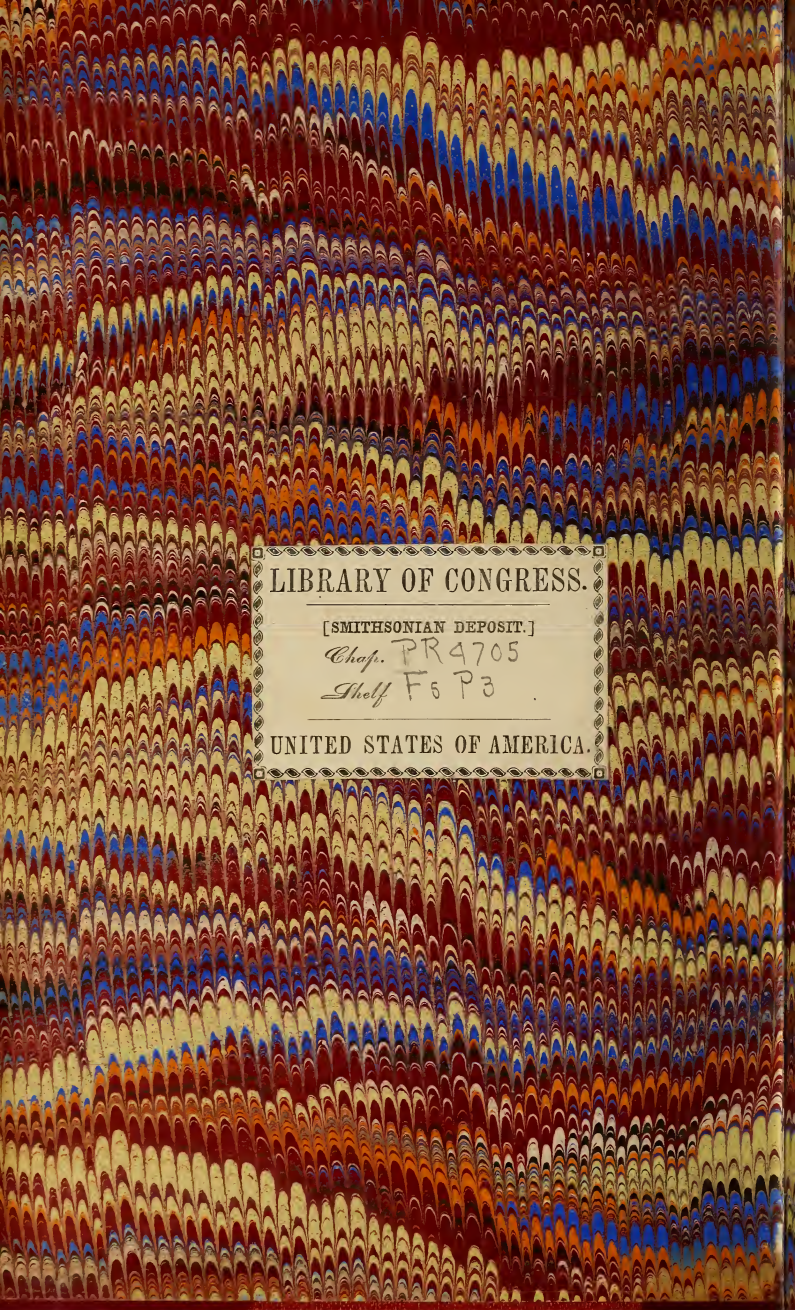


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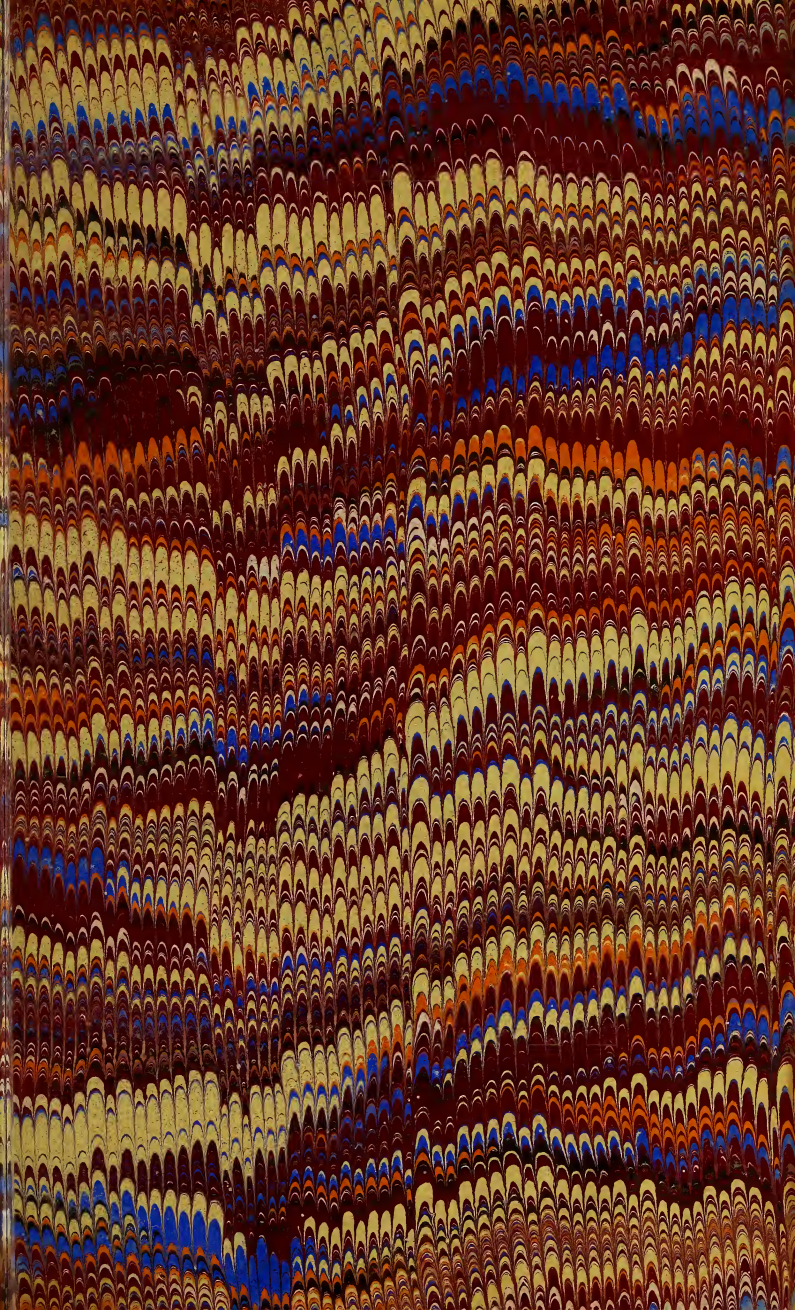
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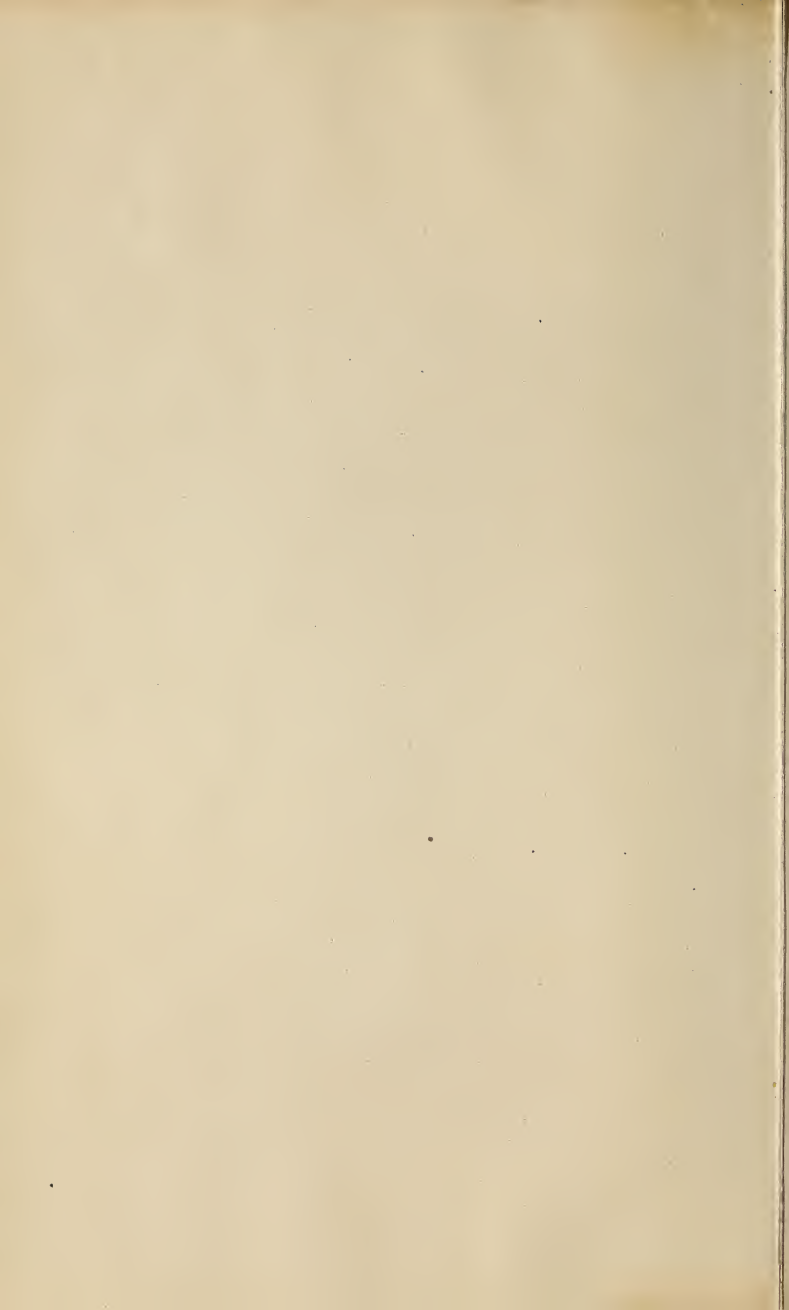
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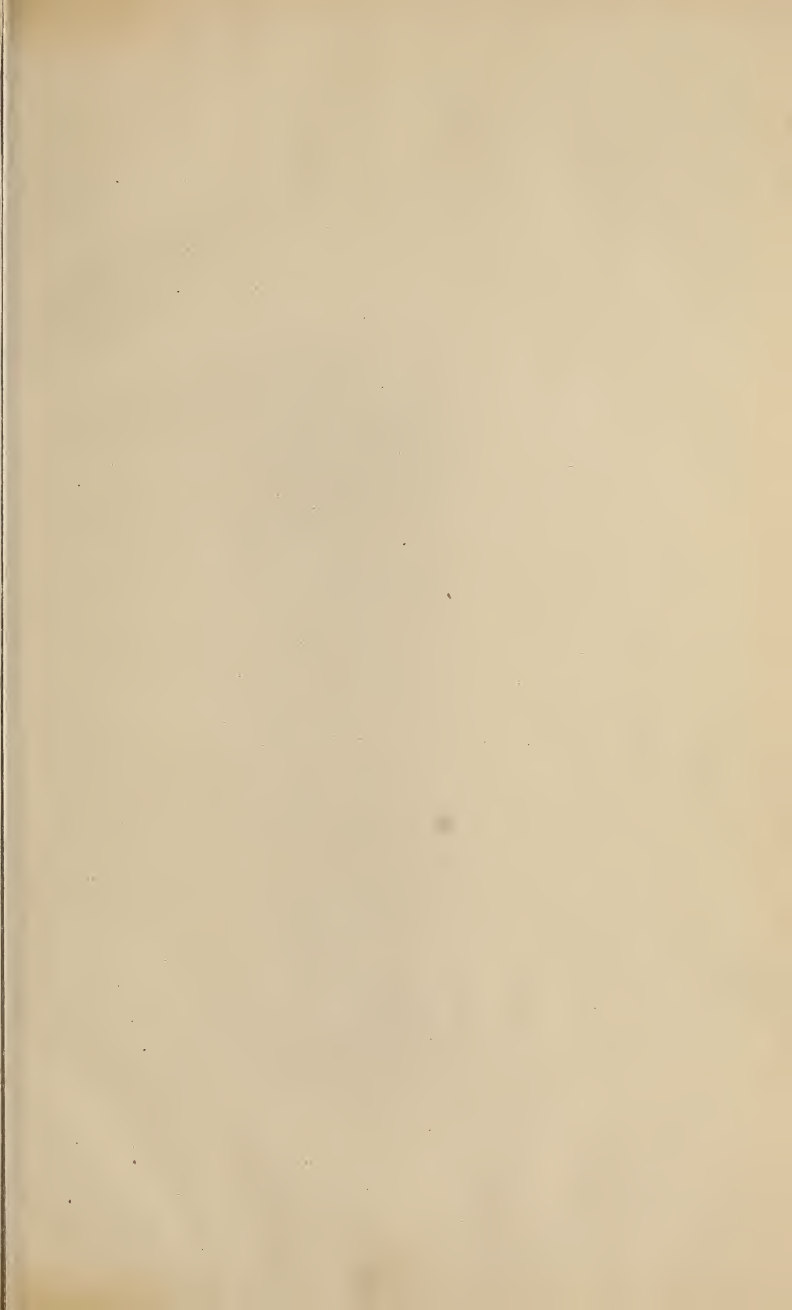
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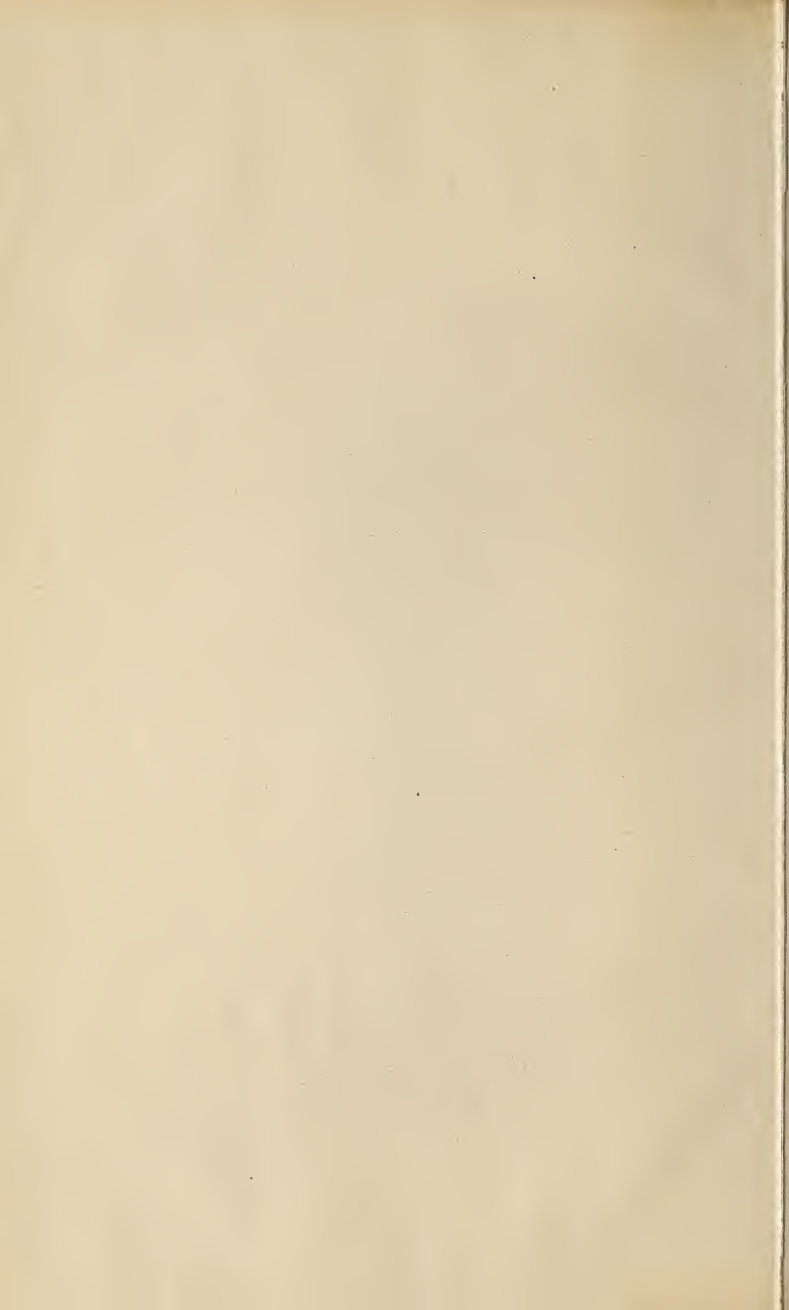


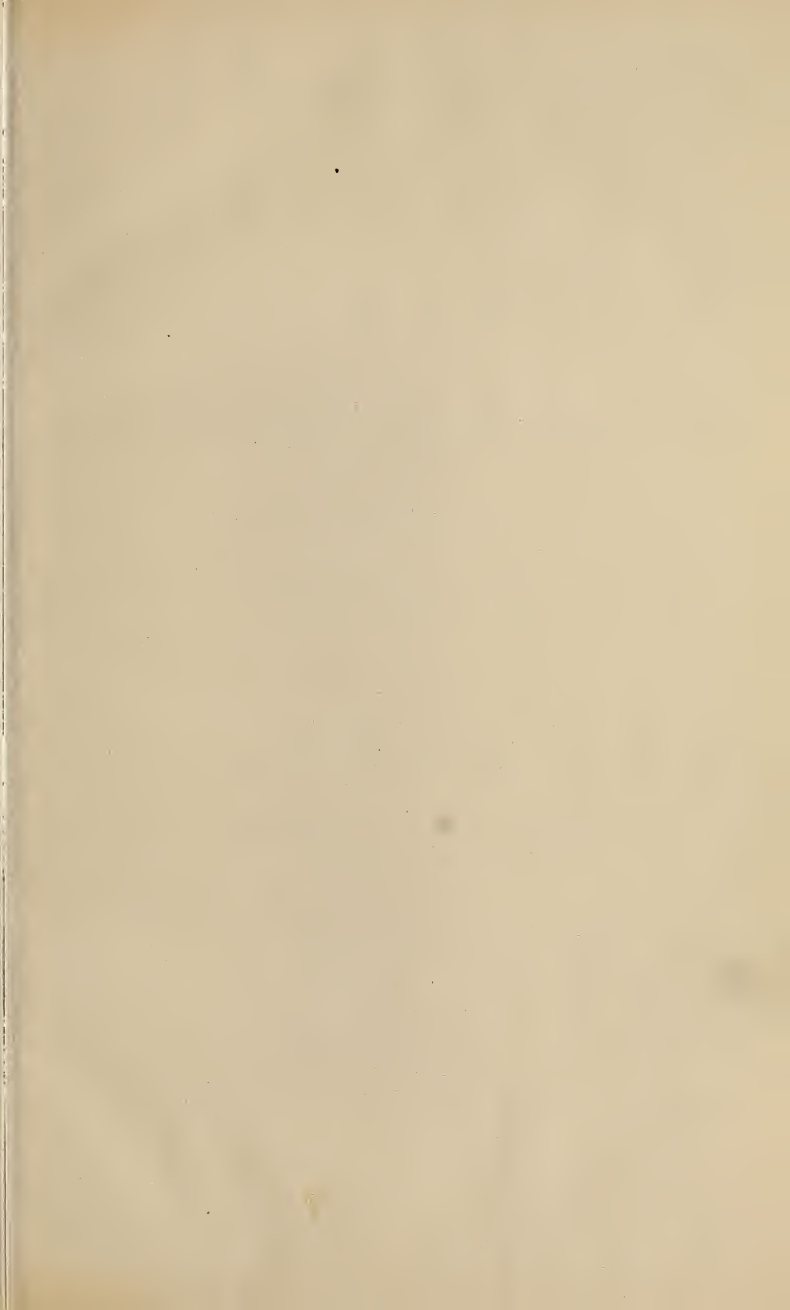




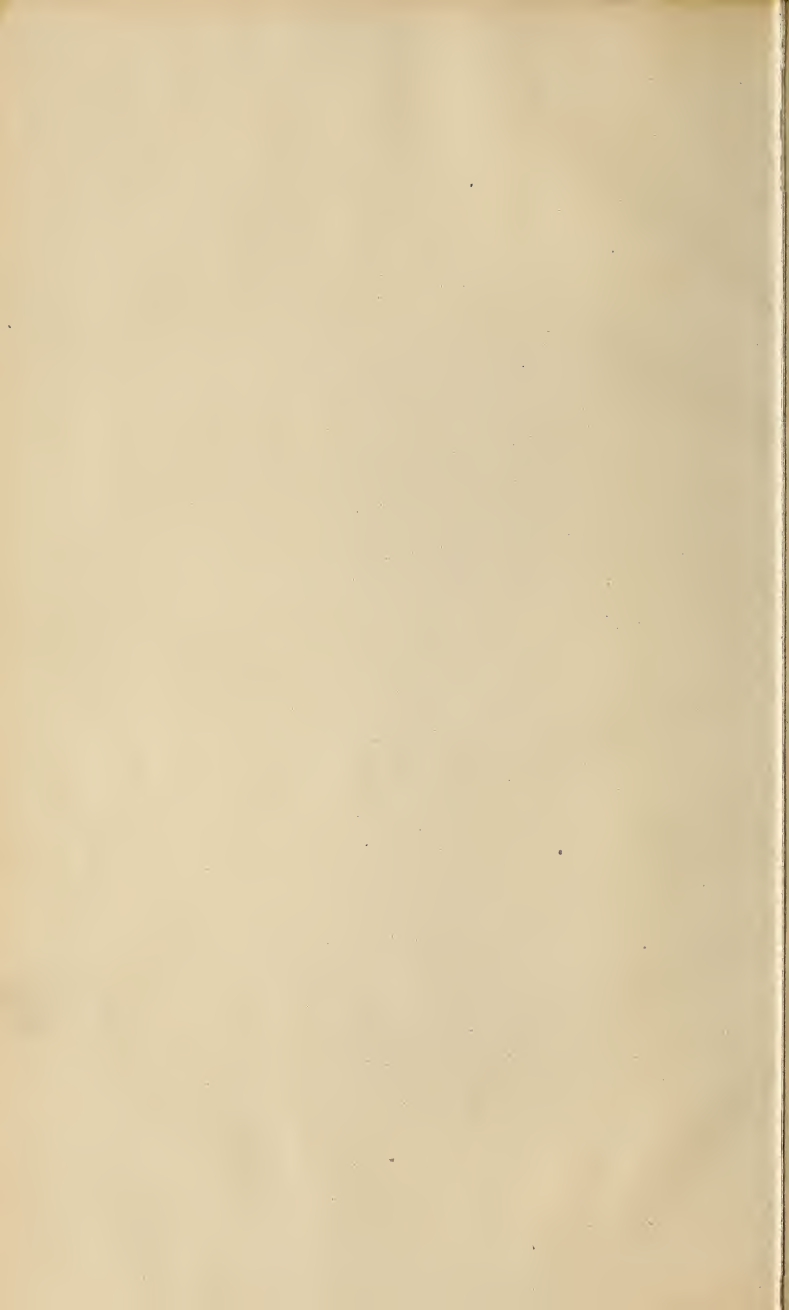












FLORILEGIUM NUGARUM CANTABRIGENSIVM.

P A N

A PASTORAL OF THE FIRST AGE

TOGETHER WITH

SOME OTHER POEMS

BY

*Personal  
of  
Maria*  
T. FORSTER MB. FRAS. FLS, ETC., ETC.

AUTHOR OF PHILOZOIA. ELOGIA DI BOECCI : — EULOGY OF SHARCS :  
NOTES AD ARATI DIOSEMOCAM, AND NUMEROUS OTHER WORKS.

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BRUSSELS.

BELGIAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

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## PREFACE TO THE PASTORAL

ESPECEALLY ADDRESSED TO LEWIS GOMPERTZ, ESQ.

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As it may naturally enough be asked, what could have put it into my head, who am so constantly employed about very different matters, to write the following pastoral; so have I thought that it might be as well to give to the reader some account of its origin, and also to state why I have dedicated it to you. Firstly as to its origin, I have been confined to the house, this spring, for more than three weeks with an epidemic feverish complaint, during the progress of which I suffered much from ennui arising out of impatience of the confinement and regimen that I felt, at the same time, to be necessary. To divert myself therefore during these tedious hours of convalescence, I wrote the following verses, or rather committed to paper in the morning such thoughts on the subject of the poem as I had been occupied with, during the sleepless hours of the previous night. And I must now mention a remarkable fact, worthy the observation of phrenologists, namely that while fasting, in order to starve out the complaint, which is my usual method of getting well, I found that numberless ideas of my infancy, and the recollection of studies hitherto almost forgotten, rushed in upon my memory, as if by some magic spell; and I continued to enjoy the most lively remembrance of almost every thing that I had formerly read on the subject of history, especially the traditions of ancient nations respecting the return of the golden age, during the whole period that I lived on this spare regimen. I had intended to have followed up the pastoral entitled *Pan*, with the *Story of the Bell*, as a kind of suppliment to the former; but happily getting well, on the accession of the fine weather, and returning to my accustomed habits of living and employment, I had no longer either the power, time or inclination to finish the latter; which must therefore remain as a mere fragment. Such as it is, I offer this Pastoral to your notice and to that of some other friends, in hopes that as it afforded me some amusement to write it, so it may afford you some to read it.

An important connection seems to exist between all the different versions of the ancient traditions respecting the origin, fall and restoration of Nature; and all appear to have an obvious relation to the doctrine of the Catholic Church. But, what is most remarkable, the ancient traditions which relate to the future life of man, also include that of other animals: and the doctrine of universal immortality and final happiness, so highly calculated to enhance our notions of the Divine Goodness, is to be found in almost every religion of the East, where it has formed a principal feature, from the very earliest period of history. Hence you will see why I have addressed my lucubrations to you, as being *par excellence* the Animals Friend: for, in this amiable character, I cannot but suppose that you would take some interest in the spread of an opinion so highly calculated to add to their importance in the scale of creation, and consequently to contribute to their protection from that injustice which they have so long experienced from their oppressor, man.

In travelling lately over a large portion of Europe, and conversing with the philosophers and theologians of various countries, I have had frequent occasions to remark that the belief in the souls of animals, as it is vulgarly called, was very prevalent and was encreasing among thinking persons of every religion. Phrenology too, which is beginning at length to be generally credited as a true science, has contributed in no small degree to support this doctrine: for it has shewn the very similar conditions whereon the mental faculties of men and of animals depend, namely a commensurate cerebral organisation: and consequently that we could not ascribe a spiritual principle to man alone, while we denied it to animals, without running counter to that strict analogy, without which almost all our reasoning would be found defective and fallacious. As it is not my intention here to enter into any philosophical disquisitions, I shall close the subject and merely introduce some citations, in the course of the argument, from the ancient writers: authority being a thing more generally valued, because better understood, than reason. Most people are guided, in the formation of their opinions, by the prejudices of their education, and they maintain such opinions with an obstinacy commensurate to the strength of such early impressions, particularly where their minds are weak. Interest also, and the morbid activity of the organs of the sentiments, contribute greatly to the influence of superstition, often stop the ears of judgment against the plea of sound sense and philosophy, and render a man, all his life, as it were spellbound. Whoever reflects seriously on the origin of opinions, will be convinced that next to organization, which is the first condi-

tion of character, education and local circumstances, have the greatest share in their formation; and that if there really be such a thing as chance, it is a matter of mere accident, whether a man be a Jew, a Turk, a Christian or a philosopher!

Ancient tradition is the great *instructor gentium*; and its pale lamp lights the path of the pilgrim seeking, through the mazes of history, the long desired shrine of truth, and enables him to trace some of the most important opinions of the present day to a remote and unknown origin among early nations, whose history is lost in the twilight of time.

In the following poem I have amused myself with forming a pastoral out of some of those recollected traditions which evidently relate to the doctrine of Christianity, and you will perceive that I have adopted, in a great measure, the views of the learned abbé Guerrin du Rocher, in his *Histoire des temps fabuleux*, and of the pious and benevolent Count de Maistre, in the *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg*, respecting the connection that appears to exist between the Jewish, Egyptian, Phrygian, Babylonian and Northern mythologies, and their obvious relation to some original revelation; and also respecting the universality of a divine principle of Retributive Justice.

The publication of these learned works has tended more than any thing else, in modern times, to bring philosophers back to the ancient and wholesome doctrine of an Intelligent God and Moral Governour of the Universe; the belief in which had been much shaken by the French Revolution of 1789 and by the writings of Voltaire, Volney and others of that school, who proceeded and followed this great political event. M. l'abbé de La Mennais has also contributed in a great measure to the same end, by his philosophical and religious works, particularly in his *Essai sur l'Indifférence en matière de Religion*, etc. He has likewise exposed the mistake made by the Jacobins in representing Christianity as being unfriendly to popular liberty and equality, and consequently excluding it from their code of morals; for the fact is diametrically the reverse: Christ was the first great teacher who ever openly proclaimed the equal rights of man, the duty of mutual forbearance, the sin of monopoly, and respect for the poor. Chastity, fasting and selfdenial in general are by his doctrine made special virtues; and we are commanded to merge our individual wants into a benevolent consideration of public exigency, and to avoid selfish accumulation, as a thing forbidden by the new law. The passage of a camel through the eye of a needle is declared to be easier than that of a rich man into the kingdom of Heaven.



Still less is the spirit of aristocracy, in its modern and abused sense at least, tolerated by the Christian law : humility is made an essential virtue ; and above all benevolence towards all God's creatures, universally and without exception, is inculcated as the most necessary condition of our own happiness. It may naturally be asked how a system of such unlimited benevolence and proclaiming, so undisguisedly, the equality of all creatures ; and the sole prerogative of the Creator, could ever have been made a tool of such tyrannical oppression and a means of such appalling fanaticism as it actually has been in all ages. The answer however is, I think, obvious. When the tyrants of the earth, so long opposed to Christianity, found that they could no longer suppress its popularity, they concerted means to take another course ; and by taking possession if it, and erecting established religions out of it, they contrived to turn it to the worse of their own vile purposes, and to make it the instrument of the very oligarchical oppression and monopoly which it was intended by its founder to destroy. *Αυτος εξ αγαθού κακου θρητηοισι διδωσι*, is not applicable to any thing more than to Christianity, which though in itself an excellent and holy doctrine, has been so abused and converted to such infamous purposes by those who have willfully perverted it, that it would seem to superficial minds, almost to require an apology from any philosopher who publicly embraced it. In countries the most fanatical in their outward observance of religion, do we find the most severe and antichristian laws and customs, particularly in such states as are without the holy guidance of the universal Church, Some very sensible observations on this head will be found in Dr. Milner's *End of Religious Controversy*, in Dr. Wiseman's *Lectures* ; and particularly in that masterpiece of English writing Cobbett's *History of the Protestant Reformation*, and his *Legacy to Parsons*, in which the plunder of the poor for the exclusive aggrandizement of the rich and the consequent misery and beggary of the mass of the people, is amply set forth as being effected by perversion of that very religion which says to the rich : " Sell that which thou hast and give it to the poor ! "

That the human race had brought on itself and on other species the degradation and misery wherewith we are surrounded is a doctrine not only of modern religion, but one of very great antiquity ; and is to be found among almost all the traditions of the East ; accompanied with a promise of the return of universal happiness to men and animals, at some period or other. Christianity confirms this hope and teaches us that this happy state is to take place in another world. The old tales, too, relating to the punishment in

Tartarus, etc., are explained by the doctrine of Purgatory, to which, according to some learned authors, they related. And, after reviewing the various versions of the ancient religion of India, we may conclude that they have all had one origin and relate to one event, the final prevalence of Good over Evil, and consequently of happiness over the obstacles which at present stand in the way of its completion.

One thing is most remarkable, both from its importance and its universality in all religions, as well as from its being confirmed by Christ in the most positive terms; namely that God, having given man a free will, governs the world on a principle of retributive justice. This is the moral basis of all religions, and, without it, they would have been unavialable as means of promoting virtue. To entertain the opinion of some few modern sectarians, that the vicious can obtain a remission of the punishment due hereafter to their crimes, by any measure of faith whatever, without having made suitable reparation and undergone due penance, is to deceive oneself and to misconceive the laws of a Just Providence; but to propagate such an opinion publicly is to unhinge society itself, and destroy all the salutary incentives to good actions, which can be derived from religion; besides which it is contrary to our common sense of justice, to the most ancient written testimony, and to the popular opinion of every thinking man in every age. Let us begin with the Bible, admitted by the learned to be the oldest known document; we find it, from beginning to end, to be the History of Retributive Justice. In the New Testament this principle is still more strongly enforced, when we are told that the very uttermost farthing of debts of Heaven, incurred in sin, must be paid in penance! In all the writings of what are called profane authors, the same doctrine is to be found, and Plutarch has written a distinct treatise *On the Delays of Divine Justice*, of a character so perfectly in accordance with Christian doctrine, that one is almost inclined to suspect that he must have known something about it.

Ovid condemns the *Necis artifices arte perire suâ*; and we find Horace, who was one of the best and most observing of the ancient practical philosophers, constantly adverting to the inevitable ill consequence of evil actions.

*Raro antecedentem scelestum  
Diseruit pede Pœna duró,*

And again in another well known ode:

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus  
Non egit Mauris jaculis neque arcu.*

But I need not multiply examples; the reader will find similar sentiments contained in the popular proverbs of every country: a great many are collected in the works of that fine voluminous Dutch poet Jacob Cats in his *Spiegel van den ouden en den nieuwen Tyt* and in the *Theatro moral de la vida humana, con la Tabla de Ceres filosofo Platonico*, etc. I have also already given some more references to the subject in notes to my *Visione Metafisica*. I am not disposed to expatiate farther on the subject, but to refer the reader, by preference, to Spelman's *History of Sacrilege*, and to Lactantius *De more persecutorum*.

The most important circumstance with respect to Retributive Justice, is that animals are evidently included in it, and God has, in Genesis and elsewhere, announced the most fearful punishments awaiting those who use them ill. We read in Gen., ix. 6., a passage highly calculated to support the opinion now so much entertained, that animal food was forbidden by God and that its use has engendered within us diseases, the fruits of offended justice: I quote the passage and commentary thereon from the perennial Calendar: — The punishment of fatal revenge and murders of the worst class with death is preserved in all states, even in Philadelphia, and is founded on the passage in Genesis, ix. 6. *Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*. But how can we interpret literally the context which precedes it: *Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you*. Even the green herb have I given you, all things. 3. *But flesh, with the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, ye shall not eat*. 4. *And surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man: at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man*. 5. How shall we understand *at the hand of every beast*? Και γαρ τὸ ὑμέτερον αἷμα των ψυχων ὑμων εκ χειρος παντων των θηριων εκζητησω, αυτο.

The most remarkable passage, to my mind at least, in Horace is the following allusion to past time, and to the position and indestructible nature of "who has been." It suggested, in fact, part of the observations that I have put into the mouth of Pyrrho in the ensuing pastoral.

— Ille potens sui  
 Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem  
 Dixisse: Vixi! Cras vel atra  
 Nube polum pater occupato,  
 Vel sole puro, non tamen irritum  
 Quodcumque retro est, efficiet, neque  
 Dissinget infectumque reddet  
 Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.



Such enquiries, in truth, bring us too near the curtain that Nature has hung between visible effects and their invisible causes; and lead us to questions which surpass our limited faculties, if not kept within due bounds. As these studies, however, tend to strengthen our belief in a moral principle of retributive justice and in a future state of rewards and punishments, while they help us at the same time to dispossess the mind of fanatical prejudices and narrow views of religion: so I deem no apology to be necessary, either for my having beguiled the tedious hours of illness with writing the ensuing pages, or for my now offering them to your notice, and to that of such of my old comrades as have talked over these subjects with me, at a period of life when our prospect seemed that of an almost boundless panorama of enquiry, and before we had arrived at the humiliating conclusion to which experience and reflection invincibly bring us—that we know almost nothing beyond what is handed down to us by tradition. You will excuse, I hope, the errors of these hasty and uncorrected sheets, given forth with too much carelessness. Wishing you now every success in the accomplishment of those benevolent objects in which you are so actively and honourably engaged, I remain sincerely your friend and fellow citizen (\*).

T. FORSTER.

Schaerbeck, Sunday, May 3, 1840.

(\*) You will observe the verses of the Virgin in a different strain—the fact is, not being in the humour to write a lullaby to my mind, I got a child of mine to substitute one, and her Muse, more simple and better adapted to the subject than mine, figures in the Cradle Hymn, at page 75.

## SCENE

*Palestine and particularly The Country round Bethlehem.*

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MENALCAS,            a young shepherd, }  
DAMOETAS,           a aged shepherd, } from Arcadia.  
PALAEMON,           a shepherd and traveller.  
PYRRHO,            }  
PHILOSTRATUS, } philosophers of different creeds and systems.  
LUCIANUS,           a satirical guest.  
MELIBÆUS,           an old herdsman.  
BACCHUS,           and his comrades, in *Chorus*.

VENUS and the GRACES, dancing, form the *Ballet*.

Numerous attendants, besides herds, flocks dogs, etc., make part of the scenery.

MARY, appears with the INFANT and is saluted by nine several Sages each invoking his favorite Muse. To wit : —

CLIO, or the Song of Glad Tidings,  
THALIA, or the Salutation and Gifts,  
MELPOMENE, or the Consolation,  
EUTERPE, or the Power of Sacred Song,  
CALLIOPE, or Prophecy of Martyrdom,  
ERATO, or Prophecy of Church Music,  
POLYHYMNIA, or Traditions Resolved,  
TERPSYCHORE, or Prayer and Penance,  
URANIA, or Eucharistic Consummation.

ASTRÆA, at length, descends and speaks the Epilogue.

## PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MENALCAS.

---

I who, e'er while Arcadian groves among,  
Of shepherds' loves, in rustic ascents sung—  
Who to no higher themes had tun'd my lays,  
Than Corin's worth, or Cloe's homely praise ;  
Nor took, in rural ditty, higher aim  
Than to perpetuate Sabina's fame,  
Or laud Neæra's golden curling locks,  
Or the white fleeces of Palæmon's flocks,  
Or Phryne's eyes, so languishing and sweet,  
Or Libertina's lightly tripping feet,\*  
Or laid, perhaps, in melancholy mood,  
By smooth Meander's softly babbling flood,  
Have staid the Nuids on the banks, that rove  
To hear the plaint of Arethusa's love ;  
And in my turn have told the mournful tale  
How Gallus his Lycoris did bewail—  
Now to still loftier rhymes the Muse invite,  
With lips more chasten'd and a bolder flight,  
To chant the praise of the Eternal Pan,

\* Propertus has it :—Et canit, ut soleant molliter ire pedes.

Today come down from Heaven to dwell with man.  
Not all are pleased to wend the peaceful way,  
Through flowery dales, and breathe the air of day,  
Midst blossom'd bushes, or where darkening trees  
Fan their green leaves to Zephyr's musky breeze ;  
Content to dwell the greenwood shades among,  
Cheer'd by Lucinia's strains, or Procne's song :  
For higher minds a higher theme demand,  
And purer notes touch'd by an abler hand.  
To please you then, I quit the oaks and rills,  
And now to graver stops have touch'd the quills ;  
Assist me then, sweet Clio, to unfold  
The mystic legends that were read of old,  
By elder bards at history's early dawn,  
When first the young world suck'd the breath of morn,  
Whose prophecies relate to later days.  
So help me to extol our Master's praise ;  
And then, should I His approbation gain,  
Yours is the second boon I would obtain :  
And if I give ye entertainment due,  
I am rewarded by amusing you ;  
But if perchance I might not thus succeed,  
And hang my hopes upon a broken reed,  
My vanquish'd Muse shall now retreat with sorrow,  
And you shall hear a sweeter strain tomorrow.

---

# P A N

## A PASTORAL OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

---

SCENE I.—*Discovers a wide plane in Judæa before sunrise, where shepherds, assembled from various parts, are sleeping by their flocks. Menalcas rises and says.*

At length Aurora from yon eastern brow  
Peeps o'er the russet fallows and green lawns,  
And fires the grey peaks of each hoary hill  
With her pale saffron light : but why her torch  
Lit from the lamp of Day should burn so pale ;  
Why she has borow'd the dark cowl of Night  
And is in trim, so unlike the gay morn ,  
When in her ruby mantle she arose  
Lately to light the mighty Titan's path  
And lead him on to victory over Python ;  
Is now my wonderment : for I remember  
She look'd as if array'd in Iris scarf,  
And, with her prisms mirror in her hands,  
Faithful to every tint her wardrobe owns,  
Cast down upon the glistening earth below  
Such purple radiance of his orient beams,  
As, to proclaim approaching majesty,  
Call'd forth the winged heralds of the spring,  
Each in his gayest livery to attend,  
And wait upon the chariot of the Sun.  
Flora too then was lavish, and let fall,  
From her rich calathus, the sweet musk rose,  
With pinks that throw their fragrance all around,  
And primroses that sip the morning dew :  
Each daisy'd bank, each flowerenamelled dell



Was bordered with the purple violet,  
 And every tangled copse and valley green  
 Seem'd dotted with the snowdrop's little bloom,  
 Or else, where Hyacinth and Scilla met,  
 A lovelier blue rivall'd the azure sheen.  
 Well I remember, how the birds did sing  
 And poured their love notes from each blossom'd bough,  
 Filling the choral grove with melody,  
 Nor less shrewd Procne, round her slimy nest,  
 Twittering at morn beneath the cottage thatch,  
 Broke the sweet slumber of the village maid ;  
 While through the hollow and resounding dale  
 Narcissus fled from his loquacious bride.  
 Tis not so here : for all is hush'd around,  
 And Silence sits upon the mountain top,  
 Surveying her dull reign : not e'en the lark  
 From his high oratory in the clouds  
 Sings his rathe matin hymn ; but all is still,  
 At least if stillness can be fairly call'd  
 That which is often broken in upon  
 By the shrill clarion of the early cock,  
 Who taking this pale little wintry noon  
 For a long dawning, croweth all the day :  
 And then as fearful lest the murky night  
 Should favour the grim wolf or thievish fox  
 That skulks about the coops with hungry jaws,  
 He like a faithful centinel keeps watch,  
 And counts the long hours from the homestead lodge :  
 But to my task : for now the light of Phœbus  
 Hat stretch'd out the wide landscape, I must haste  
 And loose my flocks from their close wattled pens,  
 To browse about the sheepwalks ; faithful Hylax  
 Wakes now each shepherd with his honest bark,  
 But who comes hither : if mine eyes be true,

'Tis old Damoetus followed by his goats.  
 Yes, it is he : my eyes do not deceive ;  
 I know him by his sedgy mantle grey,  
 His measured step and crook worn out by age,  
 But most of all by Mopsus his old dog,  
 Whose shaggy hair, long ears, and eyes of fire,  
 So fit to light the lost kid home at night,  
 Can never be mistaken. Hail Damoetas !  
 It cheers me up, a kinsman thus to greet ;  
 But 'tis most strange that we should come together  
 On Syria's plains, who but the other evening,  
 In the fresh pastures of Arcadia ,  
 Batten'd our flocks with wholesome dews distill'd  
 From the moist nightcap of high Maenalus ;  
 Or under the dark shelter of his pines  
 Listen'd at noonday to the rustic pipe  
 Whereon fond Damon to his Phillis play'd.

*Da.* Good morrow, Shepherd, that soliloquy  
 Reach'd me before I knew from whence it came ;  
 For when thy song unconsciously call'd up  
 The mocking Echo from her airy cell,  
 To tell the tale to the responsive woods,  
 Unheeded, o'er the dewy spangled fields,  
 I drove my nibbling herds abroad to graze :  
 While turning by the base of you green hill,  
 Round which the sacred stream of Jordan flows,  
 A stray breeze from behind the bullrushes,  
 Stole forth at break of day, and took his course  
 Along the babbling windings of the flood,  
 With thy soft accents hanging on his wings,  
 When meeting me on the smooth water's edge ,  
 He wafted them to these my listening ears.  
 The voice half recollected, half forgot, —  
 For sudden change can work a queer confusion

In man's frail memory, at first I took  
 For one of those unseen and ominous tongues  
 That call the fated hearer by his name.  
 I startled; but at length o'er unjust fears  
 Firm confidence resum'd her wonted sway.  
 I do allow 'tis strange that we meet here  
 But less so truly than 'tis fortunate,  
 Yet O Menalcas, if I rightly ween,  
 Thou hast mistook the gist of chanticleer  
 Whose shrill and spiritstirring horn awoke  
 The Dryads from their mossy pillow'd couch  
 And shook the sear leaves from the wither'd oak.  
 It was not the sly fox nor grizzly wolf,  
 Nor roughpawd bear, nor spotted mountain pard  
 That mov'd the trumpeter of early morn  
 To break the silence of the midnight hour,  
 And put to flight the fickle train of dreams,  
 That follow feverish Morpheus through the night.—  
 But I must cut the thread of long discourse,  
 And seek some shadowy bower of beach or elm;  
 For these my weary limbs have need of rest.  
 But tell me, as we jog along the way,  
 Thy story and for why thou'rt hither come.

*M.* I was beguiled here by a radiant star,  
 Which, blazing in the chambers of the East,  
 I took for the fair beams of Phosphorus;  
 But it turn'd out a faint and wandering flame  
 Such as they say oft leads th'unwary hind  
 O'er quagmire bogs and quicksands insecure,  
 Bottomless sloughs and hills of ill repute,  
 Through briary tangled maze, or thorny brake,  
 Till in some whirlpool of foul jeopardy  
 It leaves him to bewail his misplac'd trust.  
 Lur'd by this light I closely followed on,

Till yesterday, when from the westering wheels  
 Of Phœbus' wain dim Darkness rose again,  
 And over all things his black pinions spread;  
 And then I laid me on a grassy bank  
 In deepest meditation, till the star,  
 Spreading it rays above yon humble roof,  
 Now stood as steadfast as the Cynosure,  
 Not even following the sluggish team  
 Which the old waggoner Boötes guides,  
 Marking his daily track about the pole,  
 As if he fear'd to touch th'Atlantic wave.  
 Sure it must be some fearful warning to us,  
 Some comet blazing forth a monarch's death,  
 Or a foreboding of dire thing to come;  
 Still the stroke falls less heavy when 'tis shar'd  
 By kindred shoulders, so we'll trudge together.

*D.* Let us repair then to yon antient well,  
 Where Israel's thirsting patriarch of yore  
 Quaff'd the cool water from Rebecca's pail.  
 I have oft heard that by that favour'd spring,  
 And drawing thencefrom all its nourishment,  
 A vine once grew of such a giant size,  
 That round the girdle of the very earth,  
 It twin'd its monstrous branches, and shot forth,  
 From either side, its suckers to the poles.  
 Beneath this tree and basking in its shade,  
 An old and haughty people used to dwell,  
 Whom Jove divided into twice six tribes,  
 In honour of those victories at Lerna  
 By Hercules o'er twelve fell monsters gained;  
 And to hand down to all posterity,  
 The labours of that day, the gods assigned  
 To these twelve tribes as many signs in Heaven,  
 Which in the circling Zodiac parcell'd out

Now gyrate with th'eternal welkin round.  
 But the great nations whom they represent  
 Scattered abroad like chaff before the wind,  
 Have lost their strength from union once deriv'd.  
 Still, like the cursed thistle or wild bramble  
 They rove where e'er rich pasturage be found,  
 And, though by each hand quickly rooted up,  
 Thy yet contrive to multiply, and flourish  
 By secret commerce of Pactolian ores.  
 Oft have I heard old Hermes tell the story  
 To Conon, on the wide Thessalian plain,  
 While watching by my flocks in summer's night.  
 And then, from his melodious sevenstring'd lute,  
 He drew such heavenly concords of sweet sound,  
 Such strains of soulentrancing harmony  
 As outdid all the music of the spheres.—  
 But we approach the fountain; so sit down  
 Under this canopy of palmy boughs,  
 And, when our weanling lambs have drunk their fill  
 And in their snowy fleeces lay at rest,  
 I will a wonderous tale to thee unfold.

*M.* Begin then; for th'impatient nymph Expectancy  
 On tiptoes stands upon my panting breast  
 Thrilling with ears erect and longing eyes.

*D.* I will commence; for these sweet crystal drops  
 Of recreant liquid have unlock'd the gates  
 Of Memory's storehouse and set free such thoughts  
 As in Oblivion's dark prison lay.  
 While musing, when a boy, upon a scroll  
 Mark'd with obscure and dingy characters  
 That my baulk'd reason could not understand  
 Nor wit decypher; suddenly a dove  
 Comely and bland as is Sithonian snow,  
 Hover'd with kestril pinions o'er my head



And dropp'd thereon some pure ethereal spirit,  
 And then I could interpret their import ;  
 To wit, that Pan the god of elements  
 Would, in obedience to some law divine,  
 Of Justice or of Mercy, I know not,  
 Consent again to dwell with us, and be  
 Our Master Shepherd ; that both Time and Space  
 Are held in requisition to this end—  
 That they should mould for him a human form  
 And make him take the figure of a man,  
 Till, by dire sufferance of mortal ills,  
 He should confer upon his faithful flocks  
 Th'enormous boon of endless happiness,  
 In realms where the bright daystar ceaseless shines  
 On nectar'd streams and pastures ever green.  
 I know not whether thou has yet to learn  
 A tale that the quaint Sybil used to tell,  
 When Ammon brought his Oracle from Thebes,  
 About the world's beginning, when the wilds  
 Of Nature were as yet unstained by sin  
 And every creature, man, beast, fish or fowl,  
 That filled the sea, the forest, or the air,  
 Bask'd under Freedom's smiles, fearless as yet  
 Of pain and death ; but, like great Jove himself,  
 Immortal and unconscious of all harm,  
 Enjoy'd the blessings of perpetual day,  
 In gardens of myrrh, aloës and cassia,  
 Whose luscious perfumes pall'd upon the sense,  
 Then every orange bush, and citron grove,  
 More comely than the bright Hesperian tree  
 Fann'd by the musky Zephyrus, at once  
 Bore the enamell'd flower and golden fruit,  
 To saturate each sense ; while all things living  
 Dwelt in sweet concord with themselves and man.

The brindled lioness and striped hyaena,  
 The speckled panther and the keeney'd lynx,  
 The tusked boar and rude rhinoceros  
 Might then be seen caressing the young lamb,  
 Or frolicking with the capricious kid.  
 While little children used to take a ride  
 On the huge elephant's long leathern trunk;  
 And oftentimes, shipp'd on a dolphin's back,  
 Would make their cruise upou the level brine,  
 To visit Tethys in her coral bed,  
 Or to review the sporting finny shoals  
 That skuttle on the billows: others yet  
 More venturesome would mount into the air,  
 In a rude basket carried up by swans  
 Or scarlet ibis or wisevisage'd owls:  
 When Cynthia stooping their embrace to meet  
 Saluted them beneath an amber cloud.  
 Then o'er the emerald lawns and borders trim  
 Set out with lilies and the amaranth,  
 Through groves that thrill'd with vocal humming birds  
 That in sweet cedar bowers made their nest,  
 By fountains pure, or beside placid ponds  
 Where lovely Nais combs her golden hair,  
 Sporting they roam, nor fear'd, at dewy fall,  
 The mildew blight, nor Eurus' fatal blast.  
 But under a perpetual sky serene  
 Unclouded save by Mornings dappled shawl  
 Or the greyhood which modest Evening wears  
 To hide her purple blushes from the Sun,  
 They ran about as merry as the motes  
 That frolic in Apollo's transient beams;  
 Or slept on pansie banks and beds of thyme  
 Lull'd to sweet dreams by the Hyblaeon bee  
 To care and pain and sickness yet unknown.

This was the state of Nature when she first  
 Burst forth from Chaos, by command of Jove.  
 And this her state is destin'd to return,  
 So soon as Pan, ripe in his fullgrown years,  
 Shall teach the shepherd her true laws again.  
 'Twas th'envious serpent sensuality,  
 Pride in his heart and in his sting conceal'd  
 Foul concupiscence, while his flattering tongue  
 Was false in words of glossing courtesy,  
 That did beguile our ancestors to taste  
 The flesh of animals by God forbidden,  
 Hence with a feverish and unbridled thirst  
 They suck'd the poison potion after potion  
 Till the whole body was become impure,  
 And therefore made th'inheritance of death.  
 Hence fever's heat, and shivering ague chills  
 Rheumatic limbs and foul polluted blood;  
 Nor to the sufferer were these ills confin'd  
 For each imparted to his partner's flesh  
 The cankerous stain and tainted the whole race.  
 And bred such monsters of disease and sin  
 As sage Lucina shuddered to behold.  
 Dame Nature soon herself was overthrown  
 And every creature felt the direful scourge,  
 Each preying on his neighbour's blood and bones  
 Till the wide world was one vast scene of war.  
 And then to perfect the anathema  
 Jove on each coupled pair this curse pronounc'd—  
 In sorrow ye shall bring your children forth  
 Heirs to each ill by parent sin entailed.  
 Nor shall this deadly stain be blotted out,  
 Till Terra shall again conceive by Coelus  
 And bring an Increment of Heaven on Earth  
 To restore Nature to her wonted course:

So Pan hath proffered his kind services  
 To take a mortal form, and dwell below.  
 But like all mortals he must die again  
 A violent death, and then th'affrighted world  
 Will all be panic struck, with direful signs,  
 But from the pastures new, which he shall sow  
 With the good seed, a tall unbrageous tree  
 Shall grow deep rooted in the mother earth,  
 With lofty boughs that out top Caucasus  
 And bear their golden fruits in Heaven itself.  
 The way thereto lays up the prickly bark  
 Of this tall tree ; and that the palmer true  
 May find his road to his last resting place,  
 Its rugged stem is round about entwinn'd  
 By the green mantling vine of which I spoke  
 That hangs its clustering grapes from every branch,  
 To nourish the faint pilgrim : now, Menalcas,  
 This is my story : and the cock that kept  
 His sleepless watch was posted as a sentry  
 To drive all evil spirits from this ground ;  
 And the faint beacon whose rays caught thy view  
 Is if I understand its due inport,  
 Brilliant as Berenice's spangled locks  
 Or the starr'd girdle of Andromeda :  
 Twas a lamp hung aloft by Mercury,  
 To guide us to the brith place of the God.  
 Let us then profit by this lucky chance  
 Which ominous Fortune in our way has thrown;  
 And now, in place of wondering thereat,  
 Haste to salute him with our rustic song.

*M.* I'm less surpris'd by promis'd reparation,  
 Than by the loss that made it necessary :  
 For how the high and nether Jupiter  
 Allwise and also allbeneficent,

Who by his fiat fashion'd countless suns  
 And pencil'd out with an unerring hand  
 The tracks of millions of revolving planets  
 That circle round them in just harmony,  
 Could be thus foil'd and baffled in his purpose,  
 By any force less potent than his own,  
 Is past my comprehension; yet the proof  
 Of some such dire catastrophe in seen  
 In every worm that rots upon the ground  
 And every fowl that falls from out the air;  
 But most of all in man, whose bright conceptions  
 Of sublime virtue and pure happiness  
 Are in their very buds so rudely nipped,  
 Like the ephemeral cistus in the spring  
 That the winds blast so soon as it is blown.  
 All things I ween are out of place Damœtas,  
 As if the springs of evil and disorder,  
 That in Cimmerian cave imprison'd were,  
 Had been set free by some damn'd friendish hand  
 And let loose on the elements of good,  
 With all the horrid shapes that breed therein  
 The curling watersnake and poison'd asp  
 Dread Hydra and the rattled cockertrice  
 And those infernal and souldarkening powers  
 Pride lust and avarice the spawn of hell.

*D.* But hold : from yonder mountain's pebbly sides  
 Two young philosophers with eager steps  
 Are making out the crossway to this place,  
 Philostratus and Pyrrho, as I wist,  
 The sophist and the sceptic hand in hand.  
 Guided by sage Palæmon, who they say,  
 From his long tour to Ganges and the Nile,  
 Returns full frighted with rich Indian lore  
 I'll hail him, to make company with us,  
 And he tonight shall be our oracle.



SCENE II.—*Shepherds are seen assembling towards fall of day; and after folding their flocks, conversing together:— Lucian enters.*

*M.* Lucian I greet ye well : and now I trust  
Thy long sojournment in far distant climes  
Hath made thee wise in all things necessary  
For our instruction in this doubtful quest  
Of a deliverer so long foretold.  
Say by what compass thou hast hither steered,  
And then by what just steps we may aspire  
To pay due homage to the Infant God?

*Lu.* How little one man know anothers means  
Or kens the instincts that kind Nature gives :  
My compasses have been the young moon's horns  
Crescent or waning, and my only loadstar  
The golden pin which envious Juno snatched  
From her own bosom and therewith impale'd  
Fair Helice to a fix'd point in heaven.  
Tis by Calisto's tail I find my way  
To Scythian snows or Lybia's burning sands;  
With much more sure and prosperous enterprize,  
That these who follow after comet's tails !

*M.* I find that learned travellers are apt  
To make a jest of those who toil at home;  
But if thou canst be serious, and the joy  
Of meeting friends hath not made judgment drunk,  
And change'd instruction to a bantering fop,  
Thou will resolve the question I have made.

*Lu.* Knows't thou the drift of all this wondrous story  
Or to what end this pilgrimage be made  
It is unwise unless ye comprehend  
The manner of the thing, to give it credence,  
However I will bear you company.

*Phil.* I'm puzzl'd by thy mode of reasoning,

For how can we with senses limited  
 Embrace the scope of such a mystery ?  
 No power can call on me to understand  
 That which outstrides the range of human ken;  
 But if we place due trust in oracles  
 And humbly think our understanding frail,  
 Faith will instruct us where weak Reason fails  
 And teach us things too vast to understand.

*Pyrrho.* I must esteem'd that doctrine paradox  
 Which makes the little comprehend the great.  
 And while tis ever ready to allow  
 That Jove hath given us reason to employ  
 On all things ; bids us shut that reason out  
 Of questions that are of most consequence.

*Phil.* It is the function, Pyrrho, of all oracles  
 With a prophetic and unerring tongue  
 To utter truths which baffle humble reason.  
 But there is yet a mode, to try their worth  
 And measure their validity thereby,  
 Without recourse to our own scanty wit ;  
 Tis to consult the page of history

*Luc.* You mean that test which prudent cooks employ,  
 The pudding's proof which in its eating lies.

*Phil.* You always laugh, but laughing you have hit  
 My meaning : for, what fool would go to Delphos  
 If history had prov'd the prophet false.  
 But the great mystery in this doth lie,  
 That there must virtue be in him who asks  
 As well as in the oracle consulted :  
 The stool whereon prophetic Pythia sits  
 Is a mysterious tripod, whose three legs  
 Are by Faith, Hope and Charity endow'd  
 With all their force and virtue to support  
 The weight of so much knowledge, and the hole

Central to all, through which the Stygian fumes  
 Arise and mingle with her placed breath  
 Cast up to Heavend when she woul, fain inspire  
 Jove's hidden truth, and give it to the world,  
 Is a dark grove from the Tartarean pit  
 Wisely contriv'd that fear might balance hope  
 And hold th'unsteady mind in a just poise.  
 She to whom Jove has giv'n command o'er all,  
 From her high office, men have Justice called,  
 But, from her known abode among the stars,  
 The Gods above Astræa have yclept.  
 And, if I rightly guess the holy scheme  
 Of this great mystery, she is entrusted  
 With restitution of the golden age.  
 After the crimes of this our sinworn world  
 Shall by due penitence be purge'd away.  
 And then again the lion with the lamb  
 Shall lie in sweet composure; nor shall man  
 Who hath so long been all creation's curse  
 Have farther power to slay and oppress;  
 Or right to rob the swink'd bee's gather'd stores  
 Or steal the milk from the new weaned calf.  
 If such a right exist, which I much question,  
 Tis by permission of vindictive Justice,  
 That Jove's offending people may be scourge'd :  
 For every drop of stolen milk, or blood  
 That from a living vein has e'er been drawn,  
 To glut man's hungry paunch, is but allowd  
 To enter into human composition,  
 That it may breed therein a thousand ill.  
 Thus while the Goddess walks the battle field  
 And tramples on the unjust warrior's neck,  
 She bears the poison'd vial in her hands  
 For every glutton's throat; while to the few

To whom strict Virtue gives the golden key  
 Of Health's abundant storehouse, she consents  
 To grant her favours, as encouragement  
 To persevere in honour to the end.

*Phil.* I am resolv'd to hear all arguments.  
 And to reserve the right of due reply.  
 But see from youder cloud the dew descends  
 And the long shadows warn us to depart,  
 If we intend by break of early dawn  
 To reach our destination ; it were better  
 When on the road, our converse to resume.  
 But e'er we set out on this pilgrimage  
 Let us right well disccorn our course, and first  
 What is our just position at this time,  
 Palæmon be thou our geographer.

*Pal.* Yon lofty cone whose distant peak reflects  
 The golden light of Hesper's evening rays,  
 Is Oreb's little hill, and farther east  
 Mount Sinai rears aloft his sacred head ;  
 Turn to the south and Edom's rugged pass  
 Obstructs the sight ; there Moab's slimy pool,  
 The washpot of the mighty thunderer,  
 With Ephraim and Manasseh are discerned.  
 Those long defiles of high and shady palms  
 Conduct from the farfame'd Jerusalem,  
 To the green banks of Jordan's healing stream,  
 From whence they lead on, by an eastern route,  
 To fertile fields perfum'd wth spicy blooms  
 Of asphodel and rose of Jericho.  
 Where the old town, from whence they take their name,  
 Presents its mouldering battlements to view.  
 Our way is 'twixt you gently rising slopes  
 Which lay between us and the gilded spokes  
 Of the Sun's chariot wheels now hastening

From the red mottled west to Ocean's bed.  
 Twere better e'er he draws his curtains dim,  
 While yet mild Evening smiles upon the plain,  
 To steer our onward course; lest envious Night,  
 In her dark lantern should shut up the stars,  
 Or leave us, muffled in a dingy mist,  
 To grope our way in this untrodden path;  
 We have yet time; for I can still discern  
 Daphni's rich flocks in slanting windrows lay  
 Spotting the smoothcrop'd lawns of lively green,  
 While the clear azure welkin over head,  
 Speckled with fleecy clouds, seems to reflect  
 In its bright mirror the white sheep below.  
 High on yon ridge beneath the radiant star  
 Is Bethlehem; and thither is our course.

*Da.* Let us take Time then by his forelock gray  
 And hasten outward as the star directs.

*Luc.* Tis not Time's forelock, but the fetlock truly  
 Of the wing'd horse that yon must now hold fast,  
 If you be bent on such an airy flight,  
 Or the rams horns who bore the golden fleece  
 Whereon the venturing Phryxus made his voyage;  
 Who, overloaded with fair Helle's weight,  
 Down toppled her into the Pontic flood.

*M.* One might as well attempt to manicle  
 The hundred handed Gyges, or to catch  
 The slippery Carpathian soothsayer  
 Great Proteus and fast bind him in a noose,  
 As to hold thee in solid argument.  
 But see o'er yonder steep the colour'd bow:—  
 Come then; bright Iris, in a honied shower,  
 With thy wet skirts and dewy slipper'd feet  
 Press these parch'd lips, and passing let me suck  
 The fringe of thy aroma dripping train.



SCENE III. *A wide area, shepherds, magi and others assembled debate whether to proceed or to turn back. Pyrrho speaks and Philostratus replies; and the procession moves forward.*

*Me.* The question is, whether to bend our course  
 To Bethlehem, or homeward to return : —  
 It seems a tedious task for weary steps,  
 And fraught with danger ; for the drowsy Night  
 Hath drawn her ebon curtains round the pole,  
 Savewhere she peeps through the light southern window  
 Over Orion's shoulders, and invites  
 Aldebaran and the rainy Hyades,  
 To shed on us their ill betiding beams.  
 The wetwinged Zephyrus e'er break of day  
 Will pour his urn upon our desert road,  
 I mark'd the heifer just at folding time,  
 With wide uplifted nostrils, sniff the air ;  
 The swallow dipp'd her wings into it lake,  
 And the hoarse frog croak'd loudly from the pool.  
 If storms and darkness should our portion be,  
 We have no force to meet such obstacles,  
 Nor guide to lead us through this labyrinth  
 Of tangled woods and ways unknown before.

*Da.* The star of Bethlehem be then our pilot  
 And courage shall a ready shield provide.

*Me.* What power have we arm'd with a shepherd's crook,  
 To cope with the night thief's twoedged sword?

*Da.* He who has conscience for his counsellor  
 Needs not the quiver'd Mede's unerring dart,  
 Nor the steel mantling of the warrior's mail.  
 What force had David who Goliah slew,  
 Except the strength that Heaven vouchsaf'd to him ?

*Me.* I know not whom you thus would designate.

*Da.* I mean the great man whom the small one slew.

*Me.* Was he of human form or giant growth?

*Da.* His knapsack were a cradle for an ox ;  
His head a battering ram, and his long arms  
Were catapultas fit to hurl a rock !  
Yet Mars to David turn'd the chance of war !

*Me.* Perhaps, though puny, he had greater strength,  
A swifter steed, or longer pointed spear ?

*Da.* Nay ; twas a pebble from a slender sling  
That was embedded in the monster's front  
The battle is not always with the strong  
Nor is the race for ever with the swift ;  
Justice, as umpire, over both presides,  
And, just as Virtue drops in either scale  
The meritorious balance, she decides !

*Me.* There is an envious ruler, as I'm told,  
The enemy of shepherds who lays wait,  
With murderous knife, to slay the infant Pan :  
With this intent he every male condemns  
To hasty death, so soon as he be born ;  
And, Saturn like, spills his own childrens blood :  
Should we encounter him or his damn'd crew,  
What power shall guide the sword in our defense ?

*Da.* The same that guided Jaël's treacherous hands  
To drive the fatal nail through Sisera's head.  
The same that strung Diana's dreaded bow,  
Whose shaft transfix'd Orion's proferr'd heart !  
The same, if I may great with small compare,  
That threw the Giants' mountain ladder down,  
Wherewith they hoped to scale the walls of Heaven,  
And beard the Gods in their strong castlehold.  
With this intent, a dire rebellious gang  
Rolled massive Ossa on broad Pelion's base  
And steeped high Olympus over all.  
But what avail'd strong Mimas, rude Typhœus,

Rhoecus, or thy audacious sling, Enceladus,  
 Or dread Porphyryon's unmeasured lance ?  
 So soon as blueeyed Pallas took the field,  
 Their tinkling arrows from her aegis fell  
 Powerless and spent upon the earth below ;  
 Till fierce Electra shot her firey bolt  
 And hurl'd the mighty Babel to the ground.  
 The Logos then with drew his patronage  
 From kindred folks, now to each other dumb  
 And Nature's tongue became a polyglot.  
 The swond of Justice is o'er all, Menalcas ;  
 She bears the balance on her lily neck ;  
 One side supports the Amalthæan horn  
 To pour sweet nard and cassia on the just :  
 But bitter wormwood fills the other scale.  
 Her form is beauty in strict symetry,  
 Sweet in her smiles to those who smiles deserve,  
 She bears in her white hands the torturing scourge,  
 Ready for Naughtiness that needs the lash,  
 And treads on Vice with adamantine heels.

*Me.* Thy picture bids me put my armour on  
 And girdle these weak loins with Virtue's zone.

*Da.* But yet I see that squinteyed Hesitation  
 Stands by thy side and rocks thy trembling frame.

*Me.* The mind is willing but the body weak.

*Da.* Duty knows but one straight and certain path :  
 All deviation from the right is wrong :  
 Range with thy comrades and bid coy Excuse  
 Take flight and mix her fumes into the wind.

*Me.* But what have we, who lay in shepherd's huts  
 And on the turf take our low bolstered sleep,  
 To do with Pan and his high vaulted seat ?  
 When we, at morn, raise our rushpillow'd heads,  
 Tis fitter on some quaint unfashion'd reed

To carol Pales and invite the Fawns  
 With cloved feet to dance about the fold,  
 Than with ambition, illbecoming hinds,  
 To swell the chorus of this serenade.

*Da.* When Enterprize an arduous task propounds  
 The coward sneaks into a cockle shell,  
 There with Humility secure to bide,  
 And hide from public gaze his wreathless brow.

*Me.* Those words, of thine Damœtas, were too hard!  
 For, putting peril or success aside,  
 Such homage as this pilgrimage proposes,  
 For lowly courtiers is too high a suit.

*Da.* Does then the eagle from her lofty nest  
 Mount higher than the lowly roosted lark?  
 The humblest prayers are of the most effect,  
 To bring Heaven's highest favours down to earth.

*Pal.* Before we start, the two philosophers  
 Philostratus and Pyrrho, each in turn,  
 One for and one against this pilgrimage,  
 By general consent, are to be heard:  
 And I, by universal acclamation  
 Am constituted the deciding judge.

*Pyrrho.* I claim the right then to unseal my lips  
 And deal my crude thoughts out in argument  
 And first I do object to this our errand,  
 That it is fraught with danger to sound sense  
 And that is doth involve us in belief  
 Of doctrines full of dangerous casuistry,  
 I am disposed to doubt of every thing  
 That to th' immortal gods relation bears.  
 First, if Jove be eternal, as tis said  
 And which t'were hard to gainsay, for, I ween  
 From empty nothing, nought can emanate,  
 The universe must be eternal too;

For I can scarce conceive of Jupiter  
 A bare existence without life or form,  
 And then if we admit the universe  
 Eternal, it may hold, within itself,  
 The active causes of its own effects :  
 Nature proclaims the power which doth inhere  
 In matter to produce her changing forms :  
 All that we call the world's phenomena,  
 Whether of vegetation, life or mind,  
 May, from the various mixtures of these atoms  
 From earths great laboratory be evolved !  
 How little do we mortals comprehend  
 Of matter's essence and of motion's laws,  
 Or know, pent up in this close pifold here,  
 Mere babies in the lap of Cybele,  
 Of those wide fields and regions infinite  
 That beyond Night's starspangled curtain lie !  
 Let Fancy permeate the Milky Way  
 And pass the boundary of visible worlds,  
 And the wide plain of this vast starry host,  
 That bright Urania in her cincture holds ;  
 Can she descry the limits of creation,  
 Or say what countless planets may revolve  
 Round suns eternally in boundless space ?  
 Or what varieties of living forms  
 Inhabit them ! Or count the combinations  
 Of each with all, through endless ages drawn,  
 Destin'd by Jove and Nature to complete  
 The changes of the polymorphous whole ?  
 Myriads of clusters, groupes, and nebulae,  
 Whose light will never reach our little orb,  
 May sustain worlds in regions without end.  
 If, from the blue sky's mighty vault of suns  
 Central to globes and comets like our own



With the rings, moons and satellites of each,  
 Which strict analogy has clearly prov'd  
 To be possess'd of their inhabitants  
 Proportion'd to their place and magnitude,  
 We turn our eyes to the earth's mouldering shell ;  
 We find that Nature people's every leaf  
 And waterdrop with nations as important,  
 When they be set before Infinity,  
 As those which chance to bear the name of man ;  
 And quite as great in Jove's allseeing eyes  
 Are the innumerable insects of the ground,  
 As the huge whale or great Leviathan  
 Nor is a beehive less than mighty Rome !  
 To all he gives to live their little day,  
 Weave their small crowns, and in their tiny sphere  
 To wield their sceptres and to wage their wars :  
 E'en Vesta's fumy breath is not bereft  
 Of its inhabitants; and in each tear,  
 Which Niobe o'er her lost children sheds,  
 Whole tribes of animalcula rejoice :  
 So rife is Nature with intelligence !  
 If then we mortals do so little ken  
 Of the productive nisus that resides  
 In earth's fresh mixtures and newmodell'd forms,  
 Why should we hastily deny the power  
 Of subtile matter to engender mind !?  
 The external world is but a change of forms,  
 Of which the senses are the witnesses  
 And though there must be cause for each effect,  
 We neither know its origin nor scope.  
 As far as our experience can judge,  
 And barring doubts about external things,  
 The particles of matter always change,  
 And the same molleccules which yesterday

Compos'd fair Cytherea's form divine,  
 May ee'r tomorrow be the life of worms,  
 So the burnt ashes from the hero's urn,  
 Spread on the earth, supply the verdant grass,  
 Which in its turn become the food of kine :  
 Twas thus that Io changed her beauteous shape  
 And took the outward likeness of a cow :  
 That Baucis and Philemon changed to trees,  
 And Leda was by downy plumes embraced.  
 What are the tales that fabling Naso tells  
 But metamorphoses of matter's forms ?  
 Nor is imagination overstrained  
 By thinking that the sentient mind itself,  
 If it be one and individual,  
 May, as the wise Pythagoras hath taught,  
 Change its clay habitation, when we die ;  
 And the same soul, which now gives Tully life,  
 May once have animated Socrates ?  
 Or at some point of time still more remote  
 Have been the little firefly's living spark !  
 But putting all objection well aside  
 To spirit's domination over matter,  
 Admitting too that the Omnipotent  
 Exists with all his tributary Gods,  
 It is profane in man to arrogate  
 Nature's exclusive favours to himself,  
 Or to suppose that allcreative Pan  
 Can, on mere human errand, come to earth,  
 To drink the bitter draught of Lethe's wave  
 Man, the hard taskmaster of every beast,  
 The general oppressor whose vile hand  
 Taints what it touches, like the cankerworm,  
 Had he free will, as you would fain pretend,  
 Could lay no claim to heaven's prerogative,

Bred, like each kindred brute, of flesh and blood,  
 Like them the sport of Fortune's luckless wheel,  
 And just as they are, heir to certain death,  
 While, during life, he is their common curse,  
 Man has no right to clench that fabled key  
 That opens an exclusive paradise.  
 I know that there are systems numberless  
 Which Plato and the stoic school have fram'd  
 To explain all things and to give to God  
 Imperial rule o'er Nature wide domain,  
 But it is vain to place Jove fate above.  
 Can we, by any straining of hard thoughts,  
 Conceive his power o'er past phenomena ?  
 That which is yet in embryo may still  
 Be by some power directed ; but the past  
 Which the fleet Hours have whirled away from sense  
 Is no more in the grasp of Gods or men.  
 Therefore there is a law above volition :  
 And I demand from whence it be derived ?  
 What boots it to deduce from Night's dark womb  
 Clotho and Lachesis and Atropos,  
 If Erebus the parent's birth be lost  
 In the dark shadows of eternal Chaos ?  
 Another thing which baffles more my strength  
 Of comprehension, is the alledged free will  
 Of man, endow'd with power to rebel,  
 With stinted force, against Omnipotence !  
 Had the swift Atalanta then the choice  
 To crush or to pick up the tempting fruit ?  
 How could creation move in harmony,  
 If Discord, without cause and free from fate,  
 Could throw her apple midst the peaceful crowd ?  
 Nature would have no sway, if man were free  
 To break her laws, by dint of mere caprice !  
 Therefore I hold this but a fond conceit ;

Nor lay the flattering unction to my soul  
 That I, by virtue of a hermit's life,  
 Could any boon insure to merit due.  
 These are but nursery tales by knaves impress'd  
 On the soft mould of childhood's tender mind,  
 With fell intent its reason to forestall,  
 And cast the fashion of the future thoughts !  
 What shepherd's ear hath not suck't in the song  
 Of Eden's garden and the Golden Age,  
 The tempter Serpent and forbidden fruit,  
 The leaf of Lotos, and the Orphic egg;  
 And all which followed of mysterious tale  
 Which Indian Brahma first Ægyptus taught  
 And wily Moses in his bondage learn'd.  
 And though tis difficult to well discern  
 Which version of this text be orthodox;  
 Yet the main doctrine is spread far and wide.  
 Twas but the other night the Mantuan bard  
 To his Thalia the strange story told,  
 Invoking Pollio for a just return  
 Of all these fairy and fictitious times.  
 There was an unction in his charming verse  
 That fill'd the spongy air with its illusion,  
 And bound all hearers in a magic spell,  
 And as smooth Mincius on his vocal flood  
 Bore the quaint numbers, Syrinx stood entranced  
 Upon the rushy fringed banks, and sang,  
 From her soft fluty reeds, a sweet response,  
 Till all the mountains murmurr'd loud applause.  
 These idle tales which came from out the East  
 The Tyrian sailors spread along the coast  
 Of Palestine, and Cadmus brought to Greece;  
 Where old Musæus worked them into rhymes,  
 Which Hesiod made funny stories of,

To cheer his friends in the long Attic nights ;  
 And priests and beldames have reëchoed them.  
 In times when oracles were listen'd to,  
 Men nothing knew of the bright stars of heaven,  
 But as of lanterns made to throw their light  
 On the lorn pilgrim and illumine his path :  
 The Moon's face was regarded as a glass,  
 To cast the sunbeams back again to earth.  
 Then Pride in her conceit did vainly think  
 That the whole world was for her species made ;  
 Hope wash'd her dim eyes in the Hippocrene,  
 And on the wings of Pegasus took flight,  
 And bore her dupes, in fancy, to the skies !  
 In time, the priests and learned sorcerers  
 Of Memphis, Balbec and of Babylon,  
 A vicious interest in these fables found,  
 To hold the spelbound soul of man in awe,  
 That, mask'd in shrewd pretense of hallowed ends,  
 They might preach Heaven and plunder us on Earth.  
 Hence Pluto and the dark Tartarean den,  
 The boat of Charon and the Stygian stream,  
 In regions where the unquench'd furnace burns.  
 There the tir'd Sisyphus' unceasing toils,  
 Ixion on his torturing wheel revolves,  
 And the Danaïdes their water pour  
 Into the leaky tub that never fills.  
 There poor Eurydice, whose luckless step  
 Had kill'd the sinuous serpent, in the grass,  
 Now expiates the sin of her mischance :  
 Midst all that wealth enrich'd or beauty grac'd,  
 That had not paid their ransom to the priest.—  
 These stories are a coin, to wily knaves,  
 Too precious, for philosophers to filch ;  
 They paid the supper bill of greedy Bel,



And gave Melchisedech the Dragon's mess.  
 But the time comes when Science in her march  
 Shall triumph o'er delusion, and set free  
 Th'imprison'd soul, and then resume her sway.  
 I deny nothing barely possible;  
 All I assert is man's deep ignorance,  
 And that the only thing we really know,  
 Is the unwelcome truth, that we know nought!  
 Oft when I think of these vast arguments  
 Conception swells too big and bursts herself,  
 And from her broken womb my wandering thoughts  
 Fall down into confusion's puzzling maze;  
 And then I doubt the truth of every thing,  
 And think myself a lonely monad placed  
 Amidst a shadowy theatre of forms  
 That have no being outward to myself,  
 Which, like the false dreams of a feverish brain,  
 Will shortly end in an eternal sleep.  
 'Tis better then to pass life's little day  
 With Amaryllis in her shady bower,  
 Or follow Dian to the mountain side,  
 With rosy health by temperance sustain'd;  
 And season Nature's boon with sweet content;  
 Leaving to ill sustain'd Theology,  
 To chase her shadows and invent her dreams.  
 When I see good men flourish, just men sway,  
 And Virtue only wear the laurel crown;  
 When the toil'd ox shall range the field at ease,  
 When the tir'd ass secure a quiet stall,  
 And suffering Nature find a resting place;  
 Then will I clasp my palms, and on bent knees,  
 To a just God will chant my orison.  
 But, as we'r far from such a state of bliss,  
 I move that we return to whence we came.

*Phil.* Pyrrho thy blast of cold philosophy,  
 And the dread voice which hath thy doubts convey'd,  
 Would freeze the boiling Indus in his bed,  
 Shrink up his ebbing tide with icy crust,  
 And turn the flood back to its mountain source.  
 But thou has spoken, sceptic, and I rise,  
 With right reserv'd, to tender my response :—  
 And first I call attention to the fact,  
 That Nature, handmaid of the unseen Jove,  
 Announces his creative power to us,  
 And all things outward to the mind itself,  
 By means of our frail senses; but the man  
 Who distrusts these, and doubts their evidence,  
 Questions the Word Divine who speaks to him.  
 And he who seeks for proof of simple truth,  
 Is, like the dog who at the shadow caught,  
 And dropp'd the bone already in his mouth.  
 If thou wilt try, by dint of reasoning,  
 To prove such things as are selfevident,  
 Thy arguments must fall, for want of base;  
 For proof is but recourse to evidence;  
 And where that fail, our reason is at fault!  
 The external world, to each mind once created,  
 Is slowly, through the means of living organs,  
 By Jove announc'd, who says expressively—  
 I AM THAT WHICH I AM, unquestion'd truth!  
 But when we grapple with first principles,  
 We eat the poison of forbidden fruit,  
 Which bringeth death to our intelligence!  
 When e'er Philosophy would ramble wide  
 And wander in that metaphysic maze  
 Whose centre the fair tree of knowledge crowns,  
 She needs the sleepless watch of Argus eyes,  
 To keep the bounds that Nature hath prescribed,

And check her perilous and daring steps.  
 Those golden apples of such tempting hue,  
 Grown in the garden of the Hesperides,  
 That wrinkly wizard Nereus had convey'd,  
 From Juba's shores, in his piratic bark,  
 Lost their sweet savour in a foreign soil,  
 Nor could Minerva self their sap preserve,  
 And therefore quickly took them back again,  
 And laid them underneath the parent tree.  
 There are rich fruits and flowers enough around  
 The guarded precincts of this hallow'd plant ;  
 Among which Science may luxuriate :  
 The russet orchard and the orange grove  
 Are hers : but if she touch the fruit forbid,  
 Th'avenging angel drives her from the soil,  
 Into the darksome cavern of Despair.  
 Twas in this horrid cave thou didst conceive  
 The frightful notion of monentity,  
 And thought thyself a solitary being  
 Amidst a theatre of shadowy forms !  
 Who cannot draw a fearful argument,  
 From our vain dreams, against th' external world ;  
 If, by perversion of philosophy,  
 He will confound the visions of light sleep,  
 Caused by the unsound workings of the brain,  
 With their true archetypes, those waking thoughts  
 Which are the heralds of external things ?  
 But, Pyrrho, while the expansive mind remain  
 Lock'd up in this dim nook of mortal flesh,  
 All things appear as in a darkened glass,  
 Known but in part, or like obscure reflections  
 Of brighter beings in a world unseen.  
 But when the bubble burst, th'imprison'd soul,  
 Loos'd from her bondage and set free to roam

Thought realms ethereal, will return to God,  
 From whom she sprang; and then like him will see  
 All things in just relation; and their parts,  
 Which now seem so disjointed or unformed,  
 May, when the mighty whole be viewed at once,  
 Appear compact in perfect harmony.

Be it our care to keep the mind in poise :  
 Some men too little, some too much descry :  
 Thou seest no heaven; Orestes saw two suns,  
 And doubled Thebes, while thou denied the world.  
 The soul of man sits on a dangerous perch,  
 Betwixt two deep ravines of jeopardy,  
 There ravening Superstition, on her right,  
 Is prompt to push her into one abyss :—  
 Or brooding Scepticism, on the left,  
 So buffets her with her dark prickly plumes,  
 That she drops lifeless in the chasm below.

I now come to thy second argument,  
 And frankly must confess that Good and Evil  
 Strangely knit hands and seem to be in league  
 To hold divided empire o'er the mind!  
 There seems, too, an unequal distribution  
 Of pain and ease in this perplexed world.  
 Some roll through life in Pleasure's sensual mire,  
 Like groveling swine, and guttle to the end.  
 Some seem by undeserved chance, to get  
 Their worthless heads into the wishing cap  
 Of Fortunatus : others Midas like  
 With conjurer's fingers turn all things to gold !  
 How easy for some seeming unskill'd hands  
 To cut the Gordian knot ; or to smooth out  
 The snaky tangles of Medusa's locks,  
 While oft the tried and too confiding friend  
 Shall slip the shirt of Nessus on his back,

And pay, for one ill omen'd and false step,  
 The woeful penance of a careworn life!  
 But who can foresee the designs of Heaven,  
 Or say that what we hastily call evil,  
 From our impatience of its irksomeness,  
 May not be yet the instrument of good.  
 Thinkst thou the brood of ills that bitter life  
 Are all without their virtues?—some are sent  
 Not as the messengers of angry Jove,  
 But with the high commission to fulfil,  
 To test our metal and to try our worth.  
 Ee'n soaring Genius from his flights would fall,  
 If want should cease to urge th'unwilling mind!  
 When Argo cruises for a golden prize  
 Care with her thistly falcion boards the deck,  
 Climbs the high mast and guides the steersman's helm.  
 She bade Triptolemus invent the plough,  
 Weed the green corn and bind the yellow sheaves.  
 She moves the shuttle and directs the loom:  
 And when the flowery mead invites the swain,  
 She follows sharpening the whetted scythe,  
 Fells the long grass and rakes the haycock round,  
 Till the new stack shall crown her sweating brow.  
 Care rocks the cradle, Care the toga wears,  
 Sharpens the spear, and polishes the shield:  
 Care breaks the merchant's sleep and haunts his dreams;  
 Care trims the torch of Hymen, rears the child,  
 Silvers the old man's beard, and shaves his head;  
 And leaves him folded in his winding sheet!  
 It was to soften Care and sooth her pains,  
 That Jubal strung the harp and fill'd the world  
 With the sweet solace of concordant sounds:  
 It was to ease her watch o'er pristine flocks,  
 That Jabal did inflate the pastoral reed,



That Corydon now whistles, Thyrsis sings :  
 Nor, were it not for courtships careful suit,  
 Would Philomel enchaunt us with her song  
 And fill with melody the twilight grove!  
 Thou hast not shown just cause why we arraign  
 Kind Providence for these our earthly pains :  
 No one denies that the whole span of life  
 Is a woof spun of threads of black and white :  
 But this, admitting God's beneficence,  
 And power unlimited to do his will,  
 At best, but points to some last resting place,  
 When or where matters not, in which our ills  
 Shall be succeeded by a state of bliss.  
 For we may argue thus : such attributes  
 As boundless power and goodness unconfined  
 Must, of their very essence, vanquish evil.  
 Our pains may be but officers of vengeance  
 Sent from the seat of Justice, as a scourge ;  
 But when, her penitential tribute paid,  
 We shall be perfect made by sufferance,  
 Then will care cease to canker every joy  
 The thorn will perish on the living rose,  
 And pain dissolve in pleasure unalloyed !  
 I grant thee that if Mercy have a seat  
 At Jove's high council table, where he sits,  
 In Trinal Unity, to frame his laws ;  
 There must be compensation for the pain  
 Which every animal is doom'd to bear,  
 Whether subjected to man's cursed sway,  
 Or free to roam the forest unrestrained,  
 In this mysterious vale of tears below !  
 Oft when the labour'd ox o'er come with toil  
 Drops in the furrow ; when the trammell'd horse  
 Falls with his rider on the field of war,

Or the fond dog, with more than human sense,  
 Aged and timeworn on a muckheap laid  
 Like poor old Argos dies without reward,  
 For his long services and faithful watch,  
 I feel the antient doctrine to be just  
 Which Brahma to the Indian prophets taught,  
 That beasts as well as men have angel guards  
 Ready hereafter to avenge their wrongs  
 And wipe the tears of sorrow from their eyes.  
 Why should not every creature rise again  
 And be, as their Creator is, immortal?  
 If prophets truly speak, all lost their right  
 To immortality by man's disgrace,  
 Doom'd like himself to turn again to dust,  
 And fatten the curs'd ground whereon they fed!  
 Therefore it seems sound reason to conclude  
 That they like man shall be restor'd again;  
 Tis not a thought of Fancy's fickle brain  
 That every creature, bird, beast, fish or fly,  
 Shall rise to an immortal state of bliss,  
 Tis a deduction which Philosophy  
 From Gods own attributes is free to draw,  
 And which the universal voice of men,  
 In every clime, from Thebes to Thule's isle  
 Hath well confirm'd by their wise oracles.  
 This holy doctrine of eternal being,  
 Whose origin in time's vast night is lost,  
 Must be coëval with our lot of death.  
 Forwhocould brook the thought that life's queerdream  
 Would end in sleep eternal, and live on?  
 Would man not rather do the work himself  
 Of the three sisters, and divide the thread  
 By which the Parcæ tie him to existence,  
 And sink at once its follies and its pains

In the abyss? Who could consent to live,  
 Tenant at will, without inheritance,  
 In such a shadowy and uncertain world;  
 Where every thing man sets his heart upon  
 Or deems his own, is rudely snatch'd away;  
 And in direct proportion as he prizes  
 Each object dear, and on it plumes himself,  
 Fate marks it as her prey, and bears it off,  
 On falcon's wings, to her unknown abode!  
 Thus Hector from Andromache was torn  
 Because he lov'd her, and she sooth'd his cares,  
 While that old shrew Xantippe long was spared  
 To try th'endurance of her patient lord.  
 Had Hero forecast her Leander's doom  
 Would she have beacon'd him o'er Hellespont?  
 Nay, sweet Musæus, thou would have recorded  
 Not love but suicide: for they would rather  
 Have plunged together in the fatal flood!  
 While here on life's rough sea our bark is tossed  
 The expectation of some rest to come,  
 Some harbour safe, or bay of rich delights  
 Sustains our labour'd arms to ply the oar.  
 But if our prospect were the watery grave,  
 And Hope at our sheet ancre stood no more,  
 What hand would set the braces, reef a sail,  
 Or rig a jurymast: t'were better far  
 To run our skiff right smack against a rock,  
 And bid her sable pennant be her shroud.  
 When Epimetheus op'ed the fatal box  
 Of rich Pandora, charged with every woe,  
 Right well he knew the past with evil fraught,  
 And shut the lid in time to stay young Hope;  
 Her he detain'd with amorous dalliance  
 To be the solace of his anxious hours;

Her sweet ambrosial kisses seal'd his lips ;  
 And press'd in her entrancing fond embrace,  
 He drank the vital nectar from her eyes,  
 And for a moment lost the sense of ill.  
 But when Prometheus, who the future knew,  
 Spurn'd the rich presents offer'd by the Gods,  
 They angry, bound him to the granite rock  
 Of Caucasus ; that there the vulture's beak  
 Should gnaw his liver to the end of time :  
 Nor was he thence released till he foretold  
 That Thetis should produce a mighty son,  
 More potent than his father, to bring back  
 The age of gold and rule the world in peace !  
 To this dilemma, Pyrrho, we are come ;  
 Either tradition's oracles are true,  
 Or, being false, for aught than man can tell,  
 Life's meteor flame may soon dissolve itself  
 In airy mist that leaves no rack behind.  
 This thought would paralyze strong Sampson's back  
 And make him let the gates of Gaza fall :  
 If cannot be ! I feel, within, a spark  
 An undivided consciousness of mind ,  
 Compar'd with which the universal mass  
 Of matter sinks to something less than nought.  
 Substance, if such there be, may change its forms,  
 And from the site of Nineveh may spring  
 A desert wood the den of hungry wolves ;  
 Ecbatana may change her sevenfold walls  
 For the rude pens of Scythian robber's flocks.  
 And Babylon may crumble to the dust :  
 Palmyra with her marble pillar'd fanes  
 May be a mass of columns ruinous  
 And frown upon the desert sands alone ;  
 But the vast crowds that animate their streets

Will pass to life eternal, losing nought  
 Of personal identity of self,  
 Whether they recollect, or not, this mortal scene.  
 That all creation hath sustain'd a fall  
 Each nation testifies; each fable tells.  
 The fruit that Eve to tempted Adam gave  
 Was thy false reason and rebellious pride.  
 For disobedience of the law divine,  
 The tree was blasted in its topmost bough.  
 As the forbidden kiss which Pyramus,  
 Neath the white mulberry, to Thisbe gave,  
 Dyed its fair berries with a purple stain.  
 So man's first sin transmits a mortal taint  
 To all that live, and fills the earth with woe;  
 And though we neither know the great design,  
 Nor why Jove should be pleas'd to suffer evil  
 Yet there are signs of the catastrophe; —  
 Of Nature's overthrow; — and I contend  
 That we are well entitled to regard  
 The universal voice of every age  
 And nation, as the test of certain truth.  
 I hold it also just to reason thus; —  
 Since equity is Jove's well balanc'd rule,  
 He who hath all to give, must give to all  
 The largest gift that each can well accept :  
 There can be no amount of living beings  
 Too great, nor yet too various their forms,  
 For endless time and boundless space to hold!  
 Therefore tis piety to give to God  
 The will to found an universal heaven,  
 When earths' vile dross be burnt and purge'd away,  
 And all things to their consummation come.  
 Tis also sound philosphy : but Pride  
 Would fain monopolize her paradise,



And hence the strange repugnance reason finds,  
 In yielding slow consent to her conceits.  
 Fearing to break that strict analogy  
 Which binds us to ascribe the like effects  
 To causes similar ; and teaches man  
 To rank himself with other kindred beings,  
 In species various, but in kind the same,  
 Sharing with them the common lot of death  
 Or immortality !—But it were wise,  
 In this vast doubt,—to be or not be ?—  
 Had we no certain grounds for trust in Heaven,  
 To take that side where consolation lies,—  
 And hold to the opinion of great Plato,  
 And those wise councils that in every age,  
 Light by tradition's lamp, have well decided  
 Deaths narrow jaws to be the prison door  
 Through which th'immortal soul is doom'd to pass,  
 From life's dark dungeon, to a world of light !  
 Cherish'd this thought, which pure eyed Faith propounds  
 And Hope sustains on her bright gilded wings,  
 Man feels the excellence of his creation,  
 And deems himself more noble than before,  
 Seeking with Charity on earth to dwell,  
 And, in her train, forcast the joys of heaven !  
 Therefore I move that we proceed and try  
 If, by due steps, we may aspire to learn  
 The sure conditions of this mighty boon.

*Pal.* Philostratus, thy logic hath prevail'd  
 And I decide that we should forward go.  
 But lo the sun is sunk, and Hesperus  
 Scatters the rear of twilight in the north.  
 Night drags along apace her sable car :  
 Twin Castor and twin Pollux have already  
 Hung out their lights of ominous import

Following each other up the eastern way.  
Tis time our steps to quicken, while the star  
Is yet the pilot of our devious course.

*Da.* Thyrsis then call the dogs, each to his charge,  
And we shall leave these our unfolded flocks,  
Till our return, to uncorrupted guards.

*Thyrsis.* Hither then Mopse, Jet, Melampe, Fox,  
Trim, Hector, Pompey, and thou Cerberus,  
Whose dragon ward would mock thy namesake's eyes,  
And drown the deep tones of his triple tongue,  
Hark, hark away, — see what intelligence  
Beams in their eyes : each knows his masters lambs ;  
And in their honest faces all declare  
The safe protection of their unbrib'd watch.

SCENE IV. — *Shepherd and Sheperdess sing, and the rest join the Chorus  
aided by their barking Dogs.*

Vesper's lamp now bids us fold  
Beaming o'er yon mountain cold :  
Hark I hear the wether's bell  
Tinkling in the shadowy dell,  
Lowing herds and bleating flocks,  
Echoed from the sounding rocks,  
Browse upon the purple heath,  
And bite the green turf underneath,  
Now the milkmaid blythe and gay,  
Sings, across the flowery lea,  
To the wild bee's evening hum,  
Or the hoary beetle's drum.

CHORUS ; *Hylax now the chorus join,  
Mix thy sonorous base with mine (etc.)*  
O'er the dewy twilight lawn  
Hark the grayfly winds his horn,  
Dapper fairies join around

Their airy hands and beat the ground,  
 With quips and cranks and nodding head,  
 Tripping o'er the daisy's bed,  
 And, in silvery tinsell'd shoon,  
 Dance their morris to the moon,  
 While the plaintive Philomel  
 Her murder'd Itys doth bewail,  
 And sorrow'd Aedon tells to us  
 The story of sad Itylus.

CHORUS. *Hylax now the chorus join,  
 Mix thy sonorous base with mine, (etc.)*  
 Shepherds join the noisy choir,  
 Sound the timbrel, strike the lyre,  
 Corin on his pipe shall play,  
 And Marian sing her roundelay,  
 To lull the folded flocks to sleep,  
 While faithful dogs their vigils keep,  
 Shepherds songs, my boys, were sung,  
 Before Erato's harp was strung,  
 Or skilful Orpheus tun'd the lute,  
 Or Hermes blew his magic flute  
 That had such wond'rous power to close  
 The Watchman's eyes in safe repose.

CHORUS. *Hylax now the chorus join,  
 Mix thy sounding base with mine, (etc.)*  
 By aged Argus servant true  
 That his return'd Ulysses knew;  
 By the dogs that Hesiod bore  
 Mangled from th'Ætolian shore;  
 By bearded Loski's yellow eyes  
 And shaggy Busy's hairy guise;  
 By silky Poski's spotted hose,  
 And fuzzy Zante's woolly nose;  
 By Tobits cur to Heaven remov'd,

And bousie Shargs of all belov'd,  
 Pales now we beg of thee  
 To keep our folds from peril free.

CHORUS. *Hylax now our Chorus join,  
 Mix thy sonorous base with mine,  
 And say good bye before we go,  
 While honest Tray cries bow wow wow.  
 Thundering Ringwood, Jowler bold  
 Fangs and Stentor guard the fold,  
 Then bark farewell before we go  
 While honest Tray says bow wow wow.*

*Menalcas apostrophizes.*

O Jupiter, who would not be a dog  
 The honest sentinel of some rude fold,  
 Bribeless and constant as the starry host  
 That keep their vigils in the vault of heaven;  
 Nor shut their watchful eyes, but when the veil  
 Of earth's rank vapours o'er their light is drawn :  
 Rather than fill the highest post that kings,  
 On their hir'd servants can, in courts, confer :  
 Surely when Jove from heaven his curse pronounc'd,  
 And in corruption bid all Nature sink,  
 He made exception of the watchdog's heart !  
 While Galatea doth her charge neglect  
 To play with Colin in the apple grove,  
 Hylax ne'er quits the trust in him reposed,  
 But sturdy stands and drives the wolf away.  
 While the poor soldier, at Bellona's call,  
 Fights for his country, on a foreign land ;  
 The faithless wife betrays her absent lord,  
 Squanders his store, and banquets treacherous friends;  
 But mark the conduct of the faithful dog  
 Fatigued and hungry, yet refusing food,

He silent sits, listing to every sound,  
 And with quick nose each cranny fairly tries,  
 Where with his master he was wont to roam,  
 Sniffing and snowking all the country round,  
 Till he discerns at length his distant steps;  
 Then with his honest bark and pranks of joy,  
 He wags his tail and kindly greets him home.  
 Should I, Persephone! thy favour find,  
 And in Elysium gain a blest abode,  
 Grant that fond Tray may bear me company,  
 And be my partner in eternal bliss!

*Lucian.* Jog on, jog on, and quicken every step  
 For I am weary of this pilgrimage,  
 And can descry, in yonder tangled glen  
 Of aged elms, the garb of wassailers,  
 Doing some mystic rites to rustic Gods  
 Hark hark, the sound of mirth and merriment,  
 Falls on my ear, haste to the lucky spot,  
 And try if we may in their chorus join.

SCENE V. — *An area amidst a wood in which Bacchanals are seen celebrating the Brumalia. The pilgrims halt to observe them. Menalcas opens the discourse.*

*Men.* What means, Damoetas, this uproarious group  
 Of Wassailers at such an hour of night;  
 This blaze of torchlight that doth scare the owl  
 From her dark leafy perch among the trees?

*Da.* I know not, shepherd, less it be the wake  
 That Bacchus and his crew are wont to keep,  
 At this dark season of the sleeping year,  
 When Care and Toil hybernate, and rude Mirth  
 Drinks nectar from the roseycrowned bowl.

*Luc.* Who knows not Bacchus and his followers?  
 But how came he who is of eastern growth,



A sojourner on Juda's hallowed soil ?

*Da.* Some say, and I believe the story true,  
 That when Osiris was by Typhon slain  
 Orpheus for him obtain'd, by power of song,  
 An everlasting place among the gods.  
 But when fair Science chang'd her first abode  
 And took a westering course towards the sea,  
 The great Ægyptian king her march pursued,  
 Left the deserted Nile and came to Greece,  
 There midst the flowerykirtled Nymphs and groups  
 Of ivy wreath'd Bacchantes, who were wont  
 To hold their midnight revels with the swains,  
 And sing their mad song to the wandering moon,  
 He held his court, on Ladon's liliated banks,  
 Where the sweet bird of night, from Daphne's bower,  
 Responsive sings to every vocal reed  
 That on the margin of the river grows.  
 This was his daily sport and country gear,  
 Till Hora gave him Venus for a bride,  
 She, fond to see his ruddy cheeks inflame,  
 And his eyes sparkle with the fire of love,  
 From the ripe grape the maddening liquor press'd,  
 And gave its poison in a crystal glass.  
 And then again, by power of wine deformed,  
 He became brute and took a swinish form,  
 Mortal, and subject to all earthly pains;  
 Delighting in his own disfigurement  
 And proud that he had godly reason lost!

*Me.* But it seems strange, at least to my young thoughts,  
 That beauty's queen should so misuse the gifts  
 Of bounteous Nature, as to link herself,  
 By carnal ties, to such a wassailer

*Da.* Her history, to those who have chaste ears  
 Is not so difficult to understand :—

When angry Saturn hurled the mangled limbs  
 Of old Uranus down into the sea,  
 He wrote the words " encrease and multiply"  
 On every member of the ethereal God,  
 Which, by the Fates directed, chanced to fall  
 Among the fleet of Sirens, whose sweet voice  
 Floats nightly o'er the calm unruffled bay  
 Of dear Parthenope; she, with chaste lips  
 Softly repeating the prolific spell,  
 Threw the charm'd fragments on the Ocean's foam,  
 Which soon begot upon the silvery froth  
 A lovelier form than Nature yet had seen;  
 Thus Venus rose most graceful and most fair,  
 Naked and reeking from the watery bed  
 Of Amphitrite, and with such grace adorn'd,  
 Such sweetly chasten'd symmetry of parts  
 And such alluring looks of fond desire,  
 That the coy sea Nymphs could not gaze on her  
 Without the envious blush of angry shame,  
 Then scaly Triton blew his sounding shell,  
 O'er the rough sea, and smooth'd the billows down,  
 And Glaucus, heedless now of Scylla's charms  
 Rush'd through the waves to kiss her lovely lips.  
 Then Neptune wav'd his trident o'er the brine,  
 And bad the Nereids doff their sapphire crowns,  
 Unfurl their little flags, and rang'd in rows,  
 Bend their proud heads before the Queen of Love.  
 Her birth Vesuvius to the Earth proclaim'd  
 Firing the beacon on his mountain peak,  
 While thundering Ætna, in a cloud of smoke,  
 Bore the great tidings to the court of Heaven.  
 But the rapt Mermaid, such is beauty's power,  
 Died of its sudden blaze of loveliness :  
 And falling on the beach, was there entomb'd,

By the Eubœan mariners, who rais'd  
 A mighty city on that sacred spot  
 And gave her Naples for a sepulchre.  
 There the sleek Panope may still be seen  
 Guarding the Phrygian ships from nightly storm,  
 That, freighted from the Idumæan port,  
 Brought rich Fortuna riding on the prow  
 Ready, from her o'erladen horn profuse  
 To pour a plenitude of Nature's gifts  
 On the birth place of beauty's paragon.  
 Soon every bark, from the remotest clime,  
 Came and cast anchor in this lively bay,  
 Bearing each ornament by Venus lov'd,  
 The shawls of Cashmere, and rich Ophir's gold;  
 Blue turquois and the verdant emerald,  
 Clear sapphire stone, and purpling amethyst,  
 Onyx and crystal and the eastern ruby,  
 With sparkling quartz, unrivall'd diamond  
 And every gem that lavish beauty wears,  
 And fabulous Hydaspes on the sands  
 Of Nysa, from his treasur'd billow, throws,  
 Nor less all scents and odorous perfumes,  
 The musk of Tibet and sweet frankinsense  
 Woundhealing balsam, and the bleeding Myrrh  
 Fresh cascarilla and gum benzoin  
 And all the spices of the Indian isles  
 Nutmeg and ginger and sweet cinnamon,  
 And every fruit Pomona has in store,  
 The red pomegranate and the luscious fig,  
 The golden orange and the lemon pale,  
 The Lybian cocoa and Argolic pear,  
 Besides a lavish store of fruits preserv'd,  
 From farthest China, hither come to mix  
 Their sweets with native Hybla's honied hives.

Perch'd on the rigging of these beauteous ships  
 Sat parrots, parroquets and cockatoos  
 Tufted maccaws and birds of Paradise,  
 Sleek pheasants and Ismene's plummy love  
 That in his fine tail opes a hundred eyes.  
 With Lesbian sparrows and soft turtle doves  
 Her own true charioteers, ready to land,  
 And, in green bowers of twisted eglantine  
 O'er canopied with the rich clustering grape,  
 To fan fair Cytheræa with their wings,  
 Or bear her chariot through the balmy air.  
 Fir'd by a novel flame, each Naiad tried  
 To emulate production's recreant queen,  
 Nor were the mountains nor the woods less mov'd,  
 By just ambition beauteous to appear:  
 Oreades and Hamadryades,  
 Wood Nymphs and Dryads and Potamides  
 Strove with intent to reach her peerless charms.  
 Each morning sitting on bright agate rocks  
 Ligea might be seen, with golden comb  
 Sleeking her auburn hair; while in the woods  
 Swart Dryope bound up her locks of jet  
 With the oak wreath or sweet briar or moss rose;  
 And every Nymph some garb attractive sought;  
 Such was her power who taught the Earth to love;  
 Nor was in Heaven, her influence less felt,  
 To soften stern Minerva's learned brow,  
 And add a lustre new to Juno's eyes.  
 Oft have I heard Corycius relate  
 That, when first Venus reach'd the Cyprian shore,  
 Riding upon the charmed amorous surge,  
 Cymothoe, on rapid waves, pursu'd,  
 Enchanted; and with ready fingers comb'd  
 The tanglets of her amber drooping hair

When each stray lock that on the ground did fall,  
 Was changed into a little streaky plant  
 Which botanists have called trichomanes  
 And village girls describe as maidenhair.  
 But to return to the sad tale, Menalcas,  
 The goddess was at first as chaste as snow,  
 And comely as the flower that bears her name,  
 Wherein she used, as in a looking glass,  
 Daily to gaze on her unblemish'd form :  
 Till the blackveil'd Cotytto, envious  
 Of charms to which all mortals homage paid,  
 And e'en the Gods pour'd forth their madrigals,  
 Seduc'd her, from her rural habitation  
 In sylvan shades blest by the bounteous Pan,  
 To Corinth, and in her bewitching halls  
 Taught her to move her limbs in wanton dance  
 And roll with Lais on a sensual couch,  
 There with quaint words of flattering courtesy  
 She gained the heart of fair Callipyga,  
 And made her soon her duty chaste forget,  
 And loose her zone to every idle fop,  
 That haunts her temple, in night's dangerous hour,  
 Till Bacchus felt himself the proper guard  
 Of her now fading charms, and hence their union :—

*Lucian.* But hold, for I perceive the noisy crew  
 Down in yon tangled glen of ivied elms  
 And I would feign be of their company

*Me.* I can see nothing, for this witching tale  
 Hath bound up all my senses in a trance.

*Da.* I can discern if thou canst not, Menalcas,  
 For my old sight is still to distance true,  
 Through yon long alleys of o'erarching firs  
 Lit by a thousand lamps of colour'd hues,  
 The mad procession moving in a train,



Old Liber, with Silenus by his side,  
 Guides his rude car, deck't with the clustering grape,  
 By leopards and the streaky tiger drawn.  
 And that vast parlour circled by tall trees,  
 And lattic'd by the tendrils of the vine,  
 Is sure set out for some abhorred homage  
 That he, so skill'd in pleasure's magic arts,  
 With his lov'd partner, pays to Hecate  
 Drowning his swinish snout in Circe's cup;  
 With his wild gang of Satyrs; but hark now  
 They sing: let us then listen to their song.

*Song of drunken Bacchanals, with a Chorus of loud instruments.*

Circle round ye merry souls  
 Crown with joy the wassail bowls,  
 Comus and his noisy crew  
 Nightly here their rites renew,  
 Fill your bumpers, sit around,  
 This is Circe's charmed ground;  
 Phœbe reels with tipsy steps,  
 And wets in wine her parched lips,  
 Fill with punch the crystal glass,  
 Every lad shall toast his lass;  
 While Plenty shall supply the bowl,  
 Drink, O drink, each joyous soul!

*CHORUS. Hark ye minstrels hither come, (etc.)*

With arms akimbo Momus stands  
 And holds his sides with both his hands,  
 And laughing, says with waggish head,  
 Go, weeping Niobe, to bed;  
 Mawkish Prudence get thee hence,  
 With wrinkled Care, and sober Sense,  
 Advise, and dull Morality,

What have we now to do with ye?  
 You may budge and go to sleep,  
 Hecate doth her virgils keep;  
 Swill'd Bacchantes beat the ground,  
 And the merry toast goes round.

CHORUS. *Hark ye minstrels hither come, (etc.)*  
 Delius, there with downward haste,  
 Sinks in the wet Favonian waste,  
 Crouching neath the Arctic pole,  
 Churlish watery supper'd soul,  
 Content to take his sober glass  
 With Neptune and Oceanus:  
 While yawning Night almost asleep  
 Follows his course into the deep,  
 Riding in her ebon chair,  
 And gazing on the northern Bear;  
 Till startled by the screeching owl,  
 Morn peeps from out her shady cowl.

CHORUS. *Hark ye minstrels hither come, (etc.)*  
 We, that are of purer mettle,  
 Imitate the pot and kettle,  
 Round the bonfire duly set,  
 Singing, as we warmer get,  
 And like the kettle and the pot,  
 We scold and hiss, when we get hot,  
 Till running o'er with boiling rage,  
 We fume and thus our heat assuage.  
 So here's a health to father Lot,  
 Who his own salted wife forgot;  
 And here's to all the Muses nine,  
 And may they all be sous'd in wine!

CHORUS. *Hark ye minstrels hither come, (etc.)*  
 Come young Psyche, welcome Love,  
 We shall soon from Heaven above,

Such a mighty monarch have,  
 As old Israel's cause shall save;  
 He will conquer Cæsar's arms,  
 So now dispel your vain alarms,  
 In generous wine your troubles drown,  
 And put on Ariadne's crown,  
 Which our king Bacchus on her head  
 Plac'd, when Phœbus went to bed;  
 For drawing out, in elder days,  
 Her Theseus from the tangled maze.

CHORUS. *Hark ye minstrels hither come, (etc.)*  
 Circe and the God of wine,  
 Now we feel your power divine,  
 Now the luscious purpling fount  
 To our enchanted brain doth mount:  
 We are mad, and we must soon  
 Make a jump and kiss the Moon;  
 Should she our proferr'd homage spurn,  
 Like fond Endymion, we must burn,  
 Those who from the frying pan  
 Leap out, and try the grate to span,  
 Are often baulk'd in such desire,  
 And tumble headlong in the fire!

CHORUS. *Hark ye minstrels hither come, (etc.)*  
 But see yon streak of amber light  
 Now lines the sable robe of Night,  
 And mov'd by Zephyrs gentle breath  
 The harebell quivers on the heath,  
 Soon the orient Sun shall blaze  
 In his bright panoply of rays,  
 And we must to our shrowds repair,  
 So drink good night boys while we dare;  
 For hark the third alectrophone  
 Now bids us put our nightcaps on;

Drowsy, sleep then banish sorrow,  
We tap another cask tomorrow!

CHORUS. *Hark, then minstrels, hither come,  
Sound the Cymbals, beat the drum,  
Health shall crown the flowing bowl,  
And give new life to every soul.  
Fill the goblet to the brim  
Pleasure loves in wine to swim  
With Falernum, Joy shall come  
And Mirth with sparkling Cæcubum  
Hark how oft the cock doth crow  
Who cares for cock a doodle doo  
Blow the horn, the trumpet sound,  
And let the merry toast go round.*

SCENE VI.—*The Pilgrimage proceeds and encounters Venus holding her court on the other side the way, amidst a chorus of Graces and nymphs.*

*Da.* Straightforward, shepherds; for our course doth lie  
Along bewitched ground: here in this glen,  
Stands Circe offering her poison'd bowl  
To the unwary traveller; while there  
Fair Venus with the Graces holds her court  
Midst the light Sylphs, and nosegay bosom'd Hours,  
And in full chorus leads the jocund dance,  
Under yon palmy canopy; through which  
The moons leafchequer'd light so softly falls  
Upon their beauteous and quick moving forms,  
That Cynthia self might seem to play her part  
And wanton with their changing attitudes!  
But such allurements are most dangerous  
To votarists, in pilgrim's weedsyclad,  
That strive to close the inlet doors of sense  
Against such witcheries and dangerous joys,

That the pure soul in her own council room  
 May sit and hold sweet converse with the Gods.  
 Therefore make haste and let us hence begone.

*Me.* Stay yet a while ; what harm could us betide,  
 Should we sit down on this green grassy turf,  
 And with some cooling wine our thirst allay  
 That so refresh't we might their chorus join  
 With vigorous steps to dance amidst the throng ?

*Melibæus.* I had no forecast to untie my tongue,  
 To all things peace preferring, but the danger  
 Of such swill'd sorcerers, and alluring sports,  
 Calls loudly on sage pastors to beware  
 And tender their advise to younger hinds  
 Such sounds as these would cut the chattering string  
 Of Ægles, and make Silence ope her mouth.  
 I say advance not ; this vine latic'd maze  
 With poppies and narcissus planted round  
 Is but Arachne's treacherous web, Menalcas,  
 Spread out to catch the incautious traveller  
 And draw him into snares : should he be caught  
 And the sweet venom of that cup should taste  
 Then Pleasure marks him for her captive ; then  
 He in her eagle talons once secured  
 Lies spelbound, loving her who him enthrall'd,  
 And in sweet struggles of mad agony  
 Lays his whole soul and virtue at her feet ;  
 Like the enchanted bee, who for a flower,  
 Parts with her weapons and her life at once !  
 Let us return ; see old Iacchus there  
 Sits on one side, drunk with the maddening grape,  
 While Venus, on the other, to her bower  
 Of fragrant blooms, invites the giddy youth :  
 Betwixt them, who shall steer ; he that sails wide  
 To clear Charybdis, falls on Scylla's jaws ?



*Da.* Tis wanting, then, a pilot, Melibœus ;  
 We have a loadstar in the eastern sky  
 Scattering its rays about our devious road,  
 To light our bark ; as if kind Heaven itself  
 Had stoop'd to earth to give us safe convoy.  
 Thou has mistaken strangely the intent  
 Of these enchantments : tis to test our strength  
 That we are tried : but once the conquest made  
 Over the stubborn obstacles of will,  
 Our way is certain and our path secure.  
 He who hath sent the tiger ; also gave  
 The porcupine her panoply of quills :  
 If Love hath power, Chastity can steel  
 The softest hearts against his darts of straw.  
 Thus Joseph when his honour was besieg'd,  
 Unchanged by love, threw his Proteian coat  
 Into the arms of his fond paramour,  
 But bore away his heart unstain'd and free

*Me.* But hark what concord from their chorus comes,  
 Floating beneath Nights vaulted sounding board  
 O stay awhile and hear their charming lay :  
 And rest upon yon odorous violet bank  
 Set round with wild thyme and sweet honeysuckle ;  
 The dying accents of these lovely strains  
 Will lull our lids to rest ; and when the cock  
 Shall sound his clarion shrill and wake the morn,  
 It will be time enough, with limbs refresh'd  
 By balmy slumbers, to resume our course.

*Venus and the Graces dance accompanied by various nymphs, and the  
 Muses sitting round, sing in chorus.*

Come, palmer, to this charming land,  
 Where Grace and Venus hand in hand,  
 And Beauty in brilliants richly dight

Are keeping the vigil of Love to night,  
 Now Ægle trips as free as air  
 And shakes her hyacinthine hair  
 Thalia now leaves her rustic glade  
 To dance in the moon's pale woodland shade  
 Where dimplecheek'd Euphrosyne,  
 The sweetest of the Graces three,  
 Along the grassplot lightly skips,  
 And quickens her sister's measured steps.  
 Here surely, wanderer, you can find  
 Some pretty partner to your mind,  
 Phyllodoce queen of the rural bower  
 Now moves like a sylph of the twilight hour,  
 Whose sparkling eyes and locks of jet,  
 And teeth like pearls in coral set,  
 Invite the bee that fondly sips  
 The honey from her rosy lips.  
 Or choose Selene tall and fair  
 With azure eyes and auburn hair  
 Endow'd with Hellena's Grecian head  
 And Tyrian Dido's graceful tread.  
 Who wears a crown of jewells bright  
 Wrought of the firefly's diamond light  
 And dances along the morass damp  
 Where ever the glow worm lights her lamp.  
 But if town beauties you prefer,  
 Take sly Corinna and toy with her  
 She's skill'd in the arts to patch and paint  
 And to give to her cheeks a vermillion taint:  
 Take Glycera shining in every grace,  
 Or Opis proud of her handsome face,  
 Or Leucothea, whose sweet recompense,  
 Is to breath the spirit of frankinsense;  
 Napæa doth now her zone unloose

And opens a channel for Arethuse;  
 While Sylvia chaunts with her mellow voice  
 "Come haste to the bower and take your choice."

CHORUS. Come Polyhymnia deign to sing,  
 Thalia shall loudly sweep to string,  
 Terpsichore briskly draw the bow,  
 And Clio her winding bugle blow,  
 Let Erato touch her cithern's chord  
 Calliope flourish her trumpet loud,  
 Melpomene sigh to the plaintive lute,  
 And sweet Euterpe play on the flute,  
 Till blest Urania strikes her lyre  
 Strung with Apollo's rays of fire :  
 And bids the spirits above bestow  
 Their praises on Concord reigning below  
 Bravo to the chorus of Love, bravo!  
 Hark, Echo to Harmony cries bravo !

*Me.* O hill of Helicon, and thou laurell'd mount  
 Parnassus that Deucalion's bark did bear,  
 Bid the sweet Écho, from Tithorea's brow,  
 That strain repeat, and from her airy shell,  
 Scatter its charms around this country wide ;  
 That we may find the music of that song  
 In every cottage, grotto, or mountain lodge,  
 That in our long and perilous road may lie,  
 And offer rest to our tir'd wayworn steps :  
 Or let me rest in spirit, on thy top,  
 Like Noah's ark, left by life's angry waves  
 On a firm prop ; and let the Paphian dove  
 Bring the green branch : then in Parnassian dreams,  
 Which frolic Fancy from dull Slumber steals,  
 Give me to court the smiles of that sweet Nymph,  
 And in some cool alcove, or jasmin bower  
 Untie her girdle and enjoy her love !

That the fond visions of unwitness'd night  
 May mimic joys which garish day denies.  
*Da.* O youth these thoughts are foreign to our cause  
 And dangerous inmates of a pilgrim's heart.  
 If thou wouldst clamber Virtue's rugged hill,  
 Thou must not turn to either hand, Menalcas,  
 But look strait forward like the unicorn :  
 The capering fawn that bounds from side to side  
 Hath little force to throw down obstacles  
 Or daunt its foes : but what can well withstand  
 The torrent rush of the rhinoceros?  
 These Dionysians have ill understood  
 The Sybils voice who prophecied of Pan ;  
 They think a temporal monarch is at hand  
 And think to celebrate his reign on earth  
 With Lupercalia, and such dangerous rites  
 As to the fane of Sensuality  
 Belong ; disciples of old Epicurus  
 And his false school of vain philosophers.  
 But who comes here in hairy mantle clad  
 Girdled his loins, and in his hand a crutch,  
 As if he labour'd with infirmity.  
 Or to some shrine dragg'd on his aged limbs.  
 See by yon sundial hard beside our road  
 He musing stands, and meditates thereon :  
 They say that age confers prophetic power.  
 Let us his accents catch and, profiting  
 By their import, a lesson take from eld.

*Apostrophe of the old Man to the Dial.*

Ah what is what?—to know the which, they say,  
 Is better than abstruse philosophy!  
 I gaze upon this Dial, and behold  
 That a dark line moves round its measured disk

Marking the sun's course in the vault of heaven.  
 But what is Time thus parcell'd:—what is Time?  
 This furrowed visage; and this silver'd head,  
 These tottering steps, dim sense, and bended loins  
 Prove that he bites with an unerring tooth,  
 But leave his fearful nature unexplor'd!  
 Some say that Time is an ephemera  
 That with his brother Space is doom'd to sport  
 In the vast breath of great Eternity!  
 That each man's time and space are but as motes  
 That in the sunbeams in such myriads play.  
 Or like the sparks from the Chimæra's lungs.  
 Others pretend that these queer motes are eggs  
 Which being hatch'd, by some strange temporal heat,  
 Will turn to beings of unmeasur'd life.  
 But O the shadowy line still moving on  
 Proves that this enemy, if such he be,  
 Waits not for man, but straitway battle gives  
 Refusing us all truce and breathing time.  
 O Jupiter, the world is all a dial!  
 And life an hourglass whose uncertain grains  
 Are quickly sped!—but who shall turn it up  
 When it be spent, and bid it run again?  
 Or if this power to renovate our sand  
 Were possible; what would its value be?  
 Unless the hand, that turn'd it, were time proof  
 And had a ceaseless power of recreation!  
 Therefore I hold thee cheap O father Time  
 And do esteem thee only as a bridge,  
 Across the gulph, to thy great parent's home,  
 Ah me! the day of life is but a dial!  
 The cock crows, and we rise, and say: 'tis Morn;  
 The soft and pallid light steals o'er the hills,  
 Then comes Aurora in her saffron stole,



And then the Sun, midst the red liveried clouds  
 Opens the view, and then we say, 'tis Day !  
 Then, mounting to his height, he scans the heavens,  
 And then we say, 'tis Noon ; sometime has passed  
 Between each change, and in Time's stream all floats :  
 Then longer shadows cool the waning day,  
 And then we say, it is the Afternoon.  
 And then sad Even spreads her duskie shroud,  
 And the loud owl doth cry ; and then we say,  
 Evening draws on ; and then the light withdrawn  
 Leaves but the lanterns of the starry pole,  
 That shine in countless millions o'er our heads,  
 And then we say, 'tis Night ; let watchdogs bark,  
 And let us sleep, and gain another morn,  
 And thus Time rolls along till all is lost.  
 Of this most strange and everchanging scene  
 Of mortal life ; and when the whole is sped,  
 What boots our joys or sorrows, less we gain  
 By their well timed and well placed discipline,  
 Thy timeless spaceless meed Eternity !  
 Thy joys of every sense, and thousands more,  
 Relationless to Time's and Space's bounds !  
 The pensive mind who thinks of this, and asks  
 Why Anything exists, and what is Anything ?  
 And what is Nothing ? What is Cause and change ?  
 Whence we have come, who live and feel and move ?  
 And whither go to, at the mortal change  
 Called Death ? but feels the insignificant,  
 Of what vain man still deems Philosophy,  
 And like the holy saint cries for Eternity,  
 And waits to know it ! and like a faulty Effect,  
 Who scarcely dares address the Mighty Cause,  
 He to the Living Fountain of All Mercies  
 Devoutly lifts the wondering soul in prayer,  
 And says, " Conduct me to Eternity ! " — 8.

SCENE VII.—*Discovers the stall at Bethlehem wherein Mary is nursing the Infant, while Joseph the reputed father stands by her side, an ox and an ass being in the same stable. The wise men from the east in pompous procession successively come and offer their gifts, each invoking his Muse. Philostratus opens the discourse in an address to the Grecian pilgrims.*

*Phil.* Behold, my friends, the radiant star doth set  
 O'er yonder stall and crown it with its beams :  
 Beneath yon roof the Infant Pan is laid  
 In a rude manger, where the ox and ass  
 Are feeding, after their long day of toil.  
 This is a scene fit for the proud man's gaze,  
 Who vainly thinks the world was made for him.  
 This birth of Pan, the mighty lord of all,  
 In a low grot that shelters humble hinds,  
 Portends some doctrine new, as yet unknown  
 To the proud tyrants of the enslaved earth  
 And big with consequence to Rome herself.  
 Thou didst say, Pyrrho, and I mark'd thy words,  
 That when the tired ox and patient ass,  
 After their work, should find a place of rest  
 And harass'd Nature a secure repose,  
 Thou wouldst then chaunt thy orison to heaven  
 And cease with tongue profane to blaspheme Jove.  
 Behold in yonder stall thy vow achiev'd,  
 The son of Heaven in a rude manger laid,  
 Of God and of a lowly Virgin born,  
 Hath for his company the ox and ass !  
 Patting their flanks th'astonish'd Joseph stands,  
 And views his maiden and unblemish'd spouse  
 Nursing the King of King's Eternal Son.  
 Is this not, even for thy doubts, enough ?  
 When Jove himself shall stretch the strawy thatch  
 Over the beast, and under the same roof,  
 Shall lodge his own anointed, with a brute !

*Pyrrho.* We must yet more of this new doctrine learn,  
 Let us then catch its spirit from the songs  
 Of the wise men who, turn by turn, come down,  
 Offering their gift, and with prophetic song,  
 Invite each Muse to aid their serenade.

*The first sage invokes his Muse and offers gifts.*

Hail learned Muse, good morrow  
 Child of Mnemosyne with laurel crown'd,  
     From thy loud trumpet, sound  
 The first glad tiding to this world of sorrow,  
 That Bêlzebub must fly  
 Again to his dark dungeon under ground,  
     Nor shall Death more be found  
 With vulturine beak to swallow us all up;  
     Soon shall his bitter cup  
 By the world's mighty monarch be drunk dry.  
 Virgin, I anoint thy feet,  
 With nard and balm and cassia sweet;  
 For so soon as thou shall tread  
 On the subtil serpent's head,  
 He shall gape his jaws withall,  
 And let the poison'd apple fall :  
 Pride and concupiscence brought  
 Sin into the world, and wrought  
 A mortal change in human lot,  
 When men Jehovah's laws forgot,  
 And sought to make themselves as wise  
 As the monarch of the skies :  
 But pain and sorrow, and the sting  
 Of death, which married Eve did bring,  
 From the world shall quickly fly  
 When touch'd by true Virginity.

And all Creation, then set free,  
Shall again immortal be.

*The second Sage invokes etc.*

Hither Sicilian maid  
That on quaint pastoral reed art wont to play  
At close of summer's day,  
To the tir'd shepherd in the twilight glade,  
Thy harp Thalia sound  
In praise of her who in blest arms doth hold  
The Master of thy fold :  
Leave the brisk dance and doff the comic mask,  
And take the higher task  
To make the wild woods, with Pan's praise resound  
Hither, Votarist, bring no more  
From Hydaspes, jewell'd shore  
Topaz, ruby and each gem  
That decks the tyrant's diadem.  
To day the heavenly spouse for us  
Doth call his bride from Libanus,  
To receive the cedar crown,  
On the hill of of high renown.  
Virgin daughter of the sea,  
Hear the sinner's prayer to thee;  
The shaggy top of Shenir bold,  
And hoary Hermon's rocky hold,  
The summits of Amana high  
And the craggs that touch the sky,  
The leopards den and lions cave  
For thy head a crown shall weave.  
Virgin then whose eyes have shone  
Bright as the pearls of Heseron,  
Cast those gentle eyes on us,  
And ever be propitious.

*The third Sage sings, etc.*

O Muse of melancholy,  
 Melpomene, whose notes of languid love  
 Have power to soften Jove  
 In his most angry mood, with accents holy,  
 Strike the melodious string  
 Of thy soft lute strung with Latona's hair,  
 And with soulmelting air,  
 By Orpheus taught, dissolve the very skies  
 Into sweet extasies,  
 Till the charm'd Spheres responsive Pæans sing.  
 List then, mortals, ope your ears,  
 Ye who, in this dell of tears,  
 Direful ills have long endur'd,  
 Hither hasten to be cur'd.  
 For the day of wrath is past,  
 And redemption come at last,  
 And all creatures now set free  
 From death, shall soon immortal be;  
 Man and beast and fish and fowl,  
 Each his own eternal soul  
 From corruption's jaws shall save  
 And rise again from out his grave,  
 And cloth'd with immortality  
 Shall mount above the starry sky  
 And dwell for ever with their lord,  
 And skip around his council board,  
 And crop fair lawns for ever green,  
 Beneath a nightless azure sheen,  
 Where the sun's unclouded beams  
 Play on the rippling nectar'd streams,  
 And in the placid crystal brooks



Eternal Justice fondly looks,  
 And joys to see each heavenly grace  
 Reflected from the mirror's face.  
 There the bee at length reposes  
 In the leaves of pinks and roses,  
 Or from the lily's fairer lips  
 Ethereal honey sweetly sips.  
 There doth the faithful dog abide  
 For ever by his master's side.  
 Sweetest Virgin, then arise  
 And wipe the tears from Sorrow's eyes.  
 Bid rest to every beast be given  
 And peace eternal reign in heaven.

*The fourth wise man sings.*

Sweet flowerkirtled Muse,  
 Euterpe, tuning thy enchanting flute,  
 To thy sad sister's lute;  
 We pray thee now, the higher office choose,  
 To sing the praise of Pan;  
 To whom a wedded maid hath given birth,  
 That he might dwell on Earth,  
 Descending from his high ethereal state,  
 To be man's mournful mate,  
 And teach the way Heaven's arduous walls to scan.  
 O then Virgin full of grace,  
 Pray that we may have a place,  
 High above the starry road,  
 In Astræa's blest abode,  
 Where the pilgrim tir'd shall close  
 His life of toil, in safe repose,  
 And angel choirs ever sing,  
 To high Heaven's eternal King,

Such melodious notes of love  
 As stern Pluto's heart would move,  
 And make Proserpina set free  
 Such souls as might detained be.  
 And if sweet music's magic power  
 Can still assist us in that hour,  
 Grant us the heavenly choir to join,  
 And mingle with the Muses nine  
 Our weaker strains, and help to raise  
 The swell of concord in thy praise,  
 Then let the rosy Cherubim  
 And goldenwinged Seraphin  
 In one eternal chorus try  
 To bind the chords of Harmony;  
 While angels and archangels sound  
 Loud trumpet that make earth resound  
 And send back to the vaulted sky  
 The echoes of their minstrelsy.

*The fifth sage sing's, etc.*

O fair Calliope  
 Of Jove and of unfading Memory born,  
 Flourish thy golden horn,  
 And from the watchtower of fix'd Helice,  
 Tell the revolving spheres  
 That He, who doth upon the whirlwind ride,  
 Hath chosen, for his bride,  
 Of David's line an humble Hebrew maid,  
 Who in yon green crib laid,  
 Nurses the parent of eternal years  
 Then O Virgin chaste and fair,  
 Pure as light, and free as air,  
 From the stain of deadly sin,

Hasten and thy task begin,  
 To bring up the infant Pan,  
 Untill the vigorons growth of man  
 Shall enable him to hold  
 His sceptre, and direct the fold :  
 So soon as He his reign begin  
 Virtue shall contend wtlh Sin;  
 But many an age shall pass away  
 And many heros turn to clay  
 And many martyrs death shall meet  
 Befort her conquest be complete.  
 He that spreads our Shepherd's name,  
 Shall gain aloft the meed of fame;  
 But in this lower world beneath,  
 He sows, like Cadmus, dragons' teeth,  
 From which an army will arise  
 Intent to rend the very skies  
 And bring such war as ever taints  
 Jove's banner with the blood of saints.  
 Therefore, Virgin, we implore  
 Thy succour in that fearful hour.

*The sixth Sage sings, etc.*

Enchanting rural Muse  
 Bearing the mellow lute and sprightly lyre,  
 So full of soft desire,  
 On either arm, with bracelets of musk rose,  
 Shake off thy myrtil crown,  
 And play no more to Attic girls and boys,  
 But banish amorous joys,  
 Chaste Erato, and loudly strike the chord,  
 In honour of thy Lord,  
 And spread abroad our Pastor's high renown

Along Eurota's flowery banks  
 Cease to frisk in giddy ranks;  
 Seek no more the shady groves  
 Of Ida, with your wanton loves;  
 Leave Ops and her pinemantled tower,  
 And hasten to this sacred bower :  
 Every shepherd, every maid,  
 Quits at length the rural glade,  
 That each may liberal homage pay  
 To the Young King who reigns to day.  
 Ye who have heard the magic flute  
 Of Hermes, or Apollo's lute;  
 Ye who have seen the sparks of fire  
 Fly from the nerves of Jubal's lyre,  
 Or wandering by Alphæus' flood,  
 By moonlight in a pensive mood,  
 Have heard sweet Syrinx, from the meads,  
 Inflate, for Pan, her choral reeds,  
 Ye who have caught the notes afar  
 Of Cytheræa's bright guitar,  
 Or felt the cymbal's clashing sound,  
 When drum and trumpets shake the ground,  
 Or ken the noise of timbrel sharp,  
 Or love the soft Æolian harp;  
 Ye shall shortly music hear  
 Fitter for an angel's ear,  
 When, to the vocal choir below,  
 The pealing organ pipes shall blow ;  
 While tones still deeper fill the gales,  
 As merry bells, through flowery dales,  
 From lofty steeples, spread the sound  
 Of their sweet octave ringing round ;  
 And the huge bell, that bears the name  
 Of MARY shall henceforth proclaim,

By his one deep unrivall'd tone  
 Heard from the temple's tower alone,  
 That our great Shepherd soon shall hold  
 His flocks in one eternal fold,  
 Wherein we feign would gain a place,  
 Therefore Virgin full of grace,  
 We beseech thee for us pray  
 And accept our vows today.

*The seventh Sage sings, etc.*

O Muse of many songs  
 Bring hither, Polyhymnia, all thy lays,  
 And tune them to her praise,  
 Whose Virgin strength hath cancell'd Eva's wrongs,  
 Bid now the Spheres above  
 Change their quaint chiming for such melody  
 As suits our symphony  
 Who here below new joyous carols sing,  
 To the young Shepherd King ;  
 And change your glees profane for strains of love.  
 Phrygian shepherds no more sing  
 About the goat that nurs'd your king  
 Nor of the bitter almond tree  
 Of Atys lov'd by Cybele,  
 She, who hath crush'd the poison'd fruit,  
 Hath sweeten'd it, and chang'd the root  
 To a new graft, to whom 'tis given  
 To trail its branches up to Heaven.  
 Weep not men of Babylon,  
 Nor again descant upon  
 The perils that were brought on us  
 By Thisbe and fond Pyramus.  
 She, who upon the serpent stood



And shed beneath the tree his blood,  
 Hath turn'd that tainted berry white  
 And made it pure as noontday light,  
 And, wiping out all purple dye,  
 Hath train'd its branches o'er the sky :  
 Let all Arcadia then rejoice  
 And old Lycæus greet the voice  
 Which Echo from the sounding plain  
 Proclaims to come from Pan again.  
 Cease Egyptians to bewail  
 Isis; she has doft her veil,  
 And in naked beauty stands  
 Weeping o'er Nile's fertile sands ;  
 Cease Osiris to lament,  
 And fell Typhon's dire intent ;  
 Apis, who receiv'd his soul,  
 Hastens to a happier goal.  
 Cyprian damsels boast no more  
 That Venus loves your myrtil'd shore ;  
 Nor let the Athenian coast  
 Of its blue eyed Pallas boast ;  
 Bid Eleusis cease to whine  
 About the rape of Proserpine ;  
 Ceres soon shall blow her horn  
 In nobler feasts, and stack her corn  
 For commerce of more high renown  
 Than rich Piræus yet hath known.  
 Druid priests now cease to moan  
 Your dirges round Trethevy stone ;  
 Sit no more on Loggan rocks  
 And preach to superstitious flocks :  
 Saxons, shut the temple door  
 Of Tuesco, Woden and of Thor,  
 Frea must consent to yield

Her laurels, on the battle field,  
 To Her, who made Desire fly,  
 From the reproof of Chastity.  
 Persians who adore the Sun,  
 Mithra's course is fairly run,  
 Your allegiance own, to night,  
 To the living God of Light.  
 Brahma and the Indian Fo,  
 Sieva and Vishnu, get below,  
 Now your reign is pass'd away,  
 And Pan the sceptre holds to day.  
 Soon every minstrel shall be seen  
 Circling round Heaven's beauteous Queen,  
 And pouring forth such notes of love,  
 As angels echo from above,  
 Till in one strain of extasy  
 They bear Her to the lofty sky.  
 So now, chaste Virgin, pray that we  
 In this high chorus joined be.

*The eighth sage sing's, etc.*

Inventress of the dance,  
 Terpsichore who first young damsels taught,  
     With vain ambition fraught,  
 Midst drunken satyrs and rude hinds to prance;  
 A steadier course pursue,  
 And bid thy votaries now seek for fame,  
     Where burns the Vestal flame,  
 And, free from all the dangers of the world,  
     Heavens ensigns are unfurl'd  
 And God on Earth his reign begins a new.  
     Shepherd and fair shepherdess  
     Waste not now the fond caress

On each others fading charms ;  
 Seek no more, of mortal arms,  
 To obtain the warm embrace;  
 But hasten to that holy place  
 Where, seated in the mossy cell,  
 Meditation loves to dwell,  
 And the pilgrim tir'd of strife  
 Seeks a safe sequester'd life :  
 There those celestial Graces three,  
 Faith, Hope and heavenborn Charity,  
 With three sister Virtues more,  
 From the angelic council store,  
 Have sworn for ever to reside,  
 And gather, round the heavenly bride,  
 A crown of virgins, whose pure eyes  
 Are fit to greet her, in the skies,  
 And chaunt the praise of Pan alone  
 In halelujahs round her throne.  
 Therefore strew the ground for her  
 With cypress and the bleeding Myrrh,  
 Or the branches of the palm,  
 And the sweet woundhealing balm,  
 And the radiant marigold,  
 And the snowdrop white, and cold,  
 And every bloom of Flora's train  
 That sheds its petals on the plain ;  
 Make a carpet for her feet  
 Of cowslips and of violet sweet,  
 With jasmin, rose and daffodil,  
 And hyacinth, and fresh jonquil  
 And lychnis from the greenwood alley,  
 Or the lily of the valley,  
 But most that lily tall and fair,  
 That scents the summer's evening air,

Wherewith Leucothoe did braid  
 The locks of Juda's chosen maid,  
 When she was first declared to be  
 The loadstar of life's troubled sea.  
 Thus, O Virgin, hear our prayer  
 And our meed aloft prepare :  
 And if, as elder sages say,  
 Pain and penance be the way  
 To repair our parent's loss,  
 Help us now to bear the cross :  
 He who, fortified by prayer,  
 Willingly the cross doth bear,  
 Will find, when dight in palmers trim,  
 That the cross will carry him.  
 Few and number'd are the years,  
 Of man, in this sad vale of tears,  
 Faith and Charity alone  
 Sustain us, but when these are flown  
 And Hope's fair promises forgot,  
 Life is then a wretched lot !  
 And all the purpling honied flowers,  
 Gather'd from young Maia's bowers,  
 Seem but a funereal wreath,  
 Braided round the bones of Death ;  
 Such as pensive vestals doom  
 To fade upon a sisters tomb,  
 Or votive mourners hang upon  
 The urn, when their last hopes are gone !  
 Therefore, shepherdess, repair  
 To the cloister pale, and there  
 The charter keep of chastity,  
 And on this heavenly tenure try,  
 With due subjection of thy will,  
 To avert the sense of ill

That on the sinner's back is thrown,  
 Who ventures in the world alone :  
 Go, renounce its fickle pleasures,  
 And lay up more solid treasures,  
 Where moth and rust corrupt no more  
 Nor thieves can steal your gather'd store.  
 And pray to Her who shines today  
 A Virgin Star of purest ray  
 To light you up the arduous road  
 That leads to Her own blest abode.

*The ninth and last Sage sings, etc.*

Urania bright and fair  
 Under Heaven's dewy vault thy vespers singing  
 And with moist fingers wringing  
 The wet locks of thy nectardripping hair  
 From Hebe's chalice'd hands  
 Scatter ambrosia on Earths mortal bed,  
 Then stoop thy stargirt head,  
 To greet the newborn Pan his flocks among,  
 And with some sacred song  
 Bring down immortal blessings on these lands.  
 Ceres, give us now the bread  
 Fit to be ambrosial made,  
 And Pomona nurse the vine,  
 That it bear the purest wine  
 Fit to Nectar to be changed;  
 For when this shall be arranged,  
 And man shall eat and drink thereof,  
 He shall his mortal doom throw off,  
 And, gaining immortality,  
 Shall dwell with all the Gods on high,  
 Where each created thing shall be



From every future peril free,  
And we shall see, as we are seen,  
Not as now on earth, I ween,  
Where every vision seems to pass  
Like shadows o'er a darkened glass,  
Or clouds that fly before the wind  
And scarcely leave a reek behind.  
And, O Urania, if thy store  
Of shining worlds and millions more  
Whose light hath never reach'd our globe,  
Nor deck'd as yet thy azure robe,  
As spangles in the ethereal blue,  
Shall then be open'd to our view;  
Grant me their various laws to know,  
And why Jove hath ordain'd them so?  
From star to star then let me fly,  
And learn the secrets of the sky;  
Why clustering Pleiads set our sails?  
Why comets shake their firey tails?  
Why Jupiter by belts is bound,  
Or Saturn compass'd all around  
With a double ring of light?  
Why each revolving satellite  
In brightness differs from his brother,  
And why no star is like another?  
Then let me take a wider span,  
And heaven's still higher regions scan,  
The bright galaxy far above,  
Where stars in stranger orbits move,  
And trace Creation's power divine,  
From nebulae that hardly shine,  
Through all the graduated troops  
Of clusters, clustering stars and groups,  
Till all their mechanism I learn,

And why they shine and how they turn;  
 And all their planets motions solve,—  
 Why some round solid suns revolve,  
 While other spheres, in endless space,  
 Round empty centres whirl apace?  
 Why Stella Mira comes and goes,  
 While bright Capella always glows?  
 Then in the lapse of endless years,  
 Let me bring up the long arrears  
 Of closer science, and descry  
 Each world's own natural history :  
 And see what men or spirits hold,  
 In burning suns, or planets cold,  
 Their destin'd posts, by God assign'd,  
 According to their grade of mind :  
 And when I've rang'd the lofty skies  
 With the brisk handmaid Enterprize,  
 Then let me seek some bower fit  
 For Contemplation, there to sit,  
 And metaphysic questions try,  
 If such a task be not too high,  
 And ask if comets can, above,  
 In parabolic orbits move?  
 Or whether, by some force disturb'd,  
 Such blazing stars can run uncurb'd  
 Through endless space, and by a swerve  
 Can make the hyperbolic curve?  
 Nor would I deem it then amiss,  
 Boldly to question Lachesis,  
 Why evil hath so long delay'd  
 The paradise that Jove hath made  
 And promis'd to the wise and good,  
 Who the great tempter have withstood?  
 These joys, sweet Muse, if thou canst give

Then may I ever with thee live,  
 And trace, in each phenomenon,  
 The cause that it depends upon ;  
 Exploring all the truths that lie  
 Within the range of Entity.

*Me.* Methinks, Damoetas, that these wise men's odes  
 Must more import than their mere words express,  
 They seem to old traditions to relate  
 Which, early spread abroad in different climes,  
 Though varied, are in purpose yet the same,  
 Bearing allusion to the golden age  
 And its long promised return, on earth.  
 But hark, the Mother, nursing in her arms  
 The Infant Pan, sings now her lullaby ;  
 List, shepherds, list ; for not so sweet a voice  
 Was ever heard in country hall, or bower,  
 From Syren's lips, or tongue of dying swan.  
 It seems that she hath borrow'd of each Muse  
 The choicest tones ; while by each Grace adorn'd,  
 With all that lovely is of woman's form,  
 She sits here like a fair celestial queen  
 Whom chance had thrown among these rustic hinds !  
 Lulling with artless notes her child to sleep ;  
 Just as, from cage escap'd, some beauteous bird  
 In a wild hedgerow makes its wonted nest,  
 And with new music charms th'astonish'd grove.  
 So soon as she her ditty shall have done,  
 I will approach and greet her with a song,  
 Such as befits her saintly majesty :  
 For, barring her sweet harmony, Damoetas,  
 Her port divine and modest attitude  
 And her soft eyes, that seemingly regard,  
 With maiden coyness yet with mother's care,  
 The Infant who, upon her bosom laid,

Plays with the tangles of her drooping hair,  
 Do move me much to give her serenade  
 And keep the first wake at her rural shrine.

*The Virgin sings as She rocks the Child on her Knees.*

As my God shall I adore thee  
 Now to poverty exil'd,  
 Shall I humbly kneel before thee,  
 Or embrace thee as my child?  
 Shall I fragrant incense proffer,  
 Prostrate here in fervent prayer,  
 Or my milk enraptured offer,  
 With the fondest mother's care?  
 Thou, whose name, so sweet and holy,  
 Fills with joy the angel train,  
 Now art lying meek and lowly,  
 Doom'd to indigence and pain!  
 Poverty and want surround thee,  
 Thou the son of the Most High,  
 Horned oxen feed around thee,  
 And beside thy pillow lie!  
 Little Infant, frail and tender,  
 Yet the King of Kings art thou,  
 And before thy throne of splendour  
 Countless trembling spirits bow!  
 Th' Heavens are with thee—yet, oh wonder  
 On my knees I rock thee now,  
 Watching o'er thy peaceful slumber,  
 As around the cold winds blow!  
 Hush! my love; for here no danger  
 Can disturb thy tranquil sleep,  
 O'er this rude and wretched manger  
 Holy angels vigil keep!

Fearest thou those sounds that sweetly  
 Fill with harmony the skies ?

'Tis their joyous hymns that greet thee  
 King, though in thy mortal guise.

Thus to them on high 'tis given  
 To proclaim thy midnight birth,

“ *Glory be to God in Heaven*

“ *And to good men peace on earth.* ”

Fearest thou the arms that press thee ?

They are but thy mother's, dear,

'Tis her lips that now caress thee

And her voice that thou dost hear.

Art thou cold ? Ah yes a stable

Is alas thy only bed,

And my arms the softest cradle,

Where to lay thy sacred head !

Eva's fallen sons impel thee

To accept this lot forlorn,

And thy tears now sadly tell me,

That to suffer thou art born !

Heavenly Babe, shall I adore thee,

Now to poverty exiled,

Shall I humbly kneel before thee,

Or embrace thee as my child ?

*Menalcas, approaching, serenades the Virgin.*

Sweet sphereborn daughter of the heavenly chime,

Say now, why wilt thou dwell

In grassy bower, and pass thy time

Companion to the lily of the dale,

Thou rival of the nightingale,

Who in Jove's Orchestra thy tale shouldst tell ?

Leave this lone grot and shepherds bide among

And bless us with thy charming song !



*The Holy Virgin replies.*

O Shepherd, thou has ill bestow'd on me  
 That praise which doth to God alone belong;  
 For as the Moon her fainter light reflects  
 Only when she her face to Phœbus turns;  
 So I, when humbly for Pan's flock, I pray,  
 Can only give the borrow'd grace of Heaven.  
 He who is come to day to dwell with us  
 And be the Master Shepherd of your folds  
 Will all things give for faithful pastors meet,  
 And present be, until the end of time,  
 E'en when his visible form aloft be rais'd  
 Transfigur'd to his own celestial shape.  
 But like Him ye must bear your cross on earth,  
 Leading a hard and perilous pilgrims life,  
 And quit vain Pleasure's soft voluptuous bowers:  
 Then, should your frail hearts want the aid of prayers,  
 I shall be ready succour to afford  
 And plead meek Virtue's cause in Heaven's high Court.

*Men.* Hail therefore, Gracious Mother of our Lord:  
 Each herdsman of the undivided fold  
 Shall on his crook thy graven image bear,  
 As a memento of our need of thee.  
 And, from henceforth, no temple, fane, or tower  
 No turret high, nor lowly vestal's cell  
 No chimney nook, nor humble shepherd's cot,  
 Nor fountain, stream nor sacred oratory  
 Where Faith doth keep her wake, or where fond Hope,  
 With Charity, uplifts her eyes to Heaven,  
 Shall be without thy sacred effigy!  
 May then Jove be propitious, and thy Son  
 The universal Pan his mercy show;  
 And that most Holy Spirit from above

Who reigns in Trinal Unity with both  
 Shed on his flock th' illuminating ray.  
 But thou sweet Queen of Heaven, pray for us ;  
 Mother of God and of all Grace Divine,  
 Mother most pure, most chaste, most undefil'd,  
 Mother unblemish'd, lovely, admirable,  
 Virgin most prudent and most venerable !  
 Virgin most clement, faithful, powerful !  
 Mirror of Justice, Wisdom's sainted Seat !  
 Cause of our joy who at thy shrine do bend !  
 Spiritual Vessel of devotion full  
 Mystical Rose gather'd from Sharon's bower,  
 Fortress of David, Tower of Ivory !  
 Ark of the Covenant, and House of Gold !  
 Blest Gate of Heaven, and brightest Morning Star,  
 The sick man's Health, the sinner's Refuge sure,  
 The pilgrims Aid, the wounded sinner's Balm !  
 O Queen of Angels, and the Patriarchs !  
 Queen of Apostles, and of Prophets old,  
 Queen of all martyrs who their blood do shed,  
 And Queen of Virgins and all hallowed Saints,  
 Who like the rays of light around thy head,  
 Weave for thy majesty a diamond crown,—  
 Pray for us now, that we may duly learn  
 To trace our Master's track and lead our flocks  
 To pastures pure where holy waters flow.

*Pyrrho interrupts the pious Shepherd and proposed to return.*

*Pyrrho.* Philostratus, I move that we return  
 To our own homes, for these mysterious songs  
 And tongues prophetic baffle human sense,  
 And, like a beckoning ghost, excite strange thoughts,  
 But leave familiar doubts still unresolv'd,  
 Let us go home to our own Household Gods

No longer now bleak Winter's icy brow  
 Frowns o'er the plain ; the roads are passable  
 And every wild wood, and each flowery brae,  
 Where we are wont to rove, now breathes the spring,  
 Beset with daisies and sweet violets  
 And every bloom that glads the students eyes  
 Who from his task sweet recreation seeks.  
 Fain would I now be sitting by the side  
 Of the clear fountain circled by gay flowers  
 That holds the centre of my garden fair,  
 Bright Phœbus now his earlier axle guides  
 In the ethereal blue, with Maia's train ;  
 From every blossom'd bush the cuckoo sings  
 And the rathe skylark chaunts his matin hymn.  
 Now every tree, clad in the liveliest green,  
 Its various buds and blossoms doth display.  
 There, when tir'd Leisure from his morning walk  
 Beside the blooming hedge, through alleys green  
 With hawthorn and the wild rose gaily dress'd,  
 Or o'er the downs, through the sheeps winding train,  
 Homeward returns, the deep and darkening grove  
 Affords him pleasant shade ; there seated he  
 On the rude bench, now listens to the thrush,  
 Or blackbird whistling from the laurel hedge  
 Or twittering martlet, or loud squeaking swift,  
 That round the towers of his old mansion fly  
 In endless circles, while the humming bees,  
 In the trim flowery garden, work all day,  
 And mix their murmurs with the babbling brook.  
 Then comes the rural savory dinner, set  
 On a neat beechen table, in maple dish,  
 Which Thestylis with her clean hands prepares,  
 And Hunger, best of cooks', knows how to season ;  
 And then at eve, the upland lawns invite

The swain to play upon his rustic pipe,  
 To village maidens knit in circling dance.  
 It may be well to cant theology,  
 When hoary winter shuts us up in snows,  
 But when first Nature wantons with the Sun  
 And every wild bird pipes his note of love  
 'Twere churlish to remain a student tir'd  
 Of questions too abstruse for human ken.

*Phil.* Pyrrho, the satisfaction thou hast sought  
 To thy hard questions, is attainable  
 To him alone who puts his reason down  
 And, with pure Faith beside him, lends his ears  
 To sage Tradition's voice : he then receives  
 From genuine sources all important truths;  
 But barring this, no other mode I know  
 Whereby to satisfy the curious mind.  
 Were then a miracle expressly wrought  
 To prove the truth of things to reason strange,  
 You scarcely would believe it, without proof  
 From logic, but would straitway set it down  
 For some delusion of fallacious sense.  
 As for returning to your rural bowers,  
 I feel no consolation in this thought :  
 What are the young leaves and the budding blooms,  
 But ensigns of decay, heralds of death?  
 Trees that in Spring so bright and green appear  
 Fanning their leaves to the light Zephyr's breath  
 E'er yellow Autumn hath bound up the sheaves  
 Will wear their russet warbrobe, and decay.  
 I seek not vanity, and hold that truth  
 Lies not upon the surface of the earth  
 But deeper hides in some profound recess  
 Of th' inward man! But hark what sound is that  
 Which strikes my ear, louder than cymbals clang

And sweeter far, though deeper than the ring  
Which hollow vessels made of metal make.

*Pyrrho.* I know not less it be distant ting  
Of some large wethers bell,—hark 'tis too loud,  
Some new invention sure, to which the sage  
Alluded in his strange song to his Muse.

*The sound of a large Church Bell is heard at a distance\*.*

*Pyrrho.* My questions have, as yet, no answer found  
Why Jove, who is Allwise and Powerful  
Doth not at one fell swoop, slay Lucifer  
And all his host, and put an end  
To all the ills that compass us around?  
Why threaten punishment, freewill denied?  
For were I free to choose, my will were baulk'd  
That man proposes, while some unseen power  
Disposes of his fruitless purposes,  
And frustrates mortals in their high laid schemes,  
Each day's experience doth testify;  
And till I can these perplexed doubts resolve  
I think it best to quit philosophy,  
And make the most of life's uncertain day.

*Phil.* O that kind Heaven would clear itself of clouds  
And deign t'instruct us in these mysteries!  
Come sage Damœtas, join us in this quest,  
And let us, with one voice, invoke the skies  
To send down some angelic oracle,  
To be our guide o'er time's unfathomed sea.  
He who could speech confer on Balaam's ass,  
And tie the clamorous tongues of Cerberus,  
Or on the wall prophetic warnings trace,  
Will surely listen to our threefold prayer,

\* The Story of the Bell was intended to follow this poems: but afterwards neglected.





And first of all ye must discard  
 Every doubt, and question hard,  
 That human knowledge closer brings  
 To the first origin of things,  
 Than is allow'd by sovereign Jove,  
 Who reigns all mortal sense above.  
 This was the pristine sin of man,  
 When first the living world began ;  
 Who with such questions fain would grapple  
 And gather'd the forbidden apple ;  
 But I the fault did quick resent,  
 And sent him death for punishment :  
 Therefore, no more your reason strain,  
 To ken the origin of pain,  
 Much less the hard knot to untie,  
 Of freewill and necessity.  
 Your Master Shepherd now is come,  
 To give His wandering flocks a home ;  
 And if you doubt His Word Divine,  
 And fear his yoke, then put on mine,  
 When suffer'd retribution  
 Will make you sore repent anon.  
 For in my obvious course doth lie  
 The proof of His Ubiquity,  
 And, in these golden scales, the measure,  
 Both of the pain and of the pleasure,  
 Which I according to due merit,  
 Deal out to each deserving spirit ;  
 Then watch my course and follow me,  
 And you such proofs of God shall see,  
 As never were in legend told,  
 Nor ever prophet did unfold,  
 Nor e'er tradition handed down  
 To councils of the most renown.

When the oppressor rich in crime,  
 Seems to flourish for a time ;  
 Mark the nature of the stroke,  
 Which from Erynnis I invoke,  
 And see it fall, or soon, or late,  
 Just to each sin commensurate,  
 Upon the guilty culprit's head ;  
 Or, if you choose to take instead,  
 Example from the good and wise,  
 Behold the joy that fills their eyes,  
 E'en when their martyr'd limbs are burn'd,  
 Or round the torturing wheel are turn'd.  
 No miser hath my law withstood ;  
 Illgotten wealth bodes no man good ;  
 And scourging Justice always meets,  
 Sooner or later, him who cheats.  
 He who maltreats an animal  
 Even in this world shortly shall,  
 By some other beast be slain,  
 Or made to suffer cruel pain.  
 Thus the sportsman bursts his gun,  
 The driver oft is overrun,  
 The reckless huntsman breaks his neck,  
 The fisher's lost in watery creek :  
 And you will find that those endure,  
 Pains, if less obvious, not less sure,  
 Who any creatures do oppress,  
 Or e'en repulse their fond caress.  
 He, who is false, is not believ'd,  
 And the deceiver is deceiv'd ;  
 But note how Heaven doth encrust,  
 With coat of mail, the good and just,  
 He who respects his parent's ways,  
 On earth doth lengthen out his days ;

And those are fortunate alone,  
 Who, all their lives, have mercy shown.  
 But Jove his justice oft delays,  
 And his dire retribution stays,  
 To give the sinner time to turn  
 To Virtue's path, and error spurn ;  
 But should he obdurate appear,  
 Unwarn'd by Purgatory here,  
 In t'other world he's sure to find,  
 Pain suited to his state of mind,  
 E'en here no crimes unpunish'd go ;  
 He must receive who deals the blow ;  
 And he that meditates mischance,  
 To his own neighbour, falls askance,  
 And, when he hath contrived his snare,  
 Shall oft be found entangled there !  
 There is a rule above that law,  
 From which the visible world doth draw  
 Its nature ; and this rule is sure,  
 Through endless ages, to endure—  
 This is my charge, by Jove assign'd,  
 I am His moral law of mind :  
 In my just dealings, then, descry,  
 Heaven's own eternal harmony :  
 And if from woe you would be free,  
 Mortals, you must follow me !  
 Follow ;—but with patience due,—  
 And I will teach ye to renew  
 The lease of life, on tenure sure,  
 That shall for evermore endure,  
 In those exalted regions, where  
 The blest inhale Empyrean air,  
 Pure as the first creative breath,  
 That exemption gives from death.

There Psyche, new in peerless grace,  
 Wrap'd in th' eternal fond embrace  
 Of her dear Cupid, now reposes  
 In bowers of jessamine and roses.  
 There on beds of violet sweet,  
 Fair Venus doth Adonis meet ;  
 There, shaded by Hesperian boughs,  
 Adam and Eve renew their vows  
 To God, and bind each rebel sense  
 In bonds of first obedience,  
 Right grateful that, their penance o'er,  
 Their sons shall sin and die no more.  
 There Hector is rejoic'd to see,  
 Once more his sweet Andromache,  
 Nor is Hermione the less  
 Gladden'd Orestes to caress.  
 There the wanderer Ulysses  
 Bathes Penelope in kisses,  
 While by them honest Argus stands,  
 Licking his long loved master's hands ;  
 And the great Alexander thus,  
 Greets his farfam'd Bucephalus.  
 Each parent dear from earth remov'd,  
 The faithful dog, the wife belov'd,  
 Each brother, sister, and the train  
 Of cherish'd friends, there, meet again,  
 With God for ever to abide,  
 Cloath'd in a body glorified !  
 There the sweet Celestial Queen,  
 Circled round about, is seen,  
 By her chosen Virgin Choir,  
 Each in gradation mounting higher,  
 In due proportion, just as she  
 Hath prov'd her strength of chastity ;



To these She gives her purest kiss,  
 And drenches in celestial bliss—  
 Such maids as wear the triple crown,  
 And tread the threetongued adder down !  
 Therefore the heavenly succour seek,  
 Of that sincovering Virtue meek,  
 Blest Charity, that long survives  
 Her sisters, and for ever lives.  
 But see now Titan's parting light,  
 Glows on Judæa's balmy night,  
 As now he shoots his upward beams,  
 Aslant in golden radiant streams,  
 Through clouds in colours richly dress'd,  
 Such as I whylome gladly press'd,  
 When cushion'd on their purple bed,  
 To my ethereal throne I fled.  
 Hark, from the sable Eastern pole,  
 What measur'd peals of thunder roll,  
 Proclaiming that to me is given,  
 Jove's summons to return to Heaven,  
 And quit the brood of Earth that must,  
 Quickly turn again to dust ;  
 But anon before I fly,  
 To my seat above the sky,  
 My office is, to ratify  
 The Charter of Eternity,  
 And from the partycoloured bow  
 Of Iris, I, to all below,  
 Proclaim the penitent's release,  
 And pledge afford of endless peace :  
 So now I quickly bid adieu,  
 To this nether world and you,  
 And if you will immortal be,  
 Mortals, you must follow me.

*IMPROMPU, while Ascending in a Balloon, April 30, 1851.*

Adieu, queer tiny speck of earth, adieu !  
 Aloft I fly to seek a worthier lot,  
 Midst countless suns, and comets not a few,  
 And seem, dim planet, to regret thee not !  
 Thou, whose rough surface is encas'd in mist  
 Hiding each vice and woe to mortals given,  
 If thou wert blotted out, wouldst scarce be miss'd,  
 Among the million brighter stars of Heaven.  
 Yet as I view rich Flora's gaudy train  
 Of newly budding leaves and blossoms sweet,  
 I almost long to be aground again,  
 To spread the carpet for young Maia's feet ;  
 And to invite her to some shady bower,  
 Lattic'd with amorous woodbine and muskrose,  
 While the gay woodlark cheer'd each passing hour,  
 To court her favours in secure repose.  
 I seem enshrin'd on high in ruby clouds  
 That draw their goldenfringed curtains round,  
 Above the noise and stir of mortal crowds,  
 Like grovelling insects, crawling on the ground.  
 O what a panoramic scene around,  
 Of chequer'd fields, green woods and silvery brooks,  
 And such a stillness that the smallest sound  
 Makes Silence startle as she downward looks.  
 Let Phaëton, Apollo's chariot guide,  
 Scan the Empyrean and fire the Sky ;  
 I under Night's dark cowl my head must hide,  
 Or fall, like Icarus who soar'd too high :  
 So, Dædalus, inspher'd in silken sack,  
 Swell not thy crest too big with new renown,  
 But warn'd by Helle who broke Phryxus' back,  
 Curb thy bold flight and timely bring me down,  
 With wife and child and dog and friends to sup,  
 Return'd about as wise as I went up.

SOMNIUM PHILOSOPHICUM.

**V**esper erat, currus jamdudum Phoebus in undis  
 Mererat, et liquido fonte lavabat equos.  
 Hesperios Zephyrus leviter dum ventilat ignes,  
 Cinnamei apportat floris aroma mihi.  
 Populeam referens lassatum corpus in umbram,  
 Muscoso apposui membra levand. toro.  
 Dum fidus juxtà, ut semper, canis ipse jacebat;  
 Stabat et ante oculos ardua Roma meos.  
 Non equidem tenuis ceciderunt flamina venti,  
 At levis arboreis murmurat aura comis.  
 Moestâque in sylvis avis anxia voce querelas  
 Edidit, insolitos dat Philomela sonos.  
 Lumine phosphorico volitabat musca per herbas :  
 Sepibus insonuit rauca cicada suis.  
 Garrula nigranti stridebat in ilice cornix,  
 Et strix vicino culmine fusca canit.  
 Omnia nempè malum mihi prædixisse videntur,  
 Attamen in tenero gramine somnus adest.  
 Sed vix alta quies sopitos occupat artus,  
 Quum terrent animum somnia vana meum.  
 Credo me aetheraes rapidè volitare per auras,  
 Visere et in gemino sidera fixa polo.  
 Atque cometarum ignotos transcurrere cursus,  
 Nec fugit ex oculis quisque planeta meis.  
 Prima mihi arridens radiis Venus alma refulsit  
 Pallidaque eximiâ Luna colenda face.  
 Stat rutilas agitans Mars clarior ipse sagittas,

Orbita Saturni lucida visa fuit.  
 Lactea aperta via est, levibus dum provehor alis  
     Atriaque altisoni cogor adire Jovis.  
 Stellatum intèrèà mirabar in ordine coelum,  
     Dum chorus astrorum sphaericus inde sonat.  
 Pleiadas illic et segni plaustra Boötae,  
     Atque videre Hyadas, Aldebaranque licet.  
 Virgineis merito pedibus calcatus Orion  
     Occiduâ coeli parte videndus erat.  
 Splendet et Oleniae signum pluviale Capellae  
     Sideraque ingenio non numeranda meo.  
 Mens mihi coelorum quaerebat territa fines,  
     Sed fugiunt oculos limina lata meos.  
 Et quanto immensum sum currere in aethera visus,  
     Longius heu tanto Terminus ipse fugit.  
 Namque meum in spatium sine fine volatile corpus  
     Volvitur et nullo limite provehitur.  
 Ultima flamma fuit nusquam, nec cernitur astrum  
     Quo non ulterius lucidus orbis erat.  
 Sidera multimodis fundentia mille colores  
     Significant varii numina magna Dei.  
 Haud aliter stupui, cum tot miranda videbam,  
     Quam qui vix rupto carcere liber eat.  
 Aut modo quam turtur qui latos missus in hortos  
     Nescit inexpertos quo bene ferre pedes.  
 Sed cum nulla fugam cohibent retinacula nostram,  
     Ad Superos fundit, qui fugit ipse, preces.  
 Di maris et coeli pater o celeberrime Divum,  
     Jam precor invitum siste parumper iter!  
 Pone moram saltem, si non mihi vertere gressus  
     Et liceat vetitos amplius ire Lares.  
 Tandem optata tamen requies respexit euntem;  
     Corripuit cursus obvia Musa meos.  
 Et me subridens Polyhymnia sistere jussit,  
     Atque haec, dum mora sit, versa loquela fuit;—  
 Dic mihi quas leges, operum quos denique fines

Natura imposuit, conscia causa, sibi?  
 Rerum nulla quidem nosco, mihi Musa reponit,  
 Limina mortali praetereunda pede:  
 Lex, variata in se, variandi immensa potestas  
 Mutato restat nomine dicta Deus;  
 Causaque prima latet, sed homo male mente superbus  
 Ascripsit ficto numina falsa Jovi.  
 Hinc Styga cum tenebris Orcoque habitantia nigro  
 Spectra, per augurium gens malesuada pavet.  
 Religionis opus si fabula tanta fuisset,  
 Multum amor et dubius fecerit inde timor.  
 Quod rota Fortunae venienti tempore verset  
 Nescimus penitus, quaerere nec liceat.  
 Quod semel Hora suo fugiens devexerit axe  
 Jupiter imperio non revocare potest.  
 Illaesâ prodire volens Natura catenâ  
 Temporis in rapidas itque reditque vices.  
 Spiritus omnipotens alit omnia sparsa per altum  
 Corpora, et aeterno foedere cuncta tenet.  
 Hinc cum nulla suam conservant corpora formam  
 Materies restat, dum variat species.  
 Ens manet immotumque, novâ sub imagine, semper  
 Permutat faciem, restituetque vices.  
 Perpetuis in se tempus revolubile gyris,  
 Jam gaudet Zephyros, jam revocare nivem,  
 Sic venit exoriens, sic deficit, inde coactis  
 Cornibus in plenum menstruat Luna redit.  
 Nulla salo superant constantia flamina venti:  
 Nubibus in celsis nulla perennis aqua.  
 Cumque hodie fines undosum transeat aequor,  
 Cras levis immunes deserit aura rates.  
 Omnes terra etiam semper renovanda figuras  
 Vertit, ut in partes quatuor annus eat.  
 Hinc Ver floriferum, cum mergit Piscis, et inde  
 Aurea Phryxaeae vellera dantur Ovis.  
 Taurus et auratis agitat bene cornibus Eurum,



Pleiadum spisso cùm chorus igne micat ;  
 Et coelo Oebalius gemino stat Castore Pollux,  
 Quos dedit ex utero candida Leda suo.  
 Torrida tunc Aestas, cùm sicco Sirius ore  
 Latrat, et, heu ! Cancrum fervidus igne coquit.  
 Atque, Jubae quondam quem protulit horrida tellus,  
 Sanguineis aperit dentibus ora Leo.  
 Oceano tu nunc, justissima nympba, relicto,  
 Virginis Astraeae stella perennis ades.  
 Libra die noctuque pares cum comparat horas,  
 Pendulaque exiguo lumine signa levet ;  
 Tum venit Autumnus ; contraxit Scorpius artus,  
 Atque suo Antares corde micat rutilus.  
 Centaurusque aridas vento leve mulcet aristas,  
 Perdit et illius temporis aura fidem.  
 Tunc levis obliquam male versat Aquarius urnam,  
 Datque breves iterum proxima Bruma dies.  
 Lex aeterna quidem variandi regnat Olympi,  
 Quae variis fingit sidera cuncta modis.  
 Spiritus aeternus, nihilo licet omnia fecit,  
 Ustulat hic mundos, hic facit inde novos.  
 Omnibus atque habitant stellis animalia, dico,  
 Et minima immensos astra tenent populos.  
 Omnem animam in varias credas migrare figuras,  
 Atque nihil, vivum quod fuit ante, mori.  
 Haec dixit Musa, et subito mihi pectore somnus  
 Evolat, atque oculis Nox micat ante meos.  
 Visa tamen somno attonitâ jam mente revolvans,  
 Sic meditor vigilans quae mihi Musa dedit.  
 Stulte quid ingenium quaerendo vana fatigas,  
 Mundus an immensus, vel tibi nullus adest.  
 Jupiter omnipotens num certo limite fixit  
 Omnia ; seu nullo limine cuncta petent.  
 Quomodo discernam quid sit mihi terra, quid umbra ?  
 Me vivente, manet ; me pereunte, perit.  
 Deficit exiguis Cybele cum sensibus ipsa,

Dum vivo, vivit; cum cadet illa, cadam.  
 Dum spiro spero, dumque haec mihi vita supersit,  
 Credam me Elysium posse subire nemus.  
 Sum flos incertos indutus mille colores;  
 Haec mihi quae dederas munera terra cape.  
 Fractus at aetherium stipes cum sparget odorem,  
 Ad superos fontes hic volet, unde venit.  
 Spes equidem magico Pandorae pyxide surgens,  
 Si sit amor, misero det mihi sola fidem.  
 Sed dubium redit, et dubiis Deus errat in armis,  
 Atque nihil certi dat mihi vita fugax.  
 Jamque domus mea, jamque omnes valeatis amici,  
 Hei, modo quae fuerat, non mihi turba manet.  
 Saepe per egregias in somnis transvehor urbes,  
 Nec desunt animo fortia castra meo.  
 Saepius in somnis imitata est vera voluptas,  
 Nam mihi, dum credo, basia vera placent.  
 Haec equidem evigilans dico phantasmata noctis,  
 Nec credo, ante diem, vera videnda mihi.  
 Falsa tamen species vigilandi somnia rumpit,  
 Cum manet incertum, mundus an umbra redit?  
 Mutatas iterum scenas licet usque videre;  
 Credo me vigilem, nec fluit alta quies.  
 Spectra novas rapide redeunt imitantia formas;  
 Meque iterum somnis evigilasse puto:  
 Quum tandem nitor perversa in vincula monstri,  
 Dum fugit a membris incubus ipse meis.  
 Quomodo certus ero cum somno cuncta recurrunt,  
 Num spatium existit sensibus exterius;  
 An malus humanis illudit mentibus error,  
 Atque Ens haud ultrà, quam rogus, esse potest?

Février 1837.

DEDICATIO LIBELLI.

Musa, peregrinas quae prompta volare per auras,  
Non mea despicias rura paterna, fave.  
Magna Britannorum tibi quaerere littora fas est;  
Anglica tum celeri curre per arva pede.  
Atque ubi venisti quo, multo operata labore,  
Crescit in omniferos Thamesis unda sinus;  
Expete frondosam, non longo tramite, villam  
Floribus obsessam quos mea terra ferat.  
Hic varias volvens herbas perdoctus amator  
Plantarum species efficit arte novas.  
Dulcis et iste labor! Sed quantas ruris opaci  
Delicias homini praebet amica quies!  
O utinam liceat, consumpto tempore nobis  
Exilii, solito membra levare toro;  
Dum vetus ad dextram recubans canis ossa relinquit,  
Et nimis ingratham lambit, ut ante, manum.  
Nec levis est patrios mihi cura revisere fines,  
Quum lassum veteris me Laris urget amor!  
Ver venit egelidum; tu scis, Parnassia Daphne,  
Explicitos crines pandere, Phoebus adest!  
Pierides, viridi mea cingite tempora myrto,  
Et frontem immodico sparge Falerne mero.  
Nam rediviva quatit mea pectora laeta Juventas,  
Et furor ingenii me sacer intus agit.  
Veris io rediere vices, dum campus et aer  
Me faciunt patriâ nolle carere meâ.  
Jamdudum solitam vocalis turtur ad ulmum,  
Et redit in larices rauca columba suas.  
Ore malo volitans muscas deprendit hirundo,  
Atque ita viventi pascitur illa cibo:  
Cumque lacus circum volitat vel florida prata,  
Illius ambages quis numerare velit?  
Cypselus in vacuo rapidis volat aethere pennis.

Nec celeres aquilas accipitremve timet.  
 Bacche, veni, laus magna tibi tribuetur, et evoe,  
     Ebrius in magicum provehar ipse nemus.  
 Pactolus nobis fluitet, Fortunaque cornu  
     Fundat Amalthaeo somnia, vina, dapes!  
 Adsis, alma Venus, nec, cum sis pulchra, recuses  
     Inter Hamadryadas ducere nuda choros.  
 Ante meos oculos, in somnis, dulcis oberrat,  
     Et petit amplexus, ut solet, Emma meos.  
 Et, varias agitans musas, gaudere videtur  
     Officium fieri tam leve vocis ope.  
 Dum sua muscosâ vestigia ponit in herbâ,  
     Et fugiens rumpit somnia grata mihi.  
 O quam dulce sonant iterum quae carmina nobis  
     Personuit citharâ docta puella suâ!  
 Quum subit arborum thalamicque fidelis imago,  
     Et species vanae dulcis amicitiae;  
 Gutta per immeritos furtim jam manat ocellos,  
     Et tremulo videas corda salire sono.  
 Cum fingam me iterum nigros percurrere lucos,  
     Ludere ubi solitus cum puer ipse fui;  
 Dum rediens notâ cantabat ab arbore turdus,  
     Et vernum in sylvis sparsit amore sonum.  
 Quum hortum repeto quo Floram etserta reliqui,  
     Quassat ubi tremulas populus alba comas:  
 Quum spelunca patris Zephyris agitata recurrit,  
     In lacrymas pietas solvitur ipsa meas.  
 Omnis amicus ibi est, venerandaque turba virorum;  
     Me solum à patriâ terra remota tenet.  
 Spes mihi, Pandora bona nuncia, sola remansit,  
     Clausa sed in fundo pyxidis illa latet.  
 At misero vetitos si sors mihi dura Penates,  
     Et negat optatum dulce redire Larem,  
 Vade liber tamen, atque tibi Neptunus eunti  
     Det, precor, haud dubiam per vada caeca viam.  
 Hippotades leviter ventorum flamina verset,

Et plena in patriam lintea ferte ratem.  
Sed mihi Castalios venit hora recludere fontes  
Ora Britannorum jam pete, tempus habes.  
Inter amicorum libros, doctoque recessu,  
Invenies tutum, care libelle, locum.  
Et memor Oceanum vetulae quae minxit in altum,  
Addas te immenso, parvula gutta, mari.

DE PUELLA NOMINE FOOT SALTANTE.

Qualis, purpureis mille coloribus  
Indutus, vacuo jugere nascitur  
Flos quem nulla manus rustica, nesciens  
Quanti sit pretii, capit :  
Donec quis juvenis doctior advenit,  
Qui tandem lepidis captus odoribus,  
Ne solis nemorum saltibus emicat  
Gaudens accipiet sibi :  
Talis flore rosae Sylvia suavior  
Inter molliculas docta puellulas  
Saltare, at decoris nescia roscidi,  
Pulchro praeniteat choro !  
Nec frustrà, teneris actus ab ignibus,  
Incomptis faciam carmina versibus,  
Sed nymphae placeam quae mihi vulnera  
Salso condiderit pede.

ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΚΟΡΗΝ.

Τί μὲ νῦν Φυγῆς Μαρία  
" Ὅτι σοί θέλω συροικεῖν  
" Ὅτι τιν θέλω Φιλήσαι  
Και τελειν τῆν Ἄφροδιτην  
Ῥοδον ἔστι σοις ἰουλοῖς  
Ἐπὶ τῶδε πάντα δράσω  
Εἶγε μὴ θέλεις Φιλήσαι  
Ἐπὶ σοῖς πόσιν θανοίμην



AD SANCTAM VIRGINEM MARIAM

*Oratio, de peste vulgo influenzâjam populum torquente, feb. 1857, Bruxellis.*

O tu divino Virgo laetissima partu,  
Imperium Christi par prope, mater, habes ;  
Estque tuo arbitrio crudelia fata morari,  
Et viva e tumulis spectra ciere suis.  
Pestis acerba venit nullis medicabilis herbis :  
Da, precor, auxilium , casta Maria, tuum.  
Mites flecte oculos, nec te, Dea prompta , pigebit  
Aegrotis medicas apposuisse manus.  
Ecce tuum rapidus populum nunc devorat ignis,  
Deficiunt gentes et sine voce jacent !  
Corpora nocte cadunt in vico tabida passim,  
Maneque funeribus non caret ulla domus.  
Stat mater lacrymans infantes cum videt, eheu,  
Continuo letho succubuisse suos !  
Nunc terra, ut quondam, miseris est orba colonis,  
Atque opere in medio rusticus ipse cadit.  
Omnibus, heu, febris pallentes occupat artus,  
Guttaque morborum labitur ex oculis,  
Aspera lingua tumet, nec vox bene faucibus ipsa  
Exit, at aegroto pectore rauca venit.  
Luctus et ulcus habent faciem miserabilis urbis,  
Non uxor dominum noscit, ut ante, suum.  
Conjugibus miseros mors frigida claudit ocellos,  
Et fata ingeniis vix subeunda parit.  
Nec mirum, horribili metuendus crine cometes  
Splendet ; et aspectu quisque planeta malo.  
Pallida purpureo conjuncta est Cynthia Marti,  
Et Jovis astrorum maxima flamma furit !  
Nunc stellas labi longosque relinquere tractus  
Vidimus : in limum desiluere faces ;  
Circiter atque polos Aurora errare videtur ,  
Dum coeli facies sanguine tincta manet !

Nil medici, nil herba valet, nec condita terrâ  
     Munera ; nec cantus jam cecinisse juvat.  
 Quid melos et flores, quid carmina mystica prosunt ;  
     Quid valet accenso laurus adusta foco ?  
 Pacis enim folium Deus ipse ostendit olivæ ,  
     Et signa in pictis nubibus Iris habet.  
 Nos non augurium et magicas tentavimus artes ,  
     Nec bibit e vetitis fontibus aegra sitis.  
 Templa petamus ubi nobis tua dextera, Virgo ,  
     Poscitur ; aetheraefer, precor, artis opem.  
 Nec sine me frustrâ precibus male tristibus uti ,  
     Votaque pro famulis fundere vana meis.  
 Sed mortis stimulos et quicquid triste timemus  
     Sub pedibus calces casta Maria tuis.  
 Nunc sit gloria magna Deo, Natoque, sit Illi  
     Qui, Sacer ambobus Spiritus ortus, adest.  
 Sicuti principio fuit, est, semperque manebit ,  
     Integrum triplici corpore Numen, ave.

---

DE CANE MORTUO NOMINE BUSY , *aprilis* 1809.

Vos, o Camoenae, carmina eburneo  
 Sonate plectro dulcia, quae novos  
     Luctus levant, moestos benigno  
     Doctae animos recreare cantu.

Canem maligno funere mortuum  
 Floremus omnes, jam citharâ decet  
     Cantare dulci quem sepulchro  
     Perpetuus sopor urget imo.

Namque hic solebat saepius ad focum  
Jacere, linguâ cum domini fovet

Cari manum ; saepe et magistri  
Tum lateri sonuère plausus.

Fidelis omni tempore vixerit,  
Atque occupatus si nihil egerit ,

Latransque nocturno sonore ,  
Non timuit domus alta fures.

Fortuna saevis pecora calcibus  
Tam cara fregit ! Quid mihi sit dolor ?

Terram relinquens haud beatam ,  
Elysiis potietur hortis.

---

ALLA SANTA VERGINE.

Salve, del cielo sovrana ,  
Bianca stella matutina ,  
Degli angioli regina ,  
Fonte del divin amor ;

Salve, della grazia piena ,  
Fra le donne ben stimata ,  
Sposa figliuola nata  
Madre vera del Signor ;

Solazio dei peccatori,  
Dei smarriti Cinosura ,  
Lume chiaro, luce pura ,  
E perfetta castità ;

Palma della pazienza ,  
Soave cassia odorata ,  
Cedro dolce bene armata  
Dell' eterna carità ;

Il serpente, già calcato  
Sotto i vostri pie', dolente,  
Nella testa serba sempre  
L'alta impronta di bontà.

O Maria, per me ora,  
Allegra la mia sorte,  
E nell' ora della morte  
Fa morire in fideltà.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Salve, grado Himeno.  
Ya Hespero en el cielo  
Enciende, fiel consuelo,  
La vela del amor.

Llega, alla, Selina,  
A su caro marido,  
Roxeante en el vestido  
De cariñoso ardor.

Como en las florestas,  
Temprana y dichosa  
Es la sagrada rosa  
Pintada por amor.

O Musas di Helicone  
Euterpe y Clio amada,  
Con vuestra voz sagrada,  
Centais en su honor.

Las dias di verano  
Maja y pintada Flora  
Pingan la terra ahora  
Con vario color.

Felix felix marido  
A te echa sus brazos  
En amorosos lazos  
Objeto del amor.

---

## THE STORY OF THE BELL.

### A FRAGMENT.

Ask, gentle reader, of the recreant Muse  
My history, my origin and use.  
I am a bell in lofty steeple hung  
Where God is worshipp'd and his praise is sung.  
My life 's long story shalt thou shortly know,  
From whence I came, and whither I must go.  
Beyond the spray of Deva's fabled waves,  
Deep in Cornubia 's dark unfathom'd caves,  
A metal lay conceal'd in winding veins  
Which Vulcan smelted into silvery grains.  
Old stories tell that in the mystic land  
Wherein Queen Mab leads forth the elfin band,  
And fairy sprites in moonlight morris dance,  
And dapper pizgies round Lostwithiel prance,  
Chaste Dian once her plighted vows forgot,  
And from her feld bow Cupid's arrow shot :  
It dropt on Jove ; and, as it entered in  
Th'engender'd mixture prov'd the baby Tin,  
Full grow, she imitates her mother's arts,  
And follows Phoebus into foreign parts,  
Her patron Venus to each flow'ry mead  
And crystal brook would fain the youngling lead,  
Roaming the Gallic and Italian fields  
The amorous damsel soon to Hymen yields.  
Thus mother Tin to father Copper join'd  
Dissolv'd in warmth, like other lovers kind :  
As chaste Lucina blest their mutual flame,  
So I their sweet melodious offspring came :  
Seven younger brethren did our brood compose  
And the full octave in the belfry rose.  
Here hung aloft our hallowed rites began,  
God's servants and the monitors of man.  
We in melodious harmony, are bound,  
When the full festive peal is ringing round,  
By our sweet melting influence to bind  
In stronger social bonds all human kind.  
Often at eve, when the hush'd winds are still,  
And the soft moon plays on the tinkling rill,  
Across the lake our soften'd murmur swells,  
And the lost pilgrim hails the village bells,  
Who from some foreign shrine, content to roam,  
Is glad to find himself so near his home.



Oftimes at noon, when warmer duties lead  
 To the tann'd haycock in the grassy mead,  
 And the swink't hind, with sultry toil opprest,  
 Under the blossom'd thorn is laid at rest,  
 Our startling peal through tangled copses flings  
 Its cheering notes, and to the herdsman brings  
 Glad tidings of some victory at sea,  
 Or else of village wedding, as may be.  
 Sabina now her oaken bower leaves,  
 And Marian no longer binds her sheaves ;  
 Both under hedgerow elms together walk,  
 And waste, bene ath the shade, their time in talk  
 Of who is married? why the bells ring now ?  
 Perhaps then farmer Stock has found his cow ?  
 Or the rich widow has a suitor got  
 To be the second partner of her lot.  
 But while our sounds are dying on the gale ,  
 The landlord brings the bowl of spicy ale ,  
 Follow'd by Thestilis , who brings at last  
 Of country herbs the labourer 's repast.  
 Such is our peal when all in chorus ring ;  
 But each his proper office oft doth sing :  
 Each separate sound , like prophets' words of old ,  
 Hath its respective duty to unfold.  
 But though each tongue is various , to one end  
 All our advisa and varied accents tend.  
 Concord in all is perfect , for 'tis given  
 To bells , like saints , to cheer the way to Heaven !  
 Our treble shrill and clear is christened JOHN ,  
 And to each matin choir he calls anon.  
 His little note , like bleating lamb , doth keep  
 The early vigils of Christ's folded sheep.  
 Our second , AGNES , tolls when children die ;  
 A passing bell of plaintive minstrelsy.  
 Our third , named STEPHEN , is the sanctus bell :  
 May all who hear him do their duty well.  
 Our fourth , sad MAGDALEN , to penance calls ,  
 And startles wassailers in festive halls.  
 Deep, flat and mellow doth her sombre note  
 At shriving tide, o'er evening meadows float ;  
 When pensive nuns, yclad in sable veils,  
 Quit the loud choir, to tell their doleful tales,  
 And every village maid who weaves or spins  
 Forsakes her wool fand wheel and counts her sins.  
 Now the old hypocrite, alarm'd and sad,  
 Dreads to confes the crime that drives him mad ;  
 And every monitory clang or knell  
 Brings to his view repentance, penance, Hell.  
 Far different yon virgin at her beads,  
 Who a chaste life in godly counsel leads !

Our fifth, the firebell, is Saint LAURENCE call'd :  
 A louder larum ne'er from steeple bawl'd.  
 His voice, most terrible at midnight hour  
 Makes stout the heart of city wights to cow'r.  
 That dreadful element in flames had broke  
 Forth from his bonds, and fill'd the air with smoke.  
 No more man's slave, his master now become,  
 Her rages far and wide : hark how the drum,  
 Mid screaming trumpet and alarming horn,  
 Proclaims the burning town, and blazing corn.  
 Loud scream the women, engines roll along,  
 And houseless thousands to the ramparts throng.  
 The deep red sky reflects the horrid light,  
 And from their nests scares e'en the birds at night,  
 Meanwhile the bell with wild uproarious clang  
 Rings on, while many votive prayers are sang,  
 From fiercer fires that what our fifth proclaims  
 May our sweet sixth protect all pious dames ;  
 He, BAPTIST call'd, to every mass invites,  
 And with his cheerful tone the hind delights ;  
 Bids faithful pastors now prepare the way  
 For Him who from high Heav'n descends to day.  
 Our seventh, the most mysterious note of all,  
 Profound and awful, has been christen'd PAUL.  
 The funeral clang, the mournful passing knell  
 Attest the force of this soulsaddening bell.  
 And I, the last, not least, am MARY named,  
 And for my deep impressive tone am famed ;  
 I bear her image who the infant God  
 Hath born, and on the conquer'd serpent trod.  
 For each great feast my solemn voice I raise,  
 Inviting all to sing their Maker's praise :  
 Then calls the housewife all the maids around,  
 And says, hark now the MARY clock doth sound.  
 Wash up the house, et put your work away  
 Tomorrow is a festive holiday.  
 Three times, three strokes, three times a day, I ring,  
 To call the faithful *Angelus* to sing  
 And often times I give the warning sound  
 Of curfew, when no fire must more be found.  
 Ive told you what I am, and now I must  
 Announce my doom, like you, I turn to dust.

---

## INSCRIPTION

*For the Tomb of my old Dog Shargs, buried Sunday 24th June 1838.*  
 Beneath these trees I've buried my old dog,  
 Who, nine years, by my side was wont to jog,  
 With him I lov'd the weary day to spend,  
 My brother mortal and my only friend.

But now his tongue is mute, his bones are old ,  
 His nerves are quiet and his blood is cold .  
 Yet, warmer still, though cold, than those who find  
 A pride to boast themselves of human kind .  
 Nor emptier I find his hollow head ,  
 Now laid, as whilome, on his master's bed ,  
 Than stupid man's who takes such fruitless pains  
 To make me think his skull possess'd of brains :  
 For Shargs was Nature's dearest sweetest child ;  
 His ways were simple and his temper mild ,  
 His faithfull heart alone knew no deceit ;  
 And, when his tongue his master's hand would greet,  
 No squint suscipion filled the cautious mind ,  
 Such as one feels when greeted by mankind ,  
 That venom lurk behind each fond embrace ,  
 Wild hypocrite is written in the face !  
 Vile man alone defiles the nuptial bed ;  
 Lust bids him couple , interest makes him wed ;  
 Pride prompts his virtues , avarice his cares ;  
 And coward superstition writes his prayers .  
 In his curs'd fall , if tales of old be true ,  
 And Satan really tumbled with his crew ,  
 Man , more degraded than the rest, at least ,  
 Fell lower than each other fallen beast :  
 And , to conceal his shame, he makes his task ,  
 In every stage of life to wear the mask :  
 For, though the lion lies not with the lamb ,  
 The cub sleeps safely by the parent dam ;  
 The fox may hunt the goose, the stoat the rat ,  
 The snappish dog may chase the saucy cat ,  
 Where right is might and hunger points the way ,  
 The stronger beast will make the weak his prey ;  
 But man leaves other brutes far , far behind ,  
 In cruelty , and preys upon mankind ;  
 Gorg'd with the gore of beasts, seeks human food .  
 Eats kindred flesh, and drinks his brothers' blood .  
 In civil life, a fiend grown more refin'd ,  
 He steals his friend's estate and wounds his mind ;  
 Destroys his comrade's honor, blasts his fame ,  
 And robs his neighbour of an honest name ;  
 And, when his foul career is fully run ,  
 His body rotten and his soul undone ,  
 He hopes to get his horrid sins forgiven,  
 By laying claim to an exclusive heaven .  
 Yes, cursed man! I've seen the sable dye ,  
 In every clime , of thy hypocrisy ,  
 But, my dear dog, endow'd with simple grace,  
 Carried his heart upon his honest face ;  
 With friendship, not by sordid lucre gained ,  
 His faith unpurchas'd and his love unfeign'd,  
 He, unlike man, who courts where he can pick,  
 Lick'd where belov'd, not lov'd where he could lick ;

And prov'd himself, to life's remotest end,  
 My only trusty and confiding friend.  
 But now he's gone and all his pranks are o'er ;  
 And Poski plays where Shargs had play'd before.  
 God wot how soou a third may take his place ,  
 And grace the kennel he was wont to grace ;  
 How soon may Zante wag his merry tail  
 O'er their twin graves ; for dogs, like men, are frail,  
 At least in body, though they're firm in mind  
 As in these records trac'd by love we find.  
 Like waves at sea, or flowers in the mead,  
 Man follows man, and dogs to dogs succed.  
 Where'er the mind can rove, or body range ,  
 The universe is one wide ceaseless change :  
 Nor where we come from, nor yet where we go ,  
 Have the Gods giv'n to prying man to know.  
 Then, hither, Muses, all your concord bring,  
 And, Flora, round this urn your blossoms fling :  
 Haste to this mould, and on this tablet lay  
 Each virgin bloom that decks the lap of May ;  
 Scatter the heartsease of unnumber'd dyes ,  
 And open summer's sweet enamell'd eyes.  
 And thou, Melpomene, whom Pity bids  
 To dry thy tears and wipe thy lovely lids ,  
 Dip Clio's quill in Brahma's Indian ink,  
 Since all eftsoons of Lethe's stream must drink ;  
 And write on this grey tomb, o'ergrown with moss—  
 Of one true friend I here bewail the loss.  
 Of all the forms fond Memory can trace  
 None are so sweet as Puppy's sonsie face.  
 BUSY was snug, old TRA Y was vastly clever,  
 FANGS handsome, TRIM and LION quiet never  
 Long PUM was fond, but cross, GUESS hardly civil ,  
 And poor old LOSKI, snappish as the devil ,  
 But was endowed with friendship's firmest ties,  
 While sorrow sat upon his yellow eyes,  
 And e'en in death his pleasure unsurpass'd  
 Was to defend my wardrobe to the last.  
 Nature for each fond dog from Jove had stole  
 Some special grace to animate his soul,  
 To SHARGS alone were higher titles given ,  
 Which Justice registers to day in heaven.

*Imitation of the Ranz des Vaches.*

When shall I return to the Land of the Mountains  
     The lakes and the Rhone that is lost in the earth,  
 Our sweet little hamlets, our villages, fountains,  
     The flowerclad rocks of the place of my birth?  
 O when shall I sec my old garden of flowers,  
     Dear Emma the sweetest of blooms in the glade,  
 And the rich chesnut grove where we pass'd the long hours  
     With Tabor and Pipe, while we danced in the shade  
 When shall I revisit the Land of the Mountains,  
     Where all the fond objects of memory meet;  
 The Cows that would follow my voice to the fountains,  
     The Lambs that I call'd to the shady retreat,  
 My father, my mother, my sister and brother;  
     My all that was dear in this valley of tears;  
 My palfrey grown old, but there's ne'er such another  
     My dear dog, still faithful, tho' stricken in years.  
 The vesper bell tolling, the loud thunder rolling;  
     The Bees that humm'd round the tall vinemantled tree,  
 The smooth water's margin whereon we were strolling  
     When evening painted its mirror for me.  
 And shall I return to his scenery never?  
     These objects of infantine glory end love;  
 O tell me, my dear Guardian Angel, that ever  
     Floats nigh me, safe guide to the regions above.

---

*Ranz des Vaches.*

Quand reverai-je en un jour,  
 Tous les objects de mon amour,  
 Nos clairs ruisseaux,  
 Nos hameaux,  
 Nos côteaux,  
 Nos montagnes,  
 Et l'ornement de nos moniagnes,  
 La si gentille Isabeau?  
 Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,  
 Quand danserai-je au son du Chalameau?  
 Quand reverai-je en un jour,  
 Tous les objects de mon amour,  
 Mon père,  
 Ma mère,  
 Mon frère,  
 Ma sœur,  
 Mes agneaux,  
 Mes troupeaux,  
 Ma bergère?



*Infantine Recollections.*

In Fancy how dear are the scenes of my childhood  
 Which old recollections recall to my view ;  
 My own little garden, its plants, and the wild wood,  
 The old paper Kite that my infancy flew.  
 The cool shady Elm Grove, the pond that was by it  
 My small plaything Mill where the rain torrent fell ;  
 My Father's Pot Garden, the Drying ground nigh it,  
 The old wooden Pump by the Melon ground well.  
 That Portugal Laurel I hail as a treasure,  
 For often in Summer, when tired of play,  
 I found its thick shade a most exquisite pleasure,  
 And sat in its boughs my long lessons to say,  
 There I first thought my scholarship somewhat advancing,  
 And, turning my Lilly right down on its back,  
 While my thirst for some drink the Sun's beams were enhancing,  
 I shouted out learnedly—*Da mihi lac.*  
 No image more dear than the thoughts of these baubles  
 Ghigs, Peg Tops, and infantine games ;  
 The Grassplot for Ball, and the Yewwalk for Marbles.  
 That leads to a temple which nobody names.  
 Those three renowned Poplars, by Summer winds waved,  
 By Tom, Ben, and Ned, that were planted of yore,  
 'Twixt the times that these wights were first breeched and first shaved,  
 May now be hewn dow, nand may waver no more !  
 How well I remember, when Spring flowers were blowing,  
 With rapture I cropt the Crocuses there  
 Life seemed like a Lamp in eternity glowing,  
 Nor dreamt I that all the green boughs would be sear.  
 I Summer, while feasting on Currants and Cherries,  
 And roving through Strawberry beds with delight,  
 I thruhht not of Autumn's Grapes, Nuts, and Blackberries,  
 Nor of Ivy decked Winter cold shivering in white  
 E'en in that frosty season, tuy Grandfather's Hall in.  
 I used to sit turning the Electric Machine,  
 And taking, from shockbottles, shocks much less galling,  
 If sharper, than those of my manhood I ween.  
 The Chesnuts I piked up and flung in the fires,  
 The evergreens gathered the hot coals to choke  
 Made reports that were emblens of blown up desires,  
 And warm glowing hopes that have ended in smoke.  
 How ofi have I sat on the green bench astonished,  
 To gaze at Orion and Night's shady car,  
 By the starpangled sky's magic lantern admonished  
 Of time and of space that were distant afar !  
 But now, when embarked on Life's rough troubled ocean,  
 While Hope with her anchor stands up on the bow,  
 May Fortune take care of my skiff put in motion,  
 Nor sink me when coyly she steps on the prow.

## TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

O how quickly, O how fleeting,  
 Doth each flowery season pass,  
 Time is always mortals cheating,  
 Swiftly runs life's hourglass;  
 That which whylome seem'd the morning,  
 Present time, we now call night,  
 Soon another day'll be dawning,  
 Soon will set another light.  
 O how quickly, O how fleeting,  
 Recrcent Spring has passed away;  
 Daffodillies, Snowdrops, Lilies  
 And sweet Violets, all decay:  
 That which whylome seem'd the springtime,  
 Budding hedges, hawthorn bloom,  
 All are gone; and who can bring time  
 Back, dispelling wintery gloom.  
 O how quickly, O how fleeting,  
 Glowing Summer rolled along,  
 Lilies Posies, Pinks and Roses;  
 Nightless days and milkmaid's song.  
 That which once was frolic haytime,  
 Now is winter'y morning drear,  
 What was whylome Natur's daytime,  
 Seems the evening of thJ year.  
 O how quickly, O how fleeting,  
 Autumns golden fruits are fled,  
 Scarce they're tasted but they're wasted.  
 And the bough that bore them dead.  
 What just now was harvest frasting  
 When the Horn of Plenty blew,  
 Vintage mirth, and merry jesting,  
 Ceas'd when Brumal whirlwinds blew.  
 O how quickly, O how fleeting,  
 Will dark Winter's reign pass o'er;  
 Other springs, our senses cheating,  
 Soon will bloom to bloom more.  
 What now is, is always waning,  
 Flying Time will no more fly,  
 But the eternal self remaining,  
 Seek its mansion in the sky.  
 Ah while each successive season  
 Steals some frie, till all are gone,  
 Time is spinning, we are sinning,  
 Life's pale lamp is burning on.

Cares oppressing, fools caressing,  
 Toiling till our span is spun;  
 Hope we find the only blessing  
 Waiting the eternal Sun.  
 Hail then, Lady Star of Heaven,  
 Hear thy pilgrim's votive prayer,  
 Balm of woes whom God has given  
 To the mourner in despair;  
 That which once was giddy Pleasue's,  
 Passing time, shall now be thine;  
 Thee I'll praise in deffest measures,  
 Virgin, now thine ear incline.  
 For since changeable and fleeting  
 Are all worldly pleasures here.  
 Spring and Summer always cheating,  
 Autumn waning, Winter near.  
 Brightest Star, for ever shining,  
 Round whose feet sweet Angels sing,  
 Help my soul, to God inclining,  
 To obtain the eternal Spring.

---

*To the Bellflowers that grew round a Saint's Pillar.*

O little drooping bells of blue,  
 Like rosaries of azure hue,  
 That catch the Palmer's passing view,  
 As on he's wending  
 To some saint's shrine; at evening hour  
 I'll sit beneath the mantled tower.  
 To tell my beads, while pelts the shower,  
 To which thou'rt bending,  
 When high aloft, in accents fair,  
 The pillar'd martyr makes his prayer,  
 And carols to the ambient air,  
 As if revealing  
 Some mystery deep of God on high.  
 Pensive and motionless I'll try  
 To catch the prophetis words that fly  
 Neath Heaven's high ceiling.

## VERSES

*Inscribed by T. Forster on a Skull.*

Oemdy vault of former glory !  
 Whate'er thou wert in time of old,  
 Thy surface tells thy living story,  
 Though now so hollow, dead, and cold ;  
 For in thy form is yet descri'd  
 The traces left of young Desire,  
 The Painter's art, the Statesman's pride,  
 The Muse's song, the Poet's fire ;  
 But these, forsooth, now seem to be  
 Mere Bumps on thy Periphery.  
 Dear Nature, constant in her laws,  
 Hath marked each mental operation.  
 She ever y feeling's limit draws  
 On all the heads throughout the nation,  
 That there might no deception de ;  
 And he who keus her tokens well,  
 Hears tongues which every where agree  
 In language that no lies can tell —  
 Courage, Deceit, Destruction, Theft,  
 Have traces on the Skullcap left.  
 But trough all Nature's constancy  
 An awful change of form is seen,  
 Two forms are not which quite agree,  
 None is replaced that once hath been  
 Endless variety in all,  
 From Fly to Man, Creation's pride,  
 Each shows his proper form, to fall  
 Eft soon in time's o'erwhelming tide :  
 And mutability goes on  
 With cerseles combination.  
 'Tis thine to teach with magie power  
 Those who still bend life's fragile stem,  
 To suck thū sweets of every flower,  
 Before the sun shall set to them ;  
 Calm the contending passions dire,  
 Which on thy surface I descry,  
 Like water struggling with the fire  
 In combat, which of them shall die ;  
 Thus is the soul, in Fury's car,  
 A type of Hell's intestine war.  
 Old wall of man's most noble part,  
 While now I trace with trembling hand.

Thy sentiments, how oft I start,  
 Dismayed at such a jarring band :  
 Man with discordant frenzy fraught  
 Seems either madman, fool, or knave ;  
 To try to live is all he's taught —  
 To 'scape her feet who nought doth save  
 In life's proud race, unknown our goal, —  
 To strive against a kindred soul.  
 These various organs show the place  
 Where Friendship loved, where Passion glowed,  
 Where Veneration grew in grace,  
 Where Justice swayed, where man was proud —  
 Whence Wit its slippery sallies threw  
 On Vanity, thereby defeated ;  
 Where Hope's imaginary view  
 Of things to come, fond fool, is seated ;  
 Where Circumspection made us fear,  
 'Mid gleams of joy some danger near.  
 Here fair Benevolence doth grow  
 In forehead high — here Imitation  
 Adorns the stage, here on the brow,  
 Are sound, and Color's législation.  
 Here doth Appropriation try,  
 By help of Secrecy to gain  
 A store of wealth, against we die,  
 For heirs to dissipate again.  
 Cause and Comparison here show  
 The use of every thing we know.  
 But here that fiends doth dwell,  
 Wild Ideality unshaken  
 By facts or theory, whose spell  
 Maddens the soul and fires our beacon,  
 Whom Memory tortures, Hope deludes,  
 Whom Circumspection fills with dread,  
 On every organ he obtrudes,  
 Until Destruction o'er his head  
 Impends ; then mad with luckless strife,  
 He volunteers the loss of life.  
 And canst thou teach to future Man  
 The way his evils to repair —  
 Say, O memento of the span  
 Of mortal life ? For if the care  
 Of truth to science be not given,  
 From whom no treachery it can sever,  
 There's no dependence under Heaven  
 That error may not reign for ever.  
 May future heads more learning cull  
 From thee, when mine shall be a skull.



## HYMN

*On May Morning laid on the Virgin's altar with a nosegay.*

Fair star of morning shed they Orient rays  
On Nature rising glorious from her tomb,  
Fresh blossoms born beneath thy holy gaze  
Now deck the earth with universal bloom.

For thee the flowers, for thee the music too ;  
The mountain minstrel sings his song of love ;  
While brilliantly arrayed in robe of blue  
Thine is the dazzling Firmament above !

And while the nightingales in full toned choirs  
Proclaim thy glory to the feather'd throng,  
The holy Angels touch their mystic lyres  
In sweet accordance to the nightbirds song.

See from thy spangled palace in the sky  
How swiftly pass May's consecrated hours,  
Blest by thy smiles, they glide as calmly bye,  
As incense offered at a shrine of flowers.

As now the sun doth bathe in floods of light  
The emerald valley and the sparkling brine,  
Decking alike with golden radiance bright  
The rustic chapel, and the gorgeous shrine.

So thy just hand with equal grace receives  
The monarch's crown, with costly gems inlaid  
And the green wreath, that round thy Image weaves  
The simple maiden of the villiage glade—*Mimie*.

## FAIRWELL TO MAY.

Sweet queen of flowers !

Say now where art thou hiding,  
Beneath the starred welkin's carpet blue,  
That seems just spread anew,  
The rosebreds and the odorous hawthorn bowers,  
That while thou wast abiding  
Among us, in our blossom'd gardens grew ;

Say goddess, where

These purple blooms are gone ;  
Hast thou transform them to the mottled skies  
Where, with thy sister Pleiades,  
Thou wearest them in thy bright amber hair,  
Or do they fade upon  
Thy bosom, where thy fondest suitor dies.

FINIS.

1295  
FLORILEGIUM NUGARUM CANTABRIGENSIIUM.

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# PAN

A PASTORAL OF THE FIRST AGE

TOGETHER WITH

SOME OTHER POEMS

BY

T. FORSTER, MB. FRAS. FLS, ETC., ETC.

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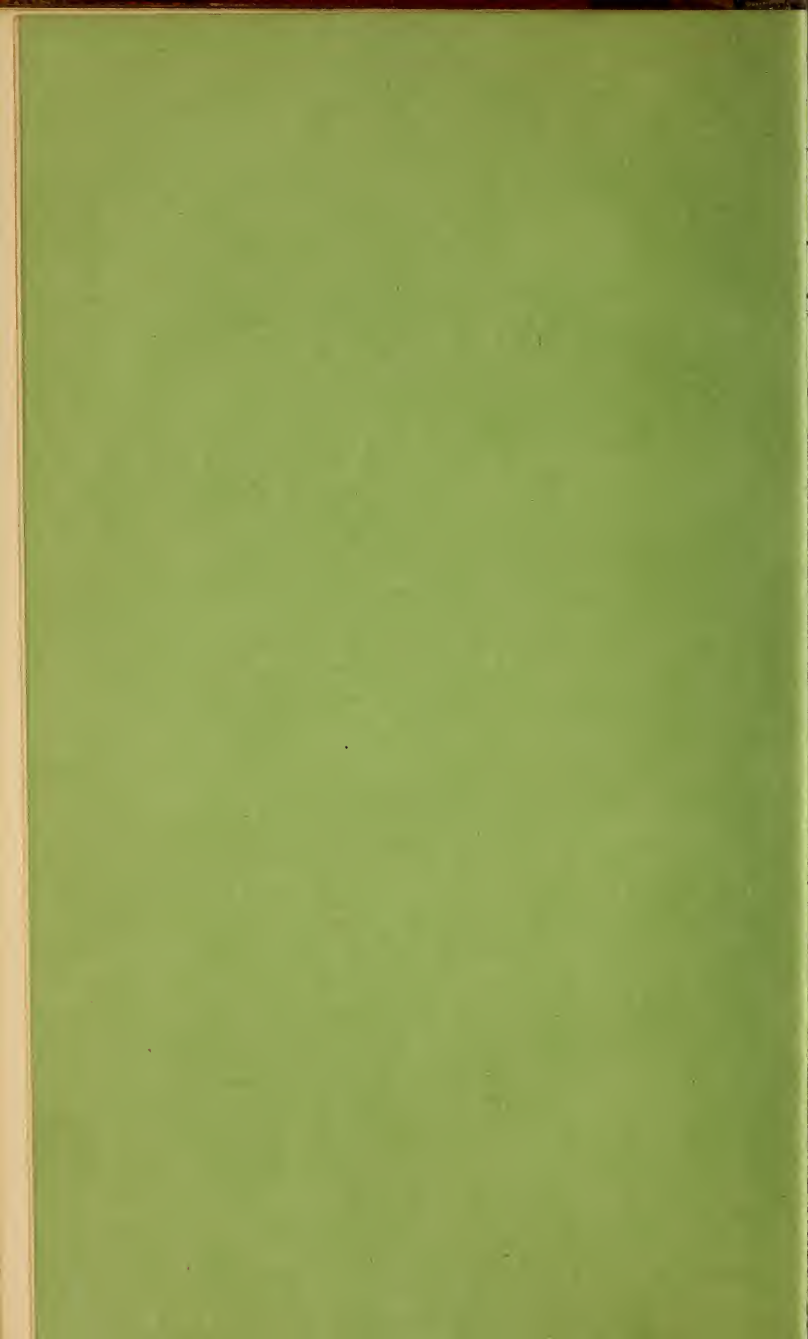
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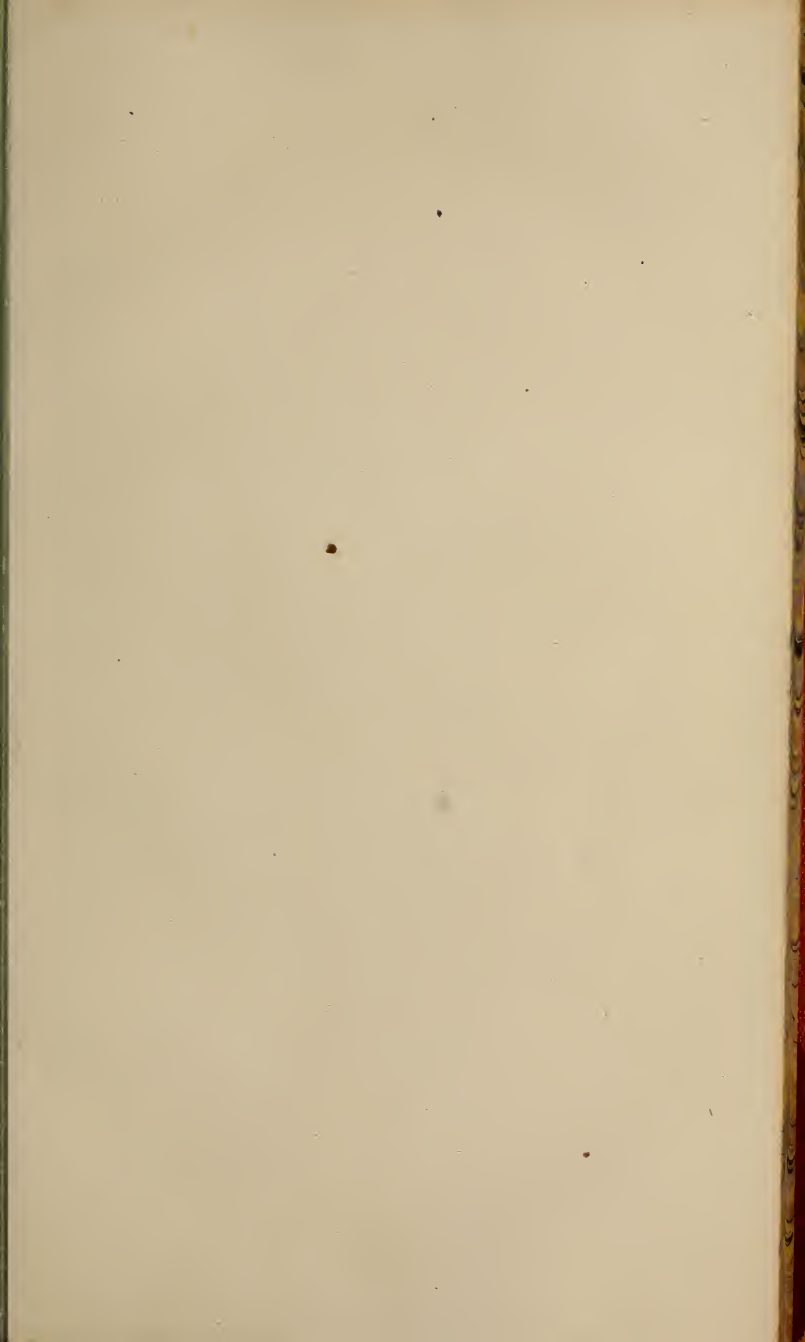
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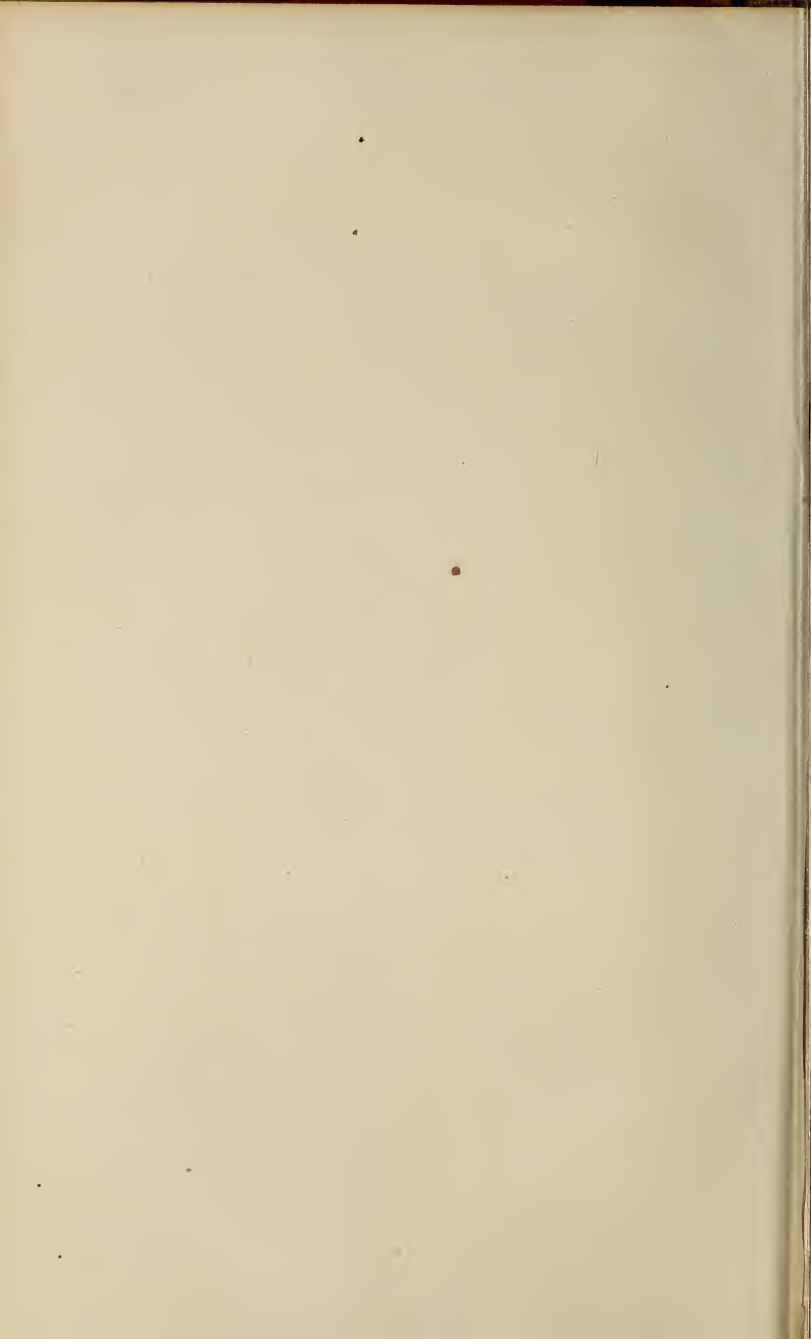
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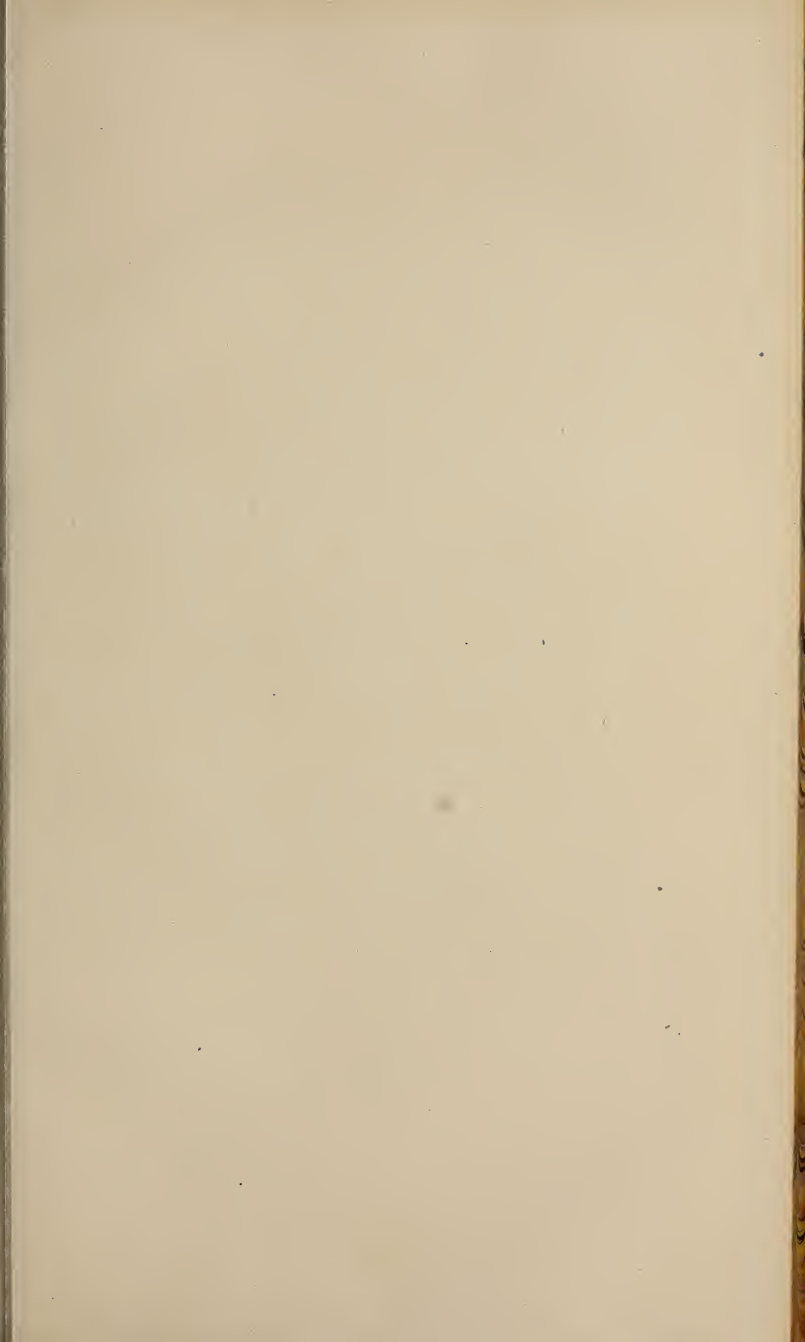
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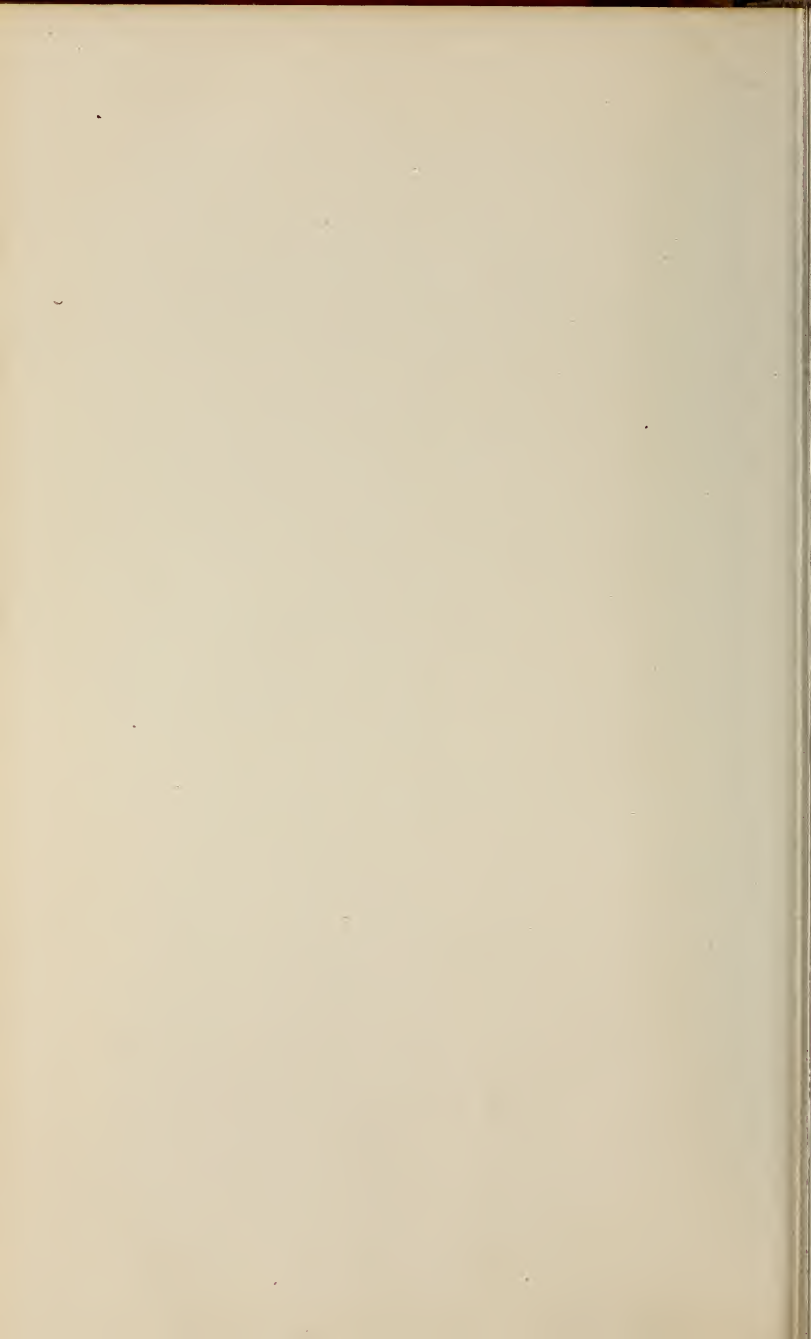
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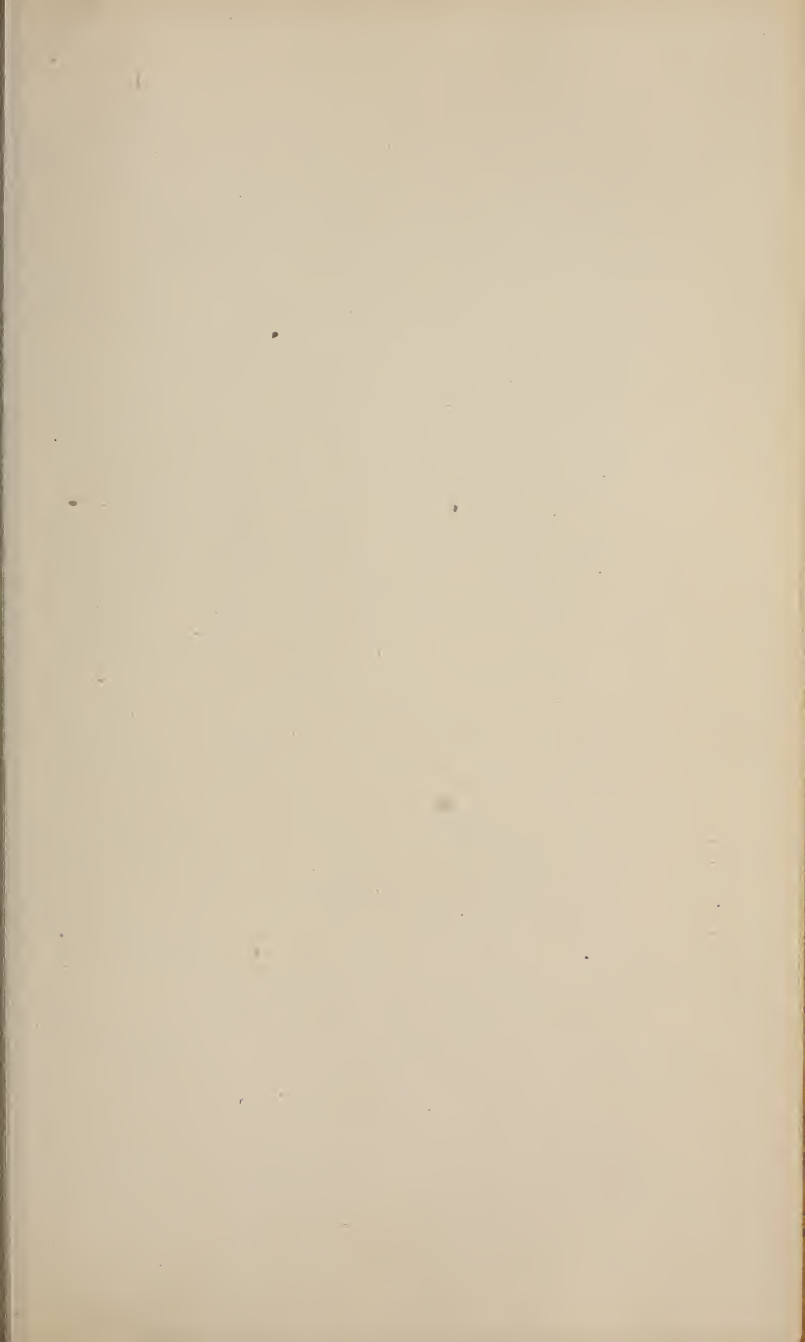








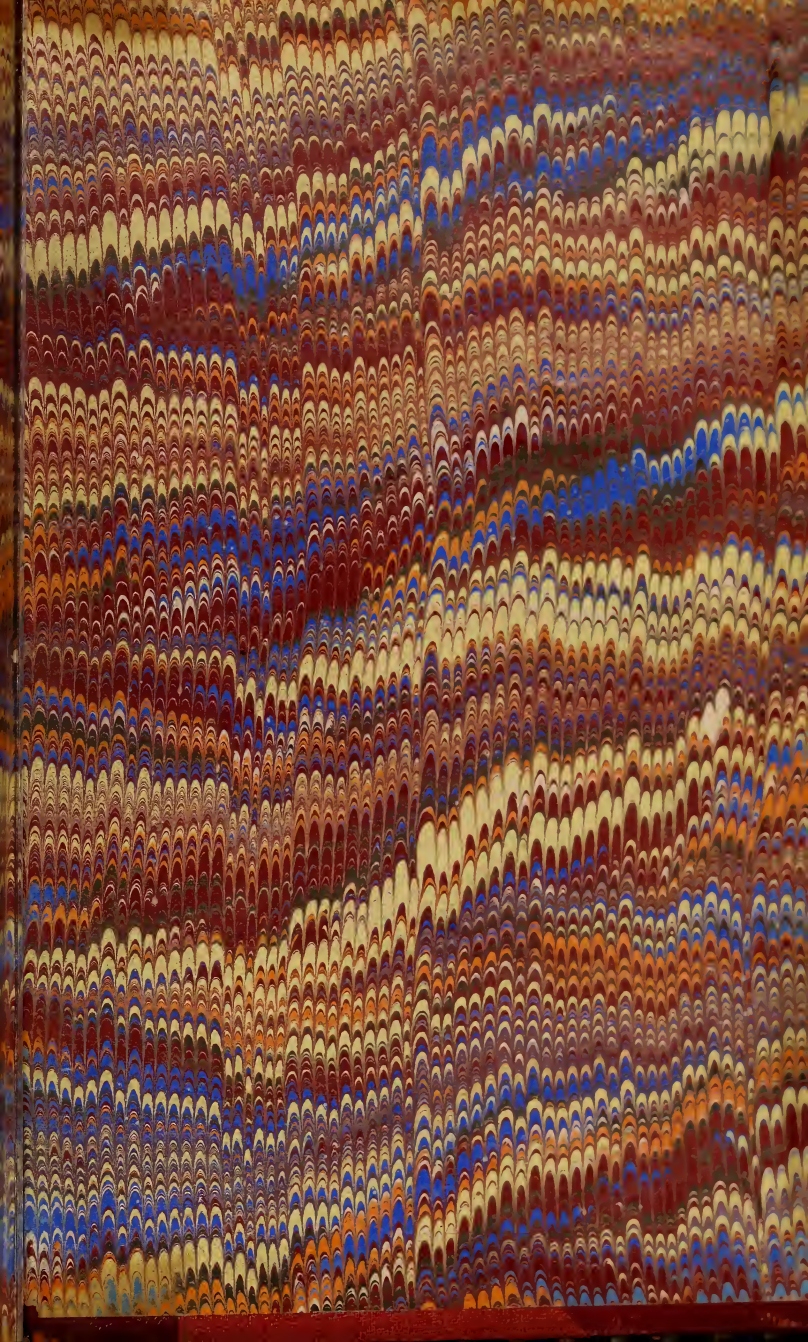












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