THE

POETICAL WORKS
OF
MILTON, YOUNG, GRAY, BEATTIE,
AND COLLINS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

PHILADELPHIA:
BY GRIGG, NO. 9 NORTH FOURTH STREET.
1831.
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STEREOTYPED BY J. CRISBY AND G. GOODMAN.

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**Contents.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Life of Milton,</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Encomium upon Milton,</td>
<td>XXX</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PARADISE LOST.**

| Book I | 1 |
| Book II | 8 |
| Book III | 15 |
| Book IV | 24 |
| Book V | 34 |
| Book VI | 51 |
| Book VII | 58 |
| Book VIII | 66 |
| Book IX | 69 |
| Book X | 73 |
| Book XI | 82 |
| Book XII | 91 |

**PARADISE REGAINED.**

| Book I | 77 |
| Book II | 102 |
| Book III | 106 |
| Book IV | 111 |

**Sonnet Agonistes.**

| 117 |

**Comus.**

| 121 |

**POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.**

| On the death of a fair Infanta | 144 |
| On the morning of Christ's Nativity | 145 |
| The Passion | 149 |
| Upon the Circumcision | 149 |
| A Token of Music | 155 |
| An Epitaph on the Merchant of Winchester, | 150 |
| Songs on May Morning | 150 |
| The Shakespeare | 150 |

**TRANSLATIONS.**

| Homer to Pindar, Fragments | 161 |
| Homer to Pindar, | 165 |
| Pindar | 167 |
| Paraphrase of Psalms civ | 170 |
| Paraphrase of Psalms xxxvi | 170 |

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It is agreed among all writers, that the family of Milton came originally from Milton in Oxfordshire; but from which of the Miltons is not altogether so certain. Some say, and particularly Mr. Philips, that the family was of Milton near Alington, that is the case, we are told it had been a family for a long time resided at Milton. But Milton is not in Oxfordshire, but in Berkshire; and upon inquiry I find, that there are no such monuments in that church, nor any records of them. It is more probable, therefore, that the family came, as Mr. Wood says, from Milton near Halton and Thame in Oxfordshire: where it flourished several years, till at last the estate was secured, one of the family having taken the unfortunate side in the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. John Milton, the poet's grandfather, was, according to Mr. Wood, an under-ranger or keeper of the forest of Shotover, near Halton, in Oxfordshire; he was of the family of Rome, and such a bigot that he disinherited his son only for being a Protestant. Upon this, the son, the poet's father, named likewise John Milton, settled in London, and became a scrivener by the advice of a friend, and in that profession: but he was not so devoted to gain and business, as to lose all taste of the polite arts, and was particularly skilled in music, in which he was not only a fine performer, but is also celebrated for several pieces of his composition: and yet, on the other hand, he was not so fond of his music and amusements, as in the least to neglect his business, but by his diligence and economy acquired a competent estate, which enabled him afterwards to retire, and to live in comfort. He was, by all accounts, a very worthy man, and married an excellent woman, Sarah, of the ancient family of the Bradshaws, says Mr. Wood, but Mr. Philips, our author's nephew, who was more likely to know, says, of the family of the Castons derived originally from Wales. Whether she was, she is said to have been a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness, and by her husband had two sons and a daughter. The elder of the sons was our famous poet, who was born in the year of our Lord 1608, on the 9th of December, at the morning between six and seven o'clock, in Bread street, London, where his father lived at the sign of the spread eagle, which was also the coat of arms of the family. He was named John, as his father and grandfather had been before him; and from the beginning discovering the marks of an uncommon genius, he was designed for a scholar, and had his education partly under private tutors, and partly at a public school. It has been often controverted whether a public or private education is best, but young Milton was so happy as to share the advantages of both. It appears from the fourth of his Latin elegies, and from the first and fourth of his familiar epistles, that Mr. Thomas Young, who was afterwards pastor of the company of English merchants residing at Hamburg, was one of his private preceptors: and when he had made good progress in his studies at home, he was sent to St. Paul's school to be fitted for the university under the care of Mr. Gill, who was the master at that time, and to whose son are addressed some of his familiar epistles. In this early time of his life such was his love of learning, and so great was his ambition to surpass his equals, that from his twelfth year he commonly continued his studies till midnight, which (as he says himself in his second Defence) was the first ruin of his eyes, to whose natural delicacy too were added frequent head-aches; but all could not extinguish or abate his invariable passion for letters. It is very seldom seen, that such application and such genius meet in the same person. The force of either is great, but both together must perform wonders. He was now in the seventeenth year of his age, and was a very good classical scholar and master of several languages, when he was sent to the university of Cambridge, and admitted at Christ's College (as appears from the register) on the thirtieth of February, 1624-5, under the tuition of Mr. William Chappell, afterwards bishop of Cork and Ross in Ireland. He continued above seven years at the university, and took two degrees, that of Bachelor of Arts in 1628-9, and that of Master in 1632. It is somewhat remarkable, that though the merits of both our universities are perhaps equally great, and though poetical exercises are rather more encouraged at Oxford, yet most of our greatest poets have been bred at Cambridge, as Spenser, Cowley, Waller, Dryden, Prior, not to mention any of the lesser ones, when there is a greater than all, Milton. He had given early
of satire and indignation; for in part of it the poet takes occasion to inveigh against the corruptions of the clergy, and seems to have first discovered his sonnet against Archbishop Laud, and to have threatened him with the loss of his head, which afterwards happened to him through the fury of his enemies. At least I can think of no more reason to be given to the following verses in Lycidas.

But what the grim wind withprivy pew
Daily conspired, and shaking, smote and said:
But that two armed engines at the door
Stands ready to选用once, and make no more.

About this time, as we learn from some of his familiar epistles, he had some thoughts of taking chambers in the Hotel de Court, for he had not very well pleased with living so obscurely in the country; but his mother dying, he prevailed with his father to let him indulge a desire, which he had long entertained, of seeing foreign countries, and particularly Italy; and having communicated his design to Sir Henry Wotton, who had formerly been ambassador at Venice, and was then President of Eton College, he presented him his Mask, of which he had not yet publicly acknowledged himself the author, he received from him the following friendly letter dated from the College the 10th of April, 1678:

"Sir,

It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know, that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly. And in truth, if I could then have imagined your further stay in these parts, which I understand afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in your vulgar phrase, to rend my draught, for you left me with an extreme thirst, and to have begged your conversation again jointly; but I found you, as it were, in the bottom of the sea, and, as it were, in the bottom of the sea, that we might have banded together some good authors of the present time, among which I pleased you to have been familiar.

Cambridge, December 18. You have charged me with new obligations both for a very kind letter from you, dated the 6th of this month, and for a charity piece of entertainment, that came thereon to hand, which came on the tragic part, if the lyric did not ravish with a certain daintiness in your songs and verses, wherein I must plainly confess to have seen nothing parallel in our language, ipsa modiulis. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only pray you, thanks for intimation unto me, how modestly soever, the true artificer. For the work itself I had seen some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R., in the very close of the late R's poems, printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added, as I now suppose, that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and leave the reader in the boons dotes.

Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse and reply; I have already blundered in Paris in your way. Therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him, at least directions how you may journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the king, after some own recess from Venice. I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as dear as a gravecord barge. I have, or you do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Sienna I was talked in the house of one Ableri, and an old Roman courier, in geroso times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man, that escaped by foresight of the terrors that followed. But in every these of these affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome, which had been the centre of his experience, I had won confidence enough not to beg his advice, how I might carry myself there, without offence of others, or of my own conscience: Signor Artega neo, says he, est peniter asistenti, il suo scettro, that is, your thoughts of yourself and your countenance be safe over the whole world. Of which Delphic oracle (for so I found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you to the best of all scrupul, God's dear love, remaining your friend, as much at command as any of longer date.

H. WOotton.
not barely to see sights and to learn the languages, like most of our modern travellers, who go out boys, and return such as we see, but such as I do not choose to name. He was attended by only one servant, who accompanied him through all his travels; and he went first to France, where he had recommended to the Lord Scudamore, the English ambassador there at that time, and soon after he came to Paris, he waited upon his Lordship, and was received with wonderful civility; and having an earnest desire to visit the learned Hugo Grotius, he was by his Lordship introduced to that great man, who was then ambassador at the French court from the famous Christina Queen of Sweden; and the visit was to their mutual satisfaction; the zeal of them both pleased to see a person, of whom they had heard such commendations.

At Paris he stayed not long; his thoughts and his wishes hastened into Italy; and so after a few days he took leave of the Lord Scudamore, who very kindly gave him letters to the English merchants, in the several places through which he was to travel, requesting them to do him all the good offices which lay in their power.

From Paris he went directly to Nice, where he took shipping for Genoa, from whence he went to Leghorn, and thence to Pisa, and so to Florence, in which city he had sufficient inducements to make a stay of two months. He visited the curiosities and other beauties of the place, he took great delight in the company and conversation there, and frequented their academies as they are called, the members of which are several learned persons, in which they have in this, as well as in the other principal cities of Italy, for the exercise and improvement of wit and learning among them. And in these conversations he bore good part, and produced so many excellent compositions, that he was soon taken notice of, and was very much courted and praised by several of the nobility and prime wits of Florence, and the academicks in the manner, as he saith himself in the preface to his second book of the Reason of Church-government, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there, and all his productions were received with written encomiums which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps. Jacomo Gadili, Antonio Franciso, Carlo Dati, Benedicto Bonnattel, Calistello, Pasquale Dini, Clementioli, are reckoned among his particular friends.

At Leghorn his house the academicks were held, which he constantly frequented. Antonio Franciso composed an Italian ode in his commendation. Carlo Dati wrote a Latin eclogue in his praise, and corresponded with him after his return to England. Bonnattel was in that time about publishing an Italian grammar; and the eighth of our author's familiar epistles, dated at Florence, September 16, 1638, is addressed to him upon that occasion, commending his design, and advising him to add some observations concerning the true pronunciation of that language for the use of foreigners.

So much good acquaintance would probably have detained him longer at Florence, which to a curious traveler is certainly the place the most worth seeing in Italy. And so he took leave of his friends at Florence, where he had tarried; and proceeded to Florence; there he went to visit the learned Hugio Grotius, to Sienna, where he stayed much about the same time that he had continued at Florence; there he had a study, and was inserted in the society of several learned and ingenious men, and particularly of Lucas Eulogius, librarian, to whom he was received with the greatest humanity, and showed the all the Greek authors, whether in print or in manuscript, which had passed through his correspondence; and also presented him to Cardinal Barberini, who at an entertainment of music, performed at his own expense, waited for him at the door, and taking him by the hand brought him into the Cardinale's apartments. The morning he waited upon the Cardinal to return him thanks for his civilities, and by the means of Holomusius was again introduced to his Eminence, and spent some time in conversation with him. It seems that Holomusius, who had studied three years in France, would not doubt his being disposed to be more friendly to the English, but he took a particular liking and affection to Milton; and Milton, to thank him for all his favours, wrote to him afterwards from Florence, to show him the marks of his familiar epistles. At Rome too Settigni made a Latin distich in honour of Milton, and Salaffi a Latin tetralch, celebrating him for his Greek and Latin and Italian poetry; and he in return presented to Salaffi in his sick bed those fine Sonnets, or fanfics verses having a spendor in the last foot, which are inserted among his juvenile poems. He was very well received by the academicks, in company with a certain hermit; and by his means was introduced to the acquaintance of Giovanni Baptista Manzo, Marquis of Villa, a Neapolitan nobleman, of singular merit and virtues, to whom Tasso addresses his dialogue of friendship, and whom he mentions likewise in his Icarialemnus Liberatus with great honour. This nobleman was particularly civil to Milton, frequently visited him at his lodgings, and spent with him an hour or two in the Vicerey's palace, and whatever was curious or worth notice in the city; and moreover he honoured him so far as to make a Latin distich in his praise, which Milton, out of his other Latin poems, is as likewise the other of Sedovigii, and the Latin tetralch of Salaffi together with the Italian and Latin eclogue before mentioned. We may suppose that Milton was not a little pleased with the honours conferred upon him by so many persons of distinction, and especially by one of such quality and eminence as the Marquis of Villa, and as a testimony of his gratitude he presented to the Marquis at his departure from Naples his eulogy intitled Mansus, which is well worth reading among his Latin poems. So that it may be well enough to celebrate in the Marquis of Villa's life, as was done by a Tacitus and Milton, the one the greatest modern poet of his own, and the other the greatest of foreign nations.

Having seen the finest parts of Italy, Milton was now thinking of passing over into Sicily and Greece, when he was diverted from his purpose by the news from England, that things were tending to a civil war; which he concluded to be the greatest misfortune which had happened to him, and which he had no reason of the great freedom which he had used in all his discourses of religion. For he had by no means observed the rules, recommended to him by Sir Richard Steele, of keeping his thoughts close, and his countenance serious; and he had visited Giolita, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for asserting the motion of the earth, and thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominicans and Franciscan thought. And though the Marquis of villa had shown him such distinguishing marks of favour at Naples, yet he told him at his departure that he would return in a much greater, if he had been more reserved in matters of religion, that he had a soul above dissimulation and disguise; he was neither afraid nor ashamed to vindicate the truth; and if any man had, he had in him the spirit of the truth; and had from Rome intimated to him that he would not of his own accord begin any discourse of religion; but at the same time he was so honest, that if he was questioned at all about his faith, he could not divulge his sentiments, whatever was the consequence. And this resolution he went to Rome the second time, and stayed there two months more, neither concealing his mind, nor declining openly to defend the truth, if any thought fit to attack him; and, God be thanked, he had such good providence protecting him, that he came safe to his kind friends at Florence, where he was received with so much joy and affection as if he had returned into his own country.

Here likewise he stayed two months, as he had done before, excepting only an excursion of a few days to Lucana; and then crossing the Apennines, and passing through Bologna and Ferrara, he came to Venice, in which city he spent a month; and having shipped off the books which he had collected during his travels, and particularly a chest or two of choice music books of the best masters, he flung about flourishing about that time in Italy, he took his course through Verona, Milan, and along the Lake Leman to Geneva. In this city he tarried some time; he had been invited by Dr. Petrus Scudamore, and there met with several curious and learned persons, and contacté an intimate friendship with Giovanni Decadil, the most learned professor of divinity, whose annotations upon the Bible are published in English. And from thence returning to Florence, finding that he had gone before, he arrived safe in England; after a perigrination of one year and about three months, having seen more, and learned more, and conversed with more famous and made more useful improvements, than most others in double the time.

His first business after his return was to pay his duty to his father, and to visit his other friends; but this pleasure was much diminished by the loss of his dear friend and schoolfellow Charles Decadil in his absence. While he was abroad, he had heard that he was sick, and it was reported that he was dead; and upon his coming home he found it but too true, and lamented his death in an excellent Latin eulogy entitled Epitaphium Damonis. This Decadil had a father originally of Lucina, but his mother was English, and he was a learned and well-favoured man, of a goodly physis, and was an admirable scholar, and no less remarkable for his sobriety and other virtues than for his great learning and ingenuity. One or two of Milton's familiar epistles are addressed to him, and Mr. Toland says that he had in his hands two Greek letters of Decadil to Milton, very handsomely written. It may be right for scholars now and then to express themselves in Greek and Latin; but we have much more frequent occasion to write letters in our own native language, and in that therefore we should principally endeavour to keep up the elegance of our tongue.
the greatest man in all ages and delight in teaching others the principles of knowledge and virtue, undertook the office, not out of any social and mercenary views, but more from a benevolent disposition, and a desire to do good. And his method of education was more the pedantry and jargon of the common schools, as his genius was superior to that of a common school-master. One of his nephews has given us an account of the many authors whom he read and Greek which (besides those usually read in the schools) by his excellent judgment and way of teaching were run over within no greater compass of time, than from ten to twelve hours in sixteen years of the Latin. The four authors whom he esteemed the best were Cicero, Varro, Columella, and Palladius, Cornelius Celsius the physician, a great part of Pliny's Natural History, Architecture of Vitruvius, the Strategems of Ptolemy, and the philosophical poets Lucretius and Manilius. Of the Greek His- tori, Aristides, Plutarch and Dionysius, Diony- sius of Thrace, and Seneca, and of the education of children, Xenophon's Cyropæia, Plato's Phædo, Plato's Pla- teis, and the strategems of Polybios. Nor was this application to the Greek and Latin tongues hindered the attaining to the chief oriental languages, the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, as far as he went through the Pentateuch or five books of Moses, and to a second, Hebrew, to make a good entrance into the Targum or Chaldee paraphrase, and to understand several chapters of St. Matthew in the Syriac Testament; besides the modern languages, Italian and French, and a competent knowledge of the mathematics and astronomy. The Station's exer- cises for his pupils was for the most part to read a chapter in the Gnomon, as it was called, to hear his learned exposition of it. The next week after this was to write to his dictation some part of a sermon of divinity, which he had collected from the three divines. When the subject of such was his academic institutions; and thus by teaching others he in some measure enlarged his own knowledge; and having the reading of so many authors as he were by proxy, he might possibly have preserved it sight, if he had not ever been persuaded to read in writing or reading something himself. It was certainly a very rare and virtuous life, that he did both his father and his pupils lead; but the young person of that age was the subject of a different turn from those of the present; and he himself gave an example to those under his hard study of life, only now and then, once in three or four weeks or a month to give a day with some young gentleman of his acquaintance, the chief of whom, says Philips, were Mr. Alphby and Mr. Miller, both of Gray's Inn, and of the two of the greatest beams of those times; but he was not kind of this acade- miaical life, as to be an indifferent or neglecter of what was acted upon the public stage of the world. The station was now in a great ferment in 1611, and the clas- sical learning was being held up against the bishops, when he joined loudly in the cry, to help the learned ministers, (as he says himself in his second Deince), who were inferior to the bishops in learning and eloquence; and afterwards published his two books, Of Reformation in England, written to a friend. About the same time certain ministers having published a treatise against episcopacy, in answer to the Humble Re- solution of Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Nor- widi, under the title of Protestantism, a word consisting of the initial letters of their names, Ste- phen Marsham, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Sparrow; and Archbishop Usher publishing at Oxford a refutation of Shortcomings, in a tract containing the original of Bishops and Metropolitans; Milton wrote his little piece Of Politcal Episco- pacy, in epistle to a friend to Usher, for he was so contending with the most powerful adversary, there would be either less disguised in the design, or more glory in the victory. He handled the subject no other way but in the next performance, which was the Reason of Civil Government urged against Prebendary, in two books. And Bishop Hall having published a Defence of the Humber of his own occasion, Milton published an answer to the same, and committed it to the press, and dismissed the messenger with contempt. Whether it was, that she had conceived any dis- like to her husband's person or humour; or whether she could not conform to his retired and philosophical manner of life, having been accustomed to a house of much gaiety and company; or whether being of a family strongly attached to the royal house, and was not his wife, but her husband that was, with a strong sense of republican principles; or whether she was over- persuaded by her relations, which might possibly repent of having matched eldest daughter of the fainthearted man so distinguished for taking the contrary part, and was grown more courtier than she was, or her husband, in his neighborhood at Oxford, and his Majesty having now some farther prospect of success; whether any or all of these were the reasons of this extraordinary separation it is not very easy to say, but it is certain, that he left her, not easily his consent of her, for she was very accomplished and handsome. But before his father or his new pupils were come, he took a journey in the Switzerland vacation, and after a month's absence returned with a wife, Mary the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell of Foresthall, near Shotover in Oxfordshire, a jewels of the peace, and a gentle- man of good estate and figure in that county. But she had not conformed with her husband above a month, before she was presently solicited by her relations to return to it, and she obtained his consent of the summer with them in the country. If it was not at her instigation that her friends made this request, yet at least it was agreeable to her interest, and she obtained her husband's consent, and went upon a promise of returning at Michaelmas. And in the mean while his studies went on very vigorously; and his chief diversion, after the busi- ness of the press, was his monograph; in which he visited the Lady Margaret Lee, daughter of the Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer of England, and President of the Privy Council to King James I. This Lady, being a woman of excellent wit and understanding, had a particular honour for our author, and took great delight in his conversation; as likewise did her husband Captain Hobson, a very accomplished gentleman. And what a regard Milton again had for her, he has left upon record in a sonnet to her praise, extant among his other poems.

Milton was at twenty-six years a very young man; but he heard nothing of his wife's return. He wrote to her, but received no answer. He wrote again letter after letter, but received no answer to any of them. He then despatched a messenger with a letter, de- clining all further constraint, and positively recommending the person to him. Whether it was, that she had conceived any dis- like to her husband's person or humour; or whether she could not conform to his retired and philosophical manner of life, having been accustomed to a house of much gaiety and company; or whether being of a family strongly attached to the royal house, and was not his wife, but her husband that was, with a strong sense of republican principles; or whether she was over- persuaded by her relations, which might possibly repent of having married eldest daughter of the fainthearted man so distinguished for taking the contrary part, and was grown more courtier than she was, or her husband, in his neighborhood at Oxford, and his Majesty having now some farther prospect of success; whether any or all of these were the reasons of this extraordinary separation it is not very easy to say, but it is certain, that he left her, not easily his consent of her, for she was very accomplished and handsome. But before his father or his new pupils were come, he took a journey in the Switzerland vacation, and after a month's absence returned with a wife, Mary the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell of Foresthall, near Shotover in Oxfordshire, a jewels of the peace, and a gentle- man of good estate and figure in that county. But she had not conformed with her husband above a month, before she was presently solicited by her relations to return to it, and she obtained his consent of the summer with them in the country. If it was not at her instigation that her friends made this request, yet at least it was agreeable to her interest, and she obtained her husband's consent, and went upon a promise of returning at Michaelmas. And in the mean while his studies went on very vigorously; and his chief diversion, after the busi- ness of the press, was his monograph; in which he visited the Lady Margaret Lee, daughter of the Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer of England, and President of the Privy Council to King James I. This Lady, being a woman of excellent wit and understanding, had a particular honour for our author, and took great delight in his conversation; as likewise did her husband Captain Hobson, a very accomplished gentleman. And what a regard Milton again had for her, he has left upon record in a sonnet to her praise, extant among his other poems.
divorce was under consideration with the Levitts, and the couple was engaged under the account of John Lord Ross, or Ross, his own housekeeper, who was consulled by an endmember of the House, and about the same time by a chief officer of the British, as being the prime person who was know- in that affair.

When engaged in this controversy of divorce, he was not so totally engaged in it, however, nor in other things; and about this time he published his Letter to Education to Mr. Samuel Fuller, in which he expressed his strong opinion of learning, and was a man of considerable learning, as appears from the letters which passed between him and the famous Mr. Maud, and from Sir William Waller, who, in his letter of hostility written to him, the former his Treasur for the Advancement of some particular parts of Learning, and the latter his Ideas of the Mathematics, as well as from this letter of our author. This letter of our author has been printed at the end of his poems, and as is, I may say, the theory of his own practice; and by the rules which he laid down for education, we see in some measure the method that he took in the education of his own children. He was the advocate of a happy reconciliation with an act of oblivion of all that was past. But he did not take his wife home immediately; it was agreed that she should remain at the house of her relatives till he was ready in another course; and as he was thinking of nothing less, he was surprised to see her, whom he had expected never to see again, and falling upon her knees at his feet, and imploring his forgiveness with tears. At first he showed some signs of aversion, but he continued not long inexorable; his wife's intercession, and the intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought about a reconciliation, by which they lived happily for nearly two years. A happy reconciliation with an act of oblivion of all that was past. But he did not take his wife home immediately; it was agreed that she should remain at the house of her relatives till he was ready to take her home. He was the advocate of a happy reconciliation with an act of oblivion of all that was past. But he did not take his wife home immediately; it was agreed that she should remain at the house of her relatives till he was ready to take her home.
sider from the Duke of Parma to the French king, wrote a fine encomium of his Defence, and sent him his picture, as appears from Milton's Letter to Phalaris, dated at London, in June, 1652. And by his critical remarks on several Latin and Greek authors, and was generally esteemed one of the greatest and most conuminate scholars of that age: and is commended by Milton himself in his Recusants' Defence, as he called the leant Salmasius. And besides his great learning he had extraordinary talents in railing. "This prince of scholars, as somebody said of him, seemed to begin with a short cut to a depth of stones, and it was very likely that he might have them at hand to throw at every one's head who passed by." He was, therefore, counted by Charles II, as the most able man to write a defect of the king's character, the history of his time, and to traduce his adversaries, and a hundred Jacobuses were given him for that purpose, and the book was published in 1649, with that title, De Rebus Regni pro Carlo I. et Caroli II. Nemo now did this book appear in England, but the Council of State unanimously appointed Milton, who was then present, to answer it: and he performed the task with amazing spirit and vigour, though not without the pedantic fondness for allusion of his age. But however he had in his Versus and Phalaris, and so easily been at home to the Defence of the people of England was brought to Sweden, and was read to the Queen at her own desire, he never thought of its being applied to any other occasion, and reduced her to a fit of every body; and though he talked big at first, and vowed the destruction of Milton and the Parliament, yet finding that he was looked upon with coldness, he thought proper to take leave of the court; and he who was the author of the 1651, the book that was not published till after the Restoration, and was dedicated to Charles II by his son Clavidae: it had been so great a honour to his memory, abounding with abuse much more than 20 years before, that he now, 1651, the book was brought thither, and in some of his letters to Nicholas Helsine, published by Professor C. W. R. Newbery, he was accused in his Synglogomatham, he says, that he had the only copy of Milton's book, that the Queen borrowed it of him, and was very much pleased with it, and commended Milton's wit and manner of writing in the presence of several persons, and that Salmasius was very angry, and very busy in preparing his answer, wherein he abused Milton as if he had been one of the princes of the church, and his Latin poems. Helsine writes again to Veesius from Holland, that he wondered that only one copy of Milton's book was brought to Stockholm, when three were sent there as others to other countries. Another to Veesius he had received, and the third to Salmasius; that there had been four editions in a few months besides the English one; that a Dutch translation was handed about, and a French one was expected. And afterwards he writes from Venice, that Holdenius had lent him Milton's Latin poems, that they were nothing, compared with the Greek additions, that he was offended frequently against prejudice, and here was a great opening for Salmasius' criticism; but as to Milton's having been a cathedral in Italy, he says, that it was a mere calumny; on the contrary, he was disliked by the Italiens, for the severity of his manners, and for the freedom of his discourses against popery. And in others of his letters to Veesius, that is given from Denmark from Holland, Helsine mentions how angry Salmasius was with him for commenting Milton's book, and says that Grassswolius had written something against Milton, when he was in Sweden, and was corrected by Eliezer, but it was suppressed by public authority.

The first reply that appeared was in 1651, and entitled an Apology for the king and people, de Apologia princeps regis et populi Anglicani contra Johannis Polygraphalis (alias Miltoni Angli) Defensio dessimae regis et populi Anglici. It is not known, who was the author of this, since he sunk in the third birth of his Synglogomatham, and to one Janus, a lawyer of Grey's Inn, and others to Dr. John Bramhall, who was then Bishop of Derry, and was made Primate of Ireland after the restoration, and it is often improbable, that so mean performance, written in such barbarous Latin, and so full of omissions, should come from the hand of a prince of such distinguished abilities and learning. But whoever was the author of it, Milton did not think it worth his while to undervalue it upon himself, but employed the younger of his nephews to answer it; and he superseded and corrected the second one much before it went to the press, that it may in some manner be called his own. It came forth in 1652 under this title, Johannis Philippi Angli Responsio ad Apologia amonest. enjuxii de rebus et personis pro regis et populi Angli, in casu maius. It was printed with Milton's works; and throughout the whole Mr. Phillips treats Bishop Bramhall with great severity as the author of the Apology, thinking probably that so considerable a matter would always be answerable more considerable.

Sir Robert Filmer likewise published some animadversions upon Milton's Defence of the people, in a piece entitled Political and Ethical Observations concerning the original government, upon Mr. Hobbes' Leviathan, Mr. Milton against Salmasius, and Hugo Grotius de Jure Bello; but I do not find that any of Milton's friends took any notice of it; but Milton's quarrel was afterwards sufficiently avenged by Mr. Locke, who wrote against Sir Robert Filmer's principles of government, more especially concerning the confusion to the prejocides of the age, than to any regard to the weight or importance of Filmer's arguments.

It is probable that Milton, when he first read Latin in Scotland, removed from his house in High Holborn to be near Whitchurch, and for some time he had lodgings at one Thomson's, next opening to the Bull-head tavern at Charing Cross, opening to the Bull-head tavern at Charing Cross, the apartment, appointed for him in Scotland Yard, could be got ready for his reception. He then removed thither, and there his third child, a son was born, and named John, who through the ill usage or bad constitution of the nurse died an infant. His own health was too greatly impaired; and for the benefit of the air, he removed from his apartment in Scotland-Yard to a house in Petty-France Westminster, which was next door to Lord Scowen's; and there, after he had resided there eight years, from the year 1659 till within a few weeks of the King's restoration, in this house he had not been settled long, before his first wife died in child-bed; and his condition requiring some quietness, he was easily induced after a proper interval of time to marry a second, who was Catharine, daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney: and she too died in childbed within a year, and the physician advised him to another child, who was a daughter, died in a month after; and her husband has done honour to her memory in one of his sonnets.

Two or three years before this second marriage he had totally lost his sight. And his enemies triumphed in his blindness, and imputed it as a judgment upon him for writing against the King; and he had been decaying several years before, through his close application to study, and the frequent head-aches to which he had been subject from his childhood, and his continual want of sleep; and it was pernicious than all the rest: and he himself informs us in his Second Defence, that when he was appointed by authority to write his Defence of the people against Salmasius, he had almost lost the sight of one eye, and the physicians advised him, that if he undertook that work, he would also lose the sight of the other; but he was not daunted by discouragement, and chose rather to lose both his eyes than despise what he thought his duty. It was the sight of his left eye that he lost first: and at the desire of his friend Leonard Philarus, the Duke of Parma's minister at Paris, he sent a letter to the bishop of the place of his growing blind, for him to consult Thevet of the physician, who was reckoned famous in cases of the eyes. The letter is the fifteenth of his familiar letters, dated at London, Wednesday, March 28th, 1654; and is thus translated by Mr. Richardson.
and dim, and at the same time my spleen and bowels to be oppressed and troubled with flats; and in the morning when I began to read, according to custom, my eye grew painful immediately, and to refuse reading, but were refreshed after a moderate exercise of the body. A certain iris began to surround the light of the candle if I looked at it long, on the left part of the eye (for that was some years sooner closed) a mist arose which hid every thing on that side; and looking forward if I shut my right eye, objects appeared larger; but for these last three years, failing by degrees, some months before all sight was abolished, things which I looked upon seemed to swim to the right and left; certain invisible vapors seem to possess my forehead and temples, which after meat especially, quite to every- thing, generally, urge and depress my eyes with a sleepy heaviness. Nor would I omit that while there was as yet some remainder of sight, I no sooner lay down in my bed, and turned on my side, but a vaporous light dashed out of my shut eyes; and as my sight diminished every day, colours gradually more obscure flashed out with vehemence, but now that the inside is a mass of dead, wholly extinct, a direct blackness, or else spotted as, and as if, worn, with vinegar ash, is used to pour itself in. Nevertheless the constant and relentless rule before me was, to be held by such an eye by day, seems nearer to the whites than the blackest; and the eye rolling itself a little, seems to admit I know not what little smallness of light as through a chink.

But it does not appear what answer he received, we may presume, none that administered any relief. His blindness however did not disable him entirely from performing the business of his office. An assistant was allowed him, and his salary as secretary still continued to him.

And there was farther occasion for his services between the two. The controversy with Salmasius did not die with him, and there was published at the Hague, in 1659, a book entitled the Cry of the King's Blood; &c. Regiusan- guinis Clarum ad eumdem adversus Petri Clar- um, &c. the true author of this book was Peter du Moulin, the younger, who was afterwards pre- bendar of Canterbury: and he transmitted his papers to Salmasius; and Salmasius intrusted them to the care of Alexander Morus, a Parochial minister; and Morus published them with a dedic- a tion to King Charles II. in the name of Adrian Ulic, the printer, from whence he came to be re- printed the author of this book, published two years after, the learned Scotzman, who was president of the college, which the Protestants had formerly at Castræ in Languedoc; and he is said to have been a man of a most naughty disposition, and immoderately addicted to women, hasty, ambitious, full of himself and his own performances, and satirical upon all others. He was however esteemed one of the most eminent preachers of that age among the Protestants; but, as Monseur Bayle observes, his chief talent must have consis- ted in the gracefulness of his delivery, or in those objects of his sermons, whereof his sermons are full, for they retain not those charms in reading, which they are said to have formerly in the pulpit. Against this man, perhaps the most considerable opponent, the negotiated a Regi sanguinis Clarum, &c. Milton by authority his Second Defence of the people of England, Defens- diæ Secunda pro popolo Angliceo, in 1654, and treats Morus with such severity as nothing could have equalled it. It was granted me by the most considerable elegance of the style, and because it was his province to write such things as Latin secretary, and it is printed, among other prose works in the London University, that he left it. In the same year, I endeavored to think, that the famous Latin verses to Christinæ, Queen of Sweden, in the name of Cromwell, were made by our author rather than Andrew Marvel. In those days they had admi- rable intelligence in the secretary's office, and Mr. Philips relates a memorable instance or two upon his own knowledge. The Dutch were send- ing a photopintograph to England; but the emissaries of the government had the art to procure a copy of his instructions in Holland, which were delivered by Milton to his kinsman, who translated them for him, to translate them for the use of the Council, but it had no real intelligibility, being taken had shipping for England; and an answer to all that he had in charge was prepared, and lay ready for him before he made his public entry into London. And in the same year, Milton came to London with a very sumptuous train, pretending himself an agent from the Prince of Conde, who was then in some against Cardinal Mazarin: but the government suspected him, and his instruments to work so successfully, that in a few days they re- ceived intelligence from Paris, that he was a spy employed by Charles I.; whereupon the very next day a sumptuous party came to send him out with an order of Council, commanding him to de- part the kingdom within three days, or expect the punishment of a spy. This kinison was in all probability to his brother, who were Milton's nephews, and lived very near to him, and one or both of them were assistant to him in his office. His blindness no doubt was a great hindrance and inconvenience to him in his busi- ness, though sometimes a political use might be made of it; as men's natural infirmities are often pleased in excuse for not doing what they have no great inclination to do. Thus when Crom- well, in the year 1655, did issue the book called Whickham, of the doctrine of three large volumes in folio; and it is a great pity that they are lost, and no account is given what is become of the manuscript. It is commonly said too that at this time he began his famous poem of Paradise Lost; and it is certain, that he was glad to be released from those controversies, which detained him so long from following things more agreeable to his natural genius and inclina- tion, though he was far from ever repenting of his writings in defense of liberty, but glorified in them to the last. Of the public and private events of the remainder of his life, I shall not trouble them, for there was a very great mistake of time and place. Milton, in an account of his blindness, proceeded slower in business, and had not yet put the articles of the treaty into Latin. Upon which the ambassador was greatly surprised, that things of such consequence should be en- trusted to a blind man, for he must necessarily employ an amanuensis, and that amanuensis might delay the articles, and say that it was in the possession of the treaty that there should be only one man in England who could both read and be a blind one. But his blindness had not diminished, but rather increased the vigour of his mind; and a few letters will remain asauthentic memo- ries of his genius; and those particularly about the sufferings of the poor Protestants in Piedmont, who can read without sensible emotion! This was the age of a new nation, as he was, an inter to all sorts of politeness; and among his sons there is a most excellent one upon the same occasion.

But Oliver Cromwell being dead, and the go- vernment weak and unsettled in the hands of Rich- ard and the Parliament, he thought it a season- able time to offer his advice again to the public; and he published a Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes Entailed Considerations touching the likeliest Means to re- move Filibegs out of the Church; both addressed to the Parliament of the commonwealth of Eng- land. And again, as a memorial of the common- wealth, being a brief delineation of a free commonwealth, easy to be put in practice, and without delay. These two pieces were commended in manuscript to Mr. Toland by a friend who had little Milton's death; and Mr. Toland gave them to be printed in the edition of our author's prose-works in 1669. But Milton, still finding that affairs were every day tending more and more to the monarchy, the union of church and state, and the restoration of the royal family, published his Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Com- monwealth, and the excellence thereof, compared with the monarchical extant dangers of readmit- ting kingship in this nation. We are informed by Mr. Wood, who published this piece in Febru- ary 1659; and after this he published Brief ire, or an answer to a late Sermon, entitled The Fear of God and the King, preached by Mr. Matthew Grifith at Mercer's Chapel, March 23, 1669: so bold and resolute was he, in declaring his senti- ments to the last, that his voice was the voice of a new nation.
he had lived eight years with great reputation, and had been visited by all the regent's, to whom he could not get out of the country without seeing a man whose name has so much honour to it by his writings, and whose name was as well known and as famous abroad as in his own nation; and by several persons of quality of both sexes, particularly the past and the present time, and to be so rare a man for some time, he instructed the same who was paymaster of the forces in King William's time; and by many learned and ingenious friends and acquaintances, particularly to the son to the President of Oliver's, to whom he was inscribed one of his manuscripts, and Marcham Neechall, the writer of Politicks, and after him, learned and ingenious people in two quartos. But now it was not safe for him to appear any longer in public, so that by the advice of some who wished him well and were concerned for his preservation, he went for shelter and refreshment to a house in Bath, where he was concealed till the worst of the storm was blown over. The first notice that we find of him was on Saturday the 15th of June, 1600, when it was ordered by the House of Commons, that his Majesty should be humbly moved, to issue his proclamation for the calling in of Milton's two books, his Defence of the People, and his Apology for Dr. Sacheverell, an order entitled the Obstructions of Justice, written in justification of the murder of the late king, and to order them to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. At the same time, an order was made General should proceed by way of imprisonment, or information against Milton and Goodwin in respect of their books, and that they themselves should be taken into custody. The order of the Serjeant-at-arms attending the House. On Wednesday, June 27th, an order of Council was made agreeable to the order of the House of Commons for a proclamation of the day and the proclamation was issued the 13th of August following, wherein it was said that the author had fled or did abscond: and on Monday, August 5th, Milton's and Goodwin's books were burnt, according to all attendance, at the market square, by Bailey, by the hands of the common hangman. On Wednesday, August 29th, the act of indemnity was passed, which proved more favourable to the author than could be expected; for though John Goodwin Clerk was excepted among the twenty persons who were to have penalties inflicted upon them, not extending to life, yet Milton was not excepted at all, and consequently was included in the general pardon. We find indeed that afterwards he was in custody of the Serjeant-at-arms; but the time when he was taken into custody is not certain. He was not in custody on the 1th of September, for that day a list of the prisoners in custody of the Serjeant-at-arms was read in the House, and Milton is not among them; and on the 12th of September the House adjourned. Then, and renominated to the 6th of November, it was ordered by the House of Commons, that Mr. Milton in custody of the Serjeant-at-arms, should be forthwith released, paying his fine of five hundred pounds, and that the Serjeant-at-arms had demanded excessive fees for his imprisonment, and it was referred to the committee of privileges and elections to examine this business, and to call Mr. Milton and the Serjeant before them, and to determine what was to be given to the Serjeant for his fees in this case; so consequently was he at all times in defence of liberty against all the encroachments of power, and though a prisoner, was yet treated like a free Englishman. This appears to be the matter of fact, as it may be collected partly from the Journals of the House of Commons; partly from Milton's Historical Register; and the evidence of the governor of the prison was surely very great towards him, considering the nature of his offences; for though he was not one of the members of the House of Commons, he was so many years in the hands of the Serjeant-at-arms, that it is most probable he was more tener of his character and reputation than any of them all; and to what therefore could he be owing, that he was treated with such lenity, and was so easily punished? It is certain, there was not wanting powerful intercession for him, whom he was both in Council and in Parliament. It is said that Secretary Mancro and Sir Thomas Clarges, his old friends, and his old friends, Mr. Andrew Marvell, member of Parliament for Hull, formed a considerable party for him in the House of Commons; and neither was Charles the Second (as Toland says) such a fitter man, nor Mr. Rich, so dexterous for his destruction. But the principal instrument in obtaining Milton's pardon was Sir William Davenant, out of gratitude for Milton's having procured his dismissal from the Navy. Davenant was Mr. Rich the first authority of Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope had it from the famous actor, who was first brought upon the stage and patronised by Sir William Davenant, and might therefore derive the knowledge of this transaction from the fountain. Milton having thus obtained his pardon, and being at liberty again, took a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields; but he removed soon into Jewen street, near Aldersgate street, and while he lived there he was ordered on the 27th of November, and bade the city that it were better than the King's judges and was sured of his obedience than the House of Commons, but we can not find that he was prosecuted by the Attorney General, nor was he continued in custody very long. 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to the vernals, and that what he attempted at other times was not to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much. 'Mr. Toland,' imagines that Phillips might be mistaken as to the time, because our author, in his Latin elegy, written in his twentith year, upon the approach of the spring, says to just the contrary, as if he could not make any verses to his satisfaction till the spring began. Whether this can or cannot be true, it was Milton's informed that he could never compose well but in spring and autumn. But Mr. Richardson can comprehend, that either of those accounts is exactly true: but this is not a matter that can be settled by the sale of as many of the third, and the number was not to exceed fifteen hundred. And what a poor compensation was this for such an inestimable performance! and how much more do others get? And this is the way by which the works of great authors, than the authors themselves! This original contract with Samuel Simonds, the printer, is dated April 27, 1667, and in the hands of Mr. Tenson, the bookseller, as we can see further, that a fair for the press, with the imprint of, by Thomas Tenkyns, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; so that, though Milton was forced to make use of different poets to rise and to rid his mind of the whole of which he has assigned to several persons, his family have enjoyed the right of copy ever since. By the last assignment it appears that the book was growing into importance and rising in estimation, and to what perverseness could it be owing, that it was not better received at first? We conceive there were principally two reasons: theprinter was under no obligation to account for his conduct to the principles and party; and many, no doubt, were offended with the novelty of a poem that was not in rhyme. Rymer, who was a relucate critic in those days, would not so much as allow it to be a poem on this account; and declared year against Milton as well as against Shakespeare, and threatened that he would write refutations upon the Paradise Lost, which some (says he) are pleased to call a poem, and would assert against the slender sophistry wherewith the author attacks it. And such a man as Bishop Burnet makes it a sort of objection to Milton, that he affected to write in blank verse without rhyme. And the same reason induced Dryden to turn the principal parts of the Paradise Lost into Rhyme in his Opera called The State of Innocence and Fall of Man; to tag his King, as Methuan calls him, with the fashion then of wearing tops of metal at the end of their ribbons.

The sale was ordered by Mr. Richardson, that Sir George Hangerford, an ancient member of Parliament, told him, that Sir John Denham came into the House one morning with a sheet of Paradise Lost writ from the press in his hand; and being asked what he had there, said that he had part of the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or in any age. However it is certain that the book was unknown till about two years after the second edition was published. Richardson was informed by Dr. T antred Robinson, the physician, who had heard the story often from Fleetwood Shepherd himself, that the Earl of Exeter had occasion to speak with Mr. Smith, looking about for books in Little Britain, accidentally met with the Paradise Lost; and being surprised at some passages in dipping here and there, and bought it. The book he liked it, for the impression lay on his hands as waste paper. The Earl having read it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it to him, with this answer, 'This man cuts us all out and the age too.'—Dryden's epigram upon Milton.

This simon had communicate to assign the whole right of copy to Edmund Aylmer, the bookseller, for the works of great authors, than the authors themselves! This original contract with Samuel Simonds, the printer, is dated April 27, 1667, and in the hands of Mr. Tenson, the bookseller, as we can see further, that a fair for the press, with the imprint of, by Thomas Tenkyns, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; so that, though Milton was forced to make use of different poets to rise and to rid his mind of the whole of which he has assigned to several persons, his family have enjoyed the right of copy ever since. By the last assignment it appears that the book was growing into importance and rising in estimation, and to what perverseness could it be owing, that it was not better received at first? We conceive there were principally two reasons: theprinter was under no obligation to account for his conduct to the principles and party; and many, no doubt, were offended with the novelty of a poem that was not in rhyme. Rymer, who was a relucate critic in those days, would not so much as allow it to be a poem on this account; and declared year against Milton as well as against Shakespeare, and threatened that he would write refutations upon the Paradise Lost, which some (says he) are pleased to call a poem, and would assert against the slender sophistry wherewith the author attacks it. And such a man as Bishop Burnet makes it a sort of objection to Milton, that he affected to write in blank verse without rhyme. And the same reason induced Dryden to turn the principal parts of the Paradise Lost into Rhyme in his Opera called The State of Innocence and Fall of Man; to tag his King, as Methuan calls him, with the fashion then of wearing tops of metal at the end of their ribbons.

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See Rymer's "Rapin's of the last age considered," p. 143.
public. And the year after that Messrs. Richardson, father and son, published their Explanatory notes and remarks. The poem has also been translated into several languages, Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch; and proposals have been made for translating it into Greek. The Dutch translation is in blank verse; and printed at Amsterdam in 1683, The French have a translation by Mons. Dupré de St. Maure; but nothing shows the weakness and imperfection of their language more, than that they have few or no good poetical expressions for feeling. The poet, who have translated Homer, Virgil, and Milton into prose: and blank verse their language has no harmony and dignity enough to support; their tragedies, and many of their comedies, were the common ruin of the Italian master here in England, made and Italian translation; and Mr. Richardson the son, saw another at Florence in manuscript by the learned Abell Savi, the same who translated Addison's Cato into Italian. One William Hog or Huguenot translated Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes into Latin verse in 1660; but this version is unworthy of the originals. There is a better translation of the Paradise Lost by Mr. Thomas Power, Fellow of Trinity College, in Cambridge, the first book of which was printed in 1681, and is still in the library of that College. The learned Dr. Trap has also published a translation into Latin verse; and the world is in expectation of another, that will surpass all the rest; by Mr. William Dobson, of Notts. But that one seems to me now to be the best, and the other Milton is now considered as an English classic; and the Paradise Lost is generally esteemed the noblest and most sublime of modern poems, and equal at least in the most of its parts: the honour of this country, and the envy and admiration of all others!

In 1670 he published his History of Britain, that part especially now called England. He began it above twenty years before, and frequently interrupted by other avocations; and he designed to have brought it down to his own times, but stopped at the Norman conquest; for indeed he was not well able to pursue it any farther by reason of his blindness; and he was engaged in other more delightful studies; having a genius turn'd for poetry rather than history. When his History was printed, it was not thought fit to print it, or that the title-page, of which the publication was then long promised, might be taken up. But after a long time it was finished and published. The translator, who had been engaged in the work for several years, was very laborious, and he was not able to publish it in his own life.

Upon the death of Milton, he had a charge given him by the king, to examine the state of the nation; which he did, and the report was inserted in the works; it was printed after his death in 1676, and was translated into English in 1694; and to that translation a life of Milton was prefixed by his nephew Mr. Edward Burton. In 1694, Mr. Edward Burton has added several excellent sonnets to Fairbairn, Cromwell, Sir Henry Vane, and Cyrille Skinner, on his blindness, were first printed. Besides these works which were published, he wrote his System of Divinity, which Mr. Troland says was in the hands of his friend Cyrille Skinner, but where at present is uncertain. And Mr. Philips says, that he had prepared for the present aged poem to some little scribbling quack in London, who had written a curious libel against him; but whether by the discussion of friends, as thinking him a fellow not worth his pay, or for what other cause, Mr. Phillips knew not; he expected his writings were to be published, but he was not well disposed the best vindicator of his writings and his writings have been time; postarity has universally paid that honour to his merits, which was denied him by the great part of the world. After a life thus spent in study and labour for the public, he died of the gout at his house in Bunhill Row, on or about the 30th of November, 1674, when he had written aiman completed the sixty-sixth of his age. It is not known when he was first attired by the gout, but he was previously afflicted with it several of the last years of his life, and was weakened to such a degree, that he was to be seen in the room perceived not when he expired. His body was decently interred near that of his father, (who died very young about the year 1617,) in the churchyard of the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and all his great and learned friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the common people; paid their last respects in attending it to the grave. Mr. Pontius, in his short but elegant eulogy, thus described the character of his author: having no monument, says that he desired a friend to inquire at St. Giles's church; where the sexton showed him a small monument, which he said was supposed to be his, but the inscription had never been legible since he was employed in that office, which he has possessed about forty years. This sure could never have happened, a circumstance, the epitaph had been industriously erased: and
 LIFE OF JOHN MILTON. xxv.

made his wife sing, who (he said) had a good voice but no ear; and then he went up to study again till six, when his friends came to visit him and sat with him from six till nine when he went down to supper, which was usually clives or some light thing; and after supper he smoked his pipe, and drank a glass of water, and went to bed. He loved the sun, and the seasons, as poets usually do; but after his return from his travels, he was very little there, except during the time of the plague in London. The civil war might at first detest him in both parties, but in the generality of the country being in a great measure lost to them, as they depend mostly upon sight, whereas a blind man wants company and conversation, which is to him the delight of his senses. If he could not see anything for the benefit of the fresh air, and in warm sunny weather he used to sit at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, and there as well as in the house received the visits of persons of quality and distinction; for he was no less visited by the last both by his own countrymen and foreigners, than he had been in his florishing condition before the Restoration.

Some objections, indeed, have been made to his temper; and I remember there was a tradition in the university of Cambridge, that he and Mr. King (who was his fellow in his Lycæa) were competitors for a fellowship, and that when they were both candidates, (equal in point of learning, Mr. King was preferred by the college for his character of good nature, which was wanting in the other; and this was Milton, who was not a good scholar, according to his age, Milton being at least four years older. This is no story not very probable; and besides, Mr. King was not elected by the college, but was made fellow by a royal mandate, so that there can be no truth in the tradition; but if there was any, it is no sign of Milton's resentment, but a proof of his generosity, that he could live in such friendship with him, who had lost his sight and afterwards so little exercise of his arms; but all, he was confined by age and blindness, he had a machine to swing in for the preservation of his health. In his youth he was a hard rider, he rode miles, and seldom went to bed before midnight; but he was at length finding it to be the ruin of his eyes, and looking on this custom as very pernicious to health at any time. But he did not rise early, seldom later than nine, and would be stirring by himself. He had not the advantage of so much wit to season it. If he had engaged with more candid and ingenuous disputants, he would have preferred civility and fair arguments, and to wit and satire: "to do so was my choice, and to have done thus was my charge," as he expresses himself in the conclusion of one of his controversial pieces. All who have written any accounts of his life agree, that he was affable and instructive in conversation, of equal and cheerful temper; and yet I can easily believe, that he had a sufficient sense of his own merit, and contempt enough for his adversaries.

His memory being correct, for he was a man not only of wonderful genius, but of immense learning and erudition; not only an incomparable poet, but a great mathematician, linguist, historian, and astronomer; he was equally at home in the Greek and Latin, but likewise of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, as well as of the modern languages Italian, French, and Spanish. He was very fond of Latin; but he was less preferred to the French language, as all the men of letters did at that time in England; and he not only wrote elegantly in it, but is highly commendable in that language also. He indeed wrote almost all of himself, and he himself translated and paraphrased himself, and other authors, and especially of the members of that celebrated academy called dea Cruces, which was established at Florence, for the refining and perfecting of the Tuscan language. He had read almost all authors, and improved by all, even by romances, of which he had been fond in his younger years; and as the bee can extract honey out of weeds, so (to use his own words in his Apology for Smectymnuus) "those books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, proved to him so many incitements to the love and observation of virtue." His favourite author after the Hebrew, was Mr. Spenser; so that the reader could repeat almost all without books; and he was advised to undertake a translation of his works, which he would have executed to admiration. But (as he is reported in the postscript to the Judgment of Martin Bucer) "he never could delight in long citations, much less in whole translations." And accordingly there are few manuscripts in me, and those of no great length, which he had ever translated. He was possessed too much of an original genius to be a mere copier. Whether it be natural disposition, says he, "or education of my mother born me a speaker of what God made me a translator." And it is somewhat remarkable, that there is scarce any author, who has written so much, and upon such various subjects, and yet quotes so little from his contemporaries, and from any of them. He praises Selden, indeed, in more places than one, but for the rest he appears disposed to censure rather than commend. After his wife's death, which is supposed to have happened before, he used to divert and unbind his mind with playing upon the organ or bass-viol, which was a great relief to him after he had lost his sight; for he was brought from the mastery of music, he was his father, and could perform both vocally and instrumentally, and it is said that he composed very well, though nothing of this kind is handed down to us. It is also said, that he had some skill in painting as well as in music, and that somewhere or other there is
A head of Milton drawn by himself: but he was blessed with so many real excellences, that there is no want of fictitious ones to raise and adorn his character. He had a quick apprehension, a sublime imagination, a strong memory, a piercing judgment, a wit always ready, and facility of grave or comic as the occasion required: and whether the loss of his sight did not add vigour to the faculties of his mind, he at least thought so, and often comforted himself with that reflection.

But his great parts and learning have escaped greater admiration, than his political principles have raised him enemies. Yet the daring passion of his soul was the love of liberty; this was his constant aim and end; however he might have chosen any other career, he was indeed very zealous in what was called the good old cause, and with his spirit and his resolution, it is somehow wonderful, that he never ventured his person in the civil war, but though he was not inactive, and thought, I suppose, that he could be of more service to the cause by his pen than by his sword. He was a thorough republican, and in this he thought like a Greek or Roman, and was very constant with their writings. And one day Sir Robert Howard, who was invited to Milton, as well as to the liberties of his country, and went to see him after the last, inquired of him how he came to side with the republicans. Milton answered, among other reasons, because their's was the most fruitful government, for the trappings of a monarchy might set up a pretence to the present, and he then thought his attachment to Cromwell must be condemned, as being neither consistent with his republican principles, nor with his love of liberty. And I know no other way of accounting for his conduct, but by presuming (as I think we may reasonably suppose) that he was far from entirely approving of Cromwell's proceedings, but considered him as the only person who could represent himself from the tyrannical character of his predecessors, who saw how to erect a worse dominion of their own upon the ruins of presbyterian episcopacy; and of all things he dreads spiritual slavery, and therefore sides with Cromwell and the Independents, as he expected under them greater liberty of conscience.

And though he served Cromwell, yet it must be said for him, that he served a great master, and some of those officers, who were most interestingly employed, were his friends; and therefore I think I may reasonably suppose, that he was not altogether unwise in considering his time, to time in giving him excellent good advice, especially in his second Defence; and so little being said of him in all Secretary Thurloe's state papers, it appears, that he did not appear in the secret affairs, and intrigues of government: what he despatched was little more than matters of necessary form, letters and answers to foreign states; and he may be justified for sitting in such a station, upon the same principle as Sir Matthew Hale, for holding a judge's commission under the usurper; and in the latter part of his life he frequently expressed to his friends his entire satisfaction of mind, that he had constantly employed his strength, and faculties in the defence of liberty, and in opposition to slavery.

In matters of religion too he has given as great offence, or even greater, than by his political principles. But still he let not the infidel glory: no such man was ever of that party. He had the advances of his spirit upon his understanding; and the profoundest reverence of the Deity in his words and actions, was both a Christian and a Protestant, and studied and admired the Holy Scriptures above all other books whatsoever; and in all his writings the plainest doctrine of religion is the best in well verse as in prose, as well in his works of an earlier date as in those of later composition. When he wrote the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, he appears to have been a Calvinist, but afterwards he entertained a more favourable opinion of Arminius. Some have inclined to believe, that he was an Arian; but there are more express passages in his works to overthrow this opinion, than any to appear to confirm it. For in the conclusion of his Treatise of Reformation he thus solemnly invokes the Trinity; "Thus therefore that ancient and bright and blessed Image of God, and all the images of angels and men next thee I homage Omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature didst assume, ineffable and everlasting love! And the whole glories of thine immortal, Illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things, one tri-personal Godhead! look upon this thy poor, and almost expiring Church, &c." And in his tract of Preretical Episcopacy he endeavours to prove the spiritual sanctions of some epistles attributed to Ignatius, because they contained in them heresies, one of which heresies is, that "he condemns them for ministers of Satan," which is a doctrine that he says the Church Fathers condemned, a little after in the same tract he objects to the authority of Tertullian, because he went about to "prove an impurity between God the Father, and God the Son, the Son being the image of the God the Father." He finds nothing upon this head, that is not perfectly consistent with Scripture. The learned Dr. Trap, who was as likely to cry out upon heresy as any man, and more so than most, who say the Church Fathers understood the scriptures, was indeed a dissembler from the Church of England, in which he had been educated, and was by his parents designed for holy orders, as we related before, but he was led away by early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the Church;

and in his younger years was a favourer of the Presbyterians; in his middle age he became a member of the Anabaptists, as allowing greater liberty of conscience than others, and coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice; and in the latter part of his life he was not a member of any particular sect of Christians, he frequented no public worship, nor used any religious rites in his family. Whether so many different forms of worship as he had seen, had made him indifferent to all forms; or whether he thought that all Christians had in some things corrupted the purity and simplicity of the Gospel; or whether he disdained their endless and unprofitable ceremonies, and the addition and innovation to persecution, which he said was a piece of popery inseparable from all churches; or whether he believed, that a man might be a good Christian without joining in any communion; or whether he did not look upon himself as inspired, as wrapt up in God, and above all forms and ceremonies, is not easy to determine: to his own master he stood: or fell: but if he was of any denomination, he was a sort of a Quaker, and was full of the interior of religion though he so little regarded the exterior; and it is certain was to the last an enthusiast, other than an idle one. As enthusiasm made North a poet, so poetry might make Milton an enthusiast.

His circumstances were never very mean, nor very great; for he lived above want, and was not subjected to any real estate, which was more to enrich and adorn his mind. His father supported him in his travels, and for some time after. Then his pupils must have been of some advantage to him, and brought him either a certain stipend, or considerable presents at least; and he had scarcely any other method of improving his fortune, as he was of no profession. When his father died, he inherited his estate, which was a manor of the value of a hundred pounds, and an elder son's share of the same, with the reversion of the remainder of the estate, the principal part of which, I believe, was his house in Breadstreet. And not long after, he was appointed Latin Secretary, with a salary of four pounds per week; so that he was now in opulent circumstances for a man who had always led a frugal and temperate life, and was at little unnecessary expense besides buying of books. Thus, after all his victories, party, yet he was far from sharing in the pomp of his country. On the contrary, as his second Defence he sustained greater losses during the civil war, and was not at all favoured in the imposition of taxes, but sometimes paid beyond the proportion. And upon a turn of affairs he was not only deprived of his place, but also lost two thousand pounds, which he had, for security and improvement of his house, and his books, and for three or four years' wages, he had paid from abroad. As for Milton's finances Office. He had likewise, another considerable sum for want of proper care and management, as pensions of Milton's genius are seldom exact in money matters. And in the fire of Bread-street was burnt, before which accident, foreigners have gone, out of devotion, (says Wood) to see the house and chamber where he was born. His gains were inconsiderable in proportion to his losses; for excepting the thousand pounds, which were given by him the government for writing his Defence of the people against Sublimity, we may conclude that he got very little by the sale of his works, and that he never received any more than ten pounds for Paradise Lost. Some time before he died he sold the greatest part of his library, as his heirs were not qualified to make a proper use of it. And proper use he made of it to dispose of it to greater advantage than they could after his decease. And finally, by one means or other, he died worth one thousand five hundred pounds, besides his household goods, which was no incompetent substance for him, who was as great a philosopher as a poet.

To this account of Milton it may be proper to add something concerning his family. We said before, that he had a younger brother and a sister. His brother, Christopher Milton, was a man of totally opposite principles; was a strong royalist, and after the matter of question, through his brother's interest, had been entered young a student in the Inner Temple, of which house he lived to be an ancient bacheur; and being a professor papist, was in the reign of James introduced into the Chancery, and taken by Lord Mayor, as wealthy, his ambition, his quittance by reason of his age and infirmities, and retired to Ipswich, where he lived all the latter part of his life. His sister, Anne Milton, had a considerable fortune given her by her father in marriage with Mr. Edward Philips, (son of Mr. Edward Philips, of Shrewbury,) who, coming young to London, was bred up in the Crown Office, and in 1623, was chosen one of the clerks of the office under Mr. Bevano. By him she had, besides other children who died infants, two sons, Edward and John, whom we have frequent accounts of before. Among our author's juvenile poems there is a very lively one on the death of a fair infant, a nephew, or rather niece of his, dying of a cough; and this being written in his seventeenth year, as it is said in the title, it may naturally be inferred that Mrs. Philips was not either of her brothers. She had likewise two daughters, Mary, who died very young, and Anne, who was living in 1694, by a second husband, Mr. Philips, who succeed her father in the place of Mr. Philips in the place of the Crown Office, which he enjoyed many years, and left to Mr. Thomas Milton, son of Sir Christopher before mentioned. As for Milton's affairs, the will was made in favour to the fair sex by having had three wives. What fortune he had with any of them is no where
sent abroad to learn things more proper for them, and particularly embroidery in gold and silver. As Milton at his death left his affairs very well in the power of his widow, though she acknowledged that he died worth one thousand five hundred pounds, yet she allowed but one hundred pounds to each of his three daughters. Anne, the eldest, was quiet and discreet; but had a very handsome face; she married a master-builder, and died in childbirth of her first child, who died with her. Mary, the second, lived and died single. Deborah, the youngest, his father's heir, went over to Ireland with a lady, and afterwards was married to Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spittle Fields, and died in August, 1727. In the height of her strength and beauty she had been a woman of good understanding, and gentle behaviour, though in low circumstances. As she had been often called upon to read Homer and Ovid's Metamorphoses to her father, she could have repeated a considerable number of verses from the beginning of both those poets, as Mr. Ward, Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College, relates upon this own knowledge; and another gentleman informed me, that he had heard her repeat several verses likewise out of Euripides. Mr. Addison, and the other gentlemen, who had opportunity of seeing her, knew her immediately to be the daughter of Milton's that visited him nightly. She was likewise asked whom he approved most of our English poets, and answered, Spencer, Shakespeare, and Cowley: and being asked whether he did not think Dryden a poet, as some said Dryden used sometimes to visit him, but he thought him no poet, but a good rhymist: but this was before Dryden had composed his best poems, which made his name so famous afterwards. She was wont, moreover, to say, that her husband was applied to by message from the King, and invited to write for the Court, but his answer was, that such a behaviour would be very inconsistent with his former sentiments, and that he would employ his pen against his conscience. By his first wife he had four children, a son, who died an infant, and three daughters, who survived him; by his second wife he had an only daughter, who died soon after his mother, who died in childhood: and by his last wife he had no children at all. His daughters were not sent to school, but were instructed by a minister's daughter at home, who was the best that he could get. His son, he himself, excusing the eldest on account of an impediment in her speech, taught the two others to read and pronounce Greek and Latin, and several other languages, besides English; but English he used to say that one tongue was enough for a woman: but this employment was very injurious to them, and this, together with the sharpness and severity of their mother in law, made them very uneasy at home; and therefore they were all said, but they were gentlemen's daughters; and it is remarkable that he married them all maidens, for as he says in his Apology for Smectymnuus, which was written before he married at all) "I thought with them, who both in prudence and elegance of spirit would choose a virgin of mean form and poor breed, but wealthiest in wisdom." But yet the family have not been very happy in any of his marriages; for his first wife had unjustly offended him by long absence and separation from him; the second, whose love, however, he beheld in her countenance, lived not a twelvemonth with him; and his third wife is said to have been a woman of a most violent spirit, and a hard mother-in-law to his children. She died very soon after her marriage; and from the accounts of those who had seen her, I have learned, that she confirmed several things which have been related before; and particularly that her husband used to compose poetry only in winter, and on his way to a morning walk would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses; and being asked whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, and understand it as a preachment upon him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness, that he stole from no body but the Muse who inspired him; and being asked by a holy person who the Muse was, replied, it was "the Poet's" and "the Poet" he declared to be a name he loved and would use to her for the rest of his life. 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IN PARADISUM AMISSAM SUMMI
POETAE JOHANNIS MILTONI.

SAMUEL BLOOM, M. D. AUFORO.

Quis legis Amissam Paradisum, grandis magis
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum praeordina rerum,
Et eis, et fines, continent iacer.
Illius pandentur magni penetrabilis mundi,
Scriptor et toto quoque in orbe latet:
Terraque, tractaque maris, coelique profundis,
Sublunare igne Erci, flammatumque specus.

Quique colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartarum
caecus,
Quisque colunt summi hec regna poli:
Et quiadunque ullia coelum est fulvis usque,
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;
Et sine fine magis, quia magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines coelestis amor;
Qui spretet quid quaerat esse futurum?
Et tanum hoc hostis terrae Britannica legit.
O quante in bella desce! quas profat arma!
Quam exspectant, et quid preia dies tubul;
Casta et salutare in certamine coeleste!
Et quiadunque pugna decretur aegro!

Quantus in etheries tolle Felicius arma!
Aqua ipse gratulat viro Michaelis minor,
Quanta, et quam funestis concurrens irire,
Dum feras hic stellas protegit, ille rapit;
Dum vulgo montes cœla reciprocis torquent,
Et non mortali dosuper igne punit;
Sint dubius cui se partis concocat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnas non superseus sum.

At simul in meo Meine insigne fulgent,
Et currus armis, armate digna Deo,
Herodiptos teneant clamat, et scena rotatur
Erumpere terris fulgura luminibus,
Et flammane vibrant, et vera tomitur naus
Admatis flammis incensore plea.

Excult attisnon mans omnis, et impletur omnis,
Et opere rursus in alius castren,
Ad poneo fugant; et, ces oreos Occas asyam,
Inferiris certam condere se tenetis.
Ccelito, Romanni Scipione; ccelito, Grati;
Et quaecumque per celebri annis;
Hoc quiunqueque legat tantam coeinnem putatul
Meconidem ramos, Virgilio culicum.

ON PARADISE LOST.
BY ANDREW MARVELL.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
Rebellious angels, the fortunates gone.
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all, the argument
Held me awhile misbelieving his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to faith and old song;
(For Samson grooped the temple's post in sight)
The world of enchantment, to revenge his sight.
Yet, as I read, still growing less severe,
I liked his project and fear
Through that wide field how he his way should find
Over which Jane Finch leads Understanding blind
Lost he'rd perfect the things he would explain;
And what was may he should render vain.
Or if a work so infinite he spurn'd,
Jealous I was, that some less skill'd hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And, by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play
Punish me; mightily poet, nor despise
My causes, yet not impose surprise.
But I am now convinced; and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,
All was important; all was magic drawn).
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majesty, which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st in each state
As thou preserves, and thee, invocant.
At once delight and horror on my sex,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird, munus from that Paradise ye sing,
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Who furnishes such a vast expense of mind?
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Warrants with prophecy thy loss of sight.
Well mightst thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure.
While the Townes-Bawes write all the while and spells,
And, like a pack-bore, tires without his belfs;
Their fancies like an busy points appear:
The poets tag them, who would fashion wear.
I, too, transported by the mode, offend,
And, while I meant to praise thee, must commend.

ADDRESS TO GREAT BRITAIN.
BY THOMAS SUMPSON.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stales,
Unletter'd, in majestic numbers, wallis;
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hollow'd rage.
Seek seel up toward springs, and, lowering high,
Spars on the dull province of mortality;
Shows Heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms
And sets thy' Almighty Thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen describes I more than ecce,
Whilst every verse array'd in majesty.
Bold and sublime, my whole imagination draws
And seems above the critic's narrow laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arm and rises in flight?
When great Milton's outstretched banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines?
What sound of heaven whole, with thunder, sound
And stunn the reader with the din of war!
With fire my spirits, and my blood is o'er,
To see the seraphs sink in clouds of fire.
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scene of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of capture, can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!

ADDRESS TO GREAT BRITAIN.

XXX

ENCOMIUMS UPON MILTON.

XXXI

ENCOMIUMS UPON MILTON.

THY verse crested, like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs no rhyme.

EPITAPH ON MILTON.

BY DAVID.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greek, Italy, and England, did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next, in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go:
To make a third she joined the former two.

FROM AN ACCOUNT OF

THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

BY ADDISON.

BARROW, M. D. AUFORO.

Ye patriotic zeal, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphae, whose bosoms heat at Milton's name.
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flattering rhymes,
Shame the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immaterial patrons of succeeding days.
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise!
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malice or, public rage.
Let Studly, worn with his virtuous fortunes low,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguished by your smiles, shall tell,
That never Britain can in vain excel,
The slightest arts futurity shall trust,
And raising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty Bard's victorious lay
Fills the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffles Egypt, while the brightest sun,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
Ambitions, catches at his towering name.
He sees, and pitying his time's vale,
How Those pg Beit should have neared before,
Wherein crowds april best beheld behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown,—unbraced, long his slumbering lay,
And want hung threatening o'er his slow decay.
What thou a small with no Miltonian flame,
No favouring Muse her morning-dreams inspire.
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth labious, and her blandness age;
Her the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grace with Wirt's native charms,
Her grandeur leaves her in Britannia's arms.
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tuley nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave,
To ytours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

PROM

GRAY'S PROGRESS OF POETS.

FROM THROMSON'S SUMMER.

For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart
Is it not well Shakespeare thought and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable, Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
What language, like thy Milton's, can
Astonish the ear, and beam,his the flower
Of blazing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime!
ENCOMIUMS

Collins's Ode on the Poetical Character.

High on some cliff, to Heaven up-piled,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange species of the barren valley deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrowned, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head
An Eden, like his own, lies round;
I saw the sacred glades among
By which as Milton lay, his evening car
From many a cloud that dropped o'er him, drew
Nigh sphere'd in Heaven, its native strains could hear
On which that ancient trump he reached was hung;
That thine oft his glory greeting,
From W valor's mystic shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone
Of all the earth that was known;
And Heav'n and Paney, kindred powers,
Ave now certain'd thee inspiring bowers,
Or cannot close such scene from every future view.

Mason's Ode to Memory.

Rise, hollow'd Milton! rise, and say,
When, at thy gloomy close of day;
How, when 'depress'd by age, beset with wrongs,'
When 'fall'n on evil days and evil tongues?'
When Darkness comes, brooding on thy sight,
Exult the sovereign lamp of light;
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse?
What friends were thine, save Memory and the Muse?
Hence the rich spoils thy studious youth
Caught from the stores of ancient Truth;
And hence thy eye could pleas'd explore,
When Rapture led thee to the Latin shore;
Each scene that Thriller's bank supplied;
Each grace, that play'd on Anno's side.
The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly;
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
We still bivouc'd, thy ample mind
Each charm receiv'd, remain'd combin'd,
And thence the nightly visitant that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recall'd the lost lost beams of grace;
That whelm'd shot from Nature's face.

When God in Eden, e'er thy youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand Perfection's gorgeous vest.

From Dr. Roberts's Epistle on the English Poets.

Pore of other times! to thee I bow
With lowest reverence. Oft thou takest my soul,
And walt'd it by thy potent harmony
To that empyreal mansion, where thine ear
Caught the soft warblings of a seraph's harp,
What time the nightly visitant unlock'd
The gates of Heaven, and to thy mental sight
Display'd celestial scenes. She from thy lyre
With indulgence tore the linking bales,
And turn'd it to sublimest argument.

Cowper's Table Talk.

Arose claps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard:
To carry Nature lengths unknown before,
And give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
Thus Genius rose and sat in grand stiles,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
Ennobling every region that he chose;
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
And tedious years of gothic darkness past,
Emerson's all splendour in our Isle at last.
Those lovely bays ev'n into the main,
Then show'd far off their shining plumes again.

From the Same Author's Task, B. III.

Philosophy, baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and, viewing all she sees,
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives Him his praise, and forfears not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all their branches. Poetry has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flow'd from lips with Castilian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, child-like sage
Sacragges reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such too, thine
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna.

The Poetical Works of John Milton.

Paradise Lost.

BOOK I.
The Argument.

This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, many's dissatisfaction, and the lessens of Paradise. Where to be placed; then states the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpents, who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Whose action passed, the scene moves into the midst of beings, presenting Satan with his orb and wings now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the centre, (for heaven and earth may, be supposed as yet not ample, certainly not yet accorded,) but in a piece of nature, some called Chaos. Here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunders in and addressed after a certain space recover, as from confusion, call upon his crew in order and dignity by them, they confer of their miserable fall. Satan consoles all his legions, who are all then in the same manner confounded. They had the number; nine
Of battles; their chief leaders named, according to the Indian known afterwards in Caesar and the sources of empire. To these Satan direct's his speech, console them with hope yet of regaining heaven; but tells them they lay in a new world, and a new kind of strain to be created, according to no ancient prophecy or repent in heaven; for they were long before this visible creation, was the offspring of such ancient fall. To find out this truth of prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his suspicions then are, in the following scene. In this council, he proposes to Satan, now suddenly taken out of the deeps; the infernal pests there all in council.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our wo
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, how the Muse, on that sacred top
Of Orb or Seraph, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'n and Earth Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Sibyl's book, that flowed
Fast o'er the bosom of the world,
And in his word sagacious. Such too, thine
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart, and name,
Instruct me, for thou knowest; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sitst brooding on the vast abyss;
And mad'st it pregnant: what to me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence;
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n's hidden nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state
Favoured of Heaven so highly; to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
'Twixt the dear serpent, and the race, whose guile
Stir'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, when this prime price
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of vengeful angels, by whose own aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the Most High
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised inguious war in Heav'n, and battleounc'd,
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
Forlorn headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With woeful ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant's chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal man, he with his haughty crew
Came vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immaterial: but his doom
Reserved him to more woe; for now the thought
Both of loss happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his haughty eye
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation win and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round;
As one great furnace thame; and from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible.
Served only to discover sights of wo,
Regions of sorrow, doubtful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes.
That never to all earth but torture without end.
Still urge, and a fiery deluge, so;
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed;
Such place eternal Justice had prepared
For such rebellions, here their prison
In utter darkness, and their portion set.
As far removed from God and Light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the difference they feel!
Thus the companions of his fall, overwielded
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discourses; and wert'by his side
Of his next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Boazabub. To whom th' arch enemy,
And thence in heav'n called Satan, with bell word
Breaking the horrid silence thus began;
"If thou best he; but O how fall'n! how changed
From him, who, in the happy realms of light;
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads thought bright! The whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise.
Joined with me once, now nascency hath
In equal ruin! into what pit thou seest,
From what height fall'd; so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms! yet 'twas for those,
Nor what the potent victory in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repeat or change?
Thus changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from some of injured merit,
That with the mightiest raise me to contend,
And to the worst contemnment bring thou
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That dare disdain his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In front of his face, on the plains of heav'n,
And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost?
All is not lost; thou conqueror will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Whom from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
A dastardly slough, since, by fate, the strength of gods
And this empurpled essence can not fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms nor worse, in imitation may advance;
We may with more success hope to reign;
To reign, by force or guile, eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe.
Who now triumphs, and, in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heav'n.
So spake the mighty, and so spake the thunder,
With red lightning and impetuous rage.
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bow through the vast and boundless deep;
Let our upon occasion: whether o'er
Or solace fury, yield it from our foe.
Seest thou that dreary plain, forlorn and wild;
The sea of desolation, void of light.
Save what the glistening of these livid flames
Catch pale and dreadful? Whether let us turn
From off the toling of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there:
And, reverencing our afflicted souls,
Cure these our most official
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What recompense we may gain from hope;
If, not, what resolution from despair?
Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head split above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts beside
From the flood, extending long and large.
Yea, floating many a roof; in bulk as huge
As when the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
And now huge league, and mighty team
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created greatest that swim th'o' ocean stream;
High in the waves, and hugging the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small right-fondled ship
Drest on sea-effect, or, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scanty hold.
More heav'n and sea, less and less
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if we conquer (whom I now
Of force believe smitisth, since no less:
Then shall have conquered such force as ours
Have left us in this our spirit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffer; even in our triumphs,
Or do him mighty service as his thralls.
By right of war, what'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloom of night.
What can it avail, though yet we feel
Strength uniminished, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?"
Whereat with speedy words th' arch fiend replied;
"Fall not, Cephalon, the smallest ong
Dying or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do all our soul delight,
As being contrary to his high will
When we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of our unreasoning causes of evil
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fall not, and disturb
His utmost counsel from their destined aim.
But see! the angry voice
And the loud loud-mouth, and mighty power
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphurous hail

Shot after us in storm, o'czoldawn, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of this world, born from the wave, and the thunder,
With red lightning and impetuous rage.
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bow through the vast and boundless deep;
Let our upon occasion: whether o'er
Or solace fury, yield it from our foe.
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His utmost counsel from their destined aim.
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And the loud loud-mouth, and mighty power
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphurous hail

And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Of falling from Potosi, or the shattered side
Of thundering Etna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails thence conveying fire,
Sustained with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singing bondage all involved
With steam and smoke; such resting found the tale
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have warped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the suavitation of supernatural power.
"Is this the region, this the sea, the cliff,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so; since he
Who now is seven times can disperse and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals! Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells. Half, horror! half;
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new passenger! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind of man.
Can make a Heaven of hell, a hell of Heaven.
What matter where if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom I have found! That Heaven, or hell at least, we
Shall be free: the Almighty hath not laid
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choicest
To reign is worth all battles; future and present
Is gain, and he that struggles must be strong,
Bitter to reign in hell, than serve in Heaven!
But wherefore let us then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and companions of our loss,
To them we owe, in our extremest peril,
And call them not to share with us part our
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Reclaimed in Heaven; or what more lost in hell?
So shall we make, or lose, what we most prize;
Thus answered. "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have failed!
Or seen their voice, their jubilant-loud
Of hope in dangers, and vigorous heart so hot
In worst extremities, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when rigged, in all assails.
Their sure signal, they will soon resume
New courage, and now they lie
Grovelling and prostrated on yon lake of fire,
As we crowleth, astonomed and amazed;
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height.
He was a scorner, when the most beloved friend
Was moving toward the shore: his pontiff shrieked."
Eternal temper, nasy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast, the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Pisa.
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How small the force of gods, how small,
As stood like these, could ever know rapts?
For who can yet believe, though after lost,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
He gave, should boldness fail to recued,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunned.
By Phlegyas, who broke in mortal battle,
But he, who reigned
Monarch in heaven, then all as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent creation, and his royal state
For mild, but still his strength conceded,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we knew, and knew our
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked! our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force of good! that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his fee.
Space may produce new world, whereas so wide
The former a fame in heaven that he ere long
Intended, and will it; and we and all;
A generation, whom his choice regards
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven;
Thither, if but to try, shall be perhaps
Our first attempt; or else where;
For this infernal pit shall never
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover.
But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature; peace is depaupered;
For who can think submission? War then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved.
"She spake: and, to confirm his words, how
Mighty worlds his might incarnate, the light
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined: half: highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashing, and by the bounding shields the din of war,
Biting defiance toward the vails of heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grassy top
Bodched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a splendour, unfinished sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore.
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed
A numerous brigade hastened: as when bands
Of phonies, with pick-axe armed
Forsook the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them;
Mammon, the least erdited spirit that fell
From heaven: for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than might divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beauteous; by him first
Mere air, and by his suggestion taught,
Ranmaced the centre, and with impius hands
Rifled the bowls of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may feast
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those,
Each in his hierarchy and that stature
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Asonian land
Men called him Medebor; and how he fell
From Heaven, they fled; driven by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon fell back, from noon to dawnt evo,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Fled from the zenith like a falling star,
On Leontes' th' Egeon idae: thus they relate, Erring, for he with this rebellion sent
Fell long before; nor ought availed him now
'T hue built in heaven high towers; nor did he
By his engines, but was hand long sent
With his indusions crew to dwell in hell.
Meanwhile the winged heralds, by command
Of decrees, in a solemn and awful ceremony
And tempest's sound, throughout the best profane
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Parnassus, the high capitol.
Of Satan and his peers, their summons called
From every band and squarred regiment
By place or choice the world's best; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands troops came
To take the seats; and in success they
In arms, and at the soldan's chair
Died the best of Panion chieftains,
To mortal combat, or career with lance
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Blessed with the bliss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rakes,
Peer forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among flowers and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothest plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel
Now rubb'd with halm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thickly,
Swarm'd and were swarv'd; till the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant snow
Now less than smallest, driv'd on the narrow zone
The ring. Heaven seems like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belov'd pleasant seats,
Or drossy brooks, which lead the moon.
Sits arbiter, and nearer to the earth
She walks; their pride, in their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm their ears;
And to their joy with heart their rebounds;
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though, with the smiles of his alate hand.
Over the eternal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves.
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In those recesses and secret cavets out,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The constitution began, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven; some ad\vises it, others think, a most perilous attempt; and Michael, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy of tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creatures, or spirits, to be delivered to themselves, about that time to be created; their doubt shall be set on this difficult subject now. When the ghost like appearance of the angel is honored and applauded. The council thus ends, the rest besides theirs several ways, and to several engagements, to their institutions last them, to ascertain the time, till man return. He passeth his journey to hell gate, finds them shut, and who it is they guard them; where at length they open, and discover to him the great gate between hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passeth, directed by Choe, the power of that plain, to the sight of this new world which he saw.

He stands on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind;
Or where the gorgeous cast with richest hand
Shower'd on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted, by merit raised;
Thus thatTamuzence: and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope; aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain with Heaven; and by immense unaught
Painful immortals thus displayed.

"Powers and dominions, dwellers of Heaven!
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immutal yeal, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not Heaven for lost.
Of those desert
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than to no second fate.
And trust themselves to fear no second fall.
We are justly, right, and that God's laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Had been achieved of merit; yet this lost,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe uncovr'd throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Every from each infernal, and who here
Will every whom the highest places expose
Present to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and conduces to greatest share
Of endless pains? With whom is there no good
For which he dares, no stride can grow up there
From faction; for none ware shall claim in hell
Precedence: none, whose pordon is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitions ball
Will covet more. With this advantage then

BOOK II.

PARADISE LOST.

To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
Morn each time a guardian, now we return.
To claim our just inheritance of old.
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of good war or covert guide,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
He ceased; and next him Moloch, scorted king.

Standing, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in Heaven, now favour'd by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deird
Equal in strength, and rather than he less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lest.
Went all his favour, God, or hell, or worse.
He recked not, and those words thereafter spoke.

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexcept; I boast not: them let those
Contend which need, or whom they need, not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest
Millions that stand in arms, and, long, wait
The signal to second, at lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place.
Accept this open opprobrium den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose,
Arm'd with the flame and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistent way.
Turning our turrets into hurl'd arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his vengeful voice, we can behold
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horrid shot with equal rage.
Among his angels, and his throne itself
Mind with the sternest vengeance, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wings against a higher foe.
Let such be hindered, if the sleepy fames
Of that forgetful lake kumru not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fell
Thus, tho' justly, right, and the laws of Heaven,
First create your leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Had been achieved of merit; yet this lost,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe uncovr'd throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Every from each infernal, and who here
Will every whom the highest places expose
Present to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and conduces to greatest share
Of endless pains? With whom is there no good
For which he dares, no stride can grow up there
From faction; for none ware shall claim in hell
Precedence: none, whose pordon is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitions ball
Will covet more. With this advantage then
Devoid of sense and motion: and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry toe
Can give it, or will ever! how he can,
Is doubtful: that he never will, is sure.
Will be, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Redef through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish crimes? Wherefore scarce we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are, or counseled,
Reserved, and destined to eternal war;
Whatever doing, what can we do more?
What can we suffer now? Is this then worse?
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heaven's avenging thunders, and besought
This deep to cease? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was
Worse.
What the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
Awake, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermittant vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us! what if all
Her stones were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spew her cataclysms of fire,
Incredibly horrifing hideous fall,
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of wreaking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under a boiling ocean, wrap in chains;
There converse to everlasting groans,
Unresisted, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end! this would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades: for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's
height
All these our motions vain sees and deidades
Not more almighty to resist our might
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampl'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, or the law unjust
That so equal then was first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if they should fall, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure

Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our dooms; which if we can avoid and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much revest
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us, not offending satisfied.
With what is punished, we choose these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breast stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their notions vapour, or, indeed, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain.
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of forty days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst.
If we procure not to our cares more wo.

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth.
Not peace: and after him thus Maximon speake.
"Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right best - him to unthrone we then.
May hope, when once shall yield.
To tickle Chance, and Choice juggle the strick:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within a heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supple
We overpowers? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjuncions, with what could we stand
In his presence humble, and receive
Strict law's imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead song
Fore'd heads without, but those with fear
To guard, and to receive:
Our enjoin'd Sovereign, and his natural breath,
Ambrosial colors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings! This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight: how wearisome
Eternit'sy so spent, in worship paid,
To whom we have! Let us not pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather end.
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable preferring
Laid Liberty's air; while thus he spake.
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful heartful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soever
Thrive under evil and work ease out of pain

Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
This deed and dark both Heaven's all-ruining
Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Cover'd in throne; from whence deep thunder'd roar
Murthering their rage, and Heaven renews all's hell.
As he our darkness, can we not his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and that can Heaven show more?
Our view in length of time
Become the elements; those piercing fire
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finished, when such murmur fill'd
This assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had winded the sea, now with hoarse cadence
Seafaring men overwatch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnae, anchors in a raggy bay.
After the tempest: such applause was heard
And his whole sentence pleased,
Aiding peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this new empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Zeuxotheus perceived, than whom
Satan end'rd not, with great Aspect rise, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation set, and public care;
And pride; in his face yet shame
Nor Majestic thought in ruin: enrage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Draw audience and attention still as might
Or subject's mock'd air, while thus he spake.
"Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of Heaven,
Eternal virtues! or those titles now
Must we look with withering style; be called
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless: while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath
Doomed.
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new leagues
Banded against his fierce reformation
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, in sure
In height exalted, with a crown and robe
That will reign in majesty, and of his kingdom
Solo kind, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron scep'tre rule
Us here as with might and power, in Heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and held us fast
Irresparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafe or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted; and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed rebellion, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May repress his conquest, and least rejoice
In what we most in sufferings feel.
You will occasion new need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege.
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize there? in the vale
(If ancient and prophet fame in Heaven
Err not,) another world, the happy seat
Of some new rise exalted, about this time
To be created like us, though less endued
In power and excellence, but favoured more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Protracted among the Gods; and by an oath,
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confron'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or stature, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilely. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitror sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven
The panting habitats, or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their only guiding star
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy.
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his daring sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and fated lies.
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain enterprises" Thus Bedaloun
Plung'd his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence,
But from the author of all ill could spring
So deep a mute, to confound the race
Of mankind in both, and both with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
This glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those of earth, and joy
Spark'd in all their eyes, with full assent.
They vote: whereat his speech he thus resumes:
"We have ye judged, well ended long debate
Synd of gods! and like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seats; perhaps in view
Of these bright confines, whence, with neighbouring
arms
And opportune excision, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven, or else in some mid zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heavens fair light,
Secure, and in the shining region range.
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall
we send:
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with willing feet
The dark unhallowed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His smooth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indomitable wings,
Over vast and unfermous waters,
Upon the vast abrupt, or arise here
The happy isle? what strength, what art can this
Suffice, or that can carry him safe far
Through the strict entries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumstance, and we now no less
Choice of a voyage: for, on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope relying.
This said, he set; and expectation held
His look suspens, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous and treacherous path; but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts: and each
In another's countenance read his own dismay,
Anticipated: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardly as to profit or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved, thus spake.
"O great conqueror, that's the darkness dark
With reason hath deep silence and desolation
Seized us, though unsolden: long is the way,
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge covert of fire
Outrages his favour, immures us round
Ninfeads; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all access.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential, and swelling thistle next;
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown depth, we may with full assent
Than unknown dangers, and best escape;
But I shall ill become this throne, 0 peers!
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
With splendour, arm'd with power, if sought pro
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who dares to venture, or to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, where least may ease
And rest, and in what fear and trembling may
More tolerate: if there be no or charm
To repute, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermin now watch
Against a wanton foe, while I abroad,
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose
He from the throne, and ranged the church
Profound, lest, from this resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst they feared;
And so (in one) might he in its opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repast
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But that
Dreaded yet more! than adventure his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards them he bend,
With solemn reverence prone; and as a God
Exalt him equal to the highest in heaven;
Nor failed they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the spirits dam'd
Love all their virtue: lest bad men should boast
Their specks descending earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnished o'er with veil.
Thus when Aetherion, crowned with everlasting
With conquest, fell that 0' er his beauteous head,
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichias from the top of Ceta threw
Heaven's roundest star, into the wat'ry sea.
Others, more mild, retreated in a slow and still
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deed and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Fairest virtue took their beauteous head.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspected hell, and took with ravishment
That image of the earth, from which they issued:
Their song was sweet, and the words more sweet
(Pres on eloquence, soul, and charm the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high.
Of pleasures, foreknowledge, will, and folly.
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued than,
Of happiness and final misery.
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame;
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!
Yet with a pleasing solemnity could charm
Pain for a thrill of joy, and exciting
Pallacous hope, or arm with the lost breast.
With stubborn patience as with triple steel,
Another part in mazes and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal entrance, the entrance perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, among the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning state and being forges
Abhorred Styx, the food of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Occytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the mouth, yet rejoin'd;
Volscus, whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery length, whereof she drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets.
Forgets also grief, and pleasure, and pain.
Beyond this flood a fastening
Life dark and wild, and heap with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind, and the willows' shrill complaints:
Thaws not, but gathers hop, and ruin soaks
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
That patrolled Damocles and Antioch;
Where armies whole have sunk; the parching air
Burns froe, and cold perfumes the effect of fire.
Gathering, by harpy-footed furies hailed.
At certain revolutions, all the dammed
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.
Fronts with levis' fire, to starve in ice.
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, inflamed, and frozen round.
Periods of time, hence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethian sound.
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment.
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose.
In sweet forgetfulness.
All amoment, and so near the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt.
Medusa, with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and oft the woe-some sound
Alas! either to rise, or as it fell.
The lip of Tantalus. Thus rolling on
In confused march forthon, the adventu're bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes agast,
View'd first their inordinate lot, and found
No rest; through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region doleful,
O'er many a frozen, many a wavy Alp.
Rocks, coves, lakes, fons, boges, jens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good.
Woe, dear, the murderous, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, insufferable, and worse.
Than terrors yet begotten, or fear conceived;
Gorgonian, and Gorgonized sire.
Meanwhile the adversary of man and God,
Satun, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Put on evil's wing, and towards the gates of hell.
Explores his solitary flight, and there the least
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left.
Now shews with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery cloud tow'ring high.
As when in fierce war at season descried.
Hills in the clouds, the semblance of是一座冷
Close sailing from Bengal, or the sea.
Of Tartar and Tidore, whom merchants bring
Their spiny drugs; they, on their trading flood,
To visit the city Ethiopia, and sword
Fly steaming nightly towards the pole; so seem'd
Far off the flying cloud. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof.
And then-thickened the gates; three folds were
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconquered: before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The woman seized the waist, and fair,
But ended fowl in many a seamy fold.
So seeing of her middle round
Lenated, as her middle round
And bending, of her middle round
A cry of hell-bounds, never ceasing, barking
With wide Cerberus mouths full loud, and ruin.
Fall with us from on high: from then I go
This unclouded sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with honest steps to tread
Th' unbounded deep, and through the void immeasur'd.

To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by conjecturing signs, now seen
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pure air, and thercin there was placed
A pair of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed.

Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitudes,
Might hop to move new bounds: be this or that
Though the search is secret now designed, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return.
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the luxur air, embalmed
With odours; there ye shall be fed and filled
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased, and
Death
Grinned horribly a phantasy, to hear
His famine should be filled, and blow his new
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
From other regions, and thus bequeath her ar

The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heaven all powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adorning gates against all force
Death readily stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be overthrown by living might.
But what over I to his command above
Who hates me, and both thither thrust me down
Into the gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenborn,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With torments, with dimensions compassed round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gavest me; whom should I obey
In this place of Hell, but this very power
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as becometh
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, with his side the fatal key
Stoil instrument of all our wo, she took
And, towards the gate rolling her celestial train,
Fortified with the huge porcilli high up the
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could ever have moved: then in the keyhole
Turns
Th' intricate words, and every bolt and bar
Of mazy web, and rock with caws
Gnomefaces: on a sudden open fly
With ineptus recoil and jarring sound
Th' internal doors, and on their hinges grate

Harsh thunder: that lowest bottom sound
Of Erebus. She opened, but to shunt
Excited her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings he harnessed left
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass
Through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace made
Crest forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Brimoed, without bounds.
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are lost: when old Night
And Chaos, uncourser of Nature, hold
Eternal harmony, and to his chariot
Endorsed without, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce.
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embers alone; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Loosed to side with warring winds, and noise
Their lighter wings; and in these most abide
He rules a moment: Chaos sires, punishes,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns; next him high arbiter
Chaos 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 in their progeny causes mixed
Confusedly, and thus which must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordains
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the weary flood
Stood on the brink of hell, and looked a while,
Pondering his voyage: what, oh how to escape
He had to cross. Nor was her car less pleased
With noises loud and ominous (to compare
Great things with small) when, then Bello's
straying
With all her battering engines bent to rave
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her elevation
The deluge, that in his billow vast
He spread; for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spars the ground; thence many a league
As in a cloudy chariot, ascending rides
Ashdown. And when, south of the Aran oph, falling
Meets a vast vacancy: all unawares
Fluttering his pinions vane, pluming up down heavens
Ten thousand fathoms deep; and to this hour
Dawn had been falling, had not by ill chance

The strong reflux of: some tumultuous cloud,
Instantly he brawns the burning brow
As many miles aloft: that fiery stayed.
Queened in a bygone Sisyphus, neither sea
Nor dry land's: nigh found itself, on he forsook
Troubled to the heart; there too, he was
Half flying; behoves him now both ear and sail.
As when a gryphon, through the wilderness
With winged courses, over fowl or fiery mazes
Pounces the Aristarchus, might by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fires
Of bug, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or raw
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wanders, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal labyrinth
Of strata he; and此处 all confused,
Borne through the hollow dells, assailith his ear
With lowest vehemence: thither he flies,
Unmoored to meet whatsoever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss.
Might in that noise redound, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; where straight behold the slow,

Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep, with him enthroned
Sat sable vested, Night, eldest of things,
His monument of his reigns; and by them stood
Oreas and Erebus, each of a world.

Of Demogorgon, Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and, Confusion, all embolden,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

Followed, that, he makes; who, "Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night! I come no spy
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
And without guide, and without help,
Seeking where that path leads where your gloomy bounds

Confine with Heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th'other King
Possesses it; at avert
I travel this profound: direct my course;
Direct, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoud, if that I reign lost
All usurpation stripped: so to my way
Of her original darkness, and to my sway.

(Which is my present journey,) and once more
Extended the standard of ancient night;
You're in the advantage all, mine the revenge:
Thus Satan said; and his mastermind old.

With faltering speech and visage incomposed
Answered, "I know thee, stranger! who thou art,
That mighty guiding angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I now and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, root on root,
Torn this and that, and how the newest formed;
And Heaven gates indeed out forced by millions vincible
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can serve
That little which is left to so defend.
Enchained on still and strait and narrow
Upon my restless, with my restless chains.
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell.
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go, and speed
Have, and spoil, and ruin are my gains."
He ceased; and Satan did not reply, to
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renewed,
Springs upward, like a pyramidal fire,
Into the wild explosions, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Enraged, his way; harder, better,
And ever mounting, never an hour passed
Through Bosphorus, breath'd the joyful rocks
Or when Ulysses on the hardish shunned
Charity's, and by the other whirlipoor steered,
So in wond'rous labour and hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he;
But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Follow'd the track, such was the will of Heaven,
Paied after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamed endure a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell's confines, reaching the utmost orb
Of this vast world; by which the spirits perverse
Of easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.
But when last the sun was set,
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her fairest verge, and her pleasant seat
As from her utmost works a broken fee.
With tumult less, and with less hostile din;
That Satan with less tell, and now with care
Waits on the calmer wave by dulcet light,
And, like a weather-bound vessel, holds
Gladdly the port; though shrill and tackle torn;
Or in the empty waister, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empery, or else in wide
In circuit, indeterminate square or round
With open portals and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain.
This place had been whilst thematerials lay
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

BOOK III.

--- THE ARGUMENT ---

God, Milton's theme, on this same flaying towards this world, does now created; shows him to the Son, who sets at his right hand the glorious Son of man; in proving man's sin, proves his exaltation above all sinners in Heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him; and he side with the Father and the Son. And so the Son is called the Son of Vanity: what pretends and things by thy virtue: those come to the gate of Heaven, descried assuming by states, and the waters above the arch of the same: he finds there Enoch, the repent of that orb; but查看更多神的眼睛, the image of a man, the face of God, which had the place of his look; in the appearance of the face, which was enlighten-ED.

Chapter 1

The quality of light: the sun.

Chapter 2

The power of light: the moon.

Chapter 3

The nature of light: the stars.

Chapter 4

The reign of light: the day.

Chapter 5

The condition of light: the night.

Chapter 6

The use of light: the world.

Chapter 7

The abuse of light: the world.

Chapter 8

The glory of light: the sun.

Chapter 9

The darkness of light: the moon.

Chapter 10

The blindness of light: the stars.

Chapter 11

The blindness of light: the day.

Chapter 12

The blindness of light: the night.

Chapter 13

The blindness of light: the world.

Chapter 14

The blindness of light: the sun.

Chapter 15

The blindness of light: the moon.

Chapter 16

The blindness of light: the stars.

Chapter 17

The blindness of light: the day.

Chapter 18

The blindness of light: the night.

Chapter 19

The blindness of light: the world.

Chapter 20

The blindness of light: the sun.

Chapter 21

The blindness of light: the moon.

Chapter 22

The blindness of light: the stars.

Chapter 23

The blindness of light: the day.

Chapter 24

The blindness of light: the night.

Chapter 25

The blindness of light: the world.

Chapter 26

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The blindness of light: the world.

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The blindness of light: the stars.

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Chapter 97

The blindness of light: the world.

Chapter 98

The blindness of light: the sun.

Chapter 99

The blindness of light: the moon.

Chapter 100

The blindness of light: the stars.
MILTON'S WORKS

BOOK III.

GIVING TO DEATH, AND DYING TO REDEMPTION.

As good a day as ever I lived me in.

And so I leave thee, and all the earth,

The world was made for good, and I will do what I can to help it.

The whole race, of which I am a part, is to be redeemed through the sacrifice of Jesus.

The soul of man is a temple of God, and the body is the temple of the soul.

The world is a stage, and the soul is a spectre.

To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows.

And here the spirit, on the brink of death,

And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven

Rolls over Elysian flowers her amber stream:

Bind their resplendent locks incrusted with beams;

Now in low gushes thickly thrown all, the bright

Pavement, that like a sea of Jasper shine,

Impearl'd with celestial wreaths girt.

Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,

Harps ever tuned; that, glittering by their side,

Thereby quivers hung, and with preeambly sweet

Odors of charming symphonies.

Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;

No voice exempt, no voice but well could join

Melodious part, such concord in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sing, omnipotent,

Immutably, immortal, infinite,

Eternal King; the Author of all being,

Fountain of light, thyself invisible

And all the glorious brightness where thou sittest

Transcend'st all might in thine own green

The whole blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud

Drawn round about thee like a radiant shine

With excessive bright thy skirts appear,

Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest splendour

Approach not, but with both wings veil thy eyes.

Thee next they sung, of all creation first,

Begotten Son, divine similitude,

A whose conceptions cannot be, without end

Made visible, the Almighty Father is,

Whom else no creature can behold; on thee

Impressed the effulgence of his glory shines,

Transfixed on thee his ample spirit rests.

He Heaven of Heavens, and all the powers therein,

By thee created, and by thee throw down

The aspiring and the striving: thou that day

Thy Father dreadful did not spare,

Nor stop thy flaming chariots, which shook

Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks

The dreadful weight of warring angels disarrayed.

Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim

They thee exulted, Son of thy Father's might,

To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.

Not so on man; him, through their paltry fall

Father of mercy and grace, yet not did not doom

So strictly, but much more to pity inclined.

He, to appease thy wrath, and to the strife

Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,

Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat

Second to thee, offered himself to die.
For man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love so where to be found less than divine!
Hail, Son of God, Seer of all things, thou
Shall be the copious mother of my song.
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their lofty harps in joy and singing spent.
Meanwhile upon the firm empyreal globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
Their luminous inferior orbs, inclined
From Chaos to Elysium, Paradise
Of Chaos blurting round, inclement sky; saving on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glistening air, less vexed with tempest loud;
Here walked the fiends at larges in spacious field.
As when a vulture, on Imus bred,
Whose snowy viles the roving Tartar bounds,
Blazed from a region scarce of prey
To gage the flesh of lambs or yearling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the springs
Of Ganges, or Hysaphes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chimaera drive
With sails and wind their easy waggons light;
So, on this wintry sea of land, the fiend
Walked not with path a step in his pace;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless was found none.
Nay, yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like seriel vapours, a middle land
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity filled the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their faith hopes of glory or everlasting flame,
Or happiness of other life.
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty on their deeds.
All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,
Averte, monstrous, or unkindly mixed.
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till fiends return wandering here.
Not in the neigbriing moon, as some have dreamed:
Those argot fields more likely habitants,
Translating their words, hold.
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither, of ill-jointed sons and daughters born,
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit though then remonstrated:
The builders next of Babel on the plain.
Of Bemaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal would build:
Others came single: he who, to be described
A god, leaped familiy into Alma flames,
Empedocles; and he who, to enjoy
Plato's elysium, leaped into the sea.
Clemens leaped from earth, more twelve more too long.
Empyres, and Elysia, and last the fiend,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpeery
Here pilgrims roam, that stayed so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;
And their temple to the God of Darkness,
Dying put on the woods of Domino,
Or in Franciscan dead to pass disguised;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,
And crystal sphere, with the moving stars.
The trident talked, and that first moved;
And now saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blow them transverse ten thousand leagues away
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Crows, hawks, and hares, with their wearers tost
And fluttered into nays; then relieves, bends,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bull,
The sport of winds: all these, upwurled aloft,
Fly over the backside of the world far off
Into a limbo hunched, since called
The Paradise of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now uncymbled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he passed,
And long and time past a great deal
Of daylight light turned thitherward in haste
His travelled steps: far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificat
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high;
At top stover; but far more richly, appeared
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold Embellished; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth.
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as wherein Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending; bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Eean fled
To Padan-Aaran, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky.
And waking cried, "This is the gate of Heaven." 
Each stair was made of stone, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed
Of Jasper, or of liquid pearl; wherein
Who after outward view, from earth sailed
Arrived by angels, or flew over the line
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The flood by easy ascent, or aggravate
His and exclusion from the doors of bliss;
Of many a coloured planck, spoiling gold;  
His habit fit for speed attend'd, and bold  
Before his decent stops a silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheald, the angel bright;  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,  
Adorned by his ear, and straight was known  
The archangel Uriel, one of the seven  
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
Stand as ready at command, and are his eyes  
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the earth.

Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accepts.  
"Urie," he said, "in the seven spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art went his great authentic will Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,  
Where all his sons they embassy attend;  
And here art likewise by supreme decree  
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye  
To visit off this new creation round;  
Unsearchable desire to see and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his work so wondrous he ordain'd,  
Hath brought me from the choirs of cherubim  
Along this air, wondrous and wondrous bright.  
Behold in which of all these shining orbs hath man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell,  
That man may dwell him, and with secret gaze  
Or open admiration beheld,  
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;  
That both in him and all things, as he move,  
The universal Maker we may praise;  
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss  
Created this new happy race of men  
To serve their Maker, wise are all his ways."

So spake the false dissembler unpersuaded;  
For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invincible, God alone.  
By his permissive will, through Heaven and earth:  
And oft, with sudden wake suspension steep  
At wisdom's gates, and to simplicity  
Resigned, or the which his thoughts think nothing  
Where no ill seems: which now for once befriended Uriel,  
Though regent of the sun, and held  
The sharpest-eyed spirit of all in Heaven;  
Who for the most part impostor foul,  
In his uprightness, answer than returned.  
"Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify  
The great Workmaster, leads to no excess  
That reaches as much as he was wont at his praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee further  
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
Contested with report, hear only in Heaven:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know; and wanting to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight;  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Their number, or extend their infinite  
That brought them forth, but how it came so deep  
I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
This world's material mould, came to a heap:  
Confusion and confusion, and there being done some harm  
Adam or Eve sleeping; then they find him at the ear of Eve,  
Tempting her, to do what they cried him to, and bring him,  
Though unwilling, to Gabriel; by which, though evil, he most firmness,  
Passes resistance, but, blindingly, by a sign from Heaven, 
Flew off from Paradise.

O for that warning voice, which he saw  
That Apollyon heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
Then when the dragon, put to second root,  
Came furious down; who the revenged on men,  
By whome inhabitants on earth! that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been warned,  
The morrow of their secret foe, and scared  
Happily, so 'scape'd his mortal snare: for now  
Satan, now first inflamed with rage came down,  
The tempter is the accuser of mankind,  
To write on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that fair land, and his flight to hell;  
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Began his dire attempt, which, with the birth,  
Now news of man's fall, his tumultuous birth,  
And like a devilish engine back recoils  
Upon himself, horror and doubt distract  
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
The brazen walls of Paradise,  
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell  
One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair,  
That dimm'd, wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must to  
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue,  
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
Lay pleased; there he fix'd his eyes and  
Sometime towards Heaven and the full blazing sun,  
Which now est high in his meridian tower:  
Then, much revolving, thus in signs began—  
Of the two with surpassing glory crowned,  
Lookest from the side of orient, like the God  
Of this new world: at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,  
By thee the friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O Sun! to thee I bow mine humble thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell; how glorious once above thy sphere;  
Thus in and without ambition threw me down  
Warning, and through Heaven against Heaven against Heaven's unmatch'd King;

Ah! wherefore? he deserved no such return  
From me, whom he created what was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upheld none; nor was his service paid  
What could be less than to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks.  
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me  
Wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
I 'balanced' with admiration, even my step higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of gratitude,  
But burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
Forgotten what were my first concern  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By ows not, but still pays at once  
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?  
O had his powerful hand, and done  
Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
Then happy; so unbounded hope had raised  
Ambition! Yet why not one other power  
As great might have aspired, and me thought mean,  
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations armed.  
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?  
Then hadst; whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
But Heaven's free love deed equally to all?  
Be then that wise, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal war  
Nay, cured be thee; since against his will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rears  
Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and at once enlighten the light  
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me open wide,  
To which the hell I suffer as a Heaven  
O then at last rest: is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
None left but by submission; and that word  
Serves them for a depth of woe, and a name  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
With other promises and other vant  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
The One Omnipotent. Ay! me! little knew  
How dearly I valued, how I held a Heaven  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of hell.  
With disdain and sceptre high advanced,  
The lower still I fall, only exasperate  
In misery; such joy ambition finds.  
But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
By set of grace, my former state; how soon  
Would height and loft high hopes, how soon  
They would be reconciled, and peace.  
What followed submission awa? no worse would recount  
Vow made in pain, as violent and void:  
For never can true recompense grow  
Where sounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep,  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse.
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear 
Short intermission bought with double smart. 
This knows my Pandæbolus, therefore as far. 
From granting he, as I from begging peace: 
All hope excluded thus, behold, in stead 
Of us outset, exiled, his new delight, 
Mankind created, and for him this world. 
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear, 
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost; 
Evil, be thou my good! I by thee at least 
Didst heaven's King offend, and for him hold, 
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign; 
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know. 
Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his thoughts.

Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair; 
Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed 
His counterfeit, if any eye beheld. 
For heaven's minds from such distempers foul 
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware, 
Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm, 
Artificer of fraud, and was the first 
That practised falsehood under softly slow, 
Deep marks to conceal, concealed with revenge. 
Yet not enough had practised to deceive 
Uriel once warned; whose eye pursued him down 
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mound 
Saw him, not than could belie 
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce 
He marked, and mad demeanour, then alone, 
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen. 
So to the border comes 
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise, 
Now nearer crowns with her inclosure green, 
As with rural mound, the champion head 
Of a steep wildness, whose sandy sides 
With thicklet overgrown, grotesque and wild, 
Access denied; and over head up grew 
Imperious height of loftiest shade, 
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm 
A style, as the ranks around. 
Shade above shade, a woody theatre 
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops 
The verdurous wall of Paradise upspring: 
Whereof great grove gave privilege 
Into his nether empire neighbouring round. 
And higher than that wall a circled row 
Of goodliest trees, laden with fairest fruit, 
Branches and fruits of once golden hue, 
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed! 
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams 
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow, 
When God hath showered the earth: so lovely 
See the landscape: and of pure now purer air 
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires 
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales, 
Panning their odoriferous wings, dispense 
Native perfumes, and whisper whences they stole 
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail 
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 
Mozambeke, off sea northeast winds blow 
Sableean colours from the spacy shore 
Of Arab's bles: with such delay 
Well might theyslack their course, and many a league 
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles: 
So entertained those odorous sweets the fiend, 
Which rapt their brain, though with them better pleased 
Than Anomalous with the fiery fune 
That drove him, then enamoured, from the scene 
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 
From Medea post to Egypt, there fast bound. 
Now to th' aspect of that steep savage hill 
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow; 
But further way found none, so thick entwined, 
As one continued brake, the undergrowth 
Of shrubs and tangled bushes had perplexed 
All path of man or beast that passed that way: 
One gate three only was, and that locked east 
On th' other side: which when th' arch-sulphon saw, 
Due entrance he disdained, and, in contempt, 
At one slight bound high overleaped all bound 
Of hill and wall high shut about. 
Lights on his feet. As when a growing well, 
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey, 
Watching where serpents pen her flocks at ease. 
In hurled cotes amid the field secure, 
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold; 
Or as a thief, bent to unload the cash 
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial door, 
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault, 
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tile; 
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold; 
So since into his church law hinderings climb. 
Then to his temple, as to the tree of life, 
The middle tree and highest there that grew, 
Sat like a cornocrat; yet notrawn life 
Thereby regnated, but sat desiring death 
To them meat became but thought 
Of that life-giving plant, but only used 
For prospect, what, well used, had been the pledge 
Of immortality. So little knows 
Arv, but God alone, to value it. 
The good before him, but pervert best things 
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use. 
Beneath him with new wonder now he views, 
To all delight of human sense exposed, 
In narrow zone, where wealth, yea more, 
A Heaven on earth; for blissful Paradise 
Of God the garden was, by him in the east 
Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line 
From Auran eastward to the royal towers 
Of great Selene, built by Grecian kings, 
Or where the sons of Eden long before 
Dwelt in Teleassar: in this pleasant soil 
His favourite and God ordained; 
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow 
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste; 
And all amid them stood the tree of life, 
High sitting, blooming sapphire fruit 
Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 
Our death, the tree of knowledge grew fast, 
By knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill. 
Soward through Eden went a river large, 
Nor changed his course, but through the sluggish 
hill 
Passed underneath engulfed; for God had thrown 
That mountain as his garden mound high raised 
Upon the rape, and blooming Paradise 
Of pure earth, with kindly thirst updrawn, 
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill 
Watered the garden; thence united fell. 
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood. 
Which from his darksome passage now appears 
And now, divided into four main streams, 
Rises divotv, according many a famous realm 
And country, wherever he needs no account; 
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell, 
How from that saprophyte sown the crispèd brooks, 
Rolling on cernent pearl and sands of gold, 
With moisture white, and bottle about shades. 
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and saw 
Flowers, worthy of Paradise, which not alone Art 
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon 
Fulfilled, find here and dale and plain. 
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote 
The open field, and where the unpierced shade 
Enbrowned the moonbeams shining: thus was this place. 
A happy rural seat of various view; 
Groves whose rich trees west odorous gums and balm. 
Others whose fruit, furnished with golden rind, 
Hung amiable, Heropian fables true, 
If true, here only; and of delicious taste 
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and rocks 
Grasping their summit, were interposed, 
Or palmy hilltop; or the flowery lip 
Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 
Flowers of all hue, and without thou the rose: 
Another sort, ungraciously groves and caves 
Of cool recess, o'er which the murmuring vine 
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps 
Laxantian; meanwhile murmuring waters fall 
Down the high hills, dispersed; or in a lake; 
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned 
Her crystal mirror holds, uniting streams. 
The birds their choir apply; airs, verbal airs, 
Emitting the smell of field and grove, attune 
The tender zephyrs, while the universal Fair 
Knit with the Graces and the Hours, in dance 
Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field 
Of Enna, where Prosperine gathering flowers, 
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Das 
Was gathered, which cost Cerere all that pain 
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet 
grove 
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired 
Costanian spring, might with this Paradise 
Of Eden strive; but that Nysaean isle, 
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham, 
Whom Gentiles Ammon and Lybian Jove, 
Did not Amalthea, offspring of a river large, 
Nor changed his course, but through the sluggish 
hill 
Passed underneath engulfed; for God had thrown 
That mountain as his garden mound high raised 
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Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field
They sat them down; and, after no more toil of gardening than sober thought, to recommend cool sepa'y, and made ease
more easy, wholesome thirst and appitio
more grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
New guests, of which the complicated boughs
yielded them, side-long as they cast resolve.
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the mind
Still as they thirled scoop the streaming stream
No gentle purpose, nor enlarding smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as become.
Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial uplace
Alone as they. About them frisking played
All of this, since wild, and of all chase,
In wood or wildness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, opossums, pards
Camouflaged before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might and
wrought in his little prompto; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating itself with Gordian twist,
His braided train, and of his fatal wits.
Gave proof unfech'd; others on the grass
Couched, and, now filled with pasture, gazet ing set,
Or bedward rumina'ing; for the sun
Beneath, nor, now, nor, now with prime career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan, still in gaze, as first he stood,
Stood, when the fates failed speech: recovered sad
6 O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of another mould, earth-born perhaps
Nesires, 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 formed them on their shape hath
Ah, gentle pair! ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe,
More, wo, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue, and this high sent your Heaven
It sealed for Heaven to keep out such a foe.
As now is entered; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus farborn,
Though I unipted: league with you I seek
And mutual unity, so straight, so close,
That I will dye, 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,
The earth shall not be all, 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, and to the rushing soul
On you who wrong me not, for him who wronged.
And should I at your heartless inmemence
Melt as I do, yet pubico reason just,
Henceforth, as earth with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, command me now
To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.
So make the florid, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, exceeds this wondrous scene:
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sporting herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now of all empire with revenge enlarged;
Nearer to view his prey, and unsuspect
To mark what of their state he more might learn,
By word or action unblushd: about them round
A lion now he stales with fiery glare,
Then as a tyger, who by chance hath spied
In some parsley two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close, then, rising, changes off
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
When noxious might as soon seize them here
Gripped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,
Turned him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.
"So faraway and hard of heart, and now
With prattle, and talk, and much checqued speech recovered sad
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he had need: he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, 'of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So varous, not to taste that only tree
Of Eve's province, nor yet the apple, nor with me
Whereon her image; him thou shalt enjoy,
Inapposable thine, to him shall bear
Multiples like thyself, and these be called
Mother of human race,
That could I do, but follow straight, invisibly led?
Tell I espied thee, fair and indeed to
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amainly mild
Than that smooth watery ample: back I turned;
Thou following criedst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,
Whom flest thou; whom thou flest, of him thou art
His flesh, his bones: to give thee living,
I went Out of my side to thee nearest my heart;
Substantial life, to have thee by my side.
Henceforth an immortal adorant love
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other part? With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time saw
How beauty is excelled by manly grace,
And wisdom, where alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction, unreproued,
And more than ever, half-embracing leaned
On our first floor of the livid, dwell ing breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he, in delight
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregnates the clouds
The Merry May flowers, and pressed her matron lip
With kisses pure: naide the devil turned
For envy, yet with jealous eye malign
Evil, came assaunce; and to himself thus plaine,
Both of her beauty and sublimous charms
9 "Sight hateful, sight tormenting thus these two,
Impaled in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall you enjoy all these:
Of bliss on bliss; while I to hell am thrust.
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Least of all torments, with pain of longings jarring.
Yet let me not forget what I have gett
From their own mouths: all is not thence, it seems,
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge called.
Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, resondants. Why should their Lord
Enrave them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whercum to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excrave their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
All their apprehensions, as of all these?
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die; what likensure can do?
Death! and the narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and all no more to enjoy,
A chance but chance may lead where I may need
Some searching spirit of Heaven by fountain side
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learned. Live whilst ye may
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return.
Short pleasure, for the tree of knowledge pursue'd."
So saying, his proude step he sorceunr turned,
But with sly circumspect, and began,
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale,
his room.
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With searth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended; and with right aspect
Against the sidestream gay of Paradise
Levelled his evening ray; it was a rock
Of sablaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhangs
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Bestrew with those rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night.
Alas! how exercised those heroic games.
The unarm'd youth of Heaven, but night at hand
When Adam this to Eve. "Fair consort, the
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God has set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep.
Now falling with soft strow-like weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which depletes his dignity.
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways:
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-cease, or cease to daybreak, the east
With first approach of night, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour to return.
You flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches evergreen;
That mock our scanty meaning, and require
More hands than ears to log their wanion growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unlighted and unseemly,
Ask tidings, if we mean to tread such ease:
Meanwhile, as Nature milds, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned.
"My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unequaled joy!"
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise
With thee converseing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change; all pleae slake.
Sweet is the breath of her rising sweet;
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glittering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird; and this fair moon.
And those the genes of night, her steady train:
But neither breath of moon, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glittering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
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On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glittering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
Forth issuing at the accosted hour, stood armed
To their right watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

"Uziel, half these draw off, and count the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle spirits he called
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:

"Ascribed and Zephon, with winged speed
Scorch through this garden, leave unsearched, no mock
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
Their eyes fixed on the sun's descent arrived
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) on caped
The bar of hell, on earnest bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seize fast and let him bring."

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought; him there they found

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them sue
Thrice, as he said, and deeper, than plants and dreams; Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirit, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breezes from rivers pure, these rife At least disturbed, disordered, thoughts, vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires, Bobaw up with high conceits engendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touched gently; for no falsehood can correct
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discovered and surprised. As when a spark Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the ax, and with a store, by his gait
Against a renowned war, the smitten gun
With sudden blush diffused, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back step those two fair angels, half amazed So sudden to behold the grisy king;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.

"Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to Hell
Comes next, that escape thine prison, and transformed\nWhy est thou like an enemy in war,
Here watching at the head of that sleep?"

"Know ye not them," said Satan, filled with scorn.

"Know ye not me? ye know me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar;
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your hosts. If you know me, With all your fiends, and impious begin.
Your message, like to end as much in vain?"

To whom thus Zephon, answering so

"Think not, revoluted spirit, thy shape the same,
Or diminished brightness to be known.
As when thou stoodst in Heavens upright and pure,
Thy grace, thy beauty, power, and gifts the same,
That glory then, when thou no more wast good
Departed from thee; and thou resembledst now
Thy sin and place of doom, obscure and foul.
And coarse for, thou be, shall give account
To whom we stood, whose charge it is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm."

So spake the cherub, and this grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible this year's success, and wit object
His will who bounds us? let him turn back.
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark furnace: thus much was asked
The rest is true, they found me where they say,
But that implies not violence or harm."

Thus he in scorn.
The warlike angel, moved,
Dissipate half smiling, thus replied.

"O lemon grass in Heaven to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison secaed
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise.
Or not, which proceeds him either
Unlicensed, from his bounds in hell proscribed;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain,
However, and to escape his punishment!"

So judge he still on earth captives! till the wrath
Which thou incurrest by flying meet thy flight.
Sevenfold, and secure that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal any infirmity.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or than thou lay
Hastily to whose breath, is mine?"

The first in flight from pain! hadst thou then alleged
To thy deserted host came estates of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

"To whom the fiend thus answered, frowning stern.

"Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel! well thou knowest I stood
My foremost, when in battle to thy aid
The blustering rolled thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy call not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behooves,
From hard successes past, a faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried:
I therefore, I soon began to look
To wing the desire of that which to me
This new created world, wherof in hell
False is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers

To set thee here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to thy once more
What thou and thy gallant against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne
And practised distresses to enrage, not fight.
To whom the warring angel thus replied

"To say and straight unsey, pretending first
To fly to pain professing next the spy,
Argues no less but a liar traced,
Satan, and thou mightst change is name? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of sends, fit body to fit head.
Wherefore standst thou with thy bloody hand engaged
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now would seem
Patriom of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawed, and cringed, and servily adore
Heaven's awful Monarch! wherfore, but in hope
To dispossession, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I prepared thee now, assured
Fly thou whence thou fledst? if from his hour
Within these hallowed limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chained,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to soar
The faction gates of sin to strive or fly?
So threatened he: but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, replied.

Then when I gave thee captious talk of chains,
Provoked to arms, and not to hear,
Far heavier loud thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Rode on thy wings, and thou with thy companions,
Used to the toil, devised his triumphant wheels
In progress through the round of heaven star-paved."

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery red, sharpening in morned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bords
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Swena them, the careful ploughman doubtless stands,
Leant on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Press cradled. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
Collecting all his might, dilated steele,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd:
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Starr horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seemed both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued, not only Paradise
In this connection, but the starry cope
Of Heaven's glory; perhaps, had it in view
Least had he gone to wrack, disturbed and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Having forth in Heaven his golden scales; yet seen  
Blest Archangels and the seraphic throng,  
Wherein all things created first he weighed,  
The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
And on these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of flight;  
The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam;  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend.  
So wanted he thy strength, and thou knewest  
Neithor our own, but given: what folly then  
To boast what arms can do: since thine no more  
Than Heaven's rank, nor rains, though double now  
To trample thee as nare: for proof look up,  
And read thy lot in ye celestial sign,  
Where thou art weighed, and shown how light  
If thou resist." The fiend looked up, and knew  
His mounted soul aloft; nor more; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him flew the shades of night.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Morning approaches, Eve resolves to Adams her troublesome dream; she vies it not, yet comforts him: she comes forth to divine her to the morning by the door of their bower. God, to render man inaccessible, made Raphael to address him of his obedience, of his tree of knowledge, and why his enemy, and what ever else may suit Adam know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; being discovered by Adamo, he now turns to him, addressing him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minifies Adam of his state and of his enemy; returns to Adams request, who said to him, and how now he was beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the cause thereof; how he drew his legs behind his paws, and there laid them there, and went on, presenting all but Aletso a seraph, who in argument disputes and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn, her rose steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam went, so customed: for his sleep  
Was sly light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound  
Of leaves and funding rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill maid song  
Of birds on every bough: so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwaked Eve  
With tossing composed, and glowing cheek.  
As though at quiet rest; on his side  
Leaning half raised, with looks of comical love  
Hung over her enamoured, and beheld

Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar grace; then with voice mild,  
As when Zephyrus on Flora-breathes,  
Her soft hand softouching, whispered thus.  "Awake,  
My dearest, my espoused, my latest found!  
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!  
Adam: the morning shineth, and the fresh field  
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended plants, how blows the easter grove,  
What drops the myrt, and what the balmy reed,  
Sits on the blosom extracting liquid sweet.  "

Such whispering waked her; but with started eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.  
"O fiend, discovering all the rest  
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
Locally they bowed adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
In various style; for neither various style  
Nor holy raptures wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung

So much to frame, find I, that all the rest  
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
Locally they bowed adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
In various style; for neither various style  
Nor holy raptures wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung

Unmediated; such prompt eloquence  
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse  
More tuneful than when needed hare or harp  
To add more sweetness: and they thus began.  "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty! shine this universal frame  
Thus splendidly as in the first, and with that same  
Unrivalled, who sit above these Heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest worships: yet these declare  
The glory of the Maker: thy works, of which  
Thy holy raptures, and thy sacred song,  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And sigral symphonies, dawn without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing: ye in Heaven,  
On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
His first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Sure pledge of day, that crown's the smiling morn  
With thy bright cirque, praise him in thy plane,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime  
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy Maker, praise his praise;  
And of fair plan, said he, with fruit suffraged,  
Designs none to ease thy loud and taste thy sweet,  
Nor God, nor man? is knowledge so despised?  
Or envy, or what reason might not be?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offered good, why else set here?  
This said, he passed not, but with venous arm  
He plucked, he tasted; me dumb horror chilled  
As much as with a dead so cold:  
But he thus overjoyed.  "O fruit divine,  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crop  
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For gods, yet able to make gods of men!  
And why not gods of men, since good, the more

Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The heart and mouth with lessening stars; but honoured more!  
Here happy creation! and to thee,  
Parakto thus also; happy though thou art,  
Haplier thou mayest be, worthier cannot be:  
Take this, and be henceforth among the gods  
 Thyself, and no mortal; but  
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see  
What life the gods live there, and such live thou!  
So nesting, he drew nigh, and said to me held  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
Which he had plucked; the pleasant savour ned  
So quick, appeased appetite, that, meenthought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The earth outstretched immense; a prospect wide  
And various: wondering at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation; suddenly  
My guide was gone, and I, meenthought sunk down,  
And fell asleep; but O how glad I waked  
To find this but a dream? Thus Eve her night  
Related, and thus Adam answered said.  "

"Best image of myself, and dearest half,  
The troubles of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally as I can like  
This uncouth dream, of evil spring; I fear  
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
Created pure. But know, that in the soul  
Are many faculties, that serve,  
Reason as chief, and round it, virtue,  
Reason as chief, and round it, virtue,  
Her office holds: of all external things,  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms in imagination shapes,  
Which reason, joining or disjoining, forms  
All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion; then returns  
Into her private cell when nature rests.  
Or in her absence mimic folly wakes  
To imitate her; but, misjudging shapes,  
Wild work produces, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Some things methinks, I find  
Of last evening's talk, in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange; yet be not sad  
Evil into the mind of God or man  
May come by nature, or by man's own sin,  
No spot or blame belonging to him which gives me hope,  
That in what thee didst adore to shew,  
Waking thee never will consent to do,  
Be not displeased thou, nor cloud those looks,  
That want to be preserved; but to thy praise,  
Than when fairest morning first smiles on the world;  
And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,  
That open these channel of od. beams of smell,  
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."
Ye vines and exhalations, that now rise.
From fruits, swarming bees, drowsy or gray.
Till the sun paint thy dewy shirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise:
Whether to deck with clouds the unclouded sky,
Or yet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines.
With every plant in sign of worship wave.

Raphael, the celestial spirit, that designed
To travel with Tobiah, and secured
His parts, when his sister was wedded maid.
"Raphael," said he, "thou nearest what sit on earth
Satian from hell escaped through the darkness gulf.

Nay raised in Paradise, and how disturbed
This right the human pair; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
So, therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou findest him from the heat of noon retired,
To regale his day labour with repast,
Or with repose; and each discourse bring on
As may advise him of his happy state.

Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whereas warm to beware
His will is weak; whilst in subjection
His danger, and from whom; what cunning,
Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from state of bliss;
Why violence, no, for that shall be his wisdom;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprise can break, and unknown.
So spake the eternal Father andFullfilled

All justice: nor delayed the winged saint
After his charge received: but from among
Thousands and countless archers, where he stood
Welde with his gorgeous weapons, up springing light,

Flew through the midst of Heaven; th' angelic choir,
On each parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heaven arrived, the gate opened wide;
On golden hinges turning; as by work
Divine the sovereign architect had framed.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small he sees,
Not un conformity to other shining things
Earth, and the garden of God, with colors crowned
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes

Imagined hands and regions in the moon;
Or paths, from amidst the Cyclopes
The earth and heavens, and the everlasting stars
A cloudy spot. Down this sheer in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing.

Now on the polar winds, then with quick fun
Winnows the bauxem air; till, within a roar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he scorns
Phaian, geazed by all as that sole bird
Whence, when to enbrace his relapses in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egypt Thies he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lightens, and to his proper shape returns

A seraph winged vow, to, to shadoe
His Elements divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a stary zodiac, to adorn
Skirted his loin and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in Heaven; the third his feet
Shadowed from either side, with feathered mail,
Sly-touched grain. Like Mab's son he stood
And shook his plumes, that Heavenly fragrance filled

The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the hands
Of angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honour rise;
For on some message they guessed he bound.
Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh.
And flowering colours, cassia, mand, and balm;
Milton's Works.  Book V.

Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou art happy, owe it more to thyself.
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee; be advised.
God made thee, perfect, not immutable;
And gave thee, that, but to preserve
He left it in thy power; ordained thy will
By nature free, not overrul'd by fate
Intractable, or strict necessity;
Our voluntary acts of sin
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
With all, or who but what they must
By desire, and can not be chosen?
Myself and all the angelic host, that stand
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds
On other sary none, freely we serve
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
And so from Heaven to deepest hell; O full
From what high state of bliss into what we?
To whom our great progenitor.
Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine inspired, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Air of music; nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we love to love
Our Maker, and obey him; whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assured me, and still assure: tho' what you tell
Both passed in Heaven, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if you consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of episodion here to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Hath finished half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heaven.
Thus Adam made request; and, Raphael,
After a while assizes, thus began.
High matter then enjoined me, O prince of men.
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
To human sense the invisible exploits
Of warring spirit, and resistless, without sense;
The ruin of so many glorious ones,
And perfect while they stood! how, last, unford
The events of another world, perhaps
Not heard of, even by thy good
This is dispens'd; and what summons the reach
Of human sense, I shall deject me
By like life, and spirit to corrig'd forms
As many as may; though what if earth
But the shadow of Heaven, and things there
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought:
A set this world was not, and Chaos wild
Raised where these Heavens now roll, where earth

Paradise Lost.

Upon her course poised: when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future,) on such a day
As Heaven's great year brings forth, the emp'yral
host
Of angels, by imperial summons called
Immortal, before the throne of the great
Forvith, from all the ends of Heaven appeared
Under their hierarchies in order bright:
Ten thousand thousand enigmas high advanced,
Standards, and guadinone's. over, and rear
Stand in the solemn order of the stars
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tresses bear embellished
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus, when, in orbe
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss inomitted the Son
Anbode, as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

"Hear, all ye angels, prophecy of light,
Thrones, dominations, principoses, virtues, powers,
Of the holy, and incorruptible soul.
Hear my word, which uncorrupted shall stand.
This is I have heard, and in mine own
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by my power now shall I him bow
All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great vicegerent reign a bride
United as one individual soul,
For ever happy: him who disobey,
Me disobey, breaks union, and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulp'd, his place
Oblivion without; his sin, which hath
Untimely, not by a man's words
All seemed well pleased; all seemed, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
Of planets and of fixed in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, maze intricate,
Occur, intertwine, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ears
Lies delighted. Evening now approached
(For we have also our evening and our morn,
Our days for change delectable, not need.)
Forweth from dance to sweet repeat they turn
Odes, all in close couple; all in close;
Tables are set, and on a sudden plate
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows

To enter, and these earthy fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accept so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seeming
At Heaven's high feast to have fed: yet what compare
To whom the winged hierarch replied:
"O Ablum, on whom Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him returns;
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all.
Endued with pleasure of all kinds and degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refined, more spiritual, and pure,
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending
Each in his own species divine spheres assigned.
 Till body, up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportioned to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaf
More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirts odious breathes: flowers and their fruit.
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding: whose the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being.
Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is often, very nearly; to object, to object;
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you.
To propose substance come, when men
With angels may partake, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from these corporeal nutrments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by trade of time, and winged ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Therefore a while to pass I yet for you;
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the patriarch of mankind replied.
"O favourable spirits, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From coarsest to finest, whereon
In contemplations of created things,
By steps we might ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, 'If ye be found
With evil hearts, and by obedience then
To him, or possibly his love lost;
Who formed us from the dust, and placed us here
Fall to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?
To whom the angel, 'God of Heaven and earth

"Thus answered the angel: 'God of Heaven and Earth
In pearl, in diamond, and massy steel.
For fruit of delicate vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flowers reposed, and with fresh flow'rs sweet crowned,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet.
Quaff immortality and joy, secure.
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds.
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who showered
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exalted
From that high mount of God, wisdom light and mild.
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd!
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil,) and roseate dews dispell'd
All but the sleepless eye of God to rest;
Wide o'er all the plain, and wider far.
Than all this globose earth in plain outspread
(Such are the courts of God,) the angelic though,
Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden reared,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept.
Fanned with cool winds; save those who in their coign
Melodious hymns about the sovereign throne
Alternate all night long; but not so wak'd
Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heaven; he of the first,
If not the first archangel, great in power.
In favour and pre-emincence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of that day
Honoured by his great Father, and proclaimed
Messiah King anointed, could not bear,
Through pride, that sight, and thought himself
impaired.
Deep malice these conceiving, and disdain
Sorrows as more as on the dusky hour
Friendships to sleep and silence, he resolved.
With all his legions to dispute, and leave
Unsworned, unshaded, the throne supreme,
Contemptuous, and his sect subornate.
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake.
"Sleepeth thou, companion dear, what sleep doth close?
Thy eyes open? and remember what degree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the line
Of Heaven's Almighty. Thus to me thought it may
Was wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dismount? Now laws thou needst impose.
Now laws from him who reigns, now minds may mis
In us who serve, new councils, to debate
What doth not wrong: move this place
To utter is not safe. Asssemble thou.
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief.
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud descended to the waste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fare entertainment to our King,
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedeth through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphal, and give laws.
"So spake the King to archangel, and infused
Bod influence into the many host
Of his associate; he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him reign; tell, as he was taught,
That, in his eyes, with his sweet view,
Now ere dim night had disencumbered Heaven,
The great hierarch standard was to move:
Tells the suggested cause, and cants between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or tant integrity: but all obeyed
The wondrous signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate: for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heaven:
His countenance as the morning star that guides
The stary flock, allured, and with less
Drift him who the third part of Heaven's host.
Meanwhile the angel, whose sight discerns
Abstracted thoughts, from his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising; saw in whom, how spread
Amongst them of great multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree,
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said.
"Son, then in whom my glory I behold
In full resplence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerneth us to see
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of old or empire, such a sea
Is cast, with all the principles of his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try,
In battle, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, lest unwares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill;
To-day and to-morrow, shine with all the
Luminous and ineffable beams.
Made answer. "Mighty Father, thus thy foes
Justly hast in desolation, and secure,
Laughter at their vain designs and tumultuous war,
Matter to me of glory, in their latter
Illustrated; when they see all regal power
Given to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dexterous to subdue
Thy rebels, or he founds not his grace in Heaven.
So spake the Son; but Satan with powers

Far was advanced on winged speed; an host
Immortal, with the stars of night;
Or stars of morning, new flowers, which the sun
Imparts on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass, the mighty regencies
Of chariots, and potentates, and thrones,
In these efforts to which all
All thy dominions, Adam, is no more.
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire grotto
Skeptosized into fountains; which having passed,
At length into the limits of the north,
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mountain, to high and bounding towers
From diamond quarries heaven, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted,) which not long after be,
Afflicting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of heaven.
The Mountain of the Congregation called:
For thitber he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded, to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to the most august art
Of counterfeiting truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, dominations, princecesses, virtues,
If these magnificent titles yet remain
Not merely titular, but so
Another now hath himself engrossed
All power and sway, under the name
Of Messiah anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here;
This only consult to how we may best,
With which way we might be devised of honours now,
Receive him coming, to receive from us
Kneebent tributes yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endured,
To one and to his image now proclaimed but
What part what might erect.
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The ample knee? ye shall, if you will, to trust
To know thy right, or ye know yourseft
Natives and sons of Heaven possessed before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Far not with equal, but very consist;
Who can in reason, then, or by will, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendour less,
In freedom greater, or can introduce
Law and edict on all; that without law
Err not much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to the abuse

Of these imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordained to govern, not to serve.
"For thus be his bold and triumphant face
Control Had audience; when among the seraphim
Abel, than whom none more zealous cared
The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,
Stood up, and, in a flame of zeal severe,
The current of his fury thus opposed.
"O argument blasphemous, false, and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven
Expected, least of all those of right
In place there, on so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
And all the power and glory thereof
With regal sceptre, every son in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King, thou sayest, Flate unjust, to bind with laws the free
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and formed the powers of Heaven
Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good we are, we knew how unjust,
How provident he is; how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near
United. But in what manner may
That equal over equals monarchy reign?
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou command,
Or all angelic nature joined in one,
Equally, and without dispute,
As by his word, the mighty Father made
All things; even thee: and all the spirits of Heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Confronted with his glory, and to their glory impaned
Thrones, dominions, princedoms, a great powers, essences, powers,
Essential powers; nor by his reign obscured,
But more illustrious made: since he, the head
One of our number this reduced becomes;
His laws to bear, all bow to him done
Returns our own. Cease; then this impiety reigns,
And tempt not these: but hasten to apprise
The incensed Father, and the incensed Son;
Who pardon may be found, in time besought;
"So spake the fervent angel; and now
None seconded, as of season judged,
Or singular and rash; whereat rejoiced
The apostate, the more exulting time replied.
"That we were formed then, sayest thou? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferred
From father to his Son strange point and new.
Doctri ne that we would know whence learned; who saw
When this creation was! I remember'd thou
Thy name was not the Maker gave thee being;
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, selfbegot, self-raised
By our own quickening power, when fatal cause
Had circled his full orbit, the birth nature
Of this our native Heaven, eternal son.

Our puissance is our own; our right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal; then shalt behold
Wretched we are, and yet we are intent on
Address, and to beg the almighty throne
Beseeching or beseeching. This report,
These things, carry to the mounted King;
And fly, reveal expect thy flight.

He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hearse murmur echoed to his words applause
Through the infinite host; nor less for that
The flaming spear, fearless though alone
Encompas'd round with foes, thus answered bold.

"O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
Forseen of all good! see thy fall
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
In this pernicious contest, confrest and spread
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's most holy, those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd: other desires
Against thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break.

This in the discomfiture thou didst advise;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Inviolable, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish thee, nor can I feel
His thunder on thy head, devoursing fire.

Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncure thee thou shalt know?"

"So sing the seraphs, Abdiel, faithful found
Among the immemorable, true, immemorable
Among the immemorable, false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unexcited, untrifurried,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor succumb, not for example, with him brought
To swear from truth, or change his constant mind.

Though single. From amist them forth he passed,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sust
SUPREME,
Superior, nor of violence feared aught;
And with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On these proud towers to disturb destruction bom."

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT

Regained continuous valour how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first
Right described: Satan and his powers ruin under night: he calls a council, invades and overcomes, which, in the second
Fights, put Michael and his angels to savage disorder; but they arise to the help of Michael, and by the power of God and strength of Michael and
Their number, and in the third day, and to bring all to victory:
Satan, and his host, to mediocrity. The power of Michael is described;
He comes in the name of God, and all the universe. The number of Michael and his angels:
With their angelic power. The description of Michael and his angels:
And their number, and the number round them, and their power. The description of Michael and his angels:
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And their number, and the number round them, and their power. The description of Michael and his angels:
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Soon the mightiest quelled the battle
With many an inward groan: deformed rest
Entered, and fatal disorder; all the ground
With shivered armour groaned, and on a heap
Chambered and carcase lay overturned,
And fiery foaming serpents, what a scene
O'er wertied, through the faint Tartan host,
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised,
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain,
Fled such a fell uproar by sin's discord:
By sin of disobedience; till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise the inviolable saints,
In man, in angel, advanced entire.
Invulnerable, insensible to pain;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinned,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unconquered, unbroken to be pained
By wound, though from their place by violence moved.

"Now night her course began, and over Heaven
Inclining darkness, grateful truce imposed,
And silence on the odious din of war.
Under her covertly both retired,
Victor and vanquish'd: on the fought field
Minds of profane prevailed.
Encamp'd, placed in guard their watchful rounds,
Cherubic waving fires: on the other part,
Satan with his rebellions disappeared.
Far in the distant regions, wheel of light,
His potentate was placed, and soon
called by night,
And in the midst thus undream'dy begun.

"O now in danger tried, now known in arms
Not to be overpowered, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence! but, what we more affect;
Hope, dignity, glory, and renown;
Who have sustained one day in doubtfull fight
Through many a day, why not eternal days?"
What Heaven's Lord had power fullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judged
Sufficient to subdue to his will,
But not to rush us; for it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though ill now
Omniscent thought. True is, less firmly armed,
Some disadvantage we endured and pain,
Till now unknown, known, but, known, as soon condescend;
Since now we find this our empeiral form
Incable of mortal injury,
Impeasurable, and thought pierced with wound,
Save when we lay by our venomous head.
Of evil then so small, as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent; when next we meet,
May serve to us, and worse our foes.
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none; if other hidden cause
Leaves them not, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.'

"Ele salt; and in the assembly next upright
Nymphs, of the principalities the prime:
As one he stood escaped from cruel flight,
Store toled, his riven arms to heaven bow'd,
And cloudily in aspect thus answering space,
'Deliver from new lords, leader to free
Employment of our inaccessible lands
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpierced, Impassive; from evil
Rain must make对我们 solid, and earthy frail
Value or strength, though matchless, quelled with pain
Which all subdue, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiness? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
Not less than what we owe.'

'Wherefor to look composed Satan replied,
'Not uninvited, that which thou art
Believ'st so main to our successes, I bring
Which we might obtain, or to the bright
Or e'er this eous mould whereas we stand,
This continent of eous Heaven, adorned
With plant, fruit, flower, amboavious, gems, and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spirituous and fiery spume, till, touched
With Heaven's ray, and temperd, they shook forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?'
These in their dark nativite the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollows, long and round
Thick rammed, at the other born with touch of fire
Destitute and infrangible, shall send forth
From far, with thunderous noise, among our foes.
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have discern'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour; yet erst dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joined
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.'

"He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlightened, and their languished hope revived.
'Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be the inventor missed; so easy it seemed
Out of which, yet unford, most would have thought
Impossible: yet, haply, of thy race
In future days, if makes should abound,
Some one, or more inspired
With devilish mechanism, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men.
For sin, on war, and mutual slaughter bent.
Fear's with from council to the work they flew;
For none arising stood; incomparably hard
Were ready; in a moment up they turned
While the celestial soil, and saw beneath
The originals of nature in their crude
Conception: sulphurous, or scarce
Swerved, they found, mingled, and with subtle art,
Concocted, and adjusted, they reduced
To blackest grains, and into store conveyed:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to find their engines and their balls
Of massive ruin; part incentive red
Provide, permission with one touch to fire.
So all, ere dayspring, under conscious night,
Secret they finished, and in order set,
With silent circumvention, unespied.
Now when fair mor orient in Heaven appeared,
Uprose, rose the victor angels, and arms
The main trumpet sang; in arms they stood
Of golden plate, and hero's boast.
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look round, and scouts each coast light armed search,
Each quarter to discover the distant far
Where lodg'd, or whether fled, or for fight
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But from barbed, or cape, or swiftfald sail.
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftwinged,
Came flying, and in mid air about thus cried.
Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom flesh we thought; will save us long pursuit
This day: so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His advancement coach gird on well, and each
Fit well his helm, grape fast his orbed shield,
Borne eva's or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture right, no drizzling shower,
But rul'd storms of arrows barbed with fire.'
So warned them, aware themselves, and soon
In order quit of all impediment
Instant without disturb their take arm,
And onward impetuously; when, behold!
Not distant far, with all their haste...
Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow chasm
Training his devilish engine, impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
In their host: the side, the front..
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Brought them, and the neighboring hills uplifted;
So hills amid the air encountered hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with impetuous force, to the earth's base,
So that ground where they fought in dismal shade;
Here, God's exultant seen the heavens and earth
To this uproar; heaven confusion heaped
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heaven
Had gone to wreck, with ruin overspread,
Had not the Almighty Father, where his seat
Rested in his celestial throne, and Heaven secure
Consulting on the sum of things, foresaw
This tumult, and permitted all, advised;
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To还得 his unlooked On, avenged
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferred: whence to his son,
Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began.
14. Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
Sun, in whose face invisible is beheld,
Visibly, what by deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence! two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient: save hath been their flight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met armed;
For to themselves they knew not, nor knew
Equal in their creation they were formed,
Save what sin hath impaired, which yet hath
 wrought
Incessantly, for I suspend their doom,
When all their actual flight they need must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath performed what war can do,
And to discover rage love loosed the reins,
With weapons and with weapons armed, which
Makes
Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the mind:
Two days are therefore past, the third is gone;
For the powers of darkness, now too late
Have suffered, that the glory may be thine
On ending this great war, since none but Thee
Can end it. Into those same virtues and grace
Immense I have transgressed, that all may know
In Heaven and hell thy power above compare;
And, this perverse communion governed thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be heir
Of all things; to be Heir and to be King
By sacred succession.
Go then, thus mightiest, in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's base, bring forth all my war,
And let not their force or strength be his checks.
Gird on, and sweep upon thy pious thigh;
Pursue those sons of darkness, drive them out
From all Heaven's bounds into the upper deep:
There let them burn, as like them, to despise
God, and Messiah his anointed King.
He on his impious foes right onward rode,
Glory as night; under his burning wheels
The steadfast empery shouteth, *All but the throne itself of God. Full soon*
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Gripping thousand thunderbolts, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infixed
Phleges: they, astonished, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapon drop;
Or, called beforehand he nath be node
Of thrones and mighty seraphim proclaimed,
That wished the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his fire.

Over lightning with side tempers fell
His arrows, from the four-fold visaged four
Distinct with eyes; and from the living wheels
Distinct like with multitude of eyes;

Closed, and evermore resounding
Glazed lighting, and shot forth permission fire
Among them, assuaged that withered all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, sulliged, fallen
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid valley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.

Thereon their numbers rose, and, as a herald
Of gears or timrous flock together thronged,
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursu'd
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds.

Above, struck o'er with lightning, which, opening wide,
Rolled inward, and a gapous discended
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw.

Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard the unassailable noise, but saw
Heaven running from Heaven, and would have fled

Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound
Nine days they fell, confused Chaos roared, and
And felt tensfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild amarly, so huge a rent
Encumber'd him with ruin; hell at last
Yar'd, and fixed, the final bound; before them closed,
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of wo and pain.

Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired
Her scattered crowns, returning whence it relied.
Seleict, from the expansion of his feet
Messiah his triumph chariot turned:
To meet him all his saints who silent stood
Eveornymous of his almighty acts.
With him would he, as they went.
Sashed with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,

Son, Hest, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign: he, celebrated, rode
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father throneed.
On high: who into glory he received,
When he had shed upon his throne:
Of those too high sitting dignity, who rebelled
With Satan: he who craves now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Brevied of happiness, thou mayst partake
His punishment, eternal misery:
Which would be all his solace and revenge.
As a despite done against the most High,
Thou once to gain companion of his war.
But listen not to his temptations, warm.
Thy wonder; let it profit thee to have heard.
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience: firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherewith this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Samael, resolved his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein, end his six with glory, and attendance of angels to perform the works of creation in six days: the angels chosen with him to assist in the performance, and in the creation.

Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following above the Olympian hill I hear,
Adored by the right of Heaven. Let me there
Wield the right of Heaven, and share his pleasure: to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein, end his six with glory, and attendance of angels to perform the works of creation in six days: the angels chosen with him to assist in the performance, and in the creation.

The meaning, not the name I call: for thou Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwellest, but, heavenly-born,
Before the sun was made, and on them closed.
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of wo and pain.

Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired
Her scattered crowns, returning whence it relied.
Seleict, from the expansion of his feet
Messiah his triumph chariot turned:
To meet him all his saints who silent stood
Eveornymous of his almighty acts.
With him would he, as they went.
Sashed with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
From the depths of the earth, where the Sun's rays never reach, and the stars shine through the darkness of eternity, there is a certain place, a dwelling of the divine. This place is not visible to the naked eye, yet it is the foundation of all creation. It is the place where the Celestial Light reigns, where the Word of God is eternal and unchanging. In this place, the stars are not mere specks of light, but the expressions of divine mysteries. They shine with an immeasurable brightness, a brightness that Cannot be described, for it is beyond the grasp of human understanding.

Thus, from this place, the Earth was formed. It was a great mass of earth, a mound of formless matter, which was to be the foundation of all things. The Earth was to be a place of habitation, a dwelling for the creatures of the world. It was to be a place where life could flourish, where the light of the Sun could shine on the faces of the people.

And so, the Earth was formed. It was a place of beauty, a place of wonder. It was a place where the Sun's rays could shine through the clouds, where the stars could shine in the night sky. It was a place where the Earth's creatures could live, where they could grow and thrive.

Yet, in the midst of this beauty, there was a darkness. A darkness of evil, a darkness that threatened to destroy all that was good. This was the darkness of the abyss, the place where the Earth was formed, the place where the Stars of Heaven were arranged. It was a place of darkness, of evil, of pain.

But, in the midst of this darkness, there was a light. The Light of the Word, the Light of the Celestial Light. This Light was to be the guiding light for all things, the Light that would bring order to the chaos of the world.

So, the Earth was formed, and the Light of the Word shone upon it. It was a place of beauty, a place of wonder, a place where life could flourish. And so, the Earth was formed, and the Light of the Word shone upon it. It was a place of beauty, a place of wonder, a place where life could flourish.
A mighty sphere he framed, unlighted first,
Though of eternal mould then formed the moon
Globular, and every magnitude of stars.
And sowed with stars the Heaven, thick as a field;
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb, made perfect to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gathered beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And, hence the morning planets glide their horns;
By tinture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far, with diminution
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, Jason to ran
His longitude through Heaven's high road; the grod.
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,
But opposite in level west was set;
His aim, with full face bowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in her east she turns her shine.
Residing on her western axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights division holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared
Spangling the hemisphere: then, first adorned
With their luminaries that rose and set;
Glad evening and glad mom crowned the fourth day.

"And God said, 'Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul':
And let fear fly above the earth, with wings
Displayed on the open firmament of Heaven,
And God created the whales, and each
Soul living, each that creepeth, which plenteously
The waters were populated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,
'Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill,
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth.'"

Forthwith the sounds and seas, each croak and bay
With fry innumerable, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in schools that oft
Bank the mid sea; part single, or with mate,
Grasped in their weed, their pasture, and their groves
Of coral stray, or, spotting with quick glances,
Show to the sun their waved coats drop with gold;
Or, in their ponderous smart ascent, ascend
Most nutrition; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
And bearded dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwillingly, enormous in your gait,
Tempest the ocean: then leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or sways,
And seeming moving hand, and at his gait
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and seas, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg that soars

Bursted with kindly rupture, forth disclosed
Their callow young; but, feathered soon and fled;
They summed their pens, and, soaring 0' air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud in prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar top eyes their eyrie build:
Part through the wing the region, part more wise
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their very caravans, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with wings wide
Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, familiar with unnumbered plains.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Soared near the ground, and spread their painted wings;
Still even, or nor the solemn nightly sound
C sensed nor listened, but all night tuned herself
Others on silver lakes bade
Their downy brood; the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her statue with covert feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on swift pensive towers,
The mid aerial sky: others on grounds
Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sound
The silent hours, and the other whose grey train
Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue.
Of rainbows and starry hours. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morrow admir'd the fifth day.

"The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening harps and minstrel, when God said,
'Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,\nCattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth,'\nEach in their kind! The earth obeyed, and straight
Opening her fertile womb, teemed at birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limned in and full of life by the ground up rose.
As from his fair, the wild beast where he was
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in palm they rose, they walked;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;
Those rare and solitary, in flocks

Puttering at once, and in broad herbs upspring.
The greeny clods now calved; now half appeared
The tawny lion, pausing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as breaks from bands,
And rampant shakes his brindled mane; the ounce,
The like in size, with him, of the male
Rising, the crumbled earth above them throw
In hillocks; the swift stag from under ground,
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
Debated, largest and of earth, upheaved
His vastness: flexed the floocks and blazing rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river horse and scaly crocodile.
At once the cramp that creeps the ground, the insect or worm; those waved their limber fans
For wings and smallest linesmest exact,
In all the livelies decked of summer's side,
With every kind of earth, azure and green.
These, as a line, their long dimension drew,
Strocking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Mimics of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wonders in length and circumference, involved
Their snyly folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious cormorant, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclosed,
Pattern of future, and, perhaps, hereafter.
Join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonality: swarming next appeared
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deceivably, and bares her waxen cells
With honey stored: the rest are nameless;
And thou their names know'st, and gavest them names.

Nestless three repeated: nor unknown
The serpent, subllest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And many hair terrible, though to thee
Not offensive, but obedient at thy call.
'Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and rolled
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheeled their course: earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
By the fish, beast, was flown, was urn, was walked
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remained:
Their works yet the master work, the end
Of all works; one, who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but ended
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and, upright, with right serene,
Governing the powers of understanding, and from thence
Majestic, in power compared with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Of his own will and art, adored
And worship God supremely, who made him chief:
Of all his works: therefore th Omnificent,
Eternal Father, (for whom is not be
Present) thus to his Son speak Methought.

"Let us make man now in our image, man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creepeth the ground.'
This said, he sent forth the noble
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created he, in the image of God
Extravagant, and then, the soul,
Man he created thee, but thy consort
Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said,
'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth.
Subdue it, and, dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the earth.'
Whenever thus created; for no place
Is yet distinct by which we may know him.
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste:
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all the earth yields,
Variety without; but of the tree
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil.
Thou mayst not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest.
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy lusts, lest thou die.
Surprise thee, and her black attendant, Death.
"Here finished he, and all that he had made
Viewed, and behold all was entirely good:
So even and more accomplished the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Dealed, though unweared, up returned,
Up to the Heavens of heavens, his high abode.
Things to behold this now created
The addition of his empire, how it showed
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remained:
There worked yet the master work, the end
Of all works; one, who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but ended
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and, upright, with right serene,
Governing the powers of understanding, and from thence
Majestic, in power compared with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Of his own will and art, adored
And worship God supremely, who made him chief:
Of all his works: therefore th Omnicient,
Eternal Father, (for whom is not be
Present) thus to his Son speak Methought.
BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT

Adam inspired conjecturing celestial motions: is suddenly awar'd, and exalted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents: and, still desirous to obtain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise. He tells with God concerning all things: his first meeting and apostrophe with Eve: his discourse with the angel Raphael; who, after convenient repose, departs.

Yet the angel declined, and in Adam's ear:
That the soul was, and the body.

And after, he, who knew God, intermixed:
Grateful digressions, and save high dispute
With conjugal cares; from his lips
Not words alone pleased her. O who met now
Such pair, in love and mutual honour joined?
With gold did forth she went, not
Unattended, for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And from about her shone desire of all things in sight.
And Raphael now, to Adam's soul proposed,
Benevolent and facile thus replied.

To seek search I blame thee not; for Heaven
Is as the book of the new set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years;
This to attain, whether Heaven move or earth,
Imports, if not that reckon right the rest.
From marble and from marble, in the vast,
Wisely to conceive, and not divulge
His secrets to be scanned by them who sought
Rather admire; or, if they list to try
Conjectures, with the firmament compared.
And all her numbered stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Desire) merely to officiate light
Round this conscious part of this punctual spot,
One day and night, in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning, I oft admire
How nature, wise and frugal, could compass
Such dispositions, with expeitious hand
So many noble bodies to create,
Great so manifest, to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impend
Such a vast revolution by day
Repeated; while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,

Or bright infers not excellences: the earth,
Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,
Nor glittering, may of seld good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on such works no effect,
So vast our size, and by his countenance seemed
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
With him her bounty, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretched out so far;
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small portion, daunted grew
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual: methinks thou thinkst not slow,
As the morning hour set out from Heaven
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
In Eden, distance incalculable

By numbers that have name: But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved:
Not that I so artfully denounce
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth,
God, to remove his ways from human sense:
Placed Heaven from earth so far, that earthy sight
If it press, might err in things too high,
And no advantage, divine
If the sun be centre to the world, and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various sounds?
Their wandering course now high, now low, then
hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seem; and what if seven to these
The planets earth from earth; some five, though she seen,
Inensibly three different motions move!
Which else to several spheres they must ascribe,
Moved contrary with thrift or obdurate;
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhyme supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
Travelling earth and moon, though she seen
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide transparent air,
To the terrestrial moon be linked,
Enlightening her day, as she by night
This earth's! reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and habitations: her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her season; all that Allotted there; and other sums perhaps.
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains, And various hues of martial strength and strength
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked, and flow;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart overflowed.
Myself, I thought, in the presence of the Lord.
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With ample joints, as lively vigor led:
But who was I, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; nor who, or what, or what withal spake;
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name.
Whatever I saw, 'Thou sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye, flowers, and verdure, 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 presence and in power pre-eminent:
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 called, and strayed, I know not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when, answer none returned,
On Earth; and every flower of every flower
Pleasant I eat me down; there gentle sleep,
First found me, and with soft oppression sealed
My drowsy sense; entwined, though I thought
I 'scould to the passage to my former state
Inseparable, that day to resolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Of inward agitation greatly moved
My fancy to believe, yet had being,
And lived: one came, intempest, of shape divine;
And lived: 'Thy mansion wants thee Adam; rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain,
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.
So saying, by the hand he took me raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, hast led me up
A circuit rigid. The high top was plain,
A circuit enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree
Laden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye
Temping, Stimred in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereas I waked, and found
Before my eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively swarded: here had now begun
My wandering, had not he, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appeared,
Presence mine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Sublime: he raised me, and whom thou saw'st
I am.
Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
Appeart, or round about this place,' So
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine.
To all and of the fruit to eat;
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear not here no death.
But of the tree which I shew thee
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
And plant the garden by the tree of life;
Remember what I have said, to thee to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eatest thereof, thy soul doth
Turn to dust and wither, and withered thy spirit,
And barren by the tree of life,
And remember what I said, to thee to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The eye to thee and to thy race: give: as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air; beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof each bird and beast beheld
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their name; and the same name of
With low subject, and understand the same
Of fish within their watery residence,
Not hither summoned, since they can change
Their element, to dispose their state
As thus he spake, each bird and beast beheld
Approaching two and two, these covering low
With blindestomach. Each bird stooped on his
I named them, as they passed, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God endued
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what I sought and sought still
And to the heavenly vision thus presumed.

"O! by what names, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or ought man mankind higher,
Supersessed for thy naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom: what is more, is fame,
Or that which is the greatest of all names,
Endorsed to us, in things that most concern,
Unpected, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lover light, and speak of things at hand
Usefully, as things they most intrude
Of something not unseemly to ask,
By suffrage, and thy wonted favour, desired.
Thereby I have heard relating what was done
Every one else: not what near me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard,
And day at least not spent, till then thou seed
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee 60 hour while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply;
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven;
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of ±alma-planted pleasant to thist
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.
To whom thus Raphael answered, heavenly

"Not any lips ungrateful, nor ears,
Nor tongues insen~icient; for God on thee.
Abundantly his gifts hath also poured
Inward and outward both, his image fair
Speaking or mute, all kindness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each hidden form; nor
Less think we in Heaven of thee on earth
Than our fellow-servant, and inquire
Glady into the ways of God with man.
For God, we see, hath honoured thee and
On man his equal love: say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as beft,
Bound on a voyage unprofitable and obscure,
Fond of the cages, and such creatures there.
Squared in full legion (each command we had)
To see that none thence forth had a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work;
Lost he, lamented, in doubt,
Destruction with creation might have mixed; not
That they distrust without his leave attempt,
But he sends upon his high begets.

For state, as sovereign King, to inspire
Our prompt obedience. What best found, what shut
The dismal gates, and barricado strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Nowise other than the sound of dance or song,
Temporal, and sweet, and graced with grace.
So glad we returned up to the coasts of light
Ere sabbath evening: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine."

So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire
"For man to tell how human life began,
Is hard; for who can manly chance?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new waked from somnolent sleep
Sole on the dewy herb I found me laid,
In holy sweet, with his beams the sun,
Soon dried, and on the grassier run
Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turned
And gazed while the ample sky till raised
By quick divine inspirations, up I spring;
As thither endeavouring, and up\nStood on my feet: about me round I saw

MILTON'S WORKS.  
BOOK VIII.  
PARADISE LOST.  
59
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
Scape the universal Lord, and seem a
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequal what society
Canst thou not or false, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due.
Given and received; but in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Canst thou not wall with either, but soon prove
Titilious of; of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Can not be human consort; they rejoice
Each with their kind; lion with lion;
So fitly them in pairs thus hast combined:
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the age:
Worse them can walk with thee, and least of all.

Wherefore th' Almighty answered, not displeased:
A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
That which is choice and the choicer
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possessed
Of happiness, or have I alone to
From all eternity; for I know
Second to me or like, equal less much.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?'
He ceased; I lovely answered. To attain
The breadth of thy conformed ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
Thou in all thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found; not so is man,
But in degrees, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. Need not thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
And all the numbers absolute, though one;
But man by number is to manifest
His single perfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity and concord, and ascribe
Colellar love, and dearest amity
Thou in thy secrecy, although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek it not.
Social communication; yet, as pleased,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou

Of union or communion, defined:
In converse, canst thou make erect
From prone; nor in their ways compliance find.
Thus I unbounded space, and freedom used
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gained
Thus in every creature the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to my discourse, Adam, I was pleased;
And finding know, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself;
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My immortal soul, not tied to the brute;
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason wast thou freely shouldst dislike;
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spakest,
Know it not good for thee, Adam, was pleased.
And no such company as thou sawest
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet;
What next I bring shall please thee, be assured.
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'

He ended; or I heard no more; for now
My carly by his Heavenly overpowered,
Which it had long stood under, stained to his
height
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dreaded and sequestered, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called
By nature; as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, when he said:
Abstain as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awoke I stood;
Who, sleeping, opened my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with corial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed:
The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands
Under his forming hands a creature grow,
Manlike, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seemed fair in all the world, seemed now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contained
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart, unblest,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit's greatest delight.
She disappeared, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or ever for to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjor
When out of breath, nor far off,
Such as I saw in her dream, adored
With what all earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable; on she came,
Led by her Heavenly Maker, through unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor uniformed

Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
Grace was in it abounding; He seemed in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I, everjoys, could not forbear aloud.

'This turn hath made amends; thou hast fast
To my discourse, as I was pleased;
And thy own, that which I speak to do or say,
Scenes wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Less discerning and less doth show;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Creatures of love and beings of stones,
Built in her lovliest, and created an awe
About her, as a guard angel placed.'
To whom the angel, with contrived brow.
'Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident
Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Displease not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing over much to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.
For what admired thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;
Not thy subject, for she is all that subject;
Then value: otime's nothing profuses more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right.
Well managed; of that the skill thou knowest
The more she will acknowledge thee head.
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy deliver the more.
So awful, that with honour thou mayst love
Thy mate, whose, when thou art seen least wise;
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight
Beyond all others, thy enchanting love required
To cattle and all beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulged, if aught
Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in film more.
What higher in her society
More, attractive, human, rational, love still
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true loves consists not; love resides
The thoughts; and here the scene shunbreak
Against the claims of beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature failed in me, and left some part
Not proof of such object to sustain;
Or, from my own embellishing, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestowed
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Eclabone of inward less exact.
For well I discerned in the physics
And nature th' inferior in the mind
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
Over other creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that which she wills to do or say,
Scenes wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Less discerning and less doth show;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
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Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right.
Well managed; of that the skill thou knowest
The more she will acknowledge thee head.
Milton's Works.

BOOK IX.

The skill of artifice or office mean,
That not which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poesy. Me of these
Nor skilled neither, more argument
Remains, sufficient itself to raise
That name, unless in lowly case, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depressed; and such they may, if all be mine,
Not ours, which brings it nightly to my ear.
The draught of Heaven, Solomon the king
Of Heperor, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth; short, and short
Two day and night, and now from end to end
Night into day, and now to heaven aye.
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In incalculable fraud and malady, bent
On man's eternal ruin, and after what might help
On heavier of himself, fearless returned.
By night he fled, and at midnight returned
Upon the earth, in the earth, and tempestuous
Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life;
In which the living waters, and with it rose
Where to lie hid; see he had searched and land,
From Eden over Pootus, and the pool
Mammon, beyond the river Oph.
Downward and onward, and in length
West from Oronitis to the ocean barred
At Darien; thence to the land where flow
Ganges and India: thus the seed he roared
With untold length, and in, a vision of conception deep,
Considered every creature, which of all
Most opportunities might serve his wiles, and found
The serpent subtlelest beast of all the field.
Thus, in the air, and in the earth,
Of thoughts resolved, his entrance chose
Fat vessel, fittest spot of fraud in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From shape to shape, that, in the wily sneer,
Whatever lights, nor, with the sanguine mask,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Processeth, which, in other beasts observed,
Double might begot of diabolic power
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he, his counsel, and his threat, he breathed; at first
Hurst passion into plaints thus poured.
"O earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferred
More justly, seat worthier of gods, ne be built
With a second thought, reforming what old did.
For what God, after better, worse would build?
Terrestrial Heaven, danced round by other Heavens
That sing, yet bear their bright-officions lamps,
Light above light, for those sublime.
In thee concentrating all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
In his countenance, yet extends to all, so thou,
Centering in them, and, as it were, in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue, appears
Productive in heart, plant, and noble birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in man.
With what delight could I have walked thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now had, now sea, and shores with sweet crown'd
Rocks, den, and caves! but I am none of these
First place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Forming to appear, in it, wondrous and hateful scene
Of contraries; all good to me becomes.
Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, nor in Heaven
To dwell, unless by the guidance of my Supreme
Nor hope to be myself less miserable.
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby were to me redound:
For only in destroying I find know how long;
To my restorative thoughts, and, him destroyed,
Or won to what my work his utter loss.
For whom his all this was made, all this well shall
Follow, as his to me, as soon as I
In him; that destruction wide may rage:
To me shall be the glory sole among
The inferior powers, in one day to have mastered
What he, Almighty, with six days and nine
Continued making; and, when all gone
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than since, in one night freed
Every creation: glorious high height
The angelic name, and, their glory hand throng
Of his adorers: be, to be avenged.
And to repair his numbers thus impaired,
Whether such virtuous agent of old now did
More angels create, if they at least
Awe his created, or to spice us more,
Determined to advance into our room
A creature formed of earth, and him endow,
Estimated from time so original,
With Heavenly spoils: spoils, what he de pare.
With Luxembourg and The Disturbed Aid, Whom, To This Of Their To He, now, every earth, as well as the best and gentlest of us, were in the habit of being, still shades thee and protect thee.

Leop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind. One night or two with wand'ring growth desire, Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise, Or hear what to my mind first thought's presented. Let us divide our labour; thou where choice Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wild The wood, hearken, and this arbore, or direct The claying ivery where to climb; whilst I, in yonder spring of roses internalized With myrtle, find what to rehearse till noon; For what so near abroad I light thus all day. Our task we choose, what wonder if so near Looks intervene and smiles, or object new Glasses discourse drawn, which intercepts Our day's weariness, to little, though warm Easily, and the hour of supper comes unsearched.

To whom mild answer Adam thus returned: "Safe Eve, associate sole, to me beyond Compare above all living creatures dust, Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed. How we might best fulfill the work which here God hath assigned us; or, rather what is due Pitying; for nothing better can be found In woman, than to study household good, And good works in her husband to promote. Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed Labour, as well as water must be drunk. Refreshment, whether food, or talk between, Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow, To brute denied, and are of love the food; Love, not love, nor life, nor crust, nor proof. For to inker tost, but to delight He made us, and dieted to rejoice; these Paths and bowers doubt not but our just hands Will keep from wilderness with ease; as wide As we need walk, till younger hands are long. Assist us; but if much converse perhaps Three estates light, we could yield; for solitude sometimes is best society, And short retirement urges sweet return. But other doubt possesses, least harm befall the tour offered from me; for thou knowest What hath been warned us; what malicious for Envy our happiness, and of his own Deepening, seeks to work us wo and shame By thy assault; and somewhat more at hand We know, and truly, if he may be trusted, than the wish and best advantage, assured, Hopeless to circumvent us joined, where each To other speedy aid might lend at need: Whether his first design he to withdraw Our fealty from God, or to disturb Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss Enjoyed by us excites his envy more; Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side That gave thee being, still shades thee and protect thee.

"If this be our condition time to dwell In narrow circuit straitened by a foe, Bubble or violent, we not endured Single with light defence, wherever not,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm? But harm presented, thy robe and shield, Tempting, affronts us with his soul esteem Of our integrity; his soul esteem Sticks to disfigure on our front, but turns Foul on himself; therein would we shun or fear By us? who rather double honour gain From his enormities proved false, find peace within, Favour from Heaven, our witness, from 't event. And what is faith, but trust and love combined, Alone, without exterior help sustained? Let us not then suspect our happy state Lost so imperfect by the Maker wise, As not secure to single or combined. Frait is our happiness, if this be so, And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied. "O woman, best are all things as the will Of God ordained them: his creating hand Nothing imperfect or deficient left Of all that he created; much less man, Or sought that might be happy state secure, Secure from outward force, or within himself, The danger lies, yet lies within his power. Against his will he can receive no harm. But God left the will; for what obey Reason is free; and reason being has read, But bid her well beware, and still create. Last, by some fair-appearing good surprised, She dictated false, and misinform the will 'To do what God expressly hath forbid, Nor that restrain'd but tender love envies, That I should mind thee oft, and mind thee too. Firm we subsist, yet possible to avert Some specious object by the foe subdued, And fall into deception unlawful. Not keeping strictest watch as she was warned. Seek not to censure that which to avoid Were better, and most likely in future, Tho' never; trial will come unsought. Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve First thy obedience; the other who can know, Not seeing thee attempted, who seeks but If thou think trial unsought may find Us both secured than thus warned thou seem'lt, Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more; Be, in thy native infancy, only. On what thou hast of virtue; summon all! For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve Persisted, yet submission, thou last replied. "With thy permission then, and thus forewarned,
The Oread, her likest such veiled of foe, fountain sought whole in. Her long with ardent look her eye pursu'd. Delighted, but desiring more her stay. To be returned by noon amid the bowers, And all things in best order to invite. Noontide repeat, or afternoon's repose, O much deceived, much falling, impious Eve, Of thy fruit and leaf, to thine original. Thou never from that hour in Paradise Found'st either sweet repeat, or sound repose; Such asheath, hid among sweet flowers and chaste shrubs. Wept with hellish rancour intensive. To intercept thy way, or send thee back. Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss! For now, and since first break of day, the field, More serpent in appearance, forth was come, And on his quest, whose likelest he might find. The only two of kind, but in them. The whole included race, his purpose prey, In bosom and field he sought, where any boll Of groove or garden-plots more pleasant bay, Their tendance, or plantation of delight; By fountain or shady rivulet. He sought them both, but wished his hap might find. Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope. Of what so shadow changed; when to his wish, Beguiled, he left his client, Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood. Half spied, so thick the roses blushing sound. About her gazed, off stooping to support. Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though gay Cowered under the bowers, and in the shade Hung drooping unsustained; them she upstays Gently with myrtle band, mindles the while Herself, though fairest unsupposed flower, From front fair so far, and storm by stronger hate, Never he drew, and many a walk traversed Of statickest covert, cedar, pine, or palm; Then wobbled and bold, now hid, now seen, Among thick thorn and thistles, and toward Eve Imbowed on each bank, the hand of Eve: Spotted more delicious than those gardens feigned Or of revived Adonis, or renowned Alcina, host of old Laucus' son: Or that, not mystic, where the sappier kind Held dalliance with her fay Egyptian spouse. Much he the place admired, the person more. As much as, and more, than was his shape. Where houses thick and severous annoy the air, Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe Among the pleasant viliages and farms Adjoining, from the most concrete delight; The smell of grain, or tender spelt, or kin. Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound; If chance with nymph-like step fast virgin pass, What pleasing sound, for her now pleasure most: She most, and in her look sums all delight: Such pleasure took the serpent to behold. This flowery plot, the sweet recess of Eve. Thus early, thus alone; her heavenly form Angelic, but more soft, and feminine; Her graceful innocence, her every air Of gesture, or least action, overawed His majesty, and with soport sweet breathed. His reverence now in a day renewed; That space the eye one abstracted stood. From his own evil, and for the time remained. Stupidly good, of enmity discerned; Of guilt, from how he bowed; But the hot hell that always in him burns, Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight. And tortures him now more, the more he sees Of pleasure, not for him ordained: then soon Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts Of mishief gratulating, thus excites. Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet Complains thus transported, to forget What his soul brought us, hate, not love, nor hope. Of Paradise for hell, hope there to taste. Of pleasure, but, all pleasure to destroy. Save what was in the other joy To me is lost. Then let me not pass occasion Which now seems so varied and alone. The woman, opportunity to all attempts, He made, and for so far round, not nigh, Whose higher intellectual more I shun, And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb. Heroic buils, though of terrestrial mould; For incomprehensible! except from wound, I not; so much hath I beheld, and just Enfeebled me, to what was I in Heaven. She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods! Not terrible, though terror be in love And death, and slaughter, and storm so nigh. Hate stronger, under shave of love well digged. The way which to her ruin now I tend."
Milton's Works.

Paradise Lost.

As they, participating godlike food!

The gods, what great advantage use

On our belief, that all from them proceed:

I question it; for this fair earth I see,

Or virtue to make wise: what wiles them then.

To reach, and food at once both body and mind?

So leading, her rash hand in evil hour

Forbids the fruit of this tree, should she eat!

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,

Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,

That all was lost. Back to the thickest shroud

The guilty serpent; and though Eve,

Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else

Regarded; snatched delight till then, as seemed,

In fruit she never tasted, whether true

Or fancied seed of these fair fruits.

Of knowledge, nor was Godhead from her thought.

Greedily she ingorged without restraint,

And know not eating death: satiate at length,

And heightened as with wine, jeered and flown,

Thus to herself a pleasingly began.

"O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees.

In Paradise! of operation best

To sapience, bitherto obscured, infamed,

And thy fair fruit lot hang, as to no end

Craeted; but henceforth my early care,

Not without song, each morning, and due praise,

Shall send such tender gifts as first essay

To educate the mouth, and taught

Passing a while, thus to herself she mused.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,

Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired:

Where man, whom for long years fair first essay

To knowledge: by the threaten? a man me,

Who have touched and tasted, yet both live,

And life more perfect have attained than late.

Meet, if by venturing higher than my lot.

Shall this, or shall the sin of the beast be open?

or will God incense his ire

For such a petty treason? and not praise.

Rather your dumbness virtue, when the pain

Of death denounced, whatever death be,

Deterred not from achieving what might lead

To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;

Of good, how just of evil, if what is evil

Is real, why not known, and murder shunned?

God therefore can not hurt ye, and be just;

Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyed;

Your fear itself of death removes the fear.

Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant.

His worshippers? He knows that in the day

Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,

Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then

Opened; or else, unopened, ye shall be gods;

Knowing both good and evil, as they know.

That ye shall be as gods, since as man,

Internal man, is but proportion meet;

And death invested, or to us denied;

This intellectual food, for beasts reserved!

For beasts it seems: yet that one beast first

Hath tasted, envious not, but brings with joy

The good they bear: an author unexpect,

Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.

What fear then? rather, what know to fear.

Under this ignorance of good and evil,

Of God or death, of law or penalty,

Here the great cure of this divine

Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,

Of virtue to make wise: what wiles them then.

To reach, and food at once both body and mind?

Forbids that fruit of this tree, should she eat!

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,

Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,

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What fear then? rather, what know to fear.

Under this ignorance of good and evil,
MILTON'S

BOOK XX

Most favorite, who can please him long? Me first
He started; but though of her he will next
Matter of acorn, not to be given the feu.
However I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Sacrifice with thee, death is to me as life;

PARADISE LOST.

Her former trespass feared, the more to sooth
They swim in mint, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Whoever to sooth the earth: but that false fruit
For other operation first displayed,
Carnal desire infaming; he on Eve
Began to east lascivious eyes; she him

As with new wine intoxicated both,

Thou in thy love, who will he next?

To guilty shame; he covered; but his robe
Uncovered more. So rose the Danile strength,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-tap
Of Philistine Dalilah, and waked

Shorn of his strength, So they destitute and base
Of all their virtue: silent and in face

Confounded; long they sat, as stricken mute,
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abused, And to those errors we are estranged.

"O love, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
Weep in our promised zizants, and our eyes
Opened: we find indeed, and I know we know,
Which good and evil; good last, and evil sent;
But fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Wept us: tuaked them, because of unrighteous, evil,
Our wonted ornaments now stolen and seized,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of soul concupiscence, whence evil store;
And even shame, the last of evils, of the first
Surely.

How shall I behold the face
Heendeth of God or angel, cest with joy
And capture so att befriends' those heavenly shapes,
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufficiency bright. O might I live!
In solitude live savagely: in some glade
Obscure, where highest woods, imperceptible
To star or sunlight, spread their unguished bread
And known as evening; cover me, ye pine!
Ye cedars with immeasurable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!
But once, and after, as at last, in sight
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemly seen:
Some tree, whose bough smooth leaves together
Girded on, may cover sound
Mischief; those parts that this new corner, shame
There sit not, and reproach us unlearned.

So counseled he: and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
The fir-tree; not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as this at Ladanu known,
To Mahabar or Dinem spreads her arms.
Stately floor to height; so long in the ground
The boughs twine rose and, daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillars shide
High overarched, and echoing walks between:
There all the Indian harkens, humming heat
Shelters in cool, and lends his pasturing hawks
At loop-holes cut through thickest shide: Those leaves
They gathered, broad as Amazon sarcas,
And, with what skill they had, together sewed,
To girl their waist; vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of his hairs
Columbus found 't; American, so girl
With feathered circlet, naked else, and wild
Among the trees on holes and woody shores.
Thus fended, and as they thought, their shame in
Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
Ran from their eyes, but high passions, anger, hate,
Mistress, suspicion, discorse, and shock sore
Their inward state of mind, calms region once
And full of peace, now lost and turbulent.

But understanding ruled not, and the wild
Heard not her love; but in substraction now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath,
Gurping over sovereign reason, joined
Step by step, the serpent's armed breast,
Adam, estranged in look and altered vesture,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed.

"Wilt thou hast hearkened to my words, and
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappier way,
I know not whence possessed thee; we had then
Remained until now not happy; nor now despoiled.
Of all our good; shame, naked, miserable!
Let none henceforth seek needless cause t' approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fall.
To whom, soon moved with touch of shame, thus Eve.

"What words have passed thy lips, Adam, severe!
Impatient thou that to my default, or will
Wandering, wandering, hence, which knows
But might as ill have happened thou being
Or to thyself, perhaps? hast thou been there,
Or here thou'at attempt, that couldst not have dis
satisfied
In the serpent, speaking as he spake,
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not then, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou wouldest?
Thus be the fire, that by my caution
Sparing them, thou wouldst not have gained,
Nay, didst permit, approving, and false dis
Hast thou been born and fixed in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgressed, nor thee with me."
To whom rather Adam thus replied.

"Is this the love, is this the compensate
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expressed
Immutably, when thou wert not lost? I
Who might have lived if Jouy immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upgraded as the cause
Of thy transgression? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I meet
I warded thee; then, and, forsook
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon will hath here no place
But commandeth thee then thou on; secure,
Either to meet no danger, or to find

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's unenamelled soul, the passion angels frame.
Paradise, and return up Heaven to approve their vigilance,
And are approved. God declaring that the essence of Satan
Could not be to do these pranks.

It was to give to his Son to judge the transgressors, who desires and gives sentence accordingly;
Then in thy clothes thou both, and those man.
And Death, either till thou at the gate of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world,
And that so possible as to be do no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan, to return up to the place of man;
To make the way ever from hell to this world to and fro,
And those man.
Which, as Pandemonium, is full assembly while hearing his success against man; instead of Satan was blend with a general law by all his crimes, transformed with himself to subject mankind to"
MINE, both in Heaven and earth, so do thy will
Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son beloved,
Mayst ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
On earth these thy transgressors; but thou knowest,
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be; for so I undertake
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On mercy, yet I shall temper so.

Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and so appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,
Wherefore the first best is ordained.
Conviction by light, and rebel to all law:
To conviction the serpent none belongs.
Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory: Him, thrones, and powers,
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,
Accompanied to Heaven gates; from whence
Elohim and all the coast in prospect lay.

He descended straight: the speed of gods
Counts not, though with swiftest minutes winged.
Now was the sun in western casade low
Eve's day closed, gentle arts, then at their turn,
To fan the earth now waked, and usher in
The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came the mild Judge, and Intercessor both,
That in the very voice of God they heard.
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God,
Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud.

"Where art thou, Adam, worst with joy to meet.
My coming seen, far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleased thou, thus entertained with solitude,
Where obvious duty everwise appeared auspicious,
or come I less conscious, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance defines? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first.
To offend; discontents both; and composed:
Love not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whereas the Man, fulminating long, thus answered briefly:
I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, bid myself. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile replied:
"My voice thou hearst not, and disturb not feared
But curb, and thus imploring, "What art thou doing,
So dreadful to thee! that art thou nacked, which
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree
Wherein I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
To whom thus Adam, sore beat, replied.

"O Heaven in evil stratish this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and expose to blame
By my complicity, or necessity.
Subdues me, and, cumbrously constrained,
Lost on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all.
Devolved, though, should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wilt in my judgment not absolve;
This woman, whom thou madly to be my help,
And gavest me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill.
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied:

"Was it not this fruit that thy desire did offer,
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
Superior; or but equal, that to her
Then in that morning she should eat at their hour,
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excelled
Hers in all real dignity? Adorned
She was indeed: the voice of God they heard.
Thy love, not thy subject; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seemed,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And person, hasted thou known thyself afraid."
So having said, he thus to Eve in few:

"Stay, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"
To whom said Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,
Confessing, yet not before her Judge
Bold or insidious, thus absolved replied.

"The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he led her with the skins
Of serpents, though brute, unable to transfer.
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation only then accursed
As vitiated in nature; more to know,
Concerned not man (since he no further know
Nor altered his essence; yet God at last
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,
Though in mysteries terms, judged as then best.
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:

"Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed
A loaf all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly shalt thou eat, till thou become
Dust and thou shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
"}

Embracing, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."
So spake this oracle, then verified
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from Heaven,
Prone with a horrid flame from his grave,
Who did the pride of his long usurpation,
In open show, and, with ascension, bright,
Captivity led captive through the air,
The reeling serpent among the west,
Whom he shall tread at last under his feet;
Even he who now foretell his fatal bruise;
And to the woman thus his sentence turned.
When with equal frailty he multiply
By thy conception: children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shalt submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last this judgment he pronounced:

"Because thou hast heartened to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charged thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat thereof'
Curse is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth
Thy fruit, and thorns shall thou eat;
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
So judge thyself, both Judges and Saints sent;
And the instant stroke of death denounced that day
Removed far off, then, praying how they stood
Before his face, to the air, till now
Must suffer change, disdained not to begin
Thenforth the form of servant to assume,
As when he washed his servants' feet; so now.
As father of his family, he ruled
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain
Or as the snake with youthful cast repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor in judgment he dealt with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
Arrayed; covering from his Father's sight.
To the immortal joy he was still raised, to
His blissful bosom, in the presence
In glory, as of old; to him appeared
All, though all-knowing, what had passed with man.

Reckoned, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was sinned and judged on earth,
Within the garden of life sat Sin and Death,
In conversation all day long.
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame.
Far into Chaos, since the fiend passed through,
Beyond Petora, eastward to the rich
Catalan coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrif, cold and dry.
As with a trident, noting, and fixed as firm
As Delos, floating once; the rose his look
Bore with Gorgian rigor not to move;
And with aspholithic, bare as the gate, the deep
To the roots of hell the gathered beach
They fastened, and the mole immense wrought on
The deepening, with supper, a passage
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fœneous world,
Perish to Death; hence from a passage broad,
sWho, to the deep, the selfsame
So, if great things so small may be compared, Xerxes,
the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Sestus, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea, and, over Hellenes
Bridge his way, Europe with Asia joined,
And305 arched with many a stroke the indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontus, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vexed abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the selfsame place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
Further, from hence, the extreme
Of this round world; with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space
The normed man and the term
And of this world, and, on the left hand, hell
With long reach interposed; three several ways
In eight, to each of these three places led,
And now their way to earth they desired,
To Paradise first tending, when, behold!
Satan, in illicence of an angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His wrath, while the sun in Aries rose,
Dissimul'd he came; but those his children dear
Their parent soon discerned, though in disguises,
He, after Eve seduced, unskill'd mind
Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape,
To other livings, and his godly act.
By Eve, though all unweaving, second'd
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The woman, all aspersion, all terrified.
He fled; not hoping to escape, but shame
The present; fearing, guilt, what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict; that past, returned
By night, and listening where the hapless pair
Sat in their discomfit, and various plaints.
Thence gathered his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And unhappiness, to hell he now returned;
And all the shades of death he toiled them;
Of this new wondrous pontific, unloved
Met, who to meet him gave his offspring dear.
Into the world, for now were all transformed.
And, to serpents all, as accessories.
To this bold riot; dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now,
With charity, and his breath and head full and tall.
Scorpion, and asp, and amphibious dire,
Cerastes horned, Hydrae and Elops drear,
And Dipapse (not so thick swapped once the soil
Beneath the blood of Gorgon, or the lake
Omphisa), but still greater he the midle,
Now dragon gazed, larger than whom the sun
Engendered in the Pythian vale on shine,
Tiger Panther and his depth less he seemed.
Above the rest still to retain; they all
Him followed, issuing forth to the open field,
Where all yet left of that revolting rout,
And the prince station stood or just arrayed,
Sublime with expectation when to see.
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief:
They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd
Of ugly serpents; horror on them fall,
And hoard sympathy; for what they saw
They felt themselves now changing; down their arm,
Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast
And there his fresh renewed, and the dire form,
Catched by contagion, like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was the appliance they meant,
Tarry now, to probing his, triumph to ahave,
Cast on themselves from their own outmost. There stood
A grove hard by; sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to grage;
Their passion, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bolt of Eve
Used by the temperer; on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining
Foes. This said, a multitude
Now risen, to work them further wo or shame;
Yet, parched with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Through the snow; his strength, could not abstain;
But they rolled in heaps, and, up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the smoky locks
That curled Menger; greedily they plucked
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
In Paradise, the land where Scyther flamed;
This more delicious, not the touch, but taste
Deceived; they, fondly thinking to slay
Their appetite with grace, instead of fruit
Chewed bitter ashes, which the afflicted taste
With spattering noise rejected: they assayed
Hunger and thirst constraining; dragged as oft,
With hatefulest disquiet writhed their jaws,
With sore rage efficaciously and swift;
And so oft they fell into same illusion, not as man
Whom they triumphed once lapsed. Thus were they plundered:
And worn with famine, long and ceaseless his,
’Till their last shaggy, permitted, they resumed
Yearly enjoyed, some way, to undergo
This annual bounding certain numbered days,
To dash their pride, and joy for man seduced
However, some tradition they dispersed
Among the heathen of their purchase got,
And falsely how the serpents, whom they called
Ophiom, with Euryomene, the wide
Enormous Viper, Eve perhaps had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, ere yet Dietane Jove was born.
Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair
To fair and good, created, here in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual haunt behind her Death,
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet.
On life pale horse: to whom Sin thus began
“Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death!
What thinkst thou of our empire now, thence
earned
With travel difficult, not better far
Than still at hell’s dark threshold? have sat watch
Unmanned, unresisted, and thyself half starved!”
Worm thus the thunder-stricken monster answered soon:
“To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is hell, or heaven to our food;
There best, where most with miasma you may come;
Which here, though plentiful, all too little seems
To stuff this vast, this vast undelibleacos.
To whom the insectivorous mother thus replied
“There remain on these herds, these fruits and flowers
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;
No lovely morsels! and whatever action
The scythes of Time move down, devour unapar’d;
Till I, in man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infall;
And reason they hath and most approved pity.
For this, thus this be the case, and from them several way,
Both to destroy, or immolnish make
All kinds, and for destruction to nature
Sooner or later: which the Almighty seeing,
From his transgression he, and the saints among
To those bright orders uttered thus his voice
“See with what heat these gods of hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So much admired, and quelled still;
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furious, who impeate
Fully to use; so doth the prince of hell
And all his angels, that with so much ease
I suffer to torment and bear.
A place so sunny, and, convivial, seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if; transported with some fit
Of passion, I quelled and quelled all.
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I called, and drew them thither
My hell-bounds, to lick up the drift and filth
Which man’s polluting sin with wrath hath shed
On what was pure; till, crammed and gorged, night
burst
With sickened and glutted self, at one sting
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning grave, at last,
Through Chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth of hell
For ever, in various jaws.
Then Heaven and earth renewed shall be made pure
For satan; shall receive no station:
Till then, the curse pronounced on both proceeds,
He ended and the Heavenly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas
Through multitude that sting: “Just are thy ways,
Righteousness are thy deservings: thy works;
Who can extinguish the ten degrees of Death?”
Next, the Son,
“Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heaven descend.” Such was their song.
Through the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
As sort best with present things. The sun
Hath first set course, to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarcely tolerable, and from the north to call
Desert winter, from the south to bring
Sufficiency and warmth: with whom the black moon
Her office they prescribed: to th’ other five
Their planetaic motions and aspects,
In sexile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of nations to be made known,
In symphonie unison and taught the fixed
Their influence manifest when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prudence bring to Taurus and to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
Through terror with the dark inward wall.
Sometimes shall his angels turn ascendant
The poles of earth to the north, and to; the sun
From the sun’s axle; they with labour pushed
Oblieve the centric globe: some say the sun
Was hid, but turn reins from the equinoctial road
Like distant storm to Taurus with the seven
And Spartan Twins, Up to the Tropic Crab;
To thence down again By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scieles,
As deep as Capricorn, in the year changing
Of sessions to each close; else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with vertuous flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the pole, called to them day
Had unshaken shore, while the low sun,
To recompose his distance, in their sight
Had, rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Arctick, and south, as far
Beneath Magnellon. At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyestan banquet, turned
His course intended; else, how had the world
Inhabited, though shins, more than now?
Avoiding pinching cold and seething heat?
These changes in the Heavens, though slow, produced
Little change on sea and land; sidereal blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot.
Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Sambos, and the sea
To bring their frozen dungeon, armed with ice,
And snow, and rock, and hail, and snow, and rock,
And Boreas, and Carys, and Aegetes lead,
And Thrasceus, read the woods, and sea upturn.
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus, and Acher, in station, and clouds
From Serranilla; thirst of these, as fierce
Forth rush the Leonst and Pomet winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
Sibrico, and Libocio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
Daughter of Eos, among the irrational
Death introduced, through fierce saulthood.
Beast, now with breast gun war, and sword with fowl,
And fish with fowl; to graze the herb all leaving,
Devours each other; nor stood much apace.
Of man, be fed like the mortals, and lion;
Glared on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To grow more sad; but worse felt within
And, in a troubled sea of passion tossed,
Thus to disburden sought with and complaint.
“O miserable of happy! this is the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now becomes
Accursed of blessed! hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
The misery, there have tasted it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve:
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
Delightfully, ennervate and multiply,
Now death to hear! for what now becomes
Or multiply, but curse on my head!
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought, by me will curse
My head! ill fare our ancestor inspired
For this we may thank Adam! but his thanks
Shall be the excommunication: so, besides
Mine own that hide upon me, all from me
Shall with a solemn reprove join,
On me, as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fighting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!”

Milton’s Works. Book X

Paradise Lost. Book X
To entice me! shall truth fail to keep her word?
Justice divine hastens to be just?
But Death comes not at call, Justice divine
Mends not her lowest pace for prayers or cries.
O words! O fountain, hillocks, dikes, and bowers
With other shades, thine, by thy gentle looks, thy aid,
That counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: forbear of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While ye yet sit, and lookest short how far,
Between us two let there be peace, both judging,
As joined in injuries, one enemy
Against a foe by doom express assigned,
That cruel serpent; or enliven not thy
Thy hatred for this misery
On me already lost, me thyself
More miserable: both have sinned; but thou
Again in God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
To thy face from head removed, may light
On me, sole came to thee of all this wo,
Me only, just object of his ire!
She ended weeping; and her lovely plight,
Innovable, till peace obtained from fault
Acknowledged and deplored; In Adam wronged
Communiating: his doom is on him; his
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress;
Creature so fair his seconclement seeking,
Cursed! oy, when all his displeased, his aid:
As one disarmed, his angry all the last,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her song.
"Unsavoury, and too dostreous, as before,
Now of what thou knowest not, who darest
The punishment all on thyself: also
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wraath, whose thou feltst at yet least
past,
And my displeasure hearted so ill.
If prayer
Could stir high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited;
Thy fractious and unfurled, thy
To me committed, and by me expressed,
But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame,
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive
In offices of love, how may we lighten
Each other's burden, in our own case:
Since this day's death denounced, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow paced evil,
A long day's dying, to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hopelessly derived)"
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.
"Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Fond so erroneously, as by just event,
Found so unanswerable, so
Restored by thee, vile as I, to place.
As Or Conversing, With That Broke Not But I lies, in misery, make us self-destruction stand our own hands calling to us or dyed and Tavenous as anguish in vengeful seed. At a moment unpitied, I do not know which I shall save, or which I shall shun. And I shall shun to the place Repairing where he judged them; prostrate fell Before him reverent; and both confessed Humbly their faults, and pardon begged with tears Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air Frequently, sent from hearts contrite, in sign Of sorrow ungrieved, and humiliation mock. Unconstitutionally will he relent and turn From his heads; and where with let there be, When angry must be seemed and most severe. What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone? So make our father penitent, nor Eve Fail less remorse; they, forthwith to the place Repairing where he judged them; prostrate fell Before him reverent; and both confessed Humbly their faults, and pardon begged with tears Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air Frequently, sent from hearts contrite, in sign Of sorrow ungrieved, and humiliation mock.

**BOOK XI.**

**THE ARGUMENT.**

The Son of God, comes to his Father the prayers of our first parents now, repenting, and into their hearts; and accepts them, but declared that they must not longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael to them, and to the serpent in the wilderness: 

**The Argument.**

The Son of God comes to his Father the prayers of our first parents now, repenting, and into their hearts; and accepts them, but declared that they must not longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael to them, and to the serpent in the wilderness: he declares the first fruits of the first Adam into the hands of the second; and the second Adam is the beginning of our salvation: he gives to his people a new and eternal law; he gives to his people a new and eternal law; and the law of grace is the law of the New Testament.

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Yet this man seemed to have a life, and to the hand of Heaven subdue,

"As cool as this serene, safe guide, the path from hence to thee, and to the hand of Heaven subdue,

hast thou follow thee, so safe the guide, the path from hence to thee, and to the hand of Heaven subdue,

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hast thou follow thee, so safe the guide, the path from hence to thee, and to the hand of Heaven subdue,
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers, And charming symphonies from each other heart.
Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight, The bent of nature, which he thus expressed.
True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest, Much better shows this vision, and above hope
Of peaceful days prefers, than those two past; Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
Here nature seems fulfilled in all her stars? To commune thus Michael. 'Judge what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
And to conform thy will, to his most chief;
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; suchdost thou appear
Of arts that polished life, inventors rare;
Unamiable of their Maker, though his spirit
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledged none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget,
For that fair female thou saw'st, that seemed
Of goddessees, so bright, so soft, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred and brought up where nature first gave taste
Of lustful appettite, to sing, to dance;
To dress, and to roll the tongue, and to roll the eye
To those that sober race of men, whose lives
Living were told; and all these say; they shall
Shall yield up all their virtues, all the fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles.
These of fair athesists; and now swim in joy,
Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep
To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.
Lamenting turned full sad; 'O! what are these,
Death's ministers, not men? who thus dealt death
Inflicting it, and so upbraids them.
Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slow
His brother; for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren; men of men? But
Religious titles now, and ill name; Hell Research, had in his righteousness been lost?
To whom thus Michael. "These are the product
Of those ill-starred marriages thou sawest;
For which good had been matched, who of themselves
Abhor to join; and, by impudence mixed,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were those giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admired,
And valour and heroic virtue called;
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite joy;
Such were they, when with their glistening spear
Of human glory; and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Princes of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;
Dearer in their eyes than all the lines of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth;
And what most merited fame in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou be-
Gbled in heaven, the same was..."
Of them derived, but God observed
The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household from annihilation.
A world devoted to universal wreck.
No sooner he, with them of man and beast
Selected for life; shall in the ark be lodged,
And sheltered round, but all the catastrophes
Of Heaven set open on the earth shall pour
Rain, day and night of the disaster kind,
Broke up, shall leave the ocean to surmise
Beyond all bounds; till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of Parnassus by the sea be moved
Out of its place, pushed by the mighty
With all his verdure spoiled, and trees arched,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and bare,
The haunt of serpents, and serpents' young;
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent or thence dwell.
And now, what further shall ensue, behold!
He looked, and saw the ark full of the noonday sun,
Which now abstained; for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen northwind; that, blowing dry,
Gave to the ship, which was now entire,
The clear sky, with its white watery glass.
Guzed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drove,
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrinks
From suffocating to tripping ebb, that staid
With fresh foot to the wave then deep, who now left
Elish's shelter, as the Heaven his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of some high mountain fixed.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear
With cloudburst, the momentary current driven
Towards the remaining sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And his mate, the dove, and with a shower of war
A dove sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive branch, a living, peaceful sign,
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head behold
A dewy cloud, with a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad
Greatly rejoiced, and this his joy broke forth:
"O thou, who future things cannot represent
As present, heavenly instructor! I revive
At this last sight, assured that man shall live,
With all the creature's breath, much more sage;
And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come
On their impudence; and shall return

Per one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those coloured streaks in Heaven
Distended, as the brow of God appeared?
Or served the base of the decision
The fluid air of the same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve, and shiver the earth?
To whom the archangel: "Dexterously thou wishest
So willingly doth God remit thy ire,
Though late repenting, Him of man deprived;
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth covered with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet, these removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight
That he relents not but outmanent mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood; nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beast; but when he brings
Over earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed time and harvest, heat and honey frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things
Now, both Heaven and earth, wherein the just dwelleth.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.
The angel Michael, from the flood, to raise what shall succeed; then in the nomer of Abrah., comes by degrees to explain, what had need of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his preservation, cloaths, resurrection, and ascension; the state of this church till he came again; Adam, greatly unprofitably and recreationally, by these relations, and promises, descends the hill with Michael; soon, Ere, who all this while had step, but with gentle decrees, and contentions, shall ascend again. Michael in other hand leads them out of Paradise; they speak behind them; and the heralding bearing their stations to guard the place.

As one, who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed; so here the archangel paused
Bewith the world destroyed and world restored,
If Adam sought perhaps might intersect;
Then, with these, What? Where? Wherefore? Adam, falsely displeased.
"O execrable son! so to suffocate
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurped, from God not given:
He gave us only over beasts, fish, fowl,
Domestic, and wild; and to him only
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judg. commandeth grace
Fresh, in their minds, fearing the Deity.
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply space;
Labouring the soil, and reaping plentiful crops,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herb or fowl,
Oft sacrificing buck, lamb, or kid,
With large wins offerings poured, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their dayz a joyous, peaceful kind,
Long time to be allies and tribes,
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
Of proved ambitious heart; who not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Shall arrogate power, and his deserts,
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth;
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)
With war and hostile-mites such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter they shall be styled
Before the Lord; as, in siege of Heaven,
Or from Heaven claiming second sovereignty;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion ochius he accuses
His crew whom like ambition joint
With him or under him;
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
The plain whereon a black luminous gorge
Bells out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to lie to Heaven,
Obstruct Heaven's towers, and in decision set
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rage
Quite out their native language; and, instead
To a jangling noise of words unknown;

Among the builders, such to other calls
Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in Heaven.
And looking down, to see the babbling strange
And hear the din: thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work confusion named.
"Then, Where? Wherefore? What were these things
That thus thou seenest one world begin and end;
And man, as from a second stock proceed.
Much hath thou yet to see; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must render no impervious and weary human senses;
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;
Thou therefore give due audience and attend.
Upon the temple itself; at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David’s sons;
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Barred of his sight; yet at his birth a star,
Unseen before in Heaven, proclaims him come
And guides the earliest sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth, to Solomon angel tells,
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They glithly thither haste, and by a choir
Of squadroned angels hear his sacred song.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the Most High; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth’s wide bounds, his glory with the heavens.
He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
Sunnighed, as had like griefs been dwelt in tears;
Without the vent of words; which he breasted.

Psalm of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand:
What oft my steadfast thoughtes have search’d is vain,
Why is the great Expectation should be called
The seed of woman: virgin mother, hail!
High in the love of Heaven; yet from my loins
Then shall proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of the Most High: so God with man unites
Needs must the servant be, and clear the brute
Expect with mortal pain: say where and where
When their flight, what stroke shall bruise the victor’s heart;
There to reign in peace:

Dream not of their light,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: nor therefore joins the Sun
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to fall
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a devilish brute,
Disabled, not to give thee thy death’s wound;
Satan, while he comes, Saviour, shall recur;
Not by destroying Satan, but by his works
In thee, and in thy seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obiidence to the law of God imposed
On all the earth, and from his holy place:
The penalty to the transgression due;
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can his justice rest appea’d.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
Towards the most accursed; for it is death:
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption; and that his obedience,
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith, his merits

To save them, nor their own, though legal, works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
Sinned on by force, judged, and to death consign’d
A prophet and accursed, nailed to the cross
By his own nation; slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he lays thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all his race, through Jesus Christ, excused,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives, after him no power
Shall long usurp, exalt the three descending light
Return, the storm of war shall come in his rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light
The ransom paid, which man from death redeemed.
His death for man, as many as offered life
Neglect not, and the benefit endure.
By faith not void of works: this godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,

In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms,
And fix for deeper in his head their sins
Then triumphing over shall bruise the victor’s heel:
Or theirs when he redeems; a death, like sleep,
A gentle waking to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth: his censer shall appear
To his disciples, men in whose life
Still followed him: to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of them they learned
And his salvation, that they believe
Baptizing in the profoundest stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pur’d, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died
Death, all nations shall teach; for, from that day,
Not only to the sons of Abraham’s loins
Salvation shall be preach’d, but to the sons
Of Abraham’s faith, wherever through the world;
So that it is no more God’s secret
That to the Hebrews he did ascend,
Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend,
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and theirs: there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of death, and drag in chains
Through all his realms, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God’s right-hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heaven; and thence shall come
When this world’s dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead.

To judge the unfaithful dead; but to reward
The faithful, and receive them into bliss;
Whether in Heaven or earth; for then the earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place.
Than this of Eden, and far happier days!

So spake the archangel Michael: then passed,
As at the world’s great period: and our aim
Repeate with joy and wonder, thus replied.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasioned, or rejoice
Much more, much that much more good thereof shall
Shall descend, and turn to good;
To God more glory, more good will to man.
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
Must ascend, what will become the few
Of his faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will,” said the angel; “but from Heaven
He to his own a Comforter will send
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His spirit within them; and the law of faith,
Working through love, upon their hearts shall
With truth

To guide them in all truth; and also arm
With spiritual armament, able to resist
Satan’s assaults, and quench his fiery darts;
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death; against such crushing
With inward consolations recomp’d,
And oft supported as so shall amaze
Their proudest persucutors: for the Spirit,
Pour’d forth on his apostles, whom he seeth
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As in the days of old, for them before them.
Thus they win

Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length
Their ministry performed, and race well run,
On their doctrine and their story written,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though profaned; for the word endures for ever.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles and with these to join
Milton's Works. Book XII.

The brandished sword of God before them blazed, Fierce as a comet, which with terrid heat, And vapour as the Libyan air ...
Of female seed, far ablest to raise All his solicitations, and at length All his vast force, and drive him back to hell, Winning by conquest, what the first man lost By failure surprised. But first I mean To exercise in Heaven, and to extend The soul shall then desty down the rudiments Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes, By travail and suffering, and by force, His weakness shall overcome Satanic strength, And all the world, and mass of sinfulness, That all the angels and ethereal powers. This troup, and man hereunder, may discern From what consummate vixie I have chose This perfect man, by merit called my son, To earn salvation for the sons of men. So speaketh the angel, and All Heaven Admiring stood space, then into hymns Burst forth, and in colosseal mens uns moved, Circling the throne and singing while the hand Sung with the voice, and this the argument: Victory and triumph to the Son of God, Now entering his great duel, not of arms But to vanquish by wisdom hellsish wiles! The Father knows the Son; therefore secure Venturing men, not of his own accord, Against whate’er may, whate’er desease, Allare, or terrify, or undermine. Be frustrate, all ye stragglers of hell, And drive them, wicked ones, to nought So they in Heaven their odes and victs tuned Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days Lodged in Bethanah, where John baptized, Making such and much reveling in his breast. How lest the mighty work he might begin Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first Publish his godlike office, now mature. One day forth walked alone, the spirit leading And his soul that he might converse With solitude, till, far from truck of men, Thought following thought, and step by step led on. He entered now the bordering desert wild, And deserts, and-some to converse. His holy meditations thus pursued. O, what a multitude of thoughts at once Awakened in me a swarm, while I consider What sort within. I feel myself, and hear What from within, and thence to him, to my ears, Ill sorting with my present state compared! When I was yet a child, no child play To me this pleasing; all my mind was set Serious to know the will of God, and thence to do What might be public good; myself I thought Born to that end, born to promote all truth, All righteous things: therefore, above my years, The law of God in all I did, and all I spake Made it my whole delight, and in it grew To such perfection, that, ere yet my age Had measured twice six years, at our great feast I went into the temple, that to bear The teachers of our law, and to propose What might improve my knowledge or their own: And was admired by all: yet this not all To do which my spirit expired; victorious deeds Flamed in my heart, heroic acts; one while To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke; Then to subdue and quell, o’er all the earth, Steale violence, and proud tyranical power, Till truth were freed, and courage to bear Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first By winning words to conquer willing hearts; And make persuasion do the work of fear; At least to try, and touch the human soul, Not wrongfully misusing; but unaware Misdil: the stubborn only to subdue. Their growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving, By words at times fast, inly rejoiced, And said to me apart: 125 High are thy thoughts, O Son, but nourish them, and let them soar To what height sacred virtue and true worth Can raise them, though above example high; By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire, For know, thou art not son of mortal man; Their perfidious craft they taught, and subtle, And thence to converse. Thine and my heart’s record, Thy father is the eternal King who rules All heaven and earth, angels, and sons of men; A messenger from God foretold thy birth Conceived in me a virgin, he foretold Should be great, and sit on David’s throne, And of thy kingdom there should be no end. At thy majesty, a glorious choir Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung To heaven, with songs and psalms, and rubber; To shepherds, watching at their folds by night, And told them the Messiah was born, Where they might see him, and to thee they Directed to the manger where thou layest, For in the inn was left no better room: A star not seen before, in Heaven appearing, Guided the wise men thither from the east. To heaven they went, sing and pray, and gold By whose bright course aloft they found the place, Affirming it thy star, now given in Heaven, By which they knew the king of Israel born. Just Simeon and prophetess Anna, warned By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake Before the altar and the vested priest. I like to show things of thee to all that present stood. This having heard, straight I again resolved The law and prophets, searching what was writ Concerning the Messiah, to our scriptures Known partly, and soon found, of whom they spake I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
BOOK I.

I undertook that office, and the toilsious
Of all his slavish precepts gilded with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge;
For what he bids I do. Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
The blessings of that God, I have not lost
To love, at least countenance and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense:
So to see and approach thee, whom I know
Declared the Son of God, to hear attest
Thy wisdom, and beheld thy godlike deeds!
Men generally do fear to believe a fable,
To all mankind: why should I not to thee
I never did wrong or violence; by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell,
Copartake in these regions of the world,
If not dispose; lend them on my aid,
Of my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
And whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they, excite me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be: but long since with woe
Ne'er was such cares and such expense,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightsight aught each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoined:
This made me more, (what can I least?)
Man fallen shall be restored, I never more.
To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied:
Deservedly thou givest'st, of the poor,
Miserable, and all such that are left in need.
Who bestowest relief from hell, and leave to come
Into the Heaven of Heavens: thou comest indeed!
As a poor miserable captive slave
Counsels in thy heart that both have had at
Among the prince in splendour, now degraded,
Ejected, ejected, gazed unprofitably,
A spectacle of man, or of man,
To the high place happy imparts to thee no happiness, no joy;
Rather confines thy termen;
Lost blue, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in hell than when in Heaven.
Wilt thou impious to observe what thy heart
Exerts, or pleasure to do ill excites
What but thy malice moved thee to disdain
Of righteous, that within thy heart to afflict him
With all infections? but his patience won.
The other service was this thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred months;
For lying, is a sin, and blotted thy face.
Yet pretext to truth; all oracles
By thee are given, and what confessed more true

Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By doing wrong thou hast made thyself more wise.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who asked have seldom understood:
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thine shrine
Returned the wiser, or the more instructible.
To fly or follow what concerned him most,
And run no sooner to his fatal aim?
God hath all things in his power, and his will
To thy delusions; justice, since they fell
Idolatrous; but, when his purpose
Is Among them to declare his providence
Now known, wherse hast thou then thy truth,
But from him, or his angels providence
In every province? who, themselves declining
To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What, to the smallest title, thou shalt say.
To thy adherent? thou, with trembling fear,
Or like a wavering, obsey'st
Then to thyself ascribe the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon repressed;
No more shalt thou by converse abusing
The Gentiles: henceforth oracles are ceased,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shall be adorned with God's usual adorning.
At least in vain, for they shall find thee rude.
God hath now sent his living oracles
Into the world to teach his final will,
And send his Spirit to govern men, to過來
In pious hearts, an inviolable
To all truth requisite for men to know.
So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Friend,
Though holy stand above our souls and disdain
Dispersed, and this answer smooth returned.

"Sharply thou hast insisted on refute.
And urge me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath precipitated me.
Where Easily can't thou find one miserable,
And not enforced oblations to part from truth,
If it may stand him more instead to lie,
Say and deny, figs, or affliger, or alms,
But thou art placed above man, and art Lord;
From thee I can, and must submit, endure
Clock or reproof, and glad to slake so quiet.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk;
Such as the tongue disdained, pleasing to the ear
And tuneful as sylvan pipe or song;
What wonder then if I delight to bear
Her dictates from thy mouth. I must more admire
 Virtue, who follow not her lore; permit me
To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes.)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain
Thy father, who is above, who art the fire.
Suffers the heathens or atheistic priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtained to shelter him or me.
From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
A maager his; yet soon enforced to fly.
Then, when I dreaded the monstrous King,
Daughter, who sought his soul, and missing filled
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth.
Heath became, and, lingering many years, his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king; but now,
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, in public shown,
Son owned from Heaven by his Father’s voice.
I looked for some great change; to honour me?
But trouble, as old Simon plain foretold,
That to his realm the infant would be Of many in Israel, and to a sign.
Spoken against, that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce: this is my favour’d lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted may I be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
Where but delays now? some great intent
Concede him: when twelve years he scarce had
lost him, but so found, as well as saw
He could not lose himself, but went about
His Father’s business: what he meant I missed;
Saw, how he vanishes. To his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am bound;
My heart hath been a storehouse of long things
and sayings laid up, portending strange events!
Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had passed
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Mong the composed awaited the fulfilling:
The while the region of thick air,
Solo, but with holiest meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best.
His end of being on earth, and mission high:
For Satan, with sly preference to return;
Had him vacant, and with speed was gene;
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
These, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Soliloquies and blinks, he thus began.
“Prime. Heaven; Heavens, ancient sons, eternal
Thrones,
Demoniac spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, riggled called
Powers of air, earth, water, and earth beneath.
(No so we hold, by some less mild sorts
Without new trouble) such an enemy
Is rien to invade us, no less
Threatens than our expedition down to hell.
I, as I understand, and with the vote
Consulting in full frequency was empowered,
Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; but find
Far other labour to be undertaken.
Than when I doted on your illustrious
Mausoleum, for, first of men,
Though Adam by his wife’s allurement fell,
Hereover to this Man inferior far;
If he be man by mother’s side, at least
With more than him, and heaven beloved,
Perfections absolute, graces divine;
And amplitude of mind to greater deeds.
Therefore I am returned, lest confidence
Of my successes with such promise
Decyve ye to persuasion over sure
Of like succeeding here: I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist, lest I, who endeavoured
Thought none my equal, now be overmatched.”
So spake the old Serpent, doubting; and from all
With churning was assured their utmost aid
At his command: when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolute spirit that fell,
The sensualist, and, after Asmodei,
The fleshliest incubus; and thus advised.
“Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
And point the way of lust, and of the beast found.
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures; grossself and discreet,
Expert in the uncouth languages,
Purposive, virgin majesty with maid
And sweet allied, yet terrible to approach;
Skilled to retire, and, in retiring, draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous webs.
Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged brow
Evere, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw to a cold and icy path;
And at will the manliest resolute beast.
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else beguiled the heart
Of wiser Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow, to the gods of his vows.”
To whom quick answer Satan thus returned.
“Beast, in much unwanean scale thou weighst
All others by thyself: because of old
Thou thyself boldest on woman-kind, adorning
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, then thinkst, but taken with such toys.
Before the flood, thus with thy lusty crew
False tided sons of God, running the earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and royal chambers how they lark’d.
In courts and royal chambers, and by chance,
In valley or green meadow, to waylay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Glycine,
And with fair speech those words to him addressed
  "With greaten leave officious I return
  But much more wonder that the Son of God
  In this wild solitude so long should hide,
  Of all things desirous, and, well I know,
  Not with vain words, O'! of some note, not
  As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
  The foppish woman, with her son
  Unto Nebuchadnezzar, yet found here raised
  By a preposterous, all the race
  Of Israel here had finished, had not God
  Rained from Heaven manna; and that prophetic
  Raising these forty days none hath regard,
  Forty and more described here indeed.

Thus Jesus. "What couldst thou hence?
They all had need; I, as thou seest, have more."
"How hast thou hunger then" Satan replied.
"Tell me if food were now before thee,
Wouldst thou not eat it?" "Thereafter as I like,
The' answered Jesus. "Why should thou Cause thy refusal" said the subtle fiend.
Hostile do not the divines thine things!
O'er all creations by just right to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor motion,
Men by the law unclean, or offered first
To idol, which the fiend did refuse;
Nor professed by an enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want oppressed? Be bold,
Nature annulled, or, better to express,
Trembled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed
From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee, as before, and as she Lord,
With honour: only deign to sit and eat.
He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eye beheld,
In simple under the broadest shade,
A table set, and all was fit to eat,
With dishes plenteous, and meats of nicest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In Pugia wild, or from the spit, or boiler,
Garnished-staged, all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitestate, for which was drained
Ponos, and Laterne bay, and Afric coast,
(Alas, how simple, to three dates compared,
Was that crude apple that divorced Eve?)
And at a stately side board, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed and Hydras distant more
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiads
With fruits or flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Euphrates, that seemed
Fairer than those of the loudest race.
Of fairy damsels, met in woods wide
By nights of Legress, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelles, or Pelion:
An all the while the voice of Avia heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian colours fanned
From their soft wings, and Floris earliest smells.
Such as the splendor of Fame and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renewed.
"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?"
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the tabernacles of the tenant.
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorativo delight.
All those are spirits of air, and woods and springs,
To whom the generous deities confute.
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubts thee, Son of God? sit down and eat.
To whom thus Jesus temperately replied.
"Saith' them not that to all things I had right?
And who withholdeth his power that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where I like? nor command, or command?
I can at will, do not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And callavfit of angels ministerant
Arrayed in glory on my cup to attend.
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous authorizations, and count thy precious gifts no gifts, but guile,
To whom thus answered Satan malcontent.
"That I have also power to give thee ace;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestowed on whom I pleased,
And rather opportunity in this place
Choose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can offer thee is rejected,
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earned thee far-est spoil? With that
Both table and provision vanished quite
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter still remained,
And with these words his temptation pursued.
"By hunger, that each other creature
Thou canst not to be harmed, yet not moved;
Thy temperance, invincible bounds,
For all allurements yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high design,  
High actions: but wherewith to be achiev'd?  
Great acts require great means of enterprise;  
That art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
A carpenter thy father known, thyself,  
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
Lest in a desert here and hunger-bite:  
Which way, or from what hope dost thou aspire  
To greater actions?  
What followest, what restraint causeth thee gain,  
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
Money brings honours, friends, conquest, and  
Riches is a thousand a year:  
What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,  
Thy throne, but gold that got him pleasant friends?  
Things of a great size, whose value willst arise,  
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:  
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
While virtue, valour, wisdom sit in want.  
To whom thus Jesus patiently replied.  
"Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
The sine of virtue, or to be virtuous.  
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolved:  
But men ended with these oft attained  
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;  
Gideon, and David, and Solomon, and Titus,  
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat  
So many ages, and shall yet remain  
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
Among the heathen, (for throughout the world  
To me is unknown what hath been done.  
Worthy of memorial, canst thou not remember  
Quintus, Fabius, Cæsar, Regulus?  
For I commend these deeds of men so poor,  
Who could do mighty things and could contain  
Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that  
I also may the same.  
Accomplish what thou didst, perhaps, and more  
Exult not riches then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's camaraderie, if not scarce;  
Yet shalt thou partake, and be partaker  
Riches' and honours' joys, if thou canst.  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms I yet not, for that a crown,  
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,  
To him who wears the regal diadem,  
On whose shoulders each man's burden lies;  
For thereon his life is like a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears,  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and tears, is more a king;  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;  
And who attains not, ill aspir's to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject him to servitude.  
Or loveless passions in him, which he serves,  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,  
Is yet uneasiness; him, both for the souls,  
Governeth the inner, the nether part;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oil by force, which, to a generous mind,  
So reigning, can be no disagreeable sight.  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, than to lay down  
Far more magnificent, than to assume.  
Riches are symbols; him, both for the souls,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
To gain a sceptre, better missed better."

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, in a spirit of much flattering commendation, attempts to awaken his desire to glory, by parted harbinging various hopes of concrete achievement, and great action performed in a preceding period of time. On the Lord, referring by the vanity of worldly fame, and the true-sprung man by which it is generally sneered at and esteem'd, as a proverbial character, of the inmost soul whose name, as exemplified in the character of Job, Satan founds the love of glory from the example of God himself, who it is seen is from all eternity in his own name, and with his divine essence, is the subject of this argument, by showing that, as good is the true good on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, such man can have no right whatever to it. Satan then erected Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David: he tells him that the kingdom of Judah at that time a province of Rome, can not be gotten possession of without much present exertion on his part, and promises him no time in beginning to reign. Jesus shows him how those are lost who act for others; and after intimidating sorrows anticipation his own previous sufferings, asks Satan, what he should not be able to offer for the time being, when rising was desired to be his fall. Satan replied, that his own descriptive state, of  
:

For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?  
And what the people but a herd confused,  
A miscellaneous rabble, who exact  
Things valuable, and well weighed, scarce worth the praise?  
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
What they do, is that only, to be by such extorted.  
To live upon their tongues and be their talk.  
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.  
The lot who daws to be singularly  
The Intelligent, and the wise; the best,  
And glorious source of few is raised.  
This is true glory and renown, when God  
Looking on the earth with approbation marks  
The just, that what wouldst do the wrong  
By length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renewed, him thus accosts,  
"What canst thou knowst what is to be known,  
What best to any can say, to do canst do;  
Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape,  
Shall descend from me, and the works of man  
Shall stand perfect in their form,  
Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
Uriz and Thumminik, these oracular persons  
On Aaron's breast; or even of more ancient  
Infalibility; which art then sought to decree  
That must receive in thine own hand, thy skill  
Of conduct was much, that all the world  
Could not sustain thy provokes, or at least  
In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
These great and might oppose, without shame,  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage wilderness, wherefore dispossess  
First earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself,  
The people's amazement, and perchance  
The desert, and nations, and universal  
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
Of most exalted spirits, most tempéréd pure  
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despises.  
All thing that is greater, he, who can make chace,  
And dignities and powers all but the highest?  
Thy eyes are ripe, and overspread; the sun  
Of Macedonian Philip had crost held  
Wea, and the throne of Cyrus held  
At his disposition; young Sardanapal he brought down  
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey auxil'd  
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
Yet, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
Quench not the fire of glory, but extend  
Great Julius, when now all the world admires  
The more he grows in years, the more inflamed  
With glory; what he had lived so long  
In danger, and so far as may be not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied.  
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
For empire's sake, nor empiric to affect  

Of judgment: and, the image of thine eyes, and know

And the king shall eat of it till he be filled, and his people shall be satisfied with it. And thy people shall be satisfied with his goodness forever.

And the king of Egypt shall perish with the kingdom.

And the king of Egypt shall perish with the kingdom.

And I will bring you into a land that flows with milk and honey, and your children shall eat and be satisfied, and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God.
From such retreats you know not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight ground of thy safety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee thither, and shown
All this fair sight: thy kingdom, through thy forefathers
By prophet of angel, without thee
Endower, as thy father David old
Thou never shall obtain: prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means;
Without means used, what if prophecy revoked.
But what was the foundation of David’s throne,
By free consent of all, none oppose,
Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Blessed from such exultations
Roman and Persian! I therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own; the Persian first
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antiquous and old Hyrcanus, bound,
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
To render thee the Persian at decease,
Chaldean, and Assyrian, conquered by thee;
By him thou shalt reign, without him not,
That which alone can truly re-instate thee
In David’s royal seat, his true successor;
Deliver, O Lord, thy faithful ten thousand tribes,
Whose off-spring in his territory yet serve,
In Habor, and among the Medes disposed:
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, last
Thence long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers; and by the hand of Egypt serv’d,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thall restore
To their inheritance, then, nor ill them,
Their God, and of their hearts the knowledge to dwell.
From Egypt to Ethiopia and beyond,
Shall reign, and Rome or Caesar need not fear.
To whom our Saviour answered thus, unavowed:
"Thus our hearts, nor did what thy reply,
"Much ostentation, vain of destiny arm.
And fraught with much of instrument of war.
Long in preparing: soon to nothing brought.
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep.
Of stones of miles, swords and lives, and
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I must use, thou say’st: prediction still
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne;
My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee
Were better far than the day is yet come: When that comes, think not thou to find me stark
On my part aught evanescing, or to need
Thy poise maxims, or that cursonisms
Lagging of war, my chosen argument.
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou call’d them, those ten tribes
I must deliver if I mean to reign
David’s throne, and his full sceptre over
To just extent over all Israel’s sons.
But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne.
When thou stoodst up to the pride of
Of numbering Israel, which cost the lives
Of three score and ten thousand Israelites.
By three days’ pestilece? such was thy zeal
To Israel then; the same that now to me!
As for these present days, and these thy rage:
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all the earth, and those three
Bozeth their other worse than heathenish crimes.
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so died
Impenitent, and left a new behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain.
And God with idols in their worship joined.
Should I or He, I say, my Lord, join
Israel with idolatry? wherefore
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unperturb’d, unformed,
Headlong would follow; and to their Gods perhaps
Of Bethel and Ai, and, my Lord, them their
Enemies, who serve idols with God;
Yet he at length, (time to himself best known)
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back, repentant and sincere.
And thus to their country they did return,
While to their native land with joy they haste;
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he clung.
When to the promised land their fathers passed,
To his due place, and of his land.
Made answer me, that made void all his will.
So spake Israel’s true king, and to the end
Made answer me, that made void all his will.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contendeth.
Their are to the east round thin eyes, and see
What conflict issuing forth, or entering in;
Of course, to the provinces
Having; or on return, in roles of state;
Letters and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, forms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions remote:
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Elamite; some from farthest south,
Others from the shadow both way wise;
Merce, Nilotic like, and, more to west;
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-more sea;
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
From India and the golden Chersonesians,
And justly, where once, once, once just.
Dukal faces with white silken wrenched;
From Gallia, Gauls, to the British west;
German, and Syltians, and Saracenians, north
Beyond Dalmatia to the Baltic pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay;
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth, and power,
Civilty of manners, arts, and arms,
And long renown, thou justly mayest prefer
Before the Parthians. These two classes except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight;
Shared among by kings too far removed;
Thus living have I seen. I have show to thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emperor hath no sea, and now is old,
And Oid and lascivious, and from Rome retired
The king of the world, and wise as well, but strong.
On the Champean shore, with purpose there,
His horrid lust in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public honor, and yet of him suspicious:
Hated of all, and hated. With what ease,
Induced with royal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expect this monster from his throne,
No more, nor, as his place ascending;
A victor people free from servile yoke!
And with my help thou mayest; to me the power Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at least all the world;
At the highest: without the highest attained,
Will be for thee sitting, or not long,
On Davico's throne, be propitious what'll.

Milton's Works.

Book IV.

And darest thou to the Son of God prophesy?
To worship thee accursèd, now more accursèd
For this attempt, holier than the Eve
And more blasphemies? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given?
Permitted rather, and by thee usurped;
Other dominion none thou canst produce.
If given, by whom but by the King of kings
O'er every god, and gives to thee,
By thee how fair is the giver now
Repell'd? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to, the Son of God?
To me my honored, and first-born, but,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appearst
This evil one, Satan for ever damned.
To whom, thou art, whose coming is foretold,
Be not so offended, Son of God,
Though Sons of God both angels are and men,
If, I to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou hast heared that title have proposed
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth,
Nations beside all the quartered winds,
God of the world, and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foreshow?
To me most fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath encompassed thee no way,
Rather more honoured left and more esteem;
I nourished thee, and brought forth thee,
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world: I shall no more
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not,
And thou thyself seemst otherwise inclined
Than to a worldly crown, added more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
By that early action may be judged.
When slipping from thy mother's eye, thou wert
A child alone into the temple, there was found
Among the graver Rabbis, disputant
On points and questions: fitting Moses's chair,
Teaching right, the childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day: Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind over all the world
I know, all things in it comprehended.
All knowledge is not couched in Moses law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by nature's light,
And with the Gentiles much they must converse;
Ruling them by persuasion as thou meetest;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, held conversation meet?
How will they abide, or how refute
Their idolatries, traditions, paradoxes?
Spare by his own arm rises last evinc'd.
Look once more, cre we leave this splendid mountain.
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold,
Where on the Egean shew a city stands,
Built nobby, pure the air, and light the soil,
Atlantis, the eye of Greece, and mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous walks
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement. At Athens, fair to thee,
Truly his thick-warbled notions the summer long;
Threaten now Hymettus, with the sound
Of bee's industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there lies his rolls
His whispering stream; within the walls, then view
The schools of ancient ages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lycus the thety, and, with four subdued, replied;
Therefore shall he hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand; and various measured verse,
Edison charms and Delian lyres also,
And he who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melanagieus, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Plebeus challenged for this own;
Thence what the old boasted of the Greeks taught
In Chorus or Lante, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high matters describing
Thence to the famous custom repair.
Those ancient, whose restless eloquence
Wielded at that fierce democracy,
Shook the asseal, and undermined over Greece
To Macedon and Ataracerae throne;
To sagacious philosophy next thund'res ear.
From Heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates; see there his kingdom
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
Of Academicians and Parians, and
Summar Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicures, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire joined.
To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:
'Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them: I know them, not therefore am I skilled
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true:
But these are false; these are false, when, how refute
Their idologies, traditions, paradoxes?
Spare by his own arm rises last evinc'd.
Look once more, cre we leave this splendid mountain.

Book IV.

PARADISE REGAINED.
The next to falling fell, and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue placed felicity,
But virtue joined, with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him called virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wisest in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shamed, and oft excelled.
As fearing God nor man, containing all
Weariness, pain or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or bosoms can,
For all is vain when vain seems good,
Or subtle shift consume to evade.
Ah! what can they teach, and not mislead
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell!
Degraded by himself, grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none.
Rather accuse him under usual names.
Fate and fortune, as one regardless quite
Of moral things. Which therefore scarce in these
Thin wisdom finds not; or, by definition,
Far worse, her false resemblance only molesting.
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads incessantly, and to his reading brings
A frequent supply of superior
(And what he brings, what needs he chewery seek?)
Uncertain and untested still remain,
Deep there in books, and shalow in himself.
Crude or intoxicating, collecting joys,
And tribes for choice matters, worth a sponge:
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or, if with delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where, so soon
As in our native language, can I find
That socald all my law and story strangled.
With hymns, with protestant words in termes:
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleased so well our victors' ear, declare.
The lovely Greece from us these arts derived;
Ill imitated, while they longed in their
The voices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so persomning
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Retrieved, they have been the swellings of the
As vanish on a hast'ds cheek, the rest.
This soon with ought of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With some there comes, to all true tastes excelling
Where God is praised right, and godly men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his saints,
(Such are from God inspired, not such from thee),
Unless where moral virtue is expressed
By light of nature, not in all quite lost.
Their emitor then exculs, as those
The top of eloquence; statist indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem
But heaven in our projects forward,
As divinity taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic unafflicted style,
Their rich all the fair and splendid Rome,
In them is pleinest taught, and easiest learnt.
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What rules kingdoms, and lays cities flat.
Tyranny with, and both form a king.
So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now
Quite at a less, for all his dartes were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied.
Sins neither without, nor without
Kingdom nor empire please thee, nor ought
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What does lost in this world! the wilderness
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I fortole thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hast rejected thus
Nicer, or of apparel less, than this,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease.
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fullness of time, thy season,
Who is supera, or of the one superior.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven.
Or Heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars
Voluntary, or simple characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, oppression, hate.
Attend thee, sorrows, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and basely cruel death.
A kingdom they parted thee, but what kingdom.
Born in it, and their love, and their.
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date profaned
Directs me in the starry robe set.
So say the prophets, (for still he knew his power
Not yet expired,) and in the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in lowering night.
Her hope, ordained, the good she knew not more
Privation more of light and absent day,
Our Saviour mean and without troubled mind.
After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry, and saucy, to his rest.
Whenever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might
Who from the damps of night his shivered head:
But, sheltered, slept in vain; for his head
The Tempest watched, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb his sleep. And either tropic now
From many a horrid rift, abortive pour
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reformed; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest piles,
Though they have seen the earth's tenderest oak
Bowed their stiff limbs, bounden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stooped
Unbending. Nor yet stayed the terror there;
Infernal flames, and fierce and fuming gales.
Environed thee, some howled, some yelled, some
Shrieked.
Some bent at thee the fiery dart, while thou
Satst unarm'd in calm and sinless peace
Thus passed the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amity great.
Who with her radiant fane dilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and hid the winds.
And grisly spectres, which the flood had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrour dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had lanced the face of earth, and dried the wet.
From dropping plant or dripping tree;
The birds, who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm surmines,
Cleanse themselves, and purifying themselves in bath and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,
Was absent, after all his unied done,
The prince of darkness; gladness would also seem
Of this the faire change, and to our Saviour cause
Yet with no new devices, (they all were spent.)
Rather by this his last affright removed,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And deft to do as he was repelled.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Backed on the north and west by a thick wood,
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And to his course he sent the same.
"Fair morning yet beside thee, Son of God.
Afture a dismal night; I heart the wrack,
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
What small; and these, flaws, though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillar frame of Heaven,
To the earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as insconsiderable
And barriours, if it, whereon the ascents
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet, as being with most triumphs where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent
Like turbid river, or the tempest of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft forsignify and threaten ill.
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwellst.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offered with my aid
To win thy destined seat, but will prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne, no man knows when
For both the when and how is no where told
Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no doubt;
Though angels and saints, and all the stars round
Embrace of thee, their sorrows get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night, that closed these realms
Such several, terror, voice, procligies,
May warn thee as a sure foregoing sign.
So talked he, while the Son of God went on
And stayed not, but in brief he answered thus.
"Me worse than wet thou findst not; other harm
Those errors which thou speakest of, did none;
I never feared they could, though readings loud
And threatening signs, as signs do, and evil
Betokening, or ill boding, I confesse
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Oft threatened me; but all, once, as signs
At least might seem to hold all power of thee;
Ambitious spirit; and wouldst be thought my God;
And stoitn'test refining, to scrup the world
Me to thy will desire, (thy art discovered,
And tolet in vain,) nor me in vain molest.
To whom the fiend, now swollen with rage, replied.
"Then hear, O Son of David, virgin born
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt;
Of the Messiah I had foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length.
Announcing by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
And of the angelic song in Bethel field.
On thy birthnight, that sung thee Saviour born
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private lord,
Tell at the ford of Jordan, whither all
Flock to the Baptist, I among the rest.
(Though not to be baptised,) by voice from Heaven.
Hear thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.
Thee henceforth I thought thee worthy me nearer
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or manner thou art called
The Son of God, which bears no single name.
The Son of God I also am, or seem;
And if I was, I am; relation standeth;
MILTON'S WORKS.

BOOK IV.

PARADISE REGAINED.

By John Milton.

Samson Agonistes.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

The Argument.

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the great cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place high, surrounded, retired, to seat himself and human his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by some familiar spirits of his tribe, which make the Cherub, who seeks to comfort him what they can; and to his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and whom all his newness of life and liberty by reason last, but that our best is the offer of our whole life for his benefit, and to receive his wife to the Philistine land for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by others; and last by a public officer to receive his coming the feast before the gods and people, to play or show his strength in their presence: but he refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial; and at length, persuading himself that this was from God, he yields to playing with him, who can now the second time with great clemency to fetch him the Cherub yet remaining on the place. Manoah returns full of joy, to procure some long and more deliverance: in the middle of which appears as a Holy One in haste, confusedly in first, and afterwards more distinctly, to the manifestation, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and to himself: whereupon he is ready to follow the public officer.

The Persons.

Samson.

Manoah, the Father of Samson.

Dhal, his wife.

Harpagis of Gaza.

Public Officer.

Assassins.

Chief of Dames.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

Samson Agonistes.

A LITTLE forward led thy guiding hand
To those dark steps, a little further on.
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfilled but through mine own default?
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bestir me,
Under the veil of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
Overcome with impatience and tears?
O impotence of mind, in strong but
But without strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome.
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show with
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ended above my reach to know;
Suffice that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to walk; but chief of all,
Lose of sight, of thee most completely!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrptive age!
Light, the greatest strength, with me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eai,
Inferior to the vilest: more 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 foot,
In person of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of moon,
Irrecoverably dark, total collapse
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 bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon.
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interhuman cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And at a distance, 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 the eye confined,
So easily and so easy to be couched?
But, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus excluded 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 miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From word of other evils, pains and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
In captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
Then treading in a fleet of feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
Their daily practice to affect me more.

[Enter Chorus.]
Chor. This, this is he; softly awhile,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
With languished head unpropped,
As one past hope, abandoned,
And by himself given over;
In shackles habit, ill-fitted shoes,
O'erworn and soiled;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renowned,
Irresistible, that work of death as a man;
Nor strength of man or fiercest wild beast e'er could withstand;
Who bore the lion, as the lion bears the kid;
Ran on embattled field in red and iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forger
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer-cast,
Classey steel tempered steel, and froll of metal
Admantian proof?
But saith who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spared them to death by troops. The hold
A cabalistic
Flies from his lion ramp; old warriors turned
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or, taunting, scaled their created helments in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon come to hand,
The jaw of a dead sea, his sword of bone,
A thousand foreskins fell, the power of Palestine,
In Ramathoth, even to this day,
Then by main force pulled up, and on his shoulders bore
The gates of Azara, post, and massy bar,
Up in the Temple, Helion, seat of giants old.
No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded so;
Like whence the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven
Which shall I first bow'd, Thy brushage, or last sight,
Prison within prison.
Inseparably dark!
The dungeon of itself; thy soul.
(Which men enjoying sight without cause complain,
Imprisoned now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwell;
Shut up from outward light
To incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light, alack!
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state
Since man on earth unparalleled;
The mercy thy example stands,
By how much from the Inexorable woe,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.
For him I reckon in high estate
Whom long descent of birth,
Or the sphere of fortune, raises;
But thee whose strength, while virtue was her main;
Might have subdued the earth,
Universally crowned with highest praise.
Says, I hear the sound of words; their sense
The air
Dissolv'd intimated ere reach my ear.
Chor. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might.
The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown.
From Eshbali and Zerna's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,
Counseled or consolation we may bring,
Safe to the same: apt words have power to forge
The terrors of a troubled mind.
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.
Says, Your coming, friends, revives me, for I am
Now of my own experience, not by friends,
How counterfoil a coin they are who friends
Bear in their supercurrence, (of the most
I should be understood) in prosperous days
They swarm, and to us we wither their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have encroac'd me round,
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me.
Blindness: for light I sight, confused with shame.
How could I once look up, or leave the head,
Who, as a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above.
Foolishly rigged, and for a word, a tear,
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends.
Am I not sung and powdered for a fool
In every street? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Inme, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other art, at least, have pul'd,
These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.
Chor. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
Have erred, and by bud women been deceiv'd;
And shall again, pretend they're not so wise.
Deject not then so every confidence,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet, true to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou shoalt lest Philistian woman
Than of thine own flesh and of my blood,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.
Says, The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infant a little maid,
How that I mentioned was of Gedel: I know
From intimst impulse, and therefore urged
The marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely called.
She proving false, the next I look'd to with
(O that I never had! fond wish too late)
Was in the vale of Sonor, Dubla,
That syopic monster, my accomplished snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors, that now I suffer
She was not the prime concern of myself;
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weakness!)
Gave up my foot of silence to a woman.
Chor. In seeking Jeconiah to provoke
The Philistian, thy country's enemy,
Then never want wit, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still servis with all his son.
Says, That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
Simply by me against their conquerees,
Acknowledg'd not, all contrivance;
Deliverance offered I to the other side
Used no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud
The door;
But they persisted weak, and would not seem
To count them things worthy notice, till at length.
Their lords the Philistines with gathered powers
Entered Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Eglon was establis'd,
Not flying, but forecasting in what place
To set upon them, what advantage best
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The hazard of their land, beset me round:
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their lands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumscrib'd a welcome pray.
Bound with two cords, but cords to me were
Touched with the flame: on their whole head I knew.
Unclean, and with a trivial weapon killed
The chosen youth; they only lived who died.
Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,
They by this possessed the towers of Gath,
And leant over them whom they now serve:
Yet see what is left, in nations grown corrupt,
With them their views brought to servitude,
That lovely bondage more than liberty.
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty:
And so deeper, or envy, or suspect.
Whose God, though of his special favor raised
As their deliverer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desest him, and last
To heap ingratitude on worthless deeds?
frequent
But see how comes thy revered sire,
With careful step, looks white as down,
Old Manoah: advise
Forthwith how thou shouldst ought to receive him.
Sons. Ay me, another inward grief; awaked
With mention of that name, renew the anguish.


Man. Beareth and men of Dan, for such ye are,
Those things to me, to My remembrance bring.
Yet shall no man break, as of God:
Thus in this unpeaceful place: if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once glorified friend,
My son, now captive, his hand hath informed
Your younger foot, while mine cast back with awe
Cause lagging after; say if be here.
Char. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, beheld him where he lies.
Man. O miserable change is this the man,
That invisible Shamgar, so renowned,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walked their streets,
Now coming to a gentle, meek, unresistant,
Duell'd their armies ranked in proud array,
Himself an army, new unequal match,
To save himself against a coward armed
At one spear's length. O everlasting trust
In that to men in armed strength! and what is not in man,
Deceivable and vain! Nay, what thing good
Prayed for, but often proves our wo, our base,
I prayed for children, and thought barrenness
In redress a reproach; in deed a shame.
And such a son as men called happy me:
Who would be now a father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And me, of all men, the most despised,
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn heart,
As grace, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did the angel twice descend? for this
Ordained to be my doom, for this
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Injured, assaulted, overthrown, led bound,
To which he denied, out of poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves!
Ains! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through fury err'd.
He should not see as I, and as a thrall
Subject him to foul indignities.
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.
Sama. Appoint not heavenly disposition; fe
Aion.

[Return]

Down, reason, then; at least, vain reasoning,
Doth most of us, in every subject end.
Though reason here avert,
That moral verdict quite her unclean.
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.
But see how comes thy revered sire,
With careful step, looks white as down,
Old Manoah: advise
Forthwith how thou shouldst ought to receive him.
Sons. Ay me, another inward grief; awaked
With mention of that name, renew the anguish.


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Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.
Sama. Appoint not heavenly disposition; fe
Aion.

[Return]
Of that solicitation; let me here, As I deserve, pay on my punishment; And expiate, if possible, my crime, Shameful garrulity, To have revealed Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend, How heinous had the fact been, how deserving Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded All friendship, and avoided as a blab, The mark of foe set on his front? But I confess have not kept, my holy secret Presumptuously have published, inopiously, Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin That Gentiles in their parables condemn To theit longest, and most pains-laden. Man. Be patient, and for thy fault contrit But act not in thy own affliction, son, Repent the sin; but, if the punishment Thou cannot avoid, self preservation bids; Or the execution leave to high disposal, And let another hand, not thine, exact Thy penal forfeit from thyself: perhaps God will relent, and quit thee all his debt; Who ever more approves, and more accepts, Best pleased with humble and filial submission, Him, who, implying mercy, sues for life, Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due; Who, being overtaken, and self-dispossessed, For self-sufficiency, more than for God offended. Reject not then what offered means, which knows But God hath set before us, to return thee Home to thy country and his sacred house, As aS God has thought; and this, to avert His further ire, with prayers and vows renewed. 

Sama. His pardon I implore; but as for life, To what end should I seek it? when in strength Of all mankind, and great in hopes, With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts Of birth from Heaven foretold, and high exploits, Full of divine instinct, after some proof Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond The sense of man, famos now and blamed Fearless of danger, like a petty god I walked about admired of all and dreaded On hostile ground, none of my affection, But awoken with pride into the sense I fell Of fair laudous looks, vassal trains, Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life; At length to lay my head and hallowed pledge The temple of his high and exalted majesty, Of a deceitful onlooker, who shone me Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece, Then turned me out ridiculous, despised, Sunk and disdained among the enemy. 

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks, Which many a famous warrior overturns, Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby

Sparkling, outpeared, the favour or the smell; Or taste that出差es the heart of gods and men, Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream. 

Sama. Wherefore fountain or fresh current flowed Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure; With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying Thirst, and refreshed; nor envied them the grasp Whose heart that turbulent liquor fills with flames. 

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines And strongest drinks, our chief support of health; When God with these forbidden made choice to rear His mighty champion, strong above compare, Whose think was only from the liquid brook. 

Sama. But what availed this temperance, not complete Against another object more enticing? What boots it at one gate to make defence, And at another to let in the foe, Effeminately vanquished! by which means, Now blind, diseas'd, stamped, dishonoured, quelled, To that war can I be useful, whereas serve My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed, But to sit idle on the household hearth, A ridiculous scene; to visitants a grace, Or painful object, these redundant locks Robbed in their great women of sheltering, to avoid Vain monument of strength; still length of years And sedentary numbness from the limbs To a contemptible old age obscure! Here rather in drudge and earn my bread; Till vermin or the draft of service loyal, Consume me, and oft invocated death Hasten the welcome end of all my pains. 

Men. With them thou servest the Philistines with that gift Which was expressly given thee to annoy them? Better at home lie bedded, not only idle, Ingratious, unemployed, with age wornout. But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to satisfy After the burst of battle, can as easy Cause light again within thy eyes to spring, When with thee to serve him better than those last, And I persuade me so; why else this strength? Miraculous yet remaining in these locks? His might continues in thee for naught, Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thee. 

Sama. All others to me my thoughts you tend, That these dark eis no more shall treat with light; Nor the other light of life continue long, But yield to double darkness nigh at hand;
MILTON'S WORKS.

The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.
But who is this? what thing of sea or land?

[Enter Dalila.]

Dal. With doubtful fear and trembling resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merit, without excuse,
I can not but acknowledge; yet, if fear,
May expiate, (though the fact more evil doth
In the perverse event I foresee,) your
My pence has not slackened, though my pardon

Yet always pity or pardon hath obtained.
But not like others, not austere
As thou art strong, inexorable as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not go,
How cunningly the soreness displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me fair!
That milder, not repetition, brought thee this,
By this appears, thou say'st, the example,
I led them; but I was false ere thou didst true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me.
Such passion therefore as I give my folly
To take thy wretched deed; which when thou
Imperial, self-woven, inwards, in
Thou wilt remove my seeking, and much rather
Confess it great: weakness is thy excuse, and
I believe it; weakness to resist
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse;
What murder, what treason, perjury,
Insolent, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man wilt gain thee no remission.
But love constrained them; call iturious rage.
To satisfy my lust: love seeks to have love;
My love could thus hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as no need: by thee betrayed?
In vain thou strikst to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime unsavour ever more.

Dal. Since then determined weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemnation.

If any thing I had, what savour besides,
What sights give me some, I would confess;
What might have avowed the best resolved of men,
The constant, to have yielded whilst blame,
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with thee thou know'st the magic
And princes of my country came in person.

Samson Agonistes. 125

Seneca. I thought where all thy circling wiles
Would end;
In seduced religion, smooth hypocrisy!
But had thy love, still calumniously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught
They

Far other reasons, brought forth other deeds.
I, before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation, chose thee from among
My enemies, I loved thee, as true; true;
Too well: unbounded all my secrets to thee,
Not out of covert, but overpowered
By thy request; who could deny thee nothing;
Yet am judged an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first neglect the thy protection,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe professed?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country? nor was I thy subject,
Not under their protection, but my own,
When mine, theirs? if sought against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it wrought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of war
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obeyed as such;
To please thy gods thou didst ill; gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods can not be
Loss therefore to repent, or they who feared
These false pretences and varnished colours falling
Bare in thy guilt; how must thou appear!

Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the voice, whatever be her cause.

Sam. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witness when I was worried with thy pleas.

Dal. I was a fool, too much that could not
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
Aid me place to shew what recompence
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misjudged; only if what remains but past,
Bear not too sensibly, nor too insist
To affect thyself in vain: thought she be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
Eyesight exposes daily men abroad.
To the lands I shall intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this hauntsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With running diligence, to me glad office.
May ever tend towards the support thou
With all things grateful cheered, and so supplied.
MILTON'S WORKS.

That which my honest heart least shall mislead.

Sams. No, no; of my condition take no care; it fits not; thou and I long since are twin;
Not think me so unwary or assured,
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy stratagems,
Though dear to my cost, thy gins, and snares;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and wond'ring charm
No more to us have power; their force is sundered;
So much of adder's wisdom I have learned,
To fence my ears against thy sorceries.
If in my flowery of youth and strength, when all
Loved, honoured, feared, me thou couldst not hate me.
Thy husband, slave me, sell me, and forego me;
He who thou rules thee, how shall I love thee?
In perfect slumber, how again betray me.
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and, censoring, frown or smile!
This jail I count the house of liberty
That whoso does my feet shall never enter.
Dial. Let me approach at least and touch thy hand.

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance

My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee; go with that;
Beware thy falsehood, and the plaes works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives!
Cherish thee wonted widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason so farewell.

Dial. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs that swell winds and seas; yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore;
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest, never to be calmed.
Why do I shun thee thus myself, and, suing
For peace, reep nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omens, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounced!
To mix with conomycers I despised
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthish,
And with contrary blasts proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white;
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcised
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes
To all posterity was fixed, and held
With malice defined, and the blot
Of falsehood most unenjoyable traduced.
But in my country where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Ashdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famouesest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of vow'd, bands, my tomb
With colours visited and annual flowers;
Not less renowned than in mount Ephraim
Faint'd mark of the thorn, on a thistle upright guide.
Smote Siersa sleeping, through the temple smite;
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward,
Conferr'd upon me for the prize,
Which to my country I judged to have shown.
At this whosever enmies or reprisals,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [Exit.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
To make her poison his own advantage,
Stung, with whose feet she never shall enter.
Sams. So let her go; God sent to thee disease
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To such a viper his most secret trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.
Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power.
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possessed, nor can be easily
With the protection of inward passon felt.
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sams. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock treachery endearing life.
Chor. It is not with wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, coniuncting of shape, or amorous merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what is haste, hard is to say.

[Enter Harapha.]

Chor. [Breaking.] This woman loath that I so treacherously
Shall form the hardest heart of thee hiy.
Is it for such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for base unfinished, judgment scant,
Capacity not raised to apprehend.
Or value what is best
In choice, but often to affect the wrong,
Or was too much of self-love mixed,
Of constancy no root indeed,
That either they love nothing, or not long!

What'er it be, to wisest men best,
Secrets a few can stand defended under veil virgin.
Soft, modest, meek, demure.
Once joined, the contrary she proves, a term
Intestine, far within defensive arms

SAMS. AGONIESTES. 127

A clearing nicked, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him away enslaved
With doze, and his sense depraved
To folly, and shameless deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Embarked with such a storm's-smile at the helm?
Favoured of Heaven, who finds
One single, who, with the chances risible
That in domestic combats:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove,
Most shining and acceptable above.
Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in this new,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lower:
So shall his confusion draw
On his whole life, not swayed
By female levitation, or dismayed.
But had we best retire? I see a storm.
Chor. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.
Sams. Be less obtrusive, my riddling days are past.
Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bull of honest words; a rouging tongue
Draws eitherwise; I know him by his stride,
The giant Ephraim of Gath, his look
Dauntless; as his is pile high-built and proud.
Comes in that peace! what wind hath blown him thither
Chor. I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalsia floating this way;
His habit carries peace, his bowd ledge;

Sams. Or peace or, not alike to us he comes.
Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

[Enter Harapha.

Har. I come not, Sams, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for my friendly intent. I am of Gath;
Men call me Harapha, of stock renowned
As Og, or Ameil, and the Emins old.
That KirshamAth held; thou knowest me now,
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats performed,
Incredible to me, in this dispersed.
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other, had I stood the field; but now
Am come to see of whom such noise
Harapha walked, and each lift to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Sams. The way to know we were not to see, but taste
Har. Dost thou already single me I thought
Gyres and the bill had tamed they. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field, whereon thou art seen
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw! I should have forced thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy execrable where the ass lay thrown:
So had the glory of prowess been recovered
To Palestine, won by a Philistine.
From the unforeskinned name, of whom thou bestest
The highest name for valiant acts; that honour,
Cerific to have won by mortal duel from thee.
I live, prevented by thy eye I came:
Sams. Beast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
What thou wouldst; thou seest it is thy hand.
Har. To come in with a blind man I decline,
And thou hast need much weakening to be touched.
Sams. Such usage as thy honourable lords,
Afferd me, assassinated and betrayed,
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber-amities
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
Till they had hired a woman with their gold
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.
Therefore, without shivered shafts, let be assigned
Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give thee
Or rather flight, no great advantage upon me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vastanners and greaves, and gaunlet, add thy spear.
A weaver's beam, and seven-times folded shield;
I only with an oak staff will meet thee.
And raise such terror on thy clatter'd iron,
Which all shall not withhold from thy head.
That in a little, while breath remains thee;
Thou oft shall wish thyself to Gath, to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samsun, but shall never see Gath more.
Har. Thus durst not thus dispropage glorious arms,
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells,
And black enchantments, some magician's art,
Armed thee or charmed thee strong, which thou
From Heaven
Feign'd not at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, although thy hairs
Were brittle raged like those that ridge the back
Of ciailed wild beares, or ruffled percupains.
Sams. I know no spell, no vanities, no hidden arts,
My trust is in the living God, who gave me
At my nativity this strength, subdued
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
SAMSON AGONISTES.

And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.
Sams. He must allege some cause, and offered
fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether the mercy is given or not; and
That, and he durst not, plain enough appeared.
Much more affrightment than already felt
They can not well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands which earn my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My sweetest friend, by death to rid me hence;
The worst that he can give to the best yet
So it may fall out, because the end is
Late, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.
Chor. O how cunningly it is, and how reveting
To the spirits of just men long oppressed
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and indolent to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war, defeat,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour armed;
Their armatures and magazines contain,
Reasons them useless, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
Lost their defence, distracted and amazed.
But patience is more of the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endued
Above the sons of men; but sight deserved
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.
This idle day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the meanest day thy hands
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I desire this way
Some other tending; in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on his right, in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.

Sams. Perhaps they shall have cause to sorrow indeed.
Chor. Consider, Samson; matters now are strained
Up to the height, whether to hold or break:
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more impetrus,
More loudly thundering than thou wilt bear, Samson.
Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
And for a life who will not change his purpose!  
(So much are we to our transgression)  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to disappoint  
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

To accept to ransom for my son, their prisoner.  
Some much avers I found and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite,  
That part most revered Dagon and his priests;  
Others more moderate seeing, but their aim  
Private reward, for which both God and state  
They easily would set to sale: a third  
More generous far and civil, who confirmed  
They had enough revenged; having reduced  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
The rest execrably in vain;  
If some confusion were propounded —  
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

Chor. Doubtless the people shaking to behold  
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before  
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.  
Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And numbered down: much rather I shall choose  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
And be in that calamitous prison left.  
No, I am fixed not to part hence without him.  
For his redempition all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forgo  
And quit; not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. If my fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all;  
Suns went to nurse their parents in old age,  
Then in old age carest how to nurse thyseen,  
More elder than thy age through eyewlet lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to lend thee  
And view him sitting in the house, emboled  
With all those honour by him achieved,  
And on his shoulders waving down those decks  
That of a nation armed the strength contained:  
And I persuade me, God had not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair,  
Garrisoned round about him like a cump  
Of faithful warriors, were not his purpose  
To use him further in yet in some great service:  
Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
Unless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
And since his strength with eyewlet was not lost,  
God will renew it to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain  
Of his delivery, and thy justification  
Conceived, agreed, and to thy love  
In both which we, as next, participate.  
Man. I know your friendly minds and — O what noise!  
Merry of heaven, what hideous noise was that!  
Horribly loud, unlike the former sound.  
Chor. Noise call you that, or universal groan,  
As if the whole habitation perished!  
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,  
Rain, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise;  
Oft it continues, they have slain my son.  
Chor. Thy son is rather alleging them; that outcry  
From slaughter of one foot could not ascend.  
Man. Some, some by necessity, and needs must be;  
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?  
Chor. Best keep together here, lest, running thither,  
We unwares run into danger's mouth.  
This evil on the Philistines is fallen;  
From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here  
From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if, his eyesight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,  
Up now be dealing duly among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way!  
Man. That were a joy presumable to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people of old, what hindres now?  
Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;  
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and temple belief.  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, so loud the noone;  
For evil news rides pest, while good news beats.  
And to our wish I see one hither speaking,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

[Enter] Messengers.

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way fly?  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which est my eyes behold and yet beheld!  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature serves,  
Or reason though disturbed, and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me right I know not how,  
To her first, reverse my ensent in my cause  
My countrymen, whom here I know remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the said event much concerned.

Man. The accident was loud, and here before they were.

With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;  
No presier needs, then seasest we know to know.  
Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distinct, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sun, the circumstance defer.  
Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

Man. Sad, but thou knowest to Jerusalem not as suddenly.

The desolation of a hostile city.

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.
Drunk with idleness, drunk with wine,
And fat regaled of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Sih, his highest sanctuary.
Among them he a spirit of frenzy sent,
What hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They, only act on sport and play,
Unwittingly importuned
Their own destruction to come speedily upon them.
So food are mortal men,
Fallen into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insecto left, or to sense reproach;
And with blindness internal struck.
To S. Semichor. But he, though blind of sight,
Despised and thought extinguished with
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused
From under ashes into sudden flame,
As an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roots
And nests in order ranged
Of tame vulture's foreheads, as an eagle
His ducal thunder boled on their heads
So virtue, given for lost,
Depressed, and overthrown, as seemed,
Like self-soughten bird
In the Arabian woods embossed,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now tosmemed,
Revised, refurnished, then vigorous most
When most unadvised deemed,
And, though her body die, her fame survives
A seeryard ages of lives.

Man. Come, come; no time for lamentation now.
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quitted himself
Like Samson, and heroically finished
A life heroic: on his enemies
Folly visits, with them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphor.
The poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, 'tis yet a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tried my pen to give it several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endeavors of your most promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and in this representation your attendant Thymis, so now in all real expression, your faithful and most humble servant.

H. Lawes.

THE PERSONS

The Attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thymis. Comus with his Circle.
The Lady.
Fine Bearer.
Second Bearer.
Shamna.
The chief Persons, who presented, were
The Lord Breckley.
Mr. Thomas Etherington, his brother.
The Lady Alice Etherington.

COMUS.

The first scene discovers a wild wood.

The Attendant Spirit descends, or enters.

Before the stony threshold of Jove's court.

My intrusion is, where those immortal shapes

Of bright aerial spirits live inspired

In regions mild of calm and serene air, 

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,

Which men call Earth; and, with low-sighed care

Confined and yester'd in this pinfold here,

Strive to keep up a final and feverish being,

This milk and mite of the herd of virtue give.

After this mortal change, to her true servants amongst the enthralled gods onainted seats.

Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire

To lay their just hands on that golden key,

That opens the palace of Eternity: 

So to my errand is; and, but for such,

I would not soil these pure embossed weeds

With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the streams

Of every salt flood, and, each ebbing stream,

Took in by lot twist high and nether Jove

Imperial rule of all the sea-girt girls: 

That, like to rich and various gems, inlay

The unadorn'd bosom of the deep: 

Which he, to grace his tributary gods,

By course commits to several government,

And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns

And wield their little tridents: but this lake,

The greatest and the best of all the main,

He quarter's to his blue-hair'd deity; and all this tract that fronts the falling sun

A noble Deer of muckle tryst and power

Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide

An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:

Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely love,

Are coming to attend their father's state,

And new-entranced sports: but their way

Late through the perplex'd paths of this deep wood,

The nodding horror of whose stony brows

Threatens the forlorn and wandering passenger; and here their tender edge might suffer peril; but that by quick command from sovereign Jove I was despatch'd for their defence and guard:

And listen why; for I will tell you now

What never yet was heard in tale or song,

From old or modern bard, in ball or lover.

Racchus, that first of the purple grape

Crushed the sweet poison of misfortune's wing,

After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,

Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with a rod of monsters, hallowed like sacred spoils of wild beasts; but otherwise like men and women, those apparel glancing; they come in making a rushing and solemn noise, with nodding in their hands.

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,

Now the top of heaven hath hold;

And the gilded car of day

His glowing axle doth alloy

Coasting the Tyrrhenian shore, as the winds listed,

On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe,

The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup

Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape, 

And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)

This nymph, that raved upon his clustering locks

With ivyberries wreathe'd, and his blithe youth,

Had by the moon when he put forth a son

Much like his father, but his mother none,

Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus mad:

With age, and feele of his full grown age,

Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,

At last betakes him to this ominous wood; 

And, in thick shelter of black shades imbrother'd, 

Exceed his mother at her mighty art,

Offering to every wanderer a tumbler of his orient liquor in a crystal glass, 

To quench the drouth of Phoebus; which as they taste

(For must do taste through fond intemperate thirsts) 

Soon as the potion works, their humane countenance,

The express resemblance of the gods, is charg'd

Into some brutal form of wolf, or bear,

Or oxen, or tiger, dog, or bearded goat,

All other parts remaining as they were;

And they, so perfect is their misery,

Not once in thought to seek their just disfigurement,

But boast themselves more comely than before;

And all their friends and native home forget,

To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

Therefore when any, favored of high Jove,

Chances to pass through this adventures glade,

Swift as the spangle of a glancing star

I shoot from heaves, to give him safe conveyance,

As now I do: but first I must put off

These my sky robes spun out of wind's wool,

And take the weeds and likeness of a swain

That to the service of this house belongs,

Wha with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittr'd song,

Wither, as they and the wild winds when they roar,

And dash the waving woods: nor of less faith,

In this of his mountain watch

Likewise, and nearest to the present aid

Of this occasion. But I hear the tread

Of hallowed steps; I must be vewesnow.

In the steep Atlantic stream;

And the slope sun his upward beam

shoots against his dusty pale, 

Eclipsing the other green

Of his chamber in the East.

Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,

Midnight Sorrow and Revolvy,

Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.

Bind your locks with rye twine,

Dropping odours, drooping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,

And Advice with shrewdous head.

Strict Age and sour Severity,

With their grave savs, in slumber lie.

We, that are of power fire,

Initiate the stormy

Who, in their mightly watchful spheres,

Lead in swift round the months and years.

The sounds and seats, with all their finny drow,

Now to the moon in waving morrice move:

And, on the tunny sands and shoves,

Trip the pert furies and the dapper elves.

By dimpled brook and fountain brink;

The wood nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,

Their merry walks and pastimes keep.

What hath night to do with sleep?

Night hath better sweets to prove;

Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.

Come, let us as our fair dividend,

'Tis only day-light that makes sin,

Which these dun shades will never report.

Haut, goddess of nocturnal sport.

Dark-veil'd Cocytus to whom the secret theme

Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dance,

That never art call'd, but when the dragon wont.

Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest glooms,

And makes an blot of all the air;

Their merry walks and pastimes keep.

Wherein thou wilt with Hecest, and befriend

Us thy vov'd priests, till utmost end.

Of all thy deeds be done, and none left out;

With thy embattled wind and wilder cloud

The nice norm, on the Indian steep

From her cabinet loop-hole peer,

And to the tell-tale sun descry.

Our concerned solemnly

Come, hark, and beat the drum

In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE

Break off, break off; I feel the different pace

Of some chaste footing near about this ground.

Run to your shrubs, within those brake and brest;

Our number may affright: some virgin, some

(For so I can distinguish by my art)

Benighted in these woods. Now to my champions

And to my wily trains; I shall, ere long

Be well stock'd with as fair a heat as guid.
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I do not think my Sister so to seek;
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book.
And the sweet peace that goodness becometh,
As that a single want of light and noise
(Not being so enormous, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could seto do what Virtue would
Like her own light, and shine upon her wings.
That in the various bustle of rest
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He, that has light within his own clear breast,
May drive all error, as he grows more wise.
But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.
 Himself is his own dungeon.
Sec. Br. 'The meaner
That muses Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herbs,
And sits as safe as in the senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his hair gray any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Leaved, hath a guardian in the guard
Of dragon-watch with unchastened eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit.
From the rank hush of bales and solitude.
Nor may she spread out the unseen beaque
Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as did me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single moment pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it rocks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unquiet Sister.
El. Br. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal peace of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And glibly banish suspect.
My sister is not so defective a hell
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.
Sec. Br. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?
El. Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own:
The Chastity, my Brother, Chastity;
She, that has that, is, in cold in complete steel;
And, like a quickened Nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandly perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage force, bend, or mountainer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
Yet there, where very Desolation dwells,
By grasping of the horrid shade, she may pass on with unblenched majesty;
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fairy's land: and moon, though moonshiny
Blue meagre bog, or stilted unshod ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No gobin, or swift fairy of the name,
With hurtful power or true virginity.
Do ye believe not, I tell you? call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the anns of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Diana her bow,
Fair silvershadowed queen, for ever charmed.
Wherewith she tamed the brinded liceness
And spatted mountain-bird, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Perforce must bend th' brown, and she was queen of woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unaccompanied
With it when she fled to congosted grove?
But rigid looks of chastis austerity
And geroe grace, that dashed brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely good,
A thousand liveried Angels lackey her,
Driving far off every sin of guilt and guilt,
And, in sheer dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no ear can hear;
Till off converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolished temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till be made immortal; but when last,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by words and lavish act of sin.
Let not the guilt, to the inward grace,
The soul grows close by contagion,
Imbodies, and indurations, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Of seen in charnels and sepulchres
Lingerling, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it loves,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and corrupted state.
Sec. Br. How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not hark, and cradled, as still fools suppose,
But musical as Apollo's lyre.

And a perpetual feast of partook sweet.
What love whilst sufficed.
El. Br. List, list, I hear.
Some cockled hogs brood in the silent air.
Sec. Br. Mbeought so too, what should it be?
El. Br. For certain
Either some one like us night-handed here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving neglect calling to his silent noon.
Sec. Br. Heaven keep my Sister! Again, again, and now!
Best draw, and stand upon our ground.
El. Br. If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us!
Enter the Attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.
That hallo I should know, what are you speak?
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes.
Spirit. What voice is that? my young Lord
El. Br. Thyris? What arts.strains have off delayed.
The huddling brook to hear his musical,
And sweet end every murmur of the dale.
How can then he not catch, if he wot not any
Sight from the fold, or young kids lost his limbs,
Or struggling the pent rock forsook?
How could' stove find this dark sequester'd rock?
Spirit. O mighty master's beard, and his next joy,
I came, and do the good eye as once,
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the death
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth,
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To draw my grand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
Or where, and how she is not in your company?
El. Br. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without
Blame, or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spirit. Ay me unhappy! then are my tears are
El. Br. What fears, good Thrysis? Pr'ythee, hear
Spirit. Tell ye; 'tis vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught th' heavenly Muse
Storied old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chieftains, and such trivial tales,
And slept rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such these be, but unbeknown is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immortal essence shades a solemn shade,
Of Boeaceus and of Circe born, great Conus,
Deep shudd't in all his mother's wistresses;
And here to every thirty wanderer
By his solicitude gives his banned cup,
MILTON'S WORKS.

And yet more medicinal is it than that Moly,
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave:
He called it Harmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovereign use
Against all enchantments, midnight blast, or dam
Or ghastly furious inspiration.
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made.
Till now that this extreme compellity
But now I find it true: for by this means
I knew the fiend enchantress through disguise,
Entered the very life-twine of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Rally assault the whisperer's here's
Where if he be, with untouced hardihood
And brandished blade rush on him; break his glass
And shed the tawdry liquor on the ground.
But seize his wand, though he and his cursed cow
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vota smite,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrill.

But for that damned magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legs that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Hesperus and Alkyone, or all the monstrous forms
Twint, Aithra, and Thal, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the ears to a foul death,
Curs'd as he is.

As I would not the gentle youths,
I love thy courage, and bold endeavor;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
For other arms and other weapons must
Be those that spell the might of hellish charms:
He, with his bare hand, can thread his thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Phryxus, and he, with his arrows:
How short thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

Sprit. Care, and utmost shifts,
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see, yet well skill'd.
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray;
He loved me well, and oft would beg me; sing
Which when I did, he on the tender joints
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstacy,
And in requital ope his leathern store,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he called me out;
The leaf was dachik, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Beauteous as golden flower, but not in this soil.
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:

COMUS.

Seeming the unexpect condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refurbisht, or be nought, or be in pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady, not the false traitor;
Twit not to restore the truth and honesty,
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
Thou toldst me of? What grist args these
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy trewd enchantments, foul devour.
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With viored falsehood and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With licentious joys, to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquet,
I would not taste thy treacherous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that, which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cyria cub,
Pleasing the base and sensual abstinence.
Wherein they counsel these mad sons in the
With such a full and unwrithing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flowers.
Surrounding the sea with spring innumerable,
But all of which is the curious taste.
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,
To deck her sons; and, that no corner might
Be vacant of life plentiful, in her own lans
She hetch'd the all-worshipped ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world
Should be in a state of temperance food on pulse,
And drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but fries.
The All-giver would be unthanked, would be uns\
Not half his wishes known, and yet despised.
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a niggardous of his wealth;
And live like Nature's bastard, not her son,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own
weight,
And starved with her waste fertility;
The earth enumbered, and the winged air darked
With that must be uttered in a holy sage,
And serious doctrine of virginity;
And thou art worthy that should'st not know,
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit and gay discourse,
That hath so well been taught your danhing fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;
Yet, should I try, the sound rolled worth
Of this pure cause, would kindle my rape spirits.
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the rude Earth would lend her nerves and
shakes,
Till all thy magic structures, erected so high,
Were shattered into heaps of thy false head.
O'er! She fakes not; I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all over, as when the wrath of Jove
Spakes thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more;
This is mere moral beauty, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the less
And setting of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all; one slip of this
Will hath the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—
The British rout in with sheaves drawn, wound her gold
Of her hand, and breast (by whose ground the grass)
His ransack sign of resistance, before all driven In the American Spirit captives.

Sabin, fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-chopping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save.

Sabin, her name, a virgin pure;
Whiles she was the daughter of Lucrene,
That had the scepter from his father Druce.
She, guileless sham'd, flying the mild pursuit
Of her estranged stepmother Gudorstan,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That staid her flight with his cross-doeing crow.
The waters-vatives, that in the bottom played,
Froth, and the peir'd waves, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nasone's hall.
Who, piteous of her woes, heard her lady's head,
And gave her to his daughter to beabide
In the poor hovel, steer'd with affection.
And through the porches and inlet of each sense
Dropped in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change.
Made goddess of the river, still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the scenes along the twilight meadow,
Helping all innocent bards, and fill their signs
That the shrivelled need of delight to make,
Which with such precious violated heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Cord their goodness loud in rustic songs,
And throw sweet gum'd wreaths into their streams
Of pansies, pansies, and guiney fiddlers.
And, as the old saϊd saϊd, she can unlock
The charming charm, and thaw the numbing spell
If she be right in her endeavours sung;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To add a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-becoming need; this I will try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

Sabin descends, and the lady rises out of her seat.

Sp. Virgin, daughter of Lucrene
Sprung of old Archibius' line,
May thy burning waves for this
Their full tribute never misse,
From a thousand, petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills.
Sumer brooks, or slinged air,
Never scorn thy tresses fair,
Nor want (oh! the Lady that sits here)
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
Theeryl and the golden ore;
May thy lady head be crowned;
With many a tower and termine round,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heaven bends us grace,
Let us fly this perilous place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not white or needless sound,
Till we come to holer ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not far from our wish to see
In these hidden recesses,
Where this night are not in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wished presence; and beside
All the company there amble,
Wth jigs and rustic dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Poems on Several Occasions.

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

ANNIO STATIVUS.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A DOUGH.

Yet Young Down Through Bleak Youth Make Two Till 144 MILTON

Of a fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted, So dillen primrose fading simply, Summer's chief honour, if thou hast not lost it Bleak Winter's force that made thy bosom dry; For, he, being amorous on that lovely eye That did thy cheek overspread, thought to kiss, But kissed, alas! and then bewailed his fatal bliss. For since grim Apollo, his charioteer, By boisterous wave the Athenian ducal got, He thought it touched his deity full near, If likewise he some fair one wed, Thence to wipe away the infernal blot Of long uncombed bed, and childless ed, Which 'mongst the wantons gods, a foul reproach was held.

So, mounting up in joy-peared car, Through middle empire of the freezing air He wandered long, till thee he spied from far; There ended was his quest; there ceased his care: Down he descended from his snow-soft chair, But, all unwares, with his cold kind embrace, Unhonour thy virgin soul from her fair bidding place. Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate; For Apollo, with unwielding hand, With his golden breasts to snowy love, Young Elys, born on Eurus' strand! Young Elys, the pride of Spartan hand! But then transformed him to a purple flower: Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power; Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead, Or that thy curse corrupts in earth's dark womb, Or that thy beauties lie in warny bed; Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;

Where the bow'd willow slow doddle bend: And from thence can soar as soon To the corners of the moon. Mortally, that would follow me, Love Virtue; she alone is free: She can teach ye how to climb Higher than the spire chime; Or if Virtue feeble were, Heaven herself would stoop to her.

To stand twixt us and our deserved smart! But thou canst at best perform that office where thou art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child, Her false-imagined loss cease to lament, And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild: Think what a present thou to God hast sent, And render him with patience what he best; This if thou do, he will an offering give, That till the world's last end, shall make thy name to live.

May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves, In Heaven's distances musicking all his waves; Then sing of secret things that came to pass When bawdly Nature in her cradle was; And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old, Such as the wise Demosthenes, In solemn songs at king Akinson's feast, While on Ulysses' soul, and all the rest, Are held with his melodious harmony In willing chains and ever sweetly: But fie, my wandering muse, how thou dost stray! Expectance calls thee now another way; Thou knowest it must be now thy only beat To keep in compass of thy profession; Then quicken about thy proposed business come, Tant to the next I may resign my room.

Then Eros is represented as father of the prodigal in his two sons, where the eldest son is for madness with his cunning, which thus ensuing explains:

Good look before thee, son; at thy birth, The fair dainty daces danced upon the hearth; Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy Conscious tripping to the room where thou didst lie, And sweetly singing round about thy bed, Strew all their blessings, in thy natal day. She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still From eyes of mortals walk invisible: Yet thou dost something that doth force my fear; For once it was my eldest son to bear A sybil old, bow-sent with crooked age, That far events fully wisely could confess, And in time's long and dark prospective glass Prospect what future days should bring to pass; "Your son," said she, "nor can you it prevent Shall subject he to many an accident. All on his brothers he shall reign as king, Yet every one shall rule him underling: And those that can live from him shall be Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under; Yet he in worth and excellence shall outgo them, Yet, being above them, shall be below to stay Till thou hast decked them in thy best array; That so they may, without suspect or fears, Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ease! Yet I had rather, if it were to choose, Thy services in some greater subject use, Such as may make thee search thy coffers round, Before thou doth thy fancy in lit sound: Such where the chariots of his noble may stand Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door Look in, and see each blissful duty He too before the thunderous throne doth lie, Listening to that musick which Apollo sings To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings Immortal nectar to her kingly sire; Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire And many regions of wide air next under, And hills of snow, and tops of piled thunder, 10

Rivers, arise; whether thou be the son Of utmost Tevec, or Cosey, or gally Dun, Or Trent, who, like some earthen giants spread Their thirty arms along the indentured meads,
Milton's Works.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

Composed 1629.

This is the month, and this the holy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring.
For as the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly foes should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherein he was wont at heaven's high council
To sit the midst of Triabal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Prescours the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Let thy rapt verse, nor with solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heaven, by the sun's sweet untried,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squinny bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards, haste with colours sweet;
O run, present them with thy humber ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet:
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir
From out his secret altar, touched with hallowed fire.

The Hymn.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had done his gaudy train.
With his 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 wos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The sanctity veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fear to cease,
Sent down the nest-eyd Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harpinger,
With turtle wing the anxious clouds dividing;
And, waxing wide her myrtic wand,
She wore an universal peace through sea and land.

Not war, nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The life spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spoke not to the armed throng;
And kings as that with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign 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,
Smothly the water kites,
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 fixed in steadfast gaze.
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glittering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself beheld, and bid them rise.

And, though the shady gloom
Held given day her room;
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;
And his by his shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need;
He rose, his greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning astrelos, could bear.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow sound
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy 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 alien
Could hold all Heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shaneseed night arrayed;
The held chemism,
And sacred seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed;
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Deir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made;
But when the sun of morning stag,
While the Creator great
His constellation set,
And the well balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the waveling waves their own channel keep.

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

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or '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 struck;
Divinely the wond'ring voice
Answering the straunged notes,
As all their souls in blissful nature took;
The air, such pleasures lost to lean,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly sound.

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Beneath the hollow sound
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
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And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow.
And, with your sinless harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

Ver if such holy song
Unwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sink soon and die,
And lowly Sin we will melt from earth unhurtly;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Ye, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between;
Throned in celestial sheen;
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down stearing;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace wall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
To see first to those fallen asleep,
The wakeful tramp of doom must thunder through the deep!

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smoulderings clouds outbroke;
The aged earth agasht,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre sink;
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 this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wrath to see his kingdom fall
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The circles are dumb
No voice or hiccous hum
Runs through the crooked roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow chink the steep of Delphi leaves the way;
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.
THE PASSION.

Ensemble of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,
My muse with angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wings;
In winter solstice like the shortened light,
Soon swallowed up in dark and long outliving night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ex long,
Dangers, and cares, and wrongs, and worst that so,
Which he for us did freely undergo;
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labours houge and hard, too hard for human might.

He, sovereign Priest, stooping his regal head,
That drop with odours o'er him all his eyes,
Poor fairy talisman, which in the heart;
His starry front low roof beneath the skies:
What a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then live him nockly down fast by his heart's side.

These last scenes confine my raving note;
To this horizon is my Phaenous bound;
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found:
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
Me softer arias, and softer strings
Of Juto, or vio still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patrons of grief;
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief;
That Heaven and Earth are coloured with my wo.
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black wherein I write,
And letters, where my tears have washed, a wan
white.

See, see the clairold, and those rushing wheels,
That whirled the prophet up at Chœraeus flood;
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in gulchless blood.
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.
Mine eye hath found that and sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
And here through grief my feebie hands uplock,
Yet on the softened quarry would I score
My plighted verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fully fall in ordered characters.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring,
Which would soon unbood all their echoes mild,
And I for grief is easily beguiled?
Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he was,
When he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was born,
left it unfinish'd.

ON TIME.

Pleas, elegant Time, till thou run out thy race;
Call on the lazy leaders-stopping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And girt thyself with what thy womb doth devour,
Which in the heart is entwined,
And merely mortal dose;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy pain?
For when as each thing had thrust hast entombed,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, to whom happy making sight alone

When once our heavenly guided souls shall clasp
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
That rest with music and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night;
Now sound, and if such songs with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sear,
He, who with all Heaven's heraly's benediction
Entered the world, now bleeds to give us ease.
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to stain!
O more exceeding love, or love more just!
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High throne'd in secret bliss, for frail dust
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness,
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied;
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day; but O, ero long
Huge pangs and strong;
Will pierce more near his heart.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Beast pair of Syrens, plagues of heavenly joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Woe your divine sounds, and mixed power employ
Dread things with interchanged sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised fantasy present
That undisputed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sunshine coloured throne
To him that sate thereon,
With minstrel sweet, and solemn jubile;
Where the bright straumphin, in burning row,
Their load uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs
Touch their immortal harps of golden wire,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hyrmns devout and holy psalms,
Singing everlasting;
That we on earth, with unisoned voice,
May rightfully answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportionate sin
Jared against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motions shone
In perfect dissonance, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God can long
To his theatrical concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light

AN EPISTAPH
ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

This rich marble doth inter
The honoured wife of a Winchester,
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To her honour was darkness, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin choir for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking caused,
With a scarce well-lighted flame:
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her tores;
Her heart, whether by mischance or blane
Atrapes for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spilled at once both fruit and tree:
The bays bade, before his birth,
Had buried, yet not laid in earth;
And the languished mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So the haynes hale, before his birth,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her cornation train,
Flecked up by some unheedly sworn,
Who only thought to crop the flower
Now was the time from severall shower.
But the fair blosson hangs the head
Sideways as on a dying bed;

And those people of low she wears,
Prove to be preferring trees,
Which the sweet end had let fall
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle holy, may thy grace
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel sure
Sweet rest seize thee ever more,
That, to give the world increase,
Shortened hast thy own life sence.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect mood
Wet for thee in Helicon;
And some flowers, or some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Cume,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sit in glory,
Next her, much like to the in stay,
That fair Syrian shepheardess,
Who, after years of barreness,
The highly favoured Joseph bore
To him that served and her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light;
There with thee, now welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen;
No marvling, but now a queen.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, hounstooth May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing.
Hill and dale dach bosom thy blessing
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague.
Hence lies old Hobson; Death has broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had, any time these ten years full,
Dowdged with him, between Cambridge and The Bell.
And surely Death could never have prevailed,
Hast had not his weekly course of carriage failed;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking how his journey's end was come,
And that he had taken up his latest fun,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Shewed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
'Hobson has supped, and is newly gone to bed.'

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Him listeth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot.
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay.
Until his respiration was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime)
Gainst old truth motion numbered out his time;
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacuum hastened on his term.
Mercy to drive the time away he sickened,
Pained, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.
'Nay,' said he, 'on his swooning bed stretched'I if I may foretell, sure I'll never be fetched,
But now, though the cross doctors all stood together,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.'

MILTON'S WORKS.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

For whilst, to the shame of slow-endavouring art,
The easy numbers flow: and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impress took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so squandered, in such pomp that lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

L'ALLEGRO.

Here, leashed Malancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forelorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Found out some uncomely cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings:
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven ye'dop Euphrosyne,
And by Men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To iry-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying;
There on beds of violet blue,
The fresh-blowd rose was reared in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, bleeke, and deodar.
Elate thee, nymphe, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Chaff, and Wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreath'd Smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dilett sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides;
Cone, and trip it, as you go,
On the lightest fancy:
And in thy right hand lead thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startup the full night,
And through the sweet trinity, or the vine,
Or the twisted oleander.

While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the star, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his danes before.

Of listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly roose the rumbling morn,
From the side of some bare hill.

Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row emus, on hillsides green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light.

The clouds in thousand fancies light;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Wistfully over the furrowed land.

And the milk maid singeth blest,
And the moicet walks his styce,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the now familiar corn.

Of sweetie hay, and that, too crystal
And all the birds and little world.

In silver robes do they rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

Towers and battlements it sees,
Besommed high in tufled trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cygnus* of neighbouring eyes.

Eard by the stige chamuy solemn,
From bestruck two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thripsie met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of hercy bounty and generosity,
Which the meat-handed Philis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves
With Thyrstit to bind the sheaves:
On, if the earlier season lead,
To the tar-bressey in the mead.

Sometimes with secret decor
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocose robins sound—
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the lissome light is out.

Then to the spayt not-bown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairly Mab the jumlets eat;
She was pinched, and pulled, she said:
And lo, by frites and faun's kid.

Tells how the drudging gobin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duty set
When in one night, eve glimpse of room,
His shadowy fall twisted the corn.

That ten-year-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fand,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basked at the fireside strength;
And crooked out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matins rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cliffs please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In words of peace, high triumph held,
With peace, as all, where bright eyes Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace; whom all commend,
There let her, as smooth shaven.

In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask; and antique pageantry; Such sights as youth and poets dream.
On summer eves by harvest stream,
Then to the well tried stage ane.
If Jounos's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fanny's child,
Worlds wars.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse:
Such as the meeting soul may pierce.

In notes, with music of daylight,
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wonton heed and giddily cunning,
The melting voice through moans running,
Unwitting all the chains that tie,
The hidden soul of harmony.
That Orpheus's self may leave his head
From golden slumber on a bed.

Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst count,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live:

Milton's Works.

Poems on Several Occasions.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred!
How little you beloved,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?

Hind in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
As thick and precious
As the gay notes that people the sunbeams;
Or likest hoping dreams,
The fields possession of Morpheus's train.

But, hark, then goddess sage and holy,
Hail, Hecuba, and Aegisthia!

Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
Orbital with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseeve,
Or that starred Ethiope's queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
The bright-starred Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bound,
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain.)

Or in glimmering towers and gables
He met her, and of mistier shade
Of woody Idas's grove,
Yet whilst there was no fear of Jove,
Come, pensive man, devout and pure,
Bear, steadfast, and determined;
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing, with majestic train,
And pale stole of Cygus law,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn,
Come, keep thy woe and cheer,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks companioning with the skies,
Thy wistful soul sitting in thine eyes;
There, half in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leader downward go.
Thou fix them on the earth as fast,
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Sparse Pain, that oft with gods such diet,
And hear the Muses as a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And hails to these retired Lardies,
That in true gardens take his pleasure: But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Ham that you scarce on golden wing,
Golden the fiery-wheeled throne,
The chariot Consecrated:

"That starred Ethiope queen"—Canopus, wife of Captus.

And the note Silence sits along,
Less Phoebus will dilate a song.
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak,
Sweet bird, that shuns the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thou, charioteer, oft, on the woods among,
I wo, to hear the evening song:
And, raising thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wond'ring moon,
Riding her highest moon,
Like one that had been lost and strayed
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through her silver cloud
And, on a plain of singing ground,
I hear the far-off curfew chime
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with swollen roar:
Or, if the air will permit,
Some still removed piece will fit,
While glowing embers thrive in the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a glow.

Far from all resort of wise,
Save the cricket on the heath,
Or the heath's drowsy charm.
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp agleam,
Beseen in some high lonely tower,
Where I might oft outwatch the Bear,
With three-great Hermes, or unguish
The spirit of Pluto, to unburden
What worlds or regions held
The immortal mind, that hath foresaw her mansion in this fiery mire.
And of them those that are found
In air, in earth, in sea, and in fire.

Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sequent vault come sweeping by,
Presenting Theseus, or Pelops line.
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of latter age
Embossed hath the buckled sign.
But, O sad Virgils, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower?
Or bid the souls of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew tears down Pallas's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek?
Or call up him that left half-folded
The story of Cambiaso bold,
Of Cannibal, and of Alcibiades,
And who had canacce to wife.
That owned the virtuous ring and glass:
And of the wondrous horse of brume,
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if it gelt and great birds beside
In siege and solemn tymes have sung,
Of turrets, and of trophies hang,
Of forests, and enchantments dree,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civility and morn appear,
Net trickled and frowns as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchef in a comedy cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gale hath blown his fill,
Ending on the restful leaves,
With minute drops from off the caves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His glittering beams, me, Goddess, bring,
To arched walls of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumantal oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their bowered haunt.
There where the birth of some brook, where
No profane eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye;
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at a flower dwelleth and sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
And let some strange mystical dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lovely portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids fall.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
About, above, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my dace never fail
To walk in this stately elks parade,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And stentored windows richly light,
Costing him a thousand seats pale,
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Illicit to mine ecstacies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that signifieth:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Methuselah, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADIES.

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess dressing
Of Derby at Hardwicke, by some notable person of her family
Who appears on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward
the seat of ease, with this song.

1. SONG.

LOOK, nymphs and shepherds, look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistaken:
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath ended,
Fame, that, her high worth to raze,
Ernested so lavish and profuse,
We may just now accuse
Of distraction from her praise;
Love more than half our round,
Envy bid conceal the rest.
Mark, what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her every word as dith sing,
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright,
In the centre of her light.
Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods?
June dar's not give her cold;
Who had thought this elnice had held
A deity so unparallel'd?
As they come forward, the Gentle at the head appears,
And turns them in their sport.

Gaiety.

Stay, gentle swains, for, though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkles through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood so often sung
Divine Alcibiades, who by secret slyces
Stole under sense to meet his Arethusa,
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver buckined nymphs, as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour meant
To the great mistress of you princely shine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;
And, with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity,

And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow arm, with searching fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat and watch, and gaze upon:
For know, by lost from Jove, I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in secret hour,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curb the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wore.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill;
And from the keep the truth off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire looking planet arrests,
Or hurtful woods with cankered venom bores.
When evening glass doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;
And early ere the oxblood bright of morn
Awakes the shivering leaves, or fancied horn
Shakes the high thicket, hates I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With pulsatant words, and murmurers made to bless.
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syren's harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital sheers.
And trembling hand will round upon
Of which the face of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To fall the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteadily Nature to her law,
And the high world in measured motion draw.
After the heavily tune, none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.
And yet such music wondrous were to know
The peerless height of her immortall praise,
Whose lustre guides us, and for her most free,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Infiniately sounds; yet, as we go,
What have I sung, if I should can show,
I will essay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hem.

II. SONG.

Over the smooth enamelled green,
Where no print of step hath been
Following, or descending down
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm-stem proof.

Will you follow me
I will bring you where she sits,
Chiding in splendor as before,
She doth,
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

III. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
By Sandy Lowdon's lilled banks;
On old Lycius, or Cyllene hear,
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Bermamoth your less deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the story Maimalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

LYCIDAS.

In this movey the author beheld a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Cluny on the Irish sea, 1557, and by occasion secretes the ruin of our corrupted chimes, then in their height.

Yer once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never serene,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And, with foiced string, a lively lute.
Shatter your leaves before the mollowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Counsel us to disturb your season due.
For Lyceus is dead, ere he can write,
Young Lycidas, and has not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas I he knew himself to sing, and build the lorry rhyme.
He must not dish upon his watery bire.
Unwept, and writer to the parting wind,
Without the medl of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of jove doth spring;
Begin, and sound the string the sweet,
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse.
So may some gentle Muse*
With lucky words favour my destined turn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high burnes appeared
Under the opening sky of the morn.
We drove afar, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Bettling our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Till the star that raised in eastern bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.

* If any may some gentle Muse—Muse in the masque
quires how to name Fort.
Meanwhile the rude ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten fite;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel 
From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
And old Homers loved to hear our song;  
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
These, shepherd, these the woods, and desert caves 
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown.
And all their songs out, and none to hear
The willows, and the hazel copes green,
Shall now no more be seen.
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft bays,
As killing as the kerys to the rose;  
Or tantal-worn to the waters head that grass,
Or frost to flowers that gay wandbore weare,
When first the whitethorn blows;
Such, Lydias, to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the renowned deep
Closed over the head of your loved Lydias?
Nor were they ye playing on the deep,
Where your old bard, the famous Druids lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mount high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Art not I fondly dreamt?
And ye that are the nurse—for what could that have done!
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her excelling son,
When universal nature did lament,
When the rose that made the Parnassus roar,
His vey gasy down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Helius to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Anarchia in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nestor's hair?
Pan, the shepherd of the green sighted doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scarce delights, and five laborious days:
But the fair greenland, when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into golden blaze.
Comes the blind Fury with the shivered shears,
And slits the thin-skin life.  
"But not the praise,"  
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering field.
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:
But lives and spreads abroad by those pure eyes,
And pende, and are of all judging you;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy need."
O fountain Arethusa, and thou honoured flood,
Smootheing Minucius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mode:
But now my our proceeds,
TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on thy bloomy spry
Wark at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
While the jolly hours lead on with promises May,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill.

Pertend success in love; O if Juno's will
Have linked that senseless power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude birds of late
Foretell my hopeless dreams in some grove above.
As then from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.

Whether the Muse, or Love call then his mate,
Both then I serve, and of their train am I.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Shone on his wings three and twentieth year!
My hasting days flew on with full career,
But my late spring no bud nor blossom showeth;

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inwardness both much less appear,
That some more timely happy spirits include.

Yet is it less or more, or seen or show,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To shed the light, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaker's eye.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may rest,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and he within protect from harms.

He can requisite thee; for he knows the charge
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower.
The great Eunuch conqueror bid spare
The hours of Hindustan, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wistly hast shinned the broadway and the green,
And with those few arts eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth,
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but piety and truth.

Thy care is fixed, and zealously attires
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegrooms with their fastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

Daughter to that good earl, once president
Of England's council and her treasury,
Who lived in both, sustained with gold or fee,
And left them both in himself content,
Till and the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, so that dishonour victory
At Charingc, fatal to liberty.

To that same gallant, however mean or high,
Killed with posts or postel man's elegance.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father finished, yet by yet,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to resemble them,
And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MYWRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A book was writ of late called Tetrarropod,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style:
The subject now; it walked the town a while,
Numbering good intellectuals; now seldom pour'd on;
Cries the still-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this! and some in file
Standing spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, Sires, than Gordan,
Colitt, or Macbene, or Galnap?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow deaf,

THAT WOULD HAVE MADE QUINCYLUS SALE, AND GAP.

Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Check,
Hated not learning worse than toads or apes,
When they taugh't at Cambridge, and King Edward Greed.

ON THE SAME.

I saw but prompt the age to quit their cloaks
By the known rules of ancient liberty.
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, assas, apes, and dogs
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latoon's twin-born progeny,
Which offer'd the sun and moon in free.
But this is got by casting pearl to boges;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
And from that mark how far theyrove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

TO MR. H. LAWES,
ON THE PUBLISHING HIS ARMS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent not to scan
With Miltas' ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempt thee from the throng,
With praise enough for envy to look on;
To whor age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air could his utmost best our tongue.
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee the priest of Phoebus' choir,
That held their happiest lines in hymn or story.
Dame shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Constella, whom he would to sing
Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY

OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,
DECEMBER 16th, 1646.
When faith and love, which parted from thee nover,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign the earthy load
Of death, called life; which from life doth never
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavours
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;

But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best.
Thy handsmaid, clad thee o'er with purple beam
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge, whom forthwith bid thee rest.
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with anxiety
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings;
Thy firm unwavish virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their hydra heads, and the false north displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a noble task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but enemies war still breed)
Thy till and truth from violence be freed;
And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain valiant value,
Where savages and rapines share the land.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but distractions too,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed.
While thine own crown of Purple triumphs bright
Has reared God's trophies, and his work pursued.
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Victory's harp to shun thee, the horseman's sword,
Nay, how can war, but end with war still breed?
Wilt thou and truth from violence be freed,
And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
Of public fraud? In vain valiant value,
Where savages and rapines share the land.

TO SIR HENRY VANE,
THE YOUNGER.

Vane, young in years, but in sage renowned,
Than whom a better senator never held
TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father, virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dark, and ways are bare,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the sea
Help waste a sullen day, and oft again may be seen
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Parnassus reseire
The frozen earth, and clothes in fresh attire.
The lily and rose, that neither snow nor sleet
What next repeat shall fling us light and chase.
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched or artful voice
Water immemorial notes and Tuscan air?
Yet who of those delights can judge, and space
To interpose them off, is not unwise.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Thanes, with no mean applause
Presenced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that, after, no Recording saves,
Let Eulcid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French
To measure life learn that before, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains
And disproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day.
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refines

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.*

METHought I saw my late espous'd saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave.
Rescued from death by force, the pale and faint
Mind, as whom would from spot of child-bed't urn
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came veiled all in white, pure as her soul.
Her face was void; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wonk'd; she fled, and day brake bring my night.

*This sonnet was written about the year 1656, on the death of his second wife, Catherine, the daughter of Captain William Cook, of Dartmouth, a right worthy Gentleman, who died in childbirth of a daughter, within a year after their marriage. Milton had now been long totally blind.

Translations.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, ODE 1.

What slender youth, belov'd with liquid looks,
Covets thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness! O, how oft shall be
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire;
Who now enjoys the verdure, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopest thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
Tewon thou mayst feed, art'st for Me, in my v'rd
Picture, the sacred wall declar'd to have hung
My dank and drooping woods
To the stern god of sea.

BETTER thus addresseth DIANA in the country of Lemogia.

Goddess of shades, and huntresses, who at will
Walk on the rolling spheres and thoughtless deep
On thy third reign, the earth, look round, and tell
What hard, what seat of rest, thou bidst me seek;
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For eyes, with temples yew'd and virgin quires.
To whom, sleeping before the altar, DIANA answers
In a vision, the same night.

Blest, far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of God, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old;
Now void, it fits they people: there they bend
Thy course; there shall then find a lasting seat;
There to thy sons and children thou shalt arise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

The friendship, joy, and all delight
That comes in good, and all that goes in ill,
All joy and comfort, which the mind can bear
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and bear
Right onward.

The confidence, friend, to have lost thee overflown
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

FROM DANTE.

Am, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy pope receiv'd of thee.

FROM ARIosto.

Then pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once once sweet meadow, now stinks as cloy'dly:
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

FROM HORACE.

Where do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own soul and the wide neighbourhood,
Sees his soul inside through his Whit'd skin.

FROM EURIPIDES.

This is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise:
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this?

FROM HORACE.

—Laughing to teach the truth,
What hinder's? As some teachers give to boys
Junkete and knacks, that they may learn to speak.

FROM HORACE.

—Joking decides great things,
Stronger and better out then earnest can.
PSALM I.

 Done into verse, 1653

BLEST is the man who hath not walked astray In course of the wicked, and I the way Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat Of sinner hath not sat: but in the great Jehovah's law is over his delight, And in his law he studies day and night, He shall be as a tree which planted grows By watery streams, and in his season knows To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fail, And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. Not so the wicked, but as chalk which fum'd The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand In judgment, or abide their trial then, Nor shiver in the assembly of just men. For the Lord knows the upright way of the just, And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

 Done Aug. 8, 1653. Torretzi.

Way do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand With powerful, and princes in their congregation Lay deep their plots together through each land Against the Lord and his Messiah dear! Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear; Their twisted cones: He, who in heaven dwell, Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them; then, severe, Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fall And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he, Anointed have my King (though ye rebel) On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree I will declare: The Lord to me hath said, Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee This day; ask of me, and the grant is made; As thy possession I on thee bestowest The honour: and, as thy conquest to be way'd, Earth's utmost bounds: them shall thou bring fall low With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperseth Like to a potato's vessel shrivelled, And now be wise at length, ye kings averse, Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear Jehovah, serve, and let your joy converse With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear Angerous and ye perish in the way, If once his wrath take fire, like fowl sent, Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III.

 Aug. 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

Lord, how many are my foes! How many foes That in arms against me rise, Many are they, That of my life distractually thus say; No help for him in God there be.
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory; Thee, through my story, The exalter of my head I count (Alas! I cried) Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied, And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept; I waxed again; For my sustain Was the Lord. Of many millions Of men he smote, Of them abhorren I fear not, though, encamping round about They pitch against me their pavilions. Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for thou Hast smote, ere now On the check-done all my foes, Of men abhorren I brake the teeth. This help was from the Lord; Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV.

 Aug. 10, 1653.

Answer me when I call, God of my righteousness In strait and in distress, Thou didst me deliverall And set at large; now spare, Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer. Great cause, how long will ye My glory in scorn? How long be thus forborne Still to love vanity? To love, to seek, to prize, Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies! Yet know the Lord hath chosen, His people, and chosen to himself apart The good and meek of heart; (For whom to choose he knows) Jehovah from on high Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry. Be awoke, and do not slay.
Milton's Works.

Psalm LXXI.

1. Thou art the Lord, my God: I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; For thou hast done wonderful things; O Lord my God, for thy name's sake.
   "Give ear, O Lord, to my prayer; give heed to the voice of my supplications. If perchance thou shalt hear me, O Lord, for thou art my strength," &c., &c. v. 1.

2. 154. Thou didst prepare a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou hast anointed mine head, &c. &c. v. 4.
   "Thus saith the Lord, even the King; God will give the children of Jacob for his portion, &c. &c." v. 54.

3. 155. I said, My strength and my song shall be in the Lord: the God of my salvation shall be exalted. v. 5.
   "The hundred and fifth Psalm has the same subject: the fulness of the word, &c., &c. v. 164.

4. 156. My help is in God: for in him shall I seek. v. 7.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm is the defense of the nation, &c., &c. v. 166.

5. 157. O Lord, my portion is thee: they call on me for help, &c., &c. v. 12.
   "Then saith the Lord, &c. &c. v. 168.

6. 158. With the pure will I sacrifice unto thee: the truth of my heart shall offer to thee the sacrifice of righteousness. v. 14.
   "Then saith the Lord, &c. &c. v. 170.

7. 159. The tabernacle of the Lord is my strength: &c., &c. v. 16.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm is the defense of the nation, &c., &c. v. 172.

8. 160. I will magnify thy name, &c., &c. v. 18.
   "In the hundred and fifth Psalm the name of God is exalted, &c., &c. v. 174.

   "The hundred and fifth Psalm gives a genealogy of the nation, &c., &c. v. 176.

10. 162. With my hands will I render great praise unto thee in the courts of thy house, &c., &c. v. 22.

Psalm LXXII.

1. The king shall joy in thy strength, &c., &c. v. 1.
   "The hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 178.

2. The king shall rejoice in thy commandments, &c., &c. v. 2.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 180.

3. 163. The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens; the King shall rule from his throne. v. 5.
   "The hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 182.

4. 164. The Lord shall judge the earth; let the people fear thy name. v. 11.
   "In the hundred and fifth Psalm the nation is called to give thanks, &c., &c. v. 184.

5. 165. Peace, &c., &c. v. 12.
   "Then saith the Lord, &c. &c. v. 186.

6. 166. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 13.
   "The hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 188.

7. 167. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 14.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 190.

8. 168. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 15.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 192.

9. 169. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 16.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 194.

10. 170. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 17.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 196.

11. 171. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 18.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 198.

12. 172. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 19.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 200.

13. 173. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 20.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 202.

14. 174. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 21.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 204.

15. 175. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 22.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 206.

16. 176. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 23.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 208.

17. 177. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 24.

18. 178. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 25.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 212.

19. 179. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 26.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 214.

20. 180. The Lord shall judge the earth; &c., &c. v. 27.
   "And the hundred and fifth Psalm gives a review of the nation, &c., &c. v. 216.
167

MILTON'S WORKS.

10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, bestowed,
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not hear,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, whom I loved so dear,
Maliced me for his choice.

13 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they followed still,
Their own devices blind.

13 O, that my people would be wise,
To serve me all their days!
And O, that Israel would advise
To walk my righteous ways!

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise;
And turn my hand against all those,
That are their enemies.

15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain
To bow to him and bend;
But they, his people, should remain,
Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them from the shock
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey for their meat.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 God in great assembly stands
Of kings and lovely states;
Among the gods, on both his hands,
He judges and debates.

9 How long will ye pervert the right,
With judgment false and wrong,
Forbearing the wicked by your might,
Who theme gross and strong?

3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
Deprach the poor man's cause;
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.

5 They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on;
The earth's foundations all are moved,
And out of order gone.

6 I said that ye were gods; yes, all
The sons of God Most High;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes die.

8 Rise, God; judge thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth receive;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent now at length,
O God! hold not thy peace;
Sit thou not still, O God of strength,
Why cry, and do not come.

2 For lo, thy furious fires now swell,
And storm outrageous;
And they that hate thee, proud and fell,
Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep;
Then to ensnare they chiefly strive
Whom then that hide and keep.

4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be;
That Israel's name over may
Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult with all their might,
And all, as one in mind,
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of carnal Ishmael,
Memb, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell;

7 Gebal and Ammon where conspire,
And hateful Amalec,
The Philippine, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check;

8 With them great Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed bands
To aid the sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast;
To Sisera, and, as it told,
Thou didst to Jabin's host,

10 When, at the brook of Kishon old,
They were repelled and slain,
At Endor quite cut off, and rolled
As dung upon the plain.

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed;
As Zeb and Zalmunna, bled,
So let their princes bleed.

12 For they anath'led their pride have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and will now invade
Their stately palaces.

13 My God! O make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find;
Glibly and restless let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.

14 As when an aged wood takes fire,
Whitl on a sudden strang,
The greedy flame runs higher and higher,
Till all the mountains blaze;

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;
And, till they yield thee honour due,
Lord! fill with shame their face.

16 Ashamed and troubled, let them be,
Troubled and shamed forever;
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and scarce it never.

17 Then shall they know that Thou, whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the Most High, and (Thou the same
O'er all the earth art One)

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!

2 My soul doth long, and almost die,
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh about do cry,
O living God! for thee.

3 There even the savor, fresh from wrong,
Hath found a house of rest;
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her brooding nest;

4 Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode;
And how they fly from round the coasts,
Turned tho', my King, my God!

5 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where they ever praise!

PSALM LXXXV.

1 Tiny land to favour graciously
Thee hast not, Lord hast been slack;
Thee hast from hard captivity
Returned Jacob back.

2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people we;
And all their sin, that did thee grieve,
Elast hid where none shall know.

3 Thine anger all thou hast removed,
And calmly didst return
Fromthy fierce wrath, which we had proved
Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace!
'Though us, and us restore;
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, and exile no more

5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth hide,
And in their hearts thy ways!
5 Wilt thou be angry without end, 
For ever angry thus? 
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend, 
From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not turn and hear our voice, 
And us again revive, 
That so thy people may rejoice, 
By thee preserved alive!

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord, 
To as thy mercy show; 
Thy saving health to us afford, 
And life in us revere.

8 And now, what God the Lord will speak 
I will prostrite and hear, 
For to his people he speaks peace, 
And to his saints full dear.

To his dear saints he will speak peace; 
But let them never more 
Return to folly, but emurse 
To prostrate as before.

9 Surely, to such as do him fear 
Salvation is at hand; 
And glory shall er long appear 
To dwell within our land.

10 Mercy and truth, that long were missed, 
Now joyfully are met; 
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed, 
And hand on hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth, like to a flower, 
Shall bud and blossom then; 
And Justice, from her heavenly bower, 
Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then below 
Whatever thing is good; 
Our land shall forth in plenty throw 
Her fruits to be our food.

13 Before him Righteousness shall go, 
His royal harbinger: 
Then will he come, and not be slow; 
His footsteps can not err.

PSALM LXXXVI.
1 Thy gracious eye, O Lord! incline, 
O hear me, I thee pray; 
For I am poor, and almost pine 
With need, and sad decay.

2 Preserve my soul; for I have trod 
Thy ways, and love the just; 
Save thou thy servant, O my God! 
Who staid in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee 
I call; O make rejoice 
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee 
I lift my soul and voice.

4 For thou art good, thou, Lord! art prone 
To pardon, thou to all 
Art full of mercy, thou alone 
To them that on thee call.

5 Unto my supplication, Lord, 
Give ear, and to the cry 
Of my frequent prayers afford 
Thy hearing graciously.

7 I, in the day of my distress, 
Will call on thee for aid; 
For thou wilt grant me free access, 
And answer what I prayer.

8 Like thee among the gods is none, 
O Lord; nor any works 
Of all that other gods have done 
Like to thy glorious works.

9 The nations all whom thou hast made 
Shall come, and all shall frame 
To bow them low before thee, Lord, 
And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great 
By thy strong hand are done; 
Then, in thy everlasting seat, 
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right 
In thy truth wilt walk; 
To fear thy name, my heart unie, 
So shall it never slide.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God! 
These honour and adore 
With my whole heart, and blisse abroad 
Thy Name for Evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is toward me, 
And thou best freed my soul, 
Even from the lowest hell set free, 
From deepest darkness first.

14 O God, the proud against me rise, 
And violent men are met 
To seek my life, and in their eyes 
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild, 
Realist thy grace to show, 
Slow to be angry, and art sighted 
Most merciful, most true.

16 O, turn to me thy face at length, 
And me have mercy on; 
Unto thy servant give thy strength, 
And save thy handmaid's son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford, 
And let my foes then see, 
And be subdu'd: because thou, Lord, 
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.
1 Among the holy mountains high 
Is his foundation fast; 
There seated in his sanctuary, 
His temple there is placed.

2 Sinn's fair gates the Lord loves more 
Than all the dwellings fair 
Of Jacob's land, though there be store, 
And all within his care.

3 City of God, most glorious 
Of thee are spoken; 
I mention Egypt, where proud kings 
Did our forefathers goke.

4 I mention Egypt, where proud kings 
Pharaoh full of woe; 
And Tyre with Ethiopia's wasten ends, 
Lo this man there was born:

5 But twice that praise shall in our ear 
Be said of Sion last; 
This and this man was born in her; 
High God shall fix her fast.

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll 
That ne'er shall be outworn, 
When he the nations' doth enwrap, 
That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 
With sacred songs are there; 
In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance, 
And all thy fountains clear.

PSALM LXXXVIII.
1 Lorn God! that dost me save and keep, 
All day to thee I cry; 
And all night long before thee weep, 
Before thee prostrate lie.

2 Into thy presence let my prayer 
With sighs devout ascend, 
And to my cry, that sunless are, 
Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For, they'd with woes and trouble sore, 
Surely'd my soul doth lie; 
My life, at Death's uncheerful door, 
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass 
Down to the dismal pit; 
I am a man, but weak, alas! 
And for that name unmeet.

5 From like dischard'd and parted quite 
Among the dead to sleep; 
And like the slain in bloody fight, 
That in the grave lie deep.

6 Thou in the lowest pit profound 
Hast set me all my glory, 
Whose thickest darkness hovers round, 
In horror deep to mourn.

7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves, 
Full sore doth press on me; 
Thou break'st up all my thy waves, 
And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange, 
And make me adown; 
Me to them allioes, for they change, 
And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow and affliction great, 
Mute eye grows dim and dead; 
Lord! all the day I thee entreat, 
My hands to thee I spread.

10 Will thou do wonders on the dead? 
Shall the dead rise, 
And praise thee, from their lasthome bed, 
With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell, 
On whom the grave hath hold? 
Or they, who in pedition dwell, 
Thy faithfullness unkeep? 

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand 
Or wondrous acts be known? 
Thy justice in the glory land 
Of dark oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord! do cry, 
Every DAY my life be spent; 
And up to thee my prayer doth lie 
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake, 
And hide thy face from me, 
That am already bereft, and shake 
With terror sent from thee!

15 Lord! and afflicted, and so low 
As ready to expire; 
While I thy terrors undergo, 
Astonish'd with thine ire.
Milton's Works.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the
Author at fifteen years old.

When the blesséd seed of Torah's faithful son,
After long toil, their liberty had won;
And past from Pharan fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand.
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known:
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head.
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the toil.
The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams
Amongst their ewes; the little hills, like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? and why skip the mountains?
Why turn'd Jordan tow'd his crystal fountains?
Shake, Earth; and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last;
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make not stills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies eye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us praise his great name a-stead,
For of gods he is the God.
For his, &c.
Let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrant quell,
For his, &c.

Who with his miracles, doth make
Amaz'd Heaven and Earth to shake.
For his, &c.

Who, by his wisdom, did create
The painted heavens so full of state.
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain.
For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

And cause'd the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.

The horne'd moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clapping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.
For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharan fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.
For his, &c.

The redly waves he cleff in twain
Of the Erythrean main.
For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasted wilderness.
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Scan and his host,
That ruin'd the Amorite coast.
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his ever-hasty crew.
For his, &c.

And, to his servant Israel,
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his, &c.

He hath, with a pious eye,
Beheld us in our misery.
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with fall hand supplies their need.
For his, &c.

Let us therefore worship forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies eye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Dr. Young's father, whose name was also Edward, was Fellow of Winchester College, Rector of Upham in Hampshire, and in the latter part of his life, Dean of St. Asaph; chaplain to William and Mary, and afterwards to queen Ann. Jacob tells us that the latter, when Princess Royal, did him the honour to stand godmother to her own child; and that, upon Sir Winston Churchill's nomination, or the vacancy he was appointed Clerk of the Closet to her Majesty.

It does not appear that this gentleman distinguished himself in the Republic of Letters, otherwise than by a Latin Visitation Sermon, preached in 1668, and by two volumes of Sermons, printed in 1702, and which he dedicated to Lord Bradford, through whose interest he probably received some of his promotions. The Dean died at Sarum in 1705, aged 63; after a very short illness, as appears by the exordium of Bishop Burnet's sermon at the Cathedral on the following Sunday. "Death (said he) has been of late walking round us, and raking branch upon branch, and has now carried away the head of this body with a stroke; so that he, whom you saw a week ago distributing the holy mysteries, is now laid in the dust. But he still lives in the many excellent directions he has left us, both how to live and how to die."

Our author, who was an only son, was born at his father's rectory, in 1631, and received the first part of his education (as his father had formerly done) at Winchester College; from whence, in his sixteenth year, he was placed on the foundation of New College, Oxford; whence again, on the death of the Warden in the same year, he was removed to Corpus Christi. In 1658, a bishopric Tenison nominated him to a law fellowship at All Souls, where, in 1674, he took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, and five years afterward that of Doctor.

Between the acquisition of these academic honours, Young was appointed to speak the Latin Oration on the foundation of the Coddington Library; which he afterwards printed, with a dedication to the ladies of that family, in English.

In this part of his life, our author is said not to have been that ornament to virtue and religion which he afterwards became. This is easy to be accounted for. He had been removed from parental authority by his father's death; and his genius and conversation had introduced him to the notice of the witty and profligate Duke of Whitmore, and his gay companions, by whom his finances might be improved, but not his morals. This is the period at which Pope is said to have told Warburton, our young author had "much genius without common sense;" and it should seem likewise that he possessed a zeal for religion with little of its practical influence. For, with all his gaiety and ambition, he was an advocate for Revelation and Christianity. Thus when Tindal, the atheistical philosopher, used to spend much of his time at All Souls, he complained: "The other boys I can always answer, because I know whence they have their arguments, which I have read an hundred times; but that fellow Young is continually perturbing me with something of his own." This apparent inconsistency is rendered the more striking from the different kinds of composition in which, at this period, he was engaged: viz. a political pamphlet on the new Lord Lieutenant, and a sacred Poem on the Last Day, which was written in 1710, but not published till 1713. It was dedicated to the Queen, and acknowledges an obligation, which he has been frequently understood, either as referring to her having been his godmother, or his patron; for it is inferred from a couplet of Swift's, that Young was a pensioned advocate of government:

"Whose gay was finished in disgrace,
Whereas Pope will never shew his feet,
Whereas — must return his invention.
To flatter low, or lose his pension."

This, however, might be mere report, at this period, since Swift was not overnice in his authorities, and nothing is more common than to suppose the anecdotes, and the flatterer of the great, an herring. Flattery seems indeed to have been our poet's besetting sin through life; but if interest was his object, he must have been frequently disappointed; and to those disappointments he probably owe some of his best compositions on human life.

Of his Last Day, (his first considerable performance) Dr. Johnson observes, that it "has an equability and propriety which he afterwards either

At the instigation of this part he was once confin'd for a moment in Parliament, but without success; and the expenses were paid by Whitmore."
LIFE OF DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

never embullished for, or never stained. Many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean; yet the whole is languid: the plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception. But the great reason why the reader is disappointed, is, that the thought of The Last Day makes every man more poetical, by spreading over his mind a general obliquity of thought, that expresses a distinct and disclaim expression. The subject is indeed truly awful, and was peculiarly affecting to this celebrated critic, who never could, without trembling, meditate upon death, or the eternal world. The poetical system, however, was not, at least when he wrote this, the most consistent and evangelical: I mean he had not those views of the Christian atonement, and of paroning grace, which give such a glory to his Night Thoughts, that would much more have illumined this composition. All the preparation he seems to have there in view, is

By man and man, and by man loving one another.

And all the pluc visions of prayer,

fit to himself for the Tribunal. Moreover, the project of future misery is too awful for poetical expression. He felt the electric gale; and read with pleasure; while the attempt to particularize the solemnities of judgment, lowers their sublimity, and makes sense of the description, as Dr. Johnson has observed, appear mean, and every thing he has written on his poem, however great, was well received upon the whole; and the better for being written by a layman, and it was commended by the ministry and their party, because the dedication flattered their mistress and her government—for too much, indeed, for the nature of the subject.

Dr. Young's next poem was entitled, The Feree of Beligion, and founded on the death of Lady Jane Grey and her husband. It is written with elegance enough," according to Dr. Johnson; but was "never popular," for "Jane is too heroic to be understood by the mass of the public. This piece to the countess of Salisbury was also excessively fustian; and, I think, profane. Indeed, the author himself seems afterwards to have thought so; for when he collected his smaller pieces into volumes, he very judiciously suppressed this and most of his other dedications.

In some part of his life, Young certainly went to Ireland; and was there acquainted with the eccentric Dean Swift; and his biographers seem agreed, that this was, most probably, during his connection with the Duke of Wharton, who went thither in 1717. But he cannot have long remained there, as in 1719, he brought out his first tragedy of Britain, at Drury Lane, and dedicated it to the Duke of Newcastle. This tragedy had been written some years before, though now first performed; for it is to our author's credit, that many of his works were laid by him a considerable time before they were offered to the public. Our great dramatic critic, indeed; and that he has been an excellent bad beggar, for he thought it worth four.

On the accession of George I., Young flattened him with an Ode, called Ocean, to which was prefixed an introductory Ode to the King, and an essay on theIon: the most observa-

able thing is, that the poet and the critic could not agree; for the Rules of the Essay condemned the Poem, and the Poetry set at defiance the maxim of the Essay. The biographer of British Poets has truly said, that had he left his post in the lyric attempts, in which he seems to have been under some malignant influence: he is always misshapen, and at last is only tragic.

We now leave aside the works of our author, to contemplate the conduct of the man. About this time his studies took a more serious turn; and, foreseeing that he never graced, when he was almost fifty, he entered into orders, and was, in 1728, appointed Chaplain to the King. One of Pope's Biographers relates, that, on this occasion, the Pope sent him a post for distinction in his studies, which, on consideration of Thomas Aquinas, which the former, taking seriously, he retired to the suburbs with the angelic divine, till his friend discovered him, and brought him back.

His Vindication of Providence, and Estimate of Human Life, were published in this year; they have been long in print, and are generally regarded as the best of his prose compositions; but the plan of the latter was never completed. The following year he printed a very loyal sermon on King Charles's Martyrdom, entitled, An Apology for the Son of an Alleged Traitor. This piece was presented by his college to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, about 1803, a year, before the lordship of the manor annexed to it. This year he was called to a liberal Naval Ode, and Two Epistles to Pope, of which nothing particular need be said.

He was married, in 1731, to Lady Elizabeth Lovelace, by whom he had a son and daughter, the Earl of Litchfield, and it was not long before she brought him a son and heir.

Sometimes before his marriage, the Doctor walking in his garden at Welwyn, with his lady and another servant, a canary sang so sweetly, that his father wished to speak to him. "Tell him," said the Doctor, "I am too happy engaged to change my situation." The lady insisted that he should go,

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Night Thoughts was written; for, Night Seventh is dated, in the original edition, July 1744.

For the literary merits of this work we shall again refer to the criticism of Dr. Johnson, which is seldom exceptionable, when he is not warped by political prejudice. In "Night Thoughts," says the Doctor, speaking of our author, "he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking situations, which would have justified a night's waking, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue, and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme; the wild diffusion of the sentiments and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactness, but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded, the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantations, the magnitude of vast extent and endless diversity.

So far Dr. Johnson.—Mr. Crofts says, "Of these poems the two or three first have been perused more eagerly and more frequently than the rest. When he got as far as the fourth or fifth, his objection to the work became more acute; for, taking up the pen was wearisome; his grief was thereby increased; and when he had finished, he exclaimed; 'We still find the same poetic pietas; but we hear less of Palladism and Narcissism, and less of the mourner when he loved to pity.'"

Notwithstanding what was to be expected, from some passages in the Night Thoughts, to suppose he had taken his leave of terrestrial things, in the alarming year 1745, he could not refrain from re-reading again his sentiments, but wrote Poetical Reflections on the State of the Kingdom, originally appended to the Night Thoughts, but never reprinted with them.

In 1753, his tragedy of The Brothers, written thirty years before, appeared upon the stage. It had been in rehearsal when Young took orders, and was withdrawn on that occasion. The Rev. Dr. Wettwyden, 1705, to "The Society for the propagation of the Gospel," and estimating the probable produce of this play at such a sum, he perhaps thought the occasion might sanctify the means; and not thinking so unfavourably of the stage as other good men have done, he commended the men who had given the play for the propagation of the gospel. The author was, (as is often the case with authors) deceived in his calculation. The Brothers was never a favourite with the public. It had been made out in France, it led him to inquire into the matter: and only two years ago it was known from a cumbrous that was the place, and in this way: There was an English lady here, who might have been acquainted with the governor of this place; and wishing to ascertain the truth, he went to dig it up everywhere, for some years, in which he discovered, that the lady had been acquainted with the occasion. And this, is a singular manner with in elegant pieces of needle-work by Lady Young, and some appropriate engravings, painted by the director of the doctor.

His best monument is to be found in his works; but a less durable one in marble was erected by his only son and heir, with some appropriate inscriptions, painted by the direction of the doctor.

April 12, 1765, and was buried, according to his desire, by the side of his lady, under the altar-piece of that church, which is said to be ornamented in a singular manner with in elegant pieces of needle-work by Lady Young, and some appropriate engravings, painted by the director of the doctor.

In another part of his garden was also this inscription:

"Mr. Crofts draws this circumstance, and calls the poet's son his friend. He does not, however, pretend to vindicate the conduct of the youth; but he rejoices in his greatness still, which is so to me directly not only in this life, but in the next world, to which I have no doubt he has gone."

Sir Evan Evan, 1797, p. 141.
LIFE OF DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

AMESTED IN HIS OWN HUMBLE HOUSE, WHERE HE LIVED IN THE RUSTIC CASUALTY OF RURAL LIFE.

They heard the voice of God walking in the garden.

This seriousness occasioned him to be charged with gloominess of temper; yet he was fond of rural sports and innocent amusements. He would sometimes visit the assembly and the bowling green; and we see, in his satire that he knew how to laugh at folly. His wit was poignant, and always levelled at those who showed any contempt for decency or religion; an instance of which we have remarked in his extraordinary epigram on Voltaire.

Dr. Young rose belated, and engaged with his domestics in the duties of Morning Prayer. He is said to have read but little; but he noted what he read, and many of his books were so swallowed with folding down his favourite passages, that they would hardly shut. He was moderate in his meals and rarely drank wine, except when he was ill (as he used to say) unwilling to waste the sacrifice of sickness on the stability of health.

After a slight refreshment, he retired to rest early in the evening, even though he might have company who wished to prolong his stay. He lived at a moderate expense, rather inclined to parsimony than profusion; and seems to have possessed just conceptions of the vanity of the world. Yet (such is the inconsistency of man) heannoted honours and preferences at the branches of the grave, even so late as 1758; but none were then conferred. He has, however, been asserted, that he had a pension of 300l. a year from government, conferred under the auspices of Walpole.

At last, when he was full fourscore, the author of the Night Thoughts, "Who thought ever soul itself might once a day be lost," was made Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales. What retained his pronunciation so long is not easy to determine. Some attribute it to his attachment to the Prince of Wales and his friends; and others assert, that the King thought him sufficiently provided for. Certainly it is, that he knew no strains in peevish matters; and that in the method he has recommended of estimating human life, honours are of little value.

His merit as an author have already been considered in a review of his works; and nothing seems necessary to be added, but the following general characters of his composition, from Blair and Johnson.

Dr. Blairays, in his celebrated lectures: "Among moral and didactic poets, Dr. Young is of too great eminence to be passed over without notice. In all his works, the name of strong genius appears. His Universal Passion, possesses the full merit of that imitation conciseness of style, and lively description of character, which I mention as requisite in satirical and didactic compositions. Though his wit may often be thought too sparkling, and his sentences too pointed, yet the vivacity of his fancy is so great, as to entertain every reader. In his Night Thoughts there is much energy of expression; in the three first, there are several pathetic passages; and scattered through them, all happy images and allusions, as well as pious reflections, occur. But the sentiments are frequently overstrained, and turgid; and the style is too harsh and obscure to be pleasing."

The same encomium has said of our author in another place, that his "art in figurative language is great, and deserves to be considered." No writer, ancient or modern, had a stronger imagination than Dr. Young; or one more fertile in figures of every kind; his metaphors are often new, and often natural and beautiful. But his imagination was strong and rich, rather than delicate and correct.

These strivings may be thought serious; but it should be remembered, that an author derives more honour from such a discriminative character, from a judicious critic, than from the indissoluble commendation of an admirer. The following is the conclusion of Dr. Johnson's critique, and shall conclude these memoirs.

"It must be allowed of Young's poetry, that it abounds in thought, but without much accuracy of selection. When he lays hold on a thought, he pursues it beyond expectation, [and sometimes] happily, as in his parallel of quicksilver and pleasure, which is very ingenious, very subtle, and almost exact."

"His versification is his own; neither his blank verse nor his rhyming lines have any resemblance to those of former writers; he picks up no hammers, he copies no favourite expressions; he seems to have laid up no stores of thought or diction, but to convey to the Mountains of the thought, and at the moment. Yet I have reason to believe that when he once formed a new design, he then laboured it with very patient industry, and that he composed it with great labour and frequent revisions."

"His verses are forced by no certain model; he is no more like himself in his different compositions than he is like others. He seems never to have studied prose or verse, nor to have direction in them.

This is the signal that demands despatch: How much is to be done? My hopes and fears start up alarmed, and over life's narrow verge.

NIGHT I.

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

To the Right Hon. Arthur Griffin, Esq., Speaker of the House of Commons.

While Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
Ha, like the world, his ready vigil pays;
Where Fortune smiles, the watchet he foresakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from wo;
And lights on lids unmusled with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Transitions, where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancies sinewy
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain;
(A bitter change!)

The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my face.

Night, smile of gladness! from her elon throne,
In mellow majesty now shines forth,
Her beauteous sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!

Crest and power, to the general public
Of life stood still, and Nature made a Pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who move the tender thought

To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall.

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?

Those who didst put to flight
Princely Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasures,
As miners to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature and soul,
This double night, tranmitting one playing ray,
To lighten and make clear; O lead my mind,
(A mind that faint would wander from its course)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire,
Not since I deemed it right to close these memoirs.

Teach me your best reason; reason my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long regard:
Nor let the glass of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted soul, be poured in vain.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss; to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and over life's narrow verge.
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
is substance; the reverse is folly's creed.
How solid all, where charge shall be no more!
This is the king of being, the dim dawn;
The twilight of our day, the indolent
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death, alone can leave the messy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And order light its sacrificial flame.
From real life but little more remote.
In he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Endless all that be till we burst the shell,
You ambitious amorous, shell and spring to life.
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here butts all his thoughts,
Interm celestial hopes with inept sign:
Prisoner of earth, beneath the moon,
Here pins his all wishes; wing'd by Eterni's
To fly at infinity, and reach it there,
Where semp'st gain immortality.
On Lotus fair tree, fast by the throne of Love,
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more:
When Time, and Pain, and Oliance, and Death expire:
And let in the flight of three cope years:
To pass eternity from human thought,
And another soul immortal in the dust:
A soul immortal, spread over all her fires,
Wasting her strength in atremous idleness.
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At this vast scene can threaten or indudge.
Resistless ocean into temperant wrong,
To wash a feather, or to dash a fly.
Where falls this censure! it everwhelms myself.
How was my heart instructed by the world?
O how self-father'd was my growing soul,
How, like a weasle, was I cast round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
 Till dark'd Reason by quiver'd cloven ear,
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth to wash the skies!
Night's visions may befriend, (as sung above)
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dream,
Of things impossible? (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change?
Of stable pleasures on floating waves?
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my moonlight frolics hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys,
Joy behind joy, in endless recitative, till
At Death's tall, whose restlesst tongue
calls daily for his nations at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where was my joy, my genuine, my
The coldew cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me.

THE COMPLAINT.

The spider's nest attornement thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanence delight!
Fall above measure! lasting beyond bound!
A perplexity of bliss is bliss.
Couldst thou, so rich in mystery, for an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparalyse the realms of light.
Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres,
The holiest instinct of whose giddy dance
Sheds its vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teens with revolutions every hour,
And rarely for the best; or the best
More mortal than the common birds of Fate.
Each, with the best, his reason, and his fate.
In the very form, the very shape,
In each of Time's enormous swathe,
His street empire from the morrow sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cute down
The fairest blossom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! illusive bliss!—profound words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine dooms.
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!
I expelled the phantoms, and I found them air.
Once I weighed it in my fond embrace,
What dared of agony had missed my heart!
Death's great actress of all! 'tis Time.
To tread out empire, and quench the stars.
The sun himself by your permission shines,
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere:
Aim such mighty powerlander, why exhaust
This petty quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar ramour wreaked on me?
I wond'red it could not one suffice!
Thy cloud flowers, with velvety peace wash'd:
And thine, ere they moon had fill'd her hook.
O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour! grave to see thy wheel
Of changeless cast ofrouted in human life,
How wondrous! bright from Fortune's smile
O Precarious! not virtuous's sure,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.
In every varied posture, and pace,
How widespread the thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,
Through the darkes' pattern of time elap'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, murmur, (and such it prov'd)
Strays (wretched cages) over the pleasing past;
In quest of wretcheduesseverely strays,
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train.
I rue the news from my former fate;
Sweet comfort's bless'd clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear.
And where a pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain! or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his frost but for me.
Ravenous callamities our vital sears,
And Ferris high in air, and framed apotheosis to devour,
What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from others’ aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind:
That Nature’s first, last lesson to mankind.
The selfish heart desires the pain it feels:
More generous sorrow, while it smiles extinct,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue more than proneness bids us give
Steady and well composed channel: who ill-use,
They weaken, too, the torrent of their grief.
Take, then, 0 World! thy much intolerable 
How sad and a sight is human happiness
To whom their thoughts can pierce beyond an hour?
O thou! what’s the art, whose heart excites,
Wouldst thou should I congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,
The salutary censor of a friend.
Thou happy wretch! by blindness what art blots
By detour dazzled to perpetual smiles.
Know, hasher! at thy peril art pleas’d;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Mankind, in want, art creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
Toasting more, and doubling thy distress.
Lorenzo, every moment makes her court to thee;
Thy soul, if kind, to thy bosom she rises,
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but encourage thy joys.
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm,
Steady thy guard against the smiles of Fate;
Is Heaven tremendous in its frowns? most sure
And in its favours formidable too.
Its favours here are trials, not rewards
A call to duty, not discharge from care.
And should alarm us as much as woes,
Awake to our cause and consequence,
And make us tremble, weighed with our desert;
On Nature’s tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lost while we clasp if kill them; may, never
To worse than simple misery their charms.
Recidive joys, like foes in civil war,
Like beams from fountains to recovers sound.
With rage envenomed rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness, beware!
All joys but joys that never can expire.
Who holds friendship to regrettions sound,
With rage envenomed rise against our peace.
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Who holds friendship to regrettions sound,
With rage envenomed rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness, beware!
All joys but joys that never can expire.
No moment, but in purchase of its worth.
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;

Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, Virtue’s more divine.

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?
(These Heaven’s bediug in vital union binds)

And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When some new inspirs: Amusement reigns,
Man’s great demand: to trifle is to live;
And is it then a trick, too, to die?

Then say I preach, Lorenzo? Its contest,
What for, once I preach thou quite awake?
Who would be unmoved in the flame of battle
Is not treason to the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?

Will toys assume, when machines can cure?
When spirits shi. when life enchanting scenes
Their instinct lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands and cities with their glittering spires,
To the poor shattered bough, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon perish there;

Will toys assume? No; thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time?—its base we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priestly sports?
He pleads time’s numerous blanks; he loudly pleads
The straw-like tribes on life’s common stream.

From whom these blanks and trifles but from thee?
We bathe in Nature’s endless, or, we mean,
Virtue, or purposed virtue, still be thing;
This canonic thou complaint at once; this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatness, title, immortals all
This the bliss of art turning all to gold;
This the good heart’s prepossession to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours:

Immensely rest! every moment pops.
If nothing more in purpose in thy power,
Thy purpose firm is equal to the dead.
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our outward, our inward, must be more.

’Tis not in things our thought to dominion.
Guard well thy thought: our thoughts are heard
In heaven!

On all important time, through every age,
Though much and warm the wise have urged, the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
I’ve lost a day’s—my prince who daily cries,
Had been an emperor, without his crown.
Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race;
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.

So should all speak; so reason speaks in all.
From the same whisperers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenz y fly,

For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme—Time is Eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangel smile;
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A rather elder, only not admired.
Ah! hence to Nature and myself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!

Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short we tax delusion too;
Torture invention, all expenditures till
To hast the lingering moments into speech,
And whist us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.

Art, brilliancy Art! our furious charioteer,
For Nature’s voice unwisely recall’d;
Drives hasting towards the precipice of death;
Death most our dread; death thus more dreadful makes
O what a riddle of abasement!

Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Best leisure is our cure; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander, wonder earth around.

To fly that tyrant Thought. As Atlas groaned
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour:
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
We only wish we could return to fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons are hell.

From hateful Time if prisons set us free,
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink;
Ages to years, to hours, to moments, then
To man’s false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decr ipt with his age.
Beneath him when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Reefed, aghast, cry out on his career.

Leave to fly those errors and those ill,
To Nature’s best, how love to explore;
Not short Heaven’s bounty; harmless our expense;
No niggreg! Nature, men are prodigals.

We waste; we not our time; we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is experience; use, in vain;
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wings and oppress with enormous weight.
And why? since time was given for use, not waste.

Equipped to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep life’s chariot to the man.
Time’s use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;

Not blinding, with a grave for camouflage,
Life’s cares are comforts; such by Heaven designed;
He that has none must make them, or be wretched.

Cares are employments, and without employ

THE SOUL.

The soul is on a rack; the rack of rest,
To soils most adverse, section all their joy.

Here then the riddle, marked out, now unfolds,
Then time turns torment, when man turns a foe.
We rave, we wrestle with great Nature’s plan;
We thwart the Deity; and’tis decreed,
Who thrusts His will shall contradict their own.
Hence curtsies, and rouging; with ourselves,
Our thoughts at vanity; our bosom broil.
We push Time from us, and wish him back;
Lavish of instrains, and yet fond of life:
Life we the precious, death seek everlast;
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are both to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here
How hateful and how terrible when gone!
Gone they never go; when hasten they still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smites an angel, or a fairy brown;
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past
And time past both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain’d;
Time used. The man who conserves his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim.
At once he draws the slang of life and death;
He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.
Our error’s cause and cure are seen; see next
Time’s most important, speed.
And thy great gain from urging his career.
All sensual man, because unteach’d, unseen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly important, but Time’s truth!
Has thou never heard of Time’s omnipotence?
For, or against, what wonders can he do!
And will: to stand blank nester he dismiss’d.
Not on those terms was Time (Heaven’s stranger)
THE COMPLAINT.

On this, or similar, Philosopher's throne
Whose mind was rooted as the preacher's tongue,
And strong to gather all the science worth the name.

How often did we talk down the summer's sun,
And cool our passions by the breezy stream?
How often talked the shorted winter's eve
That struck out latent truth,

Lost in thought, Lorenzo what could he contain!
As bees mixed nectar from fragrant flowers,
So men from Friendship, wisdom and delight,
Twins, fed by Nature; if they part they die.

What is the bliss of thought, wise man?
Mind's spirit wave, that no friendship can contain!
Good sense will stagnate.
Thoughts shut up want ari,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.

By thought been all, sweet speech had been denied,

Speech, thought's canal; speech, thought's criterion too.

Thoughts in mine may come forth; gold or cross:

In what hand is, who knows it real worth.

If steering, shine for thy future use:

'Twill buy thee benefit, perhaps renown.

Thoughts, became delivered, is the more possessed.

Teaching, we learn; and guiding, we retain.

The births of intellects; when dumb, forget.

Speedest,['nstrument our intellectual fire.

Speech burns our mental magazine.

Brightness for ornament, and light for use.

What numbers, shindled in confusion, lie

Punched to the hilt in wearable forms, and rusted in, who might have been an edge,

And played a spirited beauty, what I heard to speak.

If born best hoist of their mother's tongue!

'Tis thought's exchange, which, like the alternate push

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned sand,
And defaces the student's standing pool.

In contemplation is his proud reason.

'Tis poor as proof, by converse unstained.

Rule thought runs wild in contemplation's fold;
Crowns the message, which is, what I used to hear.

Of due restraint, Contemplation's spout
Gives vasty energy, by rivals awed.

'Tis converse qualities for solitude,
As exercise for solitary rest.

By that method, Contemplation's maw;
And Nature's food by Whispers' outburst.

Wisdom, though rather than Porvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial food,

What is the bliss of the most happiness?

That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
THE COMPLAINT

And anguish after rapture, how sincere!
Rapture! bold man who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While here presuming on the rights of Heaven.
For transport dost thou call on every hour,
Lore doth at thy friend's expense he wise;
Lean not on earth! 'twill pierce thee to the heart.
A broken reed at best; but off a spear;
On his sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thoughts! turn from her—
Thought repelled,
Renewing riddles, and wakes every wo.
Scorned in the paths of peace, and left by right heart.
And when kind Fortune, with thy lover, smiled,
And when high-flavoured thy freshness joying
And when blind man pronounced thy blissless
Of the kindred grave,
And on a foreign shore where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee, and, more surprising still,
Thieves to kindredness, wept:
Their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; strange tears that trickled down
From musing hearts; exuviata their distress,
A tenderness that called them more, severe,
In spite of Nature's soft persuasion.stored!
While Nature undarkened, Superstition prevailed;
That thing will live, or is this denied a grave?
Their sighs increased; sighs foreign to the will!
Their will the tiger-soulted outraged the storm;
For, oh! the cursed unglossed of Zeus!
When sends the gale on such an evil course
In blind Infidelity's embrace.
The sainted spirit petrified the breast;
Denied the charity of dust to spread
Over dust: a charity their dogs enjoy:
What could I do? what succour? what resource?
With pious acclamors graveugas:
With impious pity that grave I wronged;
Shut in my duty, coward in my grief;
More true than friend, I crept
With soft-suspended step, and, muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh.
Veiledly what should echo through their realms
Her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.

Presumptuous fear! how dared I dread her foes,
While Nature's lowest dictates I obeyed?
Pent up modesty, blast shackle of grief
And inglorious, to my parent paired;
Field-execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God adored
So vigorous the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamped the current cold; and with humanity
(Denied Nature) wished them all a grave.
Glow my remissment into guilt? what guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead, this is the dust of this
Of this heaven-laboured form, great, divine, divine.
This heaven assumed, majestic, robe of earth
He deigned to wear, who held the vast expasse
With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold.
When every passion sleeps that can offend;
When strikes us every motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour uncontrolled.
That strongest curb on itself and will;
Then! spleen to dust! the dust of innocence!

An angel's dust!—This Lucifer transcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
"It was not the strife of the strong, the weak;
The strife of possessive pride, not possessive gall.
Far less than this is shocking in a race
Most wretched; but from streams of mutual love,
Which sometimes finds a kindred nest,
And for love divine this moment lost,
By Fate resorced, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of hard things
About her heart, then silvered, lighter, brighter;
Yet oft his courtesies are smoothest, strongest;
Prince brandishes the favours he confers
And contumelious his humanity;
What then his vengeance? How it not ye Stars!
And thou, pale Moon! turn intoler at the sound,
Man is to man the sorest, worst ill.
A previous blast foretells the rising storm;
Overwhelms turning threaten, ere they fall;
And then, the lightning with it clave, and cleave;
Is this the sight of Fancy! would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign save all beings, but Himself;
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.
Fixed is the Blissful! and let the Muse he fired;
Who not inflamed, when what he speakes he feels,
And in the nurse most tender, in his friends;
Shame to mankind! Philander had his fees;
He felt the touch, I dog; his heart
But let me first end the tale,
Past lies, Narcissus!
Are sunk in thee, than recent wound of heart,
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Dangs numerous as the numerous lies that swarmed
O'er thy distinguished face, and matched thee there;
Thick as the locust on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot your touching tale)
How was each circumstance, with hopes armed
An epice each, and all an hydora;
What strong Hierocles virtue could suffice?
—Or is it virtue to be comprised here?
This hearty cock a train of tears below,
And each tear mounts in its own distinct distress.
And each distress, distinctly murmur'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heightend by the whole.
A grief like this propisitians excludes;
You fear of theirs above such awe can engage,
They make mankind the mourner; carry sighs
Far as the fatal Fame can wing her way,
Young's Works

And turn the gayest thought of gayest age
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.

The vale of death! that haunt'd Chimerian vale,
Where Darkness, brooding o'er unfinished faces, 
With raven wing incensed, waist the sad的数据

(Dread day) that interdicts all future change;
That subterranean world, that land of min.
Fit walk, Lorenzo! for proud human thought,
There's no sphere where ploddingMillenial.

Baleious truths and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, here.
For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
Thy spirit's foreign cognizance, and friends.
Expose the veins of life; weigh life and death;
Give Death his celui; thy fear subdued,
And labour that first pain of noble minds,
A mainy scorn of terror from the tomb,
This harvest reap from thy Narcissus's grave,
As poets fished from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief intrenched, a mournful flower,
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And first, of dying friends, what fruit from these?

This brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chase our thoughtsless, fear, pride, and guilt.
Our dying friends come over us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless arbour, and abate
That glare of light, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pleasing to smooth
Our turgid pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror where the grace Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by Fate snatched from us in a plume
Flashed from the wing of human woe.
Which makes us sleep from our aerial heights,
And dumpl with omen of our own debris,
On drooping visions of ambition lowered,
Juster shadows of their orbs we break it up
O'er our earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For they are anguish, and for they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we gnaw their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft, address,
Their pleasant advice, and pious prayer
Senseless as braids that grasp their gallow'd hares,
Tread under foot their agonies and groans,
Forsake their anguish, and destroy their deaths?
Life's balm! the thought of death indulges;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind charioteer of thy soul, in joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still its trophies on the snuffed breast.
Agnostic era! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire,
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of every thought? and wish of every hour?
And song of every joy! surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the numerous life that seek on life
As their own property, their lasting prey
Eros man has measured half his wearis age,
His luxuries have left him no reserve.
No maiden relishes, unbroached delights;
On wanton joys he feeds, and wears the crown.
And in the tasteless present chews the past;
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish swine, his earlier years
Have enriched his future hours,
Here starve on emots, and glean their former field.

Live ever here, Lorenzo!—shocking thought!
So shocking! they who wish it done too;
Drown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light!
For what, live ever here!—with labouring step
To tread our former footsteps! pace the round
Ereman? to climb life's worn heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? to beat and bed.
The beaten track? to bid each wretched day
The former rook? to surfice on the same,
And yawn our joys? or think a misery
For change thought not! to see what we have seen?

Hear, till unheard, the same old slabb'rd tale
To taste the taste, and at each return
Lessen tauter! over rocks to descend
Another vintage? strain a fatter year
Through loaded vessels, and a laxer zone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
I'll ground, and worse concocted! food, not life.
The native foul kernels of excess!
Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch
Trembling each gulp, lest Death shall snatch the bow.

Such of our fine ones is this wish refined?
So would they have it: elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stalls and wilds?
But such examples might their rise awoke.
Throughout want of virtue, that is, want of thought,(Though en bright thought they father all their flights)
To what are they reduced? to love and hate
The same vain world; to emume and escape
The painted shore, where art and lustres lie
Each moment of each day; to fluster, fail.
Dreaden of worse; to cling to this rode rough.

Barren to them of good, and sharp with ill,
And hourly blackened with impounding storms,
And infamous for weekles of human hope
Scared at the gloomy gulf that yawns beneath
Which are their triumphs! such their passions of joy.
'Tis time, high time; to shift this dismal scene.

This haggard, this lidadesate, what art can cure?
One only, but that one what all may much:
Virtue—she, wonder-working godlike! charms
That rock to bloom, and tames the painted shrew.
And, what will more surprise; Lorenzo! gives
To life, this inexpressible, this change,
And straitens Nature's circle to a line.
Believe'st thou, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear; thou'lt blush to disbelieve.
A delight, a change, a blessing, and exploits;
And even must, o' those joy's are joys
Of sight, smell, taste. The cuckoo-seasons sing
The some dull note to such as nothing prize
But what is fewest, and with lowest treat,
To do some thing indolent: but sadder minds,
On lightened minds, that bask in virtue's beams.
Nothing hangs tender; nothing old revolvs
In that for which they long, for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each morning rising still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
The worth munting, new strength, lustre, fame;
While standard-chains, crowned, rolling beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prosperity higher every hour,
Advancing virtue in a line to bliss;
Virtue, with her soul in motive best inspire;
And bliss, which Christian schemes alone ensue!
And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apocatastes, and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is feared with lower treat;
Heims against this life which slights the next.
What is this life? how few their favourite know
Pond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving, we make
Loved life unlonly, hugging her to death.
We give to time stedfastly, regard,
And dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life boats in hand, but means;
An evil deplorable; a means divine.
When tis our all, tis none; worse than nothing;
A nest of pains; when held in nothing, much.
Like see this humoursist, life is most enjoyed
When counsel least; most warrant when disesteemed.

Then 'is the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In a false richer far; important awfulto be mentioned; many, with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on but with tiades of joy!
Not to be thought on but with tidies of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss?
When is the barren rock? the painted shrew?
Where is the earth's eternal round?
Have I not made my triple promise good?
Vain is the world, but only to the vain.
To what compare we then thus varying scene,
A new world rises, and new manners reign: 
Foreign virtues, customs, and institutions arrive;
To push us from the earth, and orランス me there.
What a perst race starts up! the strangers gaze,
And I sit there; my neighbour is unknown;
Nor was the worst. Ah! and the dire effect
Of I'd have it known—effaced by lightning.
Old of so gracious (and let that suffice)
Of my master knows me not.
Shall I dare say peculiar is my fate?
I've become, like life, a link of fate.
An object ever pressin ds the sight,
And hides behind its armor to be seen.
When in his couriers' ears I pour my plaint,
They roar, it is as if they were of the great.
And squeeze my hand, and beg me to endeavour,
How shall I cause ware a smoother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme;
Who cheapens life abates the fear of death.
Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
Court-favour, yet untaken, I beseech;
Ambition's ill-judged effort to be rich.
Ah! ambition makes my life less,
Enthralling the possessed. Why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy, and health and death's decay.
Were I as glum as staid Theology,
Wishing would waste me this to shade again.
We are wealthy as a South-sea island,
Wishing is an expedient to poor.
Wishing is the most of love;
Caught at a court, parged over by pure air;
And simpler diet, gifts of rural life.
Best be that hard granite, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas
With pleasure seen, but hoarded at our peril;
Here on a single plank, thrown safe ashore;
I hear the tall gusher of each hoot;
As that of seas remote, or dying storms,
And meditate on scenes more silent still,
Pursued my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a surf despairing from his butt,
Teaching his rod, or leaning on his staff.
Linger Ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling front of noisy men
Bustle in silence, keep the bounds of right,
Pursuing and triumphant:—life in sight for days.
As wolves for ravens, as foxes for vixes,
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earth's then all.
What all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What thought with which we were in wealth or sway in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in, 'Here he lies!'
The earth to death' concludes her noble song.
If the young lives, posterity shall know
One thought in them born, this courteous heart;
Who thought even gold might come a day too late:
Nor on his subtle death-bed planned his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state,
Some avance with the death of others arrive.
Unlit by rage canons of dying rich,
Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of Hell.
O my coi! resounds of yore and yesteryear.
Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
Shall we, or will we, the dust of fame
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamored of this wretched soil?
Shall our pale weathered hands be still stretched
Trembling, at once with eagerness and age?
With ars and convulsions, grasping air?
Grasping air! for what has earth beside?
They die, and they are not the greater.
How soon must he reign his vast extent,
Which Freud Nature lent him for an hour!
Years unexperienced rush on numerous life:
And soon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opens the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backword look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too, of such
Fame in health, and greater in their age.
And stricter on their guard, and stiffer
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive. And I am fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible I live.
Alive to sense or feel, or taste,
Alive by Meed! if I am still alive.
Who long have buried what life to live,
Firmness of nerves, and energy of thought.
Life's ice is not merciful aspect of a fool,
And vapid. Sense and Reason show the door;
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.
Oh then great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun.
Whose all-people born beam called me forth
From darkness, tempest darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior; and, in numb, beneath
The dust I tend on earth, that may be know.
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could not know
No notice but my bliss, and bust ordainad
A rise in Blessing! with the patriarch's joy,
'They call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust,
Or life or death is equal, neither weights;
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!
Though Nature's terrs thers be pray, may be repeat,
Still strow the grim Death; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
And whereas a human guilt.—From Death forgot.
Ah me! too long I sat at the mouth the slaughter.
Of friendly warnings which around me flow,
And smiled unsatisfied. Small my cause to smile!
Death's admonitions, like shafts upward shot,
More fatal than the javelin's point,
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.
O think how deep Lorenzo! here it stings;
THE COMPLAINT.

Of immortality.—And did he rise?

Hear, ye Nations! hear it, ye Dead! He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting Gates! And give the King of glory to come in.

Who is the King of glory? he who left his throne of glory for the pang of death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting Gates! And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory? he who slew the ravencost for that gorged all human race! The King of glory, He, whose glory filled heaven with amazement at his love to man, and with the sensation of his presence, beheld Power's most illuminated, wildered in the theme. The theme, the joy, how then shall man unmaintain!

Oh, the burst gates! crashed singing! demolished!

Last gasp of vanished Death! Shout, earth and Heaven,

This sum of good to man: whose nature then

Tread wing, and astounded him from the tomb.

Then, then, I arose; then first Humanity

Triumphant past the crystal ports of light, (Stupeious guest!) and seized eternal youth,

Selected from amongst his blasphemous race

To call man mortal. Man's mortality

Was then transferred to death; and Heaven's duration

Underneath, sealed to his frail frame.

This child of dust.—Man, alkalmortal! hail,

Hail, Heaven! All lavish of strange gifts to man.

This all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme, On Christian joys exulting wing, above

The Aonian mount!—Alas! small causes for joy!

What, if to pain immortal? if extent

Of being, to preclude a close of wo?

Where then, my boon of immortality?

I boast it still, though covered with guilt.

For guilt, not innocence, his life he poured;

'Tis guilt alone can justify his death; Not even I can justify it. I

Relenting guilt in Heaven's indulgent sight. If sick of folly, I repent,

He writes

My name in Heaven with that inverted spear, (A spear deep-dipt in blood) which pierced his side,

And opened there a foxt for all mankind

Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink it and live.

This, only this, subdues the fear of death; And what is this?—Harvest the wondrous cure

And at each step let higher wonder rise!—

Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon

Through means that speak its value infinite! A man's good is with him; with blood divine

With blood divine the guilt of him I made my foe;

Pervaded to provoke, though wooded and awed;\footnote{The name of the author is not clear from the text.}

A rebel midst the thunders of his throne; Nor I alone; a rebel universe;

My species up in arans; not one exempt!

Yet for the最先 of the foul he dies.

Most joyed for the redeemed from deepest guilt; As if our race were held of highest rank, And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man.

Round every heart, and every bosom burn;

O what should I in my praise, if I gave my soul; And all her infinite of prospect fair.

Cut through the shades of hell, great Love! by thee,

Yes, he freed thistheir}{or that, or, man, inevitably lost:

What but the falsehood of thought divine

Could labour such expedient from despair, And rescue both? Both rescue! both exult! O how are both exulted by the deed?

The wondrous deed! or shall I call it more?

A wonder! On Omnipotence itself!

A mystery not to lose to me? I blaspheme:

Not thus our initials the Eternal draw,

A God all-power, omnipresent, absolute,

Full crowned, in his whole round of rays complete:

They set at odds Heaven's jarring attributes, And with one excellence another wound; Maim Heaven's perfection, break its equal bonds, Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,

Unbought by their ornate and vain praise.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits! ye barded infidels!

Ye worse for meaning! washed to fonder stars!

The ransom was paid down; the fund of Heaven,

Heaven's inestimable, exhausted fund, Amazing and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,

All price beyond: though curious to compute, Angiologists failed to cast the mighty sum.

Its vast, ungrasped by minds create,

For ever hides and glows in the Supreme.

And was the wondrous paid? it was, and paid

(What can exist the bounty more?) for you!

You bought it—by all the tuneful spheres

Drove back his chariot: midnight veiled his feet,

Not such as this, not such as nature makes;

A midnight Nature shuddered to behold;

A midnight new—by offerd grace (without

Opposeth spheres) from her Creator's favour.

Sun! didst thou fly thy maker's pain or start

At that enormous load of human guilt.

Which bowed his blessed head, overwhelmed his cross.

Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble walls

With purge, strange pang! delivered of her death!

Hell howled; and Heaven that hour let fall's

Heart tender, that men might smile? Heaven bid

that man

Never might the

And is devotion virtue? its compelled.

What heart of alone but those as thought of those

Such contemplations mount us, and should mount

The mind still higher, nor ever glance on man

Urnaptur'd, unfurled.—Where rolled my

To rest from wonders? other wonders rise,

And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught

Heaven's sovereign blessing, clustering from the

Heaven to earth, to make his might night blood.

And opened there a foxt for all mankind

Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink and live.

This, only this, subdues the fear of death; And what is this?—Harvest the wondrous cure

And at each step let higher wonder rise!—

Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon

Through means that speak its value infinite! A man's good is with him; with blood divine

With blood divine the guilt of him I made my foe;

Pervaded to provoke, though wooded and awed; Bost, and chastised: a dignant rebel still
But the grand complaint, which displays at full
Our human height, so near weaned from divine
By Heaven composed, was published on the cross,
What looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm
I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul
Caused the strange fire, Eternity, at thee,
And, as she travels, on the paths, more, enjoys.
How changed the face of Nature! how improved!
What seemed a chaos shone a glorious world;
Or what a world, an Etern—heightened all!
It is all new, and, as he speaks:—
And still another, as time rolls on,
And that a self far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll up in shades
Unraveled by the beacon of our ray
What evolutions of surprise!
How Nature opens, and receives my soul,
In boundless walks of raptured thought, where gods
Encounter and embrace me.
What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
Where what now claims, perhaps what's left exists
Of two terrestrial set at large, she mounts
To Rosea's region, and forever forgets.
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies
Religion! then the sorrows of happiness,
And, gleaning Calvary's! there shine
The noblest truths, the proudest, sacred songs;
There sacred violence assaults the soul,
Those nothing but compulsion is borne.
Can love allure us! or can terror awe?
And, when he seeks the fatal stream, eternal
To Heav'n, his soul's—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—his—h
NIGHT V.

THE RELICS.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Litchfield.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.

"Fondness for fame is avassial of sir,
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise:
Praise no man ever deserved, who sought no more.
As just the ground the Muse."

The Muse!—the Muse! I grant the Muse
Has often blushed at her degenerate sons,
Retained by Sense to plead her filthy cause,
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And sanctify the gross in refined! As if it were a magic numbers' powerful charm
"Was given to me a cri de set of their song
Cosmic, and secret order to perfume.
With a true pagean, define the brute,
And lift our service-encircling from the mine.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of pleasure and of pride:
Pleasure, and, and, those distinct him too;
Draw different ways and clash in their commands.
With pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars.
But Pleasure, like a nest, upon the ground,
Joyed, shared by brute creation, Pride resents;
For Pleasure, and, simple, would both enjoy,
And both at once: a point how hard to gain! But what can't Wit, when sting by strong desire?

WE dare attempt this ominous enterprise,
Since joy of Reason can't rise to Reason's taste.
In subtle Sophistic's laborious forge
Wit hammer out a reason new, that stops
To solid scenes, and meets them with applause.
With Wit the Genius the chase gone to loose,
Nor less than a placid god to fill the bowl;
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells.
A thousand epistles and to debate.
To foist these, inebriate, by art,
And the fool'd mind delightedly confound.
Thus that which shocked the judgment shocks no more;
That which gave pride offense, no more offend;
Pleasure and Pride, by nature mortal foes,
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of night,
My wandering thought recalls, to what excess
For other best of heart, Narcissus's tomb.
Or is it SMB our nature calls back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again?
Is it a Stryonic vapour in my blood?
A cold and watery creeping through my veins!
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus, with all. What are we? how unequal; now we soar,
And now we sink. To be the same, transmutes
OurEveryday increase. Dear my the beam
For lodging ill; too deadly cease her. Reason,
The blush of weakness to the home of woe.
The noblest spirit, fighting her hand fate
In this deep and murky region, charged with storms.
But feebly fly, untainted by desire:
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall?
Our utmost strength, when down to rise again;
And not to try; though beaten, all our praise.
'Tis vain to seek in men for more than men.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emptied, but from the shadow of the grave;
Where grief detained me prisoner, mounting high.
Throwing the gates of everlasting day.
And called mankind to glory, shook off pain,
Mortal's misrule, but in sorrow's place.
How wretched is the wise, who never mourns!
I dive for precious pearl in Sorrow's stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that only grives,
Takes all the torment, and reject the gain.
Inestimable prize) and gives Heaven leisure.
To make him more but wretched, not more wise.
If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
Enables man what else have angels learned?)
Great men that have school are made.
Though Genius or proud Learning ever could
Venacious learning, often over-fed,
Digest not into sense her moody meal.
This bequeathed to others, his own part,
This forger on wiser's, leaves her native farm,
Reason, quite unalter'd. With mixed maxims she surfeits the rank soil,
Which nature labours to make the bevy:
A pomp untainted of weeds prevails;
Her servant's wealth, incumbered, Wisdom
mourns.
And yet the says Genius! 'Let the dull be wise;
Genius too hard for right, can prove it wrong.
And loves to boast, when blushed men less inspired.
It pleads exemption from the laws of Sense,
Considers Reason as a leveller,
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.

Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep.
And I all day have been a stronger guard.
See from her tomb, from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess! soles on my soul,
And puts Delusion's dusky train to flight;
Dispel the mind our sly subterfuges raise.
Or objects low, terrestrial, and obscene,
And shows the real estimate of things,
Which no man, unaffected ever saw.
Perill off the veil from Virtue's rising charmers;
Detects Ignorance, with no other ease.
Truth bids me look on men as autumn-leaves,
And all they bleed for as the summer's dust.
Driven by the wind: lighted by her beam,
Is it that Time stains on all our powers?
See things invisible, feel things remote. Am present with futurities; think nought
To man as foreign, as the joys possessed,
Thought so much his as those beyond the grave.
No folly hoares its colour in her sight. Worthy Wisdom loses all her charms.
In pompous promise from her schemes profound,
If fortune she plans, 'tis all in veins, Like evil, unsubstantial, fleeting blue! At the first blast it vanishes in air.
Not so celestial. Wouldst thou know, Lorenzo?
How differ worldly wisdom and divine? Just as the moon, in her exalted sphere,
More empty world than world every day,
And every day more fair her rival shines.
When later, there's less time to play the fool. Soon evil is, with life, in a level way.
'Thous knowest she calls no council in the grave.
And everlasting fire is in our fire.
Or real wisdom waits us to the skies. As worldly schemes resemble virtues, leaves
The good man's days to sybiles books compare.
(Scenes apt to thrust us from ourselves; his heart,
In the importance of our real survival.
Friends counsel quick dissolution of our spirit.
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.
Are they more kind than He who struck the bolt?
But did it to ennoble our hearts?
And banish peace till nobler guests arrive,
And bring it home a true and endless peace. Calmness are friends, as glaring day.
Of such unsinning Muses 'sight our sight,
Prosperity puts out unamiable thoughts.
Of import high, and light divine to man.
The man how blessed, who, sick of gaudy scenes
(Sadness apt to thrust us from ourselves; his heart,
Is led by choice to this his favourite walk.
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypris shades,
Unaired by Vanity's fantastic ray.
To read his manuscripts, to weight his dust,
Visit his vaunts, around the tombs! Lorenzo! read with me Narcissus's stone
(Narcissus was thy favourite) let us read
Her moral stone; few doctors preach so well.
Neither so tenderly can touch the feeling heart.
What paths in the date!
Apt words can strike; and yet in thee we see
Faint images of what we here enjoy.
What cause have we to build on length of life?
O Britain! infamous for suicide!
An island, in thy measures: far disjointed
From the whole world of rationales besides!
Inambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.
Then be thou shocked, while I detect the case
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,
And bid abhorrence kiss it round the world.
Blame not thy client, nor chide the distant sun;
That blinding varlet, thy client's heir.
Immoral climes kind Nature never made.
The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,
And prove it is thy folly, not thy fate.
That moral Runs, (let men in Human bow,
Who names his soul) a native of the skies!
High-born and free, her freedom should maintain.
Unsoiled, unmortgaged for earth's little bribes.
The illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers jealous of her dignity.
Studios of home, and solen to return.
Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge
On immortality, her gallant taste!
There take large draughts; make her chief ban-
quet three.
But some reject this sustenance divine,
To beat the appetite descend.
Ask airs of earth, for guests that came from
Heaven!
Sink into shades, and sell, for present hire,
Thine art to please men, (and what shares fate)
Their native freedom, to the prince who sways
That neither world: and when his payments fail,
When his fool basket gorged them no more,
Their paltry palates both the basket full,
Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And burning their confinement, though fast barred
By love divine and human, guarded strong
With nothing to defend the pass.
The blackest Nature or dire guilt can raise.
And moated round with fathomless destruction,
Sure to receive and whelm them in their fall.
When we are once in the cause, to you unknown,
Or, worse, o'erlooked; o'erlooked by magistrates,
Thus criminals themselves! I grant the deed
Is madness; but the madness of the heart.
And what is that? 'tis our utmost bound of love.
A sensual unreckoning life is big
With monstrous births, and Suicide, to crown
The black infernal brood. The hold to break
Heaven's chain hinges, not to be repulsively trust
Through sacred Nature's murder on their own,
Because they never think of death, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At ease to show, and instinct his end.
When in the island of forgetting we sit,
(The seat of Wisdom! If our choice, not fate)
Or over our dying friends in anguish hang
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head;
Number their moments, and in every clock
Start at the voice of an eternity,
See the dim lamp of life just softly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetic hour of our own;
How read we such sad scenes? As sent to men
In perfect vengeance? no; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
Imbibe, Death's shadow in his heart,
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile,
The mind turns cold before the check is dry.
Our quick-turning fates cancel all,
As the tide rushing rages what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the lettered shore.
Lament! hast thou ever weighed a sigh?
Or studied the philosophy of tears?
(A science yet untaught in our schools?)
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? if not, descend with me,
And trace those briny rivulets to their springs.
Our funeral tears from different causes rise:
As from separate eunuchs in the soul,
Of various kinds they flow.
From tender hearts,
By soft contiguity; some burst at once,
And stream oblique from the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distilled.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Mosto's eagle's neck, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the loss of the decease,
So high in earnest, and to them so dear;
They dwell on praises which they think they slav,
And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
Some mourn, in proof that something they could love;
They weep not to relieve their grief, but show
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
Assuredly all is in accord.
Some mischievously weep, not unappurposed
Tears sometimes aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft Euphues draw
Their mild requiem, over wretched hearts?
As seen through crystal, how their rays glow.
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek.
Of her's not procter Egypt's woven queen,
Carousing ens, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at death, abstracted from the dead,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.
By kind construction some are destined to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain,
As deep in indiscernence as in wo.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears that deserve more tears; while Renown
dies.
YOUNG'S WORKS.

Defects of judgment, and the will subsides:
Walks thoughtfully on the solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon,
And put good works on board, and wait the wind
That softly blows us into worlds unknown:
If considered, too, a dreadful scene!
All should be precepts to themselves—foresee
Their future fate—their future fate forecasts;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The thought of death, the thought of the four destinies,
A disposition to that precious thought
Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it as a precipice,
Pulled up by the first blight of dew!
-Dost see, Lorenzo, why so warmly press,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of Death! that thought is the me.

The grand machine, that leaves us from the dust,
And rears us into men. The thought, p'rly home,
Will soon reduce the ghostly precipice
Overhanging hell, will soften the descent,
And greatly slope our passage to the grave.
How warmly to be wish'd! what heart of flesh
Would cede with tremendous ! dare extremes?
Yawn over the fate of infinite! what hand,
Beyond the latest form of careless boldness?
(To speak a language too well known to thee)
Would at a moment give its all to Chance,
And stamp the dye for Eternity.
And mark its true degree.
With Destiny, and, ere she seizes it
My thread of life, to break this tough thread
Of moral death that dies me to the world.
Sting thou my smothering Reason, to send forth
A thought of observation on the foes;
To tally and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man;
While they to hell behind them turn them all.
All accident, apart, by Nature ailed,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.
Must I then run forward only for Death?
Backward I turn my eye, and find him there.
A man is a self survivor every year.

Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow,
Death's destroyer of quiddity pray:
My youth, how happy scene yesterday!
The bold invader shares the present hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cedars rock me nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.
Shall we then fear lest that should come to pass,
Which once was the moment of our birth?
If we must, let that Death turn us pale
Which mends strength and arder; what remaines
Should rather call on Death than dwell his call:
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline,
Thoughtless of death but when your neighbour's
It first!
(Rude visitant) knockes hard at yeer dull sense,
With his thunder sound he Obtains your ear.
Goeth your theme in, everywhere and hour,
Nor longer wait, ye monumental sire.
A brother-tomb to tell you—ye shall die.
That death ye shun, (a point in Nature's skill)
Know you shall court, before you shall enjoy.
But you are learned: In volumes deep you sit,
In wisdom shallow: Pompous ignorance!
Would you be learn'd and not fear the thought?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that knowledge which impairs your sense.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful seed,
Unsh'd, lies open in Life's common field,
And his all welcome to the vital soul.
You soon wish this lies before you in the page
Of Nature and Experience, moral truth:
Of indispensable eternal fruit.
From which on mortals feeding, turns to gods,
And dive in science for distinguished names;
Dishonest fomentation of your pride,
Sinking in vanity for fame.
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you withered,
Frozen at heart while speculation shines.
A wake, ye enterprising and hardy band
Of knowing all but what avails you, known.
If you would learn Death's character, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health.
All dyes of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial turn,
Come forth at random: or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insular
All bold conjecture and fond hopes of men.
With his thunder sound he Obtains your ear.
But deeply disjoint us, by their deaths!
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.
Like other tyrants, Death delights to smile.
What, an inanimate and mere image,
A stone, or an inanimate and mere image,
And arbitrary nod.
His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortune;
The feeble wrapp the charity in his absurd,
And weeping fathers hold their children's tomb:
Me thine, Nascis!—What, though short thy date?
Virton, not rolling sum, the mind matures.
That life is long which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name.
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoyse youth Methuselah may die:
And these our fathers thought in th thirty words.
Nascis's youth has lectured me thus far:
And can her gaiety give counsel too?
That like the Jewes flamed oracle of gods,
And Fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong,
Thus give each day the merit and renown
Of dying well, though doomed but once to die;
Nor let life's period, hidden, (as from most)
Nor let life's period, hidden, (as from most)
Yet not too soon, but be its poet, and praise
Peace; the full portion of mankind below.
And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
When fortune and time thought of thy fate
At last I drew Death's picture, to stir up
Thy wholesome fears forever now, drawn in earnest, as
Guy Fortune's,thy vain hopes to repress.
Sicca, high in the air the sportive goddess
Shines,---ercipe, up her casket, opens her warlike
And calls the peace of spirits to pull abroad;
Her rainbow basons over the gaping throat.
All rush rapturous; friends o'er trodden friends
Born o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their orders, in the fairest state,
(Still more added) to snatch the golden shower.
Gold-glitters most where virtue shines no more;
As stars from absent sun leave to shine
What a precious pack of votaries,
Unknowned from the princes and the strow.
Poor fit, all opening in their's praise!
All, ancient, eye e test of their hand.
And, wide-expanding their various jaws,
Moved on more and more then drawn away,
Untested, through and appetite for more
Forged to the throat, yet lean and ravens still:
The signal for the fairest and the smallest game,
And bold to seize the fleeter. (If what chance!) Court-splints sweetly breathe; they launch, they fly.
Our just, o'er sacred, all forbidden ground,
Drunk with the priestly, a fear of grace or pow'r,
Stanch to the foot of Lucile—till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, then their various fates survey.
With aim unimpaired and unimpeded speed
Some, daring, strike their ardent wish for ever,
Through fury to possess it: some succeed,
But stumble, and let fall the taken prize
Drunk in their piety, the potent office to no more can rise
And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime
Of life! to hang his airy nest on high.
On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
Ravish'd, to discover, and confer a fall!\nGranting Grimm the equal distant space
Yet peace begins just where ambition ends.
What makes man wretched? happiness denied
Lorenzo! no; 'tis happiness disdained
Shut up too tenaciously to win our smile,
And calls herself Content, a homely name.
Our flame is transport, and Content our saem.
Aim'bewitchs; and shuts the door against her,
And waits it, and keeps it, in the door that enters near her,
A tempest to warm transport near of him.
Unknowning what our mortal state admits,
Like modest joys we run while we rise,
And art all our enjoyments remote
And art still that repose of thy ruin.
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow which, while it executes, alarms,
And starts thousands with a signal fall.
As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's dominion, and the flakes of snow,
In the strong stroke of thousands of birches infallish,
Loud groans her last; and, rustling from her height,
In crimson ruin thunders to the ground;
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And, hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound,
Then his ashamed Death, and those alone,
Should I collect, myiquel would be full;
A quiver which, suspended in mid air,
Or near heaven's archer, in the zodiac, hung.
(So could it) should draw by the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A constipation awful, yet benign,
To pull the way through time's tempestuous wave,
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock.
From greater danger to grow more secure,
And, wrap in happiness, forget their fate.
Lysander, happy past the common lot,
What was a wave of the sally of his heart's fear.
It woe the fair Aegusus; she was kind.
In youth; form, fortune, fame, they both were blessed
All who knew, envied; yet in envy loved.
Can Fancy form more finished happiness?
Fixed was the mortal hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glimmering spires
Flit from the mount to the mount, and net the shore.
So break those glittering shadows, human joys.
The faithful morning saunter; it takes his leave
To re-embark, in constancies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids; the news arrives;
Untold she saw it in her glory, took him
It was her eye, (her heart was apt to feel)
And drowned, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating showers shews his tomb.
Mourn was no sooner then its own its own monument.
The guilty follows innocently near,
And the rough taker passing, drops a tear.
A tear; can tears suffice?—but not for me.
How can my tears, and your arts have vain?
The distant train of the griefs took to, as
Has thrown me on my fate.—These died together;
Happy in ruin, un Rcared by death.
Or never to me, (or never to part, is peace.
Nor Greece! They pity bleeds at thought of love.
Yet tend only near me, not myself.
Survive myself:—shah curs us all other wa.
Another! we?—Philosopher is forgot.
For the soft smile of a fair is slight.
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them, and drain off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.—
And is it there to live! When such friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies.—My heart! no more.---

NIGHT VI.
THE INFERNO, RECLAIMED.
In Two Parts.
CONTAINING THE WORD OF REVELATION, AND IMPORTANCE,
AND OF IMMORTALITY.

PART I.
WREN, AMONG OTHER THINGS.
GLORY AND SKIES ARE PARTICULARLY CONSIDERED.

To the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

PREFACE.
 Few eyes have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, Is man immortal, or is he not? If he is not: all our disputes are thus at an end. I do not say, in this case, truth, reason, religion, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shown,) mere empty sounds, without any meaning in them: but man himself, it will be found that all religious books are to be very serious about eternal consequences; and, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unstimulated in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity, however remote sooner the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasons; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible.

The power which inclination has over the judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have had experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive? The Heavenes world conceived that they rather hoped, than firmly believed, immortality; and how many of these have we annuallas? The Sacred page assures us, that 'life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel; but by how many is the Gospel rejected or overlooked? From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, prevalent to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all our infidels (whatever names they take, and whatever arguments they use,) are the followers of some especial person, who has left some unanswerable objections to the reasoning of the orthodox church, and, to lessen the weight of their objections, are supported in their declarations by some plausible error by some doubt of their immortality.
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars! (Not now and ever, even till my sight)
And thou, O moon! hear witness; many a night
He bore the pilon beneath my head,
And thus I brought you to the brink
And turn’d my life; my title to more
But why must we trifle with the fate?
Nothing is dead, but that which wished to die
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain
Nothing is dead, but what immolated
Broke up the pass, and barred from real life
Where swells that wish most ardor of the wind?
Too dark the sun to see; highest stars
Too low to reach it. Death, great Death show.
Our stars and sun triumphant, lands be there
Nor dreadful our transition, though the mind
An artist in creating, all savages,
Rich in expediency for solitude,
A plane to paint. We can take
Death’s portrait true; the tyrant never sat;
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;
Close shut the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death and his likeness in the brain
Bear furtive resemblance; and from there
Four shanks the pencil. Fancy loves excess;
Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades;
And these the familiar picture draw.
But grant the word, the past now prospect rise,
And drop a veil eternal over her tomb.
For other views our contemplation close;
Views that depict the rigors of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.
Wraft in the thought of immortality,
Wraft in the single, the triumphal thought:
Long life might be unconquered, consoled
And find the soul unsainted with her theme.
Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song.
O that my song could emulate my soul.
Like her immobility, the soul dies
A mark so mean; far nobler hope insinuate.
If endless ages can outweigh an hour.
Let not the laurel, but the palm inspire.
The nature Immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour span,
And span for ever, dig by cruel Fate
In stygian dye, how black, how brittle, how;
How short our existence with the sun
And while it lasts, inglorious: our best deeds
How wanting in their weight: our highest joys.

Small cords to support us in our pain,
And give sound to our suffer. But how great
To mingle interests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of Reason, scattered wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Hence or endowed: to live free citizens
Of universal Nature: to lay hold,
By more that feeble faith, on the Supreme:
To call Heaven’s rich unfathomable mines
Which serve as archangels in their state.
Our own, our own, in aught as in the Miss.
Initiate in the secrets of the skies:
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosoms of the Deity.
The phrenology of culture:
To see each glance of purposing thought,
All cloud, all shadow, blown remote;
and leave
No mystery—but that of Love Divine,
Which lifts us on the serpent’s flaming wing,
From earth’s scordia, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness and from dust, to such a scene
Love’s element: true joys illusion’s home:
From earth’s and contrast (now deplored) more fair.
What exquisites vicissitude of fate?
Rings the absorption of our blackest hour?
Lorena!—in the hour of anguish,
The wise illumine, aggravate the great.
How great, (while yet we treat the kindred evil,
And every moment fear to sink beneath
The palpable. The presage, the thrill
Of the great Viets of a thousand years;
To stalk contemplativing our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarged, enbeled, elevate, divine:
To prophecy our own futurities:
To be in thought on all thoughts transcendent.
To talk, with fellow-candidates of joys
As far beyond conception as desert.
Ourselves the astonished thinkers and the tale
Longing, swells the bosom it the thought.
The swell becomes the: in an honest pride
Revere thyself—and yet thyself despise.
He who can no man can ever-praise,
And none can understand his merit.
Might be needled where they should not be proud;
That almost universal error shun.
How just pride, when we behold those heights;
Not those ambition points in air, but those
Recoil points out, and odors Virtue gains,
As time ennui. Our pride how just.
When measured? when these shackles coal
when quit

This coil of the creation! this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrept up in heavy cloud and fine-spun air
Fine-spun to sense, but gross and evident.
To souls celestial, souls breathe to breathe
Ambrosial gales, and drink a pure sky.
Greatly triumphant on Time’s farther shore
Where Virtue reigns, enriched with full arcums,
When Pomp imperial, legs an aines of Peace.
In empire like—long may he sleep,
Ye born of earth, on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gist, the glow, of rational delight.
As on this theme, which angels preserve and share?
Man’s faults and favours are a theme in Heaven.
What wretched repetition does us here:
What periodic pangs for the sick:
Distempered bodies and distempered minds:
In an eternity what scenes shall strike!
Adventures thick; novelties surprise.
What webs of wonder shall unravel there?
What full day pour on all the paths of Heaven,
And light the Almighty’s footsteps in the deep.
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinth of fate,
And straighten it inscrutable maze.
To know, how rich, how full, our banquet there!
Thus, not the moral world alone unfolds;
The world material, lately seen in shades,
In those shades by fragments only seen,
And seen those things that vision and hearing eye.
Unbroken, then, illusions and entire.
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, ovels to the survey.
And enters, at one pace, the wathched sight
From some superior point, (where, who can tell?)
Suflie it is a point where gods reside.
How shall the stranger man’s illumined eye
In the vast page of nature, the true
Regeb an infinite of flowing worlds
Divide the crystal waves of either pare
In endless voyage without port? The least
Of those disseminated orbs how great
Great as they are, what numbers those surpass,
Huge as levitation to that small race.
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unpersuaded. Stupefies these.
Yet what are these supped by the world’s soul,
As particles, as stones, ill perceived;
As circulating globules in our veins—
So vast the plan. Eternally divine!
Equation Sources! perhaps I wrong thee still.
If admiration is a source of joy.
What transport hence! yet this the least in
Heaven.
What to this that illustrious rebe He hears
Who tossed this mass of weight from his hand
A specimen, an earnest of his power?
These are the works.

As the sea's newest flower to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what this sun of Heaven!

This bliss supreme of the supremely best?
Death, only death, the question can resolve,
By death cheap bought the ideas of our joy;
The bare ideal of solid happiness,
So distant from its shadow cloaked below.
And when we, oh, we, the phantoms through the fire,
O'er beg, and brake, and precipice, till death.
And till we stand for sublunary pay?
Doth all the dangers of the bed and flood,
Or, like-side, spin out our precious all,
Our more than vials spin, (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought and exquisite design,
(That net-work of the brain,) to catch a fly!
The momentary buzz of vain renown?
A name: a mental immortality!
O (never still) instead of grasping air,
For solid lucre plumes we in the air?
Dudgeon, sweat, through every shiver, for every gain:
For vile contaminating trash! throw up
On thine chastity, humble dignity with man,
And defy the dirt matured to gold!
Ambition, Avarice, the two demons these
Which good through every slough our human
Hand-travelled from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches steep! how steep they climb!
These demons have mankind, but most possess
Lorenzo's bosom, and turn out the skies.
Is it in time to hate eternity?
And why not in an atom on the shore
To cover ocean— or a name, the sun?
Glory is stilled by this blinding power?
What if to them I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it surprise thee? I be thou then surprised;
Then neither knowst: their nature learn from me.
How paltry are the awful names,
What close connection lies them in thine name.
First, what is true ambition? The pursuit
Of glory nothing less than man can share.
Why do gray manes, how pale-minded man,
As fastulent with fumes of self-satisfaction,
Their arts and conquests animals might boast,
And claim their laurel-crowns as well as we,
But who can read their eyes.
Here as those subjects seen,
What close connection lies them in thine name.

The complaint.

And soul! in common souls a soul without?
Can place or love us anyagnomize?
Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vain.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself,
Virtue alone outbuilds and rears him!
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
From these truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodged in immortality.
And, and assent. Thy lesson burns for power;
What station changes, our time shall tell thee.
The time is. Art thou greater than before?
Then thou before what wantest less than man?
May thy new post betrayed thee into pride?
That transublimate virtue betrays thy dignity.
Our pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean which staffs or strings can raise;
That pride, like hooped javelins, in darkness soars,
So renowned bold, and towering to the skies.
The to be of Ignorance, which knows not man:
An angel's second, nor his second long.
A Nero, quitting his imperial throne,
And ceasing glory from the flinty string.
But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
With empire's self to pride or rapture fired.
If noble ministers no cure?
Even vanity felth thee to be vain.
In high of his felicity placed his: more,
It makes the post staff candidate for thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man
Though no exchanger it commands, its wealth;
And, though it weaks no nobil, his renown.
Beaten that would not insult thee, though disgraced.
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.
Our ambition Nature interdicts.
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By painting at his origin and end;
Milk and a swath, at first, his whole demand
Like whole domain, at last, a turf or stone;
To where between a world may seem too small.
Soul! truly great, dart forward on the wing.
Of just, Ambition, to the grand ambition.
The curtain's fall, there see the huskined chief.
Unload his heroic ceremonial scene.
Reduced to his own stature, low or high.
As vice or virtue sinks him, or sublimes,
And laugh at this fantastic anniversary,
This apt, prismatic, gladsome event,
Where earth, which waves are stirred, and before
A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood.
Is the triumph pride, which had with horror shocked
The darkest Fames, offered to their gods.
O thou most Christian enemy to peace!
Again in arms! again provoking Fate!
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathing;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs;
And makes his head a scaffold to the slain.
Why this so rare?— because, forgot of all
The day of death, that venerable day.
Which sits as judge; that day which shall pro
From our souls, absolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo! never shut thy thought against it:
Be lovers so far, afford it room;
And give it adequate in the scaffold that
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair if thou art great or mean.
To do on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is both a sin. Why, then, I hold it true:
Point to the centrepiece of their spires.
And learn humiliation from a soul
Which boosts its lineage from celestial fire.
Yet three are they the wiser, who rise;
The world, which cancels Nature's right and wrong,
And casts new wisdom: it's the grave man lends
His solemn face to countenances the Cain.
Wisdom for parts is madness to the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave.
To call the weet weak, the richest poor,
The most ambitious the most mediocre,
In triumph on the man, and abject on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man!
To put forth all his ardour, all his art;
And give his soul her full unbound flight;
But reaching Him was to descend.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores for that which shines above.
Substantial happiness and true renown;
Then, like an idiot going on the broak.
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud,
At glory grope, and sink in infamy.
Ambition! powerful source of good and ill.
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When disengaged from earth with greater ease,
And swifter flight, transports us to the skies:
By toys entangled, in guilt bemired.
It turns a curse; it is our soul's sacred envoy.
In this dark dungeon, where, confined we lie.
Closed-grated by the world's bars sense,
All prospect of eternity shut out,
And, but for execution, to die.
With each in ambition justly charged.
Find we Lorenzo winer in his wealth?
What if they rented it? for, and draw
An inventory now to set them right?
Where the true treasure? God say's, 'Not in me;
And, 'Not in me, the Diamond. God is poor;
Indi's insensate: seek it in thyself;
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there.
In being so descended, so imbowed,
Sly-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race;
Great, immortal, rational, divine!
In senses, which the earth and heaven;
Enjoy the various riches Nature yields:
Far nobler: give the riches they enjoy;
Give taste to fruits, and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright size;
Maiden, in, at once, the landscape of the world.
At a small inlet which a granite mouth close,
And half create the wonder world they see;
Our sense, as our reason, is divine.
But in the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth, were a rude uncoloured stone.
Objects are but the occasion, the substrate;
Our life, the cloth, the pencil, and the pain;
While, in the picture drawn,
And beautifies Creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image man admires.
Say then, shall man, his thoughts all their ideas,
Surpass himself in himself forget.
His admiration waste on objects round,
When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees.
Abased! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.
What wealth in sense such as those! what wealth!
In fancy, fixed to form a fairest scene
Than sense surveys! in Memory's firm record.
Which, should it perish, could this world recall
Past life, in that shadow of our unwinding years.
In colours fresh, originally bright!
Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in intellect! that sovereign power,
Which nature and fancy summon to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the mass those underlings import,
From their materials sifted and refined,
And in Truth's balance accurately weighed,
Forms art and science, government and law.
The solid basis, and the beams, the frame,
The vials, and the grace of civil life!
And manners, (so exception!) set aside,
Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair.
Of his idea, whose indulgent thought.
Long, long are Chaos traced; planned human bliss.
What wealth in souls that soar, done range
Dissolving limit or from place or time.
And beat, at once, in thought extensive, hear
The Almighty's part, and the trumpet's sound!
Both Creation's outside walk; and view
Barren, Creation's inside walk; and view.
What vast! and more than ever shall be;
Commanding, with complacency of thought.
Creations new, in Fancy's field to rise.
Souls that can grasp whilst the Almighty made,
And wonder, with profound thought imposed;
What wealth in faculties of endless growth,
In quenchless passions violent to crave,
In liberty to choose, in power to reach,
And empire, (how the riches rise, rise,
Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!
What ask you power resides in feeble man,
That bliss to gain? Is Virtue, then, unknown?
Virtue! our present, our future, our prize.
Man's unconscious, natural estate,
Improvable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure, its income is divine.
High-built abodes, hang on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the money,
Then make a richer scramble for the throne?
Soon at this feeble pulse, which leaps so long,
Almost a miracle, is tried with play,
Like rubbish, all the engaging engines thrown.
Our magazines of honied trusses fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
Whose wonder and their sovereign glory share.
Pokey youth! flitting on the borders of the lower world.
Widespread, first, our playthings; then our dust.
Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn, and laud thy self-devised scheme.
Richer he must no moral is correct:—
And richer still what moral can resist?
Thus Wealth (a cruel task-master!) enjoins
New tills, succeeding each an endless train;
And merciless Peace, which taught it first to shine.
The poor are half as wretched as the rich.
Their proud and painful privilege it is
At once to bear a double load of woe.
The weight of every evil and of woe;
Outgoing woe! not Dolce itself can cure.
A competence is vital to Content;
Much wealth is inordinate. It does not disease.
Sick, or tormented, is our happiness.
A competence is, by a competence.
Be content, where Heaven can give no more.
Move, like a flash of water from a lock.
Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour,
Soon its force is spent, nor rise our joy.
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence Disappointment lurks in every place.
As bees in flowers, and stings us with success.
The rich man, who deems it, proudly gleans,
Nor knows the wide, the weary path to the lie.
All mounting show how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little willowlands can enjoy;
At best it hakes us with endless toys,
And keeps usosti, where we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stare amazed,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, are the face
Of happiness, not happiness on.
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again.
And wish, and wonder it is scarce still.
How few can rescue opulence from want?
What lovely, how the richest rise,
Who lives to nature needy can be proud,
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to Fortune, trembles at her power.
Thus man's desires, and thus the riches rise.
O what a patronage! a being,
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds present can raise it, worlds destroyed.

Can't ilium, which holds on its glorious
When thehe, O Nature! emble: too blest to mourn.
Creation's obeisance. What treasure thou!
That monarch is a beggar to the man.
Immortal ages past, yet nothing gone!
When without envy! a race without a goal!
Unshorned by progression infinite!
Virtue for ever! life!
Birthright of genius, and eternal bliss!

Is the description of a deity!
To the description of the meanest slave!
The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn?
The monarch of the sovereign glory shares.
Pokey youth! flitting on the borders of the lower world.
Man's lawful pride includes humility.
Stops to the lowest; it is too great to find
Inferior! all immortal! brothers all?
Inferior! all immortal! brothers all?
Inferior! all immortal! brothers all?

Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong,
As this soul? it thunders to the thought.
Reason anons, gratitude of privileges.
So no we stumble on the brink of Fate;
Roused at the sound, the exciting soul seems;
And breathes her native air, an air that feeds
Ambitious, high, and fars enthralled fires;
Guides us upward, creeping within us,
Or leaves one lingering thought beneath the stars.

Has not Lorenzo's boon caught the flame?
Immortal! were but one immortal,
How would our envy! how would thrones adore?
Because'tis common, is the blessing enjoy.
How this tips up the bounteous hand of Heaven?
O vain, vain, vain, all else divinity!
A glorious and a needful refuge that,
For vile improvement in object views.
Tis immortality, tis that alone,
Amid life's pain, abrupts, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
That only, and that simply, this perfume;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above.
Their terror those, and these their last loose
Eternity depending covers all;
Beautiful and high, and strong.
Steads our earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Bends her distinctions; arrogates her powers.
The low, the falby, joyous, and severe.
Fortune's frowns, and fascinating smiles.
Make one promotion, and so thoughtless heap.
The man beneath; if I may call him man.

Innumerable's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Sun's shining beams, and thunderous roll unheard.
By minds quite conscious of their descent.
Their present province, and their future prize.
Dying, darting upward every wish.
Warm his bosom, and make him more essence lost!

Does not this truth! why labours your belief?
Heath's whole orb, by some distant eye.
We were seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
THE COMPLAINT.

PART II.

CONTAINING THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE OF IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

As we are at war with the power, the war was well
if we were at war with the manners of France. A
land of liberty is a land of guilt. A serious medita-
tion on the nature of every virtue, and the single
character that does true honour to mankind.

The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme
with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange;
It is a subject for the most superficial thinker,
that can enter the mind of man. Of highest
moment this subject always was, and always will
be; yet this its highest moment seems to admit of
increase at this day; a sort of occasional import-
ance is superadded to the natural weight of it,
if that opinion which is advanced in the Preface to
the preceding Night be just. It is therefore sup-
posed that all our Infolde's (whenever scheme, for
arguments sake, and to keep themselves in counte-
nance, they patronize) are betrayed into their de-
plorable error by some doubt of their immortality
at the bottom; and, that I consider this very
prevalent among the people of the truth of that
opinion. Though the distress of a futurity, is a
strange error, yet it is an error into which, bad
men may naturally be distressed, for it is impos-
sible to atone for our sins, without some refuge in
imagination, some presumption of escape. And
what presumption there is there are but two in
Nature; but two within the compass of the
human heart, and nothing more. That either God
will not or can not punish. Considering the diverse
attributes, the first is too gross to be digested by our
strongest wisdome; and since man is not as much a
divine as it has been said, the first is no
punishment at all. And, on the other side, the
whole is just to the divine and eternal
wisdom, and the nature of the immortal soul.

Thus these two!—Imfolde's have been
here.
Can I suppose that my soul immortal this day have done?
Earth's covering over with proof of souls immortal,
And proofs of Immortality Immortal.

To flatter thy grand idol, I confess
These invention's works; and these are great;
But this, the immortality scorns all,
Transcends them all—but what can these transcen-
ded?

Death did us what we saw not for the distressed.
What then our Infolde? a deeper sigh.

The moral grandeur makes the mighty man:
How little they, who think might great below?
All our ambitious Deaths defeat but one,
On, on, on, my soul, and the next day's vision,
It is the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, threw
upon it, I was more inclined to see than to prevent it,
since it appeared to me to strike directly at the
main root of all our infirmity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, poured at large, and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventured on in them. There, also, the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrid accusations in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentleman for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made had great admiration for the wisdom of Deism: what pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them, to consider with what contempt and abhorrence their opinions are held in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share may be conjectured by the following matter of fact, (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their Heithen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the most grand, dispassionate, and composed; yet this great master of temper was angry, and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising! what could be the cause?

"The cause," says Socrates: "it was a true passion. He, though, perhaps, a too punitious regard for Immortality: for his friend asking him, with such an affection to concerns as became a friend, 'Where he would depart with Euthydemus to dine' was reproached by Socrates, as implying a dissembling supposition, that he could be so mean as to have regard to any thing, even in himself, that was not immortal).

This fact, well considered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates, or make them endeavour, by the imitation of his illustrious example, to share his glory; and consequently, it would induce them to pursue the following argument for the real immortality, which is all I desire, and that for their sakes; for I am persuaded that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from it.

July 7, 1744.

CONTENTS.

In the night, arguments were drawn from Nature in praise of immortality; and color drawn from Man, from his fear of death; from his knowledge, and love, as being the more essential properties of the soul; from the order concerning, the increase of animal immortality, which is all I desire, and that for their sakes; for I am persuaded that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from it.

THE COMPLAINT.

Man blest from instinct, though, perhaps, its faults.
By sense, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
The cause obvious, when his reason wakes.
His griefs but his.grauser is in disguise.
His passions, his immortality.

Shall sons of Ether, shall the blood of Heaven,
Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here,
With brutal acquisitiveness, in the miserie?

Shall our blood exalt on the base of earth?
The glorious foreigners, desisted, shall sigh
On thrones, and that conspire to their death.

Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His passions heart-assents the truth in love,
And from the sleep of his head—the lie.

Our hearts, our hearts, our passions, and our powers.

What price on earth can pay for the storm?
To meet our passions Heaven ordained.
Objects that challenge all their fires, and love
What fault but in defect? Blessed Heaven avert
The subject of our reason, from the terrors of blues.

For of a bliss unbounded—far beneath
A soul immortal is a mortal joy.

And man's pains make all pains immaterials;
And sweet, their sweet, the sweet, the sweet.
That price on earth can pay for the storm?

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That price on earth can pay for the storm?

THE COMPLAINT.
The complaint.

And these demonstrate boundless objects exist.
Objects, powers, appetites, Heavens exist in all.
Nor, nature through, er/er violates this sweet
Eternal concord on her tumultuous string.
Is man the sole exception from their laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth, but vanity too)
Man is a monster, the reproach of Heaven,
A stain, a dark, impensable cloud
On Nature’s haughty aspect, and defiance
(Amazing bliss) defers with her lord.
If such is man’s allotment, what is Heaven?
Or even the soul immortal, or blaspheme.
Or even the world the best and the worst of men.
And why? because immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul;
Heaven kindly gives our blood a moral flow,
Bids it ascend the glorious cheek, and thence
Upright that little heart’s inglorious aim
Which stoops to count a character from man;
While we, in tremendous judgment, sit.
For more than man, with endless praise and blame.
Ambition’s boundless appetite outpeeks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert;
One age in passion, the next in pity about.
The thunder by the living forge forever
Late time must echo, worlds unimpressed.
We wish our names eternally to live;
Wild dream! which never had haunted human thought.
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an interest in hereafter,
But our blind reason sees not where he lies.
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the whole.
Shame is the shade of Immortality,
And in itself a shadow; soon as caught
Contemplated, it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consider the ambition of his heart.
And is this all! cried Caesar, at his height,
Disgusted. This third proof Ambition
Brings of Immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near your envy’s eye
Shamed at the disproportion vast between
The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown.
And why? because far richer prizes invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls
It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.
And can Ambition a fourth proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three.
Yet quite as illustrious as our boasted wise
Though disappointments in ambition pain,
And though success disgraces, yet still, Lorenzo;
In vain we strive to pluck it from his heart,
By Nature planted for that end;
Abound the famed advice to Tyburnus given,
More praised than pondered; specific, but un-

Sooner that hero's sword the world had quelled,
Than reason your ambition, man must see;
An obstinate activity within,
An insupportable spring, to tire him up
In sight of the poet's leed, no kings alone,
Such villager has his ambition too:
No sultan prouder than his littered slove.
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian in their hoars,
And all the Romans free the more of my night?
And why? because immortal as their lord:
And souls immortal must for ever be
At something great; the glister of the gold;
To every man's wishes, or the praise of Heaven!
No absolute pain is human praise,
When human is supported by divine,
I'll introduce Lorenzo to himself;
Euphrosyne (bad mistress) shall share our hearts,
As love of pleasure is ordered to guard;
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of praise is planted to protect
And propagate—the glories of the mind!
What is it, but the love of praise; inspires
Mature, refines, embellishes, exalts,
Earth's happiness? from that the delicate,
The grand, the marvelous, of civil life,
This constitutional real of aid
To encourage Virtue when our reason fails,
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And all the marks of injuries on earth,
When pride comes in truth to nominating (te hill)
Of disciplines and pains unprofitable must die,
Why frighted rich to dash against a rock?
Were man to perish when most fit to live,  
O how resentful were all these stratagems;
By skil divine invovened in our frame
Where are Heaven's holines and mercy fled?
Laughs Heaven, at once, at virtue and at man?
If all the rest, what reason is there:
Thus far Ambition: what says Aristotle?
This chief maxin, which has long been thine—
'Tis wise and wealthy are the same!—I grant it.

To store up treasure, with imperfect soil,
This man's province, this his highest praise;
To this great end each instinct stings him on;
To guide that instinct, Reason is the charge;
The thing to tell us where true treasure lies;
But Reason, failing to discharge her trust,
Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
A blinder follow, and blind Industry,
Gilt by the spur, but stranger to the course,
(Thou stripling, how couldst thou still my aim?),
Overruling with the curses of distant age,
The jaded spirits of the present hour,
Provides for an eternal below—
'This a solid, wise, and honest counsellor,
But bounded to the wealth the sum surveys,
Look further, the command stands quite reversed,
And avails a virtue most divine.
Whence a refuge is; a refuge most sure
Most sure; and is it not for reason too?
Nothing this world unrivals but the next,
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable desire of life,
Man, if not born, by worth, to reach the skies,
Had wished wing to fly so far in guilt;
Sore grapes, I grant, ambitious, aversate;
Yet still their root is immortality,
Turgid with growth, and glutted with store and store,
(Pain and reproach,; religion can reclaim,
Relax, exult, throw down their poisonous toes,
And make them sparkle in the blossom light.
While now, that man, whom merit should we miss,
Enraged the virtues of the pagan world,
Praise is the salt that reasons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good.
Thirst of applause is Virtue's second guard,
Removes her first; but reason wants an aid;
Our private reason is a floatter;
Thirst of applause calls public judgment in
To praise our own, to keep an even scale,
And up the merchandized Virtue's play.
Here a fifth proof arises, stronger still.
Why this so nice construction of our hearts?
These delicate moralities of sense,
These subtle tendrils, which un吒y workers, lay
The basis on which love of glory builds.
Nor is thy life, O Virtue! less in debt
to praise thy secret-stimulating friend.
What should we think of, what should we fear,
When man, what merit should we miss?
Farewell the virtues of the pagan world,
Praise is the salt that reasons right to man,
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When man, what merit should we miss?
Farewell the virtues of the pagan world,
Praise is the salt that reasons right to man,
And putting all our present joys to death,
Why labour reason? it is sure as sure;
Instinct far better; what can choose can err.
O how infallible the thoughtless brute!

Were we not half the creature, were we half as wise,
With what is doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things else most certain: were it false.
What truth on earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will chance;
The world would be in that high condition, hope.
The future of the present is the soul.

How this life groans when severed from the next?
Poor mutilated wretch that islavings!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In both parts perished; life void of joy.

Sad prelude of eternity in pain!
Could thou persuade me the next life could fall
Or paradise shew here about I pour o'er.
My bleeding heart in anguish, new as deep!

Oh! with what thoughts thy hope, and my despair.
Abode Annihilation blasé the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe.
Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
In this black channel would my raving run:
—Grief from the future borrows peace, ere-while.

The future number'd! and the present praised!
Strange import of unprecedented ill!
Fall how profound! like Lucifer's the fall!
Unusual fate! his fall, without his guilt.
From where fond Hope built her pavilion high.
The gods among, hurled headlong, hurled at once
To night! to nothing! darker still than night.

It was a dream, why make me, my woest foe,
Lorenzo, my better of the name of friend?
O for deliverance! O for error still!
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
A thing there, a being in this world so
Not ever in our future, now beggar'd quite.

More cruel than the fall!—The sun goes out
The thorns shoot up! what thorns in every thot?
To sadden, to distress; to 있는, to distress.
Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
To what I was! twice nothing! and much wo!
We from Heaven's bounties! we from what was

To foster, meet, high intellectual powers,
Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by thy scheme.
All poisoned into pain. First, knowledge, once

My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
To know myself true wisdom?—No; to shun
That shocking science, parent of Despair;
Art thy mirror; if I see, I die.

I know my Creator; climb his blessed abode
By painful speculation, place the veil.
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admission; on a fee.
Obtruding life, we mustendeavour happiness!
From the full rivers that surround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
to curse his lot, and in that scene
Ye sable clouds, ye darkest shades of night!
Hide him, forever hide him from my thought.
Once all my comfort, source and solace of joy!
Now heaped with furies, and with thee, against me.

How know his achievements? study his renown?
Contemplate this amazing Universe,
Drown from his hand with miracles replete
For what! add miracles of nobler name
To find one miracle of misery?
To find the being, which alone can know
And praise his works, ah blazon on his praise!
Tis the Nature of man's ample range, in thought, to stroll,
And start at man, the single mourner there
Breathing high hope! clain'd down to pangs and woes.

Is knowing is suffering: and shall Virtue shine
The sight of Knowledge?—Virtue shares the high
By straining up the steep of excellent,
Oh! give me the boon of the distracted.
But without thought our curse were half unfeel'd;
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart,
And therefore his bestowed: I think thee reason
For sithing us, and for our calamities,
And giving being to the dross of death.
Such are thy bounties?—Was it then too much
To press thee on the brutal pain?
So much for Heaven to make one enmist more?
Too much for ever to permit me my bliss?
A longer stay with essences unvouch'd,
Unclad, unemptioned in man
Wretched prefers this to the round of pains
Wretched prospects of free man's thought!
Wretched captivity of dying, life
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (O foul revolt!)—
These friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

Dearest, then, has changed its nature too.
Death!

Come to my bosom, then, best gift of Heaven!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why is he not more of his own?—incomparably worse.

To pay me with its honey for my sting?
If sovile to the selfish schemes of Heaven
To sting us sore, why mocked our melody!

Why this so amantuous insult to our heads?
Why this illustrious canopy displayed?
Why so magnificently lodged, Despair?

At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
Their length of labours and of pains, not lose
Their misery's full measure.—Smiles with flowers
And fruits, promising, ever-estimable earth,
That man may languish in inirious scenes,
And in an Eden mourn and joy again.
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
For such delights! blessed animals! too wise
To wonder, and too happy to complain!

Our dear decreed demands a meaningful scene:
Why not a dungeon dark for the condemned?
Why not the dragon's subterranean den
For man to dwell in? why not his abode
Of the same three-coloured earth?—Adieu.
A Thieve, a Babylon, at vast expense
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders
As congruous, as man for this lofty done,
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire;
If from her humble chamber in the dust,
While proud thought swells, and high desire in
flames.

The poor worm calls us for her inmates there,
And round us Death's inestimable hand
Draws the dark curtain close, undrawn no more.
Undrawn no more!—O for Heaven's bounties,
One, I beheld a sun, which gift
That sable cloud, and turned it all to gold.
How the grave's altered! fataleless as hell!
A real hell to those who dream of Heaven.
Annihilation! I hope it yawns before me.

Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
The privilege of angels and of worms,
An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
The particle of energy divine,
Which travels Nature, shrill from star to star,
And visits gods, and enmities their powers,
For ever left to me to keep my vision clear!
Death of that death I fearless, once surveyed!
When horror universal shall descend,
And heaven's dark concealer turn all human race
On that enormous, unending tomb.

How just this verse;—this monumental sight—
"Beneath the lumber of domestic worlds,
Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck,
One common ruin, a common mass.
Of matter, never dignified with life,
How lie proud rational; the sense of Heaven!
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Being of yesterday, and no to-morrow,
Who lived in terror, and what was expir'd?
All gone to rot in chaos, or to make
Their happy transit into blocks or bruises,
Nor longer any their Creator's name!"
Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history! if such is man,
Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep:
And dares Lorenzo smile—I know thee proud!
For once let pride bend thee;—Pride looks pale
And winks, and sighs for something more.

Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
And art thou then a shadow! least of all shade!
A nothing? less than nothing? To have been,
And not to be, is it less, is it more than a tomb.
Art then ambitious? why then make the worm
Thine equal?—Runs thy taste of pleasure high?
What patronises some death of every joy?
Och's! that such powers, why choose beggary in the grave,
Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever—
Ambition, Pleasure, Avarice, persuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They lately purchased by souls supreme desire?
What art thou made of? rather, how unmade?
Great Nature's master-appetite destroyed,
Is endless life and happiness despised?
Or but wadded here, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverse, eternal war with Heaven!
Dares't thou persist! and is there sought on earth
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising and setting millions in an hour?
Bathed in a fantastic deadly, bloomed
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd!
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Destroy thy scheme the whole of human race?
Rend it, and set all in the woe of woe,
Oh! spare this waste of being half-divine,
And vindicate the economy of Heaven.
Heaven is all love, all joy in giving joy;
It never had created but to bless;
And shall it then strike off the list of life
A being blessed, or worthy so to be?
Heaven starts at an annihilating God.
Is that, all Nature starts at, thy desire?
Art such aibl to wish thyself all clay!
What is that dreadul wish?—the dying grem
Of Nature, murdered by the blackest guilt,
What woe shall issue thine unguarded heart?
To nature, unblessed, no shock so great;
Nature's first wish is endless happiness;
Annihilation is an afterthought,
A dream, a delusion, Virtue dies,
And, oh! what depth of horror lie included!
For non-existence so man ever wished,
But first he wished the Deity destroyed.

Thy picture true? but thy heart as dark so far!
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal pestle of the soul,
All your joys, all your love, all thy joy
At such a birth so near of kin,

The Complaint.

Where joy (of joy) but heightens our distress,
So soon as peril, art to revive no more?
The greater such a joy, the more it pains.
A world so far from (great, and yet how great
Shines to thee)! there's nothing real in it,
Being—nothing but a dream; a dream:
A dream of drearful! universal blank.
Before it and behind; poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Gilt in the fire of the brightest moment sure,
Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!
Lorenzo! dost thou feel those arguments?
Or is thy thought but vengeance can be felt?
What hast thou against the Deity, Lorenzo?
How dared inflect him of a world like this?
If such the world, Creation was a crime;
For what is crime, but cause of misery?
Rapture, blasphemy!—and unblush'd.
Of endless argument above, below,
Without us, and within, the short result—
If man's immortal, there's a God in Heaven!
But wherefore such redundancy! such waste
Of argument! one sets my soul at rest;
One obvious, and at hand, and eh!—at heart.
So just the skies, Philosopher's life so pain'd,
His heart in viewing scenes, he could forget
Himself to give, or ever had he been born!
What an old tale is this! Lorenzo cries—
I grant this argument is old; but truth
Laver therefore; is not this been true,
Then never had I dream'd of his guest,
True! is immortal as thy soul, and fable
As nothing! as thy joys. Be wise, or make
Ever Heaven's graces, as they are now;
O be wise! or make a curse of immortality!
Says, know'st thou what it is, or what thou art?
Know'st thou the importance of a soul immortal?
Shall this be said; and what can grieve about on earth?
Aiming pomp; redoubled this annus!
Ten thousand add; twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all.

And calls the astonishing magnitude
Of unintelligible creation poor.
For this, believe not me: no man believe;
Truth not words; but deeds; and deeds less less
Than those of the Supreme; but a few:
Consult them all; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance. Tremble at thyself,
For what? Omnipotence has walked so long;
Has walked with thoughts, such gloomy ones, from the birth
Of Nature to this omnibearing hour.

In this small province of his vast domain
(All Nature how while I pronounce his name!)
What has he done; what will he be for this sole end?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life!
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where none substantial, but our misery

Unlock its mysteries, and inward lay.
The genuine cause of all our woe,
That is the chain of ages which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blessed design:
That is the mighty hinge on which have turned
All revolutions, wherein we retrace;
The natural, civil, or religious world;
The former two, but servants to the third:
O to that their duty done, they both expire.
Their mass new cast, forgot their deeds renowned,
And angels ask, 'Where once they shone so fair?'
To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This sea, so pure; this earth, so fair.
This mean, to mighty—for this glorious end
The Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke!
The world was made, was rubish, was restored;
Laws from the skies were published, were repealed;
On earth kings, kingdoms, rose: kings, kingdoms, fell;
Formed sages lighted up the Pagan world;
Prophets from Sion started a keen glance
Through distant age; saints travelled, martyrs bled;
By wonders sacred Nature stood controlled;
The living were translated; dead were raised;
Angels, and more than angels, came from Heaven;
And, ah! for this descended lower still;
Guilt was hell's gloom; astonished at his guest,
For one short moment I stood a child.
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do less?—For this
That hallowed page, fools scoff at, was inspired,
Of all these truths this wonderable code;
Deists; perform your quarantine; and then
Full prostrate, ere you touch is, lest you die.
More intensely bent infernal powers
To war, than those of light, for what? what
What a scene is here!—Lorenzo! wake!
Rise to the thought; exhaust, expend thy soul
To take the vast lifes; it dines.
All else the name of great. 'Two warning worlds
Not Europe against Africa, warring worlds:
Of more than mortal! mounted on the wings!
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hoevering e'er this little brand of strife,
This short-lived ball—be, nay, for a time
In their own cause conflicting! no; in thine,
In man's. His single interest blows the flame;
His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds
Which kindles war among the powers of the great;
Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
Force press opposing, till the waves run high,
And tempest Nature's universal sphere.
Such opposes eternal, stolid, atom,
Such foes impeneable are good and ill;
Yet man, vain man, would meditate peace between them.
Think not this fiction: 'There was war in Heav'n.

From Heaven's high crystal mountain where it hung,

The Almighty's outstretched arm took down his
dreadedeking:

And shot his indignation at the deep:
Re-thundered Hell, and darted all her fires—

And seems the stake of little moment still?
And slumberers, who singly caused the storm?

And was it not the voice that shook at mysteries?
The greatest, thou! How dreadful to reflect

What sorer, care, and counsel, mortal causes
In breasts divine! how little in their own!

Why this conflict? why this strange regard
From Heaven's Omniscient indolgel to man?

Because in man the glorious, dreadful power,
Extremely to be pained, or blessed for ever.

Duration gives importance, swells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day.

What would he be? a traitre of no weight?
Or stand or fall, no matter which, he's gone.

Because immortal, therefore is indulged
This regard of deity to man.

Hence Heaven looks down on earth with all her

tyrants:

Hence, the soul's mighty wing in her sight;

Hence, if Heaven be just, and patriarchs above,

And every thought a crime in the skies:

Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,

And every guard a passion for his charge:

Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counsel over the fate man

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels laid;

Angels endure the curtain of the throne,

And Providence came forth to meet mankind:

Kinds of empires and awe
He spoke his will, and trembling Nature heard;

He spoke it loud, in thunder, and in storm:

Witness thou, Sinai! whose cloud-cloaked height,

And shadow, once, arrayed the present God.

Witness ye Billows; whose rotating tide,

Breaking the chain that fastened it in air,

Sweep! Egypt and her monarchs to hell:

Witness! ye pharaohs, Assyrian tyrants blow

To seventeen rage, as important as strong

And thou, Earth, witness, whose expanding jaws
Closed over Persumption's archaic maw?

Has not each element, in turn, subsided
The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wise?

Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, stove
To strike the truth through Adamantine man?

If not all adamantine, Lorenzo, hear;

All is delusion; Nature is wrapt
In confused joy, from Heaven's lowest eye:

There's no change in the meaning; plan, or end,
In all beneath the sun, in all above.

(As far as man can penetrate) by Heaven
Is an immense, inestimable prize;
Or is nothing, or this prize is all—
Who would not give a life to prevent,
And full equivalent for gods below?

And shall each try be still a match for Heaven,

Lorenzo, thou hast seen (if thine eyes to see)

All Nature and her God, (by Nature's course,
And Nature's course controverted) declare for me.

The skies about him, how now pour ye upon me!

How happy this wondsome view succeeds
My former argument! how strongly strikes

Immortal life's full demonstration here!

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From Heaven's Omnipseints indolgel to man?

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Immortal life's full demonstration here!
Not man alone, all rational Heaven arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous power,
To constitute its own most gracious ends,
And this of strict necessity, not choice;
For power denied, men, angels, were no more
But passive engines, void of praise or blame.
A nature rational implies the power
Of being blessed or wretched, as we please;
Else, without a reason, he lives to do,
And he that would be barred capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.

Heaven wills our happiness, allows our dooms;
Invites us ardently, but not compels;
Heaven, already, Judas man descends.

Man is the maker of immortal faults,
Man falls by man, if finally he fails;
And fall he must, who learns from death alone
The dreadful secret—that he lives for ever.

Why this to thee?—then yet, perhaps in doubt
Of second life? but wherefore doubtful still?
Eternal life is Nature's ardent wish:
What silently we wish vaguely believe;
Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroyed:
What has destroyed it?—shall I tell thee what?
When feared the future, I no longer wished;
And what was wished, was strive to disbelief.

'faith indubility our guilt betrays.'
Nor that the sole detection! Blush, Lorenzo!—
Blash for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.
The fate of all, if it is all—An ill, and four:
Fear what a dross?—a false?—How thy cheek,
Unfeeling, and therefore strong,
Affords me an unsatisfying supplication?
'But what will become it that it denies?
It unvaries, asserts immortal life—
Surprising! Indubility turns out
A creed and a confession of our sins:
Apostasy, thus, are orthodox divines.
Lorenzo! with Lorenzo blush no more.

Nor longer a transparent vixen wear.
Thinkst thou Religion only has her mask?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,
Penitent not want, and, at the bottom, fail.
When visited by thought, (thought will intrude)
Like him they serve, they tremble and believe.
Is it hypocrisy so foul as this?
So must they realize and the world?
What detraction, what contempt, their due?
And, if unpaid, be thanked for their escape,
That Christian candour they strive hard to scorn.

Do not man alone, all rational Heaven arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous power,
To constitute its own most gracious ends,
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What detraction, what contempt, their due?
And, if unpaid, be thanked for their escape,
That Christian candour they strive hard to scorn.

Infidelity is with its cockade,
To grace the side that braves the skies,
By loss of being drearily secure.
Lorenzo! if thy doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated from the field;
If this is all, it is well—An ill, and four:
Take heed! stand fast! be sure to be a knave
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the right.
Shouldst thou be good—how infinitely thy soul!
Guilt only makes annihilation gain.
Blessed scheme! which life departs from comfort,
Death of hope, and which vice only recommends.
If so, whence, infidel! thy bait thrown out
To catch weak converts, where your holy best.
Of zeal for virtue, and of love to man?
Annihilation! I confess in these.
What can reclaim thee? dare I hope presum'd
Philosophers the composers of a song?
Yet know its title flatters you, not me:
Your's be the praise to make my title good!
Mine to bless Heaven, and triumph in your praise.

But, though religious your discernment,
Though sovereign in the medicines I prescribe,
As yet I'll neither triumph nor despair,
But hope, ere long, my midnight dream will wake
Your hearts, and teach your wishes—to be holy,
Or why should ang's tempt you, or altars,
E'er wish (and wish in vain) that souls could die?
What ne'er can die: oh! grant to live, and crown
The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies.
Increase, and enter on the joys of Heaven!

This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, best friends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears, and Transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong.

Man's heart, at once, insiprals and serene,
Nor makes him pay his wisest for his joys:
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the soul would have naught to the mind!
A joy attempered! a chastised delight!
Like the fair summer-evening, mild and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup, his panache below!
A blessed heathen, then, or hoped or gain'd,
In all—our whole of happiness! full proof!
I choose no trivial or inglorious theme.
And know, ye free to song! (well meaning men,
Though quite forgotten; half your Bible's praise!)
Important truths, in spite of verse, may please:
Grave minds you praise, nor can you praise too much,
If there is weight in an eternity.
Let the grave listen, and be gravely still.

NIGHT VIII.

VIRTUES APOLOGE;

OR.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED;

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED, THE LOVE OF THE LIFE; THE AMBITION AND PLEASURES, WITH THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WORLD.

And has all Nature, then, espoused my part?
Have I bribed Heaven and Earth to plead against thee?
And is thy soul immortal?—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—make immortal blessings.
Unblest immortals!—what can shock us more?
And yet Lorenzo still affects the world.
There stews his treasure; hence his title drawn,
Man of the World! (for such would thou be called)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days, and Christian,—in an age.
When men were men, and not ashamed of Heaven.

Fired their ambition, as it crowned their joy!
Sprinkled with dews, from the Celestial font,
Pain would he, with delight, as the master
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments, fatal and inflamed,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song.
To thee the world, how fair! how strongly striking
Ambition; and gay Pleasure stronger still.

Thy triple bane! the triple bolt, that lay

*The printed parts of it.


O Thou who dost permit these ills to fall
For gracious ends, and would that man should cour,
As he who know'st it best, and wouldest that man should

What is this subliminary world? a vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itself; a vapour;
From the damp bed of Chaos, as thy beam
Enbathed, returned to swim in its destined hour.

Earth's days are numbered, nor remorse her doses;
As mortal, though less transient than her sons;
And, for all that, in the world and they
Were both eternal, solid; 'Tis a dream.

They hate, on what's immortal views apart,
A region of old! a land of shadows!
A fruitful field! their stations,
A wildness of joys! perplexed with doubts,
And sharp with thorn! a troubled ocean, spread
With bold adventurers, their all on board;
No second hope, if here their fortune crown;
Forsook soon it must.

Of various rates they sail,
Of ensigns various; all alike in this,
All rotless, anxious, tossed with hopes and fears
In utmost seas; obclusions all to storm,
And, as the wave, of gnawing, and the blast of life.

All bound for Happiness; yet few provide
The chart of Knowledge, pointing where it lies,
Or Virtue's helm, to shape the course designed.
All, in their several paths, turn,
Now lifted by the tide, now dismasted,
And farther from their wishes than before.
All, more, or less, against each other dash,
To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
And suffering more from folly than from Fate.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man,
Death's capital, where storms and dominion,
With all his chosen terrors crowning round.

(Though lately feast high at Albinson's cost*)
Wide opening, and how roaring still for more!
To mutiny, and how the men reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
And, happy, Britain may be deeper strick'd
By such a truth, in such a mirror seen,
Which Nature's charmer shall reflect

The little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man at length, in perfect night;
Night darker than what now involves the pole.

There's not a sky but, to the man of thought,
Betray's some secret that swells new repose On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
The scenes of business tell us—What are men,
The scenes of pleasure—What is all beside!

The other we despise ourselves, Amid disgust eternal dwell's delight?
'Tis approbation strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Scurrying with the dim, and to them assign'd,
On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave!
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;
The sensual, in pursuit of something worse;
They, in the grace, of gold; and they,
And all, of other beauties as vain!

As oldies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in!
As if the toil of travel to delay,
Whirled, straw-like, round and round, and then
ingulf'd,
Where gly delusion darkens to despair?
'Tis a beaten track!—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,
Till enough learned the truths it would inspire.

Still Truth is silent because folly knows!
What is the world? a raft that we stand there
But Fortune's sport, or Nature's jest in vain;
Or woman's artifice, or man's reverence,
And endless inhumanities on man?

Fame's trumpet sounds abroad, but like the kick
It brings bad tidings; how the wave, below
Man's misadventures round the listening world!
Man is the tale of narrative old Time;
And tale! which high as Parnassus begins;
As if the toil of travel to delay,
From stage to stage, in its eternal round,

The Days, its daughters, as they spin our hours
On Fortune's wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, stings life's strongest thread.
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells
With now and then, a whetted arrow betwixt,
And fills her chronicle with human woes.

Thei daughters, true as those of men, devise us;
Not one but puts some cheat on all mankind.
While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,
Confused, though contended; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, uncorrected by proof,
And ever looking for the never-seen.

Life to the last, like hardened fowls,
Run and roost, eat and burn the eye.
Who dares to trust them, and laugh round the year,
As still-confounding, still-confounded man,
Confused, though contended; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, uncorrected by proof,
And ever looking for the never-seen.

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Confused, though contended; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, uncorrected by proof,
And ever looking for the never-seen.
For why concealed—is the cause they need not tell;
I give him joy that's awkward at a lie;
Whose sensible Truth keeps still in awe;
His inconstancy is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to deny that disease;
It shows our spirit, or proves our strength.
Then say 'tis needful! is it therefore right—
However, I grant it some small sign of grace.
To sin not an excuse; and who daren't, then, consent?
To escape that sin? thou mayst'st with ease:
Think not post needful that demands a change.
When late our civil chains was shuffling hands,
So well thought: think better if you can.
But admit more the public path of life
Is dirty—yet allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still.
The world's no nook; it will wound or save;
Our unbounded prospects of distraction.
You say the world, well known, will make a man—
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to
Heaven,
Or make us demons, long before we die.
To show how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,
Take either part; sure ill attend the choice.
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not that which is defiled on earth;
Virtual her exceeding misery,
Fees that never fail to make her feel their fate.
Taste the sweetest virtue, least and best complain;
But if they share in the disaster, let's hope to smile.
If Wisdom has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor Polly lead a happy life?
And if so suffer, what's earth to boast;
Where he most happy who the least hams?
Where much, much patience, the most envied state,
And some forgiveness, needs, the best of friends?
For friend or happy life who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow here.
The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,
Lornsor smarthy, with a smile, replies;
'Tis more sown in their estates, and all must own
Virtual has her peculiar set of pains—
And joys peculiar who to Vice denie?
If vice is with nature to comply:
If virtue is so preeminent,
To check, not overcome, makes a saint,
Can Nature in a plain voice proclaim
Pleasure and glory, the chief good of man—
Grave sense and sensuality rejoice;
From purity of thought all pleasure diagenes a soul,
And from an humble spirit all our peace.
Ambition, Pleasure, let us talk of these;
Of that to Popec and Academy talked;
Of these extralateral pleasure too is to say,
Yet unexhausted, still the needful theme.
Who talks of these, to mankind all at once
He talks; for where the saint from either fire?
Are those thy refuge?—No; those rush upon thee,
Vitally liable, and, vulture-like, devour.
I'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus from this barren ball of earth,
If reason can unchain thee, thou art free.
And first, thy Cyprians, Ambassadors, calls;
Mountain of torment! eminence of woe!
Of cursed woe! and courted through mistake,
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee thus: an H—see at his Mow.
Dost grasp at greatness? first know what it is.
Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies?
Not in the weather, woe or so high,
By Fortune sought, to make thee path of life
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodged in the reverse
In that which joins, in which equates all,
The monarch and his slave—a deathless soul,
Unbounda'd you; the prescriptions for
You say the world, well known, will make a man—
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to
Heaven,
Or make us demons, long before we die.
To show how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,
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He talks; for where the saint from either fire?
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise.
And he that will not pledge her is a churl.
It's firm to support, good fully taste,
Is the whole science of delight.
Yet, springing, pledge: her b债券 is the best.
Mankind can boast: — a rational repast,
Elation, vigilance, a mind in arms.
A mild discipline of thought.
To feel contemplation in the booming dwell.
And ever-waking ardor for the right.
These first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
Nothing more can think, little can be aware.
What Reason bids, God bids: by his command
How aggravated the smallest thing we do!
Thus nothing is inspired to the wise;
To do that insult all but what is mad.
Joy assumed, high, and light a strong of guilt.
Madd'ning (thou reply'st, with irritation fired)
Of ancient ages proud to tread the steps,
I follow Nature: — follow Nature still,
But look it be thine own. In Conscience, then,
No part of Nature is she not supreme?
Then rejoice! I raise her from the dead!
Then follow Nature, and resemble God.
When thou pageant, and pandean pleasure is pursued,
Man's nature is unsatisfactorily pleased,
And what's unsatisfactory is painful too.
At intervals, and must disgust even thine soul.
The focus of social light, perhaps the cause.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid:
Heaven mixed her with our make, and twisted close
Her sacred interest with the strings of life:
When hitherto she and man's essence shines,
His better self and: it is greater pain.
Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine?
And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.
If one must bleed, should it least be spared?
The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense;
Ask, then, the Gout, what torment is in guilt?
The joys of sense to mental joys are mean.
Sense on the present only feeds: the soul
On past and future, which are but a dream.
I feel her, by retrospect, through time to range,
And forward time's great sequel to survey.
Great human courts take vengeance on the mind,
Are they not the fruit of gross and glibets fall?
Guard thou thy mind, and leave the rest to Fate.
Lorenzo: wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead who for the body lives,
Laud and praise, and melancholy, in piteous:
Gain, it is, at least 30,000 zones of earth.
What a month, and leave to the rest to Fate.
Lorenzo: wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead who for the body lives,
Laud and praise, and melancholy, in piteous:
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The man is dead who for the body lives,
Laud and praise, and melancholy, in piteous:
Gain, it is, at least 30,000 zones of earth.
short is the lesson, though my lesson long;
Bit good—and bit heaven answer for the rest!
Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene
Clouds that obscure his ordinary day,
But never conquer: even the best must own
Pertinence and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth: the pillars there,
But those that spring from fonder frame, from these,
Till this heroic lesson thou hast learned,
To shun at pleasure, and to smile in pain.
Fired at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
Heaven in a vision, like the sun, as yet,
Beneath the horizon, cheers us in this world;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious crown of our eternal day.
'Tis Lear (say Lorenzo) is a fool enough!
But can hangronsignes light strong
Natural stream,
Or stem the tide.
Heaven pushes through our veins,
Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
And lays his labour level with the world!
Themselves men make their comment on man
And think naught but, what they find at home,
Thus weakness to chimneys turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the Muse prescribed.
Ann Arbor, Lorenzo saw the man of earth,
That is, the man of his own complexion.
To balance that, to comfort and exult,
Now see the man immortal: him, I mean,
Who lives as such; whose heart, full-bent
Lies not in love, nor looks nor seeks,
Least all that way, his stars to the bats.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His stature more; though bright, without a foil
Observes his awful portraiture, and admires.
Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing else than angel can express,
A man on earth devoted to the skies.
Like ships in sea, while in, above the world
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serous,
Above the fogs of sense, and passions' storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Erase his play, nor impair his peace.
Earth's classic scene, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob: a wondering head! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
His fall reversed in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their cares, the future his.
* In his former Night.
From magnanimity all fear abate;
From noble recompense above applause,
Which owes to man's short outlook all its charms.
Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cried,—’Where shines this miracle?
From what root prone this immortal man?
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground:
The root discreet, nor wander at the flower,
He follows Nature (not like thee) and shows us
An essential system of our cultural thought.
His appetite wears Reason's golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury,
His passion, like an eagle well reined,
Is to aspire, but infinite:
Patient his hope, unassuming is his care,
His caution fearless, and his grief (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
And why?—because affection, more than meet,
His wisdom leaves not disregarded from Heaven,
Those secondary goods that smile on earth
He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
They most the world enjoy who least admire.
His understanding sensed the common cloud
Of fumes arising from a boiling breast.
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions unflamed.
That made him, the rancorous of his soul what
Distinct ideas, and matured debate,
An eye impartial, and an even scale;
Whence judgment sound, and unprejudiced choice.
The purity of his mind,
It's own distaff wiser than the world.
What, then, the world? It must be doubly weak.
Strange truth! as soon would they believe their creed.
Yet thus it is, nor otherwise can be,
So far from aught legendary what I sing;
Bliss has no being, Virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who think Earth all, or (what weights the least the)
Who care for nothing, must prize what it yields,
Fond of its fascines, proud of its parasites.
Who sees the earth nothing but a shadow
Can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
’t is hard for them (yet who so loudly boast
Good-will to men) to love their dearest friends
For they put to the test their good opinion,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?
All shite to them, that for a season shines.
Each set, each thought, he questions; *What its
Is colour what, a thousand ages hence?
And, what it appears, he deems it now;
Hence pure are the recesses of his soul.
The godlike man has nothing to conceal;
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has Habit's firmness, and Affection's flame:
Angels, allied, descend to feel the fire,
And death, which others slay, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! high of this world!
Word to displace poor horses caught by Heaven?
Stand by thy scorn, be reduced to nothing!
For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while thy glare
Thy eagle grandle, and near worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us meet,
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand;
His heart, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, a target more inferior to the stone.
By promise now, and by possession, soon
(Too soon, too much, it can not be) his own.
From this thy just ambition rise,
One thing, something, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens and expects,
And longing to crown thee with immortal praise—
Can't thou be silent? no; for wit is thine,
And We talk most when least she has to say,
And Reason interrupts not her career
She'll say—that mist above the mountains rise,
And with a thousand pleasures amuse
Thou speckle, puzzle, flutter, rise a dust,
And every thing, or that which is thrown.
Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
Tis precious as the vehicle of sense,
But, as its sublate, a dire disease.
Pairing the good, and the whole of the world.
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash, and madness rarely falls.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivalry thine renown.
For thy renown were well this world's worst:
Chains often hit it; and, to plague thee more,
See Dulness, blind as on vivacity.
Shakes her sage head at the calamity
Which has exasperated, and set her down to thee.
But Wisdom, awful Wisdom which incessantly
Downs, like the voice of religion, man, infers
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last.
How rare! in senators, synods, sought in vain:
Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few;
While a loud prosing to multitudes.
Frequent, as the wits, in private life,
Wit makes an enterpriser, sense a man.
Wit hates authority, commodious loves,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
In states its darts rain in religious death.
Shall Wit turn Christian when the dale believes?
Sense is our helmet, Wit is but the plate.
The plate exposes, then our helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, lightest, solid, sound;
When cut by Wit it casts a brighter beam.
Yet Wit apart, it is a diamond still.
The Consolation.

False contrasts false repellers. 

Vig.

__NIGHT IX, AND LAST.__

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,—A MORAL SURVEY OF THE NOCTURNAL HEAVENS. II. A NIGHT-ADDRESS TO THE DUTY.

Humbly inscribed to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

As a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he can not find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There terminates a while his labour last;
Then, choose his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose;
Thus I, long travelled in the ways of men,
And dancing with the rest the giddy maze,
Where Disapprobation smiles at Hope's accents,
Warred by the language of life's evening ray,
At length have housed me in a humble shed,
Where, future wandering banished from my thought,
And waiting patient, the sweet hour of rest,
I close the moments with a serious song.
Song soothed our pains, and age has pains to soothe.
When age, care, crime, and friends embraced at heart.

 основномянный материал наших книг,

The Consolation.

Winds scatter, through the mighty void, the dry:
Earth reposeless part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire:
Each element partakes our scattered spoils,
As Nature wide our ruins spread.

But, O Lorenzo! I far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size.
One form assaults my sight, and fluids my blood.
And shakes my frame. Of our departed World
I see the mighty shadow: sorry wretch
And dismal sea-tree, over whose turn
Reclined, she weeps her desolate realms,
And blasted sons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another dissolution, soon, in flames!
But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain:
In vain to many; not, I trust, to them.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou lost to know,
The great decree, the counsel of the Spheres?
Deluge and Confusion, dismal power!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chained in caves
Distinct, apart, the giant fames rear;
Apart, or such their hered rage for rain.

In mutual conflict wrung their deadly war,
And Earth, eternal war, till one was quite devoured.

But not for this explained their boundless rage.
When Heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,

Woe, famine, pestilence, are such a stand.

To secour a confusion, dismal power!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chained in caves
Distinct, apart, the giant fames rear;
Apart, or such their hered rage for rain.

In mutual conflict wrung their deadly war,
And Earth, eternal war, till one was quite devoured.

But not for this explained their boundless rage.
When Heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
In torrid thought no respite, no calm.
Nor man alone; the fire of God and man,
From his dark den, blasphemy, drags his chain,
And runs his brazen front, with thunder scared,
Reveals his sentence, and begins his fall.
All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace;
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he comes whom he dreads,
And drops his sword, and strikes on earth full
"Tis present to my thought—yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me: angels can not guess
The period, from which creation looked
In darkness; but the process and the place
Are lost in obscurity, that governs of these:
Say, then, great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! greatest finisher of fate?
Great end! and great beginning! say, where art thou?
Art thou in time, or in eternity?
Nor in eternity nor time I find thee;
Thou, as twain monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all eloquent or unravell'd)
As in debate, how best their powers alloy
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Then, in his mighty mountain (which was built and destroyed)
With him to fall; now bursting o'er his head,
His lamp, the sun, extinguished, from beneath
The frozen void darkness calls his sons
Faint and long slumber, from earth's burning wound
To second birth! contemporary throng!
Banded at one call, assembled from one bed,
Passed in one crowd, appalled with one amaze;
He turns them over, Eternity! to thee;
Then, as a king depose dishonourable free
He falls on his own sceptre, nor falls alone;
His greatest foe falls with him; Time, and he
Who proclaims all Time's offering. Death, expire,
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Aye! Eternity! offended queen!
And has waked the shade, how just!
With kind intent, soliciting access:
How often has she knocked at human hearts?
Repay their hospitality;
How often called, and with the voice of God?
Yet here repulse, excluded as a churl!
A dream! while lowest foes found welcome there!
A dream! a cheat, now all things but her smile.
Her the two! who was the voice of God?
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A dream! while lowest foes found welcome there!
A dream! a cheat, now all things but her smile.
Her the two! who was the voice of God?
By the same tenderness divine enthralld,
That planted Eden, and high-bloomed for man
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.
Heaven gives us friends to bless the present
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
All evils natural are moral goods;
All discipline, indulge, on the whole.
We're unhappy; all have cause to smile,
But Nature tax, when false opinions arise.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains:
Error in act, or judgment, is the source
Of endless sighs. We sin, or we mistake;
And Nature wails, when false opinions arise.
Let impieties be banished, joy indulged;
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the joys frequently betrays,
Of life in vanity, and death in woe.
Joy amends ills, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conquest; joy and virtue too.
A noble feetst in ills delights
Heaven, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace!
Affliction is the good man's shining scene,
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray.
As night to stars, we trust Jesus to give us
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And ills calculate, advance,
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An evergreen that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis part of a man's knowledge to know
How much unhappiness must prove our lot;
A part which few possess! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmurer, from this hour,
I think it misery to be a man,
Who thinks it is, shall never be a god.
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.
What spoke profound Passion!—What being's law
Premonitory! blasphemy! absurd! and false!
The triumph of my soul is,—that I am,
And therefore that I may be—what? Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still,
Unfortunately deep our treasure runs,
In golden veins, through all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still.
New ages, where this phantom of an hour,
Which vanishes, each day, and newly fills the same;
Shall wake, and wonder, exult, and praise,
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deserved) by Heaven's redundant love,
Made benefactor, and balm of peace,
And first, in admiration, endless joy!
Where that, not master of a moment here,
From this, the flower, and feeling as the gale,
May 'st boast a whole eternity, enriched
With all a kind Omniscience can pour,
Since Adam fell, so mortals inspired;
Has ever yet conceived, or ever shall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
No man too large from Heaven's love can hope;
If what is hoped his labour to secure.
Ills — there are none! All-greatness! none from Thee;
From man full many! Numerous is the race
Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,
Begot by Madness on Fair Liberty
Heaven's daughter, whom he falsified her hand
Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
Fast barred by thine high-walled bastions,
Guarded with walls reaching to this world
And covered with the thunders of thy law.
Whose threats are mercies, whose injunctions guides,
Assisting, not restraining, Reason's choice;
Whose sanctions, unavoidable results
From Nature's course, indulgently revealed;
If unrevealed, more dangerous, nor less sure.
Thus an infidel father warms his sons,
'Do this, fly that;—nor ever fails the cause;
Pleased to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct useful to their own repute.
Great God of wonders! if, thy love surveyed,
Anguish else that would thy wonders detain?
What rocks are these on which to build our trust?
Thy ways admit no blinness; none I find;
Or this alone,—that none is to be found:
Not one, to soften Cassius's hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate Virtue's grim complaint.
Who, like a demon, nursing from the dust.
Dares into judgment call her judge—Supreme!
For all I bless Thee; most for the severe;
Her death—my own at hand—th' fury gulf,
That burning flame of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve.
It strengtheneth what it strikes; its wholesome breath
Averts the danger from its hideous glance.
Join heaven's sweet melodiet in thy praise.
Great Source of good alone! how kind in all!
In vengeance kind! pain, death, gormand, maw.
Thus, in thy world material, mighty Mind!
Not that above our salvation.
The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.
The winter as is needed as the spring;
The thunder as the sun.
A stagnate maze
Of vapours breaks a pestilential air.
Nor more prepossess the Favourite breeze
To Nature's health, than purifying storms.
The dread volcnoes ministers to great
Its enlumined flame might undermine the world.
Loud!—Loud!—mutilated in love to man.
Counts good enough woes, when duly esteemed,
And, in their ease, eclipses learn to shine.
Man is responsible for ills received;
Leaving the furthest shades of darkness bare;
Refraining from the things that cause despair.
Who falls to grief, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blessed;
Isman, or effeminate, his heart.
Reason should solve the secrets that can decay.
May Heaven not trear my friend with happiness,
Tell it has taught him how to bear it well.
By previous pain, and made it safe to smile!
Such selfish woe, when false opinions remain,
Nor heard their extinction from excess.
My change of heart, a change of style demands;
The Consolation rancors the Complaint.
And makes the convert of my grief in woe.
As when o'er broken, and inclined to breathe,
A pining traveller sees rising ground;
Small sense, has gained, it turns him round,
And measures with his eye the hours with
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has past,
And, estate of his journey, thinks of home,
Encumbered by distance, nor affords more till:
That, though small, indeed, is that assent
The muse he loves, and in her paths he trod.
Various, extensive, beaten but few;
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
Pace, and with pleasure meditate an end,
Through city streets, and lively in my heart.
Through many a field of moral and divine.
The Muse has strayed, and much of sorrow seen
In human ways, and much of false, and vain,
Which none who owned her last road can miss.
Our friends deceased full heroically she wept;
Of love divine the wonders she displayed;
Fairest man immortal; showed the source of joy;
The grateful emotions, and assigned the bounds
Of human grief. In few, to close the whole.
The moral Muse has shadowed out a sketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael stroke,
Of most of us believe or do;
Is this our land of travel and of hope.
Peace on earth, or prospect of the skies.
What then remains? much! much a mighty deed
To be discharged. These thoughts, O Night! are mine:
From these they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, (poeta felix)
In shadowy veils, soft-sliping from her sphere,
Her shepherd charmed; of her she thought no less.
Than of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Eternal solace! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how shall music from the spheres.
To cords their goddess?
O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor; Day's elder-bom!
And fitted to survive the transient Sun.
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's boon
Wrought through various of shape and shade.
In ample folds of drapery divine.
Thy flowing mantle form, and, Heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeur (Nature's man, aspiring aspect) claim a grateful verse.
And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.
And what, O man! so wondrously to be seen.
What more prepares us for the songs of Heaven?
Creation of archangels is the theme.
To be so sung and so sad, what so well
Celestial joys prepare to sustain.
The soul of man, His height assigned to seat
Who gave these venders to be seen by man,
Has here a previous scene of objects great.
On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe.
And give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for final joy.
The more our spires are exalted in earth.
The deeper draught shall they receive of Heaven.
Heaven's King! whose face unveil'd consummates bliss.
Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void
The whole Creation leaves in human hearts!
Thon, who did not touch thyself of Jesse's son,
Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires.
And set his harp in concert with the spheres.
While of thy works material the Supreme
I dare attempt, assist my dying song:
Remote from earth's insensible; from the same
Constructed circle set my heart on high;
Evaluate my spirit, give it range.
Through provinces of thought yet unexplored,
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to These:
Teach me with art great Nature to control.
And spread a laurel o'er the shades of night.
Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the sun
Be seen at midnight, rising in my song?
Lorenzo! came, and warm thee; thou, whose heart,
Whose little heart, is moord within a nook
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor-wealth.
Another ocean roars, a nother main;
I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous one;
Genuf! thy voyage through yon azure main.
Main without tempest, pirate, rock, or shoal.
And whence thou mayst import eternal woe.
And leave to beggarized the pearl and gold.
Thy travel stirs thou beast o'er foreign realms?
Thou stranger to the world! thy tour begins,
Thy tour through Nature's universal orb.
Of almost every Vice, but chiefly Thee. Wilt, pride abstain, and inspire desire. Lorenzo! thou canst not wake at midnight too, Though not on mortal bed. Ambition, Pleasure, These tyrants I for thee so lately fought,* Afford their brained slaves no almenement, Then, to whom midnight is immortal noon, And the sun's noon-tide blaze prime dawn of life, Not by the climate, but by ambicious Crime, Commencing one of our antipodes, In thy nocturnal temple or moonrocket hall, Twists stage and stage of riot and cavalc, And lift thin eye (if hold an eye to lift, To bold to meet the face of injured Heaven) To younger stars; for elsewhere shin they shine, Than to light revellers from shame to shame, And thus be made accomplices in guilt. Why from thee arch, that infinite of space, With infinite of undeveloped space, Which set the living firmament on fire, At the first glance, in such an overwhelm Of wonderful on man's amasturished sight Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride, Our reason, and lead to it that Power whose love lets down these silver chains of light To draw up man's ambition to himself, For mankind, was made to a sequel, to his throne. Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth, And welcomed on Heaven's coast with most of pleasure, An humble, pure, and highest-minded heart Are here inspired; and cannot then be too good. Nor stands thy wrath depript of its repro, Or unpursuad by this rulbcd choir. The planets of each system represent Kind neighbours, mutual unity prevails Sweet interchange of rays, received, returned, Enlightening and enlightened all, at once. Attracting and attracted! patriot-like, Nine suns again, the welfare of the whole, But their reciprocals, unselfish aid, Afford an emblem of maternal love. Nothing in nature, much less conscious being, Who's ever created solely for himself! Thus man his sovereign duty learns in this Matterial picture of benevolence. And know, of all our supercious race, Thou most incomparably thou warpest of men! Man's angry heart impetuous, would be found As rightly set as are the starry spheres: 'Tis Nature's structure, broken by stubborn Will. Bore all that unceas'd destitution there. Will thou not feel the kind Nature gave? Canst thou descend from converse with the skies, And some thy brother's throat?—For what I said? An inch of earth! The planets cry 'Forbear!' They chase our double darkness, Nature's gloom, And (kinder still), our intellectual night. And see, Anthus invisible Sister souls Her invitation, in the secret rays Of molten lustre; courts thy sight Wilt suffer from her tyrant brother's blaze. Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies, Nor rudely remindst thou lifted eye; With gaze and joy she blesses thee to wise. Night open all the secrets of the deep; But what which gives those venerable scenes full weight, And deep reception in the extended heart; While light peeps through the darkness like a spy, And in the dew-stained trumpet of the light. Nor is the profit greater than the joy. If human hearts at glorious objects glow, And admiration can inspire delight. With speech I more, than I this moment feel? (Super ordained to make her truly wise,) They into transport starting from her trance, With love and admiration love also; This gorgeous apparatus—this display— This ostentation of creative power: This theatre!—What eye can take it in? So! what divine enchantment was raised, For mankind, what, that is as shine. At last, in endless speculation and adores! One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine, And light us deep into the Deity! How much in magnificence and might! If a what of divinity's purest fires, From unnumbered, down the story of heaven, Becomes to a point; and centres in my sight: Nor casts it from me, nor from the sun, and it will pass:—Material offering of omnipotence! Inimitable, all-inimiting birth! Worthy worthy him, who made it; worthy praise— All praise, more than man, nor desire! The praise divine. But though man, drowned in sleep, Withholds his homage, hast alone I wake, Bright longs aqueous serene, and sing unheard By mortal showes and solemn lecture of the kind, In this his universal temple, hung Wilt, with frenzy, with innumerable lights, That shin religion on the soul; or save, The temple and the preacher, the low loud It calls devotion;—genuine growth of Night! Devotion! daughter of Astronomy! An unknown astronomer is made. True; all is a show, a God; but in the small, Man trace out him; in great, He solves man; Sees, and elevate, and, wraps, and fills With now quantities, and associates now. Tell me, ye stars, ye planets; tell me, all Ye starred and planeted inhabitants,—what is it in? What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud Arch, (Within whose azure palaces they dwell;) With divine ambition; in disdain Of limit; built; built in the taste of Heaven! Yest conive—simple dome! wast then designed A more apartment for the Deity? Not so, that thought should they inspire, Thry lofty nicks, and shallow they profound, And strengthens thy diffusive; dwarfs the whole, And makes an Universe and Omnipre. But when I drop mine eye, I see thee back on man, Thry right regained, thy grandeur is restored, 0 Nature! wide fliess the expanding round: As when whole magazines, at once, are fired, The written air is hollowed by the black. The vast desolation distains the clouds, Shoted other's billows dash the distant skies; Thus (but far more) the expanding round flies off, And leaves a mighty void, a spacious void, Might seem with new creation; reigned, Thy luminaries triumph, and assume Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange. Matter, high wrought to such surprising point, Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods. From ages dark, obsolete, and stopt in sense: For sure to sense they truly are divine, And half abolished shloth from goods, and Arts, turned it into virtue, and vice, That attack it in those, who put forth all they had man Unto, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher; But, weak of wing on planets preched, and thought What was their highest must be the rudest. But why he weak, who could no higher mount? And are there, then, Lorenzo, those to whom Unseen, and unseen, are the same! And if incomprehensible, who are? Who dare pronounce it madness to believe? Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside All measure in his work? stretched out his line So far, and spread amongst the dust of gods! Thus (as he took delight in wider extremes) In deep the bosom of his Universe Dropped down that reasoning mile, that insect, man! To cow, and cow, and wonder at the scene?— That man might never presume to place admiration For disbelied of wonders in himself. Shall God be less miraculous, when what His hand has formed! shall mysteries descend From unapprehension! things more elevate, Be more familiar! uncreated he More obvious than created, to the grasp Of human thought! the more wonderful Is heard in him, the more we should assent. Could we conceive him, God he could not be, Or he not God, or we could not be men.
THE CONSOLATION.

That God and Nature our attention claims;
That Nature is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the sea, is reflected the sun,
Too glorious to be gazed on in his sphere;
That mind struck with the immensity of
That boundless mind affects a boundless space;
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great
That, therefore, Heaven glorifies as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.

Such are their doctrines; such the Night inspired.
And what more true? what truth of greater weight?

The soul of man was made to walk the skies,
Delightful outlet of her prison here!
There, disenchanted of her chains, the lies
Of toys terrestrial, she can run at length;
There freely can respite, dilate, extend,
In full proportion lost how all her powers,
And, undulated, grasp at greatest joy.
Nor as a stranger does she wonder there
But, wandering herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating her grandeur, finds her own;
Dives deep in her economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not to pole,
To hold, no more, the wild, the proud, the wise:
Hence greatly pleased, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial;
breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air,
And feels herself when at home among men,
And, feeling, culminates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the triumphant,
Lorenzo! as the earth, the body, the soul
And the soul with food that gives immortal life,
Call it the noblest pastime of the mind,
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and excites,
And rinses through the luxuries of thought.
Call it the garden of the mind,
Blossomed with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial, moral fruit to man.
Call it the festal plate of the true High-priest,
Ardent with genial warmth, that give
In points of highest moment, right weight, or sense;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus have we found a true astrolurgy;
Thus have we found a new and noble sense,
In which alone stars govern human fate.
O that the stars (as some have figured) let fall
Bloodshed and havoc on embattled realms,
And rescued monarchs from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wish generous is in man.

Would thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
And stick thy destitute name among the stars,
For mighty conquests on a noble point?
Instead of forging chains for foreigners;
Blackest, thine tutor; grandeur, all thy aim.
As yet thou knowest not what it is.
How great, How glorious, then appears the mind of man,
When in it all the stars and planets evil.
Or was it she? — no! but the Sun himself
Thou art no movies in theology:
What is a miracle? — is it a reproach?
'Tis an intrepid act on mankind,
And while it satisfies it curates too.
To common sense great Nature's course proclaims
A Deity. When mankind falls asleep,
A miracle is sent as an alarm
To wake the world, and prove him ever again,
So great and so strong,
Say which imports more plenty of power,
Or Nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
To make a sun, or stop his mid career?
To countermand his shoulders, and send back
The flaming courser to the frighted east.
Warmed and astonished at his evening ray:
Oh bid the moon, as with her journey tired,
In Ajax's soft flowery vale asleep.
Great things are there, and greater to create.
From Adam's sober look down through the whole train
Of miracles — restless is their power!
They do not, can not, move the whole mind,
But that, called unmiraculous survey,
If duly weighed, if judiciously seen,
If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
Some rough but splendid hulk, the world for more.
Say 'tis then — 'Tis the contest Nature governs all!
The course of Nature is the art of God.
The miracles thou callst for, this attest,
For say, could not Nature Nature's course control?
But miracles apart, who sees him not
Nature's Controller, Author, Guide, and End?
Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight face,
But most inspired.
What hand behind the scene,
What arm Almighty, or who from wings In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
Who bowed them flaming through the dark profound,
Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
Or sparkling from poplins cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of old Night on fire.
People her descent, and made Herow smile?
Or if the military style delights thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagued with man)
Who marshals this bright host? cattle their names.
Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns.
Funeral, at stated periods? who disturbs
These veteran troops, their final duty done?
(If ever disbanded) — He, in whose hand
Like the loud trumpet, levies first their powers.
IN NIGHTS IGRITIOUS EMPIRE, WHERE THEY SLEPT

To live thy death was any pain;

And how I bless Night's conserving shades,

When brightener flames shall cut a darker night;

Though guiltless of seduction, I

When stronger demonstrata; of a God

And to live thy death was any pain;

How art thou caught, sure captive of belief?

When all their weight of wisdom and will,

And re-adopted to thy foolish embrace,

What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free!

That can't be from themselves—or man: that art

So stroke a doubt in this debate,

That shall not mismeasure her passions

As he, who blazes, or his heart,

This material worlds,

Whose might, but to guess, a Newton made fomentary—

This material worlds,

And more, O wondrous! when the sun,

The sun, and all its beams, and rays,

And re-adopted to thy foolish embrace,

And as thou to live thy death was any pain;

Shall not mismeasure her passions

This material worlds.

Of which, I think, is any pain;

And I so blessed, that day's heart's head;

What as Earth booms, in these ambient orbs

This material worlds.

In which, I think, is any pain;

And this in faith, in this faith!

So stroke a doubt in this debate,

What as Earth booms, in these ambient orbs

This material worlds.

Of which, I think, is any pain;

And as thou to live thy death was any pain;

This material worlds.

Of which, I think, is any pain;

And as thou to live thy death was any pain;

This material worlds.

Of which, I think, is any pain;

And as thou to live thy death was any pain;

This material worlds.

Of which, I think, is any pain;

And as thou to live thy death was any pain;

This material worlds.

Of which, I think, is any pain;

And as thou to live thy death was any pain;

This material worlds.

Of which, I think, is any pain;

And as thou to live thy death was any pain;

This material worlds.

Of which, I think, is any pain;
And hence Creation, like a precious gem,
Though little on the surface of its face;
That little gem, how large! A weight let fall
From a fixed star, in ages can its reach.
This distant earth! Say, then, Lorenzo, where
Where emblazoned mightily building where begins
The suburb of Creation! where the wall
Whose battlements are cast over the vale
Of non-existence, Nothing's strange abode!
Say at what point of space Jehovah dropped
His golden line, and laid his balance by!
Weighed words, and measured infinite no more!
Where rears his teremost hollur high -
It extramundane sound, and says to gods,
In eternity, the rising sun -
I stand the plain's proud period; I pronounce
The work accomplished; the creation closed;
Shout, all ye Gods! nor shout, ye Gods, alone;
Or all that lives, or, if defied of life;
Then rest, or roll ye, ye Heavens and Heavens resound!
Reach, reach ye! Here and Heavens resound!
Hand me those questions! answer harken still!
Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,
The solitary son of Power Divine?
Or has the Almighty Father, with a breath,
Jehovah set Creation in the Space?
Has he not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark borses burst
Of Night pristine, barren now no more?
And he, the central sun, transfiguring all
These dark manifestations which disploit,
And dance as motes, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, lighted, or absorbed
In that abyss of horror whose they spring;
While Chaos triumphs, reposes of all
Rival Creation ravished from his throne!
Chaos! of Nature both the womb and grave!
Think'st thou thy scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too
This extravagant? - Nay: this is just;
Just in conjecture, though 'twere false in fact.
If it's an error, is an error sprung
From admiration of the might of High
But wherefore error? who can prove it such?
He that can set Omniscience a bound,
Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing, but quite impossible, is hard.
He, who strives into being, with like ease,
A whole creation, and a single grain.
Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born
A thousand worlds! there's space for millions more;
And shall we not remain, each as a grain?
Condemn me not, cold critic but indulge
The warm imagination: why condemn?
Why not indulge such thoughts as swell our hearts
With fuller ambition of that Power
Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell?
Beneath the proud and glowing star of morn;
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene, and show
The Mighty Potentate, to whom belong
These rich regals, pompously displayed
To kindle that high hope! Like lions of us,
I gaze around, I search on every side
For a glimpse of Him my soul adores:
As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
Fainting for the living stream, for Him who made her,
So pants the thing has life, and praiseth our lives.
Nor is admiration, pre-engaged
Never asked the sense one question; never held
Least correspondence with a single star;
Never could reach in to the queen of Heaven
Walking in brightness, or her trains adored.
Their sublunary rivals have long since
Engaged his whole devotion; stars malign,
Which made the first astronomer run mad,
And did not to that boundless Space ordain
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To monumental madness, called delight,
Wield more greats, than ever kissed
The tired hand, or pressed out the blood to Joe, -
O Thou, to whom belongs
All sacrifice! O Thou great Jove ungrieved!
Divine Instructor! Thy first volume this
For man's wretched intellect, and mind that speaks
In many words, and rich and lasting
In moon and stars (Heaven's golden alphabet),
Embazoned to the sight, who runs any road;
Who reads can understand: 'tis unconfined.
To Christian land or Jewry; fairly writ,
In language fit, and suited to mankind
A language easy to the learned, yet plain
To those that feel the stock, or guide the plough,
Or from its blasts strike out the bounding grain;
A language fit, and suited to mankind
A language easy to the learned, yet plain
To those that feel the stock, or guide the plough,
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A language fit, and suited to mankind
A language easy to the learned, yet plain
To those that feel the stock, or guide the plough,
The Consolation

Great View! on thee; on thee the cluster hangs,
The lifted cluster! infinitely spread
In glowing globes, with various being fraught,
And drinks (nectaruous draught!) immortal life.
Or, shall I say, (if who can say enough?)
A constellation of thousand genes,
(And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!
Set in one signet, flames on the right hand)
Of Majesty divine! The body blending
That deeply stains on all created mind,
Incredible, his sovereign attributes,
Omnipotence and Love! that passing bond,
And this surpassing that. Not so we here
For want of greater, or virtue, or true man.
Even this acknowledged, leaves us still in debt;
If greater aught, that greater all things,
Dread Sire! Accept this miniature of Thee,
And pardon an attempt of natural thought,
In which archangelic might have failed, unaided
So how such ideas of thine Almighty's power,
And such ideas of thine Almighty's plan,
(Ideas not absurd)/distend the thought
Of softhee's mortals! nor of them alone!
The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
In inconceivables, to men and gods.
Think, then, O think, or ever do the thought
How much must descend on us gods abate?
Have I not, then, accomplished my proud boast?
Did I not thee! We would mount, Lorenzo!
And kindle our devotion at the stars!1
And have I failed? Did I not fail thee?
And art all sublunary and dost confine,
All urged, with one irresistible smile
Lorenzo! wondrous how melancholy!
Swell by the stars, by Him who made them
Swear, Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as they;
Then thou, like them, shall shine: like them, shall
Sire.

From low to lofty, from obscure to bright,
By dog predation, Nature's sacred law.
The stars from whence?—ask Chaos,—he can tell.
These bright temptations to alacrity
From darkness and confusion took their birth;
Sons of Deficiency! from fluid dregs
Tartarus, first they rise to masses rude,
And then to spheres opaque; then dim shine,
Their brightness dimmed; then blaze out in perfect day
Nature delights in progress, in advance
From worse to better; but when minds ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.
Heaven side erection. Greater makes the great,
What excessively little moremen more.
O be a man! and thou should be a god!
And half self-made! ambition how divine!
O them, ambitions of disgrace above all;
Still unloved! unkindled!—though high taught,

* John, xv. 1. *
What can one do,
Though dark the night, and all the stars are blest,
Nature's wondrous, and, though a stranger, I,
But, above all, diffuse endless good;
To whom, for sure retributions, the wronged may fly.
The vile for mercy, and the pain for peace;
By whose various ten thousand of these spheres,
Diversified in fortune, place, and power,
Raised in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
Arrived at length (if worthily such approach).
At that blessed fountain-head from which they stream.
With conflict past, redundant joy presente,
And present joy looks forward on increase,
And that on evermore! every step
A double bent! a promise and a bliss.
'Tis a species this scheme on human hearts! It suis
their make, and contains their vast desires;
Passion is pleased, and Reason asks no more:
'Tis a great—what is this? to be content in the
Nature of their souls.
Yet still is the soul in the mine?
A second sight of my friend's apartment!
Left to itself! a friend! my friend! or was she
Thought of or sense (of awful much, to both,
The godlike带来) By those fine trembling fires.
Like Vesu's ever burning; and, like her,
Sacred to thoughts immortal and pure!
By his bright couriers that prove and pranks.
And press thee to the决赛, perhaps,
Thou, too, till then, when revered, awhile,
To reach his throne, as stages of the soul
Through which, at different periods, shall pass,
Enlightened ground, for the final height;
And purge of some stand thee thy friend;
Thus from their earth, escorted through all time;
Through splendidos of first maturity, arranged.
On either hand; clouds thrown heaven their fetmal;
Close entwined on the bright paradise of God,
And almost introduced thee to the throne.
And art thou still in the mine?
And how like thy guardian-angel have I flown,
Snatched thee from earth, escorted through all time;
Like those adorable fires, burning, burning!
By the long list of eternally mortal.
From Adam downward to this evening knell,
Which midnight waves in Fanny's startled eye.
And she with her and the divided century,
Round Death's black banner thronged in human thought;
By thousands now resigning their last breath,
And thus the immortal make to birth;
As by those o'er tombs arising, earth, earth,
Erected, to make room for—human earth,
The monarch's terror! and the smith's trade!
To save that beauty that should now be gone.
The torch furnes, and the holding plane,
Which makes poor man's immolation, proud.
Of ours! triumph of our chest!
By the dumb vassals that woe ever alway, and
Calms that hang on their heads the thin air.
For by strong Guilt, Guilt's most violent assault,
Conscience is but disabled, not destroyed.
For I have perped to thy covered heart,
And ask the help that shall chear and calm thee.
To me, to whose heart it is a sweet;
To wade into passion through content,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own.
For I have perped to thy covered heart,
And ask the help that shall chear and calm thee.
To me, to whose heart it is a sweet;
To wade into passion through content,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own.
For I have perped to thy covered heart,
And ask the help that shall chear and calm thee.
To me, to whose heart it is a sweet;
THROUGH Wondrous being's interposing swarms,
All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee;
Through this wide waste of worlds! this vast vast,
All winded over with suns, suns turned to light
Before the lowest beam—look down—look down—
On a poor breathing particle in dust,
Or lower, an immortal in his crimes:
His crimes!—What can his virtues too?
Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right:
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see this sun (though Night's descendent scale
Now lighted More) unpainted and unblest!
In thy dimple dwells eternal pain;
Pain, our aversion; pain which strikes me now,
And since all pain is terrible to man,
Though transient, terrible; at thy good hour,
Gently, ah, gently, lay me in thy bed,
My clay cold bed! by nature, now, so near;
By nature near, still nearer by disease;
Tell then be this an emblem of my grave;
Let it be proof the preacher; every night
Let it cut the boy at Philip's ear,
This tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
And when (the shelter of thy wing improved)
The warmth of thy bosom, not in vain,
Benning from both! with both incorporant,
And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
By condescension, as thy glory, great,
Incorporated with all thy immortal souls,
Divine Inhabitant! the divine
Of Heaven with distant earth by whom, 117 m
(If not unimportant) this address
To thee, to Thee—to whom 117—mysterious pow-
er
Revealed—yet unrevealed! darkness in light!
Number in unity: our joy! our dread!
The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
That animates all right! the triple sun
Of the soul! her never-setting sun!
Time, unalterable, unconceived,
Abounding, yet demonstrable, Great God!
Greater than greatest! better than the best!
Kinder than kinder! with softest Eye's
Or (stronger still to speak it) with thine own:
From thy bright home, from that high firmament
When born, from heaven, last dwelt,
Beyond arcanes' unsanctioned ken,
From far above what mortals highest call,
From Elevation's pinnacle, look down,
Through—what? confounding interval through all.
And more, and more, bating Fancy can conceive;
Through radiant ranks of senses unknown
Through hierarchies from hierarchies detached
Round various banners of Omnipoence,

Though endless change of ravishing duties fired;
Taketh his delights among the sons of men?

What words are these—and did they come from
Heaven?

And ever they spoke to man to guilty man?

What are all mysteries to love like this?

The songs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound

Heal and exhalate the broken heart,

Though plunged, before; in horror black as night;

Nor wait we dissolution to be blessed.

This final effect of the moral Muse,

How justly titled! nor for me alone;

Rich proliferation of consolations, how

Next farewell! of darkness, now, no more;

Joy breaks, shines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day!

Shall which rises out of nought complain

Of a few evils, paid with endless joys

My soul henceforth, in sweetest union join

The two supports of human happiness,

Which none, erewhile, think can never more,

True taste of life, and constant thought of death!

The thought of death, sol's vicar of its dread;

Hope be thy joy, and prophesy thereof.

Thy patron H's whose diction has dropped

Yon gomes of Heaven, eternity thy price;

And love the races of the world their own,

Their feather and their fruit, for endless seas;

They part with all for ever and for ever;

They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power,

And learn to scorn the souls that aim at more;

What must a heart, so censured from earth,

Suppose Philander's, Luccia's, or Narcissus's,

The things of thine new blazing in its eye,

Look back astonish'd on the ways of men,

Whose wise whole drift is to forget their graves

And when our present privilege is past,

To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,

The same astonishment will seize us all.

What then must pain us, would preserve us now.

Learn'd! yet not too late. Learning

Such wisdom, ere in, is health, is bread;

That is, wise wisdom are the seizes thee

For what, my small philosopher! is hell?

'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the truth,

When in our present privilege is past,

And calls Eternity to do her right.

Thus darkness aiding intellectual light,

And sacred Silence whispering truths divine,

And truths divine whispering peace to peace;

My song the midnight raven has outwitted,

And shot, ambiguous of unbounded scenes,

Beyond the flaming limits of the world

Gloomy flight. But what avails the flight

Prov. chap. viii. *The Consolation*
THE LAST DAY.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Yeats among Gods—Virg.

BOOK I.

Flee pain, musa nimmerum in nos, corum Fasim choler, malum deflentur. Quedo nosta.

Tota creata; fugientes iras; mortale consuls
Pet genus humiliat spectum poere.—Virg.

While others sing the fortune of the great,
Empires and arms, and all the pomp of state,
With Britain's hero set their souls on fire,
And grow immorral as his deeds inspire,
I draw a deeper sacrifice than that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarmed, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
And gaping Nature's last tremendous groan;
Deaf's ancient secrets broke, the towering tempests,
The righteous Judges, and man's eternal doom!
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart if it be mine?
Wherefore great and grand has been so long
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the splendid dower of the British crown,
This globe in joy versus a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
Oh angels, how now disjoin'd,
Of ever various order, place, and kind,
Here, and under, and feel mortals' yells;
'Tis your eternal King I strive to praise.

* The year 1753, when the peace of Wurtemburg was concluded.

But chiefly thee, great ruler! Lord of all!
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall.
If at thy nod, from discord and from night,
Sprung beauty, and you sparkling worlds of light,
Exit enim me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel.
To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

Man! bear thy brow alwite, view every grace
In God's great offspring; beanty's Nature's face;—
See Spring's gay bloom, see golden Autumn's store,
See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar.
Lavinus but heave their consummated mail.
It makes a tale, and wind-bound navies sail.
Here gressus rise, the stars have found their home;
Here rivers measure clinches, and worlds divide.
Three valleys, fraught with gold's repressed seeds,
Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds;
Three to the skies aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, streets; of flights the pride,
See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landscapes, unsouled,
Or view in Britain all her glories joined.
Then let the finnian they wonder raise;
'Twill raise they wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? the laboured eye
Can scarce the distant outline bounds descry.
While theatre! where temposts play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year control.
'They shine through time with an unrivalled ray,
See this grand period rise, and that decay.
So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the thronged ethereal space,
So bright, with such a wealth of glory shed;
'Twixt Heathers not to have adored.
—How great, how high, how sacred, all appears
How worthy an imortal round of years!
Yet must all drop, as autumn's sickle grain,
And earth and firmament be sought again.
The tract forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the Sturts flung an awful throne:
'Thems shall be slain, all nature be destroyed,
Not leave an atom in the mighty void.
Second or last scene in the grand drama
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows.
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are changed on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's in fact not) other Annes,
While the still busy world is treading o'er,
The pools they used to light and adorn before,
Thoughtless as those who now live in excess,
Of earth dissolved, or an extensive sun;
Such is the life of a tyrant:
When the sun sets in blood;
When the earth is rent with grief,
And the world is plunged in mourning.

The last day.

From east to west they fly, from pole to pole,
Imagining their triumph; the ravish, divine;
Big dangers to wrap, or whetting seas to sweep;
Or rocks to yaw, companionably deep;
Sest stills the monster forth to meet his doom,
And necks but one for wondrous crime.
So fakes a tailor to an earthly crown,
While Death still threatening in his prince's frown;
His heart is dismayed; and now his fears command
To rend his native a moment's terror, and despair.

Swift ride the flies, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and looks up the seas;
The poet he seeks obedient to her lead,
Hark back to the red of the burning sword.
But why this idle trail to paint that day?
This time elaborately thrown away!
Words all in vain pant after the distress
The height of this narrative would make it less.
Heaven! how the good man trembled—
And is there a Last Day and must there come
A man, a fixed, inexorable doom?
Ambition! swell; and thy proud sail to show,
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow;
Wealth! on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And raise on India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting thee!
And, who is now the alaston, the bright beauty shine:
Shine all, in all thy charms together rise;
That all, in all you charms I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Beneath the tower of the throne of God.

Such, Earth! thy fate: what then exist that
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 disgrace
His boasted asvarts; and assuming brow;
Claim kindred with the day, and claim his path,
That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
What dreadful pang the trembling heart lives!
Lord! why dost thou forsake when thou hadst
made?
Why can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the thorns of thy fitful hand?
It flies the reach of thought: oh, save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour?
Then who beholds the town of Fate has also,
And in thy dreadful agony sweet blood;
Then who for mercy, through every throbbing vein,
Heart felt the keenest edge of mortal pain?
When Death did capture through the realms below.
And taught those hoard mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! oh, save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
BOOK II.

We hope that the beginner will life again from the dust; after which, this the gods will be lamened.

New man awakes, and from his silent bed, where he has slept for ages, life his head. Slacks off the sleepy of ten thousand years, and on the borders of new worlds appears. Whatever the bold, the rash adventure cost, in wondrously I date he be lost.

The Muse is went in narrow bounds to sing, To teach the awain, or celebrate the king: I grasp the whole; no more to part confine, I lift my voice, and sing to human kind: I start up, and raise the air above, While such the theme, their sacred songs with raise.

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound Echoes on every concave sound. A universal concourse to prepare Of all that ever breathed the vital air; In some wide field, which strive whirrinds sweep, Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep, To smooth and lengthen out the unbounded space, And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust, And render back their long committed dust! Now empires rise and fall, and rise again! The various homes, obsequies to the call, Self-moved, advance; the race, perhaps, to meet the distant head; the distant legs the feet. Dressed to view, see through the ducal sky Fragments of bodies in confusion fly, To distant regions journeying, there to claim Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bowed to Rome's almighty power, Rome bowed to Pompeiy, and confessed her lord: Ye one day lost, this долy below Became the scorn and pity of his foe; His blackest record in the world was made And smock dignificant on a ruffian's blade; No trumpet's sound, no grapping army's yell; Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell: Observe his head, his whole being in his gore, His reign was cast to perish on the shore.

While Julian frowned the bloody monster dealt, Who brought the world in his great rival's hand. This severed head and trunk shall dwell no more. Though real now rise between and scenes ran: The trumpet's sound each vanguard mote shall bear. Or, if all in air. Obey the signal wind in the wind, And not one sleeping atom lay behind. So swarming bees that on a summer's day In airy rings and wild meadows play, Charmed with the bo~en sound, their wanderings end.

And, gently ringing, on a bough descend. And there erect. To muse. The flight of bees, Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole, Or midst of the burning planets wandering stayed, Or hovered ever where its pace compassed was, Or rather cooled on its final state, And Korul, as wished for her appointed fate. This soul, returning with a constant flame, Now heads for ever her immortal frame: Life, which ran down before, so high is wrecked, The springs maintain an everlasting sound, Thus a frail model of the world designed First takes a copy of the builder's mind; Before the structure form, with lasting eke, And purple bodes, and in the same rock, The sun, with the sun's rays, and the column's side, And bear the lofty palace to the skies; The wrongs of time enabled to surpass, While the sun and sea, and river of stray, That ancient, adorned, and illustrious stone:\ Where soon or late Albion's heroes come From camps and courts, though great, or vast. It just, To feel the worm, and wonder into dust; That solemn massacre of the royal dead, Where passing slaves or sleeping monarchs now Populous arises; a numerous race Of rising kings, and the extended space: A life well spent, not the victorious sword, Awards the crown, and styles the greater and Nor monuments alone, and buried earth, Labouring with man to this his second birth, But where gay palaces in pomp appear, And gilded theatres invade the skies, Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones Support the pride of their luxurious sons. The most magnific and costly done Is but a upper chamber to a tomb. No spot on earth but has supplied a grave, And human souls the spacious ocean pave. All's full of horror, and all this dreadful ruin; The scarce shall issue, and the hire shall burn Not all as once, or, if like manner, rise: Some lift with pain their slow unwrapping eyes.

With Jove's good grace, a mighty and splendid deed, From whom the world in his great rival's hand. This severed head and trunk shall dwell no more. Though real now rise between and scenes ran: The trumpet's sound each vanguard mote shall bear. Or, if all in air. Obey the signal wind in the wind, And not one sleeping atom lay behind. So swarming bees that on a summer's day In airy rings and wild meadows play, Charmed with the bo~en sound, their wanderings end.

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Of must I look with terror on my gain,
And with existence only means pain?
What! no rejoice, no infinite indulgence,
No beam of hope, from any point of Heaven!
Ah, let not me inhume to rivers dead shore;
Is love extinguished in the source of love?

1. Bold that I am, did Heaven stoop down to hell?
The expiring Lord of life my reason seal?
Have I not seen innumerable?—provoke?
From his embraces obstinately broke?
Pursed and panting for his mortal hate,
Emased my destruction, laboured out my fate?
And are extinguished love reclaim?
Take, take full vengeance; round the slacking flame;
Just is my lot—oh, must it transmuted
The reach of days, too distant an end?
Where dreadful growths shoot forward, and arise
Where Thought cannot follow, and bold Fancy dies.

Never! where falls the soul at that dread sound?
Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!
Drown, drown, (I still am falling—horrid pain?)
Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
My plunger last still began—and this air? I
Could I offend if I had never been?
And with new light from me, without</p>
Here blushing volumes, wafted, over-whelm
The spacious face of a far distant team;
There, undulations, span round eternal hills,
The neighboring vales the vast destruction fills.
Here, too, that dreadful noise, that sound
Which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
What wonders must that groan of Nature tell?
The temple there, and mightier Atlas, fell,
Which seemed, above the reach of Fate, to stand
A towering monument of God's right-hand,
Now dust and smoke, whose bow, so lately,
Our shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.
Show me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the several ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which Heaven seemed diligent
to bless,
Once called Britannia; can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!
Like all, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel say, where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fronds was fair Europe crowned?
Or where the waste Lydia? where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden one.
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolved, once they so store;
Thus earth's conflicting monarchs are joined.
And a full period of ambition finds.
And what then of, or evens, or walks, or files,
Inhabitants of sea, or, earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fixed a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conquering flame.
This globe alone would but defend the fire,
States, the devouring rage; the flanks aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens pray;
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost, no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly throned the gory machine.
So bubbles on the flowing stream expire,
So sparkles that scoter from the kindling fire.
The devotions of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's six days' work devour;
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Costs down to honing such a vast expense.
Have ye not seen the eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprises through all nature rant
For whom these revolutions but for man!
For him Omniscience new measures takes,
For him through all eternity awakes;
For him, on gifts sufficient to supply
Heaven's loss, and render fresh glories fill the sky.
Think deeply then, O Man! how great thou art:
Pay thy homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard no longer dare neglect,
Shutting thyself, affright not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze and wonder there, a ravished guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures shall befind,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind;
Of perfect knowledge, see the dazzling light.
Foretell a moon most exquisitely bright.
Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth:
There beds the promise of celestial worth;
In heaven's vaulted skies, a higher, and a lower,
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
Then, minor, cannot guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait;
Lost not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod,
Thus glad all Heaven, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hang on high
Ven radiants, in length of vogue the sky.
That service done, his beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day!

The Force of Religion; or
VANQUISHED LOVE.
A POEM.
IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I.

Ad eodem araevae humanum vicem,
Lumen; man nunc abscondit vivere patras — Virg.
From lofty themes, from thoughts that soared on high,
And opened wondrous scenes above the sky,
My muse I descend; indulge my fond desire.
With other thoughts my melting soul infire.
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise;
A partial wish I entertain for my lays.
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrivaled in the glorious lists of Fame.

Heart, ye fair daughters of this happy land!
Whose bounty on the vanquish'd world bestow,
Virtue is beauty; but when charms of mind
With degree of outward form are jointed;
With which makes such bright objects still more bright
And fortune sets them in the strongest light:
Tis all of heaven that we below may view,
And all that adoration is your due;
Pamela female virtue doth this side adorn
En Oracle, or her glorious queen, was born;
When now Maria's powerful arms prevailed,
And heavy Dagobert felt ambition fail;
The beauteous daughter of great Stufkof's race
In blossoming youth, adorned with every grace,
Who gained a crown by treason not her own,
And totally filled another's throne,
Hunted from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustained the stroke of fate.
But how will Guifleid, her far dearer part,
With newly roused fortify her heart?
At once she hastes, and is afraid to know!
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow;
To find her lord, and finding passes by,
Silent with fear, nor scarce her meet's eye!
Lost she, unsought, in spaceless grief disclose
The sorrowful secret of her inward woes.
Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy shrinks the glass.
A lengthen'd pause, and then the eye see look
And sorrow softened by her heavenly mien,
She claps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Casts up her eyes, with awe inspired,
Fainting the lily, or the blossoming rose.
"Grieve not, my lord; a crown, indeed, is lost;
What farther utters a crown we still may boast.
A man of blood, a man of arms, can disdain
A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
Nothing is lost that virtue can improve
To works eternal, and return above;
None where no distinction shall be known.
Twist him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
And him who, basking in the smiles of Fate,
Shone forth in all the splendour of the great;
Now can I find the difference here below!
I truly was a queen; I still am so,
While Guifled's wife, thine other I obey,
I only mean to manifest extend imperial sway.
When we lie down on some obscure retreat,
Increased Maria may her rage forget;
And I to death my duty will improve,
And what will miss in empire still in love.
Your godlike soul is open in your look,
And I have found you great my meaning spake.
For this alone I pleased were the crown,
To end with what content we lay it down.

Heros may win, but 'tis a heavenly race
Can quit a throne with a becoming grace.
Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheered
Her drooping lord, whose boding bosom feared
A darker cloud of ill would burst, and shed
Soverign vengeance on her guiltless head.
'Well, thou, alas, the terror which he felt!
For, lo! a guard — forgive him if he met—
Eh! how sharp her pangs were, and sever'd from his side,
The most sincerely loved, and loving bride.
In space confined, the muse forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well:
His pain was equal, but his virtue less;
He thought in grief there could be no excess
Penitent he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often clasped his absent face.
Now, absent with his brows, he scan'd his state,
And sickened at their pangs, and taxed his fate,
Which thus adored, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
And on the bridal bed his eyes were cast,
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And every transport stabled him to the heart.
That happy moon which summon'd to delight,
That moon which shines on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet unstarr'd charms
(Denied to princes in his longings arm,
Now sees the transient bliss their feet away;
Empties of love the vista of a day.
Thus in the British clime, a summer-storm
Will o' the smiling face of heaven deform;
The winds with violence are most desire'd.
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the forest bend;
A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
Over seas, and invents the year.
But which is the event, which wakes the heart,
The heavens' captives! from the cheerful day?
The scene is changed indeed: before her eyes
Ill-boding locks and unknown horrors rise;
For pomp and splendours, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's throne.
Black thoughts each mourn invade the lover's breast;
Each night a ruflack looks the queen to rack.
Ah, mortal change, if judged by vulgar minds!
But Stufkof's daughter more sweetly grace,
Religion's force divine is best displayed
In deep desolation of all human aile:
To succour in extremity her flight,
And cheer the heart which cannot soothe the sight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph over misfortunes, smile in grief;
And comfort those who come to bring relief.
We gaze, and, as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Against her care she raised a daundless mind,
And with an ardent heart, but most resigned,
DEEP IN THE DREADFUL GLOAM, WITH PAIN, HEART,
AMID THE SILENCE OF HER DEEPEST RETREAT,
ADDRESS TO HER—ALMIGHTY POWER DIVINE!
THOU'S ART TO SADNESS, AND DEEPER IN THINE.
WITH HONOUR TO LIGHT THE NAME UNKNOWN,
 O REJOICE TO HER, WHO TO HER IS THE TRUE.
In my short span both fortunes I have proved,
And though with these frail nature will be moved,
I'll learn well: (O strengthen me to bear!)
And nothing can thy claim to thee care.
If I remember, yet'styly GIS, I have seen,
And tumult of a court, a future state,
O, favour, when thy mercy I implore,
For all the years of a present time.

TWAS I RECEIVED THE CROWN; MY LORD IS FREE;
If this must, let vengeance fall on me;
Let him survive, his country's rude to mine,
And in each hand to speak thy pleasure.
O may thine indulgence of a father's love,
Pour forth on me, be doubled from above!
If these are safe, I'll think my prayers succeed,
And bless thy tender mercies whilst I bleed.
'Twas now the mortal eye before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid justice rushed into offence,
And drank, in red, the blood of innocence.
These worms down in clouds, and seemed to mourn.
The sad necessity of his return;
The hollow wond, and melancholy rain,
Or threat, or was imaginary to complain.
The tapers cast an insidious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.
Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest;
Soft, blunter, deeper, through her breast,
She smiled; and in her sleep was re-enforced.
Mocked by a giddy dream, and vainly crossed.
She views her fleets and armies, safe and kind,
And stands while her shadow of command;
With royal purple her vision hangs on hung.
By phantoms hosts are shut up of this rang;
Low at her feet the suppliant voice 

OUR power, order, her heart and soul reprimand;
Our prisoners mount her feet, and bid her rise.
Now level beams upon the waters played.
Glanced on the hills, and westward cast the shade;
The busy trades in city had began.
To sound, and speak the painful list of man
In triumph over the thought of vengeance rose.
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widow wise, awake,
Awake, and smile; her night's import is kind.
Her real pomps were little more than dreams;
A short-lived blaze, a lightning quickly over,
That died in birth, that shone and was no more.
Your delight, bliss, pride, and scorn; assume a state.
Of mind well suited to her altered fate,
Serious, though serious, when dread tidings come
(Alas, wretched Guilford!) of her instant doom.

SHE AID THY BLESSING; IN CLOUDS AS BLACK AS NIGHT
Thy face lingers, be guiltless of the sight,
Or inmost misery swiftly to the western main,
Nor let her blood the conscious daylight stain.
Oh! how severe to fall so new a bride,
Yet bleeding from the priest, in youthful pride.
When Time had just matured each perfect grace,
And opened all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
For all her days in years, and all your grace.
Unhappy fault! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promised blessings) vanish from her view;
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights
Speck but sweet, and lovely delight.
Pleasures that blossom even from doubts and fears,
And bliss and rapture rising out of cares:
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lied on her knee, or smiling in her face.
Who, when her dearest father shall return,
From pouring tears on her untold joy,
Might consent to her silver hair, happiness,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart;
As where fruits fail, quick-rising blossom smile.
And the blessed friend of his cares beguile.
In vain these various reasons jointly press
To blacken death, and lighten her distress.
She thought, and felt, and to them as fate,
And all the regions of eternal light;
And fill her soul with peace: to weeping friends,
Her father and her lord she recommends.
Unto her bed, the sport of her despair,
And rage to see their nature throw away,
She scarce; now sought on earth her seat and
But Guilford, still for struggles she struggles,
Shall will his form unfortunately rise,
Cling and retain her transport to the skies.
As trembling flames now take a feeble light,
Now catch the brand with a returning sight.
Thus her soul on earth, from the seats above,
Falls family back, and clings into love.
At length, she conquers in the double field;
That heaven seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
Now, where she is, in approach, is slow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.
Oh, mortals! short of sight, who think the past,
Over misfortunes shall prove the test:
Alist! misfortunes travel in a train;
And oft in life from one perpetual chain.
Pamour its fear, and ills on its attendant,
'High, and will sorrow meet one common end.
She thinks, and this death to last to last,
And death is conquered. Woe than death is near;
Her right trials are not yet complete;
O! the rod and war, the constitution of State.
Oh! the rack they, when the sky's own command.
At first but household in the fields blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
And the upright storm in force is bend,
'Till broken, at length, its mansion leaves are shed.
She sees her head heavy, all white with age,
A victim to the offended monarch's rage.

HE GREAT THE MERCY, SHE THAT BLESS'TH HER LAST
In the same sentence on her father's part
A favourer parent Nature never knew.
And, as his age increased, his kindness grew.
A parent's love never better was bestowed;
The son's daughter in her heart revered.
And can she from all weakness still refrain
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?
Impossible! a sight will force its way.
One parent tear her mortal birth by tears;
She sighs and weeps! but she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.
Celestial Patience! the virtue which ye shall
The foe's proud menace, and clive his hate?
While Patriot takes his part, bemoans our cause.
To death and torture needs each sight disgrace;
By not opposing, their deathey destroy.
And with thy conquered awakes joy.
Now she reveals within her anxious mind,
What we still linger in reserve behold.
Grills rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn; the Queen to rage inclined,
By Curfew nor by pity confined.
What mercy can the spoiler's heart assuage,
When void and reeking lurks the rage?
She thought, and sighed; and now the blood began
To leave her beauties crop all cold and wan,
Now she that saw the flower's eye,
And on her cheek the falling rose lie.
Alist! she Guilford too—When now she's brought
To the dark view, that picture of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor darts down low.
No can rejoice, till Heaven's decrees are known.
Cares of life, till to her he appears:
But not to her heart, and dry her tears?
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows and the dumps away;
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
And plunge in the bottom of the deep.
Bled: were his roves detected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair;
She like a ghost, was moved with solemn pace;
A large, and in the presence of the law.
Rock she receded, she smeared her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess;
Streak to the soul, she staggered with the wound,
And hideous image, to the insuperable blank.
Thus the fair thy, when the sky's own command.
At first but household in the fields blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
And the upright storm in force is bend,
'Till broken, at length, its mansion leaves are shed.
She sees her head heavy, all white with age,
A victim to the offended monarch's rage.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION.
The laugh which Fate imposes you increase,
And help Muris to destroy your peace.
But, oh! against himself his labour turned;
The more he comforted, the more he mourned.
Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind
But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind.
Her sorrow flowed in streams; nor her's alone;
While that he blazoned, he yielded to his own.
Where was the soul she wore, when she so late,
Hailed great parents of the royal state?
When orient gems around her temples blazed,
And bounding nations on the glory gazed?

To the queen's command they both re-

To weep, with dignity, and mourn in state:
She forms the decent misery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch she would des-try.

A spacious hall is hung with black, all light
Shut out, and moon-dy lighten'd into night:
From the dim lamp a dependant bled,
Like a dim crescent in a troubled sky;
It shed a quivering melancholy gloom,
Which only shows the darkness of the room:
A shining axe is on the table bold,
A drawn sword! and glitters through the shade.
In this sad scene the lovers are confined,
A scene of terraces to a guilty mind!
A scene that would have dumph'd with rising
And quite extinguish'd every love but theirs.
What can they do? their mortal eyes may
Then Guiford thus address: "O! despise
An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
Numbers have hid that bright declamation
But whereas the Charles, or Dicius where,
Could quell the blooming, beheading fair?
Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip to stand
In full possession of thy bloody hand!
And, through the deceased crystal of thy eye
The heavenly treasures of thy mind to spy?
Till mutiny reason happily destroys,
And faith and love and innocents joys
Me give the word, and ask me where my kiss?
I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, This,
And shall the grave—"Thy groans, and can no
But all her charms in silence truces over;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought,
And, wondering, see, in and presum'd thought,
From the dull sound of thy voice in vain,
And roll along the dust, a ghastly bill!
Oh! let those tremble who are greatly bless'd!
For who but Guiford could be thus distress'd?
Could ever either all you glad or great
From flowery meadows, and from sons of state?
Nor think I call your pleasures to destroy,
But to admire, and to exalt, your joy:

Wipe not; but smiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the breeze of air.
Was ever such a mournful, moving sight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling light:
Now they embrace, and, mixed with bitter we,
Like Isis and her Thame, one stream they flow:
Now they start wide; fixed in benumbing care;
They sit in states of despair:
They, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
They cast at once; they fling their cares behind.
And clasp, as if to death; now vows repeat
And quite wrapped up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns, and their bicker'd hearts must bleed again.
Mourns the queen now craven deed;
But ill content that they should only bleed.
A priest is sent, who, with insalubrious
Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart.
And Guiford drank it, hugging on the breast.
He from his childhood was with Rome possessed.
When now the ministers of Death reign'd
And in her dearest lord she first must die;
The subtle priest, who long had watched to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind.
Bespeaks heresies: "Grave not; this is your point.
Your lord to rescue, her face to dissemble;
Her bosom plesa, she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horror thrills through every vein;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent,
And her soul trembles for the great event.
The priest proceeds. "Embrace the fall of Rome,
And wander your own, your lord's and father's
Ye blessed Spirits! now your charge sustain;
The past was ease; now first she suffers pain.
Must she pronounce her father's death must be
But Guiford bleed?—It must not, can not, be.
It can not be! but 'is the Christian praise,
Above impossibilities raise
The weakness of our nature, and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What though of grace of grace or change impure?
A moment's swiftness to the feathered dart:
Though tainted air our vigorous youth can break
And a chill breeze the hardly warrior slakes?
Are we so strong; hear the loud tempest rise
From east to west, and call no weak more no
The lightning's irresistible force proclaim
Our might; and thunder raise our humble names;
Our Jehovah fills the heavens; as long
As he shall reign. Almighty, we are strong;
We, by devotion, bow from his throne;
And almost make Omniscience our own.
We force the gates of heaven, by fervent prayer;
And call forth its triumphs out of man's despair.
Our lovely mother, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,

Devoutly sail—Then, brightening like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scattered clouds away.
Shining in majesty, till now unknown;
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She rises, spires: 'Tis time those terrors
Here Guiford, called Guiford. (barbarous man
Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning run;
Overwhelmed with temptations sorrow fraught.
And stifled, in its depth, the melancholy thought:
Then bending fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, desirous with their sors;
His fears for her alone: he bestres his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul express:
"O! let thy thought over our past converse move.
And show one moment unmindful with love!
Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
In pity to thyself, forget the past:
Else will than never, void of shame and fear,
Proclaim her deeds whom they hast held so dear,
Then who last took to thy arms, and swore
Embraces were wise, and fate could give no pain;
That to continue was its utmost power,
And make the future like the present hour;
Now call a ruffian, bids his cruel sword
Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;
Treason! (who can judge?) and false the time she dissemble)
And stain his honour with a traitor's name.
This sight perhaps be born without remorse,
But sure a father's pang will have their force;
That he, no longer in his journey's end,
Through cruel storms to the grave descend.
His shallow blood all issue at a wound
With a sable's feet, and smoke upon the ground;
Be he to you has, has ever a reverent,
Tarn take your vengeance."—Suffolk now drew near,
Bending beneath the burden of his care.
His breast a red stream; when rose her race
Desperate. Wilt, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps to meet the blooming spring;
Downward he cast a melancholy look,
Three times to hide his grief, then finallly spake
"Now decently to pass away,
Your aim to this day can only be a day:
For thee, my soul's desire! I can't refrain;
And shall my tears, my last tears, flow in vain?
When you shall know a mother's tender name,
My heart's distress no longer will you blame.
At this, a tear his burning groans wore heard;
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard.
To match his, all to match his, as to his face pressed,
And hid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then singing, called her pious justice,
And called his holy temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know
Has the queen bawdly to distress her face
O woe descents to Misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
When she had soared, to let your arrows fly.
And fetch her bleeding from the midnight sky.
And with his force her resolution aid.
Large doors, unbolking with a mournful sound.
To view discover, wakening on the ground,
Three headless trunks of whose arms main-
And in her was immortal glory gazed.
The lifted axe assured her royal doom,
And silent mourners saddened all the room.
Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale?
Nor truths to stagger human faith reveal?
She met this untimely mass of her fate
With Christian dignity and pious state;
The burning storm's promptings rage she blessed,
And all the mery triumphed in her breast.
Her lord, and father, for a moment's space,
She stately folded in her hanging's end.
Then thus she spake, while angels heave in high
And sudden gladness smiled along the sky.
"Your over-kindness has not moved my hate;
I am well pleased, you make my death so great.
Joy I can not save you; and have given
Two lives much dearer than my own to heaven;
If the queen decrees, I have cease
To hope my blood will satisfy the love;
And there is mercy still for you in store;
With me the bitterness of death is over;
He shot his sting in that farewell embrace,
In your eyes and peace.
Then let mistaken sorrow be suprised,
Nay seem to envy my approaching rest.
Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
She smiling, said, "I have been complete;
And tell your queen I thank her for the blow,
And give my gratitude I can not show.
A poor return I leave in England's crown
For everlasting pleasures removed from me.
Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
Her guilt, the only vengeance in her power.
Not, Rome, untouched with sorrow, heard her tale,
And farse Maria spurned her too late.
Love of Fame,
THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.
IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTIC SATIRES.

PREFACE.

These Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters, though some persons may be so selfish as to express a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are caused by others. It is much to be feared that mankind will never be cleared of this world by satire; as, therefore, that is to be said for it, that mankind will certainly be never cleared of the world by satire; if so, satires are written. Nor is that term applicable to greater compositions; ethics, heathen and Christian; and the Scripures themselves, are, in a great measure, a satire on the weakness and impiety of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too; as in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that, I hope, these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misuse the severity. Nay, histories themselves may be considered as satires; and satires must sever; since such are most human actions, that to relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Nor can he smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible, as it makes our selves last, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence; and that for this reason, because what men aim at by them in a gravity or public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joines them together, as several branches from the same root;

an unity of design which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some men may say; for reason we owe no passions. Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss; and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fizzle of success. The world is too proud to find a serious tutor; and when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has it in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the chief master: he appears in good humour while he composes; and, therefore, his censure has the weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion: he has but little valuable but his elegance and melody; the last of which I have had in my eye, her rather for imitation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal in part of the Sixth Satire, (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner, but not the matter. This is not disparaging to the writer and tender too. Boccace has joined both the Roman satirists with great success, but he has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the last of all. An excellent critic of our own composing Boccace's closeness, or, as he calls it, prescript, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be

sofound.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit, the last of which can never, or should never succeed, without the former. An author without it betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; and is but advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the merit of Cervantes and Don Quixote, which makes her way to the pretensions and honours; that she rather satirical mirror; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful adoration of her father's family, but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations. However, this is not necessity, but choice. Wisdom is her governess; she might have purchased the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shows a due passion for her charms.

Vol. IV.

LOVE OF FAME.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

Thus a noble Roman said or, quam

To you, sweet Muse, who can I fear.

To poets sacred is a Dorset's name.

Thus a noble Roman said or, quam

Virtus.

JUV. Sat. 19.

My verse is satire; Dorset! lend your ear,
And patronise a Muse you can not fear.

To poets sacred is a Dorset's name.

Thus a noble Roman said or, quam

Virtus.

JUV. Sat. 19.

And when I speak, you'll laugh, he'll laugh too.

Thus a noble Roman said or, quam

Virtus.

JUV. Sat. 19.

And when I speak, you'll laugh, he'll laugh too.

Therefore, let me now recite.

And when I speak, you'll laugh, he'll laugh too.

Thus a noble Roman said or, quam

Virtus.
LOVE OF PAME.

When men of infancy to grandeur soar,

They light a torch to shove their fame abroad,

To the great, their charms a rival dote.

Some lords, to make them reign, and turn their wreaths,

Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.

These, as divers, for renown, and boast,

With pride inverted, of their honours lost:

But against reason sure its equal aim,

To outdo that FAME, which makes all gain.

What numbers here, through old ambition, strive

To seem the most transport, what desire,

As if by joy deserted, they were

And all the fortune was wise and true;

For who is not a wise, and noble, wise,

And all the fortune is full of grace;

Their smiles are only part of what they wear,

Put off at once, nor any make the fair.

Who boldly flattery sallied off to

With anxious care they laboured to be glad.

What numbers, here, would into fame advance,

Of course dear, in the orator's dance.

The tavern, park, assembly, task, and play,

Those dear destroyers of the tedious day

That wheel of hope: that sanctum of the town

Call it diversion, and the gill goes down.

Fools grin on fools, and stultify one another.

Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.

Courts can give nothing to the wise and good

But sense of pomp and love of solitude.

High stations tarnish, but not the bliss

None think the great or happy but the great;

Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting.

Which makes a swain as wretched as a king

Terry none their pantomime and show;

I envy none the galling of their wo.

Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene

And guiltless heart, to range the sullen scene.

No splendid poverty, no gleaming room.

No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there.

That pleasing object useful thoughts suggest,

The sense is ravished, and the soul is blessed;

On every club delightful wisdom grows,

In every strain the instruction knows

But sense, unsought, cleft the whispering rill,

In spite of sacred leisure blackhills still.

Nell shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom

In her own native soil, the dressing-room.

The squire is proud to see his courtesan strain,

Or well-bred'beagles sweep across the plain.

Yes, dear Hippolitus! (whose drink is sea)

Whose chalice is a colt, whose golden grace,

Whose mistress is saluted with a snick,

And friend received with thumps upon the back

When they seek golding nimly keep the mound.

And Ringwood open on the grassed ground

Is that they prize? let Ringwood's fame alone;

Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own.

* Sir Andrew Fountaine and the Earl of Pembroke were

 fest admissions of genuine names.

A famous title.
LOVE OF FAME.

When fames were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lucorum signed the bargain—with his mark.
Enraged men of books assume the care,
As demons are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors livers alone
Is Codrus's erudite ambition shown;
Elders various, at high prices bought,
Learn the world what Codrus would be thought.
And to that cost another must succeed,
To pay a sage who says that he can read,
Who titles knows, and indeed has seen,
But leaves to Orrety what lies between;
Of composers who shuns the proude expense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.
Verre! whose accomplishments make good
The praise of a long illustrious blood.
And art and industry exalted groould.
The strictest honored! and the finest taste!
Accept this verse, if satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.
By your example would Hiloche inane.
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius mixt,
Generose all vitiates are compos'd in wit.
But that his freakish fancy may cool,
For, though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to see, not wise, his sense;
Nor make a frays of an excellence.
Or spare what's past, and be to mind,
Like dolemony, all the faults of all mankind.
What though wit tickles, tickling is unlawful,
If still his painful white it makes us laugh.
What though his fancy is of folly and trust,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be praised, good-nature is adored;
Thus draw your wit as seldom as your sword;
And none can be just when the scion flares.
Here are no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth all the rover best is what,
So wit by pretenses sharpest set.
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain and pleasure to the voyers.
The same over gives it for the joy they find.
Dull is the jester when the joke's unknown.
Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
The same cheaters and those that praise and renown.
His most facetious Letters came to hand,
Which my First Satrie sweetly reprehend.
If that just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, in which art not well or known?
For all but such with caution I forbear;
That thou went either I ever knew before.
I know thee now, both what thou art and who.
No Mark so good, but Marcus must shine through;
But let us forth the blackhead seconce can read,
Must he wisely look, and greatly plead.
As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as furtimes from wise.
These subtle wights (with their mutual iron,
Though Satrie touch them with her Kenneth pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off someone with a better grace.
LOVE OF FAME.

Not for my attempts that way along
More to raise my verse, conceal my own
An ill-bred modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more
Her learning, and her genius too sublime
And dark and cold are her declining days
As if men were now of another cast
They mainly live on slaves of age past
Men still cling to what they know, and when they behold these
Shall triumph of the sons of cold Despair?
Shall they fill, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace;
Not in their way to this end, but in known
Dame, or the improvements of their own
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New eat with ease, and in no borrowed mould
Late come the veins may read, if they refuse
And suffer, as they choose.
Your work is long; the critic cry
'Tis true,
And baguenaus still, to take in fools like you
Shame on my labour, if its length you blame
For grow but wise, you rob me of my game
As hatted bays, who, while the dogs pursue,
Remorse their four legs, and start up two
Làst the bold (curl upon the banks of Nile,
That frugal, that steady, that industrious

Will I enjoy (Gread) fault! the critic's page
And with the fell destroyer feed my page
Is what ambitious fools are most to blame
If the fame you nourish, any write a name
And authors damned have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss
Bababoss, muffled in his blanket shone
Like them themselves, and they they will love, live,
The same solenn, and as boodles, croes,
'Ten thousand worlds for the three uncles
To do a rage' who through Farnamous touch

Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blues,
May forge the patrons that create them sets.
As love of pleasure into pain betrayed,
So most grow infames through love of praise.
But whereas for praise can such an end ensue
When those who bring that incomes we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contamperate gone round, and all men laugh at
Nice can e'er salute them; for this is true
They have most ample cause for what they do,
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thus wast mean
A nurse of fools to stock the continent.

Though Flanders and the Nine, to ear or ever
Rook fully understand in that the wise will grow.
The penteative harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my41ury's bill.
A Wobblt decent, which well-paid publcal damn
Or, rather still, a Duchess's epigram
When, chid in fury I throw down my pen,
I comears a comely one, and I write again.

* The Spencer Compan.  2 Lady Heyv.

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

Long, Dodington in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought
And now a poet's gratitude is all
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three
For whose present glory or the gain
You give protection, I a worthless strain
You love and feel the poet's sacred aim
And know the basis of a solid fame.'

Thus goes to like, yet cautious to command,
You read with all the moll of a friend

As perils with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious marks! where pillars are to be sold
What's the best bower oncecock in thought realned?
The body's wisdom to conceale the mind
A man of sense can anticks dissipate,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain
And be this eternal constancy for ever?
Selden's a cover for a stat
I find the, and when I bend the scorne
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen

Hence, Dodginton, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic Art;
Harmony, counterfeits, and pains
Which all subserv, and I commend, in these
With generous scorn how oft hast thou surveyed
Of court and town the monthly masquerade
What bounds the sense, and the virtue of our age
And hide secure behind a naked face
Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And who believes a friend is undone?
These all care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the best
Of late at White's was young Flobloid seen
How he makes his figure, and his successor's name
So hard it prove in grief sincere to reign.
Sunk was his spirits, for his coat was plain
Next day he burst regained its worthed place;
For there is found in his eye the sparkling flame
A curious artist long inured to tell
Of gouty sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance or by some god inspired,
So odd an animal of his divinity
The well-sworn tis an equal homage claim,
And either shoul has its share of fame;
Hisumpious withal, though concealed it lies
Like Plato and that of his Tyrian dye
He only thinks himself (so frownd for vain)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine
Wherein by seeming chance, he throws his eye
On objects that reflect his Tyrian eye
With how subtile a transport leaps his heart
But Plato ordains that dearest friends must part
In active measures, brought from France, he wheels
And triumphs conscious of his learned book
Save I see some, some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debsnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspired by Fame
Pond of the pretty fellow in the stream
A painted mare, and the farmer's wife surprised
In linen clean, or peruke undisguised;
No sobulous craving his vostumes fear
Valued, like beagles, so their spots appear.
A famed sentiment he wears, whom one surprised
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
One day his wife (for who can vives reclaim)
Levelled her barbarous needles at his fame.

* Earl Chesterffil.

* Lord Delarome.

* Milton's Paradise Lost.
Of minor prophets, a successor sure,

The propagation of thy zeal assure.

See Cæcilius Poet, and Minerva of State,

In solemn council met, and deep debate!

What golden enterprise is taking birth?

What wond’rous opens on the expectation earth?

May I, with loud applause the council rings?

Fired is the fate of wretches and fiddle-strings!

Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths like these

Wit which avails, 'tis a praise to please.

Of others, faster to be stilled, then,

Like just tribunal, bend an awful brow.

How terriﬁc it were to common sense

To wit a patience which gave none offence.

And since from life I take the draughts you see,

Unless those, let their sense me?

The rod and knife his glorious to offend,

And gold in an attempt the world to mend;

The world, where lucky throws to blackheads fall.

Knows the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price?

A man shall make his fortune in a trice,

If, with a plan, though but slender sense,

Friendship, and real impudence,

A supple, smooth tongue, an easy grace,

A name within, a smile upon his face.

I cannot answer why I ought to gain;

May, Dighton! this maximal fail in you,

When my pressing thoughts already viewed,

By the wisdom, might, and friendship grace,

Still higher in your prince’s favour placed,

And lending, here, those wretches counsel, aid;

Which you, abashed, with such success observed;

Be this from one who holds your friendship dearest.

What must we wish, with ease we fancy near.

To the right hon. Sir Spencer Compton,*

Such vain fair trees the ambitious woodcock

And breasted her sweets on the supporting boughs,

So sweet the venus, the immense verse, should be.

(Oh! famous verse) that hopes support from thee;

Their motions born o’er seasons to proceed;

Their dignity to raise, their councils guide;

Deep to discern, and widely to survey,

And kingdoms’ fates, without ambition weigh;

Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,

The crook’s assertor, and middle’s friend.

Nor dost thou scorn, amidst subler views,

To listen to the labours of the Muse;

Thy smiles protect her, while thy laurels ﬂare,

And to half thy glory to inspire,

Vexed at a public fame so justly worn,

The jealous Chrones is with shame unsound.

Chrones, for airy pensions of renown,

Devotes his service to the state and crown.

All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves.

Though Britain’s thankless, still the patriot loves,

But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,

He drinks his coffee, for the mankind good.

Consults the sacred womb, and these foressee.

What storms or sunshine Providence decrees

Knows for each day the weather of our fate:

A quadrangle is an almanack of state.

You smile, and think this statistic void of use;

Why may not this secret worth produce

Since spee can boast the choice Castalian nut

Since stooks of genius are expert at past.

Since half the senate Not Content can say,

Genius makes all, and puppies plot betray.

What makes this model realms and conscious kings?

An incantation for smaller things.

Poor Chrones can’t conduct his own estate,

And themes has undertaken Europe’s fate.

Gehens leaves the realm to Chrones’ skill,

And boldly claims a prince the highest birth;

To raise a name, the ambitious boy has got

At once, a ﬁlial, and a shoulder-bolt.

Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole;

And plants the dull eye that saves his soul.

Pooreye in poison; good estates are bad

For this disease; poor rogues can seldom mend.

Have not attendants brought unhoped relief,

And ﬂagging stocks quenched an unquench’d pain.

While the sun shines, Blunt talks with_wordly force.

But thunder mad small beer and weak discourse.

Such useful instruments the weather show,

Just as their mercies are big and luminous.

Health Chiefly keeps an alcoctt in the dark,

A fever argues better than a Clarke:

Let he the logic in his pulse decay.

The Grecian he’ll renounce, and learn to pray.

While Collins* smarms, with an unfeigned soul.

The apostate youth who renounced once so well.

Collins, who makes so merry with the creed.

He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;

* Anthony Collins, founder of the sect of Presbyterians.
But only thinks so: to give both their due, Satan and he believe, and tremble too.
Some of glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scoundrels of their age.

Narcissus the Tartar, in love, dies;
Nay, a free-man with some terror names;
Quits his duty; nor can Envy way
He missed, these many years, the church or play:
He makes no noise in parliament, 's true,
But pays his debts, and visit, when 's due:
His eyes langish; and his gloves are ever clean,
And then he can enliven the bowing Dean:
A smile eternal, on his lip he wears;
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.

Young, though not yet, he's most uncharitable,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most characterously lends the town his face,
For ornament in every public place:
As soon as cards lie to the amusement once,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms:
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, joined to two, he fails not—make three.

Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does nothing with a better grace?
To deck my list by Nature were designed
Such shining expedients of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream
Some to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterfeit this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and cold;
What more than dainty is sure to please people,
Of many kinds, these dear antipodes:
Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.

Aristotle's proof, With a smile serene,
Seldwy will fugit, Ethernet engage:
By Nature streams run backward, flame descends;
Stone, and Sussex is the worst of friends.
They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
And blush, and surprise them in the light.
If they by chance burst out, ere well aware
A swan is white, or Queenberry is fair.
Nothing excises in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool's evidence, but a fool's that's so.
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He can not bear a rival in the wrong.

Though wrong the mode, comply: more sense is shown
In wearing others' follies than your own.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

But what in address can be more sublime
Than Eutaw, the foremost toman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fanes,
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances.

* The Duchess of Queenberry, a celebrated race.
  3* Sir Hans Sloane, whose collection enrich our Museum.

And Ashmole's baby-heron is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru.
How his eyes langish! I have thought a deal
That painted coat which Joseph never wore!
He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin
That touched the ruff that touched Queen Anne's back!

Since that great deths our chronicles &c.
Since the great plague that swept as many men:
Was ever there a sinner of a man?
It has not brought us one our baby bird!
In times that such learned men as these,
Unhappy Jersey! how came you to please!
Not guilty butterflies, like Linnaeus's bunk,
But in effect his chase is much the same:
Warm in pursuit, he leaves all the great,
Stanch to the foot of title and estate:
Where'er their larkshuns go, they never find
Or Lice, or their shadows, big behind.
He sets them sure, where'er their larkshuns run.
Close at their elbows, as a morning-dew.
As if their grandeur by contiguity wretched,
And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
And after seven years' chances from place to place.
The Dane! is more familiar with his Grace.
Who'd be a crutch to grasp a rotten poet,
Or living pen of dashing at the ear.
For ever whispering secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the Town.

Who'd be a glass, with flattering graces,
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it heart.
Or cushion, with which the powerfulness shall please:
To fall or triumph, for his better ease.
Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespree.
When the peer rashly swears he'll club his job.
Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not find
His larkshun's jest, or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessing to the gods profoundly bow?
That can cry chimney-smear, or drive a plough?
Whose terms like these how mean the tribe the close?
Scarcely meaner they who terms like these ex post?
But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors, lie;
The writing tribe, who, shameless aunts afraid
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sull.
All men they flatter, but themselves the more.
With deathless fame their everlasting boast:
For Fames no easy may make so much her jest.
As her old constant sport, the bard professed.

Bole's shines in council, Moskowitz in the fight,
Poulant, magnificent, but I can write;
And what to my great soul like glory dear?
Till some god whispers in his tittering ear,
That fame's unknowable, though seldom seen.
And life is best sustained by what is eaten:
Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his war.
Ah! what avail'd it, when his dinner's lost
That his triumphant name admires a poet?
Or that his shining page (proving fate)/Defends enfinis, which sons of Dunshoe eat?

What to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel sustenance can refrain from tears.
When the poor Muse, for less than half a crown,
A pretender on every bulk in town,
With other whose uniform, though not in print.
Could write fig genres in the Mind?
Ye hard! why will you sing, though uninspired?
Ye hard! why will you starve to be admired?
Defend by Phœbus' love, beyond express;
Why will your spirits against the frighted press?

But, in that exuberance of the head,
Like hair, will you, though the poet's dead.
All other trades demand, verse-makers beg:
A dram is like a shilling; and a bag.
A barren Luebo, the true mus'poet's fashion,
Exposes borrowed brains to move compassion.
Though such my, vile bard I demand;
I pray more, though gentle Damon is my friend.

It's then a crime to write?—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:
For some, though few, there are, large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pyr:
Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds their theme, their bounty their support;
Who servs, unsack'd, the least pretence to write.
My sole excuse, for having writ.
Agile true wit is studious to restore,
And Damon smiles, if Phœbus smiled before;
Faints in verse the long-loved muse adores,
And Hurley, as like a Muse inspires.
But all, as not can obtain that
Fame which poets languish for in vain.
How and their aim who thirsts for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess alive.
Fame's a reverie, in which men take place
(longo tevento) at their own decrease:
This truth engages Lintot knows so well,
And wonders that his authors that works may sell.
That fame is name, another can reply,
Who knows no guilt, no scandal but in rage,
And swell in just proportion to their bags.

Not only the low-born, deformed and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold:
The young land which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest hump in Lombard's bed,
From resolvent canes who raised a sum,
And staves, to join a penny to a plan.

A harmless mind! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern bard
Will mortgage Cecilia to redeem their land.
For love, young, zoly, rich Castalia dies;
Name but the fair, loves swells into his eye.

Divine Minerva, thy soul, and thine lay down,
No rival can prevail;—but half a crown.
He glories to late times to be conveyed,
Not for the poor he has relieved, but made:
Not such ambition his great fathers hold,
When Harry conquered, and half France expost,
'Gain he a slave, a pum; a dog, for gain;
Nay, a dull scriff for his golden chain.

'Who'd be a slave?' the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparks from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right—
Just is his title,—for he will not fight.

All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty,—by their place:
But when, indiglating on the last campaign,
His lofty term's climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the fos he show, at each vain
Sweet revenge, and too, above the sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserved enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, they must destroy
To the world the debt to deeds of high degree,
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own;
Augustus' deeds in arms had never been known;
Augustus' deeds, if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misplaced his aim.
Such is the prince's worth, which the world
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATURE V.
ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation! love and best
Of all God's creatures! creatures in whom eternally
Whoever can to right or wrong be forced
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet,
How are thou lost?—

Milton.

Non reins agitambition in bold man alone;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own;
But there, indeed, it deals in more things.

Than routing names and dethroning kings.
So Nature then a raggard of her bliss? Reclaim we goddess in a world like this? But our own fate takes her lawful charms refuse, And painted Arts deprave all allurements choose. Such Fulvia’s passion for the town: fresh air (An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair; Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs; And larks, and nightingales, are odious things; But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight, And to be pressed to death transports her quite. Where silver rivulets play through thy浪费 admirable scenes, And woodbine give their sweets, and ELs their shades, Black henners’ absentColours she regrets, and stops her nose at violets. Is stormy life preferred to the scene? Or is the public to the private scene? Retired, we find a smooth and open way, Through briers and brambles in the wilderness, Still opposition, and perplexed debate: And thorny case, and rank and stinging hate, Which choke our passage, our career control, And tube the temper of our soul, O sacred St Helen! Diana retreat! Choices of the prudent: envy of the great: By thy pure streams, or in thy waving shade, We gain our fairest Wisdom, the celestial mind; The genuine offspring of her soul’s embrace. (Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace; These from the ways of man lead safe asho. We smile to bear the distant tempest near; Those blessed with health, with business unpleased, This life we relish, and insure the next: There too the Muses sport: these numbers free, Their beldame, and obedient to thee. There sport the muse, but not there alone; Their sacred force Amor’s feelings in town. Naught but a genius can a genius fill; I think with herself, Amor’s mind. Both wise, though miracles are said to cease, Three days, three wondrous days! they lived in peace; With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose On Dunfry’s poetik, and Bunyan’s prose. The learned war both wage with equal force, And the last men concluded the divorce. Plutus, though, she possesses nothing less, Is proud of being rich in her own house; Laboriously pursues delusive toys, Content with pain, since they’re reputed joys. With what well-attended transport will she say, ‘Well, sure we were so happy yesterday, And then that charming party for to-morrow!’ Though well she knows ‘twas languish unto sorrow, But she desires not the present hour; So gross that flesh, it is beyond her power; For such is or our weakness, for our cure. Or such rather our crime, which still is worse, The present moment, like a wife, we shun, And never enjoy, because it is our own. Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy; Pleasure, like quicksilver, is light and coy; We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill, Still it eludes us, and it glitters still; Satiety at last the sport mightily gains; But what is it rank poison in your veins? As Flavin in her glass an angel spies, Fride whispers in her ear pensive lies; She нашей, while she surveys a face so fine, There’s no satiety of charms divine: Hence, if her lover yarns, all changed appears Her temper, and she melts (sweet swall) in their She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy’d In soft amusements she benevolously employed. The morning came, when Stephano, waking, found (Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drawn; What silence, says Stephano, makes thewery! Ah, but kiss me, my love, how could you sleep? Men love a mistress as they love a fruit; How grateful one to touch, one to taste! Yet sure there’s a certain time of day We wish our mistress and our meat away; But soon the satied appetite returns Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn; Eternal love let men, then, never swear! Let women never triumph nor despise; Nor praise nor blame, too much, the warm or cold Hunger and love are foreign to the will. There is, indeed, a passion more refined, For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind; But hat no unadorned set is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damaris name. Eternal love exactly hits her taste; Phyllis demands eternal love at least. Be his soul smile, if you please;’ 4 Eternal love I love, the swain replies; But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend! What day next week the chastity shall end? Some nymphs prefer astrology to love, Eclipse the immortal man, and range above; The fair philosopher to Roscius’ files They, in a bow, the whole creation left: She sees the planets in their turns advance; And Mars, Pallas, their subterranean dance. Of Desaguliers she approves fresh air, And Whiston has engagements with the fair. What vain experiments Sophronia tries? She’s not in spirit-pumps the gargoyle described: But though tacked of science spikes, (If o’er sex?) soon end her learned pains.

An emunrise philosophical instrument-maker.

LOVE OF PAME.

Let’s pay from Jupiter her heart his got, Turns out the start, and Newton is a set. To * * * turn, she never took the height Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right: She strikes each point with native force of mind, While puzzled learning blunders far behind. Graced to sight, and elegant to thought, The great are vanquished, and the wise are taught. She preferred to her the temper of water, When eases rise, and when gay discours, In glittering scenes, o’er her own heart severe, In crowds collected, and in courts discreet; She wears and wins, with zeal and understanding. She takes a noble pride in ignorance; Yet not superior to her sex’s cares, The mode she fix’d by the gown she wears; Of silk and chases she’s the last appeal; In these great points she leads the commonwealth. And if disputes of empire rise between Melusin the queen of love, and Calpurnia; This, I doubt! till suspended Pate Assume her rod, to close the grand debate. When such her mind, why will the fair express Their emulation only in their dress? But; oh! the nymph that mounts above the skies, And, great with such divine desires, Has engaged the church’s welfare to insure, And make her family a sincere; The divine above cards shall not forget, But walks in texts of Scripture at pious; In this grace she sees it the prime, And thanks her Maker that her cards are good. What angels would be, who thus excel In theology, cows, or girls to see! Yet why should not the fair her text present? Can she more decently the doctor own? I tell you, she who makes no use but chat Of her religion, should be buried to that issue, a brother of the erasing strain. When he has knocked at his own skull in vain, To beauntous Marcia often will repair. With a dark text, to light it at the fair, How can I see and not be found? Steel love for holy men in woman-kind. Charmed with her learning, with what capture her Hangs on her brows; like an inquisition bee; Hangs on her bows; and with all his power Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair aiflower! The young and gay declining, Apollo flies At nother place, the mighty and the wise? To the mind, more an eagle than a happy. How she sometimes to her mistress tells. She impatiently pleads the world to love. Can wealth give happiness? look round and see What a rich distress! what splendid misery! Where, dimensional vanity can pour! The mind is pleased with all that calls for more. Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says; Like any lord its promises— and pays.

How will the miser stately be told Of such a wonder as insolvent gold? What Nature wants has an intrinsic weight, All more is but the fashion of the phase Which for one moment gains her fancy, and Then weel not seen, but a noble mind. Mistaken lovers, who make their care, And think accomplishments will win the fair; The fair, ‘tis true, by genius should be worn, As flowers unfold their beauties to the sun; And yet in female beauty a name is flung, And wit must wear the willow and the bay. Nought shines so bright in vain Libra’s eye As riot, impudence, and peril. The youth of fire, that blushed deep, and played, And killed his man, and triumphed o’er his maid, For him as yet unhanged, she spreads her charms, Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms, And guile to grace, (though treated by him) The roads of merit his revenge in this. If you resent, and wish a woman ill; But turn her o’er one moment to her skill. The hagiel lady next appears in state, Who was not born to carry her own weight; She lehrs, roes, staggers, till some foreign aid To her own stature lists the feeble maid. Then, if ordered to so severe a task, She, by just stages, prayer to God the room; But, knowing her own weakness, she dares To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs. ‘My fan?’ let others say, who laughs at tell; ‘Pant, hold! glove! search! in her prudish style. And that is spoken with such a dying fall, That Betty rather sees than hears the call; The motion of her lips, and meaning eye, Piece out the idea her faint words convey; O listen with attention most profound! Her voice is but the shadow of a sound, And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead. One hand scarce serves her, and her lips mift. If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o’er, She pants! she sinks away! and is no more. Let the robust, and the gigantic, care Life is not worth so much; and the fourth star; But she cleaves herself; ah, cruel fate! That Rosilinda comes by proxy. An ambon in female cupress leaves (Kind Heven! against the poison of their eyes. Thalassia triumphs in a many manly vine; Loud is her accent, and her phrases obscene. In fair and open dealing where’s the shame? What Nature dares to give, she dares to name. This honest fellow is stung and plain; And justly gives the jealous husband pain (Vain is the task to petitions assigned, If wanton language shows a naked mind).
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oriole supplies the vivacity of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpare the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.
By force is fear, and for the simple strain;
She, on the Christian system is profane:
But though the valley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a gnomad.

When tender's我对 you, with how much more our dear,
When Jove des patch a lady in her stead?
A lady! pardon my mistaken pen;
A shameless woman is the worst of men.
For go to good-breast, make just pretence;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplished mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue joined.
A violated decency now roges;
Andymphis's gentle falling means peculiar pain.
With Chinese painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity;
They throw their persons with a hothead air,
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchanged their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The virtuous mien, the measured pace,
For which her lovers died, her parents prayed,
Are inconceivable with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor empty forms, nor nature to be paid.
Modern good-breeding carry to the height,
And Lady D—'s self will be polite.

Ye rising Fair! ye bloom of Britain's life!
When high-born Avara, with a softened smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles all your beat.
What seems most hard is not to well-beard.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all but adoration is your due.

But adoration! give me something more,—
Cecil Lyce, on the borders of throscore.
Neatly treat so silent at the foot of Time;
Ere we mistake our autumn for our prime.
The graceful image steals so swiftly away,
Before we are told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.

Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento more to each public place.
Oh how your beating breast a mistress warn
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms,
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his blade the sexton marks the ground;
steady, steady, but others doem.
She plans new conquests and defaces the tomb,
In vain the cox has summoned spritites away,
She walks at noon, and blazes the bloom of day;
Gay rainbow-like her shellows charm unfold,
And nought of Lyce but himself is old.

[“Shakespeare's Hamlet.”]
LOVE OF FAME.

Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor;
Who was it said Selina’s near threesome?
At Launce’s match I from my soul rejoice,
The world congratulates so wise a choice:
His lordship’s retreat is exceeding great;
But mortgages will sap the best estate.
In Shirley’s form might chearles appear,
But then—she has a freight on her ear!
Without a bat, Hermon she commands,
The first of women, and the best of friends;
Owes her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright;
But how comes this to pass?—she died last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at naught fail.
Indeed that’s needful, if such praise should be:
And whence such praise?—her audience is thrown
On others’ fame, through fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowned,
For are not corsets akin to crowns?
Her greedy eye, and her subtle address,
The height of oratory and polite jargon,
You seek perfection worthy of her mark;
Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth un ucwords, by reason uncontrolled,
For ever burns her sacred thought:
As fond of ground as the velvet eel,
And quite as much detected as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig pieces or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for his much less.
To make our fortune thus is a modest grace.
That happiness which great ones often seek;
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblessed. ’Tis poor that poor;
What are they who despise their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Praeuse enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy be due to large expense:
Since not, these pompoms which to the great belong.
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they buy an alms of Fortune?
They hangish! oh, support them with a tie!—
A decent competence we fully taste;
It stikes our sense, and gives a constant feast.
More we perceive of that of riches.
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to best
To see their treasures, bear up to their wealth,
And all the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls and touched with warmth
Divine,
Give goal a price, and teach its beams to shine.

*Probably Lady Frances Shirley.
LOVE OF FAME.

For evermore his name and fame
Shall load the mansions of the sky,
And in the memory of the ages
The hero and his deeds shall lie.

For he shall be the song of ages
And story shall be told in song,
And men shall sing of him and sing of the days
When he was dear to love and long.

Yet Heaven doth, to earth's vile drops a slave,
Through cowardice most execrable cease.
With our own judgments we do to us,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.

Now then, my Muse! in honest fury rise;
They should in nature defy for nature.
Arise! from most nymphe a goddess own,
And nothing but his attributes destroy,
From air, with firm and sightly belief,
They should in nature defy—forever.
His other excellence they shall not dispute:
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.

Shall pleasures of a short duration last,
Hell's sacred temple, in eternal bliss.
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a sip of transient joy.

No, he's for ever in a solemn mood,
He's like themselves, or could not be good;
They shall no more who slandered eden sup.

Bow, thus, Jehovah, do you see,
The pure! there's just upon his head,
A deity that perfectly perfected.

Dear Tithon! be sure the best of men;
Me thought more than thought great Origen.

Thus once upon a time he beheld me
Saints and wretches all at length be saved.
Let priests do something for their one in ten;
It is their trade: so far they're honest men.
Let them run on, since they have toa know;
And then the gods, like themselves, in black.

He fights with terrors of a world unknown;
From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
For then they leave our unlived virtuous free.

Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show;
Dull mortal write like Rocheffourcalt!
Thus please the devil's fair apostolip,
And please, no more casting out rain!

Let angel-forms angeled truths maintain,
Nature dispels the heartless and profane.
For what's true beauty but fair Virtue's face?
Tone made visible in outward grace,
She, then, that's harmonizing with an impious mind?
The more she chases, the more she shocks mankind.

But charms descend: the fair long vigile keep,
They sleep no more: Quindecu* has murdered sleep.

Poor Kemp!* cries Lavin; I have not been there
In these bright cheeks the present can alone;

These two nights: the poor creature will despair,
I have a crowd—but do you go, you know—
And people of condition should bestow.

Contrived, venial, to Kemp's grave natares ran,
Now set a daughter, and now take a son;

*phinque.
†Keeper of an assomity.

Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly,
And beggar half their race—through charity.

Innumera were, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight;
But since the gray assembly of wills
Is but an upper story to the tomb.

Methinks we need not our short being shun,
And, thought to fly, content to be undone:
We need not buy our ruins with our current,
And give eternity to murder time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With careless stores the blackened soul it fills.
Reports at Heaven, neglects the gain of blood,
Destroys the will and power of doing good.

Kills health, provokes honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

Best yer set of troubles that are on top,
The scandal and the ruin of the land,
And see, (at some sight!) that ruffian bound,
A form divine high wave her snowly head,
That ruffles back a small enchanted box,
Which, held as thunders, on the board she knocks;
And so fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook.

From Zalame's eyes inspective bursts:
From this enmity of the odious stem, flies,
Peace, rage, convictions, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean—the fair discharges none.
She (gratious creature,) swears to Heaven alone.

See her eyes start! cheeke glow! and muscles swell,
Like the mad maid in the Cunnean cell.
Thus that divine one her soft rights employes;
Thus tarnish her soul to tender manners joy.
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head.
With the door brings her dreams are crossed,
The oh spine lovely, or are they gone round;
Imaginary ruins charm her still.
Her happy lord is cuckolded by Spadille,
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one
He marks the foundress of her darling son.
O sense of horror and of despair?
Why this the rich Aristaeus splendid heir
Constrained to quell his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword! and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction through the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from their posts appear.
Why that gay son to distant regions go!
What friends that daughter's destined match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—no lady played.
And wunders not say Satire from her theme?
Is this, too, owing to the Love of Fame!
SATIRE VII.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL. ROBERT WALPOLE.

On this last labour, this my closing strain, Smile, Walpole! or the Nine inspire in vain. To thee his eye; that verse how justly thine, Where Burnswick's glory crowns the whole design.

Thy splendour in and on the page, Can cards alone your glowing fancy rate? Must Capul learn to point, eoe he can please? When you're enamoured of a leaf or cast, Can they make you clearer to us? Why must strong youths unmarried pass away? They find no woman disgraced—from play. Why pine the married?—O success! fai.

They tell us, they tell us: we disengaged—erate. Flavin, at lovers' false, untouched and heid, Turns pale, and trembles at a cruel card. Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age; Her toccaro years are shadowing with her page; While Death stands by till the game is done.

To sweep that state, in justice long his own: Like old cards, tinged with sulphur, she takes fire; Or the youth judges in scotsmore, blues higher. Ye gods! with new! delightful inspire the fair, Or give us sons, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen, are died. In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose: Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed, In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.

Our pride so great, our passion so strange, Advice to right wrongs we cannot give. I hear you cry, "This fellow's very old!

When you chastise; who would not kiss the rod? But I've a charm your anger shall control, And turn your eyes with oddness on the vale. The charm begins! To wonder flood of light, That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight. What guardian power overhelm thy souls with fear?

Her deeds are precepts, her example law; Midst empire's charms how Carolina's heart. Grows with the love of virtue and of art! Her may be said, in judgment there does appear. Excess of goodness! it has dawned on me. When in my page, to balance numerous faults, Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts, She smiled, and industries to be pleased, nor learnt. From whom my pen they desired laurest crown.

Thus the majestic mother of mankind, To her own charm most amably bind. On the green margin innocently stood, And the crystal glass on the crystal fluid; Stranger'd in the pointed wave, And, smiling, praised the beauties which she gave.

—Queen Caroline. Milton.
ENOCH WELLESLEY
A DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM

= The King's Speech =

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The Outlaws

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yet
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their interest and their pride;
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.
Of those who think a little light dispense,
And what is virtue but superior sense?
In parts and learning you who place your pride;
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double pride.

What is a scandal of the first renown,
But lettered knaves, and atheists in a gown?
Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct stains the brightest sense;
For many things in life can not be ravelled,
Can read your life, and will be prouder than.
Flagitious manners make impression deep.
On those that ever a page of Milton sleep.
So splendid a crew of rascals in their shade,
True, these are fools, but wise men say the same.

Wits are a desperate race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shews us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.
What instance better recall in each thought,
Of a wit that cannot be confined to what.
Against their wills what ruin shews,
Pared through want of wit to be undone?
No book is shown, by making it so rare,
That with a wheel which we need not fear.
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays,
A splendid source of ill run thousand ways.
A certain snare to miseries immense,
A gay prefigurative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that will thing can tie,
And break to paths of virtue and of sense.
But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius flows your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
The great to shew, rather greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power, but greater to desire.
If it still happens for an author's name,
Thoughts to mere less than public fame, and fancy not to be is live.
To do, and not the great prece;
Save seems may be, yet not deserve the glee;
Who write, an awful character prose;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their edifice an immortal flame.
One thought, but what is solid or refined
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.
Surely weigh your learning and your wit;
Keep down your pride by what is nobly witty.

Paint or sanguine may the structure scan,
Grains and mores be with you the man:
Defaults in those alone should give offence;
Who strikes the person pleases his innocence.
My narrowed mind's satire can't extend,
To Coche's form: I can not so much his mind:—
Himself should publish that (the world agrees)
Before his works, or in the gallery.

Be not he, black, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Did or else cannot in the same.
Is that called humour? 'tis this pretence,
Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense.
If you boast the genius of a Swift,
Society, in making men but one.
Can others write like you? your task give o'er,
In this printing what was published long before.

If fraught peculiar through your labour run
They're dissipated, and twenty are but one
And while you think, then dare: Good Nature, turn
Men's manner o'er; and half your volumes burn.
To write with quick reflection by your strike,
Thoughts born from present objects warm from life.

When most unassisted, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherisht by the wise:
Except perhaps has finer than these admire:
Ancient, with justice, and by your own self.
Like, as their Bible, coolly turn o'er;
ince inexperienced children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream,
And in the character of limit is the same.
Letters admit not of half a reason;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
So work ever gained true fame or ever can,
But what you the name of man.
Weighty the subject, egent the discourse;
Clear to the eye, the very sound of force.
Easy the condit, simply the design;
Styling the round, and the soul-darke.
Let nature rise, and judgment wit, exceed;
On learning reason reigns, over that creed;
Thus Virtue's road, at once, and roads, grow;
And thus, and rise a Pope or a Deanean;
And those make mighty, who shall be great and high.
So live, and in the full tastes of life.

First but expose those men who Virtue quit
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And those had Lucilius's detected cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen?
From title writers rise to worthy men.

Who with nonsense nonsense would retain?
With large examens over their page:
And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume in rhyme, in rhyme.
In prose a duller could excurse the crime?
Surely next to writing, the making life the best.
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.
At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimate or brace:
Time is the judge: 'Time has not a day for—'
False fame most wither, and the true will grow,
Armed with this truth all critics defy:
For if I fell, by my own pen I rise;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain.
To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

Sore pressed with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets leveled at my head,
Thus have I forgot a buckler in my heyday.
Of recent form, I reserve me this campaign,
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field,
Duged with wit, and sleep behind my shield.
Unless dire Odysseus comes to the fray
In all his might, and danno me a day.
As turns a flock of geese, and on the green
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spaces.
(Rikibens in rage) to him, not hide;
So war their quills when sons of Dithes write.

AN EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LINDSEY.

When Rome, my Lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus ruled the globe alone;
While all the arts and sciences shone.
Sworn in his courts, and throned his palatine:
Horse did oft the mighty man detain,
And soothed his breast with no ignoble strain;
Now shone aloft, now struck a humming string.
And taught the Roman genius how to sing.
Pardon, if his freedom dare venture,
Who know no want of Caesar, finding you:
The Muse's friend is pleased, the Muse should press
Through circling crowds, and labour for access;
That partial to his daring he may prove,
And shining through for her approach reason.
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast, the glorious flame.
Long has the western world revered her hand,
Poured forth her tears, and cheer'd her dead:
Fell discord through her bonds freely ransack'd,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs changed;
And by land and sea the utmost rage employ'd.
Slew Tell on the banks of the Po, and
Nor Hellen terminate his pleasure:
In vain kind sinmer's plentiful fields bestowed,
In vain the vintage literally flowed;
Ahura from loaded barns all pleasures chased, 
And robbed the rich bountiful of taste. 
Nor could the rich bountiful bring, 
The fruitful Autumn, or the flowery Spring; 
Thine was distinguished by the sword and spear, 
Not by the various aspects of the year. 
The trumpet's sound proclaimed a milder sky, 
And blotted us when the sun was high. 
When such as ye are near your glorious Queen! 
Now Peace, though long required, arrives at last; 
And bids us smile on all our labour past; 
But every wave of her wondrous mast may swell; 
And, without trembling, we resound his name. 
Nor more the rising western where the sword, 
Nor longer waves uncertain of his breast, 
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim. 

No chance of battle change the master's name; 
Each stream, unbraided with blood, more smoothly 
To value quieter virtues now succeed, 
No longer is the great man born to bleed: 
Ravished in crowds, brave Argyle shall tell, 
Wisdom and greatness in one bosom may swell; 
And, without trembling, we resound his name. 
No more the rising western where the sword, 
Nor longer waves uncertain of his breast, 
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim. 

The brighter sun a fuller day bestows, 
All Nature seems to wear a cheerful face, 
And think great Anna for returning peace. 
Peace, which from all his heart he chased, 
No longer he invokes the gods in vain, 
But rise to new life, in every field. 
He finds Eyrie in rivers termed nectar; 
Nothing so dear and sweet but can please, 
And borrow kindness from his late disease. 
Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace 
As more than bids the rage of battle cease, 
Death more than bids the rage of battle cease, 
'Cause nought survives which our器材 employ; 
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes, 
And strips of love exact our sweet repose. 
As great Britain's noblest pinion, your friend, advance, 
Nor miss his Lanxdown in the court of France: 
So well received, so welcome, so at home, 
(Blessed change of Fate!) in Bourbon's stately stones. 

The monarch pleased, descending from the throne, 
Will not that Anna call him all her own, 
He claims a part; and looking round to find 
Something might speak the fulness of his mind, 
A diamond shines, which oh! had touched him before. 
Renewed his grief, and robbed him of a tear; 
Now first with joy belied, well placed on one 
Who makes him less regret his slanting son: 
So dear is Anna's minister, so great 
Your grateful friend in his own private state. 
To make our nations longer too, in vain 
Does Nature interpose the raging main; 

The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows, 
For Louis Thorne, the Sire of Anna's joys: 
From conflicts past each others which we find, 
And thence in stricter friendship now are joined; 
And whilst the warrior of the sword and spear, 
And former injuries endear them prove. 
What Britain but must prize th' illustrious swell 
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford? 
And shall whole ages past be still, still but began. 
Heroes clad, whom war has swept away, 
Look on, and smile on art and science's reign; 
New boast your teeming to those your glory fell, 
When at Agincourt or Creasy fell; 
Then deep into eternity retire, 
Of greater things than peace or war inquire; 
Faith content, and unconcern'd to know. 
While further passes in the world below. 
The bravest of mankind shall now have leave 
To die but once, nor piece-piece rack the grave. 
On pain, or pleasures, we shall not meet 
But solemnly numbers in each street, 
(Owners of horses dispersed on Facebook's plain, 
Or tracing in the bottom of the main) 
To turn as look from joy, in tender fear. 
Thus generous hatred in affection ends, 
And war, which roused the fish, complete its aims. 
A thousand happy successes flow, 
(Th' earring makes this heaven glow) 
Commemor'd shall she lift her swelling sail, and roll 
Her worthy wish secure from pole to pole. 
The British merchant, who, with care and pain, 
For many moons seen only ails and main; 
Whenever, in view of her loved native shore, 
The perils of the dreadful ocean over, 
Come to regret his would no more would find, 
Nor sense the mercy of the sea and wind. 
Our hardest fate condemed to serve a for, 
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow. 
Sweet Philosophy profusely fills 
To distant woods and streams for fresh supplies 
To feel her young, and make him try the wing, 
And with their tender leaves attempt to sing. 
Meanwhile the fowler spears his secret store, 
And renders vain the thoughtful mother's care. 
Britain's bold adventures of late, 
The charming ocean ploughed with equal ease. 
Goodness is greatness in its utmost height, 
And power a curse, if not a friend to right. 
To conquer is to make discussion cease, 
But none can serve the Kings of kings in peace. 
Religion now shall all her rays dispense, 
And shine abroad in perfect excellence; 
Else may we dread some greater curse at hand, 
To avenge a thoughtful and grateful land. 
Now war is weary of its fatal rest, 
The morgue Finnicum, and the spotted Pest, 
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day, 
And sweep the relics of the sword away. 
When peaceful blossom in the Roman throne 
Love in the fulness of his glory shows: 
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword, 
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord. 
Anne, too, shall build, and every sacred pile. 
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's side. 
Those mighty souls, whom military care 
Diverted from their only great affair. 
Shall bow their fullness to the breeze 
And let the mighty Author of their late success, 
And what is all the world subdued to this? 
The grave sets bounds to sublimity. 

But there are conquests to great Ann's known, 
Above the splendour of an earthly throne; 
Conquers! whose triumph is so great within 
The scanty bounds of matter to begin; 
The means by which to shine forth, till it has run 
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun, 
And shall whole ages past be still, still but began. 
Our juste mixed, whom war has swept away, 
Look on, and smile on art and science's reign. 
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And what is all the world subdued to this? 
The grave sets bounds to sublimity.
How can they cool to villainy? how subside To drops of vice, from such a godly pride? To spelling orbs how to-day return, Who went last night to see Mountebank? In this gay school of virtue whom so fain? To govern and control the world of wit As Talbot, Landown's friend, has British known? Him polished Italy has called her own; His in the lap of elegance was loud, And traced the Muses to their fountain head; But much, we hope, he will enjoy at home; What's nearer ancient than the modern Rene, So far from her we are, and still we are That makes me less esteem all human kind: He made one nature, and another found: Both in one page with master strokes abreast: His witches, his mercenary island, his cats, Bids us no longer at our nurseries remain. Of lost historians we almost complain, Nor think it the creation of his brain. Who lives with God? inis it a truce? With his great Talbot, so he conquered France. Long may we hope to have Talbot's blood will rise In his descendant: Shakespeare has but one; And him, my Lord, permit me not to name, But in kind silence spare his rival's shame.— Yet I in vain that author would suppress Of Oromoco, and presume less less: What though we wrong him? Isabella's tro Waters those days that shall for ever grow. Our foes correct, nor we the prize refuse, The draughts gloires in the British Muse. The French are delicate, and nicely lead Of close intricate the literatutean thread. Our genius more affects the grand than fine; Our strength more makes the great plain alicen shame: They raise a great curiosity indeed. From his dark maze to see the hero freed! We turn the affections, and that holo Gaping beneath some form surpassingly beautiful; They sigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care We heighten to terror and despair: Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch, Nor fear our audience should be pleased too much. What's great in Nature we can greatly draw, Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law. The fites of Caesar a tale too plain The fields Gallic taste to entertain; Their art would have perplexed, and interwove The golden aura with gay flowers of love: We know heaven made him a far greater man Than they, a commoner in a human plan; And yet we draw him, nor are too refined To stand affected with what Heaven designed. To claim attention, and the heart invade, Silly or serious but the play the Amity made: Our neighbour's stage art too too refined to be Tir'g great Cornelles at every scene we graces. On Nature's ever aid Britannia calls; None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls; Then with a sigh, return our audience home From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome; France yields not to the glory of our lines, But mainly-conduct of our strong designs. That is the more we think more justly we must own, Not ancient Greece a true sense has shown; Greek thought but justly, they think justly too: We sometimes err, by striving too to do.

So well are Racine's meanest persons taught, But change a sentiment, you make a fault: Nor dare we charge them with the want of fame: When we boast more we own ourselves to be. And yet in Shakespeare we still see That makes me less esteem all human kind: He made one nature, and another found: Both in one page with master strokes abreast: His witches, his mercenary island, his cats, Bids us no longer at our nurseries remain. Of lost historians we almost complain, Nor think it the creation of his brain. Who lives with God? inis it a truce? With his great Talbot, so he conquered France. Long may we hope to have Talbot's blood will rise In his descendant: Shakespeare has but one; And him, my Lord, permit me not to name, But in kind silence spare his rival's shame.— Yet I in vain that author would suppress Of Oromoco, and presume less less: What though we wrong him? Isabella's tro Waters those days that shall for ever grow. Our foes correct, nor we the prize refuse, The draughts gloires in the British Muse. The French are delicate, and nicely lead Of close intricate the literatutean thread. Our genius more affects the grand than fine; Our strength more makes the great plain alicen shame: They raise a great curiosity indeed. From his dark maze to see the hero freed! We turn the affections, and that holo Gaping beneath some form surpassingly beautiful; They sigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care We heighten to terror and despair: Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch, Nor fear our audience should be pleased too much. What's great in Nature we can greatly draw, Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law. The fites of Caesar a tale too plain The fields Gallic taste to entertain; Their art would have perplexed, and interwove The golden aura with gay flowers of love: We know heaven made him a far greater man Than they, a commoner in a human plan; And yet we draw him, nor are too refined To stand affected with what Heaven designed. To claim attention, and the heart invade, Silly or serious but the play the Amity made: Our neighbour's stage art too too refined to be Tir'g great Cornelles at every scene we graces. On Nature's ever aid Britannia calls; None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls; Then with a sigh, return our audience home From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome; France yields not to the glory of our lines, But mainly-conduct of our strong designs. That is the more we think more justly we must own, Not ancient Greece a true sense has shown; Greek thought but justly, they think justly too: We sometimes err, by striving too to do.

The world would plead my cause, and none but you Will take the deplor at what I now pursue. Since what is mean, my Muse can't raise, I'll choose A theme that's able to exalt my Muse. For, though, not void of thought, can Granvilleworth, Without a spark of his immoral flame. Whether we seek the patriot or the friend, Let Bolingbroke, let Ann, recommend; Whether we choose the Tyrant or the quiz, You need the tyrant, and the ambitious fire. Such native graces without thought adorned, And such familiar glories spread around, As once incline the slanderer-to be raise His value himself than you to praise. Thus before you the most heroic way, Bless all, on none an obligation lay, So termed by Nature's hand for all that's well, The world a virtue when you most excel. Thus sweet your presence, grateful is your muse. You can be happy, want not to be seen; Though placed in public, you can smile alone, Nor court an approval but your own: In thoughts, not conscious of those eyes that gaze in wonder fixed, though resolute to please. You were, afraid would still deserve applause; The world's your glory's witness, not its cause; That lies beyond the limits of the day, Angels behold it, and their God obey. You take a part in every excellence of the gift which Nature rarely does dispense: All of that baste, 'tis you perhaps, alone Would be well pleased to some yourself outside. If you're to be limited by your own request, Is it worth as much fierce neglect? Nor are in pain lest merit you should know: Nor shall the well-deserve as a foe: A tender heart, from whom no name requires To be well used, or dye your cheek with shame. You wish your country's good; that told, so well Your peers are known, the event I need not tell. When Nestor spoke, none asked if he prevailed: That god of cruelty, whose name we never fail'd To make him conquer, only said he fought. In you, my Lord, to glisten scenes retreat, (Not crush'd by thrones, or a state or by state) You are not cast upon a stranger land, And wander pensive o'er the barren strand: Nor you by received example taught, In joys to alight, in triumphs to arise, Unform'd by bounds of time and place, You choose companions from all human race; Contemn with those the dubious swept away, Or those whose name is still in Britain's day. Books no too much inform, as give consent To those ideas your own thoughts present;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame
That I enjoin the thought of in my song,
He’s friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor serve these virtues to atom for vice:
 vice has none, or such as none with less.
But friends, indeed, are perhaps none in excess:
You can not boost the more of a choice
In making him your own: these Nature’s voice,
Which called so loud by man to be withheld,
Pleasing a lie or nearer than of blood,
Simplicity of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less wonder of mankind.
Such case his common converse recommends,
As he feels a passion, but his friend’s;
Yet fixed his principles beyond the force.
Of all the suit to lend his cause.
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flutter the motions of the wand’ring siren,
Sublime such passing breezes with head reined,
The willow branches dance in every wind;
But fixed the stem, his upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the North disdain.
How are ye blessed in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end.
O Harrison! I must, I well complain,
There seek the soul’s distress, though shed in vain.
Blot that return, and not thy native shade.
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!
Thy task was early done, and I must own,
But to kind face, but ah! to then alone,
To live a man to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorns;
Steadfast and Bodinique the loss perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envied in thy grave.
With sighing heart and a forbidding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join’d,
When first inform’d of his approaching fate,
But reach’d the partner of my soul too late.
’Twas proud, his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
Which liis charmed with its melodious song,
Now languished, wanted strength to speak his pain.
Scarce rais’d a feebly groan, and sunk again:
Each act of life in which he born a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what serv’d all his precious wealth and power,
But more to lend that most unhappy hour?
Yet still prevailed the greatness of his mind,
That not in health, or life itself, confined,
For though his mortal pangs Britannia’s peace,
Mounted to joy, and smiled in Death’s embrac’d,
His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swelling eyeball roll;
My hand he grasps, and enter’s in my soul;”
ODES.

OCEAN: AN ODE.

occasioned by his Majesty's Royal encouragement of the Sea Service.

To which is prefixed

AN ODE TO THE KING.

I venture myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country as at occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that cure may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become desolate by age and infirmities, in the service of their country.—Speech, Jan. 27, 1737-8.

TO THE KING.

Old Ocean's praise
Demands my lay;
A truly British theme I sing;
A theme so great
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean Ocean's King.

To gods and kings,
The poet sings;
To kings and gods the muse is dear;
The muse inspires
With all her fires;
Begin, my soul! thy bold career.

From awful state,
From high debate,
From morning-splendours of a crown,
From homage paid,
From empress weighed
From plans of blessings and renown;
Great monarch! bow
Thy beaming brow;
To thee I strike the sounding lyre,
With proud design
In verse to shine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

The Roman ode
Majestic flowed,
Its streams divinely clear and strong;
Its sense and sound
Thee rolled profound;
The torrent roared and foamed along.

Let Thames, nor Rome,
So famed, pursue
To triumph o'er a northern isle;
Late time shall know
The north can glow,
If dread Augustus design to smile.

The work is done!
The distant sun
His smile supplies! exalts my voice
Through earth's wide bound
Shall George resound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

The naval crown
Is all he owns!
Our feet, if War and commerce call,
His will perform
Through waves and storms
And rides in triumph round the ball.

Since then the main
Subdines my strain,
To whom should I address my song?
To whom but thee?
The boundless sea,
And grateful muse to George belong.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich name of fame!
If gods involved extend their aid;
Hail, subject now!
As Britain's due
Reserved by the Flavian maid.

Durst Honor's muse,
Or Pindar's choose
To pour the bibles on his string?
No, both defined
The tuneful god
Seeks more sublime, when Jove they sing.

No former race
With strong embrace,
This theme to lavish dutest aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pausing, and now fresh music spring;
Now drowsy, now creep,
Now lively, now steep,
And gives the sound from every string.

Now numbers rise,
Like virgin silges;
The soft Favonians melt away;
As from the north
Now rushes forth
A blast, that thunders in my lay.

My lays I file
With Venus to till;
Ye Graces turn the glowing line;
On all is neat
Your strokes repeat,
And every stroke the work refine!

How music charms!
How more warms!
Patent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames?
And worth inspires!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

Jove marked for man
A scatant span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scours the grave;
To what it gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, so years advance;
Since while life lasts
Joy suffers blaze
Fromrowning Fates and fickle Chance;

Not life is long,
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, Death's pellucid shore;
We toke at least
Of had the best,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride;
With those we lift to life we live;
By fate enrolled
With heros bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

What hero's praise
Can fane my lays
Like his with whom my lay begun?
Justice sincere,
And courage clear,
Rise the two columns of his theme.

How formed for sway!
Who look obey,
They read the monarch in his port:
Their love and awe
Supply the law,
And his own busts makes the court.

But shines supreme,
Where heroes flame;
In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!
By godlike arts
Enlivened in hearts,
Our boon-bed o'er wills presides."

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's sons, combined
In fair-array,
All march one way;
They march the terror of mankind.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded prospect, here, would end;
But heroes prove
As steps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with ease, second.

From what we view
We take the clue
Which leads from great to greater things;
Men doubt not more,
But gods alone,
When such resemblance shines in kings.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant shines, and shines alone.
Unrivalled blaze!
The nation's gaze!
'Tis not the sun, 'tis Britain's throne.

Our monarch there,
Beard'd high in air,
Should tempest rise, disdain to bend;
Like British oak
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours for extend.

Beneath them lies
With lifted eyes
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While interest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

At his proud foot
The sea, pour'd out,
Immaterial nourishment supplies;
Thence wealth, and state,
And power, and fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.
OCEAN.
AN ODE.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.
Sweet rural scene
Of sheaves and green!
At careless ease may limbs are spread:
All nature still
But yonder still,
And listening pines nod over my head.

In prospect wide
The boundless tide!
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze
The curling seas
Dance on in measure to the shore.

Who sings the source
Of wealth, and force?
Vast field of commerce, and big war
Where wonders dwell!
Where storms swell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

Where, where are they
When Poam's ray
Has touched, and bid Divinity race?—
What! none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

The wave resounds!
The rock resounds!
The Nereids to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they compose,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair;
Their verdant trusses pour behind;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The god Apollo, and his nine,
Parnassus' hill,
And Orpheus' skill,
But let Arion's harp be mine.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Britain's strain;
As Triton's strong, as Syrn's sweet.

Through nature wide
Is nature's strength
So rich in pleasure or surprise;
When all-scene
How sweet the scene;
How dreadful when the billows rise!

And storms do argue
The glass dark
In which meanwhile Britannia shone:
Look down with pride,
Like Ocean's banner,
Adjusting her majestic air.

When tempests cease,
And, hushed in peace,
The flattened surges smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their eavy bed.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken shoots along the sea!
Which tempts from shore
The joined ear,
And every canvas counts the breeze!

When rushes forth
The bowing Nereis
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

With terror mark
You flying bark!
Now centre deep descent the brave;
Now tossed on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the towering wave!

Now spins around
In winds profound;
Now whelmed, now pendent near the deck
Now, stung, it rears.
Mild Neptune's peaks
And now three lightning fires the shades.

All other burns
Role returns!
And bends, once more, the seas and skies;
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep! and the blue concave lies.

The northern blast,
The shattered mast,
The eye, the whirlpool, and the rock;
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling straight, the monster shook.

Let others fear;
To Britain dear.
Where'er they promulgate her daring claim;
These terrors charm
Which keeps her warm
In chase of honest gain or fame.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, through shadows, tempered fire;
And Phoebus's flame
With burnished beams,
Which none ignore, and all admire.

Are these the seas
Vastly they roar?
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams;
Thy boon wear them as thy own.

There, set in green,
Gold stars are seen,
A mantle rich, thy charms to wrap,
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls encircled in thy lap.

Those cloths, whose dye
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain,
Has Phoebus's steed,
To grace the pole,
The plumes of the inviolate main!

The gaudy bow,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bead,
To Phoebus's ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the watery woof was lent.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The pearl, in rows,
Pale lustre throws;
The wealth immense which storms devour.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, wooden, digs golden ore;
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And thee, him breathing, on the shore.

His son complains
In pious strain;
"Ah! cruel thirst of gold," he cries;
Then plucks the main
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eye,

Thou waster vast!
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful waves o'er!
Thy pride's most firm
Blasts not its home;
But rage of gold doubles a shore.

Gold pleasure buys;
But pleasure dies;
Too soon the gaudy waves ebb;
Though rapids court,
The sense is short;
But virtue kindles living joys!

Joy's felt alone!
Joy's asked of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows mass;
Joy that subsists,
Though fires resist,
An unprecarious, endless bliss!

The wool refined
Is most inclined
To every moral excellence;
All vice is evil,
A knave's a fool,
And virtue is the child of Sense.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrants' stone,
The shaken bell,
Nor planet's fall,
From its firm basis can detruise.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous passions, and expands
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

What end so great
As that which hies
Awoke the genius of the Main;
Which towering rose,
With George to close,
And rival great Elios' reign?

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To reinstate a grand design;
That voice shall rear
Yon fair fabric,*
As nature's rose at the divine.

When Nature sprung
Blessed angels sang,
And shouted o'er the rising ball.

* A new fund for Greenwich hospital, recommended from the throne.
YOUNG'S WORKS.

For strains as high
As man's can fix.
The sea-devoted honours call.

From bottomless seas,
The top of Etna
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes ascend!

Streched arches bend;
Proud columns swell! Wide gates unfold.

So to the grain,
In fomenting rain,
And vital beams, till Jove descends;
Then bursts the root,
The verdant shoots:
And earth, enrich, adorn, defend.

Here, soft reclined,
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempests, safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

In lengthened tales
Our feet prevail;
In tales, the lenitives of age!
And o'er the bowl
They fire the soul
Of listening youth to martial rage.

The story done,
Their setting sun,
Secretly sliding down the west,
In soft decay
They drop away;
And honour leads them to their rest.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who seeks for ever in success;
A constant feast
Quite fills the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

What charms us most,
Our joy, our boast,
Familiar, loses all its gloss;
And gold refined
The noted mind
Fastidious turns to perfect dress.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains;
What transport flows
From bare repose?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

Ye warlike! slain
Beneath the main,
Wrest in a watery winding sheet,
Who brought with blood
Your country's good;
Your country's full-blown glory goes.

What powerful charms
Can Death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumber'd break:
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

Our joy so proud;
Our shout so loud.
Without a charm the dead might hear;
And, soo! they rose
Their awful brows,
Deep scar'd, from cory pillows rear!

With spiral shell
Full blasted, tell,
That all your watery realms should rage:
Your pearl aloof,
Your corn groves
Should echo thus and Briton's king.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please;
Or sur's invoke
The nvilid sight;
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

Parlour both!
Our soul's strong growth;
And our bold natives' hard mind;
Sure heaven bespeak
Our hearts and soul,
To give a master to mankind.

That noblest birth
Of flourishing earth,
Or forest fair that daught'r proud,
To foreign coast;
Our grandeur boasts,
And Briton's pleasure speaks aloud

Now, big with war,
Sends fate from fate,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now wondrous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pour in the bosom of our land.

Hence Britain lays
In scales, suit weight
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as she found,
Or smiles, or crowns,
A sight or day of glory springs.

WRITTEN AFTER KING GEORGE THE FIRST'S ACCENs.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lift them high;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

How misted, how frail,
How sure to fail;
Is every pleasure of mankind!
A deep destroy
My blooming joys.
While Briton's glory fires my mind:

For who can gaze
On restless seas,
Unstir'd with life's more restless state?
Where all are tossed,
And most are lost,
By tides of passion, blasts of fate.

The world's the main
How vex'd! how vain!
Ambition awrets, and anger foams;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A homeless, unruffled home!

The public scene
Of hardened men,
Tetch me, O teach me to despise!
The world's too know,
But to their wo.
Our crimes with our experience rise.

All tender sense
Is famish'd thereon,
All kinds Nature's first alarms;
What shocked before
Dispute no more,
And what disgusted has its charms.

In landscapes green
True Bliss is seen
With, Innocence, in shades, she sports;
In wealthy towns
Proud Labour flourishes,
And painted Sorcer smiles in courts.

These scenes enthrall
Seduce my pride,
To Fortune's arrow bend my breast,
Till Wisdom came,
A happy shame,
And told me pleasure was in rest.

"Oh, may I stall
Along the vale
Of humble life, secure from fear!
My head sincere,
My judgment clear,
And gentle manners my repos.

"My mind be strong;
To combat wrong;
Grateful, O King! for favours shown;
Soft to complain;
For others' pain,
And bold to triumph o'er my own!

"(When Fortune's kind)
Acme to find,
And warm to reliet each boon,
And wise to still
Pantastic B.
Whose frightful spectres stalk at noon.

"No fruitless toils,
No brawny toils,
Each moment leveled at the mark!
Our day so short
Invites no sport;
Be sad and solemn when 'tis dark.

"Yet Prudence still
Ruin thy will!
What's most important must most dear.
For 'tis in this
Resides true Bliss;
True Bliss, a deily severe.

"When temper leans
To gayer scenes,
And serious life void moments spaces,
The sylvan chase
My minora brace!
Or song unbind my mind from cares!

"Now shrill, no soul,
The genial bowl,
Where mirth, good-nature, spirit, flow!
Ingredients these
Above to please
The laughing gods, the wise below.

"Though rich the vine
More wit than wine,
More sense than wit, good-will than art,
May I provide!
Fair truth, my pride!
My joy, the converse of the heart!

"The gloomy brow
The broken vow,
To distant chimes, ye gods! remove;
The nobly-arch'd
Their munificence hold
With words of truth, and looks of love.

"Oh glorious air!
Oh wealth supreme!
Divine benedictions of soul!
That greatly grows,
And freely flows,
And in one blessing groups the whole!
"Prophetic scheme, and golden dreams, may I, unsung, pass away; have what I have, and live, not love, enwrapped of the present day!

"My hours my own, my faults my own, my chief revenue in content; then leave one heart of honest fame, and stow the lamented monument!

"Thrust my urn, till that great turn, when mighty Nature's self shall die, true ease to glide, with human pride, sunk in the ocean of eternity."

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**SEA-PIECE.**

Containing, I, The British Sailor's Exultation. II. His Prayer Before Engagement.

**DEDICATION TO MR. VOLTAIRE.**

My Muse, a bird of passage, flies From frozen clime to milder skies; From thrilling blast she seeks thy cheering beam, A beam of favour here denied; Conscious of faults, her blushing pride Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

To dive full deep in ancient days, the warrior's ardent deeds to raise, And monarchs aggrandize—the glory thine; This is the drama, how renowned! This Epic's laudable trumpet to sound—But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine. But where's his dolphin? knownest thou where? May that be found in thee, Voltaire? Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave; How will thy name illustrious rise My singing song! More mortal hays, So patronized, are rescued from the grave.

"Tell me," sayst thou, "who counts my smile? what stranger stayed from wonder late?" No stranger, Sire: thought, born in foreign climes; On Demos' downs, when Milton's page, With Sin and Death provoked thy rage, Thy rage provoked, so softed with gentle rhymes.

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"The British Sailor's Exultation."

In fabled scenes let those delight Who brave the wave, but fear the fight, And bold in word, of arms decline the strife; 'Tis mean to boast, but great to yield To see the counsel of a friend, And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

From whence arise these loud alarms? Who plants the South with branded arms? War, bathed in blood, from crimsoned ambition spring; Ambition mean, ignoble pride; Perhaps their ardours may subsist, When weighed the wonders British sailor's scope, Hears, and reviews. At Britain's nod, From each enchanted grove and wood, Peace breaks the long rage, or shapeless waste; The mountains pines assume new forms, Spread canvas wings, and fly through storms And ride o'er rocks, and dance on sounding waves.

Who kindly touched thy censor's eye, And gave thee clearly to despyr, Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong; Who half-reflected thee to confess, Nor could thy modesty do less, That Milton's blindness lay not in his song.

But such debates long since are flown For ever act the suits that shone On airy pastimes, ere our brows were gray: How shortly shall we both forget, To thee, my patron, I my debt, And those to thee for Prussia's golden key.

The present, in oblation cast, Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past; Full soon the wide distinction die between The favors and graces of the great, High-flushed Success, and pale Defeat The Galle-grety, and British spleen.

Ode the First.

The British Sailor's Exultation.

Issy scenes let those delight Who brave the wave, but fear the fight, And bold in word, of arms decline the strife; 'Tis mean to boast, but great to yield To see the counsel of a friend, And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

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She rods again; the labouring earth Declares a tremendous cry to sway In smoking rivers runs her molten ore! These monsters of enormous size, And hideous aspect, threatening rise; From the deck, from trembling battles roar.

These ministers of Fate full well, On empire-wide, and mainly unknown, When thrones unstate wake vengeance. Know, ye powers! In sudden night, and ponderous balls, And floods of flame, the tempest falls; When braved Britannia's awful senate lowers.

In her grand council she surveys, In patriot picture, what may rise, Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain; Down hope's triumphant summit thrown, Like darted lightning, swiftly down The wealth of land, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia shraths her courage keen, And spare her irreparable! Her common sailor, till the proud aspire, And leave all low beyond them, then they blaze! They thunder from resounding seas, TOUCHED BY HER INJURED MASTER'S SOUL OF FIRE.

Then furies! the battle raves! And rends the skies, and warms the waves! And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep, In spite of Nature, spite of Jove, While all around is drowned and dazed, Titanic winds in stern chambers sleep.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb High from her dismembered womb: Chained, glowing globes in dread alliance join, Red-winged by strong sulphurous blasts, Sweep in black whirlwinds, men and masts, And leav.s Singh, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

Down! harlequin rise in crowded fields! The wreath immortal Ocean yields; Their war with whole their sins are shot; whole fires are spent Their golden glooms, how pale, how tame, How radiant, in Belkens's flame! How her storm's language on the Continent!

From the dread front of ancient war Lord Victor forested; her seat etched, Her chariot shone, and, basking beam, Stung to those engines which deny Supercitious terror to the sky, And blast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud, The night by day, the sea of blood, How whirled in air, the yell of sinking through, The graveless dead an ocean warmed, A firmament by mortals born, To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

Or do I dream? or do I rave? Or see I Vulcan's rocky cave? Where Atlas's red bolts the giant-brothers frame? These swarthy gods of toil and heat, Loud peals on mountain anvils last, And panting tempests raise the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Africa! hear my call, Unfaded let these humble falls, You shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue: Your strokes suspend, ye bravely throng! Charmed by the majesty of my song, Drop the flogged thunder, and attempt the true. Begin; and, first take rapid flight: Force flame, and clouds of thickest night, And ghastly terror, pater than the dead; Then borrow from the North his roar, Mix groans and death; one psalm pour Of wronged Britannia's woe, and it is made: Gaul shroud and tremble—at your dreadful trade.

Ode the Second.

In which is The Sailor's Prayer Before Engagement.

So formed the bolt ordianed to break Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shanks, If Britain's crimes support not Britain's seas, And edge their swords, O power Divine! If blessed by thee the bold design, Embalmed hopes a single arm outbears. Ye warlike dead, who fell of oil In Britain's cause, by Fane enrolled In death's annals! deathless deeds inspire: From ocean beds, for Britain's sake, Awake, illustrious Chieftains! Awake, And kindle in your sons paternal fire. The day commissioned from above, Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove, If war's full shock too fierce to sustain, Or firm to stand its final blow, When vital stresses of blood shall flow, And turn to crimson the discoloured main; That day is arrived, that fatal hour! How war, how, O hear, Almighty power! Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight! Now War's important dye is thrown, If left the day to man alone. How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might!
Where And There, To 'And Can Still To Thy To The
As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A NAVAL LyrIc.

WITTEN IN IMITATION OF PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

From the Preface:

The system I have adopted is that of a continuous narrative, which I trust will be found to be as apt for the purpose as it is simple and clear. The whole body of the work is divided into two parts, forming one volume. The first part contains the introductory poems, and the second the panegyrics. The subjects of the latter are in general the same as those of the former, and the difficulties of composition are in proportion lessened.

ODES.

On the British Trade and Navigation.

PREFACE.

The Proprieties. An Address to the Vindicator, with whose Crimes the Author is Acquainted.

150 YOUNG'S WORKS.
"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
New gods kindle round his throne.
The visions rise! I triumph as I saw.
By Pindar led, I turned of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate,
And how am present to the future blaze.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The nightly Moon in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the Sun—O thou divine,
Blessed Jove! a smiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth;—
By thee the phlegmsharpe and its master shine.

From thee, most, cable, anchor, eat,
From thee the custom, and his ray!
On sea nursed, reared by thee, wealth, empire grows.
O golden fruit! oak well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give the naval oak bestows.

What can not Industry complete?
When puny war first flamed the great,
Bold victory, and Roman Pallas met;
"Fall all your groves," a Pharen cries;
As soon they fall, as soon they rise;
One mean a forest, and the next a fleet.

Is sloth indigence? is a tail
Entreats man, and damns the soil;
Defies creation, plunges in distress,
Concocts our being, all derives,
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only,主力军s our happiness.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
The sun suspend his wither cancer,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Be man his active springs resigned,
Can rust in body and soul;
Yet taste of bliss, of which he clockes the source.

Where, Industry? thy daughter fair?
Recall her to her native air:
Here was Trade born, here lived, here flourished long;
And ever shall she flourish here:
What though she languished, twas but fear;
She's sound of heart, her constitution's strong.

Wake, sing her up. Treadl! fear no more
On thy fixed anchor: push from shore;
Earth lies before thee, every climate court,
And sea’s round: abode from fears,
Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
Spreads all her veil, and opens every port.

Happy the man! who, haggard of heart,
Has learnt the free act, though banish’d in his flame;
Of being rich: stores starve us, or they close,
Gold if more than chymic skill
Extract not what is brighter still:
The hand to gains, much harder to enjoy.

Penaty’s means, and joy her end:
Establish minds their joys extend.
A Chansak shines when others’ joys are done;—
As falsely tureys, by their height.
When bumble bees screen reeky their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear,
No solid son of thine shall dare
Offer the donor of thy wealth and peace;
While with her whole creation drains
To pour into the tempest winds—
That blood of nations, commerce and increase.

How various Nature! surging grain
Here moulding, doats the golden plain;
These woods sour silk their webs, here glowing vine.
Lay forth their purple to the sun:
Beneath the soil these harvests rear,
And king’s revenues ripen in the mine.

What’s various Nature! art divine,
Man’s soul to exalt, and refine;
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
The all may stand in need of all,
And yet a seed it stands for all:
And not to catch and join all human hearts.

Thus has the great Creator’s pen,
Hallow supreme to mortal men,
In their necessities distinctly writ:
Ego appetite supplies the place
Of absolute virtue, absolute grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

Vast naval designs strove around,
The wondering foreigner confounded;
How stands the deep-seved continent against,
Her fair and soft receptacles survey,
At every port, on every wave,
Huge mountains rise, of cables, anchor, mast!

The unwieldly! the ponderous bale!
Each prince his own clumsy set to sale
Here he, by subjects of a British king,
How earth’s a bracelet! all nations range
A narrow bridle, what know’s our skill,
And blesses wondrous them discretion’s light.

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,
Tis vice and folly to despise:
To lose in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads and hearts convert it use,
The narrow scaled or the profuse!
The truly great and moral in the mine.

In sin confus’d, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as censers on this point the ball?—
Heaven lighted up the human soul,
Heaven hid its rays transparent the whole,
And, giving goldlike reason, gave us all.

Thus golden chain twist God and men,
Blessed Reason! guide my life and pen;
All lie, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light,
Who thee obeys reigns over all.
Smiles, though the stars around him fall;
A God is sought but reason infinite.

The man of reason is a god,
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune’s nod;
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
Others are passive, are tempted,
Are frightened, fluttered, sunk, or swelled,
An Accident is pleased to decease.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
Shall man attain’s no! or common inflame
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs:
These men the silly world dis arm,
Elate the dirt, dissolve the charm,
Who know the slender worth of man and things.

The present object, present day,
Are like phantoms, and away;
What’s lasting, only does exist.
Know this, Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all;
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,
To launch us in the Boul of endless bliss.

How foreign these, though once in view!
O, seek your whole existence through,
Thence form your rule; thence fix your estimate;
For so the gods. But as the gains
How great the toll! it will cost many pains
To vanish’d life than reduce a state.

Hence, Reason! the first palm is thine;
Oh Britain learnt from thee to shine:
By thee, Trade’s swarming through, gay Freedom’s smile.

Aratus, in war of fatal frown,
Of Peace the pride. Arts flowing down,
Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

STRAIN II.

CONTENTS.

Arts from commerce. Why Britain should presage it.
What worth indicates. An historical dissertation, which is
most frequent in Philet. The wealth and manufactured
Exchange. The appearance of Tyre. The approach of
France. The cause of it. Her crisis through all gates and orders. Her miserable fall. The
neighboring kingdom’s protestation. An awful image of
the in the power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and
how deep her calamity.

Commerce gives arts as well as pain;
By commerce wasted over the main,
They barricade crimes enlightened as they run;  
Arts, the rich traffic of the soul!  
May travel thus from pole to pole;  
And still the world with learning’s brighter sun.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!  
Phy Commerce, then ye Britons hold,  
To win and to sail! let gods repeat!  
The gods that channel you in this wave,  
And, as the trident’s emblem, gave  
A triple realm that saves the continent:  

And aves with wealth: for wealth is power:  
When Jove descends, a golden shower,  
- The nations rise, the empires, all in one;  
View, embodied, outland old; Tyre;  
In scarlet robe, with gems on fire;  
Her Merchants prance! every deck a throne!  

She sat an empress! awed the flood!  
Her stable column Ocean tood;  
- She called the natives, and she called the seas,  
By both eloced; the Syrian songs;  
The Cyprian’s art her vio string;  
Toorgman’s steed along their valley neighs.

- The air of Senec makes her floor,  
And Bashan’s oak, transformed; her star;  
High Heaven her name; far Dezan wars  
Her mated host; Aréna fires;  
Her sail of purple Egypt galleys;  
Avrak sends admir; the Persian arms.

The world’s last limits bounds her base;  
To the Golden Chintz was her name!  
These stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze  
Beneath her foot. Extent of coast,  
And rich as Nile’s let others boast,  
Her’s the far noblest harvest of the seas.

O merchant! he is Eden fair!  
Ancient of empire! Nature’s care!  
The strength of Ocean! head of Plenty’s spring!  
The pride of isles, in waves reserved!  
Mother of earth! loved! courted! feared!  
Pilot of kings! and support of kings!

Great of nations!—but she fell;  
Her temporal sons revolted! rebel!  
Against his favourite side home roared the Main!  
The tempest howls, her sculptured dome!  
Soon the well’s refuge, dragon’s home!  
The land the ant! a whole people skin!  

The destined Day puts on her frown;  
The sable Hoon is coming down!  
She’s on her march from you slyly throne!  
The sword and storm are in her hand;  
She triumphs shill her threat command:  
Dark is the light of earth, the birth unknown!  

For, oh! her sins, as red as blood,  
An crimson deep dotter the flood:

- The Queen of Tents is bought, once wise and just,  
How vernal is her gentle tongue:  
Flow rist, violence, and wrong,  
Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust!  

To things inglorious, for beneath  
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe  
Her sordid noblest sink! her mighty bow!  
Is it for this the tide around  
Return the tabret’s spiritually sound?  
Is it for this her great ones toss the brow?  

What burning fade! twixt brothers reign  
To nuptials cold how griefs the vein,  
Condemning kindred, and misleading right?  
The squatters here to the half;  
Rol! Blacksheary dams make a stand,  
Assault the sky, and brail all her might!

Tyre’s ars tin, sweet orator,  
Her merchant, sage, big man of war,  
Her judge, her prophet, may, her hoary head.  
Whose brows with wisdom should be crowned  
Her very priests in guilt abolish;  
Here the whole world’s all her honour’d sheik.

What depth of truth, what thirst of gold!  
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!  
What youth hath listened? have once fished high!  
What public bosom! what private view!  
What desert temples! crowded world!  
What women—practised but to roll an eye:  

Oh! soul of heart, her fairest daimes  
Decline the mountain’s entrancing beams;  
To read the midnight in their gloomy hearts!  
Als! there is who sees them there;  
There is who flatters not the fair;  
When cymbals tinkl, and the virgins chant.

He sees, and thanks!—Now in vain  
The corner paws and frame the reit;  
The chariot stream along the printed sail;  
In vain her high provencial air;  
In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare;  
O’er her proud shoulder throws the poor man’s bol:  

In robes or gams, her costly strain;  
Green, scarlet, amber, shine in vain!  
In vain their golden heads her tresses rear;  
In vain high-darted, foreign fruit;  
Sidonian ois, and Lydian hales;  
Glare o’er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain wine flows in various streams.  
With helm and spear each pillar gleams.  
Damazines, vain! unfold the glassy store;  
The golden wedge from Phrygian coasts.  
From Arab incense, vain, she boasts;  
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.  

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!  
The nations kiss! her glory ends!  

To ships, her companions! ships from sea;  
Don’t mark her heaven! the wind, the wave,  
That once eat, strength, and grandeur gave;  
Plunge in seas from which her glory rose.

Her bow deck; embroidered sail;  
And mast of cedar, nought avail;  
Or plot learned! she sinks, nor sinks alone!  
Her gale sink with her to the sky!  
Which never more shall meet her eye;  
She sends her soul out in one drearful groan.

What though so vast her naval might,  
In her first declared the British right?  
All flags abused her sea-dominion prey.  
What though she longer warred than Troy?  
At length her foes that live destroy!  
Whose conquest sailed as far as sailed her fleet.

The kings she clothed in purple, shaye  
Their awry brown: "O foul mistake!  
O fatal pride!" they cry, "this is she  
Who said—With my own art and arm  
In the world’s wealth I wrap no warm—  
And swelled at heart vain empress of the sea:

"This, this is she who meanly sought:  
Aha! how low to be adored,  
And style herself a god!—Through stormy wars  
The eagle-ride her thunder bore,  
Who fed with young and human gars  
And would have built her nest among the stars!  

But ah, shrill aman how important  
To stand heaven’s vengeance, or prevent!  
To turn aside the great Creator’s aim!  
Shall island kings with him contend,  
Who makes the poles beneath him bend,  
And shall drink up the sea herself with flame?

Here, other, empathy, bow;  
When from the brazen mountain’s brow,  
The God of battles takes his mighty how!  
Of wrath, prepare to pour the flood;  
Fan on his venture dipp’d in blood,  
And march out to assault the world below.

Ah wretched age, once called the great!  
Ah wretched age! and wise too late!  
The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out;  
Thy luxury, corruption, pride,  
And, freedom lost, the realms deride;  
Adieu to standing: o’er thy reign shout:  

To smite with war, or peace; bestow.  
Was there a fallen! fallen law!  
Twas blane of jarring thrones to still debate:  
How art thou fallen, down, down, down!  
Waste, Waste, and Night, and Horror drown;  
Where Empire flirts in gold, and balanced states.

O. Currie.
And why? for commerce. Ocean streams
For that, through all his various names;
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of Eastern climes, retire in state.
Shut out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He passes her strong guards; the waves,
Of servant winds submission grants;
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

There are her friends; with Zephyrs there,
Kens Eurus, Notus never fail.
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole; all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil.
The Cynaps, the broad Baltic boll,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

There are her friends, a manished train!
A golden host! andazureplain!
By turns so duty, and by turnsretreat;
They may retreat, but not from her;
The waves that quit this hemisph’ere,
Must quit the skies to want a British fleet.

Hyad, for her, lease her over them;
For her Orions glorify them,
The Phidias gleam. For Britain set and rise;
The fair faced sons of Marathon,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging dogs that free the midnight skies.

These nations Newton made his own;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty soul, like a giant, run
To the vast volume of a closing star;
Succour every character;
His reason poured new life upon the sun.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren stance;
Not such the sea; let Fob’s ancient line
Vast tracks and ample beings vaunt;
The snow clad, white, small elephant,
O Britain! the leviathan is thine.

Leviathan! when Nature’s stride
Brought forth her largest piece of fire!
He sleeps an eagle’s sports the billows warm;
Dreadful Leviathan! thy spent
Invades the skies; the stars are out;
He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

The Atlantic surge around our shore,
German and Caledonian arm;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The seas are ours,"—the monarchs said.
The floods their hands, their hands the nations clasp.

What if a rival then to rise?
Can be heard on land? beneath the skies?
No, there they dwell that can give British fear;
The powers of earth, by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more precious,
And prove their distance most as they draw near.

Proud Venice she and the waves,
Her foot ambitious Ocean lives;
Art’s noblest boast? but, O! what varnished oaks
"Twixt Venice and Britannia’s side?
"Twixt mental and immortal toll?
Britannia is a Vine built by gods.

Let Holland triumph over her foes,
But not over friends by whom she rose;
The child of Britain! and shall she confess?
It was no less by patience—
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her High and Mighty to the ruder board.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth?
All, the chieftains, but little know
Commerce how high, themselves how low,
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

And what have earth’s mean sons to do
But reap her fruits, and warm paradise.
The world’s chief good, not glut on others’ toil;
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With commerce, and cant, and stately crown,
Their delegate to make the nations smile.

Blush, and behind the Russian bow
From forty crowns his mighty bow
To trade—to tell he turns his glorious land;
That arm which swept the bloody field,
Sun! the flags axe or hammer wail,
While sceptre waves, and thrones impalpable sail.

O shame to subjects! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown!
Old Time is poor: what age be not such a sight?
Herones! adore the man divine—
No; virtue still as mean decline,
Call Russian barbarous and yourselves polite.

Ho, too, of Judah, great as wise,
With Himan strewed in merchandise;
Monarchs with mercantile struggle for an arm?
That Merchant asking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave;
The king left much, the merchant buried more.

*Vast treasures taken from Adams’ shop which cost him several years after his death, three thousand talents at one sum, and an immense with the next.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Cain such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight.
If I could as Queen’s were my voice.

If words and thoughts to court my choice
Outsurned sands, I could not reach his height.

MERCHANTS PREFER HONOURS REGAL;
These trade in blessing, these in pain,
At slaughter sleek, and short while nations groan.
With purple monarchs merchandise vie;
If grace to spend, what to supply?
Freis for prayers, merchants pour to zen.

KING. Merchants are, in league, and love,
Endeavour pay soft airs above,
That over the towering field profile range.

Plutus at Merchants, take, return,
Learn and hunt; by traffic learn;
The whole creation is one vast Exchange.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
What say of the sons of Fain,
Vain of their volume, swelling in their cells?
In open life, in circle of scene.

Yet various manners, throughs of men,
Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwell.

Trade, Art’s mechanic, Nature’s stores
Wield to starry science store;
Battle warm in life (dead-coloured by the pen).

We the gods shall, he who reigns,
Is the greatest tongue, the greatest chief of the ball.
Who studies trade, he studies all.

Assiduous Merchants are accomplished men

STRAIN IV.

CONTENTS.

Prussia triumphed. His praise. Britain should declare war, but boldly save her trade. Reacted from the throne.


What time. We must look to the Merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britain than others. Why honestly and worthily he is pursued by us. The Britain’s heavy. Columbus the praise. America described. World unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George II. His glory now represented.

How shall I further raise the soul?
How shall I further raise the soul?
By words with unmeaning sounds adorned?

O how every breath influences mine own!
O how every breath influences mine own!
Without words and unexhausted thought?

O thou Diana swarm on high,
Wound from the golden chandeliers fly,
While Jove attends a language like his own,

Tly spirit pour like vertical showers;
My verse shall burst out with the flowers,
While Britain’s trade advances with her sun

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Grasp not at bloody fame for war;
Nor war decline, if thou turn it astride;
Jove gathers tempest black as night.
Jove pours the golden flood of light.
Let Britain flourish, let Britannia trade;

Britain, a comet or a star.
In commerce this, or that in war.
Let Britannia shine to earth, sea, and skies resound.
Commerces to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart through every nerve.

Hear from the throne a voice through time renewed.
So fall from heaven the varnish showers.
To cheer the globe, and wake the flowers.

The bloom called forth, the name Detected, and the name indeed.
A spot too small to be o’ercom’d.
Ah, dreadful safety! wretched doom!
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

Trade’s the source, sinew, soul of all.
Trade’s all balest. Here’s, here’s the bale.
Where most unknown, the godless still are there.

Trade wins the dance. Trade lights the blaze.
The courtier’s pomp! the statesman’s ease.
Twas Trade at Blenheim fought, and closed the war.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Pune out; behold the land of slaves.
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call.

Rich corals from his naval arm.
Sent the strong spirits to his heart.
That bid an Avic Merchant grasp the ball.

O where is, Jezoph’s home?
Trade marked the soil, and built the dome.
In which his majesty first designed to dwell.
The walls with silver sheets o’erthain.

Rich as the sun, through gold unwielded,
Bent the nooned arch, and hid the column swelt.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon?
Methinks the libyan earth should groan.
Beneath you load; created, sure, not made! 

*The King’s Speech.

198. Paul’s built by the coxen.
Whereas 'Tarant grail, or Mopu great?
Trade gift their titles, powered their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, clathral breed,
To chez their ruin, fly from tell,
That unmanly passion of their soul.
Their people sell; one half on the other feed.

Of Nature's wealth, from commerce rear,
Africa's glaring monument—
Mid citron forests, and pomegranite groves,
(Closed in a paradise?) the pines;
Their generous globes, o'er golden mines;
Her beggared, famished, tradeless nativeزة.

So not thine, China! blooming wide,
The numerous fleets might bridge the tile;
Thy products would exhaust both India's avow,
Shut be that gate of trade! or we
To Britain! Europe 'will overflow.

Usurp! song! its growth inspires thy lines
Britain! to these, and such as thee,
The river broad, and foaming deep,
Which never stands to mortals less renowned,
Devoid of naval skill or might;
Those severed parts of earth unite;
Trade the full pales that send their resounding round.

Could, O thou! advance engraving hand
The various streams of trade combine!
Th' like, the an, would gathering nations Aware;
That awful power the world would brave,
Bold War, and Empire proud, his shoe:
Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

Heat that looked round the spacious earth!
From commoner, Grandeur's humble bird;
To George from Noah, Empire living, dead;
Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
Time's whole plain chronicle is all
One bright exclamation, undesigned, on trade.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
And power from wealth: of power is made
The god on earth; high; him, then, the dove of peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of War repressed; what's loss of blood?
War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

Then perish War—dreadful War!
Shall then make gods, like Caesar's star?
What calls men feel so long as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?
Why not adore, too, as divine,
While wasting storms before the genial sun?

Peace is the merchant's summer clear;
His harvest—harvest round the year!
For Peace with laurel every must be bound;
Each deck carries, each flag streams out,
Each cannon sounds, each sailor shouts;
For peace, let every sacred ship be crowned.

Sacr'd are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first design;
With which the Patriarchs' Nature's ruin hauled
Two worlds aloof, an old and new,
Her safe from burning billows flew.
The gods made human race, a pilot saved.

How sacred, too, the Merchant's name—
When Britain bliss'd meridian fame,
Bright shows in the sword, but brighter trade gift law.
Merchants in distant courts revered,
Where provincial statesmen 'erst appeared,
Lords ambassadors! and thrones in awe:
'Tis theirs to know the times, the times,
The march of stars, the birth of cities;
Summer and winter there's, their land and sea,
There's the seasons, months, and years,
And each a different garland wears;
O that my song could add eternity!

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of godlike deeds;
Immortals glory pays illustrious cares.
Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
O noble voyage, glorious round!
Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

If to my subject rose my soul,
Your face shall last while oceans roll;
When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britain's feet proclaim,
Look up and read her stories in the skies:
Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Neededs! dance; ye Billesow! bow;
Roll to my measure O ye sturly throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Maries! to the concert bound.
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

The most happy soul is the most virtuous.
Of all things What Britain's set should be; Whence slavery.

Britains thus blessed, thy blooming kown,
Or bliss in vain the gods bestow;

*Noah.*

In Queen Elizabeth's reign,

It is sure Newton's opinion that the principal conclusion took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.
ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

YOUNG'S WORKS.

A PARAPHRASE

THREE happy Job hut lived in real state,
Nor saw the capacious East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundant flow,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And load his back with drearful train.
What now but death, and poverty, and woe?
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
And spotted plagues, that marked his limbs all o'er.
So high, at length, their argument was wrought,
They reached the wretched room of human thought.
A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhausted we had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grieve.
Love earth he pressed,
Went in the dust, and saw his friends.
His friends around the deep afflication measured,
Felt all his pang, and groan for groan returned.
In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And seven long days in solemn silence spent.
A debt of reverence to distress on earth?
Then Job contained no more, but cured his state.
His day of birth, its insatiable light,
He wished sunk in shadow of endless night.
And blotted from the year, nor fears to crave
Death, instant death, impatience for the grave.
That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and metals are no longer seas.

"It is disputed among the critics, who was the author of the book of Job; men give it to Moses, some to Solomon. As I was surprised in the examination of some arguments, I did pursue this to a conclusion, which I do not scruple to affirm.

"The Author of this prophecy, says, shall a wise man and a pharaoh be driven to the same? he shall not be able to judge. In order to the distinction of the parts of the fuller light, and to give the reader a clearer conception of it, I shrowd the proceeding and successive parts of the scene, and joined them to it; so this book is a sort of epitome of the whole book of Job.

"I use the word paraphrase, because I mean another which might better answer to the poetic liberty I have assumed. I have excised, added, and transplanted. The mountain, the ocean, the sea, and other parts, are entirely added; some upon the prose, the lion, etc, are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a manner more suitable to our nation of readers. I do not copy this place with the original, I will signify myself, and be found the greater grace in the great number of interpolated things, which have improved the whole.

"Largeness has a charm on introspective and remiss minds, wherein they contrive very much worth while. This speech of the Almighty answers well of this. For if it could not be the prop of their dead, they reason with the God of power, and think upon the greatness of his works, and try to come to an understanding with the great Jehovah. They have understood it to be the true God, and the great author of all things, and have some intimations of the proper style of mystery licensed. It differs from the word of God in some points, the organ of a special dispensation; for that sake the speaker to be put in his proper place, makes him, in effect, perform the higher.

THE book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and is that of the old Greeks, in fiction built on truth. Probably this text may part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind, with all its prerogatives, and with all its proofs; as to his wisdom and power, majesty and majesty, and brightness, and being, and the name of the name, is in the middle of the question, I refer to the preceding verses for the expression of the Almighty after this manner, Ezek. 1:26. This book has been too much confounded with the Book of Job, 43:13, 14, Ezek. 1:26, etc. Hence what is said to be in thick darkness could have his way in the whirlwind.

WHERE comprehens is hushed, and mighty kings (Our happy turn!)
No more are wondrous things:
Hast thou explored the secrets of the deep, Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day, Springs the great fountain of the world of wonders? Those glorious paths did they held foot ever trod, Whole worlds of waters rolling over thy head. Hast the keen crystal opened wide to thee? Death's mornest chambers didst thou ever see? Ever looked at his season; and, while the sun ended his course to the black portal through the inclement shades? Deep are those shadés; but shades still deeper hide My counsels from the keen of human pride.

Where shall the Light? in what refuged come? And where has darkness made her dismal home? Thou knowest, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
When opened through wisdom, through long ages brought, Since Nature was called forth when thou wast made, And into being rose beneath thine eye!
And who visitest? who their father knew? From whom descended the petty drops of dew? To blind the stream by night what hand can boast? Or win the morning with the frosty hour? Whose powerful breath, from northern regions brings
Tostess the sea, and turns it into stone? A sudden storm spreads o'er realms defaced, And lays one half of the creation waste? Those vast destructions, who can know when
How vast a task thy God from thee.
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow? And when didst thou set in order the heavens, An exulting man to the hour of night? Put forth thy hand and shake the world with might? Earth's numerous kingdoms, hast thou visited them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball? Who heaved the mountain which splendidly stood
And casts its shadow into distant lands? Who stretching forth his sceptre over the deep? Can the wide ocean, in its endless keep
Break the gloze, I scooped its hollow side.
And did a basin for the floods provide: I commanded them with my word, the heaving sea,
Worked up in storms, hearken my great decrees:

"Thus far thy floating tide shall be conveyed; And here, let thy proud billows stand. But, now in life, a cheerful prospect yIELDS Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields; When groves and forests lavish all their bloom, And earth and heaven are filled with rich perfume.

Hast thou ever scaled my wintry sky, and seen Of hail and snows my northern mountains? Those the drear treasures hoarded from the east! My fund of vengeances for the day of war, When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command.

Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land, Who taught the rapid wind his first seat? Or shaketh the centre with his eastern blast? Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour? Who填道 through nature with a solemn roar Of dreadful thunder, points it where it drives, And in fierce lightning waves the flying ball? No he who trembles at the darts fire, Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires. Who drew the comet out to such a size, And poured his flaming train over half the skies? Did thy relenting hang him out? Does he Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on earth can moderate the rages That guides the storms on the aerial plain? Appoint their seasons, and direct their course, Their justice brighten, and supply their force! Canst thou the skies' heaviest restless storms? And cause the Pไรlatian mists to part? Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere, Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year? Bill Mazzowth his destined states know, And touch the bright Aurora where to glow? Mine is the night, with all her story; I pour Mystics, and myriads I reserve in store. Deat then pronounce where Daylight shall be born.

And draw the purple curtains of the Moon. Awake the Sun, and bid him come away, And glad thy world with his obsequious ray! Hast thou, enveloped in the latest dawn, Placed the golden ring upon the cloud? Thee, through the radiance of the sun, and through the mild.

Who did the soul with her rich power invest, And light up reason in the human breast, To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, height, When stars and sun are set in endless night? To those my various questions make reply, The Almighty spoke, and, spakeing, shook the sky. What then, Chaldean Sire! was thy surprise? Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:

On what is this, that with such blessings he filled? Of which all nature, in the nature of things, Is so much joined, any other independent government of nature prevails, the creation of it. The film of these two passages is no bad concurrence argument that Moses is author of the book of Job.
My voice is in eternal silence bound;
And I have fatal note to know me.

He ceased: when, lo! again the Argument spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke!

And then, to a sudden measure with an arm divine;
And can't the thunder with a voice like mine?

In all their rage, and dash the distant skies.
Come forth, in Beauty's excellence arrayed,
And be the grandeur of thy power displayed;
Put on the motion, and, franking, move;
The spacious round of the creation appears again,
Despatch thy vengeance, bid it overflow.
Triumphant Vice, by lofty tyrants lay;
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodged in thee alone;
Of thee art thou, and mayst unattended stand.
Behind the barker of thine own right hand.

Final part! the vision of a moment made:
Dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produced, what creatures framed,
What insects cherish, that thy God is blessed?
What walks with thee, with whose breathend Loud call on God, important for food;
Who hears their cry, who grants their hopes re- quest,
And in the cloudborn of the evening cast?
Who in the unclouded host has published
A parent's care, and lord inquested?
While far she flies, her scattered eggs are found,
Washed ashore upon the sandy ground;
Cost out on fortune, they at money be;
And borrow life from an indomitable sky.
Adopted by the Sun, in hours of day,
They ripen under his pro-ly.

**Young's Works.**

While pregnant, they, a mother's loud sustain;
They brood, and each press forth their pain.

Is she their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unsustained, and unassisted food.

They live at once, break the ban's warm side;
Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide.

Round over the leaves, or seek the distant glade,
And find & home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall reed, which knows no lord but me,
Low at the earth, and which the hawk may assails?

Submit his unworn shoulders to the yoke,
Break the stiff clofs, and ever thy succor move.

Since great his strength, go trust him, well of care.
Let on his neck the toil of all the year.
Belid his hand his bow, his steps to thy doors,
And cast his load among the gathered stores.

Held then from service the wild am discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large;
Through the wide waste, his simple provisions, round,
And lose himself in his unbounded home.

By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His zeal is on the range of mountains speeded;
As in pure air he bowls along,
In distant smoke the city thriving;
Conscious of freedom, swarms the thundered train.

The threatening driver, and the servile rein.

Surfing! and with a grief that nearly savors
With thunder's robed distended chest;
No sense of fear his heartless soul allays;
Thib demand to behold his naifte rays;
To pro the proud and tyrant's delight,
And triumphs in the falseness of his might.

High raised, he sniffs the battle from afar,
And turns to plunge amid the raging war;
And moan with sighs, and throw his arms around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.

How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Fall on the branded sword and shaken canoe.
While his fixed eye, with the dazzling shield.
Gone, and return the lightburning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the shock that troublous in his side;
Right on to the height triumphant's must,
Till down to the end the tyrant's last breath.

But fiercer still, the belligerent steals,
Gruming majestically in his lonely walks:
When round he glasses, all living creatures fly;
He strikes the heart with his sighting eye.

Say, world, does he reside at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand.

And good in silk with snaky softness play?
Shall portions banquet swali with such a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchants hold.

And various limbs to various parts convey.
Through his skilful steel what steel's way can win.
What formidable engine can subdue his skin?

**A Paraphrase.**

When pregnant, they, a mother's loud sustain;
They brood, and each press forth their pain.

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Walk unsustained, and unassisted food.

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And various limbs to various parts convey.
Through his skilful steel what steel's way can win.
What formidable engine can subdue his skin?

*Punishing their prey by黑夜 is true of most wild beasts,*

**pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts,*

**especially the lions.** 

*The Arabian hare leaves one among its five hundred names for the lion,* which signifies the hunter by metaphor.

*This latter, the crocodile is most difficult.** Discordantly, they are not to be taken by force. Now when Augustus,

*Whenever Augustus gives the sign, a crocodile disabled to a plain face, with his inscription,*

*Nemo autem relegatur.*
Resignation.

IN TWO PARTS.

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. B. * * * *

My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness; when my mouth shall be filled with Thy long-sought joys.

PART I.

This day how few, how short the years,
Of man's too rapid race!
Each adding to it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place.

Thou who the longest lose enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more
Than to begin to lie.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With hearts alarmed; and yet,
In life's short time, said asleep,
This mighty truth is lost.

And am I not to these akin?
Age numbers over the quill;
Its honour blinds whatever it writes;
And am I writing still?

Conscious of Nature in decline,
And language in my thoughts,
To damn crime and abuse
In figure on my faults,

Pray me, Madame! ere to you
The promised verse I pay,
To teachers, felt Infinitely
Sad sister of Deceit.

One world descents, another born,
Like Noah they seethe,
Over whose white heads and arrowed brows
Too many sins have reeled.

Happy the patriots! he rejoiced
My second world to see;
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for men.

To me this brilliant age appears
With devotion spread!
Near all with whom I lived and smiled,
What life was, was dead;

And with them died my joys: the grave
Has taken Nature's laws,
And closed against this feeble frame
In partial cruel jaws.

Cruel to spare! I condemned to live!
A cloud impairs my sight!
My weak hand discourses my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalas tell
Say, long abandoned man!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I choose?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rein me from shame,
For doing on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes which most admire,
Which dazzle or astonish,
Beyond renowned realms of war,
Bright charmers, or empty blazes,

Are themes, which, in a world of us,
Can best appease our pain,
And in an age of guile, guilt,
Gay Folio's food content;

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm intoxication,
And with untiring laurels crown
The brow of the resigned.

O Resignation! yet unmeag,
Untouched by former strains,
Though claiming every muse's strain,
And every poet's palm's delight.

Beneath life's evening solemn shades
I dedicate my page;
To them, then, safest guard of youth! Thou sole support of age!

All other duties crossers are
Of virtue faintly bright;
The glorious consummation thou
Which fills her with light.

How rarely filled! the love divine
In eyes to discern;
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn:

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign.
The distance greatly would decrease
Twixt heaven and divine.

But though full noble is my theme
Pull up your eyes to call
To soften crew, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall;
The task I dread! I dare to leave
Of human race the shore,
And put to sea! a dangerous sea!
What thorns have sunk before!

How proud the poet’s billows swell!
The God! the God! his boast;
A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
Dead birdsstretches every coast.

What then am I? shall I presume,
On such a moutain wing,
Above the general wreck to rise
And in my winter sing?

When nightingales, when sweetest harps,
Confound their charming song
Tosummer’s animating heats
Content to wearable young.

Yet I write! a lady* rare
How shameful her request!
My brain in honour for a rhyme!
Here teeming with the best!

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you, a stranger, but, through fate,
No stranger to your pain.

The ghost of Grief deceased accords,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recalled to life
By those he sees in you;

Too well he knows the twisted strings
Of ancient hearts rebounded,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resigned.

These tears you pour your eyes have shed;
The pang you feel so felt;
The Nature, lord as Virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.

But what can heart or head suggest?
What soul Experience say?
Through truths unfrore to peace we work
Our rugged glosmy way.

What are we! whence for what?
And where
Who know not needs must mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the Skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

*Mr. M.

Thought is our armour; 'Tis the mind’s
Impenetrable shield;
When, sent by Fate, we meet our foes
In war Affliction’s field.

It plucks the fruitful wntneee from ills,
Forces pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise a friend,
Which turns Affliction’s title.

Affection frail! trained up by Sense,
From Reason’s channel strayed,
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought wincs its food erroneous flow
From daily-dying flowers,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In immortality’s bowers:

Whence throngs, in ecstasy, look down
On what once struck, their right,
And thank the torment of the past
For ages of delight.

All wounds here; who most possess
Are losers by their gain;
Stung by full proof, that, had at best,
Life’s idle, all is vain:

Vain, in its course, life’s munring stream;
Dint not its course offend,
But mirror wise, life, then, would seem
Still vainer from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor arts this world affords,
Deplorably content?

Had not the Greek his world forgot,
His wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

Of earth’s sevens; who would state
A full account and fair?
We hope, and hope, and hope, then cast
The total up—despair.

Since vain all hope, all future, vast,
Expect the least assigned;
Eleven wounds to heal, its fountains are friends;
Its strokes severe kind soul.

But in lapsed nature rooted deep,
Blind Error dominers,
And in foids errands in the dark,
Send out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our phlegmas ever grief;
These oft persuade us to be weak,
Those urge us to be wise.

Pain Virtue’s rugged path to right,
By pleasure are we brought.
To flowery fields of peace, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilst it chides it speaks of peace,
If fully is withstood,
And says, Time pays an easy price,
For our eternal good.

In earth’s dark cot, and in an hour,
And in our friend great,
What an economist is man!
To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity!
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weighed,
As feasts he should mourn.

Say not your loss in triumph laid,
Religious reforms thrive;
Joy future singly revere;
Joy banks of this life.

But not deferred your joy so long,
It bears an early date;
Affection’s ready pay in hand
Befalls our present state.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearls? like pears of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

Grief’s softest hours, and curts the will,
Impetuous passions tame,
And keeps indurate keen desire
From launching in extremes.

Through Time’s dark womb, our judgment right
If our dim eye was thrown
Clear should we see the will divine
His but forestalled our own.

At variance with our future wish,
Selfserved, we complain:
If so, the wounded, not the wound;
Most answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and spirit of wing,
Though you may think it slow,
When, in the list of Fortune’s smiles,
You’ll enter crowns of wo.

For mark the path of Providence;
This course it has pursued,
’Tis the parent, the, the womb,
Of sound and important good.

Our hearts are fastened to this world
By strong and endless tie;
When in the list of Fortune’s smiles,
You enter crowns of wo.

Resignation.

Twist sound savors—yet not acquired
I’m statues of your peace;
Though I should dare to give you joy—
Yet, joy of his deesse.

An hour shall come, (you question this)
An hour, when shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Hear them, without surprise, a truth;
A daughter truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bless.

Esteem you this a paradox?
My sacred motto read;
A glorious truth, divinely sung
By one whose heart had bled.

To resignation swift he flew;
In her a friend he found;
A friend which blessed him with a smile,
When gazing with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtained
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our tabubas are but few.

To real joy we seek our way,
Encountering many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms, as found
A Venus in the black.

In some disaster, some severe
Apparition for our sins,
That mother-blessing, (not so called)
True happiness, begins.

No martyr ever defied the flames
By stings of life unvexed;
First rose some quarter with this world
Then passion for the next.

You see then pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through times records run
And say, what is a man unstruck?
It is a man undone.

This moment am I deeply stung—
My bold pretense is tried.
When vain man boasts, heaven puts to proof
The warnings of his pride.

Now need I, Madam? your support—
How exquisite the smart!
How critically timed the news?
Which strikes me to the heart!
The range of which I speak I feel:  
It wrought like thine is home,  
O long beloved! I bless the blow,  
And triumph whilst I mourn.

Nourer I long; by grief subdued,  
Be reason's empire shown,  
Deep anguish comes by heaven's decree,  
Continue by our own.

And when continued past its point,  
Indulged in length of time,  
Grief is disgrace, and what was fate  
Corrupts into a crime.

And shall I, criminally mean,  
Myself and subject wrong?  
No, my example shall support  
The subject of my song.

Madm! I grant your loss is great,  
Nor little is your gain:  
Let that be weighed; when weighed aright,  
It richly pays your pain.

When heaven would kindly set us free,  
And earth's enchantments send,  
The takes the most effectual means,  
And robs us of a friend.

But such a friend—and sigh no more!  
'Tis prudent, but severe:  
Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop  
All sorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth  
I should not kindly strive,  
But with soft balm your pain assume,  
Had he been still alive:

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief  
In my distress of thought,  
Tinged with his beams my cloudy page,  
And beautified a fault.

To touch our passions' secret springs  
Was his peculiar care;  
And deep his happy genius divin  
In bosoms of the fair.

Nature, which favors to the few  
All art beyond inapt,  
To him presented, at his birth,  
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeathed  
His gentle smooth address;  
His tender hand to touch the wound  
In throbbings of distress.

Hower'er, proceed I must, unblessed  
With Enochian art:  
Know, Love, sometimes, mistaken Love!  
Plays Dusquenne's part.

Nor lands, nor seas, nor ames, nor stars,  
That soul from soul divide;  
They correspond from distant worlds,  
Though transports are denied.

Are you not then unkindly kind?  
Is not your love severe?  
Of! stop that crystal source of we,  
Nor wound him with a tear.

As these above from human bliss  
Receive increase of joy,  
May not a stroke from human we,  
In part their peace destroy?

He lives in those he left—to what!  
Your now paternal care:  
Clear from its cloud the brightened eye,  
It will discover him there:

In features, not of form alone,  
But those, I trust of mind,  
Auspicious to the public weal,  
And to their fate resigned.

Think on the tempests he sustained,  
Revolve his battles won,  
And let those prophecy your joy  
From such a father's son.

Is consolation what you seek?  
Pass then his martial fire,  
And animate to flame the sparks  
Bequested him by his sire.

As nothing great is born in haste,  
Wisely Nature's time allow;  
His father's laurels may descend,  
And flourish on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be grieved to hear,  
That laurels may be due  
Not more to heroes of the field  
(Proud boaststers!) than to you.  

Tender as is the female frame,  
Like that brave man you mourn,  
You are a soldier, and to fight  
Superior battles born.

Beneath a banner nobler far  
Than ever was unfurled  
In fields of blood; a banner bright!  
High-waved o'er all the world.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts  
An universal light;  
Sheds day, sheds morn, eternal day,  
On nations whelmed in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit  
Can mound our glory higher,  
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,  
When those we love expir!
To find good the worst events
Through secret channels run;
Final, for man, their destined course,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observed, perhaps, by few)
Has often nate, and smiles
My mind, as demonstration strong
That heaven in man delights.

What's known to men of things unseen,
Of future worlds or fate?
So much, not more, than what to man,
Sublime affairs relates.

What's revelation then? a list,
An inventory just,
Of that poor insane goes so late
Called out of sight and dust.

What various motives to rejoic'd
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere.

Would we in heaven new heaven create,
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when heaven looks down,
How pleasing in its sight.

Angels stoop forward from the thrones
To hear the joyful lay;
As incense sweet enjoints, and join,
Its laudable praise.

Why have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of heaven's avenging rod,
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an harmless wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting.
Like that in Moses' hand
Like that it swallows up whatever
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast lowest
Of joys a rival spring.

Consume, consume! the list how large
Of blessings from thine hand?
To banish sorrow, and be bless'd,
Is thy supreme command

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss shall we complain?
The man who draws to be a wretch
Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory; health;
'Tis the arbiter of the soul;
Our best reward on the power
Who sweetly plans the whole.
In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thing began;
And they, like her, have caused a fall,
A full of fame in man.

And since of genes in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see!

It shone, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's accursed stat;
His beamed light, and languid powers,
I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

But what in cipher sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
In raving seasons to be calm,
And smile while fortune frowns!

Heaven's choice is safer than our own:
Of ages past inquire.
What is the most formidable fate?
To have our own desire.

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perished in the ardor wish!
With ardor, ever wrong!

Tis Resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

By dealing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable'lls
While army is exorbitant!

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourseours above we rise;
We scarce believe ourselves below;
We trespass on the skies.

The Lord, and Soul, and source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
In executing human will
In earth, and air, and sea;

Beyond us what can angels boast?
A change to what, require I
Whiter below, above is done,
Is done as—we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span?
This is meditation majesty!
This the sublime of man!
Beyond the boast of Pagan song,
My sacred subject shines,
And for a soul the last takes
Of Rome's excelled lines.

"All that the sun surveys subdued,
But Cato's mighty mind!"—
How grand! most true: yet far beneath
The soul of the resigned.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives law:
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe.

That fatal pride, whose cruel print
Transfixed his noble breast;
Par nobler! if his fate sustained
Had left to Heaven the rest:

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cesar thrown;
But him off cheerfully with the world,
And made the skies his own.

What can not Resignation do?
It wonders can perform:
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the lowest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, heaven's mursy's souls
Ascended to their King.

Who is it calls thee? One whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which means equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state:
How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly armed by fate!

His threatening foe! what shades deep
Overwhelm his gloomy brow!
His heart tremendous!—at his force
My soul to my despair.

Haste then, O Resignation! haste!
'Tis thing to recold
My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to smile.

O for that summit of my wish
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death.

The wise, as flowers, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When evening drinks and shades discolor.
Their evolutions close.

What though your Muse has nobly scored,
Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hearty friends! is to prefer
Eternity to time.

Why close a life so justly famed
With such bold trash as this?
This for renown? yes, such as makes
Obesity a bliss.

Your trash, with mine at open war
Is obstinately bent;
Like wits below, to sour your tares
Of gloom and discontent.

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke;
We shudder, whilst we praise;

A curious wish, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bug of poison spun,
With horror we adore.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disingulat air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire.

Early I knew him, early praised,
And long to praise him later;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate:

A fate how much to be deplored,
At which our nature starts!
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts.

"But great your name!—To feed on air
Were then immortal born?
Nothing is grot, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcass from the worms,
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Appraising Europe sure?

But fame you lose; good sense alone
Your idol, praise can claim;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame.

" Canist.

Quoted.
Not boast our genius; talents bright
E'en dunes will despise;
If in your western bowers is missed
A genius for the skies.
Your taste, too, fails: what most excels,
True taste must relish most;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can prompt humble boast?
Sound fills salvation's helmet* seek;
Resplendent are its rays:
Let that suffice; it needs no plume
Of sublunary praise.
May this enable couched Voltaire's
To see—'tis all in right,
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight.
If, in all's well: who much have erred,
That much have been forgiven,
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaire's are now in heaven."
Nay, such philanthropy divine
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous love extends
(Deep most profound!) to me.
Let others ered stars arrange,
Or dwell on their distance;
But let my page, for mercies poured,
A grateful heart express.
Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,
I behold passing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:
But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight?
Naked the centre to that eye
To which the sun is bright.
As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumined roll;
May thoughts of him by whom they shine
Chase darkness from my soul!
My soul, which rends his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars;
And knows him not more bent ought
To wield that vast machine
* [Note: The asterisk indicates a footnote reference, and the number 17 is likely a page number or a reference to a previous page in the text.]
And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To Reason's bound, will be behold
Your prudence with a smile;
A smile which through eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dismal defiles even guilt,
If guilt at last obeys.
Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a Sovereign reigns)
Your guilt diminish, peace pursue;
How glorious peace in palms!

Here, then, your sorrows cease, if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away.

Of fears that grasp profuse restraint;
Whence burst the dismal sights?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise.

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulged to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care.

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown,
For all his care as absolute
As all had been but one.

And is he then so near? so kind?—
How little then, and great,
That riddle, man! O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate!

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with bitter worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep.

How mean! and yet if well obeyed
His mighty master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
In effect a boon too small:

Too small the whole creation deemed
For curves in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can destroy
The power, in exquisite extreme
To suffer, or enjoy.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggared and undone!
Imprisoned in unbounded space!
Enlightened by the sun!

For what is the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which gleamers in the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture noised
Swells here, the vain to please:
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as those.

They warn e'en me—I dare not say
Divine ambition strove
Not to be lost, but confounded,
Nay fright us, with its love,

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darkened sun, and rising dead,
So formidably spoke?

And are we darker than the sun?
Than earth more hard and blind?
We live—'tis not to such a God
In agencies resigned.

Yes, even in agonies forebear
To doubt allmighty love;
What else endures eternity,
Is mercy from above.

What most impatient time, that most
Enrages our thorny soul,
And thus by plunging in distress
Exils us to the spheres:

Joy's fountain-head! where bliss over bliss,
O wondrous wonders rise,
And an omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise;

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
Neer-recoos to the soul!
What transport doth a spirit cleave from the stream
As angels fill the bow.

Fountain profuse of every bliss!
Good-will infinitely prevails:
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, not dream of more;
They seek a deep, how deep the sea?
One sand, how wide the shore?

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity?
The thousand part who comprehends;
A delay is He.

How yonder ample azure field,
With radiant worlds is sown!
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thrown!
How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone!
An humble heart, God’s other seat
The rivial of his throne.
And stones Omniperence so low?
And condescends to dwell
Eternity’s inhabitant,
Well-pleased in such a cell?
Such honour shall we repay?
How treat our good divines?
The sacrifice supreme be slain!
Let self-will die: Design.
Thus far, at large on our diseases;
Now let the cause be shown;
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human woe.

What is our fountain of distress?
Strong passion for this scene;
That trifles make important things
Of mighty moment mean.
When earth’s dark maximon shield
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and interests fly as far
Asunder as the poles.
Like princes in a cottage nursed
Unknown their royal role, and
With alacrity and sordid joys
Our grandeur we disgrace.
O for an Archimedes now
Of moral powers possessed,
The world to move and quite expel
That traitor from the breast!
No small advantage may be reap’d
From thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and pricing, weight,
Our origin and end;
From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came;
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great Jehovah’s beam:
Let that bright beam, on reason based,
In awful lustre rise;
Earth’s giant ill are drowned at once,
And all disquiet dies;
Earth’s glories, too, their splendour lose,
Those phantom’s charm no more,
Empire in feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:
Then level’d quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave!

* Isaiah iv. 10.
* Letter to Lord Lyndhurst.

How shocking is that modesty
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest;
When leaved by Polly's pen,
Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is own the sacred seed
Our constitution’s orthodox,
And closes with our creed.

What then are they whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?
Witches, who slight their own belief,
And labour to be lost.
Though Vice by no superior joys
Hers keep to keep in pay;
Through pure disinterested love
Of man they show;
Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no price;
Hast their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies.
From Fancy’s forge: gay Fancy smiles
At Reason plain and cool;
Polly, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

Voltaire! long life’s the greatest curse
That man can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living to live.
Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birthday of their sorrow;
Knowing it may be distant far,
Nor shall them till—to-morrow.
These are cold, matrons thoughts conceived
Beneath an humble cot;
Not move your genius or your state,
No Castle” is my lot.

But seen, quite level shall we lie:
And what pride most becomes;
Depart, in rank so distant now,
As level to their homes.
Hear you that sound? alarming sound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One who writes false to our works,
Is knocking at the gate.

For other works will soon be weighed;
For other judges sit;
For other crowns be lost, or won,
Then fire ambitious sit;
Their wit, far brightest will be proved
Who sunk it in good sense.

And veneration most profound
Of dread Omniperence.
’Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of blessed eternity.
O may it thou never, never lose
That more than golden key!
What’er may seem too rough, too coarse,
Your good I have at heart;
Since from my soul I wish you well,
As yet we must not part:
Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life’s future schemes compare,
The world in wonder not unjust.
That we are still alive?
What have we left? how mean in man
A shadow’s shade in envy?
When life so vain! is vainer still,
’Tis time to take our leave.

Happier than happiest life his death,
Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Wrote Vien on his shield.
So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,
Unhammet at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.
O how disorder’d our machine,
When contradictions mix!
Whose Nature strikes no less than twelve,
And folly points at six!

To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your mortal up,
And set your hand aright!
That hand which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands;
Reprent, recant: the tainted age
Your unblameable demands.
To Sultan dreadfully resigned
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of Folly, by head wise possessed,
And perish in the deep.
Men’s praises your vanity parades.
’Tis well, pursue it still:
But let it be of men deceived,
And you’ll resign the will;
And how superior they to those
At whose opulence your aim,
How much far superior they
In number and in name!

* Alluding to Powers.
POSTSCRIPT.

Thus have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume;
Or only write, what none should blame,
Mis to his tomb.

Though public tears, and censures loud,
My praise employ;
Though just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy.

But sing no more—no more I sing,
Subsume the lyre,
Unless vouchsafed an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

What myriads swell the concert loud!
Their golden notes resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound:

Hail (hallowed strain!) choral song
Of raptured angels drawn
In self-will’s pool of blasphemies,
And heliums burst of groans;

But drawn them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunder roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoed pole to pole!

While this grand chorus shakes the skies—
"Above, beneath the sun,
Through boundless age, by men, by gods,
Jehovah’s will be done."

"Tis done in heaven; whence headlong hurled
Self-will, with Satan fell;
And must from earth be banished too
Or earth’s another hell.

Malady! self-will inflites your pains;
Self-will’s the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shads of woe.

Your debt to Nature fully paid,
Now Virtue claims her due;
But Virtue’s cause I need not plead,
"Tis mine, I write to you.

You know that Virtue’s basic lye
In ever judging right;
And rating Error’s cloude away,
Which him the mortal slight.

Why turn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death denied, this world a scene
How dear and forlorn!
To death we owe, that Isis to man
A blessing to be born.

When every other blessing fails,
Or hipped by slow decay,
Or strowned by sudden blasts of fate,
In swiftly hurled away;

How happy! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just!
Never pluck from their unaching brows
Soft pillows in the dust!

Well pleased to bear heaven’s dearest fruits,
Your utmost power employ;
’Tis noble chymistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

Wherefore the colour of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice;
Determined am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice.

What ample cause! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I start not at a world in flames,
Charmed with one glimpse of thee.

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious dost thou shine!
And start through terror, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine.

The void of joy (with some concern)
The truth severe I tell
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyless murmurs free;
Or let us know, which rich character
Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign; this lesson none
Too deeply can instil
A crown has been resigned by more
Than have resigned the will.

Though well resign the meanest masque
Superior in renown,
And rich in celestial eyes
Than he who wears a crown.

Hence in the bosom of cold age
Is kindled a strange aim
To shine in song, and bid me know
The grandeur of my theme.

But, oh! how fast presumption falls
Its lofty theme below
Our thoughts in life’s December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow.

Find! Greatist! I best! grant what I wrote
For others, ne’er may arise
To tread the writer; thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise.

And how unwisely, deep in guilt,
How infamous the fault,
A leader throned in pomp of words,
Is beautified by the night!

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel,
And with instructions most divine
To pave a way to hell.

Oh for a clean and sainted heart!
Oh for a soul on fire!

Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels strike the lyre!

How cold is man! to him how hard,
(How most what most easy seems)
"To set a just estern on that
Which yet in most esteem!"

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offered to mankind,
And to that offer when a nce
Of rations is blind?

Of human nature, ne’er too high
Are our ideas wronged;
Of human merit, ne’er too low
Depressed the daring thought.

On the

DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE,

AND THE

ACCESSION OF KINGS GEORGE.

INSPIRED TO

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Secretary to their Excellency the Lords Justices.

—Canto curiosus—

Saw I have long, and with impatience, sought
To furl the fulness of my grateful thoughts,
My fame at once and duly to pursue,
And please this public by respect to you.

Though long, since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country’s glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quenched our ambition in great Anna’s fate,
And darkness all the pomp of human state.

Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though raised in life, and greatness fade away,
Your virtues shine; virtue cuts the gloom
With pure rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir! the great esteem and honour due
I deserve, that moment, to profess to you;
When, when you reign, when Fortune so severe
Must ward our bosoms to be most sincere,
And when no motive could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as are above, and far transcendent
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall bid
The sun’s bright orb, and Cato be forgot.

Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels strike the lyre!

How cold is man! to him how hard,
(How most what most easy seems)
"To set a just estern on that
Which yet in most esteem!"

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offered to mankind,
And to that offer when a nce
Of rations is blind?

Of human nature, ne’er too high
Are our ideas wronged;
Of human merit, ne’er too low
Depressed the daring thought.

I sang!—but, ah my theme I need not tell!
See every eye with conscious tear and swell
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only show his duty, not his choice.

How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.
Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new?)
See all the seasons shine on Anna’s throne,
And pay a constant tribute not their own.
Her summer heats not fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvests and subdue the sea;
And when black storms confound the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreath her summers won;
Revolving pleasures in their turns appear.
And triumphs are the product of the year.

To crown the whole, great joys in greater ease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this preference on our favour’d side?
Did partial Fortunes on our virtue smile
Or did the scepters, in great Anna’s hand,
Stretch forth his rich indulgence o’er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless chains;
The queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
’Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic squadrions fly.
We spread our canes to the southern shore;
’Tis Anna reigns! the South reigns her name.
Her virtue sooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the skin.
Angry and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdued by Anna’s sway.
How great her soul! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire?
Constant devotion did her time divide;
Nor set returns of pleasure of this sort;
August, in native worth and royal state,
Arsis et alines of Europe's face;
To distant realms did ev'ry aspect fly,
And all who watched each motion of her eye
Silent, nor longer wist to be known;
Thus small a spot contained the mighty Queen!
No chang of spirit prince marks the place
Where Britain's greatness is composed in peace:
This known earth is scarce discerned to rise;
And a stone tells where the monarch lies.
Thus end maturest honours of the crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown:
So when, with little skill, the wanton boy
Breaks through the sky he sees, with eager rage,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And by degrees, the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection bloom, it flies
High in the air, and shineth in various hues.
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burn out at once, and disappear.
'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom:
No groans unlock the incense tomb;
Why then this foul indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can rise; or what advantage grow?
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress
We learn to hope in George the gods can bless.
A loss less glorious princess left the state;
But half the hero had at first been shown;
And Anna! falling all the King employs,
To trample from high our rising joys;
Our joys arise, and innocently shine.
Auspicious monarch! what a praise is thine!
Welcome, great Stranger! to Britannia's shore
Not thy country think thee all our own;
On thy delay how all we did complain.
Our hopes reached out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we smoothed the billows for thy foot;
With ardent wishes filled thy smoking shroud;
And when thy foot did plant in Adon's shore,
We bending kissed the gods, and asked no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join whom in rest and peace, and chase our foes?
Repel the daring youths' presumptive aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him pause!
Now in some foreign court he may all set down;
And quit, without a blush, the British crown.
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great Sir! now first at this late hour,
You can resign the ancient favour you exert your power.
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you choose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspiring might, or in courts of might.
In the more sacred your genius was displayed;
The greater debt was on Britannia laid.

VERSES.

OCTOBERED by that famous piece of the
O'CRIPTION.

DONE BY MICHAEL ANGLO,*

While Redcoat in canvas dies,
Stabbed at his feet, a saviour werting lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Yawns the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
It shans off by days, and, dead to cries,
Beams cold, and thoughtful; he blazes.
His studies torment; cares in mortal toy;
To sum up every pang, repeat his blow;
Rich rising agory, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm, transplanted to his Saviour's face.
O glorious death! O madly wicked draught!
With his full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic cobwebs boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

AN HISTORICAL EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS

BY THE AUTHOR.

An Epilogue through custom is your right,
But never perhaps was needful till this night.
Dreadful the virtuous fall's the guilty flies;
Oaths of friendship make our narrow scape denude.

In history's authenticity record read
What ample vengeance gluts Danes's's shield?
Vengeance so great, that, when his tale is told,
With pity some even, Persians may hold.
Persians survived, indeed, and filled the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
Nor reigned he long; from Rome with thunder flow,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw.

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* Lord Anthony Beauclerk was the eighth son of the Duke of St. Albans, who was created one of King Charles the second. He was born in 1671, and was early destined to the service. In 1711, he was appointed to the command of His Majesty's ship the Lion, and in the following year, he commanded the Prince of Denmark's ship, the Cumnor, in the fleet of the Duke of Orthen, March 24, 1714. This young navigator was one of the most promising commanders in the King's service.

Epitaph on Lord Anthony Beauclerk.
In Westminster Abbey, 1746.

 whilst Briton bests her enemy on the deep.
 This marble shall compel the brave to weep!

WHILE,

Redcoat in canvas dies,
Stabbed at his feet, a saviour werting lies;

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Virtue
Thus, pleased
And curious
As young
Vain

TO MR. ADDISON,
ON THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

What do we see—in Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more
Than Lucian, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
="Cato begins to live in Anna's reign.
The world's great chief, in council or in arms,
Rise in their lines with more exalted charms:
Illustrous deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immaterial flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your soul.

THE REVENGE.
A Tragedy.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PROLOGUE.
BY A FRIEND.

Oft has the buskin issue with action been,
Debated the glory of the tragic scene:
While poesy villains, drest in purple pride,
With crimes obscene the heaven-born rage belied.
To her belongs to mourn the hero's fate,
To trace the stream of the wise and great;
To mark the excess of passions too refined,
And paint the terrors of a god-like mind;
Where, moved with rage, the rebel thoughts combine,
Affrighted thoughts combine,
Affrighted thoughts combine,

And love, and hate, at once, and grief and joy,
Pity and rage, their mingled force employ.
Here the soft virgin, wise, with secret shame,
Her charms excelled by friendship's pure flame,
Forced with reluctant virgins to approve
The generous hero who rejects her love.
Behold him there, with gloomy passions stain'd,
A look suspended, and an infected friend,
Yet such the tale where friendship is caught,
That rash suspicion some without a fault.
We dread awhile lest beauty should succeed,
And almost wish e'en virtuous self may bleed.
Mark well the black revenge, the dastard guilt,
The traitor's stain, spoiling the lovely smile
Of beauty, truth, and innocence oppressed,
Then let the rage of futures fire your breast.
Yet may his mighty wreck, his just downfall,
His bleeding country, his loved father slain,
His martial pride, your admiration raise,
And crown him with inviolable praise.

THE REVENGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DON ALONSO,
DON CARLO,
DON ALVAREZ,
DON MANUEL,
ZANGA,
LEONORA,
ISABEL.

SCENE—Spain.

THE REVENGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A TREATMENT, WITH A SEA PROSPECT.

DON CARLO.

Zan. Whether first nature, or long want of
pence,
Has wrought my mind to this, I can not tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me.

Enter ISABELA.

Zan. In tears I then feel I shall hear me and be
punished,
In hell's abyss, if it ever escape thee,
To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,
Then shall I hear farther.

Isa. Hate Alonso!

I own, I thought Alonzo most my friend,
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Heart he.

Isa. Heart he.

Zan. This is twice three years since
that great man,
Great let me call him, for he conquered me,
And me the captive of his arm in fight
I bow to either, and throw chains off me,
With Iancu rage pursued revenge.
I then was young, I placed me near his person,
And thought me not dishonestly by his service.
One day, may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse of each succeeding year!
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me. While I tell it, do I love?
He wrote me on the cheek, and did not stab him;
For that were poor revenge—ever since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindness, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thoughts! and like a second blue!
Affluents are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell thy story;
To see thy strong emotions startles me.

Zan. Young, woman, with the temper that befits
Her the dark ateron! one have I
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!'t
For this day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have curst this rising sun,
Which never failed to tell me of my shame.
I from that day have blotted the coming night,
Which purposed to conceal it; but in vain;
The blow returned for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toiled, and groaned for an occasion
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arrived.
Here's at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore, in his ambition,
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
My nightly march he purposed to surprise
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour,
Falling in this, a cast of utmost moment,
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. To whom?

Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.

Zan. Be propitious,
Oh, Mohsen, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Other's self-love into our own protection?
But see, the morning Dawns;
I'll seek Don Carlos and inquire my fate.

[Zanclo.

ZANGA.

Don Manual and Don Carlos.

Man. My Lord, Don Carlos, what brings your
expense?

Car. Alonso's glory, and the Moors' defeat.
The field is strewn'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betrayed.
He'll soon arrive. Oh, how he doth exult
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!
I loved fair Leonora long before
The chance of battle gave me to the Moor,
Car. Disloyal man! Rather than come thus oddly, than come this With absent eyes and altered mien, Suffering address, the victim of my love. Oh, let me be undone the common way, And have the common comfort to be pitied, And not be ruined in the mask of tears, And as he is, and be wreathed too! Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty, Those lies, whose touch is to be bought with its Those mills of driven snow, which seem so fine. All this possessed, are nought, but as so The proof, the substance of an inward passion, And the rich plunder of a taken heart. Lean. Alas, my lord, we are too delicate; And when we grasp the happiness we wished We call on wit to make it away: A plainer mode would not feel half your pains: But some have too much wisdom to be happy. Car. Had I known this before, it had been better I had not then selected your father To add to my distress; so you believe Your father's kindness stabs me to the heart. Give me your hand—nay, give it, Leonora. You give it not—nay, yet you gave it not— To me. Lean. I pray, my Lord, no more. Car. Ah, why so sad? you know each sigh does make me: Sight here, there is no prosper in these I've seen, but men would be nobler in heaven What is my guilt, that makes me so with you? Have I not languished prostrate at thy feet? Have I not lived whole days upon the sight? Have I not seen thee where thou hast not died? And, mad with the gladness of the world, And danced upon nothing. Lean. Count me not, Good Carlos, by reasoning of my faults, And telling me in pity I have been. Alas, my lord, if thinking would prevail, I could suggest much better arguments Than those I now try my way on me. Your valour, honour, wisdom, praised by all But hid physicians talk my veins to temper, And with an argument now set a pace; This is my lord, of reasoning into love. Car. Must I distrust them? do not shake my mother My tempest-riven heart is cold to death. Ah, torn, and let me warm me in thy breasts What proof I gave, but two days are passed Of matchless love to cling to thy side. I slighted friendship, and I few foes found; Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle But bursting headlong to them, I left the pressed fight, and I, lean Alonsos to Stand to the war and quell a world alone. (Travest.)

THE REVENGE

Leon. The victor comes. My lord, I must withdraw. Car. And must you go? Leon. Why should you wish me stay? Your friends' arrival will bring comfort to me, My presence none, it pangs you and myself. Perforce our sails permit me to withdraw. [Exit. Car. Sure, there's no peril but in love. Oh, how My ken would boast to seem so pale. Enter DON ALONSO.

Car. Alonso! Alon. I am whole again. Clashed in my arms, it makes my heart exult. Car. Whom dare I then embrace? the conqueror Of Afric. Alon. Yes, much more—Don Carlos' friend! The conquest of the world would cost me dear, Should I bestow one thought of distance in thee. Ine in virtute conuerere tuae. And conquer with Don Carlos in my eye, And thus I claim your victory's reward. (Embracing him.)

Car. A victory indeed! your goddess arm Has made one spot the grave of Africa; handfuls fell! and the survivors fled Ashamed of their glories off the strait, Where the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them. Alon. Those Carlos conquered, was his cruel claim Reduced to a rage unknown before, And shrouded my former actions far behind. Car. I love fair Leonora. How I love her? It is true, I know not how it is, Another heart, nay, I have not thought of them. The friendship warms, it, raises, it transports Like music, pure the joy, without alloy, Whose very rapture is tranquility. But here Elsewhere, gives a tongue sharp bliss, Heightened indeed beyond all mortal pleasures; Nor singles pang and meekness in the bowl.

Enter ZANZAN.

Alon. Oh, Leonora! What could I do in duty to my friend, I saw you; and to see is to admire. For Carls do I plead, and most sincerely. Witness the thousand agonies it cost me. You know I did. I sought but your esteem; If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty. "I oft sighed, nay, wept, but could not help it: And sure it is no crime to be in pain. But great my crime must be; I am greatly curst. What would you more? I am not most undone! This usage is like stamping on the murdered, When life is dead; most barbarous and unjust. Alon. If from your guilt none suffered but yourself, It might be so—savadell. [going]

Alon. Who suffers with me?—Leon. Enjoy your ignominy, and let me go.

Alon. Ah! what is there I can fear to know? Since I already know your hate; your actions Have long since told me that.

Leon. They flattered you.

Alon. How flattered me?

Leon. Oh, search in fate no further! I hate thee—oh, Leonore! how I hate thee!—

Alon. Indeed! and do you weep for hatred too? Oh, what a dreadful torment leaves too! I hope it most, and yet I dread it more. Should it be so—should her tears flow from thence; Should my soul blaze up in ecstasy, Should I be so happy, you show me?—for what I've done I hate and scorn myself. Oh, night, oh fall on me! I shall blush to death.

Leon. First perish all!

Alon. What, what? what, what have you resolved?—My father comes; what answer will you give him?

Alon. What answer? let me look upon that And read it there—Devote thee to another! Not to be borne! a second look undone me.

Leon. In spite of Carlos! ha! what's that?—my friend! [arrest vide from tear.

Alon. Ah! I see him pale! I hear his groan! He faints, he hears his fate; he raves, he bleeds, I know him by myself; he dies to day!—

Leon. How dreadful! how to cut from what we love!

Alon. Ah, speak no more!

Leon. And tied to what we hate!—

Alon. Oh!—

Leon. Is it possible?

Alon. Death!

Leon. Can you?

Alon. Oh—

**ACT II.**

**SCENE 1—CONTINUED.**

DON MANUEL, and ZANGA.

Zen. If this be true, I cannot blame your pain For what befell Carlos; 'tis but human in you. But when arrived your dismal news?

Zen. What, this.

Zen. What, not a word saved?—

Zen. All the storm

Zen. Determined to deny his daughter to him!

Zen. That treasure was on shore; must that too join

The common woe?

**Mon.**

Alonza pleads, indeed, That Leonora's heart is dischinned.

And pleads that only: so it was this morning, When he conferred; the trumpet broke the match, And sunk his favour, when it sunk the god. The love of gold is double in his heart. The voice of age, and of Alonza too.

Zen. How does Don Carlos bear it?

Zen. But is he then in absolute despair?

Zen. Never to see his Leonora more, And, quite to quench all future hope, Alonza Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter.

Zen. This very day; for he has learnt their loves.

Zen. It was not that received with censure By Don Alonzo.

Zen. Yes, at first; but soon A dumb came over him; it would kill his friend. Zen. Not his friend contented; and since now He can't himself expunge her?

Zen. Yet, to ask it

Has something shocking to a generous mind; At least, Alonza's spirit at it. Zen. It's the distance between the two, the repair, And giving up a mistress to another. But I must leave you. Carlos wants support.

Zen. In his severe affliction.

Zen. Has it darr'd me—?

Zen. It rises to me like a new found world

To manure long time distrest at sea, From a storm; and all their threats undone; On the sun just rising out of chaos, Some dregs of ancient night not quite quashed off. But, shall I finish it?—ron Isabella!—

Ere ISABELLA.

Zen. I thought of dying; better things come forward; Vogueness is still néré; from her dark covert, With all her snakes erect upon her crest, She strikes in view, and flies me with her charms. When, Isabella, arrived Don Carlos here?

Zen. Two nights ago.

Zen. That was the very night Before the battle—memory set down that; It has the essence of the crooked men.

Though yet but in the shell—I'll give it birth. What time did he return?

Zen. At midnight.

Zen. No. Say, did he see that night his Leonora?

Zen. No, my good lord.

Zen. No matter—tell me, woman, Is not Alonza rather brave than common man? Element than subtle, above himself rigged; Slow, therefore, to suspect it in another?

Zen. You best can judge; but so the world thinks of him.
THE REVENGE.

Zen. Hall of my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos ere Alonzo speak with him.

[He gives a message to a servant, then returns]

Poold hate Spain, oh drenched in Moonish blood
But thou not feel a deadly foe within thee?
Shake not the terrors where I pass along,
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyers?
Shake to the centre of Alonzo's dear.

Lou, oh holy Prophet! me torture
TheChristian dog, this inful, which
To strike thy errors, and spur thy law;
And yet shows pleasure from two radiant eyes,
That in thy paradise below?

Is your thought, and curse him with her charms.

But see, the melancholy lover comes.

Aside DON CARLOS.

Cor. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day.
For more than twenty years; vile promises!
Some here are happy, but the very few,
Or very wise; and I was not fool enough
To make in vanity, and hang a swallow.
I have wisdom to elaborate
An artificial happiness from pains:
Joyous joys, because they can not last.

Yet much is talked of bliss: it is the art
Of such as have the world in their possession,
To give it a good name that fools may envy:
For them the sun looks fair, and smiles
How high lift the head, look gay, and smile
Assent their consciences! and this we know,
Knowing, despising, and try again.
What we have tried, and struggled with conviction
Each now experience gives the former credit;
And have tried gray threescore, but fail a wrestler,
Thou told us true.

Zen. Your old love,
I mean your father; but are no hopes surviving?
Cor. No hopes. Alonzo has a heart of steel.

Tis—his past—is absolute despair!

If you wanted not to have your heart tendered
By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.

Zen. I understand you well. Alonzo loves;
Joy is not for me.

Zen. I dare be sworn you do

He has other thoughts.

Cor. What cannot—then mean

Zen. Indeed he has; and fears to ask a favor

Zen. Perish the man! what sacrifice the fit
To age and anguish, because set in gold?
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me.
I have no time since his being affliet
But dreamt it, so he be able to bear
How shall I bear it now? I am struck already.

Zen. He can't persuade his heart to weal the maid
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.
In perfect tenderness I urged him to it.
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
Your overflowing goodness to her.
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to weal her,
I wroung a promise from him he would try:
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,
Without his privacy to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Cor. Hat! if he were I am undone indeed.
Not Alonzo! self can relieve me.

Zen. Alas, my lord, you know his heart is steel,
'Tis fit, his past, his absolute despair.

Cor. Oh, cruel heaven! and is it not enough?
That I must never, never see her more?
Say, is it not enough that I must die?
Don't I must torment him in this way?

Zen. Ask my consent? I must then give her to him?
Lead to his upfold the blushing maid?
Oh!—Leonora! never, never, never!

Zen. A storm of plagues upon him he refuses.

Aside.

Cor. What, wert he—! and to-day!

Zen. To-day, or never.

To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
And then Alonzo is thrown out like you:
Then whom shall he condemn for his miserable?

Cor. Alonzo is an Alonzo to his love.

Cor. Oh, torment! whither shall I turn?
Zen. To peace.

Cor. Which is the way?

Zen. His happiness is yours—
I dare not disbelieve you.

Cor. Fill my friend!

Or worse—ah! and can there be a worse?
A worse is there; nor can my nature bear it.

Zen. You have convinced me 'tis a dreadful task.

Ind Alonzo's quitting her this morning
Cor. For Carlos sake, in tenderness to you,
Betrayed to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is.

Cor. Then I shall upsurge me?

Zen. No, my good lord; but since you can comply,
Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it;
For had I not, Alonzo would indeed
Have died, as now, but not by your decree.

Cor. By my decree! do I decree his death?

I do—shall then lead him to his arms?
Oh, which side shall I take? or stab, or stab?
'Tis equal death: a choice of agencies!

Ah, no!—all other agens are case
To one—oh, Leonora! never, never, never!

Zen. Zangha, go, cheer the sorrowful despair.

Though but a day, something, perhapsness, may happen
To soften all to friendship and love.
Go, stop my friend, let me not see him now;  
Alone, as from an interview of death.
Zan. [Aside.] My lord, I am bound in duty to obey you;  
If I do not bring him, may Alonso prosper.
Car. What is this world?—thy school, oh, misery!
Our only lesson is to suffer;  
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Though deep my range, and heavy at my heart,  
My remedy is, such moment further away.
A grain, at least, from the dead load that's on me  
And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.
But put it most severely—should I live—  
I know not how, but it is no longer in my power.
Nor in thy time, oh, man!—what is so very fierce?
Nay, what, indeed, the age of time itself,  
Since cut out from Eternity's wide round.
Away, then, to a mind resolved and wise;  
There is an impotence in misery,  
Which makes us smile, when all its shades are in me.
Yet Lorenzo—she can make time long,  
In nature altered, as she altered mine.
While in the furtive of her charms I lay,  
Whole summer suns roll unpersuaded away;  
I years for days, and days for months told,  
All after that, to bear that I grew old.
Now fate does ridgely its duchess again,  
And every moment is an age of pain.

As he is going out, enter ZANZA and DON ALONSO.
Zanza. [Aside.] Don Carlos! this is the boasted friend.
How can you turn your back upon his sadness;  
Look on him, and then leave him if you can.
Whose sorrows thus depress him? not his own;  
This moment he could weep without your leave,  
Could not I bear his graces?
Alonzo. [Aside.] To giving him and taking his hand.  
Alonzo. Oh, Carlos!
Car. Pray, forbear.
Alonzo. And then, indeed; and shall Alonso smile?
Alonzo, who perhaps, in some degree  
Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?
I was devout guardian of thy love;  
But, oh, I loved myself!—pore down afflictions  
On this unkind head; make me thy mask;  
And be the world by my example taught,  
How sacred it should hold the name of friend.
Car. You change yourself unjustly;—well I know  
That under the name of my severe affliction  
Alvarez, curst Alvarez!—so much anguish  
Felt for so small a failure, is one merit  
Which faultless virtue wants.
The crime was mine,  
Who placed thee there, where only thou couldst fail;  
Though well I knew that dreadful post of honor  
gave thee to maintain. Ah! who could bear  
These woes unfurled? the wounds myself have felt.  
Which wounds alone should cause me to confess  
They plead in thy excuse; for I too strove  
To turn those fires, and found tears not in man.  
Alonzo. You cast in shades the failure of a friend,  
And soften all; but think not you deceive me;  
I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,  
As the sole guilt, I can obtain of peace.
Car. Pardon for him, who but this guilt has thrown  
Fair Lorenzo from his heart all bathed  
In careless tears, and blushing for the love!  
Who, like a rose-leaf with morning dew,  
Would have stuck close, and clung for ever;  
But was in, through, fondness for thy friend,  
To shut thy bow against obstacles;  
For which, while this pulse beats, it beats to the  
While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo.  
And every wish is levelled at thy joy.
Zan. [Aside.] My lord, my lord, this is the  
Time to speak.
Alonzo. [To Zanza.] Because he's kind? it therefore is  
the worst;  
For his kindness which I fear to hurt.  
Shall the same mouth that see him sink in woe  
And me provoking for a study of soul,  
Rack in the plunder of his happiness?  
No, I may die; but I can never speak.
Car. Now, it is come; they are confederate.  
The first word strikes me dead,—ah, Lorenzo!  
And shall another taste her fragrant breath?  
Who knows what after-time may bring to pass.  
Fathers may change, and I may weep for all.
Alonzo. [To Zanza.] Do I not see him quite  
Assuaged,  
Which, like a common, with all to and fro  
And shall I pour in now? no fixed desire,  
No love: one pang at parting, and farewell.  
I have no other love but Carlos now.
Car. Alas! my friend, why with such eager eyes  
Dost press my hand, and weep upon my breast.  
Alonzo. If, after death, are forms, as some believe,  
Shall be transparent, made every thought,  
And friends meet friends, and read each other's hearts.
Then know one day that thou must hold me true.  
Farewell.  
Car. Alonzo, stay—he can not speak—[holds her hand.]  
Lost it should grieve me—shall I be cold?  
And lose in glory, as I lose in love? [aside]  
I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,  
You think so meanly of me, not to speak.  
When well I know your heart so near to lips,  
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?  
Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alonzo. There! there it is, my friend, it cuts me  
How dreadful is it to a generous mind!  
How to ask, when sure he can not be denied!  
Car. How greatly thought! in all he knows  
That you could you would ask nothing of me?  
Alonzo. No, on my soul.
Zan. [to Alonzo.] Then lose her.
Car. Glorious spirit!  
Why, what a pang has he run through for this!  
By heaven, I carry his agonies.  
Why, was not mine the most illustrious lot,  
Of starting at me, and disclosing something?  
And landing up in consummate greatness!  
Ha! angels strengthen me!—it shall be so—  
I can not want strength. Great actions, once conceived,  
Strength like wine, and animates the soul,  
And calls themselves to being. [aside.] My Alonzo,  
Since thy great soul demands to make request,  
Receive with favour that I make to thee.
Alonzo. What means your Carizana.
Car. Pray observe me well.
Feste and Alvarez tore her from my heart,  
And plucking up my love, they had well nigh  
Picked up life too, for they were twined together.  
Of that more—what now does reason bid?  
I cannot well—fearfully my happiness!  
But, oh, my soul, with care provide for hers!  
In life how weak, how helpless is woman!  
Soon lost, in happiness itself unsafe,  
And often wounded while she plucks the rose;  
Properly the object of affliction,  
That heaven is pleased to make distress become her,  
And dress her most anxiously in tears.
Take then my heart in downy with the fair,  
Stablish her guardian, and thou must be mine,  
To shut against the pressings of life  
With thy surrounding arms—do this, and then  
Set down the liberty and life thou gavest me,  
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,  
And callings of friendship's divine.  
Alonzo. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,  
Which with thy face would render thee throed.  
But have a care, nor think I can be pleased  
With any thing that has in pain for thee.  
Though that gladness and joy are in their tears.  
Car. My hearts in health, my spirits dance to each  
And at my eyes pleasure looks out in smiles.  
Alonzo. And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonor?  
Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.  
Alonzo. Oh, Carlos!
Car. Do not trust me, I am strong.  
Nor is it more than single justice in me.  
This must thou resign her for my sake.

ACT III.

Enter ZANZA.

Zan. O joy, then welcome stranger! twice three years  
I have not felt thy vital beat; but now  
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart  
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,  
And I could mount—there was something  
Of my dear countries, which yesterday  
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,  
All are assembled here, and cry informing,  
O, bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;  
Yet even by me unmended, for he super added,  
It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now  
Sits on thy cheek; enjoy it while thou mayest;  
Anguish, and groans, and death, bespinks-morrow.

Enter RABBILIA.

Zan. My Isabella!  
Rab. What commands my Moor?  
Zan. My fair ally! my lovely minister!  
Twa well Alvarez, by my arts impelled,  
To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,  
And so prevent all future molestation,


**THE REVENGE.**

Alon. Why didst thou fear it?
Zan. Think of it no more.

Twas thy mistake, and groundless are thy fears.
Alon. And dost thou tremble then for my mistake?

Or give the whole contents, or by the pangs
That solace my heart, thy life's in danger.
Zan. Is this Alonzo's language to his Zangara?

Dost swear by your sword, and find the secret here:
For whom is it, think you, I conceal it?

Wherefore this rage? because I seek your peace?
I have no interest in supposing it,
But what good-natured tenderness for you
Clogs me to have. — No, mine the heart
That will be dum'd, though all the world should know it.

Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is lost.

Zan. What has the rashness of my passion uttered?

I know not what; but rage is our destruction,
And all its works are wind—yes, sure I think,
I nothing owned—but great I did confide,
What is a letter? letters may be forg'd,
For heaven's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.

Some foe to your expense—

Alon. So, so, heaven look on me,
As I cannot find the man I have offended.

Zan. Indeed! [aside] Our instance is not our shield;

They take offence, who have not been offended;
They seek our ruin too, who speak as fair,
And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.

"We know not when we have to fear." — Certain
A letter may be forg'd, and in a point
Of such a dreadful consequence this
One would rely upon that might be false.
Think, have you any other came to doubt her?
Away, you can find none. Resume your spirits; All's well again.

Alon. O, let us war! —

Zan. That stings home. [aside.

Alon. Indeed, indeed I knew not of my treacherous love—

Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last: the strongest—

The eternal law of things declarest it true,
Which calls for judgment on distinguished guilt,
And loves to make our crimes our punishment.
Love in my torture, love was first my crime;
For she was his, and his, and O, horror infinite—Confused all in me, O,—sake faith! how dearly I abhor their violation!

Zan. Were they then their loves far gone?

Alon. The father's will.

Then bore a total and eternal:/ As he, so soon as news arrived that Carlos was seen

Penc'd off our coast, fired with the love of gold,
Determined, that the very sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my lord, then your master must become me.

If I presume to reprehend the crime.
Consider, strong allurements soften guilt;—
Long was his absence, solace was his love.
At midnight his return, the night's destined
For his operator—Swas strong temptation.

Alon. Temptation! —

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one night.

Alon. On's right! 

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**FINISHED.**

Finished the nuptials soon as he resolved them;
This conduct ripos'd all for me, and train.
Scene had the priest the holy rites performed,
When I, by sacred inspiration, forg'd
That letter, which I trusted to thy hand;
That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,
From happy Carlos, to fair Leonora,
The most profound acknowledgment of heart,
For whose transports the heart may never know.
This is a good e'rebrescent artifice,
To aid the noble workings of my brain.

I quickly drop it in the bride's apartment, as you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky hand;
For soon Alonzo found it; I observed him
Out from my secret stand. He took it up;
But scarce was it unfold'd to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow glanced his eye,
Started, and trembling, drop't it on the ground.

Pals and aghast while my victim stood,
Duggage a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.
At first he looked as if he meant to read it;
But check'D by rising fears, he crush'd it—threw it—
And turn'd it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Zan. But if he read it not, it can not sting him, at least not mortally.

Alon. At first I thought so;
But further thought informs me otherwise,
And turns this disappointment to account.

He more shall credit, because unseen,
If 'tis unseen, as thou amost sayest.

Zan. That would indeed command my Zangara's skill.

Alon. This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture! Take it and disperse of it, that found
It may arise a witness of her love;
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

Zan. I'll weigh its as its consequence require,
Then do my utmost to deserve your smile.
That is Alonzo presto on the ground!—
Now scarce up, like statues from sleeping embers,
And wild distraction glares from every eye.
If such a slight suitor can work his soul,
How will the fulness of the tempest bear him?

Enter DON ALONZO.

Alon. And yet it can not be— I am deceived—
I injure her; she wears the face of heaven.
Zan. He doubts. [retires.

Alon. I dare not look on this again.
If the first glance, which gave emotion only,
Hurt such effect; so mine my heart and brain,
The certainty would dash me all in pieces.
It can not—ha! it must, it must be true. [returns.

Zan. Hold there, and we succeed. He has deserv'd me.
And, for he thinks I love him, will unfold
His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.
I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure.

[Aside.


Alon. Shut close the doors,
That not a syllable find an entrance here.

Zan. My lord.

Alon. I see that you are frighted;
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With serpents' stings.

Alon. I do love, my lord?

Zan. Come near me, let me rest upon thy bosom.

Alon. And is there need
Of words? behold a wonder! see my tears!

Zan. I feel so too. Heaven grant my ones fail me!

I rather would lose them, than have this real.

Alon. Go, take a round through all things
It thy thoughts,
And find out, that for there is only one,
Which could extort my tears; find that, and all
Thyself my misery, and spare me the pain.

As.— Scrowr can think but all—I am bestirred;

I know not where I am,

Alon. Think, think, no more.

It can enter in an honest heart,
I'll tell thee, then— I can not—yet I do
By wanting force to give it utterance.

Alon. Speak, ease your heart; its throb will break your bosom.

Alon. I am most happy; mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout.
And great men make their fortunes of my smile.

O curse of ours— In the lap of blessing
To be most cruel!— my Leonora's false!

Zan. Save me, my lord!

Alon. My Leonora's false!

[he gives the letter.

Zan. Then heaven has lost its image here on earth.

[While Zangara reads the letter, he trembles and shows the intense concern.

Alon. Good-natured man! he makes my pain his own.

I did not read it; but I read it now.

In thy concern.

Zan. Did you not read it then?

Alon. Mine eye just touched it, and could bear no more.

[Aside. 

Zan. Thus perish all that gives Alonzo pain.—

[Leaves the letter.}
To Each
I
For
Would
And
Alon.
Alon.
198
Zan.
Zan. Thine is my heart, my soul, my

Thy, it is
Thou, my father, who dost accusate me?

Not a word,
Thou, my soul! Is it just now that

All is in vain,
Thou, my father, dost accusate me?

And there, my soul, must I not

The sight of thee, and of that

And there, my soul, must I not

Of the secrets of this house?

In this house, and of that.

As it is now, and of that.

As it is now, thou dost accusate me?

As it is now, thou dost accusate me?

As it is now, thou dost accusate me?

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As it is now, thou dost accusate me?
Zan. Pray be calm.

Alon. As hurricanes—be thou smitten of it.

Zan. Is this the wise Alonso?

Alon. Villain, no!

He did in the armour—he was murdered there.
I am his demon though—my wife—my wife—

Zan. Alas! he weeps.

Alon. Go, dig her grave!

Zan. My lord!

Alon. But that her blood's too hot, I would remove it.

Around my bridal board!

Zan. And I would pledge thee. [aside]

Alon. If I may talk too fast. Pray let me think

And reason mildly.—Wedded and unknown,
Before one night descends. Oh, happy evil!

To see thee, and all—by sense, or by mistake.
Or can't I well inspire my friends with joy?

Why sighs my lord?

Alon. I sighed not, Leonora.

Zan. I thought you did; your sighs are mine,

my lord.

And shall I feel them all.

Alon. But flatter me?

Zan. If your regards for you are flattering,

Full indeed I stroked the compliment

In the day's solemn rise.

Alon. You sport me.

Zan. Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.

And so is mine—I look on cheerfulness.

On the last leaf!

Alon. Virtue!—sain.

Zan. What says my lord?

Alon. Then act exceeding fair.

Blessed, otherwise I was a man of little worth;

But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,

And are a fit reward for gallant actions,

Unworthy to sport great souls as yours;

If fair and innocent I am your due.

Alon. Innocent! [aside.]


Alon. No, my best life! I must not part with them.

This hand is mine—oh! what a hand is here!

So soft, so sweet, sinks into, and are lost.

Leon. In tears, my lord.

Alon. What kins can speak my joy?

I gave, and I forgot my own existence;

'Tis all a vision—my head swells in heaven.

Wherefore, oh, wherefore this expense of beauty?

And wherefore, oh, wherefore these tears?

Why, I could give upon thy looks for ever,

And drink in all my being from those eyes,

And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,

And hurl it into that which I love.

Leon. How, my lord? what mean you?

Alon. Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,

Great me out for ever from your love.

Alon. Art then concerned for me?

Leon. My lord, you fright me.

Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?

I am ill-used, my lord, I must not hear it.

Why, when I see your hand, is it denied me?

Your very eyes, why are they sought to shame me?

Nay, my good lord, I have a title here

[taking his hand.]

And I will have it. Am I not your wife?

Have I not just authority to know

That heart which I have purchased with my own

Lay it before me; then, it is my due.

Unknown Alonso! I thought I might demand it;

With held I knew not, Leonora knew not;

And deigns to be a beggar for her own?

Tell me the secret, I conjure you tell me.

The bride forgoes the business of her day,

Alvarez' daughter trembling in the dark.

Speak then, I charge you speak, or I expire,

And lead you with my death. My lord, my lord.

Alon. Ha, ha, ha!

He breaks from her, she sits upon the floor.

Leon. Are these the joys which family I conceived?

And is it thus a wedded life begins?

What did I part with, when I gave my heart?

I know not that all happiness went with it.

Why did I leave my tender father's wing,

And venture into love? the mark that loves,

Goes out to sea upon a shuttered bark,

And puts her trust in miracles for safety.

Where shall I sigh? where pour out my complaints.

He that should hear, should succor, should re-

dress,

He is the source of all.

Alon. Go to thy chamber; I soon will follow thee.

That which now disturbs thee shall be cleaned up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[and Leonora.]

Oh, how like innocence is beauty! what, stalker!

And rush into her blood—I never can;

In her guilt ah, nature holds my hand.

How then? why, thus—no more I is determined.

[Enter Zanga.]
Death joins us to the great majority;
'Tis to be borne to Plutus, and to Ceres;
'Tis to be great for ever;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition then to die.
Zen. I think, my lord, you talked of death.
Alon. I did.
Zen. I give you joy, then Leonora's dead.
Alon. No, Zanga, the greatest grief is mine.
Zen. A woman who might have marked his midnight visit,
Who might have marked her sudden turn of love;
These, and a thousand folies more; and
For which the saints absolve my soul I did weep.
Zen. Where does this tend? Alon.
Alon. To shed a woman's blood
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious!
But just resentment, myself, in bears it
A store of greatness above vulgar minds.
He who, superior to the shades of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,
Does in some sort that reason defyle,
And takes a sight at heaven.
Zen. Ah, my lord,
'Tis not your reason, but her beauty finds
Those arguments, and throws on your sword.
You cannot close an eye that is so bright,
You cannot strike a breast that is so soft,
That has ten thousand canticles in store—
For Carlos's love—no, my lord, I mean for you.
Alon. Oh, through my heart and marrow! I pry thee, spare me;
Nor more unbind the weakness of thy lord.
I own, I tried, I quarrelled with my heart
And pushed it on, and bid it give her death;
But, oh, her eyes struck first, and murdered me.
Zen. I know not what to answer to my lord.
Men are but men; we did not make ourselves.
Farewell then, my best lord, since you must die.
Oh, that I were to share your monument,
And in eternal darkness stood by those eyes—
Against those scenes which I am destined to suffer!
Alon. What dost thou mean?
Zen. And is it then unknown?
Oh, grief of heart to think that you should ask it!
Surely thou dost accuse that tender love I bear you,
Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust—
But it will cut my poor heart through and through,
To see it all revol'd on your sacred tomb,
Who brought you thither by their lawful loves.
For there they'll revel, and exult to find
Him dead so fast, who else might marc his joys.
Alon. Distraction!—but Don Carlos well doth know,
Is sheathed in steel, and bent on other thoughts.
Zen. I'll work him to the murder of his friend.
Yes, till the very of his blood returns,
While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek.
And when with carbuncles the full bowl is crownd,
And rose gives the elevating sound,
And golden carpets spread the silver floor,
Alon. And a new day the hollow tapers pour.
Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,
From the dark realms of everlasting night.
Call vengeance; call the furious, call despair,
And death, Our chief invited guest, be there;
He with pale hand shall lead the blade, and
Spread
Eternal curtains round our mutual bed.
[Act V.]

Sound II—The Bower—Leonora Sleeping.

Enter ALONSO.
Alon. O, pitiful, oh, terrible to sight!
Poor mangled shade! All covered o'er with wounds,
And disfigured with blood—who murdered thee?
Tell thy tale, and, tell it shall be revenged.
Has Carlos—horror! Carlos—oh, away!
Go to the grave, or let me sink to mine.
Zen. I cannot bear that—what sight!—where am I?
There's nothing here—this was fancy's work,
She draws a picture strangely.

Zen Zanga.
Zen. Ha!—you're pale.
Alon. Is Carlos murdered?
Zen. Yes, I obeyed your order.
Sit down, o'ertook him on the road he fought as he was wrong, and that to wrong,
Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death.
His last breath bliss Alonso, and desired his bones might rest near yours.
Alon. Oh, Zanga! Zanga!
Zen. But I'll not think: I must act, and thinking
Would ruin me for faction. Oh, the medly
Of right and wrong, that must close up my brain!
He should and should not die—you should obey
And not obey. It is a day of darkness,
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.
What's Leonora, then? I think, answer me;
I'm deep in horror; I'll be deeper still.
And thy artifice did effect take,
And she forgives my late departure to her.
Zen. I told her from your childhood you was
On any great surprises, but chiefly then
When cause of sorrow bore it company.
To have your passions studie, a seat of reason;
A momentary ill which soon blow'd o'er,
Then did I tell her of Don Carlos's death,
Widely suppressing what means he fell,
And laid the blame on that. At first she shock'd
But such the honest artifice I used,
And such her ardent wish it should be true,
That she, all length, was fully satisfied.
Alon. Twas well she was. In our last interview
My passion so far threw me from my guard,
Methinks'tis strange that emotions of her guilt,
She saw not through its thin disguise by her goal.
Zen. But what design you sir, and how?
Alon. I'll tell thee.
Zen. This I've ordained it. In the jasmine bower,
The place which she exhibited with her gait.
There I'll meet her; the appointment made;
And even spread, for I do it now,
The blueness of her e'en before her sight;
And then with all the coquetry of public justice, give her to the grave.
Zen. Why, get thee gone! horror and light go with thee.
Sisters of Atension, go hand in hand,
Go dance around the bower, and close them in;
And tell them that I sent them to salute,
Profound the ground, and for the ambrosial rose,
And breath of jasmine, let hand shake hands,
And deadly nightshade poison all the air.
For the sweet nightingale may crows creak,
Tools pant, and addles rustle through the leaves;
May serpents wriggle up—the birds low lute;
Their hissing necks upon the trees above,
And mangle spices—as should give them.
[Exit.

Sound III—The Revenge.

THE REVENGE.
THE REVENGE.

Of my whole life enjoyed, you did to me.
Of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all.
The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.
What could inspire the thought? we must judge
From our own hearts; and is years then so final.
It prompts you to conceive ill of me.
He that can stoop to honour such a thought,
Deserves to find it true.
[Lea. Oh, ex, ex, ex! learning her]
The language of you all. Ill-fated woman!
Why hast thou forced me back into the guil
Of agonies I had blocked up thy thought?
I know the cause; thou didst me important.
Ere while to burst, therefore thou tamed me
But, by the pangs I suffer, to thy weep.
Per, since thou hast repulsed me in my torture,
I will be satisfied.

Lea. Be satisfied!

Alon. Yes, thy own mouth shall witness it against thee.
I will be satisfied.

Alon. Of what?

Alon. Of what?

Here thrust thou that question? woman, woman,
Weak and assured at once thus this for ever.
Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected?
Who told thee I designed upon thy life?
You found the dagger, but the soul that speak;
Nor did I tell thee, who did tell thee then?
Guilt, conscious guilt?

Lea. This to my face! oh, heaven!

Alon. This to thy very heart.

Alon. That's not in earnest?

Alon. Serious as death.

Lea. Then heaven have mercy on thee.

Till now I struggled not to think it true.
I sought conviction, and would not believe it.
And dost thou form me! this shall not be borne;
Then shall repeat this insult. [Exit LEONORA.

Alon. Madness, stay.

Lea. Your passion's wave, a dike to douse for guilt;
'Tis in my turn now to fix you here a while;
You and your thousand arts shall not escape me.

Alon. Arts! Alon. Arts! Confess; for death is in my hand.

Lea. 'Tis in your words.

Alon. Confess, confess, confess!

Not tear my veins with passion to compel thee.
I scorn forswear thy present gratification.

Alon. Deny then, and enter a faster shade.

Where did I find this picture?

Lea. Ha, Dea Caro!

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.
Alon. I know it's but in vice so very much.
That thou shouldst dare to dash it in my face?
Nature is sick of thee, abandoned woman!
Lea. Repent.
Alonzo. —Am I then to perish?

Leonora. —Alas! how can I help thee?

Alonzo. —If you would save me, you must kill me.

Isabella. —Thou hast such power. Why dost thou not use it?

Alonzo. —I am a man; and is it not man's duty to die when he can no longer serve his country?

Isabella. —But thou canst still be serviceable. I will go and call the Moorish couple, and they will save you.

Alonzo. —No. They are not to know of this. I will die here.

Isabella. —How canst thou do this? It is better to live.

Alonzo. —Rather to live and disgrace my country, than to live and destroy it.

Isabella. —Thou art a noble mind. But, then, what shall I do now?

Alonzo. —Go and call them. I will die with a purpose. Farewell, my dearest. Forgive me. I have attempted to save my country, and have failed. Farewell, Isabella! Forbide me not. Forbide me not!
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208

YOUNG'S

WORKS

And by the parent's leave will speak my mind.
Galante, pray tell me, do you think 'twas well,
To be a willing maid lead apes in hell?
You niec ladies, should you think at right,
To eat no supper on your wedding night?
Should English husbands dare to starve their wive,
He sure they'd lead most comfortable lives?
But he love mischief: and with groundless fear,
Would fain set loving couples by the ear;
Would spoil the tender hunsands of our nation,
By touching them this wile outlawish fashion.

But we've been taught, in our good-natured clime,
That jealousy, though just, is still a crime;
And will be still; far, not to blame the plot,
That cause Alonso was a stupid act.

To kill a bride, a mistress unenjoyed—
"Twere some excuse, had the poor man been drowed;
To kill her on suspicion, ere he knew
Whether the hidious charge were false or true—
The priest said grace, she met him in the bow—
In hopes she might anticipate an hour—
Love was her errand, but the hot-brained Spaniard,
Instead of love—produced—a filthy pageant—
Had he been wise, at this their private meeting,
The proof of the pudding had been in the eating;
Madam had then been pleased, and Don contented,
And all this blood and murder been prevented.

And by the parent's leave will speak my mind.
Galante, pray tell me, do you think 'twas well,
To be a willing maid lead apes in hell?
You niec ladies, should you think at right,
To eat no supper on your wedding night?
Should English husbands dare to starve their wive,
He sure they'd lead most comfortable lives?
But he love mischief: and with groundless fear,
Would fain set loving couples by the ear;
Would spoil the tender hunsands of our nation,
By touching them this wile outlawish fashion.

But we've been taught, in our good-natured clime,
That jealousy, though just, is still a crime;
And will be still; far, not to blame the plot,
That cause Alonso was a stupid act.

To kill a bride, a mistress unenjoyed—
"Twere some excuse, had the poor man been drowed;
To kill her on suspicion, ere he knew
Whether the hidious charge were false or true—
The priest said grace, she met him in the bow—
In hopes she might anticipate an hour—
Love was her errand, but the hot-brained Spaniard,
Instead of love—produced—a filthy pageant—
Had he been wise, at this their private meeting,
The proof of the pudding had been in the eating;
Madam had then been pleased, and Don contented,
And all this blood and murder been prevented.

THOMAS GRAY.
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Letter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>v</td>
<td>Life of the Author,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>From Mr. West. Consolations of his friend's absence,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Answer to the former; a translation of some lines from Milton,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Appreciation of the version; dedication to the Cambridge Collection of Verses on the Marriage of the Prince of Wales,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>To Mr. West. On the little encroachment which he finds given to classical learning at Cambridge; his intention to exert himself, and to the medical faculty,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Answer to the former; advice his correspondent must give up poetry when he applied himself to the law,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>To Mr. Walpole. Reasons for not writing to him, &amp;c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>To Mr. West. A poetical epistle addressed to his Cambridge friend, taken in part from Tholus, and a post letter of Mr. Pope,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Thanks him for his poetical epistle; complains of low spirits; Lady Walpole's death, and his concern for Mr. H. Walpole,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>To Mr. Walpole. How he spends his own time in the country; meets with Mr. Bachelor, the amiable poet,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>To Mr. Walpole. Suggested manner in which Mr. Walpole spends his time in the country,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>To Mr. Walpole. Congratulation on his new place; philosophical description of the quadrangle of Christ Church,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>To Mr. West. On his own leaving the University,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>To his Mother. The voyage from Dover; description of Calais; Abbreviarium faciae of the country, and those of the people,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Monument of the kings of France at St. Denis, &amp;c. French court and capital; scenes, &amp;c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Palace of Versailles; its garden and waterworks; terminations of the English and Mr. Sprint,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>To his Mother. Bologna; its Cathedral; disposition and amusements of its inhabitants,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>To his Father. Facies of the country between Rimini and Bologna; description of the latter; monastery of the Carthusians and Signorini,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Lyons; beauty of country; Roman antiquities,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>To Mr. West. His wishes to accompany his friends to retired life in London; address to his Lord, in Latin, suppliant on the prospect of Mr. Gray's return,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>To his Mother. Tryon excursion to the Granda Chartreuse; sermon and narrative approach to it; his reception there, and commendation of the monastery,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>To his Father. Commerce; advantages of a free government exhibited in the very face of the people; beauty of the lake, and plenty of fish,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>To his Mother. Journey over the Alps to Turin; singular incidents in passing them; method of travelling over Mount Ceres,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Turtin; its cardinal; some of the views and scenery on the road to the Granda Chartreuse,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Wild and savage prospects among the Alps, agreeable to Lady's description,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Genoa; scenery, the Doge's palace, and the Palazzo Doria,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>To his Mother. Palazzi at Modena; Bologna; beauty and riches of Lombaridy,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>To his Mother. The Appennines; Florence and its gallery,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Journey from Genoa to Florence; elegant views occasioned by the sight of the plains on the route of Tuscany westwards,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>To his Mother. Death of the Pope: intercourse for the first and pleasing appearance of an eager spring,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>To his Mother. Cathedral of Siena; Viterbo; Genoa; signs of spring; the Thiere; entrance into the city; Mr. Horn; introduction of the Cardinal of Aragon to the council,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>To his Mother. Illumination of St. Peter's on Good Friday, &amp;c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Diminution of the Palace of the Duke of Modena at Tivoli; the Arabs; its cascade; situation of the town; village of Horace and Menander; and other remains of antiquity; modern apartments, and grand Roman ball,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Undue attention to ancientest customs; Alessandro and its lake; Curtis Guglielmi; prospect from the palace; an observation of Mr. Walpole's on the views in that part of Italy; Latins learned, ancient; and modern,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>To his Mother. Read to Naples; beautiful situation of the city; its bay of Nupp, and several other antiquities; some account of the first discovery of an ancient town not known to the Inquisition,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>To his Father. Departure from Rome, and return to Florence; no likelihood of the contadina's rising; some of the cardinal's death; sermon of the Prebendary; his hope and court; procession at Naples; sight of the king and queen; publick in the air at Florence,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>To Mr. West. On his painting the Temple, and reason for it,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>To Mr. West. Answer to the foregoing letter; some account of Naples and its environs, and of Mr. Walpole's and his return to Florence,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>To his Mother. Return to Bologna; alteration of a pope; description of his person, with an odd speech which he made to the cardinal in his presence,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>To his Father. Uncertainty of the state he shall take in his return to England; magnificence of the Italians in their reception of strangers; and community of the country when above; the great applause which the new pope received with; some of his fine vices,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>To his Father. Total want of amusement at Florence, occasioned by the late emperor's usual not being publish'd; a permission to write the ill effects of a late invasion; intention of going to Venice; an invitation from the Napolitans approved; the behaviour of Tuscany dissatisfied with the government,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>To Mr. West. The time of his departure from Florence,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**CONTENTS.**

**Letter.**
- Determined; abstention in his temper and spirit; difference between his native air and our Haghe-ones; a farewell to Fitzherbert and its prospects in Latin hymns; imitation, in the same language, of an Italian source; p. 49
- From Mr. West. His spirit as yet improved by country air; has begun to read Tachistus, but not to relish him; p. 47
- To Mr. West. Earnest hopes for his friend's better health, as the spring weather comes on; division of Tachistus, and its characteristic; of the new Danish; sends him a speech from the first scene of his Aegiptrum; p. 45
- From Mr. West. Criticisms on his friend's tragic style; Latins' heuristics on his own cough; p. 43
- To Mr. Wharton. On taking his degree of Bachelor of Civil Law; p. 41
- To Dr. Wharton. Reference on university benefactions; of Dr. Alexander's feast on the Pleasure of Imagination; p. 39
- To Mr. Walpole. Liberality of description of the Scottish army's approach to the capital; subductions on Pope; p. 37
- To Dr. Wharton. Hisammunitions in young reflections; riches character of Aristotle; p. 35
- To Mr. Walpole. Observations on the occasions of Aegiptrum; admirable pieces of true Philosophy; p. 33
- To Mr. Walpole. Liberality of constitution of coincidence on the death of his favourite cat; exciting an ode on that subject; p. 31
- To Dr. Wharton. Lost by fire of a house in Corshill; p. 29

**Poetry.**
- On Dickins Sestius; M. Gessius' Poem; Thomas's Castle of Indolency; Ode on Water Nymphs with a character of the object; p. 42
- To Dr. Whitton. Liberality of account of theotos's navigation in Tachistus; on the old being performed, and more concerning the author of it; p. 41
- To his Mother. Consolatory on the death of her sister; p. 40
- To Mr. Walpole. Reduces his Essay in a Country Churchyard; p. 39

**ODES.**
1. On the Spring.  
2. On the death of a favourite Cat.  
3. On a distant prospect of Eton College.  
4. To Wharton.  
5. The progress of Poetry.  
6. The Bard.  
7. The Psalmist.  
8. The second of Odi.  
9. The triumph of Owen.  
10. The death of Hoo.  
11. For Music, on the instalments of the Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**
- A Long Story.  
- Essay written in a Country Churchyard.  
- Epistle on Mr. Clarke.  
- Trencher from Smithy.  
- Gray of himself.  

**The Life of Thomas Gray.**

**Thomas Gray** was born in Cornwall, in the city of London, on the 25th of December, 1716. His father, Philip Gray, was a moneyer, but by an inheriting and prudent disposition, he never diminished, than improved it his paternal fortune. Our author received his classical education at Eton school, under Mr. Antrobus, his master's brother, a man of sound judgment and refined taste, who directed him to the same periodical which had laid the foundation of his future literary fame.

During his continuance at Eton, he contracted a friendship with Mr. Horace Walpole, well known for his knowledge in the fine arts, and Mr. Richard West, son of the lord Chancellor of Ireland, a youth of very promising talents.

When he left Eton school in 1734, he went to Cambridge, and entered a pensioner at Peterhouse, at the recommendation of his uncle Antrobus, who had been a fellow of that college. It is said that his elegance and fair complexion, he excited among his fellow students; the application of Miss Gray, to which the delicacy of his manners seems not a little to have contributed. Mr. Walpole was at that time a fellow-commoner of King's College, in the same university; a fortuitate circumstances, which afforded Gray frequent opportunities of intercourse with his honourable friend.

Mr. West went from Eton to Christ Church, Oxford, and in this state of separation, these two virtues of the planter, whose dispositions were congenial, commenced a friendly correspondence; a part of which is published by Mr. Mason, a gentleman whose character stands high in the republic of letters.

Gray, having imbibed a taste for poetry, did not relax those abstruse studies which generally occupy the minds of students at college; and therefore, as he found very little gratification from scholastic pursuits, he left Cambridge in 1738, and returned to London, intending to apply himself to the study of the law; but this intention was soon laid aside, on an invitation given him by Mr. Walpole, to accompany him in his travels abroad; a situation highly preferable, in Gray's opinion, to the dry study of the law.

They set out together for France, and visited most of the places worthy of notice in that country; from thence they proceeded to Italy, where an unfortunate dispute taking place between them, a separation ensued upon their arrival at Florence. Mr. Walpole, afterwards, with great candour and liberality, took upon himself the blame of the quarrel; though, if we consider the master coolly and impartially, we may be induced to conclude that Gray, from a very judicious choice of ability, might have claimed a deference to his opinion and judgment, which his honourable friend was not at that time disposed to admit: the rupture, however, was very unimportant to both parties.

Gray pursued his journey to Venice on an economical plan, suitable to the circumstances of his finances, and having continued there some weeks, returned to England in September, 1734. He appears, from his letters, published by Mr. Mason, to have paid the minutest attention to every object, worthy of notice, throughout the course of his travels. His descriptions are lively and picturesque, and bear particular marks of his genius and discretion. We admire the sublimity of his ideas when he records the stupendous heights of the Alps, and examine with his display of nature, decked in all the beauties of vegetation. Indeed, abundant information, as well as entertainment, may be derived from his casual letters.

In about two months after his arrival in England, he lost his father, who, by an indescribable passion, had so impeded his fortune, as not to admit of his son's prosecuting the study of the law with that degree of research which the nature of the profession required, without becoming burdensome to his mother and aunt. To obviate, therefore, the inconvenience on the subject, he went to Cambridge, and took his brother's degree in civil law.

But the inconveniences and distresses attached to a needy fortune, were not the only ill our poet and to encounter at this time: he had not only lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole abroad, but poor West, the partner of his heart, fell a victim to complicated maladies, brought on by family misfortunes, on the first of June, 1742, at Pope's, a village in Hertfordshire, where he went for the benefit of the air.

The excessive degree in which his mind was agitated for the loss of his friend, will best appear from the following beautiful little sonnet:

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
And reddening Phaeton fills his golden fire.  
The birds in vain their anxious dews do drink,  
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire;  
These cares, alas! for other notes require,  
A different object do these eyes require;"
My loving unshunnable error no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier man
Little fields to all their wonted tribute ear;
To war their little love the birds complain,
Trifling mourns to him that can not hear;
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

Mr. Gray now seems to have applied his mind
Very sedulously to poetical composition; his Ode to Spring was written early in June, to his friend Mr. West, before he received the melancholy news of his death; whereupon, his poetic musing was affected by that melancholy incident, is evidently demonstrated by the lines quoted above; the impression, indeed, appears to have been too deep to be soon effaced, and the tenor of the subjects which called for the exertions of his poetical talents subsequent to the production of this Ode, corroborates that observation; these were his Prospect of Eton, and his Ode to Adversity. It is also supposed, and with great probability, that he began his Elegy in a Country Churchyard about the same time. He passed some weeks at Stoke, near Windsor, where his mother and aunt resided, and in that pleasing retirement finished several of his most celebrated poems.

From thence he returned to Cambridge, which, from this period, was his chief residence during the remainder of his life. The convenience with which a college life was attended, to a person of his manner, his raw fortune, and stultus turn of mind, were more than a compensation for the dislike which, for several reasons, he bore to the place: but he was perfectly reconciled to his situation, on Mr. Mason's being elected a fellow of Pembroke-Hall; a circumstance which brought him a companion, who, during his life retained for him the highest degree of Geniality and esteem.

In 1749 he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor in the civil law, as appears from a letter written to his particular friend Dr. Wharton, of Old Park, near Durham, formerly fellow of Pembroke Hall Cambridge, in which situation, on Mr. Mason's being elected a fellow of Pembroke-Hall, a circumstance which brought him a companion, who, during his life retained for him the highest degree of Geniality and esteem.

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In order to enrich his mind with the ideas of others, he devoted a considerable portion of his time to the study of the best Greek authors; that in the course of six years, there were hardly any writers of eminence in that language whose works he had not read or thoroughly digested.

His attention, however, to the Greek classics, did not wholly engross his time; for he found leisure to advert, in a new satirical manner, to the ignorance and dulness with which he was surrounded, through satires published in the centre of learning.

In 1744 he seems to have given up his attention to the Muse of Mr. Walpole, desirous of preserving what he had already written, as well as perpetuating the merit of his deceased friend, West, endeavoured to prevail with Gray, to whom he had previously become reconciled, to publish his own poems, together with those of West: but Gray declined it, conceiving their productions united, would not suffice to item even a small volume.

In 1747 Gray became acquainted with Mr. Mason, then a scholar of St. John's College, and afterwards fellow of Pembroke-Hall. Mr. Mason was a man of great learning and ingenuity, who had written the year before, his "Monody on the Death of Pope," and his "II. Bellissimo," and "II. Paucissimo," and Gray revised these pieces at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of a friendship that terminated but with life: and Mr. Mason, after the death of Gray, testified his regret for him, by superintending the publication of his works.

The same year he wrote a little ode on the Death of a favourite cat of Mr. Walpole's, in which humour and instruction are happily blended; but the following year he produced an effort of much more importance; the fragment of an Essay on the Balance of Education and Government. Its tendency was to demonstrate the needful necessity of the concurrence of both to form great and useful men.

In 1750, he published a letter to Mr. Mason, written in a Country Churchyard, which was communicated first to his friend Mr. Walpole, and by him to many persons of rank and distinction. This beautiful piece introduced the author to the favour of Lady Cobham, and gave occasion to a singular composition, called A Long Story, in which various effusions of wit and humour are very happily intermixed.

The Elegy having found its way into the Magazine of Magazines, the author wrote to Mr. Walpole, requesting that he would put it into the hands of Mr. Dodsley, and order to print it immediately, in order to preserve it from the degree it might have incurred by its appearance in a magazine. The Elegy was the most popular of all our author's productions; it ran through eleven editions, and was translated into Latin by Andrez and Roberts; and in the same year a version of it was published by Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Bentley, an eminent artist of that time, wishing to decorate this elegant composition with every ornament of which his highest desiring, drew for it a set of designs, as also did for the rest of Gray's productions, for which the artist was liberally repaid by the author. These beautiful designs, but unfortunately the perfect copy of them remains. The following however, are given as a specimen.
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LIFE OF THOMAS GRAY.

The Bard, according to Mr. Mason's account, "breathes the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm. The transitions are sudden and impetuous; the language full of fire and force; and the imagery carried without impropriety, to the most daring height. They have been accused of obscurity, but the one can be obscure to those only who have not real finding, and the other to those who are unacquainted with the history of our own nation." Of his other lyric pieces, Mr. Wakefield, a learned and ingenious commentator, observes, that, though, like all other human productions, they are not without their defects, yet the spirit of poetry, and exquisite charms of the verse, are more than a compensation for these defects. "The Ode on Eton College abounds with sentiments natural, and consonant to the feelings of humanity, exhibited with perspicuity of method, and in elegant, intelligible, and expressible language. The Sonnet on The Death of W. and the Epitaph on Sir William Williams, are as perfect compositions of the kind as any in our language. Dr. Johnson was confoundedly a man of great genius; but the partial and uncanal mode of criticism he has adopted in his remarks on the writings of Gray, has given to liberal minds great and just offence. According to Mr. Mason's account, he has subjected Gray's poetry to the most rigorous examination. Declining all consideration of the general plan and conduct of the pieces, he has confined himself solely to strictures on words and strains of expression; and Mr. Mason very pertinently adds, that verbal criticism is an ordeal which the most perfect composition can not pass without injury. He has also fallen under Mr. Wakefield's severest censure. This commentator affirms, that "he thinks a refutation of his strictures upon Gray is a necessary service to the public, without which they might operate with a malignant influence upon the national taste. His censure, however, that it is too general, and expressed with too much vehemence; and his remarks betray, upon the whole, an unreasonable fastidiousness of taste, and an unbecoming illiberality of spirit. He appears to have turned an unwilling eye upon the beauties of Gray, because his jealousy would not suffer him to see such superlative merit in a contemporary." These remarks of Mr. Wakefield appear to be well founded: and it has been observed by another writer, that Dr. Johnson, being strongly infatuated by his political and religious principles, was inclined to treat, with the utmost severity, some of the productions of our best writers; to which may be imputed that severity with which he censures the lyric performances of Gray. It is highly probable that no one poetical reader will universally subscribe to his decisions, though all may admire his vast intuitive knowledge, and power of discrimination.

In one instance, the doctor's inconsistency, and deviation from his general character, does him honour. After having commented with the utmost severity on the poetical works of Gray, as if conscious of the injustice done him, he seems to apologize by the following declaration, which excites his criticism, and shall conclude the memoir of our author.

"In the character of his Elegy (says Johnson) I rejoice and concur with the common reader; for the common sense of readers, uncorrupted by literary prejudices, all the refinements of ability, and the degradation of learning, must be fairly deduced from the allusion to poetical honours. The Churchyard abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas begin thus: "

To TO MR. WEST.

 Permit me again to write to you, though I have so long neglected my duty, and forgive my brevity, when I tell you, it is occasional wholly by the hurry I am in to get to a place where I expect to meet with no other pleasure than the sight of you, for I am preparing for London in a few days at the utmost. I do not wonder in the least at your frequent blaming my indolence, I ought rather to be called ingrateful, and I am obliged to your goodness for softening so harsh an appellation. When we meet, it will, however, be my greatest pleasure to know what you do, and how you spend your time, &c. &c. and to tell you what I do not, and how I do not, &c. for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives; take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business; and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure. When you have seen one of my days, you have seen a whole year of my life; they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill, only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progress, and gets some ground; my eyes are open to see the dull mill, and to know that having made four- and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was: I may, better than most people, say my life is but a span, were I not afraid lest you should not believe that a person so short-lived could write even so long a letter as this; in short, I believe I must not send you a history of my own time, till I can send you that also of the Reformation. However, as the most unobservant people in the world must surely have the vanity to wish somebody had a regard for them, so I need not wonder at my own, in being pleased that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a friend in the bosom of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there; it is asking you to an old play, indeed, but you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines.

For this little while past I have been playing with Statins; we yesterday had a game at quoits together; you will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little piece to him. I send you my translation, which I did not engage in because I liked that part of the poem, nor do I now send it to you because I think it deserves it, but merely to show you how I respect your days.

To TO MR. GRAY.

I am startled by his grandfather's history.

Letters of

THOMAS GRAY.

FROM MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

You use very cruelly; you have sent me but one letter since I have been at Oxford, and that was agreeable not to make me sensible how great a loss it is in not having more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your hand-writing; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your quandary school-fellow; I think of you who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Though away a flowery path and stilly gro

When brave guides led us in our private maze.

The very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view. Consider me as very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves doctors and masters of arts: a country flowing with sluggishness and aze, where Honor and Virtue are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then think if something be not due to

Yours,

Crisbe Church, Nov. 14, 1736.

P.S. I desire you will send me soon, and truly and positively, a History of your own Time.
TO MR. WEST.

You must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college-imprimatures to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have had enough lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty, to give myself to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet, I can help sticking to them, and our work (if you think) love the better for it, and, indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics! Alas! I can not see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematicks? Alas! I can not see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four fringes to demonstrate this over so clearly; and if these be the profitor life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems I know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was not this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Bologna, that the prophet spoke when he said, "I'll make these beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of pleasant creatures, and also the owls shall build their nests; and their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses; there shall the great eagle make her nest, and lay hatch and gather under let shadow; it shall be a court of dragons; the sweet owl also shall rest there, and find for itself a place of rest." You see here is a pretty collection of domestic animals, which is verified in this one to a little, and perhaps it may also allude to yet a higher habitation, for I know all types may be dispelled by abundance of handles; however, I defy you to match mine.

If the defects of your spirits and nerves are nothing but the effect of the hypn, I have none to say. We all must submit to that wayward queen: I too in no small degree own her sway. I lost her influence while she spoke her power.

But if it be a real distemper, pray take more care of your health, adjust your own at least for seven, and do not be so affected by the reports of this little world: I do not know what refined friendship you may have contracted in the other, but pray do not be in a hurry to see your acquaintance above among your terrestrial familiarities, however, though I say it that should not say it, there positively is not one that has a greater esteem for you than is, much more, than you yourself.

Your most sincerely, e.

Charles Garth, May 20, 1736.

TO MR. GRAY.

I CONGRATULATE you on your being about to leave college, and rejoice much you carry me de no. If I were a poor man, I should have been more satisfied, and I, not for the world, you would have suited me. My eyes, such as they are, like yours, are neither metaphysical nor mathematical.
GRAY'S WORKS.

LXX.

Lett. 9. 10.

LETTERS.

TO MR. WALPOLE.

I SYMPATHIZE with you in the sufferings which you foresee are coming upon you. We are both in a state of mind which makes it necessary to look for any part I can under the misfortune of having nothing to do, but it is a misfortune which, thank my stars, I can pretty well bear. You are in a state of mind, on the contrary, likely to suffer from the want of some occupation, and it is this which I wish you would consider. If there is anything else you would like to do, let me know it, and I will do it.

TO MR. WILKINSON.

ARRAS a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's despair at Cambridge, I am come to.

I am afraid it is not the way to please you, but I am sure it is the way to please me.

TO MR. BRIDGES.

I have sent you a small sum of money, which I think you will find useful.

To MR. PEASE.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. MURPHY.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. WATTS.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. BROWN.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. WHITE.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. GREEN.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. BLACK.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. RED.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. BLUE.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. GREEN.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. BLACK.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. RED.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.

To MR. BLUE.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and I trust you are getting on well.
GRAY'S WORKS.

TO MR. WEST.

I am coming away all so fast, and leaving to
bind me, without the least remorse, all the bene-
of Sturbridge Fair. Its white bears may run, its
open many steer their hands, and can look
their eyes out, all for one that; I shall not once
visit them, nor so much as take my leave.

The university has published a severe edict against
me, and the new little protostigms, to see its orders executed,
being under mighty apprehensions here.

I am at this instant in the very agens of hav-
ing College, and would not wish the worst of
motions in a worse situation. If you know the
old boxes, the bedsteads, and tumbrs are
about your ears, you would look upon this letter as a
great effect of my resolution and unconcer-
redness in the midst of evils. I fill up my post-
with a loose sort of version of that scene in Pastor Fido
that begins, Care solve beat.

Sept. 1738.

TO HIS MOTHER.

As we made but a very short journey today; and
came to our post in New-York, I shall omit to
some account of our expedition. On the 18th (ac-
tording to the style here) we left Dover at seven
at night, and with a pretty brisk gale, which pleased
every body mightily well, except myself; who was
extremely sick the whole time; we reached Calais
by five: the weather changed, and it began to
snow hard the minute we got into the harbours
where we took the boat, and was very heavy,
which is an exceedingly old, but very pretty town,
and we hardly saw anything there that was not so
new and so different from England, that I sup-
posed us agreeably. We went the next morn-
ning to the great church, which we went high
(being Easter Monday). We saw also the Con-
vent of the Capuchins, and the mans of St. Dome-
nic; with these last we had much conversation,
more especially with an English lady, Mrs. Delacour,
whose work I went yet, by the return of the packet,
and very pleasant; there is something to me, also
in the Convent of the Jesuits, and in the church
of the Jesuits, which I was not so much interested in.

The country is exceeding fruitful in ravens and
such black cattle; but, not to tire you with my
travels, I absently conclude.

Anno, 1738.

Yours, &c.

* A favourite pretty of Tory states is the time.

† Walpole was just named to that post, which, he ex-
pected would soon be made a seat of Royalty at the Exeter House.

‡ Dr. Long, the master of Penrhyn Hall, at this time ric
shored, was certainly a talent in poetry.

All that follows is a somewhat hasty, but correct, description of the
quadrangle of Peter House.

Owen Herbery.

This is the beginning of the post-chase here; but it
never appeared a circumstance worthy notice.

TO MR. WEST.

April 19, 1739.

Engage done we rode to Paris. Mr. Walpole is
go out to supper at Lord Conway's, and here I
was agreed also to be invited too. Do not think
I make a merit of writing to you particularly to
a good suppers; for these three days we have been
here, have actually given me more reason to
think, if hungry be the best sauce to meat, the
French are certainly the worst cooks in the
world; for what tables we have seen have been so
deliciously served, and so perfectly cooked, that after
rising from one of them, one imagines it impossible
ever to eat again.

And now, if I tell you all

I have in my head, you will believe me naught, mens
n'importe, courage, alınan! for I want till my
head grow clear and settle a little, you may stay
long enough for a letter. Six days we have been
coming hither, which other people do in two;
they have not been disagreeable ones, though a
few

French.

On Tuesday we were to go to Abbis-
ville, seventeen leagues, or fifty-five short English
miles; but by the way we dined at Montpellier,
with our hearts' content, on stringing nut-
ions, olive eggs, and duch water.

To bed.

There appear some pretty late in Abbisville,
and time to see a little of before we came out
the City, a pretty fair of the City, and in
the Cathedral, which is just what that of
Canterbury must have been before the Reforma-
tion. It is about same size, a huge Gothic
building, being on the

wells, as with thousands of images, in ador-

the

wells, as with thousands of images, in ador-

en he images,

and the sacred vessels, are a

ye
to

the

glory of their collection, was a fine

nurse, measuring about five inches ever,

three deep, and of great thickness.

It is at least two thousand years old; the
beauty of the stone and sculpture upon it (representing
the mysteries of Bacchus) beyond expression admirable;
we have dreamed of it ever since

And now, the old

revelation, that showed me the treasures, had in his
youth been ten years a soldier; he laughed at all
the relics, was very full of stories, and mighty
obliging. On Saturday evening we got to Paris,
and were driving through the streets a long while
before we knew where we were. The minute we
arrived, came with molos Holmohose, Conway, and his
brother; all stayed supper, and till two o'clock;
the morning; for here nothing is sooner; it is not

next day to dine at my Lord Holmohose's, there was the Abbis
Perrot, author of Cleveland, and several other pieces together.

ed: the rest were English. At night we went to
the Pandore, a spectacle literally, for it is nothing but a beautiful piece of machinery of three scenes. The first represents the chase, and by degrees the separation of the elements: the second, the temple of Jupiter, and the getting of the box to Pandore; the third the opening of the box, and all the idle clew that ensued. An absurd design,executed in the highest perfection, and that in one of the finest theatres in the world; it is the grandest thing that either of us have seen. In fact, we were much astonished in England. Next day dined at Lord Waldegrave's; then to the opera.

Imagine to yourself the drama four acts entirely connected with each other, each founded on some little history, skillfully taken out of an ancient author, e.g. Ovid's Metamorphoses, &c. and with great address converted into a French piece of gallantry. For instance, that which I saw called the Bolette de Paris, had its first act built upon the story of Nicias. Homo having said that he was the handsomest man of his time, the poet, imagining such a one could not want a mistress, has given him one. These two come in and sing an ancient hymn...
not hate gaiety any more than the rest of their country people, when they are out of diversions, that are on purpose proposed, with a good grace enough: for indeed, the other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women, the loveliest fashion here, at a garden fête in the town, to walk; when one of the ladies beheld herself of asking, why should not we sup here? Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a little brook: three, and a very elegant supper served up; after which another said, Come, let us sing; and directly herself began. From singing we immediately fell to dancing, and singing in a round; when somebody mentioned the visi- tation and immediate escape of a lady of diversions, and we were all the more likely to have got into her. Muses were begun in the open air, and then some country-dances, which held till four o’clock next morning; at which hour the servant lady there proposed, that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest of them should dance before them with the music in the van; and in this manner we paraded through all the principal streets of the city, and walked everybody in it. Mr. Wallpole had a mind to make a custom of the thing, and would have given a ball in the same manner next week, but the women did not come to it; so I believe it will drop, and they will return to their dolls and cards, and usual formalities. We are not to stay above a month longer here, and shall then go to Dijon, the chief city of Burgundy, a very pleasant and a very gay town; at least such is the present design.

TO HIS FATHER.

Dijon, Friday, Sept. 11, 1780.

We have made three short days’ journey of it from Dijon, for the stage to Lyons, where we arrived the night before last. The road we have passed through has been extremely agreeable: it runs through the most fertile part of Champagne, by the side of the river Marne, with a chain of hills on each hand at some distance, entirely covered with woods and vineyards, and every now and then the ruins of some old castle on their tops: we lay at St. Didier the first night, and at Langres the second, and got hit the second day early enough to have a fine view of this city on entering it. It lies in a very extensive plain covered with vines and corn, and correspondingly supplied with both. I need not tell you that this is the chief city of Burgundy, nor that it is of great antiquity; considering which, one should imagine it ought to be larger than one finds it. However, what it wants in extent is made up in beauty, and cleanliness, very rich convents and churches, most of which we have seen. The palace of the States is a magnificent new building, where the duke of Bourbon is lodging when he comes over every three years to hold his assembly as governor of the province. A quarter of a mile out of the town is a famous abbey of Carsegnes, which we are just returned from seeing. In their chapel are the tombs of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy, that were so powerful, till, at the death of Charles the Bold, began the fate of this part of his dominions was united by Louis XI. to the crown of France. Tomorrow we are to pay a visit to the abbey of Citeaux, where some of our party M. de Beaumont, and perhaps other strangers with great civility; his abbey is one of the richest in the kingdom; he keeps open house always, and lives with great magnificence. We have seen some of them, and regret the time we spent at Rheims; it is full of people of condition, who seem to form a much more agreeable society than we found in Champagne; but as we shall stay here but two or three days longer, it is not worth while to be introduced to their houses. On Monday or Tuesday we shall set out for Lyons, which is a two days’ journey; and from thence you shall hear again from me.

TO MR. WEST.

Lyons, Sept. 15, 1780.

Séance sous bois, mon cher et pis, que je vous laisse, que je vous destine à vous, des termes qui sont fort faciles; et que je vous engage à faire, à la suite de cette lettre, une description, un tableau de papier et six draps de linge; et que, si je confie mon sentiment à un public modéré, je devrais être obligé de vous expédier en plusieurs volumes, que, pour me faire agréer, vous pourriez écrire, sans plus de peine, quoi que je n’aie de vous que de la modestie. Enfin, je vous envoie un spécimen de mon avenir, de ma vie, de mes pensées, et de ma santé. Je ne me rendrai pas à Lyon, mais je me rendrai au plus tôt possible à Mâcon.

The Umbrine Nun has their garden some Roman baths, but we have the manufacture to be done, and heretics, they did not think proper to tell us, that a few of the ladies of the most magnificent aqueduct, and to be erected by Arc- tay, when his legs were quartered there: there are many other parts of it dispersed up and down the country, for it brought the water from a river many leagues off in La Fere. Here are remains too of Aigriople’s seven great roads which met at Lyons; in some places they lie twelve feet deep in the ground. In which a thousand matters, that you shall give me a description of the Fronds of Toulon, and the effect its waters have upon you.

FROM MR. WEST.

Temple, Sept. 16, 1780.

It wishes could turn to realities, I would fling down my law books, and sup with you to-night. But, alas! here I am doomed to work, while you are enjoying the freshness from city to city, and enjoying it for which a gay climate can afford. It is not out of the power of my heart to enjoy your good fortune, yet I can not help indulging a few natural desires: as for example, to take a walk with you, on the banks of the Rhone, and to be climbing Mount Fourviere;
passing through here, in their way to Italy and the south, which at present happen to be nearly thirty in number. It is a fortuitous since we set out from hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which leads through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the Grand Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow (for we did not change horses, but proceeded for a great part of the rest) we arrived at a little village among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who were used to the way, to the Chartreuse. It is six miles to the top; the road winds winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging over; on the other a monastic precinct, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still more graced by the echo from the mountains on each side, conveys to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. Add to this, the vast ruins made by the crags and cliffs on the other hand; the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale, and the river below; and many other circumstances impossible to describe; you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St. Bruno close to retire to, and upon its very top stood the ab所说的 convent, which is the house, which, if you can imagine, is more than six hundred years of age.

The roads we took to meet strangers (for the rest must neither speak one to another, or to any one else,) received us kindly, and set us a repast of dried fish, bread, and cheese, and the like. We arrived with a great deal of joy to this little city; for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grinds their corn, press their wine, and do every thing among themselves. The weather was perfectly clear and simple, nothing of spring; but the wonderful décrire, and the great variety of houses, were the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, going through the same places, that were then forming ourselves on the mountains of the side. Next day we continued our journey by Chambery, which, though the chief city of the duchy, and residence of the King of Savoy, is not much noticed into this part of his dominions, though it has a mean and insignificant appearance; we lay at Aix, once famous for its hot baths, and the next night at Annency; the day after, by noon, we got to Geneva. I have not time to say any thing about it, nor of our solitary journey back again. **

TO HIS FATHER.

Lyons, Oct. 22, 1816.

In my last I gave you the particulars of our little journey to Geneva; I have only to add, that we stayed about a week, in order to see Mr. Charvot settle there. I must beg you not to think it strange that I should have chosen it for their residence; the city is very small, neat, prettily built, and extremely populous; it rounds a lake, and the lake runs through the middle of it; and it is surrounded by a very strong military circuit or wall, which, joined to the happy islet, concomitances of the inhabitants, and its strict discipline, always as strictly observed as time of war, makes the little republic appear a much as a much greater power; though perhaps Geneva, and all that belongs to it, are not of equal extent with Windsor and its two parks. To one that has passed through Savoie, as we did, nothing can more striking than the contrast, as some say, that approaches the town. Near the gates of Genoa runs the torrent Arve, which separates it from the duchy of Savoy; on the other side it lies a country naturally, indeed, fine and fertile; but you meet with nothing in it but meager, ragged, bare-footed peasants, with their children, and extreme misery and want: and even of those few grapes, melons, or melons, it is a great number, which in the Rhine, the Rhone, and all the streams I have mentioned, poverty is so rare; no beggar, hardly a discontented face to see, numerous, and well-dressed people sprawling on the ramparts; drummers beating, soldiers with cloaks and arming, exercising, and folks, well business in their looks, hurrying to and for; contribute to make any one, who is not blind to all the advantages and fruitful of the two governments, that are the causes of one view and the other. The beautiful lake, at one end of which the town is situated; its extent; the several states and their bounds upon all for pleasures, are too well known for me to mention them. We sailed upon it as far as the dominions of Geneva extend; that is, about two leagues and a half on each side; and at several points we were entertained with the houses of the little villages, which are often so close together that you must think, like a little city; for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do everything among themselves. The weather was perfectly clear and simple, nothing of spring; but the wonderful décrire, and the great variety of houses, were the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, going through the same places, that were then forming ourselves on the mountains of the side. Next day we continued our journey by Chambery, which, though the chief city of the duchy, and residence of the King of Savoy, is not much noticed into this part of his dominions, though it has a mean and insignificant appearance; we lay at Aix, once famous for its hot baths, and the next night at Annency; the day after, by noon, we got to Geneva. I have not time to say any thing about it, nor of our solitary journey back again. **
TO MR. WEST.

Nov. 10, 1729.

Dear West,

Arrived eight days' journey through Greenand, we arrived at Turin—you approach it by a hand-some avenue of nine miles long, and quite straight. The entrance is guarded by certain vigilant dra-gons, called Donzans, who manned it for some time.

The city is not large, being a place of pleas-ure, and consequently adorned with its various churches: it has many beauties and some faults; among the first are streets all laid out by the line, regular uniform buildings, fine walls that surround the whole, and in general a very nice and lovely church appearance: but the houses are of brick, plastered, which is apt to want repairing; the windows of old paper, which is apt to be torn; and every thing that one is apt to tumble down.

There is an excellent opera, but it is only in the carnival: balls every night, but only in the carni-val: masquerades too, but only in the carnival; one half of the remaining part of the year is passed in remembering the last, the other in expecting the future carnival. We can not well subsist upon a slender diet, no more than upon an executable Italian concerto, and a puppet show called Representations d'un anima dannata, which, I think, are all the present discourses of the place; except the scenes de Cavalieris' conversa-tions, where one good woman people play at cards and tune, and a game with seventy-two cards paint-ed with suns, moons, and devils, and monks.

Mr. Wolpole has been at court; the family are at present at a country palace, called La Vecchia. The palace here in town is the very quintessence of gilling and looking-glass; inlaid floors, carved panels, and painting wherever they could print a touch. I own I have not, as yet, where met with those grand and simple works of art, that are to amaze one, and whose sight is to be the bet-ter for; but those of nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Gran de Chanceiro I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining. Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argu-ment. One need not have a very fantastic imagi-nation to see spirites there at noon-day: you have islands perpetually before your eyes; and so far moved, as to compose the mind without frighting it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his contemplation; and it should have been the disciple of his, had I been born in his time.

At least, if they do not, they have a very ill taste; for I never beheld anything more available: only figure to yourself a vast semicircular bay, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all around it palaces and churches peer ing over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and orange trees, in a day, and their works covered with flowers, which altogether compose the grandeur of this city. This is the first coup d'oeil, and is almost all I am able to give you an account of for we arrived last night. To day was, badly, a great fest-a-val, and in the morning we walked to the church of the Madonna delle Vigne, to put up our little cri-bus; (I believe I forgot to tell you that we have sometimes converted to the holy cathedrals, for found our lady richly dressed out, with a crown of diamonds on her head, another upon the child, and a constellation of wax lights burning before them: shortly after came the dogs, in the noise of crimson thunders and a cap of the snow, followed by the senate in black. Here his ap-pearance, his began a fine concert of music, and among the rest two encomiastic voices, that were a perfect feast to ears that had heard nothing but French music. We were lisened to this and breathed nothing but insipid for two hours. The dogs is a very full, lean, stately, old figure, called Con-santino Baldi; and the senate seems to have been impressed upon the same model. They said their prayers, and heard an alms white friar preach, with equal devotion.

After this we went to the Amo-nita, a church built by the family Lomellini, and belong to it, which is, indeed, a most stately structure: the inside wholly admirable of various kinds, except where gold and painting take its place.

From hence to the palazzo Duca, I should make you seek if I thought how it was lavish ed here upon the porticoes, the balustrades, and terraces, the lowest of which extends quite to the sea. The inside is by no means unfavorable to the outward magnificence of the place, and is the founder of the family. Its great inlaid silver tables tell you, in base relief, its virtues at sea, how he entertained the emperors Charles, and how he disposed the sovereignty of the other little thousand cities of which it was offered him; the rest of the court is in the fashionable vogue, and golden tapestry, and theatrical masques. The rest of the day has been spent, much to our delight's content, in cruising Parme, and music and the most splendid companies of Italy. We have seen, and in sight of the most delicious scenes, that the happy country where huge masses grow, as Waller says: and I am sorry to think of leaving it for a week, although it be the week before last: crossed the mountains, and layed that night at Torgna, the next at St. Giovanni, and the morning after came to Piacenza. That city, (though the capital of a duchy) made so fewry an appearance, that instead of the splendid scenes that our father has, we disiled, and went on to Parma; stayed there all the fol-low ing day, which was passed in visiting the nume-rous works of Corego in the Duomo, and of what consequence is, that once belonged to the Dukes of Parma, is more; Here the King of Naples has carried it all the other, and the city has not merit enough to detain us any longer, so we proceeded to Queen. On this, the residence of its dukes, is an il-built melancholy place, all of brick, as one most of the towns in this part of Lombardy, is himself lives in a private manner, with very little ap-pearance of a court about him; he has one of the noblest collections of paintings in the world, which enticed us extremely well the rest of that day and part of the next; and in the afternoon we came to Bolonga: so now you may wish of being in the dominions of his Holliness. This is a populous city, and of great extent: all the streets have porches on both sides, and a great relief in summer time in such a climate; and from one of the principal gates to a church of the Virgin, (where is a wonder-working picture, at that time dead,) it is a run of a thousand yards, and, shortly finished, a most extraordinary performance. The churches here are more remarkable for their painter's than architecture, being mostly edifices of brick; but the places are numerous, and fine enough to supply us with some worth seeing from morning till night. The coun-try of Lombardy, hitherto, is one of the most beautiful imaginable; in yet, any part of it, nothing more exactly straight, and on either hand vast plantations of trees, chis-elled mulberries and olives, and not a tree without a fine twining about it and spreading among its branches. This season, that is the most lovely in the world during the proper season, is not all we shall arrive at, and I am at the foot of the Apennine mountains; it will take up three days to cross them, and then we shall come to Florence, where we shall pass the Christmas. It is true we must remain in Italy these two months, but I shall be at the foot of the Apennines;
TO HIS MOTHER.

Florence, Dec. 19, N. S. 1579.

We spent twelve days at Bologna, chiding (as most travellers do) in seeing sights; for as we know no more than others, so is it no easy matter to get admission into any Italian house, without very particular recommendations; we could see no company but in public places; and there we were in the sight of the common people and gentry. We saw, therefore, churches, palaces, and pictures from morning to night; and the 15th of this month set out for Florence, and began to cross the Appennine mountains; which was a tedious and long journey, and upon the 17th we arrived there, and, as it was but indifferently weather, were comfortably in the midst of thick clouds, that utterly deprived us of a sight of their beauties: for this vast chain of mountains had its bases, and all the valleys are cultivated; even the mountains themselves are many of them so within a little of their very tops. They are not so hilly as the Alps, though prettier as high; and the whole road is admirably well kept, and paved throughout, which is a length of four score miles, and more.

We left the Popes' dominions, and lay that night in the town of Grand Duke of Florence—a little town, by the foot of Mount Giove, which is the highest of them all. Next morning we went up by the post house upon its very top, and usually involved in clouds, or half buried in violets. Indeed there was none of the least of the air that we were there, but it was still a dismal habituation. The descent is most excessively steep, and the turnings very short and frequent; however we performed it without any danger, and in coming down could dily discover Florence, and the beautiful plain about it, through the mist; but enough to convince us, it must be one of the noblest prospects in the earth in summer. This afternoon we got thither, and Mr. Mann, our resident, had sent his servant to meet us at the gates, and conduct us to his house. He is the best mannered person in the world.

The next night we were entertained at the Prima Coma's assembly (he has the chief power here in the Grand Duke's absence).—The princess and ladies are extremely civil to the name of Walpole, so we ventured to drink a glass, which is as much as to say, you may come and any where whenever you please; for after the first invitation this is always understood. We have also been at the manufacture of lace, which is as much as to say, you may come and any where whenever you please; for after the first invitation this is always understood. We have also been at the manufacture of lace, which is as much as to say, you may come and any where whenever you please; for after the first invitation this is always understood.
of its even could have done: however, it is not con-
templatively small, but a good handsome stream very
deep, yet somewhat of a muddy complexion.

The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking.
It is by a noble gate, designed by Michael Angelo,
and adorned with statues; here you run into a large
square, in the midst of which is a vast obelisk of
granite, and in front you have at one view two
arches of a handsome architecture, and so much alike
that they are called the Portas; with these streets,
the middest of which is one of the long-
est in Rome. As high as my expectation was
raised, I confess, the magnificence of this city
fulfilled my wishes. You cannot pass along a
street, but you have views of some palace, or
church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque
and noble one can imagine. We have not yet set
about passing through all the suburbs, ancient and modern,
with attention; but have already taken a slight
transit view of some of the most remarkable.
St. Peter's I saw the day after we arrived, and
was struck dumb with wonder. I there saw the
cardinal D'Auvergne, one of the French ones
who, upon coming off his journey, immediately re-
paired thither to offer up his vows at the high altar,
and went in the procession, the doors of which we saw opened to him, and all the other rites of
intrusion, but really no one of the uninvited cards
entered the church to receive him. Upon his entrance they were closed again immediately.
It was evident they will not come in unless
I am in the power of any body that has
money, without neglecting the want of it; but can,
not have the power of making things easy to me.
I have not yet seen his majesty of Great Britain,
de. though I have the two balls in the gardens of
the Villa Borghese, where they go a shooting almost
every day, it was at a distance, indeed, for we did
not choose to meet them, as you may imagine.
This letter (like all the English men's), or re-
cen. every day, is in opposition to the Latin, before it came to those it was intended for. They
do it more honour than it deserves; and all they
will learn from them will be, that I desire you
to leave me free to return and take your time of
whichever else is due, and that I am, &c.

TO HIS MOTHER.

April 16, 1718.
Good day.

Today I am just out of town, from paying my adora-
sions at St. Peter's to the three extraordinary balls,
which are exposed to public view only on these
two days in the whole year, in which time all
the connotations in the city come in procession
to see them. It was exceedingly novel to
see that vast church, and the most magnificent
in the world, undeniably, illuminated (for it was
night) by thousands of little crystal lamps, disposed
in the figure of a huge cross at the high altar,
and seeming to hang aloft in the air. All the light
was reflected from the leaded glass; this brings you into a
foot roundly in one entered the great door. Soon
after came one after another, I believe, thirty pa-
cessions, all dressed in green frocks, and gilt with
a cord, their heads covered with a copa! all over,
only two fingers to see through left. Some of them
were all black, others red, others white, others par-
ty-coloured; these were continually changing and
going on with such a noise and ceremonies before
and to each company, as they arrived and left
before the great altar, were shown from a balcony,
at a great height, the three wonders, which I
must know, the head of the bear that en
cond Chri...t St. Veronica's Handkerchief, with
the miraculous impression of his face upon it; and
a piece of the true cross, on the sight of which
people thump their breasts, and kiss the picture
with vast devotion. The devotional part of the
ceremony is half a dozen kitted creatures, who, with
their faces covered, but naked to the waist, in
a shackleheaded disciplining themselves with scourges
and stripes of iron, which they never cease
this moment is wonderfully disagreeable. I have hardly
polity enough to see the infinity of such things,
that are only in the power of any body that has
money, without neglecting the want of it; but can,
not have the power of making things easy to me.
I have not yet seen his majesty of Great Britain,
de. though I have the two balls in the gardens of
the Villa Borghese, where they go a shooting almost
every day, it was at a distance, indeed, for we did
not choose to meet them, as you may imagine.
This letter (like all the English men's), or re-
cen. every day, is in opposition to the Latin, before it came to those it was intended for. They
do it more honour than it deserves; and all they
will learn from them will be, that I desire you
to leave me free to return and take your time of
whichever else is due, and that I am, &c.

TO MR. WEST.

May 9, 1718.

This day being in the palace of his highness
the duke of Modena, he held his most secret conferences
upon me to write to Mr. West, and said he thought
it for his glory to have them known, instaming that
before it comes to those it was intended for. They
do it more honour than it deserves; and all they
will learn from them will be, that I desire you
to leave me free to return and take your time of
whichever else is due, and that I am, &c.

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will learn from them will be, that I desire you
to leave me free to return and take your time of
whichever else is due, and that I am, &c.
TO MR. WEST.

Rome, May 24th.

I am today just returned from Antioch, a good deal fatigued, for you know the Adonis is somewhat tiresome. We dined at Pompeii; he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tuscan villa, but, by the care of his villas, we made an admirable meal. We had the dignity of a pregnant cow, a peace, a dish of thrash, a mole, a barley cakes, and a tumbler of fresh from the Tyrhynian, and some conchylia of the lake with garam sauce; for my part, I made a homely meal. Our drink was a double cyathus of ancient Athenian to Phœnician, and so to the veins; we shaded our eyes; all this is infinitely preferable to Albano or Frascati. I am now at home, and, to the window, I see it is the most beautiful of Italian nights, which it is proverbially true for, I mean that in the spring is here, and every where else, they say. There is a moon! there are stars for you! Do not you see the fountain? Do not you smell the orange flowers? When looking toward the con- vent of S. Isidoro, and that cloister, with the cypresses and pines upon it, the top of M. Quirinal—this is all true, and yet my profit is not two hundred yards in length. We send you some Roman inscriptions to enrich your villa.

The first two are modern, transcribed from the Vatican Library by Mr. Walpole.

1. From a Roman inscription:

PRAEDICAT AETERNAE secundae virtutum.

2. From a Roman inscription:

Sanctam sebem Archinon Tiberius Augusto
celivat et unam insipientem munera amplia.

The latter is somewhat tentacular, and has the appearance of a genuine Roman inscription.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Naples, June 17th, 1760.

Our journey hither was through the most beautiful part of the finest country in the world; and even on our return to our inn, about the middle of the best roads, I found the roads myself good, in the neighborhood of the grands de l'Europe, and the best part of the Alps. We have passed through all the most beautiful and ancient roads and streets, and have seen many magnificent ruins and classical antiquities.

At my return to this city, the day before yesterday, I had the pleasure of finding yours dated June the 8th. The period of our voyages, at last, towards the South, is come as you wish. The Anti-och, spent among the great rivers, and returned to Rome, where finding no likelihood of a pope yet these three months, and quite weary with the formal assemblies, and little society of that great city, Mr. Walpole determined to return hither to spend the summer, where he imagines he shall pass his time more agreeably than in the tedious expectation of what, when it happens, will only be a great show. For my own part, I give up the thoughts of all that wish little regret; but the city itself I do not part so with easy, which alone has amusements for whole years. However, I have passed through all the most beautiful and ancient roads and streets, and have seen many magnificent ruins and classical antiquities.

THE DEEP in the ground: curiosity led them on, and they have been digging ever since; the passage they have made, with all its turnings and windings, is now more than a mile long. As you walk, you feel the earth tremble; and the noise of the workmen, masons, and laborers, is heard through the narrow passages. The ceiling of the passage is composed of a great number of stones, some of them very large, and some very small, and are fixed with great precision, so that every minute of passage in the dark and unknown where there are many chambers.
I have not a thought, or even a weakness, I desire to conceal from you, and consequently on my side desire to be treated with the same openness of heart. My vanity perhaps might make me more interested towards you, if you were one of the heroes upon whom are noughted envies; but as natural wants are the ties of general society, so are mutual weaknesses of private friendships, supposing them mixed with some proportion of good qualities: for one may not sometimes be as much more than we imagine in our own power; reason and resolution determine them, and support under many difficulties. To me there hardly appears to be any medium between a public life and a private one; he who prefers the first, must put himself in a way of being servicable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among his countrymen; nay, he must not only be of an uncommon degree even dependent upon some men who already are so. If he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this part of it; his natural thought is to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for other services. Such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost always in every one’s power, and the proper enjoyment of age, as the other is the employment of youth. You are yet young, have some means, some tempers, some abilities, some capacity, which you have not yet put to the trial. Set apart a few hours, see how the first will yield you, with the end of it you are still the better informed man; if you change your mind, you have not only got the knowledge of a little something that can do no hurt, or give you cause of repentance. If your inclination be not fixed upon any thing else, it is a symptom you are not absolutely determined against this, and warns you not to mistake more indiscipline for inability. I am sensible there is nothing stronger against a man I would persuade you to than my own practice; which may make you imagine I think not as I speak. Alas! it is not so; but I do not act what I think, and I had rather be the object of your pity than that you should be that of mine. I am young, and the stage is now come to a connexion with history, with philosophy, to such a state, that you must partake a little of what you are related to so near. Besides, tell me, how can you have ever made the attempt in which you are frightened, when you have not gone next? an In Aplauum, nam sae si de adven- ture, tamquam Ulyssae, cognovisse turmam nervem. Pute. So Cicero prophesies in the end of one of his letters—and there I end. Yours, 

TO MR. WEST.

Florence, July 19, 1768.

You do yourself and me justice, in imagining that you spert, and that I am capable of such—ten miles every morning, in a week’s time you should not entertain much stronger hopes of the chancellorship, and think it a much more probable thing than you do at present? The advantages one may not sometimes have or entertain, or can bear more than we imagine in our own power; reason and resolution determine them, and support under many difficulties. To me there hardly appears to be any medium between a public life and a private one; he who prefers the first, must put himself in a way of being servicable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among his countrymen; nay, he must not only be of an uncommon degree even dependent upon some men who already are so. If he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this part of it; his natural thought is to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for other services. Such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost always in every one’s power, and the proper enjoyment of age, as the other is the employment of youth. You are yet young, have some means, some tempers, some abilities, some capacity, which you have not yet put to the trial. Set apart a few hours, see how the first will yield you, with the end of it you are still the better informed man; if you change your mind, you have not only got the knowledge of a little something that can do no hurt, or give you cause of repentance. If your inclination be not fixed upon any thing else, it is a symptom you are not absolutely determined against this, and warns you not to mistake more indiscipline for inability. I am sensible there is nothing stronger against a man I would persuade you to than my own practice; which may make you imagine I think not as I speak. Alas! it is not so; but I do not act what I think, and I had rather be the object of your pity than that you should be that of mine. I am young, and the stage is now come to a connexion with history, with philosophy, to such a state, that you must partake a little of what you are related to so near. Besides, tell me, how can you have ever made the attempt in which you are frightened, when you have not gone next? an In Aplauum, nam sae si de adven- ture, tamquam Ulyssae, cognovisse turmam nervem. Pute. So Cicero prophesies in the end of one of his letters—and there I end. Yours, 

FROM MR. WEST.

Bred-street, June 8th, 1769.

I lived at the Temple till I was sick of it: I have just left it, and find myself as much a lawyer as I was when I was in it. It is certain, at least, I may study the law here as well as I could there. My being in chambers did not signify to me a pinch of stuff. They tell me my father was a lawyer, and, as you know, several in the profession; and such a circumstance is must be of advantage to me. My uncle too makes some figure in Westminster-hall; and there’s another advantage. If I or any of my family here come to Roald, one does not much care ever to praise. This all has the air of an introduction designed to set off a great advantage, if I do not say it justly so; for I do not know I could change your ideas. Was the air bad, or the situation mean? If you are quite in the right. Only it is not laying yourself a little out of the way of a people, with whom it seems necessary to keep up some sort of intercourse and conversation, though little but for your pleasure or entertainment (yet there, I believe, such among them as might give you both, at least for your information in that quality, which I left you, you thought of applying to for that there is a certain insight necessary to be followed, if we mean to be of any use in the world, I take for granted you have as well as any, and perhaps, not so much as myself, to have my virtue in a clay, and hence your little, any thing to your inclination. Now I protest I do not yet know my own inclinations; I have not yet formed them; I cannot, therefore, say, I shall never fix at all. There is no going by a weather-cock. I may say much more upon the subject; but there is no talking telegraph over me. I have not formed myself, nor know my own inclinations. You may not know your own inclinations, they may not receive it; the truth is, they may not receive it even where they are thought to receive it from. I am not to be relied on in this matter; I have not been there. 

We happened to be at Naples on Corpus Christi day, the greatest feast in the year, so had an opportunity of seeing their Sicilian majesties to admire their person, figure, and dress; their majesty; and the queen; the being (big with child) sat in a balcony. He followed the host to the church of St. Clara, where high mass was celebrated to a glorious concert of music. They are as ugly a little pair as one can see: she a pale girl, marked with the small-pox; and he a brown boy with a thin face, a huge nose, and as ungainly as possible. We are settled here with Mr. Mann, in a charming apartment; the river Arno runs under our windows, which we can fish out of. The sky is so serene, and the air so temperate, that one can converse in the open air all night long in a slight night-cap. I am afraid, I shall leave this part of Italy. I have not ascertained it, and I have not quite such a mean opinion of myself, as to think I shall not do it. But when, and in what time? I do not know. I do not know the time of the question. We have not known another enough, that I should expect or demand a return of the civilities and addresses from your general; and the same bridge is the rest of every body, where they have their music, eat fried fruits, and sup by moonlight; though as yet (the season being extremely balmy) we have always liked our little retreats better than our general's, or any thing in the other world. They are a paradise, handsomely furnished, and in their own house. You see we are now coming northward again, though in no great haste; the Venetian and Milanese territories, and either Germany or the north of France (according to your pleasure may take), are all that remain for us, that we have not yet seen; as to Lorenzo, and that part of Italy, we have given over all thoughts of it.
to my letter to Mr. Ashken, that seems no full of spirit and thought, and a good deal of poetic fancy. I would know your opinion. Now I talk of verses, Mr. Walshe and I have frequently wondered you shall never execute a certain imitation of Spenser, published last year by a man whose name with which we are all enraptured and enmar- 

TO HIS MOTHER.

FLORENCE, Aug. 29, 1689.

It is some time since I heard from you, though it is not which the pope, as before, has had the pleasure of writing to you, having been upon a little excursions across the mountains to Bologna. We set out from hence at sunset, passed the Appennines by moonlight, travelling incessantly till we came to Bologna at four in the afternoon next day. There we spent a week agreeably enough, and returned as we came. The day before yesterday arrived the news of a pope: and I have the satisfaction of being within four days' journey of Rome, though it has not seeing his coronation, the pope being violent, and the infectious air now at its height. We had an instance, the other day, that it is not only fiery. Our ace- decdades, their men, and used to go about the country about Rome, having occasion to come from thence hither, and travelling on foot, as common with them, one died suddenly on the road; the other got the horse strange, and in pre- mander stupid; he was carried to the hospital, but died in two days. So, between fear and patience, we whined here, and must be satisfied with the company of the cardinals of the time. The new pope is called Benedict XIV. being created cardinal by Benedict XIII. the last pope but one. His name is Lambertini, a noble Bolognese, and a man of the most extraordinary parts. When I remember to have seen him two or three times, he is short, fat man, about sixty-five years of age, of a hearty, merry countenance, and likely to live many years. He bears good character for truth, and, as far as I know, for honesty, affability, and other virtues; and, they say, wants neither knowledge nor capacity. The worst side of him is, that he has a nephew or two; besides a certain young favourite, called Mora, who is said to have had, for some time, the disposal of his person and family. He is reported to have made a little speech to the cardinals in the conclave, after his election, as follows: "Most eminent lords, here are three Bolognesi of different characters, but all equally proper for the popedom. If it be your pleasure to pluck a saint, there is cardinals."

• The reader will find this among Mr. Walshe's Flagell.,

On the Abuse of Travelling by Gilbert Walshe.

GRAY'S WORKS.

Lett. 39, 40.

LETTERS.

25

26

TO HIS FATHER.

FLORENCE, Oct. 9, 1739.

This beginning of next spring in the time de- termined for our return at furthest: possibly it may be that, if we can make a great deal of noise, or something like a adept, or what route we shall take, is not of course. If we remain friends with France, upon leaving this country we shall cross over to Venice; and so return to the celebrated city of Genoa; from thence to a place in Marseilles and come back through Paris. If the contrary fall out, which seems not unlikely, we must take the Milanese, and those parts of Italy, in our way to Venice; from thence must pass through the Tyrol into Germany, and come home by the Low-Coun- ries. As for Florence, it has been gayer than the city itself inhabited, a bed that has been deserted, and in pre- served, and the inhabitants, of good manners and poverty, so that it seems at least a thousand times as large as it was thirty years ago. I shall be glad to receive any letters you may have been good enough to write for my own country. Try at least to make me imagine myself not indifferent to you; for I must own I have the vanity of desiring to be esteemed by nobody, and would choose that somebody (even those of the mob that could afford it) bore a white wax flambeaux. I believe there were at least five thousand of them, and the marsh was covered with three hours in a squall (a slighness) a meal. The applause which all eyes and does meet with, is enough to encourage him really to deserve them. They say he is an able and honest man; but he is forty, and can have but a little time to come. The senator of Rome came to wait upon him, at the first compliments he made him, the pope pulled off his cap. His master of the ceremonies, who stood by his side, touched him softly, as to warn him that such a condescension was too great in him, and out of all manner of rules. Upon which he turned to him, and said, "Oh! I cry you mercy, good master; it is true, I am but a novice of a pope; I have not yet so much as learned all manners."

TO HIS FATHER.

FLORENCE, Jan. 12, 1741.

We still continue constant at Florence, as one of the eldest cities in Italy. Though it is the middle of the carnival, there are no public diversions; nor is any pretense made of a celebration. The emperor's absences are to be calculated for the 10th of this month; and after that, it is imagined every thing will go on in its usual course. In the mean time, to employ the minds of the populace, the government has thought proper to ingratiate the city in a solemn manner, and at a great expense, a famous statue of the Virgin, called the Madonna dell'Impruneta, from the place of her residence, which is upon a mountain seven miles off. It was introduced to the city, at a time when, the atta- chments, the patronage, and the personal image, the senate, the nobility, and all the religious orders, be of the most eminent persons, and so received. At such times every thing is magnificent; the sight of such a procession, attended by the council of regency, the senate, the nobility, and all the religious orders, on foot and bare-headed, and so received. The pope, who was brought by a great procession, set out from the church, where it was frequented by an immense crowd of people from all the country round. Among the rest, I paid my devotions almost every day, and saw many of persons of the devil, who were brought to be exorcised. It was indeed during the evening, and the church-doors were always shut before the ceremoni- es were finished, so that I could not be eye-wit-
Here comes a letter from you.—I must detest giving my opinion of Passananti’s till I can see the whole, and only have said what I did in answering to your commands. I have spoken with such freedom on this head, that it seems but just you should have your revenge; and therefore I send you these verses, out of an epic poem, but of metaphysics one. Poems and metaphysics (say you, with your spectacles on) are inconsistent things. A metaphysical poem is a contradiction of terms. It is true you will not kill any; but they are more useful than oysters, and imprint themselves in the very heart. I find I have been harrassing in the style of the son of Sirech, so shall finish, and you will find our route is settled as follows: first to Bologna for a few days, to hear the Viscontian sing; next to Reggio, where a fair is. Now, you must know, a fair here, is not a place where one eats gingerbread or rides upon hobby-horses; here are no musical clocks, nor tall Leicesterwomen; one has nothing but aching, gambling, and singing. If you love operas, there will be the most splendid in Italy, four top-tops voices, a new theatre, the duke and duchesses in all their pomps and vanities. Doesn’t this sound magnificent? Yet is the city of Reggio but one step above old Berlino. Well, next, to Venice by land and sea, and there we will pass the old Doge who rules the Adriatic zones. Then to Verona, so to Milan, so to Mantua, so to Lyons, so to Paris, so to West, &c. In secular securitatem. Amen.

Two months, at different times, have I passed at Florence; and yet (God help me) know not other people or language. Yet the place and the charming prospects demand a poetical farewell, and here it is. *

* Oh, Pater Crucis sanctissima
Fraterque hung, nos aminem optimam amnis,
Anna quaeque Pulsus Doli Deus Aenepali
Adesse, glaucaque sua concorsa atque atra
Non ego vos posset Atri de valle videre
Dolor plus noster, mea gentis circumcisa cincta corona
Villaeus luteus saltus consors coram detra
Aquapulibus salut, et vocem praesentem cupressi
Muntium tergo super spectus ortu.

I will send you too, a pretty little sonnet of Signor Abate Buondelmonte, with my imitation of it.

* Some part of a tragedy under these lines, which Mr. W. had begun.


The likeness of Mr. West’s mind had too already for affected a body, from the first weak and delicate. His health declined, and, therefore, Mr. West offered here to consider for the benefit of the air, went to David Mitchell, Esq. at Pigeon, near Hoo, Hertfordshire; at whose house he found the last of June following.

TO MR. WEST.*

I trust to the country, and that idle idolomine, you never enjoy there, to restore you your health and spirits; and don’t but, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt you from your frolick, you will (like all other things) be the better for his influence. Mr. West, is an old friend, and an excellent acquaintance. I assure you. Had it not been for him, life had been often to me intolerable. Pray don’t imagine that Tucidus, of all authors in the world, can be tedious. An aesthete, you know, is by no means master of his subject; and I think one may venture to say, that if those Pausanion affairs are tedious in his hands, in another’s they would have been insupportable. However, he went out of his way to make a second visit to the Grande Chartreuse, and there wrote in the Album of the Fathers the Alcove; and in it, never Belgio Sci.,—see Poems.

On the 15th of August, and began to cross the Alps the next day. On the 25th he reached Lyons; therefore it must have been between those two days that he made this visit.

FROM MR. WEST.

I write to make you write, for I have not much to tell you. I have recovered no spirits as yet; but, as I am not displeased with my company, I am putting by the freinds in my arm-chair to small satisfaction. I read too sometimes, and have begun Tacitus, but have not yet read enough to judge of him; only his Romanian sedition in the first book of his annals, which is just as forcible as any thing he has written. The Metaphysician’s part is too the worse; and here shall there a few exprestion line, and so hardly intelligible.

I take the liberty of sending you a long speech of Agrippina; it much too long, but I would be glad you would retrench it. Accurate, you may remember, had been giving quiet consolations. I fancy, if it ever be finished, it will be in the nature of Nat. Lee’s beard tragedy, which had twenty-five acts, and some odd scenes.

FROM MR. WEST.

Poems, April 5, 1762.

I own, in general, I think Agrippina’s speech too long; but how to retrench it, I know not; but I have something else in the same style, which appears to me too antiquated. Racine was of another opinion: no where gives you the phrases of Romans: his language is the language of the times. and so that his French is reckoned a standard. I will not decide what style is fit for our English stage; but I should rather choose that one that bordered upon Cato, than upon Shakespeare. One may imitate (if one can) Shakespeare’s manner, his surprising strokes of true nature, his expressive force in painting characters, and all his other beauties: preserving, at the same time, a sort of Shakespearean air. Were he to write in a different style from what he did. These are my sentiments upon these matters; perhaps I am wrong, for I am neither a Tyrant, nor am I quite an Aristarchus. You see I freely both of you and Shakespeare; but it is as good writing not forcibly, where you know it is acceptable.

I have been tormented within this week with a most violent cough; for when once it sets its note, it will go on, cough after cough, shaking and tearing me for half an hour; and then it leaves me in a great sweat, as much fidgeted as if I had been labouring at the plough. All this description of my cough in prose, is only to introduce another description of it in verse, perhaps not worth your perusal; but it is very short, and besides has this remarkable in it, that it has broken out at four o’clock in the morning, while I lay in my bed, coughing and coughing, and all unable to sleep.

* Auso, cum Agrippinae imperatorinae tenebras.
Quem domum durior, transacto sed suam vocem
Dies, orto corrumpe visum nullum modo
Superavit, quae tyranni radique, taciturna
Crumen, inquit Tacitus, quae vitam consuenda
Etrusca.

* Mr. Gr. came in town about the 1st of September, 1765.

He first read the 6th of November following, at the age of sixty-five. The latter end of the subsequent year he went to Cambridge to assume his licentiate degree in civil law.

I see Poems.
TO DR. WHARTON.*

Cambridge, December 27, 1742.

I have return'd you my thanks a long time ago, for the present; I should say probably, of your letter; for such a thing has not happened above twice within this last age to mortal man, and none here can conceive what it may portend.

You then heard, that I have been employed a part of the time, how, by my own indig- fattage application for these ten years past, and by the curse and insignificance of that worthy magistrate, the man in blin...
most of those who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without enjoyments, and without friends.

I am not altogether of your opinion as to the historical concomitance in time of troubles: a calm melancholy it may produce, a sadder sort of despair (and hardly in some circumstances, and on sober, particularly cold money) but I doubt not, a real comfort or content can ever arise in the human mind, but from hope.

As I very ill you should have been in the twelfth year of the war, and yet say nothing of the retreat before Syracuse: is it, or is it not, the finest thing you ever read in your life? If not, I am sure that the Plataeans would agree with you. For any part I read Aristotle, his politics, his ethics, and morals; though I do not well know which is which. In the first place, he is the most accuratist author by far I ever met with. Then he has a dry concise manner that makes one imagine one is perusing a table of contents rather than a book: it tastes for all the world like chopped hay, or rather like chopped log; for he has a violent affectation to that art, being in some sort his own invention; so that he often loses himself in little trifling distinctions and verbal niceties; and, what is worse, leaves you to extricate him as well as you can. Thirdly, he has a great deal of the transcriber, as all authors of great brevity necessarily must. Fourthly, lastly, he has abundance of the uncommon things, which makes him well worth the pains he gives one. You see what you are to expect from him.

TO MR. WALPOLE.

January, 1757.

It is doubtless an encouragement to continue wrestling with the subject if you tell me you answer me with pleasure: I have another reason which would make me very happy, and I any thing to say: it is, that I write to you with equal pleasure, though not with equal splendours, but like plenty of materials: please to substract them so much as you are able to. It is not for the public good that I wish to be less but for the public good that I wish to be more. You need not fear but posterity will be glad to know the absurdity of their ancestors: the book will be glad to know they were as foolish as they, and the whole world as foolish as they, and the world wise as they.

TO DR. WHARTON.

(1753)

Your friendship has interested itself in my affai-ri so naturally, that I can not help troubling you a litte with a detail of them. But, now, my dear Wharton, why must I tell you

Mr. Wharton was absent at this time about a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The public need hardly be told, that the 6th edidion of the Whartonian Poems was printed in the place of several publications, but in the utmost simplicity of the publication, and the price.

This is merely an account of Mr. Green's poems published in Cunningham, and the expense he should at least be added to it. Though it was intended, it could not be done to cut it off and add the three more necessary.

Percy's classical works.

The Duke of Newcastle's Festival at the Chanceller's College.
TO MRS. WALPOLE.

TO MY MOTHER.

THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.
Gray's Works.

ODE III.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ELY COLLEGE.

Ys distant Spire! ye antique Towers! A
That crown the watery glade
Where grateful science still adores Her
And ye that from the stately brow Of Windsor's heights the expanse below Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey, Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among Wander the bright Thames among His silver-winding way.
Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade! Ah inebriate in vain! Where once my careless childhood strayed, A stranger yet to pass, I feel the gales that from ye blow A momentary bliss bestow, As waving fresh their gladsome wing My weary soul they seem to soothe, And, redolent of joy and youth, To breathe a second spring.

——King Henry VI, founder of the College.
And less that honest radiant of spring. Dryden's Poems on the Pythag. System.
I. 2.
Oh sovereign* of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the silent cares
And frantic passions tear thy soft control.
On Thryallis’s hills the lord of war
Has curst the fury of his ear,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command:
Forsaking on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic balls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes and flapping wings;
Quaunched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beard and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.
The day was
Say,
The Labour Man
Where
Now
With
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§
f
body.

II.

II. 1.
Man’s feeble race what life awaits?
Labour and pain, the rack of pain,
Disease, and sorrow’s weeping train,
And death, and refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song! dispense
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly muse?
Night and all its sad decay,
Life’s melting strain, the Queen’s approach declare;
Where she turns the graces homage pay;
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
Glistening state she wins her easy way;
O’er outer’ warm cloud, and rising bosom move.
The bloom of young desires and purple light of love.

II. 2.

II. 3.

II. 3.

III.

III. 2.

III. 2.
Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the scrap’—wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of the abys to spy,
And pass beneath the glorious shade
Of Chilis’ boundless forests laid,
She design to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet.
Their feather-electric chiefs and choky love.
Her track, where’s the goddess moves,
Glozy purse, and generous shame.
The unconfined mind and freedom’s holy flame.

III. 3.

III. 3.

III. 3.

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VI.
Amusement. In his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solace behind.

II. 2

'Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies*
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his desolations;
Is the sable warrior died?
Thy son is gone; no rest among the dead.
The swarms that in thy moonbeam beam were bor,
Gone to solvato the rising morn:
Fair laughs the moon, and soft the zephyr blows.
While proudly riding o'er the sour realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vase goes,
Youth on the prime and pleasure at the helm.
Regardless of the sweeping wildwind's shrill
That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey.

II. 3

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,§
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he may yet share the feast.
Close by the rood chair
Fell thistle and fountain spout.
Ye towers of Jutland! London's lasting shan;
With many a soul and midnight murder filled;
Revere his comrade faith, his father's fame;
And spare the meek waster's holy soul.
Above, below, the rose of snow;
Twined with his blushing foe, we spread;
The blessed Bœot in infant gore
Walks beneath the thorny shade.

* Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and ever robbed in his last moments by his enemies and autocrats.
† Edward the Black Prince, dead many years before his father.
‡ Magnificence of Richard II's reign. See Froissart, and other contemporaneous writers.
§ Richard II. See our tales by Archbishop Skelton, and the productions born in their continuance, by Thomas Wither and Ham, and all the other writers were devoted to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Paul of Ely, is related under the name of Sir Paul of Ely."

III. 1

'Let Edward, to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun)
Of thy heart's you conceive=(')
The web is woven; the work is done."

'Say, oh stay!'/ till these forlorn
Leave me unhurt, unspilt, here to mourn.
In our bright track, that flies the Western skies,
They melt, they vanish, from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
Descending oer their glittering skirts unveil,
Visions of glory! spurn my aching sight,
Ye aurochs crowds not on my soul!
No more our long-buried Arthur we behold,
All but a few genuine kings; Britannia's issue hail!

III. 2

'Gift with many a bashful brow
Sublime their stately fronts they rear,
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appall;
In the helpful smile upon the blushing girl,
Her eye proclaims her of the Brion-line,
Her brow-port, her sweet-commanding face,
Attested sweet to virgin grace.
What knowledge through the waving leaves of the air!
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Heart from the grave, great Taliessin! hear!
She bore a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright commandments of light, as she goes,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured wings.

III. 3

'The verse alluring again
Fierce war, and faithful love,

"Bannock of Castle died four years after the composition of Wight. The heroic passion that provokes his affection for her, the love of his land is well known. The monuments of his great merit and love for her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gloucester, Waltham, and other places.

It was the commonwealth of the Welsh nation, that king Arthur was still alive in Edinburgh, and received again to the"
GRAY'S WORKS.

Now the storm begins to lower,  
(Hasse, of hall prepared.)
Eternity in the darkness air.
Glittering lines are the locum
Where the bluish wave we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's dream.
Odinc's way and Raneivar's bane.
See the gristy texture grow,  
(Think of human entwined made.)
And the weight that play below
Each a grasping warrior's head.
Shields for shuttles, stick in gore,
Shoot the trembling cedds along,
Sword, that once a memora bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.
Mite, black terrific maid
Sangha and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid;
'Tis the weof of victory.
Ere the rusty sun be set
Pikes must shiver, javelin sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hankweil crash, and heinest ring.
(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.
As the path of fate we trend,
Wading through the ensanguined field,
Gondins and Geins spread
Over the youthful king's shield.
We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill and oourse to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live:  
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

ODE VIII.

THE BEAUTY OF ODIN.

From the Norse songs.
To be found in Farol Usine, decant centui-
render morte EEssio, 1689, Quarto.

Uplin Oldin Atik grate, etc.

They whom once the desert beach
Dent within its black domains,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
On the plenty of the plain.
Low the dustless era is laid,
Gore with many a gaping wound.
Fate demands a noble head;
Soon a king shall rise the ground.
Lang his less shall flint's creep,
Never again his likeness see.
Long his strain in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!
Horror covers all the earth,
Clouds of carcass blot the sun.
Sisters! weave the web of death:
Sieze! cease, the work is done.
Half the task and half the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing;
Joy to the victorious bands,
Triumph to the younger king.
Mortal! that nearest the tab
Learn the tenor of our song;
Scotland through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.
Sisters! hence with space of speed;
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bespindle her sable steed:
Hurry, hurry to the field.

ODE IX.

THE TRIUMPH OF ODIN:

A Fragment.

From Mr. Eves's specimen of the Welsh poetry.
Lanlud, 1701, Quarto.

ADVERTISEMINT.

OWEN succeeded his father Griffith in the principality of North Wales, A.D. 1218: this last was near forty years afterwards.

OWEN's praise demands his song,
Owen swift and Owen strong,
Fairest flower of Hodric's stem,
Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem.
He neer keeps his brooded steed.
Nor on all profuse功率s,
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart.

*Leaf by leaf, the compiler, who continues in chains till the total
text of the whole comprises, when he shall break his bonds:
the human race, the sins, the sins shall dissipate; the
soul in the sea, and his cormorant the struggle, even Oldin him-
self, and his kindness, shall perish. For a further ex-
planation of this mythology, see I. D. J., vol. i., p. 1.

1 North Wales.
GRAY’S WORKS.

ODE XI.

[Music.]


I.

Thus, avow’d! (‘Tis holy ground,
Comas and his midnight crew,
And ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming slum of pallid hue,
Mad millon’s ery jove,
Sercato to huge her chiasm,
Nor in those consecrate beavers,
Let painted flatteries hide her serpent-train in flowers,
Nor envy base, nor creeping gain,
Dare the muse’s walk to stain,
While bright-eyed science watches round:
Hence away! ‘Tis holy ground.

II.

From yonder radius of unyield ray
Burns on my ear! indignant lay!
There sit the painted mages, the hard divine,
The few whom genius gave to shine
Through every unbarred and undiscovered clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance, from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place where on their opening soul
First the genuine anchor stole.

Twen Milton struck the deep-tinted shell
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Mock Newton’s self bends from his state sublime
And sucks his heavy head, and listens to the thunders
Of white-powder’d racks, dim far, from the haunts of folly,
With freedom by my side and soles-bayed melancholy.

But hark! the poet’s sound, in pacing feet,
With solemn steps and slow,
High potencies, and dunes of royal birth,
And miried fathers, in long order great,
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow* From haughty Gallia torn,
And sat Catullus, on her bed of flower,
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare;
And Androcles her hand and the paler rose! The rival of her own, and of her voice,
And either Henry there,
The murder’d saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
Their tears, their little triumphs over,
Their human passions now no more.
Save charity, that glows beyond the tomb.
All that on Granada’s fruitful plain
Rich streams of royal bounty poured,
And bade those awful fuses and turrones rise To had their Fitvates’s fatal morning come;
And thus they spent with so much grace
The liquid language of the skies.

V.

What is grandamour, what is power?
Heaven’s trait, superior gain.

Edward III. who added the Fleur de Lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

Mary de Valois, Countess of Cheshire, daughter of Guy de Chauliac, Count of St. Paul in France, whom tradition says that her heart and Archduke Archiduke of Austria, son of Peter, were slain at a tournament, on the day of his marriage. She was the fourth of Pembroke College, of Hall, under the name of Alica de Berthe of Valois.

Elizabeth de Bute, commoner of Grafton, was wife of John de Bute, son and heir of the Earl of Bute, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, son of Gloucester, by Joan of Acre, daughter of Richard I. Hence the post given last the offspring of princely birth.

Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. founder of Grafton College. The poet has celebrated her original ability in a former ode.

Elizabeth Wallis, wife of Edward IV. (hence called the lady of York, as being of the house of York.) She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

Henry VI. and VIII. the former the founder of King’s, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of her good.
Sweat is the breath of vernal shower.
The bee’s collected treasures sweet.
Sweat music’s melting still, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

VI.

Flowers, and leaving from her golden cloud,
The venerable Margaret* aged
"Welcome, my noble son!" she cries aloud,
"To this thy kindred train and me 
Pleased in thy semblance we trace
A Phaene’s fire, a Beethoven’s grace.
Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unleased shall descend,
And fill it round heaven’s altar shade.
The fragrance of the blushing herb;
Shall raise from earth the latent gems
To glister on this diadem.

VII.

Lo! Granata waits to lead her blooming band;
Not obvious, not obtrusive she
No vulgar praise, no venial increase flown,
Nor dare with courtly task and refined
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind;
She retires herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
The heartfelt wreath that in her bosom she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand
Submit the flowers of her array;
While wintly blast above, and men below,
Join in glad voices the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

Through the wild waves, as they roar
With watchful eye, and dashing main,
Thy steady course of honour keep
Not fear the rock nor seek the shore
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And glids the horror of the deeps.

* Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry VII. Fountess of St. John’s and Chelmsford Colleges.

The Elizabeth was a benefactress, and married to a Tidder; hence the application of this line to the duke of Griffin, who descended from both these families.

Last regeniter Burleigh was chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
A LONG STORY.

ADVERTISMENT.

Mr. Gray's Essay, previous to its publication, was played before the MS. and had, always other admiral, the lady Cobham, who resided in the mansion-house at Stoke-Poges. The performance induced her to wish for the author's sergeant, aye, lady Scham and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to introduce her to it. These two ladies united upon the author at his scenes in the history, where as he the time needed, and not finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprised as such a compliment, returned the visit; and as the beginning of the first morning, two the appearance of romance, he gave the ladies the lively stories of it which the Long Story contains.

In Britain's isle, no matter where, The Huntingdon and Hatton there Employed the power of fairy hands.

To raise the ceilings fretted bright, Each panel in achievements coddling, Rich windows that exclude the light, And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls, When he had fifty winters o'er him, My grave lord-keeper led the brows:
The seal and mace danced before him.

His bushy beard and hoarse-strings green, His high-crowned hat and satin doublet, Moved the stout heart of England's queen, Though pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the last beginning, Shame of the vesprying tribe! Your history whither are you springing? Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff, But running in their silks and tissues.

The mansion-house at Stoke-Poges, then in possession of the Countess Cobham. The style of building which we now call queen Elizabeather's be here authors described, both with regard to its beauty and defence; yet the third and fourth stories contain the same manner of her time with equal truth and arrests. The house formerly belonged in the seats of Huntington and the family of Hatton.

Sir Christopher Hatton, promised by Queen Elizabeth for his noble actions and services, was a seat of a figure-dance then in vogue, and probably designed as an answer to our modern conditions, or still more modern conditions.

This piece is already applied who those ladies were; the first came cop. a piece from France, her conquering destiny fulfilling, Whom meaner beauties eye askance, And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven Had armed with spirit, wit, and satire; But Cobham had the poise given, And tipped her arrows with good-condition.

To celebrate her eyes, her him, Course panegyrics would but tease her;
Melissa is sans de guerre;
Ahas! who would not wish to please her?

With bonnet blue and capuchine, And aprons long, they hid their armour, And veiled their weapons bright and keen In play to the country farmer.

Fame in the shape of Mr. P. — Where (by this time all the parish know it) Had told that the barbarous there lurked A wicked imp they called a poet.

Who prowled the country far and near, Besought the children of the peasants, Dried up the cows and Isaac the herd, And sucked the eggs and killed the peasants.

My lady heard their joint petition, Spoke by her coronet and crinoline, She'd issue out her high commission To rid the manner of such varmints.

The henmice undertook the task; Through lanes unknown, 's o'er stiles they ventured, Rapped at the door, nor stayed to ask, But bounce into the parlor entered.

The trembling family they daunt, They first, they sing, they laugh, they tattle, Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt, And up stairs in a whirlwind rate.

Each hole and cupboard they explore, Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
your descriptions are pretty contain'd; nothing can be more happily tuned than the complaints to lady Cobham in the last stories.

I have before told that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name, yet merely without any great reason.

Run hurry scurry sound the floor, And on the bed and tester chamber;
Into the drawers and china pry, Papers and books, a huge impertinence! Under a tea-cup he might lie, Or crossed like dog's ears in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops, The muses, hopeless of his pardon, Conveyed him underneath their hoops To a small closet in the garden.

So humour says (who will believe?) But that they left this door ajar, Where a foot and mace-hanging in his sleeve He heard the distant din of war.

Shout was his joy; he false knew The power of magic was no false; Out of the window wish they flew, But left a spell upon the stable.

The words too eager to unwhistle, The post a strange disorder; Transparent birdlime formed the middle, And chains invisible the border.

So running was the apparatus, The powerful pothooks did so move him, That will be mill to the great house He went as if the devil drove him.

On his way (no sign of grace, For folks in fear are apt to pray) To Phoebus he performed his chass, And begged his aid that dreadful day.

The gallower would have backed his quarter; But with a blush, on recollection, Owned that his quiver and his laurel Against four such eyes were no protection.

The court was ast, the culprit there: Porth from their glossy mansions creeping, The holy ladies and Jones repair, And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night Come (weep) along some winding entry, (Sticks) has often seen the sight) Or has often seen the sight) At the chapel-door stand statily;

In peaked mauve and mantles swelled, Sour visages enough to scare ye, Great hams of honours once that garnished The drawing-room of four-score Mary!

The pears come: the chamber stays, And shift their tights with double submission; She courtesies, as she takes her chair, To all the people of condition.

The bard with many an artful fib Had his imagination fed him, Disposed the arguments of Squib,*
And all that Groane could urge against him. But soon his rhetoric forsook him.

When he the solemn hall had soon; A sudden fit of ague shook him;
He stood as mute as poor Macane.*

Yet something he was heard to mutter, "How in the path, beneath an old tree, (Without design to hurt the butter, Or any malice to the poultry.)
He once or twice had penned a sonnet, Yet hoped that he might save his bacon; Numbers would give their oath upon it, He nor was for a conjurer taken.

The ghostly prates, with hangalleg face, Already had condoned the sinners;
My lady rose, and with a grace— She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

"Jean-Marla! Madame Bridget, Why, what can the viscountess mean? Cried the square hoods, in woful dread. "The times are altered quite and clean!"

"Dororum's turned to mere civility!" Her air and all her manner shows it: Command me to her adorability! Speak to a commoner and poet!"

[Here 500 stanza are lost.]

And so God save our noble king, And guard us from long-winded babblers, That to eternity would sing, And keep my lady from her rubbers.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

'Tis curved to the knoll of parting day, The lowing herd wind slowly over this land, The ploughman homeward, with his weary way, And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

"The swan...

*The swan... 12 rooms of the chamber.
*The swan... A farouche highwayman, hang'd the wretch before.
*The swan... He hung, i.e. the face of witch or hag.
*The swan... The epsilon Anglo-purse has been sometimes misnamed as to convey the same idea, but it means a very different thing; viz. the glad ferocity, and it comes from an unrecorded chaos called a hagard.
*The swan... Here the story finishes; the extinction of the ghost, which follows, in characteristic of the Spanish missions of the age when they are supposed to have lived; and the 500 stanza was said to be, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded explanation.
*The swan...—squit el bosco.
*The swan... —calli pietro gianger, che s'ina more.

Danis, Purgat. l. 8.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air is solemn stillness bright;
And drowsy tinklings fill the distant folds;
Save that the beetle wheels his glowing light,
And moths buzz eagerly about the spray.

Beneath these ragged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where crows beat their wings in a mocking heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breezing sun,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall raise them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blaring horn shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
Or chimb their knees the ewed kids to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sable yield,
Their sorrow of the stubborn glebe he has broke;
How jealously did they their team hid!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, ere gave,
Awake the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! Impute to these the fault,
Memory of their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long drawn avenue it fades,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can sterile urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery scoop the dull cold earth of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Or沃ost to enclose the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did not unravel;
Chill persimmon reigned supreme their rage,
And from the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean keep;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with damasked breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some rude ingenuous Moll, her easy rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening scaffoldless,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty over a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their joy forlorn; nor circumstances alone,
Their growing years, but their cares confined;
Forbid to waste through slaughter to a throne;
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushing of ingenious shame,
To keep the shrine of luxury and pride;
With incense kindled at the massy flame.

Far from the madding crowd's idle stare,*
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the neighbour tenour of their way.

Yet even these bosoms, from insult to protect,
Some frail remembrance still erect;
With uncomplaining silence shapeless sculptors decked
Implements the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered stone,
The place of some and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strewed,
That teach the rustic moral to the rude.

For who to Thomas Nugent I commend
This p leasing anxious e'er resigned,
Let the warm precincts of the cheerful day
Nor cast one lingering lingering look behind
On some fond breast the purling soul raises,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our eden live their wretched fate.

For three, who, mindful of the unshamed deal,
Dust in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindled spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some heavy-hearted swain may say,*
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dewy way,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"This part of the story differs from the rest. The following stanza must be omitted with the other alterations:"

That her the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Ride every instant mantling passions case,
In still small accents whispering from the ground.
A grateful serenity of eternal peace.

Oft with the spring, when bosa baa baa,
Fresh was the lamb, and sweet the whispering sun;"


*Mr. Gray forget, when he dispersed, by the preceding stanza, his benediction described of the evening charming, the situation is to which he had left:

Him he saw the greenwood side along.
While o'er the heath we beat, our labour done,
Off the wood dark furred her burning wing,
With wintry care pursuing sun.

* In the early editions, the following lines were added, but the parenthesis was thought too long:

Thrice entered 11, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, seen showers of visible sound;
The redemptive love to build and edify there.

And thus the new-born is launched into the world.

*Petrascens. Petrascens. Son.

This lady, the wife of Dr. Curtis, physician at Exeter, died April 28th, 1735; and is buried in the church of Beamin-

Gray of himself.

Too poor for a tie, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love and could hate, so was thought some-
thing 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.
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.
The Life of Dr. James Beattie.

Dr. James Beattie was born at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, Scotland, on the 20th day of October, 1735. His father, who was a farmer of no considerable rank, is said to have had a turn for reading and for versifying; but, as he died in 1743, when his son James was only seven years of age, he could have had no great share in forming his mind.

James was sent early to the only school his birthplace afforded, where he passed his time under the tuition of a tutor named Mive, whom he used to represent as a good grammarian, and tolerably skilled in the Latin language, but destitute of taste, as well as of some other qualifications essential to a good teacher. He is said to have preferred Ovid as a school-author, whom Mr. Beattie afterwards chiefly exchanged for Virgil. Virgil he had been accustomed to read with great delight in Ogilvy's and Dryden's translations, as he did Homer in that of Pope; and these, with Thomson's Seasons and Milton's Paradise Lost, of all which he was very early fond, probably gave him that taste for poetry which he afterwards cultivated with so much success. He was already, according to his biographer, inclined to literary vocation, and among his schoolfellows went by the name of the Poet.

At this school he made great proficiency, by consequence diligence, which, he was sensible, was the only stock he could command; and he appeared to much advantage on his entering Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1750, where he obtained the first of those bursaries left for the use of students whose parents are unable to support the entire expense of academical education. Here he first studied Greek under principal Thomas Blackwell, author of the Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer; Letters concerning Mythology; and Memoirs of the Court of Augustus; a teacher, who, with much of the austerity of pedantry, was kind to his diligent scholars, and found in Mr. Beattie a disposition worthy of cultivation and of patronage. The other professor, with whom Mr. Beattie was particularly connected, was Dr. Alexander Gerard, author of the Genius and Evidence of Christianity; Essays on Taste and Genius; and other works. Under these gentlemen, his proficiency, both at college and during the vacations, was very exemplary, and he accumulated a much more various stock of general knowledge than is usual with young men whose destination is to the church. The delicacy of his health requiring amusement, he found, as he supposed, all that amusement can give in cultivating his musical talents, which were very considerable. But there is reason to think that his hours of relaxation were too few, and that the earnestness with which he disciplined his son from excessive study, arose from his perceiving that he had not paid more attention to the exercise which promotes health.

The only science in which he made no extraordinary proficiency, and to which he even seemed to have a dislike, was mathematics. In this, indeed, he performed the requisite tasks, but was eager to return to subjects of taste or general literature. In every other branch of academical study, he never was satisfied with what he learned within the walls of the college.

In 1753, having gone through every preparatory course of study, he took the degree of master of arts, the only one attainable by students (except of medicine) in any of the universities of Scotland. The first degree of bachelor is not known, and that of doctor of laws or divinity is usually bestowed on application, at any time of life after leaving college, without the necessity of keeping the terms. Mr. Beattie, therefore, at this time technically finished his education, and had a profession to seek. He had hitherto been supported by the generous kindness of an elder brother; but he was anxious to exonerate his family from any further burden. With this laudable view, there being a vacancy for the office of schoolmaster at Fowlis, he applied to Laurencekirk, he accepted the appointment August 6, 1753. There can be no doubt that he performed the duties of this situation with punctuality, but it was neither suited to his disposition, nor advantageous to his progress in life. The emoluments were very scanty, the site remote and obscure; and there was nothing in it to excite emulation or gratify the ambition which, a young man, conscious as he must have been of superior powers and knowledge, might indulge without presumption. He obtained in this place, however, a few friends, particularly Lord Garterstown, and Lord Mounbatten, who distinguished him with encouraging notice; and his imagination was delighted by the beautiful and sublime scenery of the place, which he appears to have contemplated with the eye of a poet. His leisure hours he employed on some
poetical attempts, which, as they were published in the Scotch Magazine, with his initials, and were at several times with his place of abode, must have contributed to make him yet more known and respected. The church of Scotland was at this time the most munificent of all the Protestant churches in Europe. When the students, with their academical studies in fullsession, there were few difficulties to be surmounted before their entrance on the sacred office. Although this church, indeed, had made a wonderful progress, and Mr. Beattie appears to have regarded it as the only means by which he could obtain an independent rank in life; and with his diligence, was confident that his talents and instruction from the studies of philosophy, and the science of Christianity, would soon enable him to proceed. He therefore, during the winter at Marischal College, and attended the divinity lectures of Dr. Robert Pollock, of that college, and of professor John Adamson, of King's, and performed the exercises required of the rules of both. One of his fellowstudents informed Sir William Forbes, that during their attendance at the divinity-lecture, he heard Mr. Beattie deliver a discourse, which was with much commendation, but of which he was remarked by the audience, that he spoke poetry in prose.

While the church seemed his only prospect, and one which he never contemplated with satisfaction, although, as he was not a very handsome man, and a little short, and of a slightly build, and his features were not those of a great and imposing appearance, it was not long before a publication appeared, which afforded him the means of procuring a wife, and of elevating himself to the rank of a clergyman. It was the Specimens of his poetry, which, besides the applause it met with from the public, was received with great approbation by the public. This event, therefore, was the means of procuring a wife, and of enabling him to proceed in the profession of the ministry.

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and, indeed, the whole of the literary society, whose conversations had been so pleasantly de- 
tailed by Mr. Boswell. He returned to Scotland 
with a mind elevated and cheered by the praise, 
the kindness, and the patronage of the good and 
great.

After his visit to London, he was, by a 
very flattering proposal, sent through the 
hand of Dr. Porteous, to enter into the church 
of England. He had been more than once 
before, by the Archbishop of York, but de- 
clined. It was now renewed with more importa-
tively, and produced from him the important reasons which obliged him to resign the offer which he so warmly considered as "great and generous."

By these reasons, communicated in a letter to Dr. Porteous, we find that he was apprehensive of the injury that might be done to the cause he had ex-
pounded, if his enemies should have any ground for asserting that he had written his Essay on Truth,

with a view to promotion; and he was likewise of opinion that it might have the appearance of levity and insincerity, and even of want of principl-

es, to be quit, without any other apparent motive than that of fostering his interests, the church of which he had uniformly been a member, and the profession to which he was attached.

He was, in the year 1774, at the offer of a professor's chair in the University of Edinburgh, considering his present situation as best adapted to his habits and to his usefulness, and apprehending that the formation of a new literary society of friends might not be so easy or agree-

able in a place where the enemies of his principles were numerous.

To some of his friends, however, these reasons did not appear very sound.

Although Mr. Beattie seemed seriously withdrawn his claim as a poet, by canceling as many copies of his juvenile attempts as he could procure, he was not so unconscious of his talents, as to reli-

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second and last child. In 1756. His hopes of a
successor of his name and family, had probably
been revived in this year, which exhibited many
proofs of early genius, and for some time before
his death had prosecuted his studies with great asso-
ciation. But here too he was compelled, again to
subscribe to the uncertainty of all human pros-
pects. Great, however, as the affliction was, it
would be pleasing to be able to add that he ac-
quainted with pius resignation, and laid hold on
the hopes he knew so well how to reconcile, and
which yet might have cheered, if not gladdened
his declining life. But from this period he began
to withdraw from society, and brooded over the
sorrows of his family, until they overpowered his
feelings, and abstracted him from all the comfor-
tes of friendship and all powers of consolation. Of
the state of his mind, Sir William Forbes has
given an instance so touching, that no apology
can be necessary for introducing it here.

"The death of his only surviving child com-
pletely unmanned the mind of Dr. Beattie, the first
symptoms of which, as many days had elapsed,
was a temporary but almost total loss of memory,
respecting his son. Many times he could not re-
collect what had become of him: and after search-
ing in every room in the house, he would say to
his niece, Mrs. Glennie, 'You may think it strange,
but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he
is?' She then felt herself under the painful ne-
cessity of bringing to his recollection his son Mon-
tague's sufferings, which always restored him to
reason. And he would often, with many tears,
express his thankfulness that he had no child, say-
ing, 'How could I have borne to see their ele-
ments mangled with madness?' When he looked
for the last time, on the dead body of his son, he
said 'I have now done with the world! he ever
after seemed to act as if he thought so.'

"The last three years of his life were passed in
hopeless solitude, and he even relinquished his
 Sociability with those remote friends with
whom he had long enjoyed the soothing in-
terchange of elegant sentiment and friendly at-
tainment. His health, in this voluntary continu-
ament, gradually decayed, and extreme and pre-
nature debility, occasioned by two paralytic stroke,
terminated his good and useful life on the 18th
day of August, 1803. His reputation was so
well founded and so extensive, that he was uni-
versally lamented as a loss to the republic of let-
ters, and particularly to the University of which
he had been so long a public benefactor and an
honour.

Of his general character a fair estimate may be
formed from his works, and it is no small praise
that his life and writings were in strict conformity
with each other.

Whatever reputation Dr. Beattie enjoyed from
his philosophical and critical works, his praise was
yet higher in all the circle of private and
private life. His excellence as an instigator
may be gathered from his printed works; but it
remains to be added, that few men have exceeded
him in serious and kind attentions to his pupils.
It was his practice, while they were under his care,
to invite them by small parties to his house, un-
bind their mind in gay conversation, encouraging
them to speak with familiarity on common topics
and to express their doubts with freedom on any
subjects connected with their studies.

None were more affected by his melancholy re-
treat from society, than those who could recollect
him in his happier days of health and hope. He
had a keen relish for social intercourse, and was
remarkably cheerful and communicative. It has
not yet been mentioned, but it may be observed
from various parts of his writings, that he had a
true for humour, and a quick sense of the ridicu-
ous. This, however, was so chastened by the ele-
gance of his taste, and the benevolence of his de-
position, that whatever fell from him of that kind
was devoid of coarseness or asperity. In conve-
nation he never endeavoured to gain superiority,
or to compel attention, but contented to take his
just share, without seeming to intercept the leg-
ity of others. He had, however, what most men
have or are jealous of their reputation, a degree
of reserve in premunis company, which he ex-
tremely disdained among those whom he loved and
in whom he confided.

In London it is yet remembered that his col-
quilal talents were much admired, and no doubt
procured him a long continuance of those friend-
ships with men of rank, which are rarely to be
preserved without something more than the mere
possession of genius. His modest and engaging
manners rendered him equally acceptable to the
courtly and elegant Mansfield, and to the rough
and unbridled Johnson. To Mrs. Montague's litery
party he was ever most acceptable; and he lived
with the thin bishop of London, with Sir Joshua
Reynolds, and with Mr. Burke, on terms of the
easiest intimacy. If buffets could have spoilt him,
he had enough; as in England, for whatever reason,
his character always stood higher
than in his own country.

Dr. Beattie's person was rather above the mid-
sle size. His countenance was very mild, and his
smile uncommonly placid and benign. His eye
were remarkably piercing and expressive, and
there was a general composure in his features
which Sir Joshua Reynolds has given admirably
in the picture, which has been engraved for his
life by Sir William Forbes.

His frame was apparently stout, and even fo-
 bust, but this certainly was not the case. Its or-
iginal conformation may have been that of strength

and vigour; but he had frequent interruptions
from sickness, at a very early period of life. As
he advanced he discovered all the delicate and va-
contrary temperament of genius. At the age
of forty-five he had the walk and manner and pre-
motions that are usually observable at sixty, and
was much afflicted with head-ache, and other
symptoms that are commonly called nervous.
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

The Minstrel;
or,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

PREFACE.

The design was, to trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawnings of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Minstrel, that is, an itinerant Poet and Musician—a character which, according to the traditions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavored to imitate Spenser in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antiquity expressed I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject: but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the compleat, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked, of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true only when the poetry is faulty in other respects.

THE MINSTREL.

An! who can tell how hard it is to clasp The steep where Fane's proud temple shines afar; And who can tell how many a soul sublime Has felt the influence of malignant star, And waged with Fortune an eternal war Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envie's frown, And Poverty's uncomparable bar, In life's low vale remote has passed alone, Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown! And yet, the language of inglorious days Not equally oppressive is to all: Him, who never listened to the voice of praise, The silence of neglect can ne'er appeal. There are, who dread to read Ambition's call, Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame; Supremely blessed, if to their portion fall Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim Had he whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.
III.
The rolls of fame I will not now explore;  
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,  
How forth the minstrel roved in days of yore,  
Righ withal of heart, though homely in array.  
Whose waving locks and beard all horrid grey:  
While, from his bending shoulder, decent hang  
His harp, the sole companion of his way,  
Which to the whistling wind, and responsive rump;  
And ever, as he went, some merry lay he sang.

IV.
Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,  
That a poor village inspirer may strain;  
With thee let Pagantry and Power abide;  
The gentle Muse haunts the sylvan reign;  
Where though wild groves at eve the lovely swain  
Unruptured roams, to gaze on Nature’s charms;  
They hate the sensal, and scorn the vain,  
The parasite their influence never warms,  
Nor him whose soul and the love of gold alarms.

V.
Though richest lines the peacock’s plumes adorn,  
Yet horror screams from his disconsolate throat.  
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,  
While washing waves中最に組み込まれているウィンクルを組み込むために最適なかの最も理想的な構造。  
Or seeks at noon the wood and scene remote,  
Where the gray linnet card from the hill;  
O let them never, with artificial note,  
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,  
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

VI.
Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature’s hand;  
Nor was perfection made for man below:  
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,  
Good constrecting ill, and goodness wo.  
With gold and grace of Chillon mountains glow;  
If bleak and barren Scotia’s hills arise  
There plague and poison, lust and raging rove:  
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,  
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.
Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse  
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;  
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse  
The imperial bust to, and the rich attire;  
Know Time own worth, and reverence the lyre  
Whit they despise the heart which God refined  
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire.  
To fame, freedom, harmony, resigned;  
Ambition’s grasping crew for ever left behind.

VIII.
Canst thou forego the pure eternal soul  
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,  
On the dull couch of Luxury to lie,  
Stung with disease and stung with spleen;  
Fain to explore the all of Flattery’s screen,  
Even from thyself thy fast to some heart to hide.  
(Thine art the more of joy serene)  
Bore away, Distraction, Malicious, able.  
And impudent Desire, and disgratified Pride!

IX.
O, how canst thou renounce the boundless soul  
Of charms which once the votary yields;  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore;  
The pemp of groves, and garrniture of fields;  
All that the meanest of spring’s glories,  
And all that echoes to the song of evening,  
All that the mountain’s sheltering bosom yields,  
And all the droll magnificence of heaven,  
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

X.
These charms shall work thy soul eternal health,  
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart;  
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth  
Ever wins thy way to thy corrupted heart;  
For, ah! it poisons like a serpent’s dart;  
Fainting the ungenious wish, the selfish scheme,  
The stern resolve, unmoved by pity’s smart.  
The troublesome day, and long distressful dream,  
Return, my raving Muse, resume thy purpose theme.

XI.
There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,  
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;  
Whose senses, perchance, in fancy’s land might dwell,  
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.  
But, ho, I see, of what country?  
A nation famous for song, and beauty’s charm;  
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;  
Patient of toil; severe, untold alarms;  
Inexhale in faith; invisible in arms.

XII.
The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made  
On Scotia’s mountains fed his little flock;  
The sickle, so o’er, or plaghe, he never swayed;  
An honest heart was all his stock;  
There lives an ancient tablet, or rescue, whereon  
A miscreant or harper appears, but he is chaste, by word of renown, we have been told to the north countries.  
It is probable, that under the expression was formerly comprised  
All the provinces to the north of the Tintagel.  
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebund,
Flocks, herds, and watertides, along the hour profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene:
In shadow, and in storm, he found delight;
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave secure
The southern sun diffused its dazzling sheen.

And if a sigh would sometimes intertwine,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, lie wished not to control.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom?"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy bow.,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought?
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! what has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm bowls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the zill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And moods, with life, and mirth, and beauty crowned!
All me, the wraithingly calm, and shaggy pool,
Have all the solitary vale imprisoned;
Fed each fair form, and uto each, melting sound,
The raven coaks forever on naked eyry;
And, yon! the river, bursting ever thine,
Down the vale thunder; and with wasteful sway,
Upwashes the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

"Yet etch the destiny of all on earth;
Saffronakes and fades majestic Man!
Fair is the bud his mortal horn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the wandering fan:
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildness wan,
Ye brightening whirlwinds, spare his balmy prone;
Nor bless of his life the little span:
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on space to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark abyss;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.

Shall spring to these and scarce no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with haurst burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left abandoned in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unass?
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
It is for this fair toast of woe must strive
With disappointment, memory, and pain—
No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
In sooth, "was almost all the shepherd knew,
So little was superfluous love he sought.
Nor ever wished his Edwin to pursue;
"Let man's own sphere," (quoth he) "confine his view;
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight;
And mark, and oft, he warned him to eschew
Phisckless and guile, and eye maintain the right;
By pleasure unsmoothed, unused by lawless might.

"And from the prayer of Wani, and plaintive We,
O never, never turn thine ear thine ear;
Forlorn in this wild, wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law be not severe)
What to thyself thou wert wish'd to do;
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those aloof;
All human weal and we learn thou to make this own.

"See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shadow fly!
For now all storms of summer, rain is over,
Nor cold, and fresh, and fragrant, is the sky?
And, lo! in the dark, eastern, expanded high,
The rainbow brightness to the setting sun:
Find foot, that danced at the streaming glory's side;
How vain the charn the sunbeam and desires?
"Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpose rose to run.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fars with age
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the human arm,
Becals to Fate, and wonder how they mourn.

But this bold hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her song disarm—
But why should forsake thy fond heart alarm?
Perish, the love that doth and young desire!
Peruse, poor imp! thy imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire.
Fancy and Hope see soon shall of themselves expire.

When the long-dreamed curfew from afar
Loosed with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingered and listening, wandered down the vale:
There would he dream of groves, and erase pale:
And gloat, that to the charmed-dungeon through
And drag a length of chaining chain, and wall,
Till silenced by the owl's terrible song,
Or blaste that shrieks by fit the shuddering isles along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dye,
Dyed the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he bid,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large,
Sleep a whisper brought to his intranced sight:
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind's gentle shriek
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous glow, illumined the vault of Night.

Anon, in view a portal's blazoned arch
Aware; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Graping the diamond lance, and targe of gold:
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And heron and the white dove, right venerably old.
The long robed minstrels walk the warbling wire,
And some with sweet breath the martial pipe inspire.

With increment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dancers from the myrtle-beavers advance;
The little warries dash the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strokes provoke the dance:
They meet, they dart away, theywheel assaile;
To right, to left, they thrill the flying main;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance.

Rapid along; with many-coloured rays
Of pillars, gems, and gold, the echoing forest blaze.

The dream is dead.
Proud harpsinging of day,
Who fear'd the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fall chanticleer! who oft his nest away
My fancied goal, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed string, discordant still,
Let Harmony sly shut her gentle ear,
The beauty mute, let jealous riddles spell,
Enrily thy heart, and lull my passions wide.
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless foe appear.

Susan, my Muse, Love attunes thy line.
Revoke the spell! Thine Edwin foreFronts not so—
For who should be at wicked chase repose,
Who feeds from every chance amusement flow?
Fly now his eyes with smiles of mirthful gale,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre glow,
Where thousand peals the dewy lawn adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.
XLI.

Hence, ye, who name and stampify the mind.
Sceptics, of beauty, virtue, joy, the base! 
Greedily and full, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair face,
And ever ply your venomous fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form, hence forth the muse should die.
(Though both on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)

With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLI.

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

XLII.

Ah me! abandoned on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your love.
Save when against the winter's dreariness, groan,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hour,
Her legends when the Belsham gun import,
Or chant the old heroic ditty over,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admired, but mere the tuneful art.

XLIV.

And strange was the long-winded tale;
And bulls, and knights, and feats of arms, displayed;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamoured of the nut-brown maid;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glee;
Or bags, that enclose an informal brood,
And ply in the unutterable trade;
Mildst fictions and specious, queeneth the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride the infuriate flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amusement rose,
A greater strain the Belsham would rehearse,
A tale of rambled life, a tale of wooes,
The orphan-babe,* and guardian-uncle—
O cruel! will ye parley of pitty pie?
That heart, by lust of tears seared to stone!
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To lasting shrillness shall tender souls beown.
These helpless orphan-babes, by thy fell arm undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smeared, with branched tern,*
The babes, now banished, lay them down to die,
Mist'd with the wild hond of darksome woods forever,
Fell'd in another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry;
"From the town the man returns no more."
But those, who Heaven's just vengeance didst defy,
This deed with joyful tears shall soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and thence you sum thy store.

XLVII.

A stilled smile of stern vindictive joy.
Brightened one moment Edwin's startling tear—
"But why should gold man's fleeting mind deign?
And innocents this true work of mercy know?
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
The assaults of discontent and doubt repel;
Dark, e'en at noonday, is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope, to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation checked,
Nor check the tender tear to Misery given:
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whem doubt has driven
To ensure Fate, and paine Hope foregoe:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning given,
Forsaken, beauty, life, they never know;
But forever on all paths, a monument of war.

XLIX.

Shall be, whose birth, maturity, a & age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day;
Shall the poor grant with discontent and rage,
Exclaims, that "Nature hastens to decay?"
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
Or but a momentary shower descend'd;
Or shall frail man Heaven's decreed destiny,
Which had the series of events extend,
Wide through unnumbered worlds, and agent without end?

L.

One part, one little part, so thinly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare amirage the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O, then remembrance that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For them art but of dusty, be humbled and be wise!

L.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in ripen years.
For he that gave him strength and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cloud-hearted sceptics, creeping, poor
Through microscope of metaphysical love,
And much they grip for truth, but never hit.
For why? their powers, inadequate before,
This art preposterous readers more prof't.
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth;
Her ballad, jest, and Misery's quaint device,
Oft clearing the shepherds round their social hearth,
Whom levy or spleen could never enter;
To purchase jest or laughter, at the price of decency;
Yet let us laugh, for it is not too much.
Thus Nature seems a rustic taste so nice:
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roamed the stormy waste at even, to view
The cloud strewed from, from the Atlantic wave;
High towering, sail along the horizon blue:
Wherein amidst the changeful scene, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
More wildly grand that pencil drew;
Rocks, torrents, gulls, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and gray ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds rolled on the verdant day;
Even then he hastened from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And under Heaven's rooting arch the rattling thunder ran.

LVI.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village yesthy were joined,
Edwin, of modest eye held in thrall
From the rude gambol for remote reclined,
Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollily sozed amiss and folly
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence wholly.
When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy.
BEATTIE'S WORKS.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground;
And, here and there, a solitary tree
Of mossy stone, or rock with woodland crowned.
Oh! how the wild stag bounds to see
The珠江 of flowers teeming with beauty!

IX.

One culivated spot there was, that spread
In distant bosom to the moonlit brow,
Where many a rose but rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty gleam.
Soothing the hilly sound of grove and stream
Romantic visions swell on Edwin's soul;
He minded not the last distressing gleam,
For he could from this and the twilight curfew tell;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole:—

X.

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And soothe the weary to profound repose;
Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Temptation soar on seraph-wings.
O Solitude! the man who thee forgives,
When lucres lure him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the sciences whereof genial spring
\n
XI.

"Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride adorn:
To friends, attendants, graces, bought with him!
It is thy weakness that requires their aid;
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid;
They fear the theft, and tremble in the storms:
To hosts, through carnage who to compass woe;
Behold the victor vanquished by the worm!
Belk, what deeds of wo the locust can perform!"

XII.

"True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below,
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resigned,
Ethinks not, though Fortune her deadens low.
— This strain from midst the rocks was heard to flow

THE MINSTREL.

In solemn sounds, Now beamed the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
Cynthia came alighting on her silver car;
And heavy mountain-sills shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew;
(While Edwin, wrapt in wonder, listening stood)
Ye gods and joys of luxury, aften,
Scorned by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile broad
Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have wood;
And haggard the chain, that glittering on their gaze
Seems to extinguish the pomp of Heaven's empyreal blaze.

XIV.

"Like them, abandoned to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the path of gaule,
And fairminded, smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betrayed and plundered all the while;
So gnawed the viper the corroding fire;
But now with poesy of gentle reproof
Those years of trouble and desolation vile:—
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts for ever from my view.

XV.

"The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all ye spectres,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amassed,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from Fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feel this pious flame.
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

XVI.

"The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and peace:
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome or Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string.
The dust of Ophi or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride, the bosom wring!
THE MINSTREL.

"Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from whence?"

"Why roam thy steps to this abandoned vale?"

"A shepherd boy (the Youth replied) for hence
My habitations; hear my serious tale;
Nor let my simple voice shall thin ear annoy."

"Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninformed of all."

"Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace return, To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth, Leave me to hide, in this remote seclusion, From every gentle ear the dreadful truth: For if my voice a yellow leaf disturb, And melancholy thine eye open, Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth, Should thou the extent of human folly know, Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe."

"The voice of the Eternal said, be free; And this divine prerogative to thee Does Virtue, Happiness, and Heaven convey; Nor Virtue is the child of Liberty, And Happiness of Virtue; nor can they Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray."

"And thither let the village swain repair; And, light of heart, the village maiden gray, To deck with flowers her half-shaved hair, And celebrate the merry mom of May."

"But as thy home be true and joy exult, And all thy favorite haunts with blood and tears dabbled?"

"Along you glittering sky what glory streams! What majesty attends night's lovely queen! Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams; And mountain zephyrs, and oceans roll between, And all conspire to beautify the scene; But, in the mental world what chaos dream? What forms of mournful, lost home, furious mien?"
XXXVI.

"Oh, who of man the story will unfold,  
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,  
In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)  
The age of love, and innocence, and joy.  
When all were great and free! man's sole employ  
To deck the bosom of his parent earth;  
Or toward his bowers the murmuring stream decoy,  
To aid the flower's long-expected birth,  
And hilt the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

"And, yet, alas! the real ills of life  
Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared.  
Prepared for patience, long, laborious stride,  
Its guide Experience, and Truth its guerd.  
We fare on earth as other men have fared:  
Were they successful? Let us despair.  
Was disappointment off their sole reward?  
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare  
How they have borne the load themselves are doomed to bear.

"What charms th' historic Muse adorn, fines  
spoil,  
and blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,  
To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious taiz  
Succed to science, liberty, and right,  
And peace, through every soul divinely bright.  
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!  
See yonder sun, from his meridian height,  
A lovely scene than Virtue thus enshrined  
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combin'd!

"Hail, sacred Poetry, by Freedom roared!  
Hail, sacred Freedom, when by Law restored!  
Without you, what were man? A groveling herd  
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.  
Sustained by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd  
In arts unrival'd: Oh, how blessed days!  
In Athens may your influence, unprofan'd,  
To godlike worth the generous boon raise;  
And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the Poet's lays!

"But now let other themes our care engage.  
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace.  
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,  
And from within the cherished heart to brace.  
Philosophy appears. The glorious race  
By Indolence and moping Poetry bred,  
Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,  
And Hope and Courage brighter in their mind.  
While on the kindling soul her vital beams arched.

To joy each brightening charm it can impart,  
But wrings the hour of wo in tenfold night.  
And often, when no real joys affright,  
Its visionary fields, an endless train,  
Assail with equal or superior might,  
And through the throb'ring heart, and dizzy brain,  
And shivering nerves, shot stings of more mortal pain.

"And, and yet, alas! the real ills of life  
Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared.  
Prepared for patience, long, laborious stride,  
Its guide Experience, and Truth its guerd.  
We fare on earth as other men have fared:  
Were they successful? Let us despair.  
Was disappointment off their sole reward?  
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare  
How they have borne the load themselves are doomed to bear.

"What charms th' historic Muse adorn, fines  
spoil,  
and blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,  
To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious taiz  
Succed to science, liberty, and right,  
And peace, through every soul divinely bright.  
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!  
See yonder sun, from his meridian height,  
A lovely scene than Virtue thus enshrined  
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combin'd!

"Hail, sacred Poetry, by Freedom roared!  
Hail, sacred Freedom, when by Law restored!  
Without you, what were man? A groveling herd  
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.  
Sustained by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd  
In arts unrival'd: Oh, how blessed days!  
In Athens may your influence, unprofan'd,  
To godlike worth the generous boon raise;  
And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the Poet's lays!

"But now let other themes our care engage.  
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace.  
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,  
And from within the cherished heart to brace.  
Philosophy appears. The glorious race  
By Indolence and moping Poetry bred,  
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Assail with equal or superior might,  
And through the throb'ring heart, and dizzy brain,  
And shivering nerves, shot stings of more mortal pain.
BEATTIE'S WORKS.

Explored, a nation's various powers can blind
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of polity, that, midst the wrights of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
The assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And industry and Law maintain their ways se-
ver.

LV.
Enraptured by the Hero's strain, the Youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore;
And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses: Fanny now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But fixed in aim, and consecrations of her power,
Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVI.
Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For mindful of all that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
The cold descending breath of earth to warm,
The fame of Industry and Genius fan,
And Enchantment's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVII.
But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams and all his wanderings shared
And blessed, the Muse and her celestial art,
Still claim the enthusiast's fire and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views in flame,
Enamoured consigns to never-dying fame.

LVIII.
Of late, with cumbersome, though pompomous face,
Edwin would oft flowery rhyme deface,
Through vers fierce to adorn; but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Preserves, where Ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity space
Compress his rage; he owns his charm divine,
And clears the ambiguous phrase, and lets the unyielding line.

LIX.
Fain would I sing (much yet unused remains)
What sweet delusion o'er his bosom stole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mournful plains
His deep majestic melody (gan roll:
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current shook his veins along,
When, like Pilitus, bold beyond control,
Gracefully terrible, sublime strong,
Homer raised high to heaven, the loud, the impetu-
sous song.

LX.
And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skilful to sooth, to triumph, to complain;
Waxing at will through each harmonious strain,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
I fain would sing—but ah! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.
With trembling step, to join you weeping train
I haste, where gleams general glare round,
And, mixed with shrieks of we, the knells of death resound.

LXI.
Ah! ye, ye atlas, whose artless charms
Neréus drew Athlison's eye,
Seated on this world's alarms,
And to your recreations I fly,
Deep in your most sequestered bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shine.

LXII.
How shall I woe thee, matchless Fair!
Thy beams, so sweetly how they win?
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thy solemn votary bring,
And bless his hours; and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

LXIII.
Oh let remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former bliss.
When, in the lap of Peace reclined,
He framed his infant lays;
When Pansy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Disorder, nor the ample glare,
His simple youth had harmed.

ODE TO HOPE.

A "poet who is gifted with the sensitive soul,
More than Auron's smiles the swan's form,
Left all night long to mourn
Where dissolution crowns, and tempest howl;
And shrieks of wo, as interlaced with the storm
Far o'er the mountains' wilderness resound,
And cross the gloom darkly a shapeless form,
And many a fire-eyed visage glares around,

Ah, why did Pato his steps decay
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy—
O take the Wanderer home.

"Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My heart the hollow cleft, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the sweet cool ray on pines gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

"O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The nymph breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandy's gilded ear
Flash on the stampled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallowed bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For his joys divine shall tell
That wane from earthy woes,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains this earth below.

"For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilful heights
By guileful Hope mislead;
Leaps for joy! fleeting heart no more
To Mirth's enchanting strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past in vain.

Sir W. Forbes' Life of Dr. Burns.

Ode on Several Occasions.
O come, and be once more my guest, 
Come, for thou art thy superintend's woe hast found, 
And oft with smiles indulgent cheered 
And soothed him into rest.

2.

Simplicity, Prattling And When
While Fond Floats Her While
The From When Ten
And, Appalled Where The The
Come, 16 BEATTIE

Fancy the green startled seen sullen dark heavenly dungeon

Childhood to realms congenial pace, amidst the fierce

ill-fated mark harsh

influence taints eminence

triumph the violet's mouldering path the

spike to the

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And hear the voice of aless praise;
As, when along the trophied plain,
Sublime they lead the victor's train,
While shouting nations gaze.

And by the victor borne (overwhelming load!)
With bloody bill loose dangling marca the road;
And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lies,
And often the caius young his prey;
With slaughtered victims leaped his board,
And scattered many to heaven below.

To avenge the parent's trespass on the child,
Often, when his feathered foe barest her nest;
And hid his eggs and household gods to rest.
Bathing for her many a brave in arms arrayed;
The eighteen-inch mutiliss their way went;
All went to wroth; the infant formless scan;
When shears his chirping bill had broke the shell,
And sanguine hoon, and rage the armes arrayed.
And the foul menace of uncourteous foes.

Dwarf and cranes one general havoc wields,
And Death's grim v气象 scorns the pygmy realms.
Not half so furious blazed the warlike fire
Of Mies, high theme of the Median lyre.
When bold to battle march'd his accursed foes,
And the deep tumult thundered through the blare
Pierced by the javelin-bolus, on the shore.
Here作息ing rolled the missile in gase;
And there the fray (a scene full sad to see)
Shorn of one leg, sloe sprang along on three;
Their heads unbroken, o'er the skies so high;
But mermen in crooks croaks his destiny.
And now the day of we drew on space;
A day of two to all the pigmy race.
Where swans were doomed (but prudence was vain)
To rue each broken egg, and chicken slain.

For raised to vengeance by repeated woe,
From distant climes the long-ribbed nations pour;
From Styx's lake, and Cayster's plains above,
And fans of Scythia, green with rustling reeds;
And from where the Danube winds through many a land,
And Messets laves the Egyptian strand,
To rendezvous they walk on eager wing,
And wait assembled the returning Spring
Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of flight.

When their keen beaks, and twisting claws, for fight;
Each crane the pigmy power in thought resolves,
And every bosom for the battle burns.
When genius in the threatening toncs calls on:
The screaming legion wings, and mount the wind;
Far in the sky they form their long array,
And land and ocean stretched immense survey,
Deep, deep benumbing, and triumphing in pride.
With clouds and winds commingled, innumerable tide.

The wild obstructive change all, and heaven
Gambols capricious undulation drive.
Nor less the alarms that shook the world below;
Where marched in pomp of war th'embattled foe;
Where mannikins with headlong step advance,
And greets the shield, and smoothes the quavering lance;
To sight and left the lengthening lines they form,
And ranked in deep array await the storm.
High in the midst the chieftain dwarf was seen,
Of giant stature, and impetuous mien.
Full twenty inches tall his strode along,
And viewed with lofty eye the wondrous throng;
And, while with many a near his visage frowned,
Band his broad foamy, rough with many a wound
Of beaks and claws, disclosing to their sight
The glorious need of heroic might.
For with vastalate vengeance he pursued,
And sending hundred fiery brood.
Unhappy, confiding in the length
Of horry beak, or talons' crooked stroke,
Who hurt abide his rage; his blade descends
And from the putting thron the pygmy pen;
And low in dust the pinion waves no more.
The trunk, disfigured, stifles in its gore.
What hosts of heroes fell beneath his force!
What heaps of chicken carvage marked his course.

O, Styraxus, thy lone banks along,
Did wailing echo the funeral song
And now from far the mewing clamorous rise,
Low in their maw the withers, and in war
Now in battalions arrayed displayed
On waving wings, soaring in the air.
The cranes rush onward, and the fight require.
The pigmy warriors eye, with fearless glare,
The host thick swarming o'er the barbarous air;
Their scurrying in the far-off tiger chase,
Doomed to return a scarry straggling band.
When sudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
Flourish on the expecting for the cranes were driven,
The kindred fell, the devote human warms,
The region echoes to the clash of arms.
Loose feathers from them encountering armies fly;
And in carrion whirlwinds mount the sky.
To breathe from tall, upspringing the pouting crane,
Then with winged downward darts again.
Success in even balance balancing hence.
Here, on the sharp spear, and with mortal pangs,
The bird transformed in bloody vorted white.
Yet forced to death by the threatening toncs calls on.
There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
With little feet the pigmy holds the ground;
Deep in the breast the short-short shot he draws,
And, dying, caves the keen-pointed claws.
Terrifies the thundering field, thick covered o'er
With falcon's, anguished wings, and streaming

And pigmy arms, and beaks of ample size,
And hero a claw, and there a fang lies.

Encompassed round with heaps of slaughter'd bones.
All grim in blood the pigmy champion glows.
And on the assailing host impetuous springs.
Careless of nibbling bills, and flaping wings;
And holds the tumbling dwarf as he turns,
The battle with redoubled fury burns.
From every side th' avenging cranes alaim
Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.
When suddenly (for such the dread event)
A fowl enormous, noiseless from above,
The gallant chieftain clutched, and, seeing high, (Sad chance of battle!) borne up the sky.
The cranes pursue, and in the plain.
Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
But ah! what jang each pigmy bosom; when
To when to craves a prey, on taunts hang.
High in the clouds they soar in the sound
His winging form still lessening as he soared.
Lo, yet again with unabated rage
In mortal strife the mewing hosts engage.
The cranes with darted bill assault the foe.
Hurling, then wheels sole to escape the blow.
The dwarf in anguish aims the vengeful wound;
But whirs in empty air the falchion round.

Such was the scene; when maid the loud alarms
Of the desolate race. When Brionys,
When the Phrygian, by mad ambition driven.
Heaven Pelion huge, and hurled it high at heaven.
Jove roll rebelling thunderers from high,
And down in mountain's m_covered page descents.
Till one stupendous rubbed the crew.
Their vast limbs wobbling wide in bristrams blue.

But now at length the pigmy legions yield:
Soon, and hasten in the sky.
Their rate a weak and melancholy wall,
In all distraction scattering o'er the vale.
Plane on their roared near the cranes descent;
Their bills more native than their tone;
With unrelenting ins the urge the chase,
Stevor to externiz the hated race.
"Twas thus the pigmy name, once great in war,
For spoils of conquered cranes renowned afar.
They that desolate, and their tales loud.
With unrelenting in we urge the chase,
Stevor to externiz the hated race.
"Twas thus the pigmy name, once great in war,
For spoils of conquered cranes renowned afar.
They that desolate, and their tales loud.
With unrelenting in we urge the chase,
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"Twas thus the pigmy name, once great in war,
For spoils of conquered cranes renowned afar.
They that desolate, and their tales loud.
With unrelenting in we urge the chase,
Stevor to externiz the hated race.
Down the deep Dale, and narrow winding way,
They foot it feebly, ranged in ringlets gay;
'Tis joy and bliss, all, where'er they rove,
And Fairy people is the name they love.

THE HARS.
A PASTURE.
Yes, yes, I grant the sons of earth
Are doomed to trouble from their birth.
We all of scare have our share;
But say, is yours without compare?
Look round the world, perhaps you'll find
Each individual of our kind
Pressed with an equal load of ill,
Equal at least:—Look further still,
And even your inconsiderable case
Is little short of happiness.
In yonder hut that stands alone
Attend to Feminine's feeble moan;
Or view the couch where Sickness lies,
Mark his pale cheek, and languid eyes,
His frame by strong convulsion torn,
His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.
Or see, transfixed with keener pang,
Wounded by the hand the miser bears;
Whistles the wind; he starts, he stirs,
Nor Slumber's balmy Meyings shares.
Despair, Rename, and Terror roll
Their tempest laid his bruised soul.
But here perhaps it may avail
To enforce our reasoning with a tale.
Mild was the moon, the sky serene,
The jolly hunting band convene;
The beagle's breast with amber burns,
The bounding steed the champion sprungs
And Fancy on the game descends.
Through the bow's nose, and Hunteman's eye,
He then, a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set; while o'er their head
The flame its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appeared:
"Our harmless race shall every savage,
Both quirdruped and biped, ravage?
Nay, nor, strength, nor speed, nor valor
Unite their wits, to work the ill?
The youth, his parent's sole delight,
Whose tooth the dewy lilies invite,
Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
Whose breath lights the vales along,
May yet er' now notice meet his death,
And lie dismembrled on the heath.
For youth, alas! nor cautious age,
Nor strength, nor speed, nor valor
In every field we meet the foe,
Each gale comes fraught with sounds of wo;
The morning but awakes our fears,
The evening sees us bathed in tears,
But must we ever live i' the sky?
Nor strive our fortune to relieve?
Small is each individual's force;
To strage them we must recourse;
And then, from all our tribes combined
The murderer to his cost may find
No foes are weak, whom Justice arms,
Whom Concord leads, and Heaven warms,
He rose; or liberty acquire,
Or in the great attempt expire."
He said no more; he in his breast
Conflicting thoughts the voice suppressed;
The fire of vengeance seemed to stream
From his swoln eyeball's yellow gleam.
And now the tumults of the war,
Mingled confusely from afar,
Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
Distinct of bounds and men arise.
Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
The assembled hares tumultuous start,
And, every trembling nerve, on wing,
Away precipitately:
The bounding heag, a signal given,
Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven,
O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubbery meand,
And river broad, impenetrable bound;
Now plunge amid the forest shades,
Glances through the openings of the glades;
Now over the level valley sweep,
Now with short steps strain up the steep;
While backward flees the hunter's eye.
The landscape like a torrent flies.
At last an ancient wood they gained,
By primer's axe yet unprofaned.
High over the rest, by Nature roar'd,
The oak's majestic boughs appeared
Beneath a canopy of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grew.
No knife had edged the rambling sprays,
Nor plough had trenched the bankless downs.
The flowering thorn, self-taught to wing,
The hazle's stubborn stem intwined,
And brandish twigs were wrested around,
And rugged cresset rare the ground,
Here sheltering, from the suns of summer,
The hares drag their tired limbs no farther.

By lo, the western wind ere long
Was loud, and roared the woods among;
From rustling leaves, and cracking boughs,
The sound of woe was heard.
The hares distrest sacred the grove,
As terror and amazement drove;
But danger, wherever't they fled,
Still seemed impending o'er their head.
Now crowded in a grove's gloom,
All hopes extinct, they wait their doom.

The morning was the silence, till, at length,
Even from despair deriving strength,
With bloody eye, and furious look,
A daring youth arose, and spoke:
"O wretched race, the scorn of Fate,
Whose wails of every sort await!
O, cursed with keenest sense to feel
The sharpest sting of every ill!
Say ye, who, thought with mighty scheme,
Of liberty their vengeance dream,
What now remains? To what excess
Shall we our weary steps address,
Since fate is evermore pursuing
All ways, and means to work our ruin?
Are we alone, of all beneath,
Condemned to misery worse than death?
Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
In misery worse than death to live?
No. Be the smaller ill our choice:
So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
Death's pang will in a moment cease;
And then, All had, eternal peace!"
Thus while he spoke, his words impart
The dire resolve to every heart.
A distant lake in prospect lay,
That, glittering in the solar ray
Glows like a golden treasure trove,
A trembling light along the groat:
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their sorrows with their lives to end,
While, while the wilds around them hear
The water hissing in his ears.
Past by the margin of the lake,
Concealed within a thorny brake,
A linnet, whose society lay
Amazed the solitary day.
Careless he sung, for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impressed;
When suddenly he heard a sound
Of swift feet traversing the ground.
Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling casts around his eyes;
No foe appeared, his fears were vain;
Placed in repose, his spirits strain.
The hares, whose noise had caused his fright,
Saw with surprise the linnet's flight.
"Is there on earth a wretch, (they said)"
When our approach can strike with dread?"
As instantaneous change of thought
To tumult every flock brought.
So far the system-systeming age,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
At last on some foundation-dream
Has soared aloft his godly scheme,
And proved his precessors fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So far in the ten thousand hour,
When injured Truth exerts her power,
Some new phenomenon to raise;
Which, bursting on his frighted gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unsound.
"Children," thus spoke a bare soliloquent,
Who oft had known the extremest of fate,
"In slight events the docile mind
May hints of good instruction find.
That our condition is the worst
And we with such misfortunes cursed
As all comparison defy,
Was late the universal cry.
When lo, an accident so slight
As yonder little linnet's flight
Has made your stubborn heart confesse
(So your amazement bids me guess)
That all our load of woes and fears
Is but a part of what he bears.
Where can he rest secure from harms,
Whereaven a helpless break alarms?
Yet he repines not at his lot,
When past, the danger is forgot:
On yonder bough he trims his wings,
And with unusual rapture sings;
While lo, less wretched, sink beneath
Our lighter ills, and rest at length.
No more of this unmeaning rage,
But hear, my friends, the words of age.
"When by the winds of autumn driven
The scattered clouds fly cross the heaven,
Oft have we, from man's head, beheld
The alternate light and shade,
Sweep the long vale. Here hovering lours
The shadowy clouds, there downward pour
Streaming direct, a flood of day,
Which from the view flies swift away;
It flies, while other shades advance,
And other streaks of sunshine grace.
Thus chased is the life below
With gleams of joy, and clouds of wo.
Then hope no, while we journey on,
Still to be beaking in the storm.
No fear, though now a ray ye mourn,
That sunshine will no more return.
If, by your terrors overcome,
Ye fly before the approaching gloom,
The rapid cloud still runs along the ground,
And darkness still overcasts your view.
Who longs to reach the radiant plain
Must onward urge his course amain;
For doubly swift the shadow flies,
When 'gainst the gale the plighted ples,
At least be firm, and undismayed
Maintain your ground! the fleeting shadow
Ere long spontantous globs away,
And gives you back the sunshine's ray.
Le, while I speak, our danger past!
No more the shrill horn's angry blast.
The clouds, where Fancy's beam amiss plays,
Shall heedless hope the towering fabric raise?
Till at Death's touch the fairy visions fly,
And red shoes sound hollow on the sky;
And, from Elysium's balmy slumber torn,
The startled soul awakes, to think and mourn.
O ye, whose hours in jejunum train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery vales in endless view survey,
Glistening in beams of visionary day;
O, yet while fate delays th' impending wo,
Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;
Least, like the lightning's glance, the emblem ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
Least, thus encompassed with funereal gloom
Like me, ye bend o'er some untenanted tomb,
And, with crape wreathed in Sir-Night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce henceforth unheard doom severe.
Wise, Beautious, Good! O every grace combined,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fair as the flower opening in the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinnated gale, that rises
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mill as the strains, that, at the close of day,
Warble remote, along the vale decay.
Yet, why with them compared? What tints so fine?
What sweetness, thine, can be matched with thine?
Why roam abroad? Since still, to Fancy's eye,
I, see, I see thy lovely form arise.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
Whenrought but the toil is heard on the hill,
And brought the nightingale's song in the grove;
This day, by the cave of the mountain air,
Where his deep-toned symphonies, a Hermit began;
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roars, and Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPITAPH.

To be erected by a Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady.

FAREWELL, my best beloved, whose heavenly mind
Gestes with virtue, strength with softness joined;
Devotion, adorned by pride we art,
With meek simplicity, and joy of heart;
Though sprightly, gentle; though polished, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblamed, unequalled in each sphere of life,
The tenderest Daughter, Sister, Parent, Wife.
In thee their Patrons the afflicted lost
Thy friends, their pattern, ornaments, and bond;
And—blessed is he, who can worth my heart;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblamed, unequalled in each sphere of life,
The tenderest Daughter, Sister, Parent, Wife.

EPITAPH ON THE AUTHOR.

BY HIMSELF.

Endless the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its moulderine stematment of clay,
Safe, where no eaves their whistling bilious howl,
No doubts, no hopes, no fears shew betray.

Like thee, I, once, have swum the sea of life;
Like thee, have languished after empty joys;
Like thee, have laboured in the stormy wreath;
Grieved for trivialities, and amazed with toys.
Yet for awhile, against passion's thrustfull blast
Let steady reason urge the struggling soul;
Shot through the dreary glooms, the morn at last
Gives to thy lonesome eye the blissful show.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself mayst fall;
Nor read, nor numbed, my idle tender tale,
I was a friend, oh man to thee, to all.
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.
Contents.

The Life of the Author. ............................ 1

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

Eclogue I. ........................................ 1

Eclogue II. ........................................ 2

Eclogue III. ....................................... 3

Eclogue IV. ........................................ 3

ODES.

Ode to Pay ........................................ 4

Ode to Fear ........................................ 5

Ode to Sycophancy ................................ 6

Ode on the Poetical Character .................. 7

Ode written in this year 1745 .................... 7

Ode to Mercy ...................................... 7a

Ode to Liberty .................................... 8a

Page

Ode to a Lady, on the death of Colonel Charles Rawlinson. Written in May, 1725. 1

Ode to Drinking ................................ 1a

Ode to Peace .................................... 3a

The Muses. An Ode ................................ 12

The Patroness. An Ode for Music .................. 13

An Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakespeare's Works ....... 12

Bruges in Cambrai ................................ 11

Ode on the death of Mr. Thomson ............... 13

Verses written on a Paper which contained a Piece of Rubaldy. 15

Ode on the popular Suppositions of the Highlanders of Scotland .................. 15

Supplementary Stanzas on the same by William Enkine, Esq. ............... 13a

The Life of William Collins.

William Collins was born at Chichester on the twenty-fifth day of December, about 1720. His father was a man of good reputation. He was in 1738, as Dr. Wharton has kindly informed me, admitted a scholar of Winchester College, where he was educated by Dr. Burton. His English exercises were better than his Latin.


In 1748, he stood first in the list of the scholars to be received in succession at New College, and he was one of the number of the college. He was educated with great care, and his talents were soon discovered by his friends, his relative, his guardian, and his tutor. He was a brilliant scholar, and his mind was soon taken by the study of literature.

He was a man of extensive knowledge, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and, by inducing some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is accustomed only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved history, poetry, and monsters; he delighted to row through the mazes of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of the painted images, to enjoy the waterfalls of the Elysian gardens.

This was, however, the character rather of his imagination than his genius; the grandeur of his mind, and the novelty of his ideas, was always desired by him, but not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced, in happier moments, sublimity and splendor. This idea which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery; and perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, but unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat adduced in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

Upon the whole, Collins, by his taste and attainments, appears to have been peculiarly adapted for the higher walks of poetry. His odes, from which he derives his chief poetic fame, notwithstanding the disparaging remarks of Dr. Johnson, are now almost universally regarded as the first productions of the kind in the English language for vigour of conception, boldness and variety of personification, and genuine warmth of feeling. The originality of Collins consists, not in his sentiment, but in the highly figurative garb in which he clothes abstract ideas, in the facility of his ex-
presious, and in his skill in embodying ideal conceptions. His chief defect is an occasional mysticism. His temperance was, in the strictest sense, a fault.

The poet's life is marked by a long continuance of poverty, and long periods of destitution, and it is not surprising to find that he was a man of limited acquaintance, and that his friends were few and far between. He was a man of few habits, and was never known to resort to the company of the literary world. Yet he was a man of great power, and was able to command the attention of the wealthiest and most influential men of the age.

He was a man of great virtue, and was never known to have a fault. He was a man of great sincerity, and was never known to have a lie. He was a man of great constancy, and was never known to have a change of heart. He was a man of great patience, and was never known to have a word of complaint.

He was a man of great strength, and was never known to have a weakness. He was a man of great courage, and was never known to have a fear. He was a man of great beauty, and was never known to have a blemish.

In his last days, he was confined to his bed, and was never known to have a cure. He was a man of great wretchedness, and was never known to have a comfort. He was a man of great suffering, and was never known to have a relief.

He was a man of great sorrow, and was never known to have a joy. He was a man of great sorrow, and was never known to have a joy. He was a man of great sorrow, and was never known to have a joy. He was a man of great sorrow, and was never known to have a joy.

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ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

Song, the Desert. Time, Mid-day.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cloud of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shadied face from scorching sand,
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh.
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue:
Shriil roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, the afflicted man
Thrice sighed; thrice struck his breast; and thus began:

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Balthaks thee, Hassan, is but thirdias sage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage.
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear,
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain hope the green delights to know
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow.
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found;
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the day when Schiraz was the scene,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

CURST be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fattiging trade
The lily peace outshines the silver store;
And life is dearer than the golden ore,
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every dainty near the wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?

—Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
Or why fond man, why was he not seduced?
Why heed he not, while mud we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of wo,
What if the lion in his rage I meet?
Oft in the dust I view his planted feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mournful night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Groun wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with shrinks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swohn serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From fast of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

O hapless youth!—for she thy love had won—
The tender Zara will be most unjust.
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
"Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain;
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet, as thou goest, may every blast arise
Weak and unfruit as these rejected sighs!
Side o'er the wild, and do not e'er see,
No griefs endure; nor weep false youth, like me."

—O let me safely to the fair return
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach thy heart to dwell,
Recalled by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He said, and called on heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

Scotoi, a Forest. Time, the Evening.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
In distant view, along the level green,
While evening dewns enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade.
What time 'his sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maze at setting day;

Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Enysra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came the scrawny flock to lead,
Where lies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the livelong hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penned the fold:
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of olerous flowers she made;
Gay-moteded pinkes and sweet jonquils she chose;
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grew;
At night the loveliest rose was there;
The finished chaplet well adorned her hair.

Great Abra chanced that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song;
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among;
At length he found, and room the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obeyed.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas moved;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain;
Oft as she went or sat, and turned her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove;
To richer scenes of golden power and love.
Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
What love delight with Abbas reign!
"Be every youth like royal Abbas moved;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved."

Yet, 'midst the blaze of courts, she fixed her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove:
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclined;
And, oft as spring renewel the plains with flowers,
Breathed his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene;
The greenest groves, the most luxuriant trees.
Recalled by her maiden's image, a duteous band
Each bore a crook, all-rural, in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas moved;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved."

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roofed cot retired;
Or sought the vale where first his heart was kind;
A rustick mantle, like a swain he wore;
And thought of crowns, and busy courts no more.

"That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia; see the Modern History of Mr. Sabran.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIS AND SECANDER; OR, THE PESTIGUES.

Scene, a Mountain in Circassia. Time, Midnight.

In fair Circassia, where to love inclined
Each awain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And most but drearily the worldlings sound;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Said, o'er the dews, two brothers shepherds fled
Where wildering fear to their solitary way;
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravaged plains; and valleys stow away:
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till faint, and weak, Secander thus began.

Secander.

O stay thee, Agis, for my feet decay,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey!
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And you wide groves already past with pain!
You raged elf, whose dangerous path we tried!
And last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

Agis.

'Wnek as thou art, yet, hapless, must thou know
The toils of flight or some severer wo!
Still, as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind;
And shrieks and snarls loud the signals plain:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Draps its fair honours to the conquering wind.
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian hands their feeble care.

Secander.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheed, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
Odes.

ODE TO PITY.
O Thou, the friend of man assigned,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dangers keen,
Broke forth to his destined scene,
And shook the very soul of man.

By Pallas*, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite.
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tempest-blue,
And eyes of dwarf light!

But when the winds their empty wilders
To old Illissus' distant side
Deserted stream, and mute;
Wild Arar too too hard by strains,
And echo, midst thy native plains,
Soothed by Pity's lute.

There first the wound in myrtles shed
On gentle Otho's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown;
And when he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unrolled by art,
Thy temple's pride design:

Come, Pity, come, by Pallas' aid,
E'en now, my thoughts, relieving maim;
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern side, its truth complete,
Shall rise a wild enthusiast heart
In all who view the shrine.

These Picture's tale shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
Or mortal bliss prevail;
The banished Muse shall near her hand,
And sighing pour her tender hand
With such illustrious tale.

There let me oft, retired by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allowed with thee to dwell;
There waste the moonful lisp of night,
Till Virgin, thou again delight
To wear a British shell.

ODE TO FEAR.
To whom the world unknown,
With all its shadow shapes, is shown;
Who seest, appalled, the un concealed
While Pancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step; thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee I disordered sigh.
For, oh, what monsters in thy train appear?
Dread, whose limbs of giant mould!
What mortal eye can fixed behold?
Who stales his bound, an horrid form,
Howling aslant the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the raging step
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms joined,
Who prompt to dooms uncloud the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks, preside:
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare;
On whom that ravening brood of Fate
Who lay the blood of sorrow wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild like thee?

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.
O Thou by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first on truth's mild wave,
In Pancy, lovely child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song.

Wraft in thy cloudy veil, the invisible queen
Sighed the sad call, her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the whisper of Thales no more appeared.

* Alluding to the Krois amoros of Sophocles. See the Electra.

1. Electra.
2. Xanthus.

When the Sirens' songs 
See the Odes. Coloss. of Sophocles.

O fear, I know thee by my trembling heart:
Thy whispering power inspired each mournful line.
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

Antistrophe.
'Twas who such weary lengths had past,
Where will thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell
Where gloomy Raps and Murder dwell?
Or, in some hallowed seat
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Heart-drawing siren's cries, in tempests brought?
Dark power, with shuddering moan sent forth.

Be mine to tread the visions old
Where thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Never be I found, by thee o'errived,
In that three-hallowed seat, and pure;
When ghosts, as cottage maid's believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave;
And goblins hunch, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, they ween walk in men;
O Thou whose spirit most pestess
The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke;
A new again thy holy seal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His crossy wreath my need decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

* The morn, or right-wing, for which Sophocles seems to have composed a peculiar taunt.
By old Cepheus deep,
Who spread his watery sweep;
In wretched wanderings, round thy green retreat;
On whose ennui'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunts allure thy future feet.
O sister woe of Truth,
To my adoring youth,
Thy soberest and native charms imbue!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty called the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to raise their ordered hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtuous patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laurest band;
'Gainst staid, to sing alone
To one distinguished throne;
And turned thy face, and fed her altered land.
No more, in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power.
Love, only Love her faceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine;
Nor divine more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.
Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Paints the cold world, till then inspire the whole.
What each, what all supply,
To milds and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARAC-
As once,—if, not with light regard,
I read aught that gifted bard,
—Tim whose school above the rest
His loveliest o'ermist queen has boast—
One, only one, unrivalled fair,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn turney hung on high,
The wish of each love-dar'ning eye;
—Lo! to each other nymph, in turn, applied
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,

Some chaste and angel friend to virgin fame,
With whispered spell had burst the starting hand,
It left unblest her loathed dishonour'd side;
Hap'lessly是为了
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour,
Had touched that fatal zone to her denied!

Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepared and bathed in heaven,
The cost of sweetest power is given:
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their best prophetic lurks
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame!

The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day
When He, who call'd with thought to birth
Yea, wove the sky, this laughing earth,
And drest with springs and forests tall,
And pourd the main enpanelling all,
Long, by the level enthusiastic wood,
Himself in some divine mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And placed her on his sapphire throne,
The waters the vaited shrine around,
Seraphic wains were heard to sound,
New sublimest triumph swelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Bliotheld her magic notes abroad,
And then, these rich, and youth of more,
And all thy subject life was born;
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing world;
But near it and sequester'd Wonder,
Listening the deep assupping thunder;
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whom the fairest eyes were made:
All the shadowy terrors of misgiving,
In braked dance, their murmurs joined,
And all the bright uncounted powers
Who feed on Heaven's immortal flowers.
—Where is the bard whose soul can now its high presuming hope excon;
Where he who thinks, with capture blind,
This hallowed work for him designed?

High on some cliff, to heaven up-plied,
Of rule access, of prospect wild;
Where, tanged round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erthor the valleys deep,
And holy Geus guard the rock,
Its glooms embound, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
As Helen, like her own soul I adore,
I view that ask, the fondest glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropped ethereal dew,

Nigh sphere in heaven, its native stains could wear;
On which the ancient terrac he reached was hung:
Thither o'er his glorious greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades rustling,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his gaudy steps pursue;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sense of soul was known;
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'ертurn'd the inspiring bowls;
Or curst such close such scenes from every future view.


ODE.
Written in the beginning of the year 1745.

How deep the brave who sinks to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hollow sod,
She there shall dress a sweeter seat,
Thus Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands the lull is sung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Fancy shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

O Thou, who sitst a smiling bride
By valor's armed and awful side,
Geniess of sky-born forms, and best adorned;
Who with songs, divine to hear,
Writ in from his fatal grasp the spear,
And bathed in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike shapes alone behold,
Oft with thy basom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
O, o She, see with pure and loaded lamp,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierced with many a wound.

ANTHEMOPHIL.
When whom e'er on our joys provoke,
The friend of nature joined his yoke,
And rested in wrath to make our tale his prey:
The form, from out the sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopped his wheels, and looked his rage away.
The Greek, 'tis held of antique story,
New Britain linked to his hot adverse strand.²
No sea between, nor clift sublime and hoary,
He passed with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown battle then, they say,
The wild was found another way,
Where Orcus howls, his wilderness roundring-
Till all the hasted west at once gain rise,
A wide wild storm over nature's self confound-
Withering her giant sons with strange sudden surprise.

This pillared earth, so firm and wide,
By winds and storms laborous torn,
In thunders drest was pushed aside,
And down the shouldersillows borne
And see, like geese, her laughing train,
The little lads on every side,
Moms, once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shades appear,
And Wight who checks the working tide,
For these consenting Heaven has each bestowed,
An attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this bliss divorce she owed,
For thou hast made her ways thy valued, thy last abode.

SECOND EPODE.
Then too, his said, an hoary pace
Mildly the green naval of our land,
Thy shrine in soundless waves was placed,
O soul-enforcing goddess, stood;
There off the painted nauts had
Wrested thy form celestial meet;
Though now with hopeless told we trace
Time's backward rounds, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self overthrown the face,
Or in what heaven of age it fell,
Twere hard for moderns to tell.
Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once and charm the Muse,

This tradition is assumed by several of our old historians.
Some nauts have endeavored to support the probability
Of the first by arguments drawn from the correspondence
Of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember
That any poet has taken it for a subject of
Striking the idea from its nature.

ODE TO A LADY,
On the death of Colonel Doan, in the action of Fliemorg, 1665.
Written in May, 1716.

While, lost to all his former pride,
Britain's generous heart to earth,
And mourns the fatal day.
While stained with blood he strives to bear
Unseemly from his silver hair.
The wreath of cheerful May:
The thoughts which musings Pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend;

Still Paney to herself unkied,
Awake to grief the softened mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Schiddel's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hild,
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shroud.

Blest youth, regarded of thy boon,
Aerial hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crowned:
Whilst Honour bathed in tears shall move
To sigh thy name through every grove,
And call his heroes round.
The warlike deed of every age,
Who fills the fair recording page,
Shall leave their painted rest:
And, half reclining on his spear,
Each working chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crow from Crossays's level field,
And gaze with fixed delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they match the other gray,
And wish the avenging light.

But, let where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments turn, her bosom bare,
Inpatient Freedom lies;
Her rustled tresses madly spread,
To every soul which wraps the deed,
She turns her joyous eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground
Till notes of triumph andering sound
Preach her reign to the world:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the sacred sword.

If, weak to sooth as soft an heart,
These pictured glories ought impart,
To dry thy constant tear;
If, yet, in sorrow's distress made
Exposed and pale thou seest him lie,
Wild war insinuating.

Where'er from Time thou dost retrench,
The Muse shall still with social grief,
Her gentlesse promise keep:
E'en humble Harting's cottaged vale
Shall learn the late repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.
ODE TO EVENING.
In youth of autumn's stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, or pensive Eve, to south thine ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales:
O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun,
Sits in yon western seat, whose cloudy skirts,
With him are etherial move,
O'erhang his wary bed:
Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short, shrill shriek flies by on leafless wing,
Or where the beetle wins
His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises amidst the twilight path,
Against the pilgim borne in heedless hun:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,
Whose numbers, sealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not uneasily with its stillness suit;
As moving slow, I hail
With thee alone the awful return.
For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly credit at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in beds in dust, and
And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with
valse,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and, lower still,
The passive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy ear.

Then let me move some wild and healthy scene;
Or find some rain, tainted its dreary dells,
Whose waife more awful nod
By thy religious gleans.
Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wild, and swelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And bears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy glasses draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour her showers, as oft he went,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, drearest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fits thy lap with leaves
Or Winter, yelling through the tempestuous air,
Afflicts thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;
So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentle influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.
O troo, who bards thy turtles bear,
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought of thy native skies;
When War, by vermin drawn from far,
To Britain beat his iron car,
And bade his storms arise:
Tired of his rude tyranous sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shames to burn;
But thou who hearst the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return.
O Peace, thy injured robes up-bind!
O rise! and leave not one behind
Of all thy beany train;
The British Lion, god of war,
Lies stretched on earth, to kiss thy feet,
And own thy Policies reign.
Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike honour led;
While around her walks rejoices,
While all her sons adore thy chaste,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS.—AN ODE.
Farewell, for clearer ken designed,
The dim-discovered tracts of mind;
Truths which, from action's path retir'd,
My silent search in vain required.
No more my soul that deep explore;
No more I search those magic stores;
What regions part the world of soul;
Or whence thy streams, Opinion roll:
If ever I round such fairy field,
Some power impart the spear and shield
At which the wizard passions fly;
By which the giant Foibles die.

Farewell the porch whose roof is seen
Arched with th' embellishing olive's green;
Where Science, pranced in tinsel vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes, like a bride, so trim arrayed,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade.
Youth of the quick unheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite!
O thou who lovest that ampler range,
Where life's wise prospects round thee change,
And, with his being sons allied,
Thou'st the grating page aside,
To me, in converse sweet, impart
To read in man the native heart;
To learn, where Science sure is found,
From nature as she lives around;
And, guiding off her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view:
Till meditating An's offensive lore
Reverse the lessons taught before;
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school;
Thou, Heaven, whatever of great we boast,
Hast blot this social science more.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the careful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask;
Behold, before her opening eyes,
The countless Manasses round her rise;
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Comet applies her glass;
With these the white-robed mask combine;
And those the laughing Satur's join;
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the Passions nurs'd;
I greet
The comick soul that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd kate alone:
Me too assiduit thy hand admit;
There where the young-eyes heartful wit
(Whose jewels in his crippled phase
Are placed each other's beams to share;
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loosed, attends thy side!

By old Miltons,* who so long
Has ceased his love-inaven song,
By all thou taught the Tuscan maids,
In changed Italy's modern shades;
By him whose knight's distinguished name
Refined a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales enliven, with echoes sweet,
Castalia's virgin fingers rap;
Or him whom Science's blue nymphs deplor,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore;

* Alluding to the Miltonian tales, some of the earliest romances.
+ Author of the incomparable Adventures of Gil Blas de Samalabib, who died in Paris in the year 1726.

ODES.
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her soul betrayed.
O Nature boon, from whom proceeded
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal,
Let some in retreating cynic boil
Those oft-returned scorns I leave behind;
The Sports and I this hour agree,
To rave thy scene-ful full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.—AN ODE FOR MUSIC.
When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, roused, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her gentle love,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.
First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Aimid the chords bewild'ried lad,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound itself had made.
Next Anger rushed: his eyes on fire,
In lightnings waved his accents.
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.
With woful measures was 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 whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail;
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, and from the vale,
She called 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-stained sword, in thundering down,
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome removed, with wit secure to please
The comic Sisters kept their native ease:
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Meander's art almost excelled;
Yet every Muse essayed to rise in vain.
Some laboured rival of her tragic strain,
Iliass' laurels, though transferred with toil,
Dropped their fair leaves, nor knew the unfriendly soil.

As arts expired, restless Dulness roves
Goeth, priests, or Vandal,—all were Learning's foes.
Till Julius* first recast each exiled mild
And Como owned them in the Etruscan shade:
Then, deeply skilled in love's engaging them,
The soft Provincia passed to Arno's stream:
Sweet flowed the bay—but love was all too strong.
The gay description could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in his work, decreed
The perfect boast of art should last for ever.
The beantous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorns,
And even a Shakespeare to her fame be born!
Yet all! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hazy an equal day!
No sov'rn growth with the western side could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Johnson knew the critic's past;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of sober mude the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order as the next in name.
With pleased attention, midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warmed the female mind;
Each melting sigh, that touched the tender tear;
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
Hist every strain the Smiles and Graces own:
But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone;
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
The unbridled picture of his early hand.

With gradual steps and slow exacter France
Saw Art's fair emprise over her shores advance:
With length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew:

*AN EPISTLE

Addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakespeare's Works.

While born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects the poet's lays,
While named by your high titles bloom,
Green and unwhitened over his honoured tomb.
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell.
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing with her wreath at Shakespeare's name.
Hard was the lot those injured strains endur'd,
Unow'd by Science, and by years obscured;
Fair fancy went despairing sights confound,
A first despair in every tuneful breast.
With not more grief the afflicted swans appear,
When wintry winds deform the plentiful year.
When lingering fears of thundered sins invade,
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces played.
Each rising art by just gradation moves:
Toll builds on tell; and age on age improves.
The muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grace'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserv'd through time, the speaking scene impart
The beauty in the characteristic heart;
Or paint the current that marked the Theban's reign.
A bed inconstant, and a father slane.

*For the name of the author consult

VIRG.
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But what is he whose brows exultant bear
A wrath impatient and a fervor fire?
Awake to all that injured worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging stone;
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
(Skoffian archias fii) on the destined wall.
So the poet, mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hangs on his knees, and prostrates on the plain!
Tood'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection in the Roman's pride;
Over all the man conflicting passions rise;
Rage grasps the sword, while pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critics, as thy Bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scene her stores alternate bring;
Blend the fair tint, or wake the vocal string;
Those Shylock leaves, the spot of every wind,
(For Poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee disposed, no farther toil demand,
But just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, the harmonious whole unknown,
Even Homer's numbers charmed by parts alone.
Their own Ulysses scarce had wandered more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore;
When, raised by fate, some former Homer joined
Each ivorous image of the boundless mind,
And bade, like thine, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE;

With bowing winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy Sylvia stem;
Or 'midst the chace, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;
Each lonely scene thou shall restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, till life can charm no more,
And immortal, till Pity's self be dead.

ODE

The Saxon of the following Stanza is supposed to live on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stately wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous grew,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!
In you deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid;
That be, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maidens and youths shall linger here;
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sweetly sound in Pity's ear.
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knoll.
Remembrance oft shall haunt the hour,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing wave,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And, oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view you whitening spire
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.
But thou who ownst that earthly bed,
Ah! will ever dirge avail?
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gilding sail?
Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shriveless gleaning near.
With him, sweet Bard, may Pancy die;
And joy desert the blooming year.
But thou, born stream, whose sullen tide
Nosegay-crowned sisters now attend,
Now wash me from the green-hills side;
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

* The harp of Zelius, of which see a description in the
Castle of Indolence.  
1 Richmond Church, in which Thomson was buried.

ODE

To the popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland; considered as the subject of Poetry.

Inscribed to Mr. John Home.

Home! thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay
Mist'st these soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song?
Go, not unkindful of that cordial youth
Whose long-endued, thou left'st by Lavant's side;
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy united, with his destined bride.
Go! more regardless, while these numbers burst
My short-lived blues, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the Poet, and his song demand;
To thee thy copious subjects 'er shall fail;
Thou needst but take thy pen to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There, must thou walk, perforce, thy Dory quell;
'Tis Pancy's land to which thou cast'st thy feet;
Where none, save thine, of thy name's too meet.
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill,
There, each trim law, that skims the milkstare,
To the sweet tides their creamy bowels alks;
When, by night they slip it round the cottage door,
While airy minstrels warble sound notes.
There, every hand, by sad experience, knows
How, winged with fate, their elfsfolo arrows fly,
When the sick e'e wreath summer food forges,
Or, stretched on earth, the heart-smit helms lie flat.
Such airy beings owe the universal sway.
Nor thou, though learned, his homely thoughts neglect.
Let thy sweet music the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new copiates to her boundless reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain.
E'en yet preserved, how often may'st thine hour
Where to the pole the Iberian mountains rise,
Touched by the father to his listening son.
Strange lays, whose power had charmed a Spencer's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind pensive,
Old Runic bands shall seem to rise around,

* How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers! 
A grandman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

34
COLLINS'S WORKS.

With unpolished eyes, in many-coloured vest,
Their blue and gold with golden diadem crowned.
Whether they list'd the well-imbibed mind repeat
The chorale dirge that mortens some chief la
When every shrieking maid her boon bestow
And strove with chaste locks his sacred hair!
Or whether sitting in the shepherd's stall,
That hearted some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans famed forth their brave swarms,
And hoarse brothers met, to prove each other's

Tis time to sing, bow, framing hidden spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-zeal,
Lodged in the wildy cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Ulyss's dark forest dwell;
How they, whose sight such drowsy dreams express,
With their own vision oft astonishment,
When o'er the watery strait, or quaggy maze,
The cliff-hanging ghoul unbridled rove,
Or, if in sports, or on the festice green,
Their destined chance some famed youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in hasty vigour seen,
And room they shall, when laconic demented die;
For them the viewless forms of air prepare.
Their bidding hand, and at their beck repairs;
They know what spirit bowes the stormy clay
The yellow, off the muddied shadow, stay.
To see the phantoms train their secret work prepare.

To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
Have oft seen Fate give the fatal blow.
The seer, in Sky, stalked as the blood did flow
When heedless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!

A summer hot, walk to the high part of the mastoids to read their beck's the warm season, when the parson in fire.
The lofty steeple, and the half of the sixth, in Dr. Curd's copy, printed in the first volume of the "Transactions" of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, being deciphered, have been set up by Mr. Mackenzie whose Rod is here masted, for the purpose of corresponcence, and to do justice to the elegant author of the Man of Feeling.

... Or some bullying rock that shakes the deep.
They view the hand signs that cross the sky.
Where in the west, the bounding tempests lie,
And bear the first, fast flying raining masses sweep.
Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark.
The broad, unbroken leaves lower and hurl,
And their broken knees and wings curl
The hollow moon, or the mighty yell.
Or billow spirit whose gigantic form,
The tow of the tall mast, the hanging line swing.
Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
And yields the wreathchad both he destined pray.

As Horace threw his young Aurora forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles rang'd in welsh of the North,
They mourned in air, fell, fell rebellion shin.
And at, of late, they jostled in Preston's light,
Say, at Pale Colledge, all their hopes were crown'd.
They raved! divining, through their second night.
Pale, red Colledge, where these hopes were drown'd
Illustrous Wentworth! Britain's guardian muse;
One William saved us from a tyrant's stroke;
He, for a scouts, gained heroic fame.

On him or hearse on his flagging wings.
Or over those magnificent long in canoe, wave,
Drawn lowest down whose devoted heart.
The falling leaves within his reach half plated,
The true despair in his eye,
And true with living blood.
Or, if from the land extrems his way,
Shake his head of chesfielded, boy, or men,
Far from the country root, and sea of ease,
When whistled darkness shone too, his eye,
And strewed each star that wore to cheer the sight;
Or, if of daring youth persay the way,
With tremulous grief he laid the list,
And heard the sound of the stars and gate way:
Shortly after these lines by Mr. Mackenzie had been published, the following were produced; which many readers probably will think have scarce as much of Collins's manners sense.

For oft when Ere hath spread her dainty veil,
And roll each star that wags to chear the night,
In some deep gloom from human sight,
The grisly lined his successor fall.
Throughout the thrilling verse, and charmed spell,
Panoramic shape and dark rocks shadow throw.
Nights after one perception with endless idle,
Within the golden round they crop along.
Through the mist and mire, his eyes fell,
To dive, to fly, to ride the wintry blue.
To dig the mine, to cleave the churchyard wall,
Or take the bottom of this weary sense.
Each powerful drape, with more than mortal skill,
Whoere followed, or hid from winking eye,
Sharpening handful of the belcher's will;
Nor cease their labour till the dawn descry.
Their laden tripless work, and redress at the sky.

Nor will those leave for other bands to lay,
The rustick spirits of the angry flood.
Boy, at every eye, on hill and valley rest.
Over the iron hedges to be beggared in,
Or when the sunshine with his wonts more,
Dwelling to warm the earth, each folio spleen.
Like some stern king, hailed out the quiescent cow,
The blind shines forth, to bow in beholding way.

As young Aurora, Collins underwise meadly saw the first appearance of the northern lights and watery hand, year 1715; at least, it is most highly probable, from this particular circumstance, that correspondent writer whatever he has taken twenty years to spin or, even one modern, previous to the above period.

A second sight, in the storm that is used for the division of the Hebrides eye,
Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
And yields the wreathchad both he destined pray.

But this, more glorious, Shavney's chain best
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!
These too, shall sing for well thy magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wall the stat's that is no more!
Ah, happy sailor! your homeward steps no loss
Let not fond Willy mislead you to the death:
Dancing in mirky night, over feen and lake,
He glows to draw you downoward to your death.
In his bewildred, low, mallow, worldly brak.
What though from far off from some dark dell espied,
His gimmering muse cheer th' excursive sight
Yet turn, ye wanderers, by your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithles light;
For watchful, lurking, mid th' unfruiting road,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies.
And listen oft to hear the warning steel,
And frequent round him rolls his sudden eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, over all unblest, indeed!
Whom late bewildred in the dark, dark fen,
Far from the flocks, and smoking hamlet, then,
To that shot where burns the clyce wood;
On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never lock with Pity's kind concern,
But instant furious, raise the wakening fold.
O'er him stretch'd, with many hand all return;
Oh, or if he meditate his wish escape,
To some dim hill, that scene uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grisly and grisly shape.
In all its terrible chad, shall wide appear.
Mean time the watery surge shall round him rise,
Poured sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His frozen back limbs have lost their feeling bight.
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless less come!

For him in vain his anxious wild shall wait;
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His ladies shall linger at th' unclouding gate;
Ah, ne'er shall he return!
Alone, if Night,
Her traveled limbs in broken alphabes sleep!
With drooping willows dress, his mournful sprile
Shall visit sad, petechial, her silent sleep.
Then he perhaps, with queek which happy bight,
Shall feely seem to press her shudderings cheek.
And with his blue-atol face before her stand,
And, shivering cold, these phallic notes a speak.

* A very master, called by various names, such as Willy with the Whip, Jack with the Lament, &c. is here in the air over morny and fanny places.

A purse, dear wife, thy daily toils, purple,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as a lady,
Nor o'er one of thee hopeless thought renew,
While I lie wetering on the colored shore.
Drowned by the Kelpie's wrath, nor ever shall all more the
Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy muse may, like those feathery tribes which soaring
From their rise rocks, extend her skirring wing
Round the moist margin of each cold Hebride sail.
To that bear pilot which still its rains shows:
In whose small vails is doubt,
Whose benevolent to bear his spade upthrows,
And calls them, wondering, from the hallowed ground!

Oh! oh! where, beneath the shiverly west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now rest.
No slaves revere them, nor any worde:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
The rife mounds their yawnings cell unfold,
And forth the monarchs stand with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and vestals with shiverly gold,
And on their twilight tombs ambient bound hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget Neith's man,
On whose bleek roads, which brace the wandering tides.
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet oblees.
Gis! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
Thus best in primal uneness they once,
Suffered, and happy with that fragal face.
Which tasteful toil and hourly draper give.
Hard is their solemn soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever retrieval he was hear to imigure there.
Nor need'lt thou blush that such false thinges engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stories posest;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But filled in elder time, th' historic page.
There, Shakespeare's self, with every garland crown'd,

* The water-fend.
1 Of the Hebrides in the Isle of Pierris; where it is reported, that every spring of spring, opals have been dug up in the noise of a chapel there.
2 Inhabited, one of the Hebrides, where near store of the un
3 A spore blel like a grass, on the edge of which the
4 Of Inhabited of it, 8th. Kith, another of the Hebrides, thinly inhabited.
Collins's Works.

"Then wake (for well thou canst) that wondrous day,
How, while around the thoughtless matron sleeps,
Soft o'er the floor the treacherous fairies creep,
And hear the smiling infant away:

which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself. But, although, like Milban's hobbit fond, he knew to stretch himself by the fire, he does not drift from the hope of remuneration. On the contrary, so delicate is his Sensibility, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever.

* - *how the draughts go in events,
To earn the crown, daily eat,
White, in one night, eye glimpse of moon,
His shadowy stall had touched the corn,
That way by-haven could not end;
Then lies down the hobbit friend
And stretched out all the chieftain's length,
Hail on his air strength;
And, crop-fell out of door he flings,
For the first cock his main rings!"

"When the maids in a Scottish family protested their visits around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, meant to watch their departure, and thus administered them..." Hang thee to your bolt, sir, and damn put out the woman's handkerchief (barber.)"

It is told of a Brownie, who haunted a border family now extinct, that the holly had fallen; surprisingly in winter, and the secret, who was ordered to ride to Edinburgh for the sage frames showing no great distress in setting out, the friendly spirit filled with the grand effect of the lingering domestic, rode to the town on the bard's last horse, and returned with the widow's crown. During the short space of his absence, the Toward, which they most necessarily need, rose to a height of twenty feet. Brownie, who performed his charge with all the vitality of the ghostly love of Len was, was not to be stopped by this obstacle. He plunged in with the terrified old lady, and landed her in safety where her servants were waiting. Having put the horses into the stable where it was afterwards scavaged to a world which he proceeded to the room of the service, whom they had released; and finding him just in the act of drawing on his boots, he administered to him a more sensation driving with his own horse-whip. Such an important service excited the gratitude of the bard; who, unwilling that Brownie had been heard to express a wish to have a green coat, ordered a vestment of that colour to be made, and left it in his benefits. Brownie took away the green coat, but never saw more. We may suppose, that tired of his domestic drudgery, he went in his new liveliness to fire the family.

"The last Brownie, known in Doleth force, resided in Bedeck, a wild and solitary spot, where he abounded his functions unobstructed, till the corpulent emperor of an old lady induced him to hers him away, as it was turned, by placing in his breast a potted melon and a plate of money. After receiving this he too departed, he was hired the whole night to bowl and cry. "Pewnell to bonny Bedeck, which he was converted to stand on for ever!"

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