establish a boarding school. The plan failed upon which he repaired to London and there contrived for some time to exist by his contribution to the Gentleman's Magazine. In 1738 he published his London and this poem was the commencement of his fame and success but they still came so slowly that he was obliged to exert the utmost activity of his pen and expend his intellectual strength upon the passing politics of the day. Such continued to be the case until 1747 when he planned his

celebrated Dictionary and contracted with the publishers for its completion. His circumstances from this period were less precarious although still far from being easy until 1762 when he received the grant of a pension from the king of 300*l* per annum in consequence of the excellence of his writings and the benefit which their moral tendency had been of to these kingdoms. He had now obtained a reputation and in the most honourable manner but as his heart was ample and his mind fertile he enlarged his sphere of benevolence and increased his labours to fill it. He was now seated upon the literary throne with at a distance and surrounded by a host of friends who regarded him with love and veneration and thus he continued till the period of his death which was on the 13th of December 1784.



JOHNSON

TO MISS *****

DISTINGUISHED FOR MUSIC AND FLOWER PAINTING

When Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never fading flowers
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope and vain desire
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,

Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
 To point the glances of her eye
 And forming with unerring art
 New chains to hold the captive heart

But on those regions of delight
 Might truth intrude with daring flight
 Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
 One moment hear the moral song,
 Instruction with her flowers might spring,
 And wisdom warble from her string

Mark when from thousand mingled dyes
 Thou seest one pleasing form arise
 How active light, and thoughtful shade
 In greater scenes each other aid
 Mark when the different notes agree
 In friendly contrariety,
 How passion s well accorded strife
 Gives all the harmony of life,
 Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
 Consistent still, though not the same
 Thy music teach the nobler art,
 To tune the regulated heart

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK AT THE OPENING
 OF THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE

When Learning s triumph o'er her barbarous foes
 First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose,
 Each change of many colour'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain
 His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
 And unresisted passion storm'd the breast

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
 To please in method, and invent by rule,
 His studious patience and laborious art,
 By regular approach essay'd the heart
 Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
 For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,
 But left, like Egypt s kings, a lasting tomb

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
 Nor wish'd for Jonson s art, nor Shakspeare s flame

Themselves they studied as they felt, they writ
 Intrigue was plot obscenity was wit
 Vice always found a sympathetic friend
 They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend
 Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise
 And proudly hoped to pimp in future days
 Their cause was general, their supports were strong
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long
 Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
 And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refined,
 For years the power of tragedy declined
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept
 Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread
 Philosophy remain'd though nature fled
 But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit
 Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
 And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the stage?
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore
 New Behns, new Dufseys yet remain in store
 Perhaps where Lear has raved and Hamlet died
 On flying cars new sorcerers may ride
 Perhaps (for who can guess the effects of chance?)
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance

Hard is his lot that here by fortune placed
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste,
 With every meteor of caprice must play,
 And chase the new blown bubbles of the day
 Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
 The stage but echoes back the public voice
 The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give
 For we that live to please must please to live

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
 As tyrants doom their tool of guilt to die
 'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
 Of rescued nature, and reviving sense,
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
 For useful mirth and salutary woe
 Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage

FATE OF POVERTY IN LONDON

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
 All crimes are safe but hated poverty
 This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
 This, only this, provokes the snarling muse
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
 Wakes from his dream and labours for a joke,
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways
 Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest,
 Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart
 Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor
 No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
 No secret island in the boundless main?
 No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
 Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore
 And bear oppression's insolence no more
 This mournful truth is every where confess'd
 SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D
 But here more slow where all are slaves to gold
 Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold
 Where won by bribes, by flatteries implored,
 The groom retails the favours of his lord

F o l o d o n

FALSE GLORY

The festal blazes, the triumphal show
 The ravish'd standard and the captive foe
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd
 For such the steady Romans shook the world,
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine
 This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgaged states their grandsires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt,

Wreaths which at last the dear bought right convey,
To rust on medals, or on stones decay

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride?
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide
A frame of adamant a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire,
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain
'Think nothing gain'd (he cries), till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay,—
Hide, blushing Glory! hide Pultowa's day
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale

From The Vanity of Human Wishes

IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF ****

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss and which the way
This I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear—
When the hoary sage replied,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer

This poet who was absurdly cried up as a second Homer by his contemporaries and who is now as much neglected as he was formerly honoured was born in London in 1712. He began to write verses at an early age and when only sixteen he produced a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton. After having left school Glover commenced life as a Hamburgh merchant, in which he was successful but he still retained his literary tastes and habits amidst the avocations of traffic. In 1737 he published his Epic poem of Leonidas in nine which were subsequently expanded into twelve books and the astonishing favour with which it was received, may be explained from several circumstances. It was something new for a wealthy magnifico to be a poet he had engaged with ardour in the support of the ministry against the court, and he was therefore backed in return by all the weight and talent of a powerful party and Leonidas appeared at a period when every idea or theme subversive of despotism and favourable to liberty was gladly laid hold of. But when the times changed the poem disappeared and scarcely a recollection now remains of a work that was once celebrated. Besides Leonidas Glover was the author of the *Tragedy of Badiaca* for which his popularity ensured a favourable reception in performance and it was acted nine nights at Drury Lane. Afterwards he produced *Mitridates* chiefly adapted from Euripides and Seneca, and with the ancient chorus. After a long life of honourable activity and public usefulness during which he was esteemed by all parties he died on the 25th of November 1785.

THE CHARIOT OF XERXES

The king arose — No more Prepare my car
 The Spartan exile, Demaratus, call
 We will ourselves advance to view the foe
 The monarch will do, and suddenly he heard
 His trampling horses High on silver wheels
 The ivory car with azure sapphires shone
 Cærulean beryls, and the jasper green,
 The emerald, the ruby glowing blush,
 The flaming topaz with its golden beam
 The pearl, the empurpled amethyst, and all
 The various gems, which India's mines afford
 To deck the pomp of kings In burnished gold
 A sculptured eagle from behind displayed
 His stately neck, and o'er the royal head
 Outstretch'd his dazzling wings Eight generous steeds,
 Which on the famed Nisæan plain were nursed
 In wintry Media, drew the radiant car
 Not those of old, to Hercules refused
 By false Laomedon, nor they which bore
 The son of Thetis through the scatter'd rear
 Of Troy's devoted race, with these might vie
 In strength or beauty In obedient pride
 They hear their lord Exulting, in the air

They toss their foreheads On their glistening chests
 The silver manes disport The king ascends
 Beside his footstool Demaratus sits
 The charioteer now shakes th' effulgent reins,
 Strong Patiramphe At the signal, bound
 Th' attentive steeds, the chariot flies behind,
 Ten thousand horse in thunder sweep the field

From Leonidas Book IV

(CONTRAST BETWEEN THE PERSIAN AND GRECIAN SOLDIERS

Contemtuously smiled the monarch, and resumed —
 Wilt thou, in Lacedæmon once supreme,
 Encounter twenty Persians? Yet these Greeks
 In greater disproportion must engage
 Our host to-morrow Demaratus then —
 By single combat were the trial vain
 To show the power of well united force
 Which oft by military skill surmounts
 The weight of numbers Prince, the difference learn
 Between thy warriors, and the sons of Greece
 The flower, the safeguard of thy numerous camp
 Are mercenaries These are cantoned round
 Thy provinces No fertile field demands
 Their painful hand to break the fallow glebe
 Them to the noon day toil no harvest calls
 Nor on the mountain falls the stubborn oak
 By their laborious axe Their watchful eyes
 Observe not, how the flocks and herds feed
 To them of wealth, of all possessions void,
 The name of country with an empty sound
 Flies o'er the ear nor warms their joyless hearts,
 Who share no country Needy, yet in scorn
 Rejecting labour, wretched by their wants,
 Yet profligate through indolence, with limbs
 Enervated and soft, with minds corrupt,
 From misery, debauchery, and sloth
 Are these to battle drawn against a foe
 Trained in gymnastic exercise and arms
 Inured to hardship, and the child of toil,
 Went through the freezing shower, the wintry storm,
 O'er his own glebe the tardy ox to goad,
 Or in the sun's impetuous heat to glow
 Beneath the burden of his yellow sheaves
 Whence on himself, on her whose faithful arms

Enfold him joyful, on a growing race
 Which glad his dwelling plenty he bestows
 With independence When to battle call'd,
 For them his dearest comfort, and his care,
 And for the harvest, promised to his toil,
 He lifts the shield, nor shuns unequal force
 Such are the troops of every state in Greece
 One only yields a breed more warlike still,
 Of whom selected bands appear in sight,
 All citizens of Sparta They the glebe
 Have never turn'd, nor bound the golden sheaf
 They are devoted to severer tasks,
 For war alone, their sole delight and care
 From infancy to manhood they are train'd
 To winter watches, to inclement skies,
 To plunge through torrents, brave the tusky boar,
 To arms and wounds, a discipline of pain
 So fierce, so constant, that to them a camp
 With all its hardships is a seat of rest
 And war itself remission from their toil

I o n Leon das Book IV

THE VISION OF ARTEMISIA

Now slowly towards the Persian camp her steps
 In silence she directed, when a voice,
 Sent from a rock, accessible which seem'd
 To none, but feather'd passengers of air,
 By this reproof detain'd her —Caria's queen
 Art thou, to Greece by Doric blood allied?
 Com'st thou to lay her fruitful meadows waste,
 Thou homager of tyrants? Upward gazed
 Th' astonish'd princess Lo! a female shape,
 Tall and majestic, from th' impendent ridge
 Look'd awful down A holy fillet bound
 Her graceful hair, loose flowing Seldom wept
 Great Artemisia Now a springing tear
 Between her eyelids gleam'd Too true, she sigh'd,
 A homager of tyrants! Voice austere,
 And presence half divine! Again the voice —
 O Artemisia, hide thy Doric sword
 I et no barbarian tyrant through thy might,
 Thy counsels, valiant as thou art and wise,
 Consume the holy fanes, deface the tombs,
 Subvert the laws of Greece, her sons enthrall

The queen made no reply Her breast plate heaved
 The tremulous attire of covering mail
 Confess'd her struggle She at length exclaim'd —
 Olympian thund'rer, from thy neighb'ring hill
 Of sacred oaths remind me! Then aside
 She turns to shun that majesty of form,
 In solemn sounds upbraiding Torn her thoughts
 She feels A painful conflict she endures
 With recollection of her Dorian race
 Till gratitude, reviving arms her breast
 Her royal benefactor she recalls,
 Back to his sight precipitates her steps

From I n das Book IV

DESCRIPTION OF TERIBAZUS

Amid the van of Persia was a youth
 Named Teribazus, not for golden stores
 Not for wide pastures traversed o'er by herds
 By fleece abounding sheep or generous steeds
 Nor yet for power, nor splendid honours, famed
 Rich was his mind in every art divine
 Though every path of science had he walk'd,
 The votary of wisdom In the years
 When tender down invest the ruddy cheek,
 He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
 Of Zoroastres Then his towering thoughts
 High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd
 He from the lofty Babylonian fane
 With learn'd Chaldeans traced the heav'nly sphere,
 There number'd o'er the vivid fires which gleam
 On night's bespangled bosom Nor unheard
 Were Indian sages from sequester'd bowers
 While on the banks of Ganges they disclosed
 The powers of nature, whether in the woods,
 The fruitful glebe, or flower the healing plant,
 The limpid waters or the ambient air,
 Or in the purer element of fire
 The realm of old Sesostri's next he view'd,
 Mysterious Egypt, with her hidden rites
 Of Isis and Osiris Last he sought
 Th' Ionian Greeks, from Athens sprung nor pass'd
 Miletus by, which once in rapture heard
 The tongue of Thales, nor Priene's walls,
 Where wisdom dwelt with Bias, nor the seat
 Of Pittacus, revered on Lesbian shores

From Leon das Book IIII

This poet was born at Cambridge in February 1714 and was educated at Winchester College and afterwards at Clare Hall. He was devoted from an early period to versification in which he took Pope for his model. His first attempt in authorship consisted of a poem on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, a production not above mediocrity but his subsequent productions were of a superior character and were received favourably by the public. He also attempted dramatic writing and produced *The Roman Father* which was acted at Drury Lane in 1750 and *Creusa*, which was exhibited upon the stage in 1754. In 1787 Whitehead was appointed Laureate in consequence of the death of Colley Cibber. His own death occurred in 1788.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER A FABLE

A Grecian youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view
By precept and example too
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast
At length, quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do,
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus sacred shade
The trembling grove confess'd its fright
The wood nymphs startled at the sight
The muses drop the learned lyre
And to their inmost shades retire!
However, the youth with forward mien
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car
The lash resounds, the courser's spring
The chariot marks the rolling ring
And gather round crowds, with eager eyes,
And shouts, pursue him as he flies
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd,
And now along the indentured plain,
The self same track he marks again,
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line
Amazement seized the circling crowd,
The youths with emulation glow'd,

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

ON NOBILITY

Poets, my lord, by some unlucky fate
 Condemn'd to flatter the too easy great
 Have oft regardless of their heaven-born flame,
 Enshrined a title, and adored a name
 For idol deities forsook the true
 And paid to greatness what was virtue's due
 Yet hear, at least, one recreant bard maintain
 Their incense fruitless and your honours vain
 Teach you to scorn the auxiliary props, that raise
 The painted produce of these sunshine days
 Proud from yourself, like India's worm, to weave
 The ennobling thread which fortune cannot give
 In two short precepts your whole lesson lies,
 Would you be great?—be virtuous, and be wise
 In elder time, ere heralds yet were known
 To gild the vain with glories not their own,
 Or infant language saw such terms prevail,
 As fess and chev'ron, pale and contrepale,
 'Twas he alone the shaggy spoils might wear
 Whose strength subdued the lion or the bear,
 For him the rosy spring with smiles beheld
 Her honours stript from every grove and field,
 For him the rustic quires with songs advance,
 For him the virgins form the annual dance
 Born to protect, like gods they hail the brave,
 And sure 'twas godlike, to be born to save!

Was born October 1 1715 In 1732 he was entered as a servitor of University College Oxford—his father who was Rector of Beaudesert being too poor to enter him as a commoner In 1737 Jago took orders, and obtained two small livings after which he was appointed vicar of Snitterfield where he spent the rest of his life He died in 1781 The best of his poetical productions is Edge-Hill of which it is high praise to say that it has been often thought equal to the Grongar Hill of Dyer

KENILWORTH CASTLE

Here let us pause a while,
 To read the melancholy tale of pomp
 Laid low in dust, and from historic page,
 Compose its epitaph Hail, Clinton! hail!
 Thy Norman founder still yon neighbour green,
 And massy walls with style imperial graced,
 Record The Montforts thee with hardy deeds,
 And memorable siege by Henry's arms,
 And senatorial acts, that bear thy name,
 Distinguish Thee the bold Lancastrian line
 A royal train! from valiant Gaunt derived,
 Grace with new lustre till Eliza's hand
 Transferred thy walls to Leicester's favoured earl
 He long, beneath thy roof, the maiden queen,
 And all her courtly guests, with rare device
 Of mask, and emblematic scenery,
 Tritons, and sea nymphs, and the floating isle
 Detained Nor feats of prowess, joust, or tilt
 Of harness'd knights, nor rustic revelry,
 Were wanting, nor the dance and sprightly mirth
 Beneath the festive walls, with regal state,
 And choicest luxury served But regal state
 And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof,
 Are now no more No more assembled crowds
 At the stern porter's lodge admittance crave
 No more, with plaint, or suit importunate,
 The thronged lobby echoes, nor with staff
 Or gaudy badge, the busy pursuivants
 Lead to wished audience All, alas! is gone,
 And Silence keeps her melancholy court
 Throughout the walls, save where, in rooms of state,
 Kings once reposed! chatter the wrangling daws,
 Or screech owls hoot along the vaulted isles
 No more the trumpet calls the martial band,
 With sprightly summons, to the guarded lists,
 Nor lofty galleries their pride disclose
 Of beauteous nymphs in courtly pomp attired,

Watching, with trembling hearts, the doubtful strife,
 And with their looks inspiring wondrous deeds
 No more the lake displays its pageant shows,
 And emblematic forms Alike the lake,
 And all its emblematic forms, are flown,
 And in their place mute flocks and heifers graze
 Or buxom damsels ted the new mown hay
 What art thou, Grandeur ! with thy flattering train
 Of pompous lies, and boastful promises ?
 Where are they now, and what s their mighty sum ?
 All, all are vanish d ! like the fleeting forms
 Drawn in an evening cloud Nought now remains,
 Save these sad relics of departed pomp,
 These spoils of time, a monumental pile !
 Which to the vain its mournful tale relates,
 And warns them not to trust to fleeting dreams

Fr n F lg Hill Book II

TO A LADY

When Nature joins a beautiful face
 With shape and air, and life, and grace,
 To every imperfection blind,
 I spy no blemish in the mind

When wit flows pure from Stella s tongue
 Or animates the sprightly song,
 Our hearts confess the power divine
 Nor lightly prize its mortal shrine

Good nature will a conquest gain
 Though wit and beauty sigh in vain
 When generous thoughts the breast inspire
 I wish its rank and fortunes higher

When Sidney s charms again unite
 To win the soul, and bless the sight,
 Fair, and learn d, and good, and great !
 An earthly goddess is complete

But when I see a sordid mind
 With affluence and ill nature join d
 And pride without a grain of sense,
 And without beauty insolence,
 The creature with contempt I view,
 And sure tis like Miss —— you know who

THIS eminent poet and scholar was born in London, on the 26th of November 1716. After receiving the first portion of his classical education at Eton, he entered a pensioner at Peter House, Cambridge, where he continued five years, after which he travelled as companion with Horace Walpole through France and part of Italy. At Florence, however, these ill-assorted friends parted in mutual dislike, and Gray continued his tour alone. Two months after his return to England, his father died in such embarrassed circumstances that Gray found himself too poor to realize his intention of studying the law as a profession. He therefore returned to Cambridge and continued his studies, and there also he remained during the rest of his life.

Having a mind stored with classical learning and a rich imagination, Gray naturally cultivated poetry. One of his first attempts was to embody the history of Agrippina in a tragedy, but perhaps he soon found himself unable to attain that flexibility of style which dramatic poetry so essentially requires. At all events, Agrippina was never finished, and the world perhaps did not lose much on that account. He soon discovered the department of poetry for which his powers and tastes were best adapted, and in 1742 he produced the Ode to Spring, the Prospect of Eton, and the Ode to Adversity. At this period also he was desirous to excel in the composition of Latin poetry, in which Johnson, an incontestable judge, assures us he would have eminently excelled, as his Latin verses displayed a copiousness of language such as very few possessed.

The slowness of Gray in poetical composition was a perfect contrast to the rapidity of modern poets, but besides being constitutionally apathetic and averse to active exertion, he had a fastidiousness that would not be satisfied, until his productions had received the utmost degree of polish. Hence the small number of his poems and the wide intervals at which they appeared. Thus his Ode on the Death of a Cat was not written till 1747, nor his next and most celebrated poem, the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, until 1750. About the same time, or very soon after, in consequence of an invitation from Lady Cobham, he produced his Long Story—a poem full of graceful wit and humour, and which exhibits him in a wholly different view from his other poems. Such a production, from such a writer, as unexpected as the celebrated ride of John Gilpin from the austere and gloomy pen of Cowper. In 1757 appeared The Progress of Poetry and The Bard. The last poem seems to have wonderfully astonished the reading public. They saw and felt that it was a magnificent production, but they could not understand those pictures and allusions, which an ordinary portion of knowledge in English history would have rendered easy and distinct.

In 1768 the Professorship of History at Cambridge, becoming vacant, was conferred upon Gray, than whom a person of greater and more extensive scholarship could not have been found at that time in England. But his habitual indolence unfitted him for the office, for although he retained it till his death, he delivered no lectures, but wasted his time in fretful intentions to prepare them. At war with himself in consequence of this imbecility of purpose, he embittered his peace and enfeebled his constitution until repentance and exertion were equally unnecessary. He died on the 30th of July 1771.

Gray's lyrics formed a new era in English poetry. In these he has blended the grandeur of the Greek and the sweetness of the Italian languages, while the peculiar formation of his Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode, which add such power and gracefulness to his Odes, had never been before attempted. It may also be mentioned, in praise of these wonderful productions, that, however highly appreciated their beauties do not strike at first sight, but by successive perusals, and as the taste of society continues to improve. Thus time, which has detracted from the reputation of so many of his contemporaries, has only increased the fame of Gray as a poet. He is better understood and more highly prized in the present day than he was during his own, and the next generation will probably increase this estimate and raise him to his proper rank as one of the *greatest* of our English poets.



GRAY

ODE ON THE SPRING

Lo! where the rosy bosom'd hour
Fair Venus' train appear
Disclose the long expecting flower
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note
The untaught harmony of spring
While whispering pleasure as they fly
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling
Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er canopies the glade
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd
How low, how little are the proud
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care
 The panting herds repose
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect youth are on the wing
 Eager to taste the honied spring
 And float amid the liquid noon
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gaily gilded trim
 Quick glancing to the sun
 To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of man
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter through life's little day
 In fortune's varying colours drest
 Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance
 Or chill'd by age their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest
 Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?
 A solitary fly!
 Thy joys no glittering female meets
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown
 Thy sun is set thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May

THE BARD—A PINDARIC ODE

[A FITTISEMENT The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in
 Wales that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that
 country ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.]

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
 Confusion on thy banners wait
 Though, fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
 They mock the air with idle state
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"

Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance

I 2

On a rock whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood
 Robed in the sable garb of woe
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood,
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor to the troubled air),
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre

Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe
 Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day
 Lo high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay

I 3

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
 That hush'd the stormy main
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed
 Mountains ye mourn in vain
 Mordred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale
 Far far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail
 The famish'd eagle screams and passes by
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art
 Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep They do not sleep
 On yonder cliffs a grisly band
 I see them sit, they linger yet
 Avengers of their native land
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line '

II 1

Weave the warp and weave the woot,
 The winding sheet of Edward's race,

Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
 The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roofs that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing King!
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
 That tear at the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind

'Mighty Victor mighty Lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 No pitying heart no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies
 Is the sable Warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone He rests among the dead
 The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
 Gone to salute the rising Morn
 Fair laughs the Morn and soft the Zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes
 Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That, hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare
 Reft of a crown he yet may share the feast
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest
 Heard ye the din of battle-bray,
 Lance to lance and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head!
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread

The bristled Boar in infant gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom

III 1

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof The thread is spun)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate
 (The web is wove The work is done)
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes
 But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
 Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll!
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight
 Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul!
 No more our long lost Arthur we bewail
 All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue hail!

III 2

Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear
 In the midst a form divine!
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line
 Her lion port, her awe commanding face
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air
 What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 Hear from the grave, great Taliesin hear!
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay
 Bright Rapture calls and soaring, as she sings
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many coloured wings

III 3

"The verse adorn again
 Fierce War and faithful Love
 And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction diest
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror tyrant of the throbbing breast
 A voice, as of the cherub choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear
 And distant wailings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire

Fond, impious man, think st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, hath quench'd the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray
 Enough for me with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign
 Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care
 To triumph, and to die, are mine
 He spoke and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night

GRAY OF HIMSELF

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune
 He had not the method of making a fortune
 Could love and could hate so was thought somewhat
 odd,
 No very great wit he believed in a God
 A post or a pension he did not desire,
 But left church and state to Charles Townshend and
 Squire

EPITAPH AT BECKENHAM ON MRS CLARK

Lo! where this silent marble weeps
 A friend a wife a mother sleeps
 A heart within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful virtues loved to dwell
 Affection warm and faith sincere
 And soft humanity, were there
 In agony in death, resign'd,
 She felt the wound she left behind
 Her infant image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along this lonely vale of days?
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear
 A sigh, an unavailing tear,
 Till time shall every grief remove
 With life, with memory, and with love

COLLINS was born at Chichester about 1720 and was educated at Winchester College after which he was admitted into Magdalen College as a demy. In 1744 he abruptly left the University and came to London as a literary adventurer but unfortunately his perseverance was inadequate to the demands of such a laborious and uncertain vocation so that his time was spent in drawing up plans of works that were never written and struggling with the wants of the passing day. By the death of a relative he suddenly became the possessor of about two thousand pounds but no sooner were his real troubles ended, against which he had struggled manfully than imaginary ones succeeded under which he was laid prostrate and he died in 1756 in a state of helpless insanity.

THE PASSIONS AND MUSIC

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung
The Passions oft, to hear her shell
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting
By turns they felt the glowing mind,
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd
Till once 'tis said, when all were fired
Fill'd with fury rapt, inspir'd
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power

First Fear his hand, its skill to try
Amid the chords bewild'ring laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings

With woful measures wail'd Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild

But thou O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song,
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild-unalter'd mien
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 head

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate
 With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound,
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known
 The oak crown'd Sisters, and their chaste eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green,
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addrest
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing
 While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings

O Music! sphere descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue Fancy, Art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 E'en all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODF

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay
 And Freedom shall a while repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

THE WATER SPIRIT

These, too thou'lt sing! for well thy magic Muse
 Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar
 Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
 Ah homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er lose
 Let not dank Will mislead you to the heath
 Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
 He glows to draw you downward to your death
 In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake!
 What though far off, from some dark dell espied
 His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight?
 Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside
 Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light
 For watchful lurking, mid th' unrustling reed
 At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
 And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
 And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes
 If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise
 Ah, luckless swain o'er all unblest, indeed!
 Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
 Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet then!
 To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed
 On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry mood
 Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
 But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
 O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
 Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
 To some dim hill that seems uprising near,

To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear

Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source !

What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs ?
His fear shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse !

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,

Or wander forth to meet him on his way,
For him in vain at to fall of the day

His babes shall linger at the unclosing gate !
Ah ne'er shall he return ! Alone, if night,

Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,
With drooping willows drest, his mournful spite

Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,

Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek
And with his blue swoln face before her stand,

And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak
'Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,

At dawn or dusk industrious as before

Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,

While I lie weltering on the ozy shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee
more !

Unbounded is thy range with varied skill

Thy Muse may like those feath'ry tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing

Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,

To that hoar pile which still its ruin shows

In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,

Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them wondrous, from the hallow'd ground !

Or thither, where beneath the show'ry west

The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid

Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,

No slaves revere them, and no wars invade

Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour

The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,

And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign pow'r

In pageant robes and wreath'd with sheeny gold,

And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold

THIS celebrated novelist was born on the banks of the Leven in Dunbartonshire North Britain in 1720 As medicine was selected for his future profession Smollett was apprenticed to a surgeon in Glasgow after which he studied at the medical classes of the University of Edinburgh He then received an appointment as surgeon's mate in the navy and accompanied the ill-fated expedition to Carthage, in 1741 an event which he has admirably described in his *Roderick Random* During his short period of service in the navy also he acquired that acquaintanceship with sea characters in the delineation of which he has never been equalled

As Smollett had no prospect of success as a physician, and was conscious of his own intellectual powers and literary acquirements, he resolved to devote himself to authorship and in this department his numerous writings and remarkable industry are too well known to require further notice His poems which are few and incidental exhibit feeling fancy and harmony of a superior order and it is probable that the necessity of writing for subsistence alone prevented him from devoting himself more sedulously to the less profitable cultivation of poetry in which he was capable of attaining such high excellence After a life of overwrought industry intermingled with misfortune he died near Leghorn whither he had repaired for the recovery of his health on the 21st of October 1771

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND WRITTEN IN 1746

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 towering 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,
 Accursed 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 appeased
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murder's 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 the inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies

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

SONG

To fix her—twere a task as vain
 To count the April drops of rain,
 To sow in Africa's barren soil,
 Or tempests hold within a toil

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
 False as the fowler's artful snare,

Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain,
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolved no more to be betray'd

Ah! friend, 'tis but a short-lived trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance
She need but look and, I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless

So soft, so elegant, so fair
Sure something more than human's there,
I must submit, for strife is vain
'Twas destiny that forged the chain

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 bowels 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

SONG

ON AN ARROGANT COLLEGE TUTOR WHOSE FATHER HAD BEEN A BRIKLAVER
 AND WHOSE MOTHER OLD PIE

Come listen, ye students of every degree
 I sing of a wit and a tutor *perdu*,
 A statesman profound a critic immense
 In short, a mere jumble of learning and sense
 And yet of his talents though laudably vain,
 His own family arts he could never attain

His father intending his fortune to build
 In his youth would have taught him the trowel to wield
 But the mortar of discipline never would stick
 For his skull was secured by a facing of brick
 And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,
 The skill of his sire he could never attain

His mother, a housewife neat, artful and wise,
 Renowned for her delicate biscuit and pies
 Soon altered his studies but flattering his taste,
 From the raising of wall to the rearing of paste,
 But all her instructions were fruitless and vain,
 The pie making mystery he never could attain

Yet true to his race, in his labours were seen
 A jumble of both their professions, I ween,
 For when his own genius he ventured to trust
 His pies seem'd of brick, and his houses of crust
 Then, good Mr Tutor, pray be not so vain,
 Since your family arts you could never attain

THE distinguished author of *The Pleasures of Imagination* was born on the 10th of November 1721 at Newcastle-upon Tyne. As he was of Dissenting parents he was educated in their Presbyterian principles and in his eighteenth year he was sent to the University of Edinburgh chiefly at the expense of his own class of religionists with the purpose of qualifying him for being a Dissenting minister. But as his education progressed, other views occurred so that he honourably refunded the expenses of his education and devoted himself to the study of medicine as his future profession. Of his proficiency at College in the study of classical learning he afforded ample proof in his chief work *The Pleasures of Imagination* which he published at the early age of twenty three. He presented the copy to Doddsley and demanded 120*l.* for the manuscript but at this startling price for the work of an unknown youth the worthy publisher demurred. He showed the work to Pope when the latter having glanced over a few pages said 'Don't be niggardly about the terms of this is no every day writer.'

Previously to this experiment upon the public taste Akenside had studied for three years at the University of Leyden and in May 1744 he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine. In the following year he published a collection of Odes after which he seriously addressed himself to the duties of his profession by endeavouring to gain practice in Southampton where he first settled. But although he endeavoured to become popular not only by professional skill and attention but by a zealous devotedness to the liberal side of politics his efforts were unsuccessful for Dr Stonehouse occupied the field to the exclusion of every other candidate. Akenside therefore resigned the contest and removed to Hampstead but after remaining there for two years without being able to establish himself he resolved to try the metropolis. In London he experienced those difficulties usual to a profession which depends so much for success upon capricious accident and would have soon been involved in serious difficulties but for the kindness of Mr Dyson who generously allowed him 300*l.* a year. By this liberal aid he was enabled to persevere in his efforts until he had established for himself a respectable practice although it was still inadequate to his expenses and perhaps his professional merits. He was still busy in presenting himself to public notice by publishing medical essays and dissertations and delivering lectures when his career was terminated by a putrid fever on the 23d of January 1770.

The popularity of Akenside, as a poet has scarcely been improved by time and his name has been almost lost sight of in the transition of the public taste from the classical to the modern school of poetry. Still however *The Pleasures of Imagination* will continue to charm by the grandeur and beauty of its images notwithstanding the pomp and profusion of language with which they are sometimes obscured. Of this poem, Dr Johnson very judiciously observes 'It has undoubtedly a just claim to very particular notice as an example of great felicity of genius and uncommon amplitude of acquisitions of a young mind stored with images and much exercised in combining and comparing them. The subject is well chosen as it includes all images that can strike or please and thus comprises every species of poetical delight. The parts seem artificially disposed with sufficient coherence so that they cannot change their place without injury to the general design. He complains however with equal justice of the poet's amplitude of language in which his meaning is frequently obscured and sometime wholly buried. Besides this work Akenside published a collection of Lyric poetry but his spirit seems to have become constrained and cold as soon as it was fettered by the coercions of rhyme and his Odes are therefore with some sparkling exceptions decidedly inferior to his productions in blank verse. He intended to revise his principal work but died before he had completed this design. The portion of the improved edition which he left is contracted in some parts and expanded in others but the original inspiration under which he had written the work does not appear to have been ready at his call so that in many cases his ardour is cooled and his diffuseness extended.'



AKENSIDE

INSCRIPTION FOR A CROFT

To me whom in their lays the shepherds call
Actæa daughter of the neighbouring stream
This cave belongs The fig tree and the vine
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot
Were placed by Glycon He with cowslips pale
Primrose and purple lychnis deck'd the green
Before my threshold and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle cover'd Here at noon
I ull'd by the murmur of my rising fount
I slumber here my clustering fruits I tend
Or from the humid flowers at break of day
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious Enter in
O stranger, undismay'd Nor bat nor toad
Here lurks and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread,
My quiet mansion chiefly if thy name
Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own

TO SLEEP AN ODE

Thou silent power whose welcome sway,
 Charms every anxious thought away,
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
 Sore pain and weary toil grow mild
 Love is with kinder looks beguiled
 And Grief forgets her fondly cherish'd wound
 O whither hast thou flown, indulgent god
 God of kind shadows and of healing dew?
 Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
 Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse?

Lo, Midnight from her starry reign
 Looks awful down on earth and main
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food
 With all that skim the crystal flood
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers
 No wakeful sound the moonlight valley know-
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose

O let not me alone complain
 Alone invoke thy power in vain!
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes
 Not from the couch that bears a crown
 Not from the courtly statesman's down,
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest,
 Nor those the hireling soldier loves to see,
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

Nor yet those awful forms present,
 For chiefs and heroes only meant
 The figured brass, the choral song
 The rescued people's glad applause,
 The listening senate, and the laws
 Fix'd by the counsels of Timoleon's tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways,
 And though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
 To banish Love's presentments fair
 Nor rosy cheek, nor radiant eye
 Can arm him with such strong command,
 That the young sorcerer's fatal hand
 Shall round my soul his pleasing fetters tie
 Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
 (A lighter phantom and a baser chain)
 Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
 To lend the pomp of thrones her ill according strain

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
 Such honourable visions bring,
 As soothed great Milton's injured age
 When in prophetic dreams he saw
 The race unborn with pious awe
 Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page
 Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
 When health's deep treasures, by his heart explored,
 Have saved the infant from an orphan's woes,
 Or to the trembling sire his age's hope restored

AGAINST SUSPICION AN ODE

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

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

Then many a demon will she raise
 To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways,
 While gleams of lost delight
 Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
 As lightning shines across the main
 Through whirlwinds and through night

No more can faith or candour move,
 But each ingenuous deed of love,
 Which reason would applaud,
 Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
 Fancy malignant strives to dress
 Like injury and fraud

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAN'S IMMORTAL ASPIRATIONS

Say, why was man so eminently raised
 Amid the vast creation why ordain'd
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame,
 But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
 In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice to exalt
 His generous aim to all divine deeds
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
 And through the mists of passion and of sense,
 And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
 To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
 Th' applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardour to embrace
 Majestic forms impatient to be free
 Spurning the gross control of wilful might
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
 To heaven's broad fire his unconstrued view
 Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
 Shoots round the wide horizon to survey
 Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
 Through mountains, plains, through empires black with
 shade
 And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet? The high born soul
 Disdains to rest her heaven aspiring wing
 Beneath its native quarry Tired of earth
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
 Through fields of air pursues the flying storm
 Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens
 Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast
 Sweeps the long tract of day Then high she soars
 The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light, beholds his unrelenting sway

Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
 The fated rounds of time Thence far effused
 She darts her swiftness up the long career
 Of devious comets, through its burning signs
 Exulting measures the perennial wheel
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
 Invests the orient Now amazed she views
 The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold
 Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has travell'd the profound six thousand years
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things
 Even on the barriers of the world untired
 She meditates the eternal depth below
 Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
 She plunges, soon overwhelm'd and swallow'd up
 In that immense of being There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal For from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown,
 Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
 The soul should find enjoyment but from these
 Turning disdainful to an equal good
 Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
 Till every bound at length should disappear,
 And infinite perfection close the scene

For n Pleasure f Imag at n B h I

SUPREMACY OF MORAL TO MATERIAL GRANDEUR

Look then abroad through nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamant spheres,
 Wheeling unshaken through the void immense
 And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the crowd of patriots and his arm
 Aloft extending like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder call'd aloud
 On Tully's name and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country hail,

For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust
And Rome again is free!

I Plur s o Imag at on Book I

USES OF THE SENSE OF THE RIDICULOUS

Ask we for what fair end th Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms stirs this gay contempt
These grateful pangs of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore but to aid
The tardy steps of reason and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
Wild Folly's aims? For though the sober light
Of Truth slow dawning on the watchful mind
At length unfolds through many a subtle tie
How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil, yet benignant Heaven,
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands conscious what a scanty pause
From labour and from care the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of Nature therefore stamp'd
These glaring scenes with characters of scorn
As broad as obvious to the passing clown
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye

From Plea u s f I ag n t Book II

SYMPATHY

Wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of silent flatterers bending to his nod
And o'er them like a giant casts his eye,
And says within himself ' I am a king
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear? The dregs corrupt
Of barbarous ages, that Circæan draught
Of servitude and folly have not yet
Bless'd be th eternal Ruler of the world!
Yet have not so dishonour'd so deform'd
The native judgment of the human soul,
Nor so effaced the image of her sire

From Illasus of Imag at I k I

Born the time and place of this author's birth are unknown. He was brought up to the profession of medicine and took the degree of Doctor after which he settled at St Albans, where he practised with reputation and success. He must have commenced the writing of poetry at an early period as his epitaphs on Miss Gee and Mr Strong are dated so early as 1736. He died at St Albans at an advanced age in 1788.

The chief poetical work of Dr Cotton is his *Visions in Verse* which have gone through many editions and obtained a high and merited popularity.

MARRIAGE

Those awful words, "Till death do part,
 May well alarm the youthful heart
 No after thought when once a wife,
 The die is cast, and cast for life
 Yet thousands venture every day,
 As some base passion leads the way
 Pert Silvia talks of wedlock scenes,
 Though hardly entered on her teens,
 Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
 The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears,
 Impatient of a parent's rule,
 She leaves her sire and weds a fool
 Want enters at the guardless door,
 And Love is fled, to come no more

Some few there are of sordid mould,
 Who barter youth and bloom for gold
 Careless with what, or whom they mate
 Their ruling passions all for state
 But Hymen, generous, just, and kind,
 Abhors the mercenary mind
 Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
 For Hymen's a vindictive god
 Be joyless every night, he said
 And barren be their nuptial bed

Attend, my fair, to Wisdom's voice,
 A better fate shall crown thy choice
 A married life, to speak the best,
 Is all a lottery contest
 Yet if my fair one will be wise,
 I will ensure my girl a prize
 Though not a prize to match thy worth,
 Perhaps thy equals not on earth

'Tis an important point to know,
 There's no perfection here below
 Man's an odd compound, after all,
 And ever has been since the fall

Say, that he loves you from his soul,
 Still man is proud, nor brooks control
 And though a slave in Love's soft school,
 In wedlock claims his right to rule
 The best in short, has faults about him,
 If few those faults, you must not flout him
 With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
 As want of temper, and of sense
 For when the sun deserts the skies,
 And the dull evening winters rise,
 Then for a husband's social power,
 To form the calm, conversive hour,
 The treasures of thy breast explore,
 From that rich mine to draw the ore,
 Fondly each generous thought refine,
 And give thy native gold to shine,
 Show thee, as really thou art,
 Though fair, yet fairer still at heart

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade
 As soon they must, thou charming maid
 When in thy cheeks the roses die,
 And sickness clouds that brilliant eye,
 Say, when or age or pains invade,
 And those dear limbs shall call for aid,
 If thou art fettered to a fool,
 Shall not his transient passion cool?
 And when thy health and beauty end
 Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
 But to a man of sense my dear,
 Ev'n then thou lovely shalt appear
 He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
 And weeping claim the larger part,
 Though age impairs that beauteous face
 He'll prize the pearl beyond its case

From Vision VII

THE LAMB AND THE PIG — A FABLE

Consult the moralist, you'll find
 That education forms the mind
 But education ne'er supplied
 What ruling nature hath denied
 If you'll the following page pursue,
 My tale shall prove this doctrine true
 Since to the muse all brutes belong
 The Lamb shall usher in my song

Whose snowy fleece adorn'd her skin
 Emblem of native white within
 Meekness and love possess'd her soul,
 And innocence had crown'd the whole

It chanced, in some unguarded hour,
 (Ah! purity, precarious flower!
 Let maidens of the present age
 Tremble, when they peruse my page)
 It chanced upon a luckless day,
 The little wanton, full of play,
 Rejoiced a thymy bank to gain,
 But short the triumphs of her reign!
 The treacherous slopes her fate foretold
 And soon the pretty trifter fell
 Beneath, a dirty ditch impress'd
 Its mire upon her spotless vest
 What greater ill could lamb betide
 The butcher's barbarous knife beside?

The shepherd, wounded with her cries,
 Straight to the bleating sufferer flies
 The lambkin in his arms he took,
 And bore her to a neighbouring brook
 The silver streams her wool refined
 Her fleece in virgin whiteness shined

Cleansed from pollution's every stain,
 She join'd her fellows on the plain
 And saw afar the stinking shore,
 But ne'er approach'd those dangers more
 The shepherd bless'd the kind event
 And view'd his flock with sweet content

To market next he shaped his way,
 And bought provisions for the day
 But made, for winter's rich supply,
 A purchase from a farmer's sty
 The children round their parent crowd
 And testify their mirth aloud
 They saw the stranger with surprise,
 And all admired his little eyes
 Familiar grown, he shared their joys,
 Shared too the porridge with the boys
 The females o'er his dress preside,
 They wash his face, and scour his hide
 But daily more a Swine he grew,
 For all these housewives e'er could do

Hence let my youthful reader know,
 That, once a hog, and always so



SMART

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shpbourne Kent on the 11th of April 1722 He was educated at Durham School and afterwards at Pembroke Hall Cambridge where he made great proficiency in classical learning but at the same time he involved himself in consequence of his thoughtless prodigality in expensess which inflicted upon him the retribution of poverty during the rest of his life

As Smart had cultivated poetry from his earliest years he naturally wished to distinguish himself in this department at College he accordingly became a candidate for the Seatonian prize and obtained it no less than five times The poems which he wrote on this occasion upon the Attributes of the Divine Being are decidedly the best of his productions

In consequence of his success in the compositions he conceived the idea of making a comfortable livelihood as an author but in spite of his numerous productions he carried with him to London his reckless habits of expense which prevented him from having that command of time so essential for perfecting his work and therefore they exhibited a falling off which was the more excusable on account of his former excellence After a life in which he exhibited all the improvidence and experienced most of the hardships for which authors were distinguished in the last century he died on the 21st of May 1771

FROM THE IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING

What though th Almighty's regal throne be raised
 High o'er yon azure heav'n's exalted dome
 By mortal eye unkenn'd—where east, nor west,
 Nor south, nor blust'ring north has breath to blow
 Albeit he there with angels and with saints
 Holds conference and to his radiant host
 Ev'n face to face stands visibly confest
 Yet knows that nor in presence nor in power
 Shines he less perfect here 'tis man's dim eye
 That makes th' obscurity He is the same
 Alike in all his universe the same

Whether the mind along the spangled sky
 Measure her pathless walk studious to view
 Thy works of vaster fabric, where the planets
 Weave their harmonious rounds their march directing
 Still faithful still inconstant to the sun
 Or where the comet through space infinite
 (Though whirling worlds oppose and globes of fire)
 Darts like a javelin to his destined goal
 Or where in heav'n above the heav'n of heav'ns
 Burn brighter suns and goodlier planets roll
 With satellites more glorious—Thou art there
 Or whether on the ocean's boisterous back
 Thou ride triumphant and with outstretch'd arm
 Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows
 The suppliant sailor finds thee there, his chief
 His only help—When thou rebuk'st the storm
 It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
 Along the glassy level of the calm

FROM THE POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING

' Tremble, thou earth ' the anointed poet said
 ' At God's bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains
 And all ye hillocks on the surface bound
 Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll
 The muse with transport hears ye once again
 Convulse the solid continent, and shake,
 Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles
 'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of power
 'Tis thy terrific voice all nature hears it
 Awaken'd and alarm'd she feels its force

In every spring she feels it every wheel,
 And every movement of her vast machine
 Behold ' quakes Appenine , behold ' recoils
 Athos and all the hoary headed Alps
 Leap from their bases at the godlike sound
 But what is this celestial though the note,
 And proclamation of the reign supreme
 Compared with such as for a mortal ear
 Too great amaze the incorporeal worlds ?

FROM AN ODE ON AN EAGLE CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT

Imperial bird, who wont to soar
 High o'er the rolling cloud
 Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
 Their heads in ether shroud —
 Thou servant of Almighty Jove
 Who free and swift as thought, couldst rove
 To the bleak north's extremest goal —
 Thou who magnanimous couldst bear
 The sovereign thunder's arms in air
 And shake thy native pole !—

Oh cruel fate ! what barbarous hand,
 What more than Gothic ire,
 At some fierce tyrant's dread command
 To check thy daring fire
 Has placed thee in this servile cell
 Where discipline and dulness dwell
 Where genius ne'er was seen to roam
 Where every selfish soul's at rest
 Nor ever quits the carnal breast
 But lurks and sneaks at home !

Though dimm'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing,
 So grovelling ! once so great !
 The grief inspired muse shall sing
 In tendrest lays thy fate
 What time by thee scholastic pride
 Takes his precise pedantic stride
 Nor on thy misery casts a care
 The stream of love ne'er from his heart
 Flows out, to act fair pity's part
 But stinks and stagnates there

This distinguished poet, novelist and historian, was born at Elphin in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland in 1729. After studying the classics at a private school he entered Trinity College Dublin where he gave no indications of that genius for which he was afterwards so remarkable. As he had chosen the medical profession, he went to the University of Edinburgh but he was obliged to make an abrupt departure from that city in consequence of becoming security to a considerable amount for a class-fellow. He betook himself to Rotterdam from which place he traversed Flanders France and part of Germany in the style which he has described in his *Vicar of Wakefield*—penniless, and dependent upon logic or his flute for his daily support. He returned to London in 1758 in the same poetical state as to finances but with his mind enriched with observations of foreign countries which he has admirably expressed in his poem of *The Traveller*. On entering the metropolis he

offered his services to several apothecaries as a journeyman but his apparel and *brigue* were against him and, after several shifts he resolved to depend upon his pen for subsistence. His first attempt was the *Chinese Letters* after which he wrote his admirable novel *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The manuscript he received for the copyright of the latter work received at him what he wanted without advancing his future prospect as it was not published till some time afterwards when he had attained poetical celebrity but in 1765 appeared *The Traveller* of which Johnson declared there had not been since the days of Pope. It at once established the reputation of Goldsmith in consequence of which he was welcomed into the literary circles and eagerly sought after by the publishers.

He thus tasted the sweets of authorship in the firm of profit and fame (old mirth resumed his labours but instead of following the track in which he had commenced with such success he directed his effort to prose in which his legibility and clearness of style have never been excelled. He wrote his *History of England* in a series of letters; also a *History of England* in five volumes. *History of Rome* and his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature* from all which he derived considerable profits. Indeed the harmlessness of his genius and exquisite style imparted to many works of complete neglect them popularity which surpassed that of the original writings of other historians. He also turned his attention to dramatic writing and in 1767 his comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was brought on the stage at Covent Garden. But notwithstanding its merits the caprice of public taste prevented it from being successful although it had a temporary run and yielded the author five hundred pounds.

Goldsmith now resumed his poetical labours and published in 1770 his *Deserted Village* a work the materials of which he had been four or five years in collecting while ten years had been spent in constructing it and the elaboration of its rich and beautiful pictures shows how worthily such application was bestowed. Indeed than this admirable poem it would be difficult to point out one in the whole English language more pregnant with ideas and descriptions or more terse and vigorous in expression. Two years afterwards he made a second attempt in the dramatic department and produced his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* which was acted at Covent Garden with such success, as to console him for the failure of *The Good-natured Man*.

Although Goldsmith during the course of his public life had been indebted to gallies as a writer and had received for his original works and compilations as much as would have secured him in comparative affluence yet he was almost continually in pecuniary difficulties. This was occasioned by his love of gambling and by his indiscriminating generosity which was continually imposed upon by tales of suffering and distress whether true or false. His affairs in consequence became deranged, and this circumstance preying upon his mind is supposed to have accelerated his death, which occurred on the 4th of April 1774. Goldsmith's conversation we are informed was a complete contrast to the elegance and learnings of his written compositions and hence the freedom of the sarcasm in which he is described.

N II

Who wrote like an angel and talked like a fool. II

Around, in sympathetic muth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrup on the hearth,
The crackling faggot :

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'd
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 fur 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 betray'd

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, but 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

Lach hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd 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

“ And when, beside me in the dale
He caroll'd lays of love
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove

“ The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n 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 to 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



GOI D SMITH

EDWIN AND ANGFLINA

“ 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, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthning 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 descend,
 His gentle accents fell
 The modest stranger lowly bend
 And follows to the cell

I am 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 trimmed his little fire,
 And cheered his pensive guest

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily pressed and smiled,
 And, skilled in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguiled

" 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 wondering 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

HOLLAND

To men of other minds my fancy flies
Embosom d in the deep where Holland lies
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
I ft the tall rampire s artificial pride
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow

Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore
 While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile,
 The slow canal the yellow blossom'd vale,
 The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain
 A new creation rescued from his reign

Thus while around the wave subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ill's superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd Their much loved wealth imports
 Convenience, plenty elegance and arts
 But view them closer craft and fraud appear,
 Even liberty itself is barter'd here
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys,
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
 War in each breast and freedom on each brow,
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

From The Traveller 11

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN

Near yonder copse, where once the garden 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
 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 changed, 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'ring, 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
 Shouldered 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 e'en 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 bud each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies
 He tried each art reproved 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 reverend champion stood At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to rise
 And his last faltering accent whisper'd praise

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray
 The service past around the pious man,
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran
 E'en 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 express'd
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd
 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

WAS born in Dublin in 1729 In consequence of an early love of theatricals, he commenced life as a strolling player and continued in that profession amidst all its uncertainties and privations with only a few intervals till his death which occurred in 1773 Poor Cunningham had the usual misfortunes of a poet added to the sufficiently numerous hardships that fall to the lot of a strolling actor for his poetry beautiful though it was procured him nothing but disappointment His amiable and gentle manners endeared him to all who knew him and although too late to cheer or benefit their author the public taste did justice to his talents

FANNY OF THE DALE

Let the declining damask rose
 With envious grief look pale
 The summer bloom more freely glows
 In Fanny of the Dale

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
 Or scents the morning gale
 Can such a vernal fragrance yield
 As Fanny of the Dale?

The painted belles, at court revered,
 Look lifeless cold, and stale
 How faint their beauties, when compared
 With Fanny of the Dale!

The willows bind Pastorals brows
 Her fond advances fail,
 For Damon pays his warmest vows
 To Fanny of the Dale

Might honest truth, at last succeed,
 And artless love prevail
 Thrice happy could he tune his reed,
 With Fanny of the Dale

THE MILLER

A BALLAD

In a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
 With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,
 A well meaning miller, by labour, supplies
 Those blessings that Grandeur to great ones denies

No passions to plague him, no cares to torment
 His constant companions are health and content
 Their lordships in lace may remark if they will,
 He s honest, though daub d with the dust of his mill

Ere the lark s early carols salute the new day,
 He springs from his cottage as jocund as May
 He cheerfully whistles regardless of care,
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair
 While courtiers are toil d in the cobwebs of state
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
 No fraud or ambition his bosom e er fill,
 Contented he works, if there s grist for his mill

On Sunday bedeck d in his homespun array
 At church he s the loudest to chant or to pray
 He sits to a dinner of plain English food
 Though simple the pudding, his appetite s good
 At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
 Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill
 No monarch more blest than the man of the mill

F V F N I N C

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tripping through the silken grass,
 O'er the path divided dale,
 Mark the rose complexion'd lass
 With her well poised milking pail

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

CLARINDA

Clarinda's lips I fondly press'd
 While rapture fill'd each vein
 And as I touch'd her downy breast
 It's tenant slept serene

So soft a calm, in such a part,
 Betrays a peaceful mind
 Whilst my uneasy fluttering heart,
 Would scarcely be confined

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees
 Unmoved when storms descend,
 But ah ! to every sporting breeze,
 The myrtle bough must bend

WAS born in 1783 and educated at Westminster School and afterwards at Trinity College Cambridge. At the latter place it appears his conduct was so irregular as to procure the dislike of his more studious contemporaries. He devoted himself to authorship as a profession but his irregular and intemperate habits kept him always poor as well as prevented him from reaching that excellence which he might otherwise have attained. He died on the 15th of December 1764.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX

The wealthy Cit grown old in trade
Now wishes for the rural shade
And buckles to his one horse chaise
Old Dobbin, or the foundered mare
While wedged in closely by his side
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride
With Jacky on a stool before em
And out they jog in due decorum
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together
The Cit commends the road and weather
While Madam doats upon the tree
And longs for every house she see
Admires its views its situation
And thus she opens her oration —

What signify the loads of wealth
Without that richest jewel health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil such constant clog
Is more than human strength can bear
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed my dear you break apace
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air
Sir Traffic has a house you know,
About a mile from Cheney Row
He's a good man, indeed 'tis true
But not so warm my dear as you
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be out done, my dear!

Sir Traffic's name so well applied
Awaked his brother merchant's pride
And Thrifty who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,

Confess'd her arguments had reason,
 And by th' approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his Country Box

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

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

Well to be sure it must be own'd,
 It is a charming spot of ground
 So sweet a distance for a ride,
 And all about so countrified!

Twould come but to a trifling price
 To make it quite a paradise
 I cannot bear those nasty rails
 Those ugly broken mouldy pales
 Suppose, my dear instead of these
 We build a railing all Chinese
 Although one hates to be exposed,
 'Tis dismal to be thus enclosed,
 One hardly any object sees—
 I wish you'd fell those odious trees
 Objects continual passing by
 Were something to amuse the eye,
 But to be pent within the walls—
 One might as well be at St Paul's
 Our house, beholders would adore,
 Was there a level lawn before
 Nothing its views to incommode,
 But quite laid open to the road,
 While every traveller in amaze,
 Should on our little mansion gaze,
 And pointing to the choice retreat,
 Cry, That's Sir Thrifty's country seat

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's taste can never fail
Blest age ! when all men may procure,
The title of a Connoisseur,
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word,
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears a hundred Christian names,
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout
Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçai quoi, Virtu
Which appellations all describe
Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe

Now bricklayers carpenters and joiners
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on
And crested with a sprawling dragon
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines
From Halfpenny's exact designs
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where Taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, sly ha ha
By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields distance
And now from Hyde Park Corner come
The gods of Athens, and of Rome
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces
Apollo there with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever
And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip toe Mercury

The villa thus completely graced,
All own that Thrifty has a Taste,
And Madam's female friends, and cousins,
With common council men by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
To stare about them—and to eat

THIS poet who has been termed the British Juvenal was born in Westminster in 1731. He received his education at Westminster but such was his carelessness there that when he was sent to Oxford he was refused admission into the University from his deficiency in classical learning. He was however admitted into orders, and inducted into an humble Welsh Curacy but here his stay was not long. He returned to London, and soon after succeeded his father as Curate and Lecturer of St John's. It was not until he had reached the mature age of thirty that he came forward publicly as an author and *The Rosciad*, which he published in 1761 at once raised him to a high rank as a satirist. After several bickerings with the actors he had lampooned, and whom he treated in consequence with double severity he embarked in the stormy politics of Wilkes, and wrote a biting satire against the Scots entitled *The Prophecy of Famine* which obtained for the time an extraordinary popularity. His next attack was upon Hogarth who retaliated with his inimitable pictures of caricature and the literary world was regaled with an unprecident combat in which the pen and the pencil fought with each other for the mastery. In his habits of living Churchill was careless and undauntedly irregular and his career was brief for he died in 1764 at the age of thirty-three. His work throughout exhibits great vigour of thought and terrible powers of sarcasm but as they were written upon passing characters and vices they have long ceased to possess a general interest.

MODERN CRITICISM

Cold blooded critics, by enervate sires
 Scourge hammered out when Nature's feeble fires
 Glimmered their last whose sluggish blood half froze
 Creeps lab'ring through the veins whose heart never glows
 With fancy kindled heat — a servile race
 Who in mere want of fault all merit place
 Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools
 Bigots to Greece and slaves to musty rules
 With solemn consequence declared that none
 Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone
 Dupes to their fancied excellence the crowd
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd

When from amidst the throng a youth stood forth,
 Unknown his person, not unknown his worth,
 His look bespoke applause alone he stood,
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood
 He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
 Who prized our own, but envied not their fame
 With noble reverence spoke of Greece and Rome,
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb —

‘ But more than just to other countries grown
 Must we turn base apostates to our own?
 Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
 That England may not please the ear as well?’

What mighty magic s in the place or air,
 That all perfection needs must centre there?
 In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd
 In state of letters, merit should be heard
 Genius is of no country, her pure ray
 Spreads all abroad, as general as the day
 Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies
 And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise
 May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
 And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
 May not some great extensive Genius raise
 The name of Britain bove Athenian pruse
 And whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
 Make England great in letters as in arms?
 I here may—there hath—and Shakspeare's muse aspires
 Beyond the reach of Greece with native fires
 Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight
 Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height

Why should we then abroad for judges roam
 When abler judges we may find at home?
 Happy in tragic and in comic power
 Have we not Shakspeare?—Is not Jonson our?
 For them, your natural judges Briton vote
 They'll judge like Britons who like Briton wrote
 He said, and conquer'd—Sense resumed her sway
 And disappointed pedants stalk'd away
 Shakspeare and Jonson with deserved applause,
 Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause
 Meantime the stranger every voice employ'd,
 To ask or tell his name—Who is it?—LLOYD

Thus, when the aged friend of Job stood mute,
 And tamely prudent gave up the dispute,
 Elihu with the decent warmth of youth
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of truth
 Confuted falsehood, and disabled pride
 Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side

From The Rosciad

THE PEASANT AND THE KING CONTRASTED.

The Villager, born humbly and bred hard,
 Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard
 In action simply just, in conscience clear,
 By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,

His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
 Labour his business and his pleasure too,
 Enjoys more comforts in a single hour,
 Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to power

Call'd up by health, he rises with the day,
 And goes to work as if he went to play,
 Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
 The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake,
 Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
 Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
 He bears what we should think it death to bear
 Short are his meals, and homely is his fare,
 His thirst he slakes at some pure neighbouring brook,
 Nor asks for sauce where appetite stands cook
 When the dews fall, and when the sun retires
 Behind the mountains, when the village fires
 Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh
 At distance catch and fix his longing eye,
 Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
 Of raw boned cubs enjoys that clean, coarse food
 Which, season'd with good humour, his fond bride
 Gainst his return is happy to provide
 Then, free from care and free from thought, he creeps
 Into his straw and till the morning sleeps

Not so the King—With anxious cares oppress'd
 His bosom labours, and admits not rest
 A glorious wretch, he sweats beneath the weight
 Of Majesty, and gives up ease for state
 E'en when his smiles which, by the fools of pride
 Are treasured and preserved from side to side
 Fly round the court, e'en when, compell'd by form,
 He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm!
 Care like a spectre, seen by him alone,
 With all her nest of vipers, round his throne
 By day crawls full in view, when Night bids Sleep
 Sweet nurse of Nature, o'er the senses creep,
 When Misery herself no more complains,
 And slaves, if possible, forget their chains,
 Though his sense weakens, though his eyes grow dim
 That rest which comes to all, comes not to him
 E'en at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids
 The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids
 From night to night she watches at his bed,
 Now, as one moped, sits brooding o'er his head,
 Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings,
 Croaks forth aloud—"Sleep was not made for Kings

THE TUTOR'S ADVICE

A Tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely sly, with high preferment blest,
His favourite pupil in these words address'd

Wouldst thou, my son, be wise and virtuous deem'd
By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd?
Be this thy rule—be what men prudent call
Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all
Keep up appearances there lies the test
The world will give thee credit for the rest
Outward be fair, however foul within
Sin if thou wilt but then in secret sin
This maxim's into common favour grown—
Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known
Virtue indeed may barefaced take the field
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd
Stay out all night but take especial care
That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer
As one with watching and with study faint
Reel in a drunkard and reel out a saint

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard
And in his memory stored each precious word
Successfully pursued the plan, and now,
Room for my Lord—Virtue stand by and bow

l \ ht

PRIVILEGED IMPOSITION

Faber, from day to day from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,
Of tradesmen by his villany betray'd
And, vainly seeking justice bankrupts made
What is't to Faber? Lordly as before,
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes
What is't to Faber? He continues great
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state
The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul pours forth her prayer
Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies
What is't to Faber? He stands safe and clear,
Heaven can commence no legal action here,

And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
 A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
 The name of Privilege gainst vulgar awe
 He feels no Conscience, and he fears no Law

From The Tem

THE CITY POLITICIAN

The Cit, a Common Council Man by place,
 Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
 By situation as by nature great
 With nice precision parcels out the state
 Proves and disproves affirms, and then denies
 Objects himself and to himself replies
 Wielding aloft the politician rod
 Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god
 Maintains, even to the very teeth of power,
 The same thing right and wrong in half an hour
 Now all is well now he suspects a plot,
 And plainly proves **WHATEVER IS IS NOT**
 Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head
 And deals out empires as he deals out thread
 His useless scales are in a corner flung
 And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue

From V. 11



THIS extraordinary man was born at Annan in the county of Dumfries North Britain in 1721 Before he was six months old he had the misfortune to lose his sight by the small pox but as he grew up to boyhood his father and friends endeavoured to lighten this calamity by reading to him such books as were suitable to his age In this manner he commenced his education and acquired a thirst for further knowledge which was amply gratified by those to whom he was endeared by his amiable disposition and by their kind aid he not only obtained a thorough acquaintanceship with the English classical writers but a competent knowledge of the Latin tongue He also showed an early bias towards poetry and composed several pieces which were handed about as curiosities from being the productions of one to whom the external world was a universal blank In consequence of this increasing notoriety he was enabled to remove to Edinburgh in 1741 and attend the University classes and having had his views directed to the church he studied the usual course and was licensed a preacher in 1759 On being ordained minister of the town and parish of Kirkcudbright to which he had been presented by the Crown the people naturally demurred at the idea of a blind pastor so that after some altercation Blacklock consented to retire on receiving a small annuity from the parish He returned to Edinburgh and opened an establishment to receive young gentlemen as boarders and pupils in which useful situation he continued until the infirmities of old age obliged him to retire from active life His death occurred on the 7th of July 1791 Such were his classical and scientific attainments that the Marischal College of Aberdeen in 1767 conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity Independently of his personal merits which obtained him the love and esteem of all who knew him Dr Blacklock will be always remembered with gratitude as one of the earliest and best patrons of Burns

FROM A HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING

IN IMITATION OF THE 104TH PSALM

When time shall in eternity be lost,
 And hoary nature languish into dust,
 For ever young thy glory shall remain
 Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign
 Thou, from the regions of eternal day,
 View'st all thy works at one immense survey
 Pleased, thou beholdest the whole propensely tend
 To perfect happiness, its glorious end
 If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
 Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies
 Thou smitest the hills and, at th' almighty blow,
 Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow
 While this immortal spark of heavenly flame
 Distends my breast, and animates my frame
 To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
 On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn
 The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
 And nature in full choir shall join around

When full of thee my soul excursive flies
 Through air, earth, ocean, or thy regal skies,
 From world to world, new wonders still I find,
 And all the Godhead flashes on my mind
 When, wing'd with whirlwinds, Vice shall take its flight
 To the deep bosom of eternal night,
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay
 Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE

While in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
 And touch each feature with a trembling hand,
 Deign, lovely self! with art and nature's pride
 To mix the colours, and the pencil guide
 Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind
 How vast a crowd by self like me, are blind!
 By self the fop in magic colours shown
 Though scorn'd by every eye, delights his own
 When age and wrinkles seize the conquering maid
 Self, not the glass, reflects the fluttering shade
 Then wonder working self! begin the lay
 Thy charms to others as to me display
 Straight is my person but of little size
 Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes
 My youthful down is like my talents rare
 Politely distant stands each single hair
 My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear
 So smooth a child may listen without fear
 Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays
 To soothe the fair through pleasure's wanton ways
 My form so fine, so regular so new,
 My port so manly, and so fresh my hue
 Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say
 "See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way!"
 The ravish'd Proserpine, at last, we know,
 Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau,
 But, thanks to nature! none from me need fly,
 One heart the devil could wound—so cannot I
 Yet though my person fearless may be seen
 There is some danger in my graceful mien
 For, as some vessel toss'd by wind and tide,
 Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to side

In just vibration thus I always move
 This, who can view and not be forced to love?
 Hail' charming self' by whose propitious aid
 My form in all its glory stands display'd
 Be present still, with inspiration kind,
 Let the same faithful colours paint the mind
 Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bless'd,
 Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd
 To strong desires my heart, an easy prey,
 Oft feels their force but never owns their sway
 This hour, perhaps as death I hate my foe
 The next I wonder why I should do so
 I though poor, the rich I view with careless eye,
 Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie
 I ne'er for satire torture common sense,
 Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expense
 Harmless I live unknowing and unknown,
 Wish well to all and yet do good to none
 Unmerited contempt I hate to bear
 Yet on my faults like others am severe
 Dishonest flames my bosom never fire
 The bad I pity, and the good admire
 Fond of the muse, to her devote my days,
 And scribble—not for pudding but for praise
 These clueless lines if any virgin hears,
 Perhaps in pity to my joyless years
 She may consent a generous flame to own
 And I no longer sigh the nights alone
 But, should the fair affected vain or nice
 Scream with the fears inspired by frogs or mice,
 Cry 'Save us, Heaven! a specter not a man!
 Her hutshorn snatch or interpose her fan
 If I my tender overture repeat
 O! may my vows her kind reception meet!
 May she new graces on my form bestow,
 And with till honours dignify my brow!

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED MY SENTIMENTS OF HIM.

AN EPICRAM

Dear Fabius! me if well you know,
 You ne'er will take me for your foe
 If right yourself you comprehend
 You ne'er will take me for your friend

THIS bold imitator of Homer was born in the parish of Dalmeny in the county of West Lothian North Britain on the 5th of October 1721. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh where he associated with Robertson, Home, Adam Smith and the other talented individuals who at that time adorned the Scottish capital. As his studies were directed to the church, he was licensed to preach and after some years was ordained minister of Ratho from which charge he was translated to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. He died October 10 1772. The misfortune of *The Epigoniad* an epic which is now scarcely noticed was the attempting to follow in the footsteps of Homer which with ninety nine out of a hundred poets was sure to end in a most miserable failure. Still however the work possesses some vigorous descriptions of high merit and among these may be particularly mentioned the Death of Hercules.

FROM THE DEATH OF HERCULES

Furious amidst the sacred fires he flew
 The victims scatter'd, and the hearths o'erthrew
 Then sinking prostrate, where a tide of gore
 From oxen slain had blacken'd all the shore,
 His form divine he roll'd in dust and blood
 His groans the hills re-echoed, and the flood
 Then rising furious, to the ocean's streams
 He rush'd in hope to quench his raging flames,
 But burning still the unextinguish'd pain,
 The shore he left, and stretch'd into the main
 A galley anchor'd near the beach we found
 Her curled canvas to the breeze unbound
 And traced his desperate course, till far before
 We saw him land on Cæta's desert shore
 Towards the skies his furious hands he rear'd
 And thus, across the deep, his voice we heard —
 Sovereign of Heaven and earth! whose boundless sway
 The fates of men and mortal things obey!
 If e'er delighted from the courts above,
 In human form, you sought Alcmena's love,
 If Fame's unchanging voice to all the earth,
 With truth proclaims you author of my birth
 Whence from a course of spotless glory run,
 Successful toils and wreaths of triumph won,
 Am I thus wretched? better that before
 Some monster fierce had drunk my streaming gore,
 Or crush'd by Cacus, foe to gods and men
 My batter'd brains had strew'd his rocky den,
 Than, from my glorious toils and triumphs past,
 To fall subdued by female arts at last.
 O cool my boiling blood, ye winds, that blow

From mountains loaded with eternal snow,
 And crack the icy cliffs in vain! in vain!
 Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain!
 For round this heart the Furies wave their brands,
 And wring my entrails with their burning hands
 Now bending from the skies, O wife of Jove!
 Enjoy the vengeance of thy injured love
 For fate, by me the thunderer's guilt atones,
 And, punish'd in her son, Alcmena groans
 The object of your hate shall soon expire
 Fix'd on my shoulders preys a net of fire
 Whom nor the toils nor dangers could subdue
 By false Eurystheus dictated from you
 Nor tyrants lawless nor the monstrous brood
 Which haunts the desert or infests the flood
 Nor Greece, nor all the barbarous climes that lie
 Where Phœbus ever points his golden eye
 A woman hath o'erthrown! ye gods! I yield
 To female arts, unconquer'd in the field
 My arms—alas! are these the same that bow'd
 Anteus, and his giant force subdued?
 That dragg'd Nemea's monster from his den
 And slew the dragon in his native fen?
 Alas! alas! their mighty muscles fail,
 While pains infernal every nerve assail
 Alas, alas! I feel in streams of woe
 These eyes dissolved, before untaught to flow
 Awake, my virtue, oft in dangers tried,
 Patient in toils, in deaths unterrified,
 Rouse to my aid nor let my labours past
 With fame achieved, be blotted by the last
 Firm and unmoved, the present shock endure,
 Once triumph, and for ever rest secure

The hero thus, and grasp'd a pointed rock
 With both his arms which straight in pieces broke
 Crush'd in his agony then on his breast
 Descending prostrate, further plaint suppress'd
 And now the clouds, in dusky volumes spread
 Had darken'd all the mountains with their shade
 The winds withhold their breath, the billows rest
 The sky's dark image on the deep imprest
 A bay for shelter opening in the strand
 We saw, and steer'd our vessel to the land
 Then mounting on the rocky beach above,
 Through the thick gloom descried the son of Jove
 His head, declined between his hands, he lean'd,
 His elbows on his bended knees sustain'd

Above him still a hovering vapour flew,
 Which, from his boiling veins, the garment drew
 Through the thick woof we saw the fumes aspire,
 Like smoke of victims from the sacred fire
 Compassion's keenest touch my bosom thrill'd,
 My eyes, a flood of melting sorrow fill'd
 Doubtful I stood and, pondering in my mind,
 By fear and pity variously inclined,
 Whether to shun the hero, or essay,
 With friendly words his torment to allay
 When bursting from above, with hideous glare,
 A flood of lightning kindled all the air
 From Cæta's top it rush'd in sudden streams
 The ocean reddened at its fiery beams
 Then, bellowing deep, the thunder's awful sound
 Shook the firm mountains and the shores around
 Far to the east it roll'd a length of sky
 We heard Eubœa's rattling cliffs reply,
 As at his master's voice a swain appears,
 When waked from sleep his early call he hears
 The hero rose and to the mountain turn'd
 Whose cloud involved top with lightning burn'd
 And thus his sue address'd With patient mind
 Thy call I hear, obedient and resign'd
 Faithful and true the oracle! which spoke
 In high Dodona, from the sacred oak—
 "That twenty years of painful labours past,
 On Cæta's top I should repose at last
 Before, involved, the meaning lay conceal'd,
 But now I find it in my fate reveal'd
 Thy sovereign will I blame not, which denies
 With length of days to crown my victories
 Though still with danger and distress engaged,
 For injured right eternal war I waged
 A life of pain in barbarous climates led,
 The heavens my canopy, a rock my bed
 More joy I've felt than delicacy knows,
 Or all the pride of regal pomp bestows
 Dread sire! thy will I honour and revere,
 And own thy love with gratitude sincere,
 Which watch'd me in my toils, that none could boast
 To raise a trophy from my glory lost
 And though at last, by female arts overcome,
 And unsuspected fraud, I find my doom
 There to have fail'd, my honour ne'er can shake,
 Where vice is only strong and virtue weak

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
 In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave
 Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
 The sting from Death, the victory from the Grave
 Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain,
 Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness, steep
 Go soothe your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep
 Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
 More than those preachers of your favourite creed,
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
 Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed
 Nor wish for more who conquer, but to die
 Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale
 Like you, they reason not like you, enjoy
 The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail
 On Pleasure's glittering stream ye gaily steer
 Your little course to cold oblivion's shore,
 They dare the storm, and, through the inclement year,
 Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar
 Is it for glory? That just Fate denies
 Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
 Ere from her trumpet the heaven-breathed accents rise,
 That lift the hero from the fighting crowd
 Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
 To curb the fury of insulting foes?
 Ambition, cease the idle contest end,
 'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose
 And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
 (If life be all) why desolation lour,
 With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
 That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?
 Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,
 Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high,
 Weave the light dance with festive freedom gay,
 And live your moment, since the next ye die
 Yet know, vain sceptics, know, the Almighty mind,
 Who breathed on man a portion of his fire,
 Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confined
 To Heaven, to immortality aspire
 Nor shall the pile of hope, his mercy rear'd,
 By vain philosophy be ever destroy'd
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
 Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd

This distinguished sailor poet was born in Edinburgh and as nearly as can be conjectured, about 1730. At an early age he was sent to sea, in a merchant-ship of the town of Leith. In consequence of this and the humble situation of his father who was a barber Falconer's education was extremely scanty. Indeed it appears that what he learned was chiefly acquired from the instruction of Campbell the author of *Lexiphanes* to whom he was servant, and who after *The Shipwreck* was published used to boast that the author of this admired work had been his pupil. Falconer however according to his own account had never been taught beyond the elements of reading writing and a little arithmetic to which he afterwards added, in the course of his voyages a slight knowledge of French Spanish and Italian. After having been for some time employed as a sea-boy he served on board the *Britannia*, a merchant-ship in the capacity of second mate. This vessel was wrecked off Cape Colonna in her course homeward from Alexandria, and all on board perished except himself and two sailors. An event of such common occurrence would have been forgotten in a day or two but for that high minded and inspired youth who after sharing in all the miseries of the shipwreck had survived to record them and thus save the British name from all forth those tears that were withheld from the ruin of whole armadas. The poem was published in 1762 and the publication was both light and surprising at the novelty of the theme and the admirable manner in which it had been handled. *Storm* indeed had been produced in plenty by the poets of every age and country but all of them without exception excepting that of Virgil savoured too much of the land and the fires due to be either natural or agreeable to have been coolly brewed according to the well known receipt of Dean Swift. But it was perceived at once that *The Shipwreck* was a production of a very different stamp. The author has endeavoured to describe his delineations were those of skillful seaman as well as a poet of no ordinary power and while he recorded the event in the language of a sailor the technical terms with which the poem necessarily abounded instead of darkening only served to make the subject more perspicuous to the capacities of land men. Independently of these circumstances the admirable manner in which different parts of the stories of Greece were introduced and the historical allusions which they suggested imparted to the poem a common place element as the wrecking of a merchant vessel all the richness of a classical poem.

As John Oer had dedicated his poem to the Duke of York the favour of His Royal Highness of that poet the appointment of midshipman in the royal navy and afterwards the more lucrative one of purser Falconer then married Mrs Hicks an amiable and accomplished lady but the unexpected peace of 1763 threatened to reduce him to his original poverty. When his ship however was laid up in ordinary at Chatham the cabin was fitted up through the favour of Commodore Hanway as a residence for the unfortunate purser. After staying here for some time he removed to London where he encountered considerable difficulties and published his *Marine Dictionary* a work which was highly prized at the time as an excellent text-book on nautical matters. The late Mr Murray the bookseller was at that period tabling himself in business and he solicited Falconer to become his partner but the latter who had already been appointed purser to the *Aurora*, East India man resolved once more to attempt that element, with the dangers of which he was so conversant. The *Aurora* set sail for India in 1769 but after she had passed the Cape of Good Hope she was never heard of and it was supposed that she must have foundered at sea and gone down with all on board.

Besides *The Shipwreck*, Falconer attempted political poetry in the form of two panegyrics one on the Prince of Wales and the other on the Duke of York and an unfinished production called *The Demagogue* in which he endeavoured to enter the lists against Churchill. But his muse had been cradled in a ship and nursed amidst the elements so that the sea had become her home and Falconer soon howed that he was unfitted for the land-service of politics. No one therefore cares to remember that he ever penned a stanza beyond that which closed the catastrophe at Cape Colonna.

FALCONER

FROM THE SHIPWRECK

Th' ethereal dome in mournful pomp array'd,
 Now lurks behind impenetrable shade
 Now, flashing round intolerable light
 Redoubles all the terrors of the night
 Such terrors Sinai's quaking hills o'erspread,
 When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head
 It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
 Had all the horrors of the skies combined
 And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
 At once the dreadful magazine disclosed
 And lo! tremendous o'er the deep, his springs
 Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!—
 Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks
 Mad Chaos from the chains of death awakes!
 Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge
 And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge,
 There, all aghast the shivering wretches stood
 While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood
 Now in a deluge burst the living flame,
 And dread concussion rends the ethereal frame
 Sick Earth convulsive, groans from shore to shore,
 And Nature shuddering, feels the horrid roar

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight
 Revealed in all its mournful shade and light
 Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
 As lightning glances on the electric wire
 But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
 The glowing scene unequal to sustain

But lo! at last from tenfold darkness born
 Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn
 Hail, sacred vision! who on orient wings
 The cheering dawn of light propitious brings!
 All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
 That gave her beauties to returning day
 All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
 No kind relief no gleam of hope descried
 For now, in front, her trembling inmates see
 The hills of Greece emerging on the lee

So the lost lover views that fatal morn
 On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
 The nymph adored resigns her blooming charms,
 To bless with love some happier rival's arms
 So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
 That tore Æneas from her arms away,
 That saw him parting, never to return,
 Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn
 O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
 Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
 Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
 And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign
 But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
 Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
 Full in her van St George's cliffs arise
 High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
 That hung projecting o'er a mossy green
 Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
 And all their skill relentless fates oppose
 For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
 Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow
 While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
 Her sallies, still they dread her broaching to
 Alarming thought! for now no more a lee
 Her riven side could bear the invading sea,
 And if the following surge she scuds before,
 Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore
 A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound
 Where death in secret ambush lurks around —
 Full less dismay'd, Anchises' wandering son
 Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun
 When Palinurus from the helm, descried
 The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side
 While in the west with hideous yawn disclosed,
 His onward path Charybdis' gulf opposed
 The double danger as by turns he view'd,
 His wheeling bark her arduous track pursued
 Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
 Between the extremes the daring vessel flies
 With boundless involution, bursting o'er
 The marble cliffs, loud dashing surges roar
 Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest raves
 And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves
 Destruction round the insatiate coast prepares,
 To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd shores
 But haply now she escapes the fatal strand,

Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land
 Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
 She cleaves the burning waters with her prow,
 And forward leaping, with tumultuous haste,
 As on the tempest's wing, the isle she past
 With longing eyes and agony of mind
 The sailors view this refuge left behind
 Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
 A safe accession to that barren shore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confined,
 Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
 The groaning captive wastes his life away,
 For ever exiled from the realms of day
 Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
 When far above the sacred light he eyes
 While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
 For scenes he never shall possess again

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
 And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high
 Beside the cape's projecting verge is placed
 A range of columns, long by time defaced
 First planted by devotion to sustain,
 In elder times Tritonia's sacred fane
 Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning rage
 Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage
 The sickly heaven fermenting with its freight,
 Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight
 And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high
 Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly
 A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night
 Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind
 Touch'd with compassion gazed upon the blind
 And while around his sad companions crowd
 He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud
 Hic thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries
 Thy only succour on the mast relies!—
 The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
 Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course
 Quick to the abandon'd wheel Arion came
 The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim
 Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
 Upborne, to right and left distracted roam
 So gazed young Phaeton, with pale dismay
 When mounted on the flaming car of day,
 With rash and impious hand the stupling tied
 The immortal coursers of the sun to guide —

The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh
 Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly
 Fate spurs her on — Thus, issuing from afar,
 Advances to the sun some blazing star,
 And, as it feels the attraction's kindling force,
 Springs onward with accelerated course

With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
 Where death's inexorable jaws expand
 Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
 As dumb with terror, they beheld the last
 Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind
 In mute suspense they mount into the wind —
 The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing
 The black eventful moment seem'd to bring
 The fatal Sisters, on the surge before,
 Yoked their infernal horses to the prore —
 The steersmen now received their last command
 To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand
 Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
 High on the platform of the top ascend
 'Fatal retreat' for while the plunging prow
 Immerges headlong in the wave below,
 Down prest by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep crushing rends
 Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie
 The foremast totters unsustain'd on high
 And now the ship fore lifted by the sea
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
 Drags the main topmast from its post away
 Flung from the mast the seamen strive in vain
 Through hostile floods their vessel to regain
 The waves they buffet till, bereft of strength,
 O'erpowered they yield to cruel fate at length
 The hostile waters close around their head
 They sink for ever, number'd with the dead!

Those who remain their fearful doom await,
 Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate
 The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
 Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan —
 Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
 With young Arion, on the mast appear
 Even they, amid the unspeakable distress,
 In every look distracting thoughts confess,
 In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
 And every bosom fatal terror feels
 Enclosed with all the demons of the main,

They view'd the adjacent shore but view'd in vain
 Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
 Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
 Such torments agonize the damned breast,
 While fancy views the mansions of the blest
 For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore,
 But Heaven relentless deigns to help no more!

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
 With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near!
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death
 Hell yawns, rocks rise and breakers roar beneath!—
 In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore
 In vain they'd teach us at the latest breath,
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death
 F'en Zeno's self, and Epictetus old
 This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold
 Had Socrates for godlike virtue famed,
 And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
 Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress
 His soul had trembled to its last recess!—
 O yet confirm my heart ye powers above
 This last tremendous shock of fate to prove
 The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
 Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
 For now the audacious seas insult the yard
 High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
 And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade
 Uplifted on the surge to heaven she flies
 Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies,
 Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
 Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
 Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels
 And quivering with the wound, in torment, reels
 So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes
 The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows —
 Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
 Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
 Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
 The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
 In wild despair while yet another stroke,
 With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak
 Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
 The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
 At length asunder torn her frame divides,
 And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides

Was born at Kirkby Steven in Westmoreland, in March 1735. As his means were too limited for a University education he acquired his classical knowledge in which he made a respectable proficiency at private schools. Having taken orders, he was several years a curate until 1767 when having married a lady of some fortune he was appointed to the living of Blagdon in Somersetshire. The works of Langhorne both in prose and verse are numerous. His poem on the death of his wife whom he had courted for many years with a romantic attachment, and who died in child birth of a son is the happiest specimen of his poetical powers. His own death occurred April 1 1779.

VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY

Let others boast the false and faithless pride
No nuptial charm to know or, known to hide,
With vain disguise from Nature's dictates part
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart
My verse, the God of tender vows inspires,
Dwells on my soul, and wakens all her fires

Dear silent partner of those happier hours,
That pass'd in Hackthorn's vales, in Blagdon's bowers!
If yet thy gentle spirit wanders here
Borne by its virtues to no nobler sphere
If yet that pity which of life possest,
Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd through thy breast,
If yet that tender thought, that generous care,
The gloomy power of endless night may spare
Oh! while my soul for thee, for thee complains,
Catch her warm sighs, and kiss her bleeding strains

Wild, wretched wish! can prayer, with feeble breath,
Pierce the pale ear, the statued ear of death?
I et patience pray, let hope aspire to prayer
And leave me the strong language of despair!

Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe
Ye Lytteltons, ye shining Petrarchs, go!
I hate the languor of your lement strain,
Your flowery grief, your impotence of pain
Oh! had ye known, what I have known, to prove
The seaching flame, the agonies of love!
Oh! had ye known how souls to souls impart
Their fire, or mix'd the life drops of the heart!
Not like the streams that down the mountain's side,
Tunefully mourn, and sparkle as they glide
Not like the breeze that sighs at evening hour
On the soft bosom of some folding flower,

Your stronger grief, in stronger accents borne,
Had soothed the breast with burning anguish torn

The voice of seas the winds that rouse the deep,
Far sounding floods that tear the mountains steep,
Each wild and melancholy blast that raves
Round these dim towers, and smites the beating waves—
This soothes my soul— 'Tis Nature's mournful breath,
'Tis Nature struggling in the arms of death!

See the last aid of her expiring state,
See love, even love, has lent his darts to fate!
Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies on my head
When, crown'd with flowers, he led the rosy day,
Lived to my eye, and drew my soul away—
Could fern could fancy at that tender hour
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?

There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen strew'd
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd
I here each fair hope, each tenderness of life
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife
Delight love, fancy, pleasure genius, fled
And the best passions of my soul lie dead
All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale Remembrance bending o'er a shade

O come, ye softer sorrows to my breast!
Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest!
Come soothing dreams, your friendly pinions wave,
We'll bear the fresh rose to yon honour'd grave
For once this pain, this frantic pain, forego
And feel at last the luxury of woe!

Ye holy sufferers, that in silence wait
The last sad refuge of relieving fate!
That rest at eve beneath the cypress gloom,
And sleep familiar on your future tomb
With you I'll waste the slow departing day,
And wear, with you, the uncoloured hours away

Oh lead me to your cells, your lonely aisles,
Where Resignation folds her arms, and smiles,
Where holy Faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn where fair Constantia sleeps,
There let me there, in sweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the torturing passions die

TO A REDBREAST

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

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

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

THE GIPSEY LIFE

The Gipsy race my pity rarely move
 Yet their strong thirst of liberty I love
 Not Wilkes, our freedom's holy martyr, more
 Nor his firm phalanx, of the common shore

For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves
 The tawny father with his offspring roves
 When summer suns lead slow the sultry day
 In mossy caves where welling waters play
 Fanned by each gale that cools the fervid sky
 With this in ragged luxury they lie
 Oft at the sun the dusky Elfin's strain
 The sable eye, then, snuggling, sleep again
 Oft, as the dews of cooler evening fall,
 For their prophetic mother's mantle call

From "The Country Just"

THE learned author of the History of English Poetry was born at Basingstoke in 1728 and of a family remarkable for talent for his father and brother were eminent as poets and critics—thus composing a triumvirate such as no other name can boast. Thomas was educated at Trinity College and acquired distinction at an early period by the superiority of his poetical productions. In 1745 he published five pastoral eclogues. On the publication of Mason's *Isis*, which reflected severely upon the loyalty of Oxford Warton stood forth as the champion of his *Alma Mater* and in 1749 published a poetical reply entitled, *The Triumph of Isis* which Mason himself acknowledged to be superior to his own production. In 1757 he was elected to the Professorship of Poetry in Pembroke College,—an office which he discharged with remarkable ability and success and in 1785 the laurel was conferred upon him at the express desire of his Majesty on the death of Whitehead. After an active literary life in which he was aided by his *History of English Poetry* and his *Dissertations* the critical taste of the age to a higher point than had ever been attained he died on the 21st of May 1790.

THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss grown piles
 Oft let me sit at twilight hour of eve,
 Where through some western window, the pale moon
 Pours her long levelled rule of streaming light,
 While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
 Save the lone screech owl's note which builds his bow'r
 Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
 Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
 Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
 Invests some wasted tower. Or led me tread
 Its neighbouring walk of pines, where mused of old
 The cloister'd brothers through the gloomy void
 That far extends beneath their ample arch
 As on I pace, religious horror wraps
 My soul in dread repose. But when the world
 Is clad in midnight's raven colour'd robe,
 Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
 Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
 O'er the wan heaps while airy voices talk
 Along the glimmering walls or ghostly shape
 At distance seen invites with beckoning hand
 My lonesome steps, through the far winding vaults
 Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
 Of night when haply wakeful from my couch
 I start to all is motionless around!
 Roars not the rushing wind the sons of men
 And every beast in mute oblivion lie
 All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep

O, then, how fearful is it to reflect,
 That, through the still globe s awful solitude,
 No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
 My drooping temples bathes in opiate dew
 Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
 My senses lead through flowery paths of joy,
 But let the sacred genius of the night
 Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
 When through bewild ring fancy s magic maze,
 To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
 Th unshaken Britomart, or Milton knew,
 When in abstracted thought he first conceived
 All heaven in tumult, and the seraphim
 Came towering, arm d in adamant and gold

EVENING

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
 Has drest the groves in livery green,
 When in each fair and fertile field
 Beauty begins her bower to build,
 While evening, veil d in shadows brown,
 Puts her matron mantle on,
 And mists in spreading steams convey
 More fresh the fumes of new shorn hay
 Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
 Contemplation hoar to meet,
 As slow he winds in museful mood,
 Near the rush d marge of Cherwell s flood,
 Or o er old Avon s magic edge,
 Whence Shakspeare cull d the spiky sedge,
 All playful, yet in years unripe,
 To frame a shrill and simple pipe
 There through the dusk, but dimly seen,
 Sweet evening objects intervene
 His wattled cotes the shepherd plants
 Beneath her elm the milk maid chants,
 The woodman, speeding home a while
 Rests him at a shady style
 Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
 Refreshment o er my soothed sense,
 Nor tangled woodbine s balmy bloom,
 Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume
 Nor lurking wild thyme s spicy sweet
 To bathe in dew my roving feet

DOWNFALL OF THE PORTUGUESE EMPIRE IN INDIA

Broad was the firm based structure and sublime
 That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime
 On justice and benevolence he placed
 Its ponderous weight and warlike trophies graced
 Its mounting turrets and o'er Asia wide
 Great Albuquerque renown'd its generous pride
 Others without his valour or his art
 With all his interested rage of heart
 Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil
 And undermined and rent the mighty pile
 Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore
 Its bending head the scath of lightning bore
 Its falling turrets desolation spread
 And from its faithless shade in horror fled
 The native tribes—yet not at once subdued
 Its pristine strength long storms on storms withstood
 A Nunio's justice and a Castro's sword
 Oft raised its turrets and its dread restored
 Yet, like the sunshine of a winter day
 On Norway's coast soon died the transient ray
 A tyrant race who own'd no country came
 Deep to entrench themselves, their only aim
 With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst
 With the unhallow'd rage of game accurst
 Against each spring of action on the breast
 For wisest ends by Nature's hand imprest
 Stern war they waged and blindly ween'd alone
 On brutal dread to fix their cruel throne
 The wise and good with indignation fired
 Silent from their unhallow'd board retired
 The base and cunning stay'd and slaves avow'd
 Submiss to every insult smiling bow'd
 Yet while they smiled and bow'd the abject head,
 In chains unfelt their tyrant lords they led
 Their avarice watching as a bird of prey
 O'er every weakness o'er each vice held sway
 Till secret art assumed the thwarting face
 And dictate bold and ruin and disgrace
 Closed th unworthy scene Now trampled low
 Beneath the injured native and the foe
 From Belgia lured by India's costly prey
 Thy glorious structure Gama prostrate lay
 And lies in desolated awful gloom
 Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb

From Almada H II

Was born at Soutra, in the county of Mid Lothian North Britain in 1748 and after being educated for the church, at the College of Edinburgh, he was appointed minister of South Leith where he was distinguished as an eloquent divine of the first order In 1781 appeared a collection of his Poems, and in 1783 his Runnymede which obtained for their author a distinguished poetical celebrity In consequence however of having fallen into a baneful habit incompatible with his sacred profession, his people obliged him to resign his church upon which he repaired to London in 1785 and became a literary and periodical writer till his death which took place on the 9th of December 1788 The poems of Logan without exhibiting any high flights of fancy are distinguished by a tenderness of feeling and sweetness of versification that have always made them popular especially in Scotland, where several of them exist among the hymns of the national church

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING

No longer hoary winter reigns
 No longer binds the streams in chains,
 Or heaps with snow the meads
 Array'd with robe of rainbow dye
 At last the Spring appears on high,
 And, smiling over earth and sky
 Her new creation leads

The snows confess a warmer ray,
 The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
 And echo down the dale
 The hills uplift their summits green,
 The vales more verdant spread between,
 The cuckoo in the wood unseen
 Coo's ceaseless to the gale

The rainbow arching woos the eye
 With all the colours of the sky,
 With all the pride of Spring,
 Now Heaven descends in sunny showers,
 The sudden fields put on the flowers,
 The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
 And buds begin to sing

The cattle wander in the wood,
 And find the wonted verdant food,
 Beside the well known rills,
 Blithe in the sun the shepherd swain
 Like Pan attunes the pastoral strain,
 While many echoes send again
 The music of the hills

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song
Her solitary way,
She sees the fairies, with their queen,
Trip hand in hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times, unseen,
The ear enchanting lay

Maria come! Now let us rove
Now gather garlands in the grove,
Of every new sprung flower
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood
O come, thou fairer than the bud
Unfolding in a shower!

HYMN

Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great high priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears

He who for men in mercy stood
And poured on earth his precious blood
Pursues in Heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye
Partaker of the human name
He knows the frailty of our frame

Our fellow sufferer yet retains
A fellow feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part,
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour

ODE TO THE CUCKOO

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
 Thou messenger of Spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat
 And woods thy welcome sing

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

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

The schoolboy wandering through the wood,
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay

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

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

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

SONG —THE BRAES OF YARROW

“Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
 When first on them I met my lover,
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
 When now thy waves his body cover!”

For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow,
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow

‘He promised me a milk-white steed,
 To bear me to his father’s bowers,
 He promised me a little page
 To squire me to his father’s towers,
 He promised me a wedding ring —
 The wedding day was nix’d to morrow, —
 Now he is wedded to his grave
 Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!’

Sweet were his words, when last we met
 My passion I as freely told him
 Clasp’d in his arms, I little thought
 That I should never more behold him!
 Scarce was he gone I saw his ghost
 It vanish’d with a shriek of sorrow
 Thrice did the water wraith ascend
 And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow

‘His mother from the window look’d,
 With all the longing of a mother
 His little sister weeping walk’d
 The greenwood path to meet her brother
 They sought him east they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough
 They only saw the cloud of night
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow

No longer from thy window look
 Thou hast no son thou tender mother!
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
 No longer seek him east or west,
 And search no more the forest thorough,
 For, wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow

‘The tear shall never leave my cheek
 No other youth shall be my marrow
 I’ll seek thy body in the stream
 And then with thee I’ll sleep in Yarrow
 The tear did never leave her cheek
 No other youth became her marrow,
 She found his body in the stream
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow

THE Boy of Bristol as he has been often called, in allusion to his early genius and career was born in that town November 20th 1752 At the age of five he was sent to school, but after continuing there for a short time he was sent back to his mother as an unpromising child, of whose proficiency there was no hope The mother however assumed to herself the task of opening the faculties of her boy and with such success that he soon learned to read In his eighth year he was admitted into Colston's Charity School where he spent several years and showed an early predilection for poetry by the composition of several pieces Having devoted himself to the study of black letter and tried his powers in imitating the most ancient of the English poets the smoke dried and blackened parchment upon which the verses were written, made the poem be received with delight as a *bona fide* ancient production—upon which he resolved to raise the public interest by a series of similar deceptions and, accordingly he produced at several instalments, the manuscript work of Rowley a priest of the fifteenth century which he pretended had been found in an old chest among the archives of Bristol Cathedral The literary world hailed the discovery with delight, as the deception was heightened by the youth and boyish appearance of Chatterton but after the excitement had subsided the lynx-eyed inspection of critics and antiquarians detected and exposed the imposture Thus his hopes of rising in the literary world were blasted and the result of his shame and disappointment added to all the miseries of poverty was suicide which he committed on the 24th of August 1770 when only seventeen years old

THE ADVICE

ADDRESSED TO MISS M— R— OF BRISTOL

Revolving in their destined sphere,
The hours begin another year

As rapidly to fly
Ah! think, Maria (ever in grey
Those auburn tresses fade away),
So youth and beauty die

Though now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow,
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble Muse complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow

Though poor Pitholeon's feeble line
In opposition to the Nine,
Still violates your name,
Though tales of passion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold
Strive to confess a flame

Yet when that bloom and dancing fire,
 In silver d reverence shall expire,
 Aged, wrinkled, and defaced,
 To keep one lover s flame alive,
 Requires the genius of a Clive,
 With Walpole s mental taste

Though rapture wantons in your air,
 Though beyond simile you re fair
 Free, affable, serene
 Yet still one attribute divine
 Should in your composition shine—
 Sincerity, I mean

Though numerous swains before you fall,
 Tis empty admiration all,
 Tis all that you require
 How momentary are their chains!
 Like you how insincere the strains
 Of those who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,
 And let the eye of censure see
 Maria can be true
 No more from fools or empty beaux,
 Heaven s representatives disclose,
 Or butterflies pursue

Fly to your worthiest lover s arms
 To him resign your swelling charms
 And meet his generous breast
 Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
 His Muse, with tatter d fragments grac'd
 Shall read your cares to rest

FROM THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

O Chryste it is a grief for me to telle,
 How manie a noble erle and valrous knyghte
 In fyghtyng for Kyng Harrold noblie fell,
 Al sleynge in Hastyns feeld in bloude fyghte
 O sea o erteeming Dover! han thy floude,
 Han anie fructuous entendement,
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
 Before Duke Wyllyam s knyghts han hither went

Whose coward arrows manie eyles sleyn
And brued the feeld wythe bloude as season rayne

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone
Whose poygnante arrowes, typp d with destynie,
Caused many wydowes to make myckle mone
Loidynges avaunt, that chycken hrd ed are,
From oute of hearynge quicklie now departe
Full well I wote to synge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte
Go do the weerkle womman inn man s geare
And scound your mansion if grymm war come there

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde
And sonne was come to byd us all good due
Both armies on the feeld both brave and bolde
Prepared for fyghte in champion arme
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
There rend the erthe and travellers affryghte
I ackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes

Kynge Harrold turnyng to his leegemen spake
My merriemen be not caste downe in mynde
Your onlie lode for ay to mar or make
Before yon sunne has donde his welke you ll fynde
Your lovyng wife who erst dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdynes and the treasure that you han
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber s honde
Unlesse wyth honde and haite you plaie the munn
Cheer up your hartes, chase sorrow farre awaie
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to due

And thenne Duke Wylliam to his knyghtes did saye
My merrie menne be bravelie everiche
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I will make myckle riche
Beer you in mynde we for a kyngdomm fyghte
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse
Be this the worde to daie, God and my ryghte
No doubte but God wyll our true cause blesse
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille

THE mournful history of this highly-gifted Scottish poet exhibits in the strongest light the worst results of improvident and unpatronized genius. He was born at Edinburgh on the 5th of September 1750. After having been educated at the grammar schools of Edinburgh and Dundee he obtained a bursary at the University of St. Andrews with the view of studying for the church. But his mercurial spirit became impatient of the restraint which the preparation for such an office demanded and before he had entered upon the study of theology he forsook the College although he had neither prospects nor resources. At length he was employed in the Sheriff-Clerk's office as a copyist but the study of poetry and, it is melancholy to add, the attractions of dissipation unfitted him for rising above his humble occupation. His excesses grew upon him until he felt as if deliverance from their thralldom were impossible while his religious principles which had been heckled not destroyed resumed their power to warn and to rouse and to rouse when they could no longer reclaim. His reason shattered by dissipation melancholy and horror was destroyed in the conflicts that it was necessary to confine him in a madhouse where he died on the 16th of October 1774. Ferguson would have divided the palm of Scottish poetry with Ramsay had not a greater than either succeeded with whom all rivalry was hopeless.

LEITH RACE

In July month, ae bonny morn
 Whan Nature's rookery green
 Was spread o'er ilka rig o' corn
 To charm our roving een
 Glouring about I saw a quean,
 The fairest neath the lift
 Her een were o' the siller sheen,
 Her skin like snawy drift
 Sae white that day

Quoth she, "I feelie unco sair
 That ye sud musan gae
 Ye wha hae sung o' Hallow faun
 Her winter pranks and play,
 Whan on Leith sands the racer's rue,
 Wi' jockey louns are met,
 Their orra pennies there to ware,
 And drown themsel's in debt
 Fu' deep that day'

An' wha are ye, my winsome dear
 That taks the gate sae early?
 Whare do ye win, gin ane may spier,
 For I right meikle ferly,

That sic braw buskit laughing lass
 Thir bonnie blinks should gie,
 An loup like Hebe o'er the grass,
 As wanton and as free
 Frae dule this day?

' I dwell among the caller springs
 That weet the Land o' Cakes,
 And aften tune my canty strings
 At bridals and lykè wakes
 They ca' me Mirth I ne'er was ken'd
 To grumble or look sour,
 But blythe wad be a lift to lend,
 Gin ye wad sey my power
 An' pith this day '

A bargain be it, and, by my fegs,
 Gif ye will be my mate
 Wi' you I'll screw the cheery pegs
 Ye shanna find me blate,
 We'll reel and ramble through the sands,
 An' jeer wi' a we meet,
 Nor hip the daft an' gleesome bands
 That fill Edin' s street
 Sae thrang this day

Ere servant maids had wont to rise
 To seethe the breakfast kettle,
 Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries
 To put her on her mettle,
 Wi' wiles some silly chiel to trap
 (An' troth he's fain to get her)
 But she'll crawl kniefly in his crap,
 Whan, wow! he canna flit her
 Frae hame that day

Now mony a scaddan and bare breech'd loun
 Rise early to their wark,
 Eneugh to fley a muckle town
 Wi' dinsome squeel an' bark
 "Here is the true an' faithfu' list
 O noblerren an' horses,
 Their eild, their weight, their height, their grist,
 That rin for plates or purses
 Fu' fleet this day

To whisky plooks that brunt for ouks,
 On town guard soldiers' faces,
 Their barber bauld his whittle crooks
 An scrapes them for the races
 Their stumps erst used to philibegs,
 Are dight in spatterdashes,
 Whase barken d hides scarce fend their legs
 Frae weet an weary plashes
 O dirt that day

Come, hafe a care, the captain cries,
 On guns your bagnets thraw
 Now mind your manual exercise,
 And march down raw by raw
 And as they march, he ll glowr about,
 Tent a their cuts and scars,
 Mang them full mony a gausy snout
 H's gusht in birth day wars
 Wi blude that day

Her nainsel maun be carefu now,
 Nor maun she be misleard,
 Sin baxter lads hae seal d a vow
 To skelp an clout the guard
 I m sure Auld Reekie kens o nane
 That would be sorry at it,
 Tho they should dearly pay the kane,
 An get their tails weel sautit
 An sair thir days

The tinkler billies i the Bow
 Are now less eident clinking
 As lang s their pith or siller dow
 They re daffing and they re drinking
 Bedown Leith walk what bourocks reel
 O ilka trade and station,
 That gar their wives an childer feel
 Toom wames for their libation
 O' drink thir days

The Buchan bodies through the beech
 Their bunch o Findrums cry,
 An skirl out bauld in Norland speech,
 "Guid speldings' fa will buy?"

An , by my saul, they re nae wrang gear
 To gust a stirra s mow
 Weel staw'd wi them he ll never spier
 The price o being fou
 Wi drink that day

Now wily wights at rowly powl,
 An flingin o the dice,
 Here break the banes o mony a soul
 Wi fa s upo the ice
 At first the gate seems fair an straught,
 Sae they haud fairly till her ,
 But wow' in spite o a their maught,
 They re rookit o their siller
 An gowd that day

Io town guard drum, of clangour cleu,
 Baith men and steeds are rangit
 Some liveries red or yellow wear,
 And some are tartan spraungit
 And now the red the blue e en now,
 Bids fairest for the market ,
 But, ere the sport be done, I trow
 Their skins are gavly varkit
 And peel d thir day

Sichlike in Pantheon debates
 Whan twa chiels hae a pingle
 E en now some coulde gets his aits
 An dirt wi words they mingle
 Till up louns he wi diction fu
 There s lang and dreich contesting
 For now they re near the point in view,
 Now ten miles frae the question
 In hand that night

The races o er, they hale the dools
 Wi drink o a kin kind
 Great feck gae hirpling hame like fools,
 The cripple lead the blind
 May ne er the canker o the drink
 E er mak our spirits thrawart,
 Case we git wherewitha to wink
 Wi een as blue s a blawart
 Wi straks thir days'

FROM CALLER WATER

My muse will no gae far frae hame
 Or scour a airts to hound for fame
 In troth the jillet ye might blame
 For thinking on t,
 When eithly she can find the theme
 Of *aqua font*

This is the name that doctors use
 Their patients noddles to confuse
 Wi simples clad in terms abstruse
 They labour still
 In kittle words to gar ye roose
 Their want o skill

But we ll hae nae sic clitter clatter
 And briefly to expound the matter
 It shall be ca d guid Caller Water
 Than whilk I trow
 Few drugs in doctors shops are better
 For me or you

Tho joints be stiff as ony rung
 Your pith wi pain be sairly dung,
 Be you in Caller Water flung
 Out o er the lugs
 I will mak ye supple swack and young
 Withouten drugs

Though colic or the heart scad teaze us,
 Or any inward dwam should seize us
 It masters a sic fell diseases
 That would ye spulzie,
 And brings them to a cannie crisis
 Wi little tulzie

Wer t na for it the bonnie lasses
 Would glow r nae mair in keeking glasses,
 And soon tine dint o a the graces
 That aft convey
 In gleefu looks and bonnie faces,
 To catch our een

The fairest then might die a maid,
 And Cupid quit his shooting trade
 For wha through clarty masquerade
 Could then discover,
 Whether the features under shade
 Were worth a lover?

THIS amiable and popular poet was the second son of Spenser Cowper, younger brother of Lord Chancellor Cowper, and was born at Berkhamstead on the 26th of November 1731. From infancy he had a delicate and extremely susceptible constitution—a misfortune that was aggravated by the loss of an affectionate mother who died when he was only six years old. The intense love with which he cherished her memory, during the rest of his life, may be surmised from that affecting poem which he wrote on contemplating her picture. His early education was interrupted by a complaint in his eyes, to which he was more or less subject during the rest of his life. At Westminster School, where he continued till the age of eighteen, his natural melancholy and timidity seem to have been confirmed by that despotic tyranny of the elder over the younger boys which constitutes the shame and disgrace of our English seminaries. After leaving school, he spent three years in an attorney's office and then entered the Temple, but the study of poetry and the acquaintance with Churchill, Thornton, Lloyd, Colman, and other eminent wits of the day had more attractions for him than Coke upon Lyttleton. He entered public life, therefore, unfitted for its business, and in his thirty-fourth year, on being nominated to the offices of Reading Clerk and Clerk of the Private Committees of the House of Lords, he was so overwhelmed with the idea of reading in public that he resigned the appointment. His friends then procured for him the office of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords, in the idea that his personal appearance in the House would not be required; but a parliamentary dispute on one occasion making his presence necessary, he prepared with an intense application for the effort, that he was prostrated by the struggle shortly when the time arrived he was unfit to attend. It was now obvious to everyone that he must retire into private life, and even into partial medical confinement in consequence of the shock which his reason had sustained, and he was accordingly placed for several months under the care of Dr Cotton at St Alban's.

It is pleasing to think that, on the recovery of this amiable and gentle being, he was so fortunate as to find those friends who could best succeed in soothing his melancholy and directing his genius. These were—the family of the Unwins, the Rev Mr Newton of Olney, the philanthropic Thornton, and subsequently Lady Austen, widow of Sir Robert Austen, a lady of refined taste and great accomplishments. In this delightful circle, within which he was domesticated, Cowper enjoyed as much happiness as so strange a peculiarity of temperament would permit.

The life of Cowper as a poet is soon told. Although he had written occasional pieces anonymously in the *Connoisseur*, his public appearance as an author did not commence until he had reached the age of fifty. In 1782, at the urgent request of Mr Unwin, he published a volume of poems containing *Table Talk* &c. but they were of too sturdy a character to be suddenly appreciated, so that the progress of the work to celebrity was very slow. His principal poem, *The Task*, was composed at the suggestion of Lady Austen and published in 1784; after this he commenced his *Tirocinium*, which, with several minor pieces, he published in the following year. His poetical reputation was now established. Having been for some years employed in a translation of Homer into blank verse, he published it in 1791. Fortunately for himself and the world, he had been persuaded that intellectual activity was necessary for his health, both of body and mind, and on this account he persevered for so many years in authorship and produced so many poems of such high and varied excellence. We may mention, as a curious literary fact, that John Gilpin, the most humorous poem in the English language, was composed by this timorous melancholy of our poets, and such was his conscientiousness that after he had written it, he feared he had committed a grievous sin. The malady which had been so long retarded was to prevail at last, and after an illness in which physical decay was accelerated and embittered by mental gloom and aberration, he died on the 25th of April 1800.



COWPER

THE SOLEMN COXCOMB

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see
Quite as absurd though not so light as he
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask
The solemn fop significant and budge
A fool with judges amongst fools a judge
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight like loaded dice, to lead
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home
Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage,
Tis heavy, bulky and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love
But when unpack'd your disappointment groans
To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and stones

From Conversation

FROM VERSES ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PI

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast d
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return
What idly I wish'd I long believed
And, disappointed still, was still deceived
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent
I learn'd at last submission to my lot
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap
Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum,
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd,

All this, and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
 That humour interposed too often makes,
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here

ON CORPORATIONS.

Man in society is like a flower
 Blown in its native bed 'tis there alone
 His faculties expanded in full bloom,
 Shine out there only reach their proper use
 But man associated and leagu'd with man
 By regal warrant, or self join'd by bond
 For interest sake, or swarming into clans
 Beneath one head, for purposes of war
 Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound
 And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,
 Fades rapidly and, by compression mar'd,
 Contracts defflement not to be endured
 Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plague
 And burghers men immaculate perhaps
 In all their private functions, once combined,
 Become a loathsome body only fit
 For dissolution hurtful to the main
 Hence merchants unimpeachable of sin
 Against the charities of domestic life,
 Incorporated, seem at once to lose
 Their nature and, disclaiming all regard
 For mercy and the common rights of man
 Build factories with blood conducting trade
 At the sword's point and dyeing the white robe
 Of innocent commercial Justice red
 Hence too the field of glory, as the world
 Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
 With all its majesty of thundering pomp,
 Enchanting music, and immortal wreaths,
 Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught
 On principle, where foppery atones
 For folly, gallantry for every vice

THE MISERIES OF KINGS.

I pity kings, whom Worship waits upon
 Obsequious from the cradle to the throne,
 Before whose infant eyes the flatterer bows,
 And binds a wreath about their baby brows
 Whom education stiffens into state
 And death awakens from that dream too late

Oh! if Servility, with supple knees,
 Whose trade it is to smile, to crouch, to please
 If smooth Dissimulation, skill'd to grace
 A devil's purpose with an angel's face
 If smiling peeresses and simpering peers,
 Encompassing his throne a few short years
 If the gilt carriage and the pamper'd steed
 That wants no driving and disdains the lead
 If guards, mechanically form'd in ranks
 Playing, at beat of drum their martial pranks,
 Shouldering and standing as if struck to stone,
 While condescending majesty looks on!—
 If monarchy consist in such base things,
 Sighing I say again I pity kings!

To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
 Even when he labours for his country's good,
 To see a band, call'd patriot, for no cause
 But that they catch at popular applause,
 Careless of all the anxiety he feels
 Hook disappointment on the public wheels
 With all their flippant fluency of tongue,
 Most confident, when palpably most wrong,—
 If this be kingly then farewell for me
 All kingship and may I be poor and free!

To be the Table Talk of clubs up stairs,
 To which the unwash'd artificer repairs,
 To indulge his genius after long fatigue,
 By diving into cabinet intrigue
 (For what kings deem a toil, as well they may
 To him is relaxation and mere play),
 To win no praise when well wrought plans prevail
 But to be rudely censured when they fail
 To doubt the love his favourites may pretend
 And in reality to find no friend
 If he indulge a cultivated taste,
 His galleries with the works of art well graced,
 To hear it call'd extravagance and waste,

COWPER

If these attendants, and if such as these,
Must follow royalty, then welcome ease
However humble and confined the sphere,
Happy the state that has not these to fear

From Table Talk

THE SANCTIMONIOUS OLD PRUDE

Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago
Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eye brows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies
And sails with lappet head and mincing airs
Duly at clink of bell to morning prayers
To thrift and parsimony much inclined
She yet allows herself that boy behind
The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,
With slipshod heels and dewdrop at his nose
His predecessor's coat advanced to wear,
Which future pages yet are doom'd to share
Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm

She half an angel in her own account,
Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount
Though not a grace appears on strictest search
But that she fasts, and, *item*, goes to church
Conscious of age, she recollects her youth,
And tells, not always with an eye to truth,
Who spann'd her waist, and who, where'er he came
Scrawl'd upon glass Miss Bridget's lovely name
Who stole her slipper fill'd it with tokay
And drank the little bumper every day
Of temper as envenom'd as an asp,
Censorious, and her every word a wasp,
In faithful memory she records the crimes,
Or real, or fictitious, of the times
Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
And holds them dangling at arm's length in scorn

From Truth.

A THEOLOGICAL SOIRÉE.

Adieu, Vinosà cries, ere yet he sips
 The purple bumper, trembling at his lips
 Adieu to all morality! if grace
 Make works a vain ingredient in the case
 The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
 If I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork!—
 Without good works, whatever some may boast,
 Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast—
 My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes
 That Heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes
 With nice attention, in a righteous scale
 And save or damn as these or those prevail
 I plant my foot upon this ground of trust
 And silence every fear with—God is just
 But if perchance on some dull drizzling day
 A thought intrude, that says or seems to say
 If thus the important cause is to be tried
 Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side
 I soon recover from these needle's flights,
 And, God is merciful—sets all to rights
 Thus between justice, as my prime support
 And mercy, fled to as the last resort,
 I glide and steal along with heaven in view
 And,—pardon me the bottle stands with you
 I never will believe, the Colonel cries
 The sanguinary schemes that some devise
 Who make the good Creator on their plan
 A being of less equity than man
 If appetite, or what divines call lust
 Which men comply with even because they must,
 Be punished with perdition, who is pure?
 Then theirs, no doubt as well as mine is sure
 If sentence of eternal pain belong
 To every sudden slip and transient wrong
 Then Heaven erjoins the fallible and frail
 A hopeless task, and damns them if they fail
 My creed (whatever some creed makers mean
 By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene)—
 My creed is, he is safe that does his best
 And death is a doom sufficient for the rest
 Right says an Ensign, and, for aught I see,
 Your faith and mine substantially agree
 The best of every man's performance here
 Is to discharge the duties of his sphere

A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,
 Honesty shines with great advantage there
 Fasting and prayer sit well upon a priest,
 A decent caution and reserve at least
 A soldier's best is courage in the field,
 With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd,
 Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay!
 A hand as liberal as the light of day
 The soldier thus endow'd who never shrinks
 Nor closets up his thoughts, whatever he thinks
 Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,
 Must go to heaven—and I must drink his health
 Sir Smug, he cries (for lowest at the board
 Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord
 His shoulders witnessing, by many a shrug
 How much his feelings suffer'd sat Sir Smug)
 Your office is to winnow false from true
 Come, prophet, drink and tell us what think you?

Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass
 Which they that woo preferment rarely pass
 Fallible man the church-bred youth replied
 Is still found fallible, however wise
 And differing judgments serve but to declare
 That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where
 Of all it ever was my lot to read
 Of critics now alive or long since dead
 The book of all the world that charm'd me in
 Was,—well a day the title-page was lost
 The writer well remarks A heart that know
 To take with gratitude what Heaven bestows
 With prudence always ready at our call
 To guide our use of it, is all in all
 Doubtless it is —To which, of my own store,
 I superadd a few essentials more
 But these, excuse the liberty I take
 I waive just now, for conversation's sake —
 Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim
 And add Right Reverend to Smug's honoured name

And yet our lot is given us in a land,
 Where busy arts are never at a stand
 Where Science points her telescopic eye,
 Familiar with the wonders of the sky
 Where bold Inquiry diving out of sight
 Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light
 Where nought eludes the persevering quest
 That fashion, taste, or luxury suggest

THIS lowly born and humbly nurtured peasant, of whom a land famous for producing distinguished men is especially and justly proud, was born on the 29th of January 1759 in the neighbourhood of the town of Ayr North Britain. His father was not only a poor but an unfortunate and rack rented peasant so that the poet, whose fame was to fill the world could with difficulty acquire that measure of education which in Scotland can be procured for the poorest of its population. He learned indeed to read and write and cast accounts, but in the midst of interruptions, and at the expense of many a sacrifice and to these acquirements he afterwards added some knowledge of Mensuration and a smattering of Latin and French. But, like Shakspeare he studied the volume of Nature and there learned those invaluable lessons which books cannot impart and while he thus imbibed the poetical spirit, he unconsciously taught himself Ethics, Logic and Metaphysics by his debates and discussions with his fellow peasantry among whom the investigation of those profound subjects, which in other countries are confined only to the erudite constitute a favourite and habitual exercise. It was thus that he learned more than is dreamt of in the philosophy of colleges and was fitted to astonish and delight the world as an unsophisticated poet of nature and to give utterance to its purest and most genuine emotions.

When he had reached his sixteenth year Burns commenced his first efforts in rhyme and having made the delightful discovery that he could compose verses, he continued to produce poems in rapid succession always studying in the mean time to improve upon each production, and perfecting himself in a system of self taught criticism by which he tested his own labours. In this manner while holding the plough, and engaged in the toils of husbandry he was fitting himself for the glorious vocation of a great national poet. But poverty and misfortune still continued to oppress him so heavily that he had resolved to leave his native country and try his fortune in Jamaica and as funds were necessary for an adventure he published a volume of Poems from which he derived as much as would defray the expenses of his passage. The day of sailing was at hand and he had taken a final adieu of all he loved, when a letter from Dr Blacklock to one of the friends of Burns completely altered his resolutions for it stated what success might await the poet if he tried the northern capital. Burns immediately acted upon the hint, and on his arrival in Edinburgh the talented and influential courted the society of the high minded, heaven-inspired ploughman. A second edition of his Poems realized for him a sum which enabled him to relieve the distresses of his mother's family and his own and commence farming upon a small scale. But agricultural speculations did not prosper in his hands and he was reduced to apply to his influential admirers for some situation under Government from which he might derive a moderate subsistence. And what situation did they procure for one whose works had yielded them such pure and elevated gratification? Such a one as would have been scarcely worthy of a superannuated gamekeeper or li ckey. It was that of an exciseman—a gauger—an office peculiarly odious at that time in Scotland with a salary of some fifty pounds a year which was subsequently increased to seventy.

Burns had been guilty of occasional excesses among the society into which he was often thrown in Edinburgh but these unfortunately became more frequent in his new situation until the fatal habit of drinking became more and more confirmed. And yet there is reason to think that these aberrations have been grossly over stated to the public for no complaint could be made that he neglected his public duties. His poems which he still continued to produce exhibited all the strength and freshness of his former days and although his salary was so small he left no debts behind him while such was his noble disinterestedness that he sternly refused to receive any pecuniary remuneration for those exquisite songs which he furnished for Thomson's *National Miscellany*. He died on the 21st of July 1796. It is enough to say of his poems, that they will endure as long as the scenery of that beautiful and romantic land which he celebrated so eloquently and loved so well.

Still it s owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd
 There s monie a creditable stock
 O decent, honest fawsont folk,
 Are riven out baith root and branch
 Some rascal s pridefu greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi some gentle master,
 Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain s guid his saul indentin

From The Two Dogs

TAM O SHANTER AND THE WITCHES

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r,
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r,
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang
 (A souple jad she was and strang),
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd
 And thought his very een enrich'd
 Ev'n Satan glow'r'd, and fidg'd fu' fain
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main
 Till first ae caper syne anither
 Tam tint his reason a thegither,
 And roars out, ' Weel done Cutty sark!
 And in an instant a was dark!
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke
 When plundering herds assail their byke,
 As open pussie's mortal foes
 When, pop! she starts before their nose
 As eager runs the market crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud
 So Maggie runs the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow

Ah Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
 Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane of the brig
 There at the hour of three, may'st thou
 A runn' am they dare na cross
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fiend a tail she had to shake,

For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail
 The carlin claut her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump

From Tam O' Shanter

MEETING WITH DEATH

The clachan yill had made ^{the} canty,
 I was na fou but just had plenty,
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches
 An hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenn'd ay
 Frae ghaists and witches

The rising moon began to glow
 The distant Cumnock hills out-owre
 To count her horns wi' a my pow'r,
 I set mysel,
 But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'd na tell

I was come round about the hill
 And todlin' down on Willie's mill,
 Setting my staff wi' a my skill,
 To keep me sicker,
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will
 I took a bicker

I there wi' *something* did forgather
 That put me in an eerie swither,
 An awfu' scythe out-owre ae shouther,
 Clear, dangling hang
 A three taed leister on the ither
 Lay, large an lang

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw
 For fient a wame it had ava'
 And then, its shanks
 They were as thin, as sharp, &
 As cheeks o' branks'

To bold Balmerino's undying name,
 Whose soul of fire lighted at heaven's high flame
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim

Not unreveng'd your fate shall be
 It only lags the fatal hour
 Your blood shall with incessant cry
 Awake at last th' unsparring power
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along
 With doubling speed and gathering force
 Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale
 So vengeance * * *

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks, and braes and streams, around
 The castle o' Montgomery
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There ~~summer~~ first unfold her robes
 And ~~there~~ the longest tarry
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O my sweet Highland Mary

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
 As underneath their fragrant shades
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender
 And pledging aft to meet again
 We tore ourselves asunder
 But oh! full death's untimely frost
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale ~~now~~, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And closed for ay the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mould'ring now, in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary

* FAREWELL TO NANCY

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee
 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
 Dark despair around benights me

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy
 But to see her, was to love her
 Love but her, and love for ever
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted
 We had ne'er been broken hearted

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee

THE BOOK WORMS

*Written in a splendidly bound, but worm eaten, copy of Shakspere
 the property of a nobleman.*

Through and through the inspired leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings,
 But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
 —And spare his golden bindings

The author of *The Minstrel* was born at *Latrigeskirk*, *Kincardineshire* North Britain, in 1735 and was educated at *Marischal College* *Aberdeen*, where his uncommon proficiency excited hopes among his friends which were not disappointed. In 1761 he was appointed *Professor of Philosophy* in the University of *Aberdeen*, having by this time acquired a literary and poetical reputation and the able manner in which he filled the chair enhanced not only his own reputation, but that of the College. In 1770 he published his *Essay on Truth*, which obtained such popularity that he received from the University of *Oxford* the degree of *Doctor of Laws* and from the king a pension of two hundred pounds a year. In the same year followed *The Minstrel*, which established the fame of Beattie as a poet of high order.

With a reputation which had now extended over Europe and possessed of the esteem of society at large nothing seemed wanting to complete the happiness of a heart constituted like that of Beattie but his latter days were so deeply embittered by domestic calamity as to render every thing else valueless. His wife became deranged, and had to be placed under restraint his eldest son, a youth of brilliant promise died at the age of twenty two and his second, and only surviving one of kindred character and talents died at the age of eighteen. Well might Beattie exclaim at these melancholy bereavements I have done with the world. After this he lingered on, and performed his duties mechanically with a broken heart, until he was relieved by death in 1803.

THE BOYHOOD OF THE MINSTREL

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady
But he I ween, was of the north countrie'
A nation famed for song and beauty's charms,
Zealous yet modest innocent, though free
Patient of toil serene amidst alarms
Inflexible in faith invincible in arms

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock,
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never sway'd
An honest heart was almost all his stock
His drink the living water from the rock
The milky dams supplied his board and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they
went

From labour health from health contentment springs,
Contentment opes the source of every joy
He envied not, he never thought of, kings,
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,

That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy,
 Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled,
 He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
 And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife
 Each season look'd delightful as it past
 To the fond husband and the faithful wife
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
 They never roam'd secure beneath the storm
 Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife
 Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
 Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform

The wight whose tale these artless lines unfold
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare
 You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care,
 The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth
 And one long summer day of indolence and mirth

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy
 Silent when glad, affectionate though shy
 And now his look was most demurely sad
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why
 The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed
 him mad

But why should I his childish feats display?
 Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary te' 111

Th exploit of strength dexterity or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged would bleed
 To work the woe of any living thing
 By trap or net by arrow or by sling
 These he detested those he scot d to wield
 He wish d to be the guardian not the king
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield

Io! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder roves
 Beneath the precipice o erhung with pine
 And sees on high amidst th encircling groves
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine
 While waters woods, and winds in concert join
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman s puny craft supplie ?
 Ah! no he better knows great Nature s charms to prize

And oft he traced the uplands to survey
 When o er the sky advanced the kindling dawn
 The crimson cloud blue main and mountain grey
 And lake dim gleaming on the smoky lawn
 Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn
 Where twilight love to linger for awhile
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn
 And villager abroad at early toil
 But lo! the Sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,
 smile

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb
 When all in mist the world below was lost
 What dreadful pleasur e! there to stand sublime
 Like shipwreck d mariner on desert coast
 And view th enormous waste of vapour tost
 In billows lengthening to the horizon round
 Now scoop d in gulfs with mountains now emboss d!
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound
 I locks herds and waterfall along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight
 Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene
 In darkness, and in storm he found delight
 Nor less than when on ocean wave serene
 The southern Sun diffu ed his dazzling shen

Ev'n sad vicissitude amused his soul
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control

* * * * *

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower
 The visionary boy from shelter fly,
 For now the storm of summer rain is o'er
 And cool and fresh, and fragrant, is the sky
 And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high
 The rainbow brightens to the setting Sun!
 Fond fool that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
 How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
 'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run

* * * * *

Or, when the setting Moon, in crimson dyed,
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
 To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied
 Where fays of yore then revels wont to keep,
 And there let Fancy rove at large till sleep
 A vision brought to his entranced sight
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind began creep
 Shrill to his ringing ear, then tapers bright
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night

