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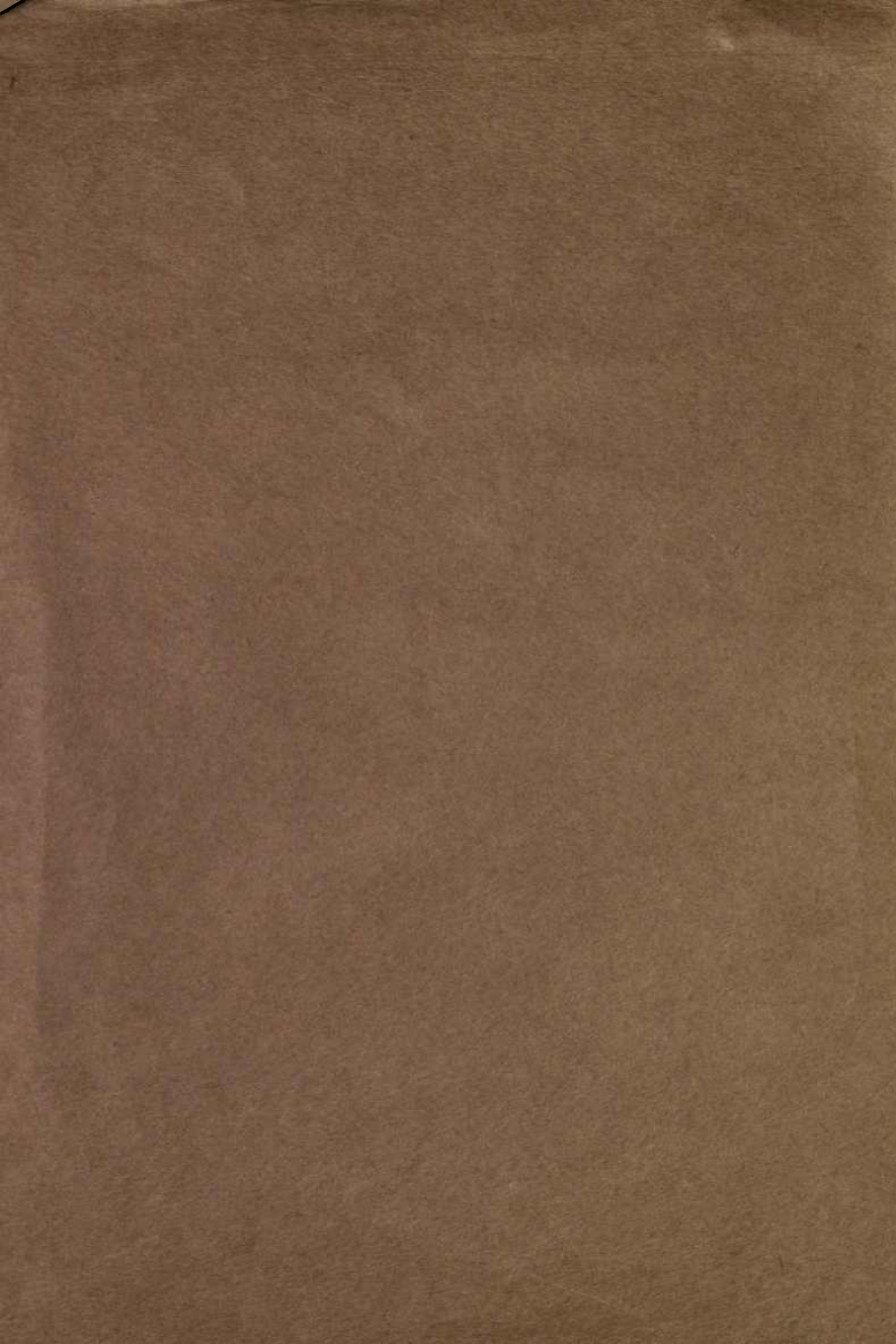
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Lewesdon Hill



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LEWESDON HILL

A P O E M.

Χαιρ' ὦ πῆδον ἀγχιάλον,
Καὶ μ' εὐπλοῖα πνεύσον ἀμεμπτῶς
Ἐνθ' ἡ μεγάλη μοῖρα κομίζει,
———χω πανάματων
Δαιμον, ὅς ταυτ' ἐπέκρανεν.

SOPH.

Farewell thy printless sands and pebbly shore !
I hear the white surge beat thy coast no more,
Pure, gentle source of the high, rapturous mood !——
——Where'er, like the great Flood, by thy dread force
Propell'd—shape Thou my calm, my blameless course,
Heaven, Earth and Ocean's Lord !—and Father of the Good !

* * *

O X F O R D :

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LEWESDON HILLS

A B O F M

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TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD

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J O N A T H A N

LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH

WHO IN A LEARNED FREE AND LIBERAL AGE
IS HIMSELF MOST HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED
BY EXTENSIVE USEFUL AND ELEGANT LEARNING
BY A DISINTERESTED SUPPORT OF FREEDOM
AND BY A TRULY CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY OF MIND

T H I S P O E M

WITH ALL RESPECT IS DEDICATED
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED
AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT

T H E A U T H O R.

W. Crowe

866868

TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD

J O H N A T H A N

LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY

WHO IN A LEARNED FEEL AND LIBERAL AGE

IS HIMSELF MOST HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED

BY EXTENSIVE USEFUL AND LEGANT LEARNING

BY A DISTINGUISHED SUPPORT OF FREEDOM

AND BY A TRULY CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY OF MIND

T H I S P O E M

WITH ALL RESPECT IS DEDICATED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED

AND MOST OBLIGED SERVANT

T H E A U T H O R

THE Hill which gives title to the following Poem is situated in the western part of Dorsetshire. This choice of a Subject, to which the Author was led by his residence near the spot, may seem perhaps to confine him to topics of mere rural and local description. But he begs leave here to inform the Reader that he has advanced beyond those narrow limits to something more general and important. On the other hand he trusts, that in his farthest excursions the connexion between him and his subject will easily be traced. The few notes which are subjoined he thought necessary to elucidate the passages where they are inserted. He will only add in this place, from Hutchins's History of Dorsetshire, (Vol. I. p. 366.) what is there said of Lewesdon (or, as it is now corruptly called, Lewson) ' This and Pillesdon Hill, ' surmount all the hills, though very high, between them ' and the sea. Mariners call them the *Cow and Calf*, in ' which forms they are fancied to appear, being eminent ' sea-marks to those who sail upon the coast.'

To the top of this Hill the Author describes himself as walking on a May morning.

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and the sea. Mariners call them the Cow and Calf, in
which forms they are fancied to appear, being eminent
sea-marks to those who sail upon the coast.'
To the top of this Hill the Author describes himself
walking on a May morning.

LEWESDON HILL.

UP to thy summit, LEWESDON, to the brow
Of yon proud rising, where the lonely thorn
Bends from the rude South-east, with top cut sheer
By his keen breath, along the narrow track
By which the scanty-pastured sheep ascend
Up to thy furze-clad summit, let me climb;
My morning exercise; and thence look round
Upon the variegated scene, of hills,
And woods, and fruitful vales, and villages
Half-hid in tufted orchards, and the sea
Boundless, and studded thick with many a sail.

Ye dew-fed vapours, nightly balm, exhaled
From earth, young herbs and flowers, that in the morn
 Ascend as incense to the Lord of day,
 I come to breathe your odours; while they float
 Yet near this surface, let me walk embathed
 In your invisible perfumes, to health
 So friendly, nor less grateful to the mind,
 Administring sweet peace and cheerfulness.

How changed is thy appearance, beauteous hill!
 Thou hast put off thy wintry garb, brown heath
 And russet fern, thy seemly-colour'd cloak
 To bide the hoary frosts and dripping rains
 Of chill December, and art gaily robed
 In livery of the spring: upon thy brow
 A cap of flowery hawthorn, and thy neck
 Mantled with new-sprung furze and spangles thick
 Of golden bloom: nor lack thee tufted woods
 Adown thy sides: Tall oaks of lusty green,
 The darker fir, light ash, and the nesh tops
 Of the young hazel join, to form thy skirts

In many a wavy fold of verdant wreath,
 So gorgeously hath Nature drest thee up
 Against the birth of May; and, vested so,
 Thou dost appear more gracefully array'd
 Than Fashion's worshippers; whose gaudy shews,
 Fantastical as are a sick man's dreams,
 From vanity to costly vanity
 Change oftner than the moon. Thy comely dress,
 From sad to gay returning with the year,
 Shall grace thee still till Nature's self shall change.

These are the beauties of thy woodland scene
 At each return of spring: yet some delight
 Rather to view the change; and fondly gaze
 On fading colours, and the thousand tints
 Which Autumn lays upon the varying leaf.
 I like them not; for all their boasted hues
 Are kin to Sickliness: mortal Decay
 Is drinking up their vital juice; that gone,
 They turn to fear and yellow. Should I praise
 Such false complexions, and for beauty take
 A look consumption-bred? As soon, if gray

Could

B 2

Were

Were mixt in young Louisa's tresses brown,
 I'd call it beautiful variety,
 And therefore doat on her. Yet I can spy
 A beauty in that fruitful change, when comes
 The yellow Autumn and the hopes o'the year
 Brings on to golden ripeness; nor dispraise
 The pure and spotless form of that sharp time,
 When January spreads a pall of snow
 O'er the dead face of th'undistinguish'd earth.
 Then stand I in the hollow comb beneath
 And bless this friendly mount, that weather-fends
 My reed-roof'd cottage, while the wintry blast
 From the thick north comes howling: till the Spring
 Return, who leads my devious steps abroad,
 To climb, as now, to LEWESDON's airy top.

Above the noise and stir of yonder fields
 Uplifted, on this height I feel the mind
 Expand itself in wider liberty:
 The distant sounds break gently on my sense,
 Soothing to meditation: so methinks,
 Even so, sequester'd from the noisy world,

Could I wear out this transitory being
 In peaceful contemplation and calm ease.
 But conscience, which still censures on our acts,
 That awful voice within us, and the sense
 Of an hereafter, wake and rouse us up
 From such unshaped retirement; which were else
 A blest condition on this earthy stage.
 For who would make his life a life of toil
 For wealth, o'erbalanced with a thousand cares;
 Or power, which base compliance must uphold;
 Or honour, lavish'd most on courtly slaves;
 Or fame, vain breath of a misjudging world;
 Who for such perishable gaudes would put
 A yoke upon his free unbroken spirit,
 And gall himself with trammels and the rubs
 Of this world's business; so he might stand clear
 Of judgment and the tax of idleness:
 In that dread audit, when his mortal hours
 (Which now with soft and silent stealth pace by)
 Must all be counted for? But, for this fear,
 And to remove, according to our power,
 The wants and evils of our brother's state,

'Tis

'Tis meet we juggle with the world; content,
 If by our sovereign Master we be found
 At last not profitless: for worldly meed,
 Given or withheld, I deem of it alike.

From this proud eminence on all sides round
 Th' unbroken prospect opens to my view;
 On all sides large; save only where the head
 Of Pillesdon rises, Pillesdon's lofty Pen:
 So call (still rendering to his ancient name
 Obsvance due) that rival Height south-west,
 Which like a rampire bounds the vale beneath.
 There woods, there blooming orchards, there are seen
 Herds, ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
 Of some wide-branching oak; there goodly fields
 Of corn, and verdant pasture, whence the kine
 Returning with their milky treasure home
 Store the rich dairy: such fair plenty fills
 The pleasant vale of Marshwood; pleasant now,
 Since that the Spring has deck'd anew the meads
 With flowery vesture, and the warmer sun
 Their foggy moistness drain'd; in wintry days

Cold,

Cold, vapourish, miry, wet, and to the flocks
 Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
 To drench the spongy turf: but ere that time
 The careful shepherd moves to healthier soil,
 Rechasing, lest his tender ewes should coath*
 In the dank pasturage. Yet not the fields
 Of *Evesham*, nor that ample valley named
 Of the *White Horse*, its antique monument
 Carved in the chalky bourne, for beauty' and wealth
 Might equal, though surpassing in extent,
 This fertile vale; in length from LEWESDON'S base
 Extended to the sea, and water'd well
 By many a rill; but chief with thy clear stream,
 Thou nameless Rivulet, who from the side
 Of LEWESDON softly welling forth, dost trip

* To *coath*, Skinner says, is a word common in Lincolnshire; and signifies, to *faint*. He derives it from the Anglo-Saxon, *coðe*, a *disease*. In Dorsetshire it is in common use, but is used of sheep only: a *coathed* sheep is a *rotten* sheep; to *coath* is to *take the rot*. *Rechasing* is also a term in that country appropriated to flocks: to *chase and rechase* is to drive sheep at certain times from one sort of ground to another, or from one parish to another.

The Author having ventured to introduce some provincial and other terms, takes this occasion to say, that it is a liberty in which he has not indulged himself, but when he conceived them to be allowable for the sake of ornament or expression.

Adown the valley, wandering sportively,
 Alas, how soon thy little course will end!
 How soon thy infant stream shall lose itself
 In the salt mass of waters, ere it grow
 To name or greatness! Yet it flows along
 Untainted with the commerce of the world,
 Nor passing by the noisy haunts of men;
 But through sequester'd meads, a little space,
 Winds secretly, and in its wanton path
 May cheer some drooping flower, or minister
 Of its cool water to the thirsty lamb:
 Then falls into the ravenous sea, as pure
 As when it issued from its native hill.

So to thine early grave didst thou run on,
 Spotless Francesca, so, after short course,
 Thine innocent and playful infancy
 Was swallowed up in death, and thy pure spirit
 In that illimitable gulph which bounds
 Our mortal continent. But not there lost,
 Not there extinguish'd, as some falsely teach,
 Who can talk much and learnedly of life,

Who

Who know our frame and fashion, who can tell
The substance and the properties of man,
As they had seen him made; aye and stood by
Spies on Heaven's work. They also can discourse
Wisely, to prove that what must be must be,
And shew how thoughts are jogg'd out of the brain
By a mechanical impulse; pushing on
The minds of us, poor unaccountables,
To fatal resolution. Know they not,
That in this mortal life, whate'er it be,
We take the path that leads to good or evil,
And therein find our bliss or misery?
And this includes all reasonable ends
Of knowledge or of being; farther to go
Is toil unprofitable, and th' effect
Most perilous wandering. Yet of this be sure;
Where Freedom is not, there no Virtue is:
If there be none, this world is all a cheat,
And the divine stability of Heaven
(That assured seat for good men after death)
Is but a transient cloud; display'd so fair
To cherish virtuous hope, but at our need

Eludes the sense, and fools our honest faith,
Vanishing in a lie. If this be so,
Were it not better to be born a beast,
Only to feel what is, and thus to scape
The agonish fear that shakes the afflicted breast
With fore anxiety of what shall be;
And all for nought? Since our most wicked act
Is not our sin, and our religious awe
Delusion; if that strong Necessity
Chains up our will. But that the mind is free,
The Mind herself, best judge of her own state,
Is feelingly convinced; nor to be moved
By subtle words, that may perplex the head,
But ne'er persuade the heart. Vain Argument,
That with false weapons of Philosophy
Fights against Hope, and Sense, and Nature's strength!

See how the Sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the enridged sea; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves. So fair,
But falsely-flattering, was yon surface calm,

When

When forth for India fail'd in evil time
 That Vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
 Fill'd every breast with horror, and each eye
 With piteous tears; so cruel was the loss. †
 Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
 Shatter'd and driven along past yonder Isle,
 She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art
 To gain the Port within it, or at worst
 To shun that harbourless and hollow coast

† The distressful condition of the *Halfwell* here alluded to is thus circumstantially described in the Narrative of her loss, p. 13.

“ Thursday the 5th, at two in the morning the wind came to the southward. blew fresh, and the weather was very thick: at noon Portland was seen, bearing N. by E. distance two or three leagues; at eight at night it blew a strong gale at S. and at this time the Portland lights were seen, bearing N. W. distance four or five leagues, when they wore ship, and got her head to the westward; but finding they lost ground upon that tack, they wore again, and kept stretching on eastward, in hopes to have weathered Peverel-point, in which case they intended to have anchored in Studland Bay: at 11 at night it cleared, and they saw St. Alban's-head a mile and a half to the leeward of them; upon which they took in sail immediately, and let go the small bower anchor, which brought up the ship at a whole cable, and she rode for about an hour, but then drove; they now let go the sheet anchor and wore away a whole cable, and the ship rode for about two hours longer, when she drove again.—They were then driving very fast on shore, and might expect every moment to strike.”

From Portland eastward to the *Promontory,
 Where still St. Alban's high-built chapel stands.
 But art nor strength avail her : on she drives,
 In storm and darkness to the fatal coast ;
 And there 'mong rocks and high-o'erhanging cliffs
 Dash'd piteously, with all her precious freight
 Was lost ; by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
 Swallow'd up quick ! The richliest-laden ship
 Of spicy Ternate, or that annual, sent
 To the Philippines o'er the Southern main
 From Acapulco, carrying massy gold,
 Were poor to this ;—freighted with hopeful Youth,
 And Beauty, and high Courage undismay'd
 By mortal terrors, and paternal Love

* ' Not far from this (Encombe) stands St. *Aldene's* Chapel : which took name from the dedication to St. Adeline, the first Bishop of Sherbourne in this shire: but now it serves for a sea-mark.' Coker's Survey of Dorsetsh. p. 47.

Near the sea is the high land of *St. Aldhelm's*, commonly called *St. Alban's*, a noted sea-mark. The cliff here is 147 yards perpendicular. On this promontory, about a mile S. of *Worth*, stands a chapel of the same name.' Hutchins's Dorsetsh. Vol. I. p. 228. But this headland is not marked by name in Hutchins's map. ' The very utter part of *St. Aldhelm's* point is five miles from *Sandwich* (*Swanwich*). Lel. Itin. Vol. III. p. 53.

Strong

Strong, and unconquerable even in death—
 Alas, they perish'd all, all in one hour!

Now yonder high way view, wide-beaten, bare
 With ceaseless tread of men and beasts, and track
 Of many' indenting wheels, heavy and light,
 That violently rush with unsafe speed,
 Or slowly turn, oft-resting, up the steep.
 Mark how that road, with mazes serpentine,
 From * Shipton's bottom to the lofty down
 Winds like a path of pleasure, drawn by art
 Through park or flowery garden for delight.
 Nor less delightful this; if, while he mounts
 Not wearied, the free Journeyer will pause
 To view the prospect oft, as oft to see
 Beauty still changing: yet not so contrived
 By fancy' or choice, but of necessity,
 By soft gradations of ascent to lead

* Shipton is a hill, which, according to common report, is so called from its shape: the top of it being formed like a ship with the keel upwards. It stands three miles from Bridport on the road towards London; which road passes by the foot of it to the North.

The

The labouring and way-worn feet along,
 And make their toil less toilsome. Half way up
 Or nearer to the top, behold a cot,
 O'er which the branchy trees, those sycamores,
 Wave gently : at their roots a rustic bench
 Invites to short refreshment, and to taste
 What grateful beverage the house may yield
 After fatigue, or dusty heat ; thence call'd
 The *Traveller's Rest*. Welcome, embower'd seat,
 Friendly repose to the slow passenger
 Ascending, ere he takes his sultry way
 Along th' interminable road, stretch'd out
 Over th' unshelter'd down ; or when at last
 He has that hard and solitary path
 Measured by painful steps. And blest are they,
 Who in life's toilsome journey may make pause
 After a march of glory : yet not such
 As rise in causeless war, troubling the world
 By their mad quarrel, and in fields of blood
 Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd on earth
 Kings, heroes, demi-gods, but in high Heaven
 Thieves, ruffians, murderers ; these find no repose :

Thee

Thee rather, patriot Conqueror, to thee
Belongs such rest; who in the western world,
Thine own deliver'd country, for thyself
Hast planted an immortal grove, and there,
Upon the glorious mount of Liberty
Reposing, sit'st beneath the palmy shade.

And Thou, not less renown'd in like attempt
Of high atchievement, though thy virtue fail'd
To save thy little country, Patriot Prince,
Hero, Philosopher (what more could they
Who wisely chose Thee, PAOLI, to bless
Thy native Isle, long struggling to be free?
But Heaven allow'd not) yet may'st thou repose
After thy glorious toil, secure of fame
Well-earn'd by virtue: while ambitious France,
Who stretch'd her lawless hand to seize thine isle,
Enjoys not rest or glory; with her prey
Gorged but not satisfied, and craving still
Against th' intent of Nature. See Her now
Upon the adverse shore, her Norman coast,

Plying

* Plying her monstrous labour unrestrain'd ;
 A rank of castles in the rough sea sunk,
 With towery shape and height, and armed heads
 Uprising o'er the surge ; and these between,
 Unmeasurable mass of ponderous rock
 Projected many a mile to rear her wall
 Midst the deep waters. She, the mighty work
 Still urging, in her arrogant attempt,
 As with a lordly voice to the Ocean cries,
 ' Hitherto come, no farther ; here be staid
 ' The raging of thy waves ; within this bound
 ' Be all my haven : ' and therewith takes in
 A space of amplest circuit, wide and deep,
 Won from the straiten'd main : nor less in strength
 Than in dimensions ; giant-like in both :
 On each side flank'd with citadels and towers
 And rocky walls, and arches massy proof
 Against the storm of war. Compared with this,
 † Less, and less hazardous emprise atcheived

* A detail of this vast project is given at the conclusion of this Poem.

† Quint. Curt. lib. 4. cap. 2, 3.

Resistless

Resistless Alexander, when he cast
 The strong foundations of that high-raised mound
 Deep in the hostile waves, his martial way;
 Built on before him up to sea-girt Tyre.

* Nor aught so bold, so vast, so wonderful,
 At Athos or the fetter'd Hellespont,
 Imagined in his pride that Asian vain,
 Xerxes,—but ere he turn'd from Salamis
 Fly'ing through the blood-red waves in one poor bark,
 Retarded by thick-weltering carcasses.

† Nor yet that elder work (if work it were,
 Not fable) raised upon the Phrygian shore,
 (Where lay the fleet confederate against Troy,
 A thousand ships behind the vasty mole
 All shelter'd) could with this compare, though built
 It seem'd, of greatness worthy to create
 Envy in the immortals; and at last
 Not overthrown without th' embattled aid
 Of angry Neptune. So may He once more
 Rise from his troubled bed, and send his waves,

-* Juv. Sat. X. v. 173, 186.

† Hom. Il. VII. v. 433, 463. et Il. XII. v. 1, 33.

Urged on to fury by contending winds,
 With horned violence to push and overwhelm
 This pile, usurping on his watry reign!

From hostile shores returning, glad I look
 On native scenes again; and first salute
 Thee, * Burton, and thy lofty cliff, where oft
 The nightly blaze is kindled; further seen
 Than erst was that love-tended cresset, hung
 Beside the Hellespont: yet not like that
 Inviting to the hospitable arms
 Of Beauty' and Youth, but lighted up, the sign
 Of danger, and of ambush'd foes to warn
 The stealth-approaching Vessel, homeward bound
 From Havre or the Norman isles, with freight
 Of wines and hotter drinks, the trash of France,
 Forbidden merchandize. Such fraud to quell
 Many a light skiff and well-appointed sloop

* Burton is a village near the sea, lying S. E. from Lewesdon, and about two miles S. of Shipton-hill beforementioned. The Cliff is among the loftiest of all upon that coast; and Smugglers often take advantage of its height for the purpose related in the poem.

Lies hovering near the coast, or hid behind
Some curved promontory, in hope to seize
These contraband: vain hope! on that high shore
Station'd, th' associates of their lawless trade
Keep watch, and to their fellows off at sea
Give the known signal; they with fearful haste
Observant, put about the ship, and plunge
Into concealing darkness. As a fox,
That from the cry of hounds and hunters' din
Runs crafty down the wind, and steals away
Forth from his cover, hopeful so t'elude
The not yet following pack,—if chance the shout
Of eager or unpractis'd boy betray
His meditated flight, back he retires
To shelter him in the thick wood: so these
Retiring, ply to south, and shun the land
Too perilous to approach: and oft at sea
Secure (or ever nigh the guarded coast
They venture) to the trackless deep they trust
Their forfeitable cargo, rundlets small,
Together link'd upon their cable's length,
And to the shelving bottom sunk and fixt

By stony weights ; till happier hour arrive
To land it on the vacant beach unrisk'd.

But what is yonder † Hill, whose dusky brow
Wears, like a regal diadem, the round
Of antient battlements and ramparts high ;
And frowns upon the vales ? I know thee not.
Thou hast no name, no honourable note,
No chronicle of all thy warlike pride,
To testify what once thou wert, how great,
How glorious, and how fear'd. So perish all,

† ‘ Eggardon Hill is a very high hill, and gives name to the Hundred. Mr. Coker says it is uncertain whether it takes its name from Edgar, King of the West Saxons, or from Orgarus, Earl of Cornwall : and indeed this last derivation is the truest ; there being little reason to doubt that it is the old *Orgarestone*. The camp on the brow of this hill is a large and strong fortification, and seems to be Roman.’ Hutchins’s Dorset. Vol. I. p. 289 ; where there is an engraving of this camp. But Hutchins has misrepresented Mr. Coker, who indeed prefers the derivation from Orgar. His words are these : ‘ That it takes name from Edgar, the West Saxon King, I dare not affirm, having nothing to prove it but the nearness of the name. It better likes me to think this the place, which in Doomsday-book is called *Orgareston*, but whether it take name from Orgareus, Earl of Cornwall, I know not ; though I think I should run into no great error to believe it. Coker’s Survey of Dorsetshire, p. 26.

Who

Who seek their greatness in dominion held
 Over their fellows, or the pomp of war ;
 And be as thou forgotten, and their fame
 Cancell'd like thine ! But thee in after times
 Reclaim'd to culture, Shepherds visited,
 And call'd thee Orgarston ; so thee they call'd
 Of Orgar, Saxon earl, the wealthy fire
 Of fair Elfrida ; She, whose happy Bard
 Has with his gentle witchery so wrought
 Upon our sense, that we can see no more
 Her mad ambition, treacherous cruelty,
 And purple robes of state with royal blood
 Inhospitably stain'd ; but in their place
 Pure faith, soft manners, filial duty meek,
 Connubial love, and stoles of faintly white.

Fain would I view thee, Corfcombe, fain would hail
 The ground where * Hollis lies ; his choice retreat,

* Mr. Hollis, in order to preserve the memory of those heroes and patriots for whom he had a veneration, as the assertors and defenders of his country, called many of the farms and fields in his estate at Corfcombe by their names ; and by these names they are still distinguished. In the middle of one of those fields, not far from his house, he ordered his corps to be deposited in a
grave

Where, from the busy world withdrawn, he lived
 To generous Virtue and the holy love
 Of Liberty, a dedicated spirit:
 And left his ashes there; still honouring
 Thy fields, with title given of patriot names,
 But more with his untitled sepulchre.
 That envious ridge conceals thee from my sight;
 Which, passing o'er thy place north-east, looks on
 To Sherburne's ancient towers and rich domains,
 The noble Digby's mansion; where he dwells
 Inviolatè, and fearless of thy curse,
 War-gluttèd * Osmund, superstitious Lord!

grave ten feet deep; and that the field should be immediately plowed over, that no trace of his burial place might remain.' *Memoirs of Thomas Hollis, Esq. Vol. I. p. 481.*

* Of the strange Curse belonging to Shireburne-Castle. From a MS. of the late Bishop of Ely (Bp John More) now in the Royal Library at Cambridge.

Osmund a Norman Knight (who had served *William Duke of Normandy* from his youth, in all his wars against the French King, and the Duke's (*William's*) subjects, with much valour and discretion) for all his faithful service (when his Master had by conquest obtayned the crown of England) was rewarded with many great gifts; among the which was the Earldome of *Dorsett*, and the gift of many other Possessions, whereof the Castle and Baronie of *Sherburne* were parcell. But Osmund, in the declyninge of his age, calling to mynde the great effusion of blood, which, from
 his

Who with Heaven's justice for a bloody life
 Madest thy presumptuous bargain ; giving more

his infancie, he had shedd ; he resolv'd to leave all worldly delights, and betake himself to a religious life, the better to contemplate on his former sinnes and to obteyn Pardon for them. And, with much importunitie, having gotten leave of the Kinge (who was unwilling to want the assistance of so grave and worthy a Counseller) to resign his temporall honors ; and having obeyned the Bishoprick of *Sarum*, he gave *Sberburne* with other lands to the Bishoprick. To which gift he annexed this Curse,

That whosoever should take those Lands from the Bishoprick, or diminish them in great or in small, should be accursed, not only in this world, but also in the world to come ; unless in his life-time he made restitution thereof. And so he died Bishop of *Sarum*.

Those lands continu'd in the possession of his successors till the reign of King Stephen, who took them away ; ' whereupon (says this Account) his prosperity forsook him.' King Stephen being dead, ' these lands came into the hands of some of the *Mountagues* (after Erles of *Sarum*) who whilest they held the same, underwent many disasters. For one or other of them fell by misfortune. And finally, all the males of them became extinct, and the Earldome received an end in their name. So ill was their success.

After this the lands were restored to the Bishoprick ; but were taken away a second time by the Duke of Somersset, in the reign of Edward VI ; ' when the Duke, being hunting in the Parke of *Sberburne*, he was sent for presently unto the Kinge (to whome he was Protector) and at his coming up to *London*, was forthwith committed unto the *Tower*, and, shortly after, lost his head.' The lands then, in a suit at law, were adjudged to the Bishop of *Sarum* ; and so remained, ' till Sir Walter Raleigh procured a grant of them ; he afterwards unfortunately lost them, and at last his head also. Upon his attainder they came, by the King's gift, to Prince
Henry ;

Than thy just having to redeem thy guilt,
 And daredst bid th' Almighty to become
 The minister of thy curse. But sure it fell,
 So bigots fondly judged, full sure it fell
 With sacred vengeance pointed on the head
 Of many a bold usurper: chief on thine
 (Favourite of Fortune once but last her thrall)
 Accomplish'd * Raleigh in that lawless day

Henry; who died not long after the possession thereof. After Prince *Henry's* death, the Erle of *Somerset* (*Carr*) did possess them. Finally, he lost them, and many other greater fortunes.' Peck's Desid. Cur. Lib. 14. No. 6.

* 'How Dr. *John Coldwell*, of a Physitian became a Bishop I have heard by more than a good many; and I will briefly handle it, and as tenderly as I can; bearing myself equal between the living (*Sir Walter Raleigh*) and the dead (*Bishop Coldwell*). Yet the manifest judgments of God on both of them I may not pass over with silence. And to speak first of the Knight, who carried off the *Spolia opima* of the Bishoprick. He, having gotten *Sherborne* Castle, Park, and Parsonage, was in those days in so great favour with the Queen, as I may boldly say, that with less suit than he was fain to make to her e'er he could perfect this his purchase, and with less money than he bestowed since in *Sherborne* (in building, and buying out leases, and in drawing the river through rocks into his garden) he might, very justly, and without offence of either Church or State, have compassed a much better purchase. Also, as I have been truly informed, he had a presage before he first attempted it, which did foreshew it would turn to his ruin, and might have kept him from meddling with it,—*Si mens non læva fuisset*: For, as he was riding post between
Plymouth

When, like a goodly hart, thou wert beset
 With crafty blood-hounds lurching for thy life
 Whileas they feign'd to chace thee fairly down:
 And that foul Scot, the minion-kissing king,
 Pursued with havoc in the tyrannous hunt.

How is it vanish'd in a hasty spleen,
 The Tor of Glastonbury! Even but now

Plymouth and the Court [as many times he did upon no small employments) this Castle being right in the way, he cast such an eye upon it as *Abab* did upon *Naboth's Vineyard*. And, once above the rest, being talking of it (of the commodiousness of the place, of the strength of the seat, and how easily it might be got from the Bishopric) suddenly over and over came his horse, that his very face (which was then thought a very good face) plowed up the earth where he fell. This fall was ominous I make no question; and himself was apt to construe it so. But his brother *Adrian* would needs have him interpret it as a conqueror, that his fall prefiged the quiet possession of it. And accordingly for the present it so fell out. So that with much labor, travel, cost, envy, and obloquy he got it *habendum et tenendum* to him and his heirs. But see what became of him. In the public joy and jubile of the whole realm (when favor, peace, and pardon, were offered even to offenders) he who in wit, in wealth, in courage was inferior to few, fell suddenly (I cannot tell how) into such a downfall of despair; as his greatest enemy would not have wished him so much harm, as he would have done himself. Can any man be so wilfully blind, as not to see and say, *Digitus Dei hic est!*" Harrington's Brief View, p. 88.

I saw the hoary pile cresting the top
 Of that north-western hill; and in this Now
 A cloud hath past on it, and its dim bulk
 Becomes annihilate, or if not, a spot
 Which the strain'd vision tires itself to find.

And even so fares it with the things of earth
 Which seem most constant: there will come the cloud
 That shall infold them up, and leave their place
 A seat for Emptiness. Our narrow ken
 Reaches too far, when all that we behold
 Is but the havoc of wide-wasting Time,
 Or what he soon shall spoil. His out-spread wings
 (Which bear him like an eagle o'er the earth)
 Are plumed in front so downy soft they seem
 To foster what they touch, and mortal fools
 Rejoice beneath their hovering: woe the while!
 For in that indefatigable flight
 The multitudinous strokes incessantly
 Bruise all beneath their cope, and mark on all
 His secret injury; on the front of man
 Gray hairs and wrinkles; still as Time speeds on
 Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat
 With

With ceaseless violence ; nor overpass,
Till all the creatures of this nether world
Are one wide quarry : following dark behind,
The cormorant Oblivion swallows up
The carcasses that Time has made his prey.

But hark ! the village clock strikes nine ; the chimes
Merrily follow, tuneful to the sense
Of the pleased clown attentive, while they make
False-measured melody on crazy bells.
O wondrous Power of modulated sound !
Which like the air (whose all-obedient shape
Thou makest thy slave) canst subtilly pervade
The yielded avenues of sense, unlock
The close affections, by some fairy path
Winning an easy way through every ear,
And with thine unsubstantial quality
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all ;
All, but some cold and fullen-temper'd spirits,
Who feel no touch of sympathy or love.

Yet what is music, and the blended power
Of voice with instruments of wind and string ?

What

What but an empty pageant of sweet noise ?
Tis past: and all that it has left behind
Is but an echo dwelling in the ear
Of the toy-taken fancy, and beside
A void and countless hour in life's brief day.

But ill accords my verse with the delights
Of this gay month: and see the Villagers
Assembling jocund in their best attire
To grace this genial morn. Now I descend
To join the worldly croud; perchance to talk,
To think, to act as they: then all these thoughts,
That lift th' expanded heart above this spot
To heavenly musing, these shall pass away
(Even as this goodly prospect from my view)
Hidden by near and earthy-rooted cares.
So passeth human life; our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift. Of this enough:
To-morrow for severer thought; but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

[See page 16.—THE works now carrying on at Cherburgh to make a haven for ships of war, are principally the following. Of these however it is not intended to give a full description; but only to mention some particulars, from which an idea may be formed of the greatness of the scheme.

In the open sea, above a league from the town and within half a mile west of a rock called *L'isle Pelée*, a pier is begun, with design of conducting it on to the shore somewhat beyond *Point Hommet*, about two miles westward of Cherburgh. In order to this, a strong frame of timber-work, of the shape of a truncated cone, having been constructed on the beach, was buoyed out, and sunk in a depth of water; which at lowest ebb is 35 feet, and where the tide rises near 20 feet. The diameter of this cone at bottom is about 60 yards, its height 70 feet; and the area on its top large enough to receive a battery of cannon, with which it is hereafter to be fortified. Its solid contents are 2500 French toises; which in our measure (allowing the French foot to be to the English as 144 to 135) will amount to 24,250 cubic yards nearly. Several other cones, of equal dimensions, are sunk at convenient distances from each other; forming the line of the pier: their number, when complete, it is said, will be forty. As soon as any one of these is carried to its place, it is filled with stones, which are dug from mount *Rouille* and other rocks near the coast, and brought on horses to the shore; whence they are conveyed to the cones in vessels of forty, sixty, or eighty tons burden. In like manner, but with much greater labour and expence, the spaces between the cones are filled up with stones thrown loosely into the sea, till the heap is raised above the water. On this mass, as on a foundation, a wall of masonry-work is to be erected. The length of the whole is near five miles. On *L'isle Pelée* and *Point Hommet*, before-mentioned, large fortifications are constructed bomb-proof to defend the Haven and Pier. It is the opinion of some persons that this stupendous mole may be injured or destroyed by what is called a ground-sea: *i. e.* a sea when the waters are agitated to the bottom: and this happens, when a strong wind, after having put the waves in motion, suddenly shifts to the opposite quarter. The description given in the Poem of this vast undertaking closes with an allusion to this opinion.]

I knew a gentle Maid, I ne'er shall view
Her like again, and yet the vulgar eye
Might pass the charms I trac'd regardless by,
For pale her cheek unmark'd with roseate hue,
Nor beam'd from her mild eye the dazzling glance,
Nor flush'd her nameless graces on the sight,
Yet beauty never wore such pure delight;
Fine was her form, as Dian's in the dance
Her voice was music, in her silence dwelt
Expression, every look instinct with thought,
Tho' oft' her mind by youth to Rapture wrought,
Struck forth wild wit and fancies ever new,
The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt,
And on her lips when gleam'd the ling'ring smile
Pity's soft tear stole down her cheek the while,
Thy like, O gentle Maid I ne'er shall view.

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