COLERIDGE'S POEMS
Coleridge's Poems

A Facsimile Reproduction of the Proofs and MSS. of some of the Poems

Edited by the Late

James Dykes Campbell

Author of "Samuel Taylor Coleridge, A Narrative of the Events of his Life," and Editor of "The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,"

With Preface and Notes by

W. Hale White

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PREFACE.

In his edition of Coleridge’s Poetical Works (1893) Mr. Dykes Campbell says (p. 613), “There is a much-tortured draft of Love in the British Museum, of which (and of several other curiosities of the kind) I have printed a type-facsimile. The little volume only awaits a preface and notes.” There are also other allusions to the contents of this volume in the notes to the Poetical Works. Mr. Campbell died soon after the printing of the facsimile was completed, and the preface and notes to it were not written. He indicated the source whence the latter part of his facsimile was derived, but there was nothing in it to show where or what was the original of the first part. At last, after much search, it was discovered to be the collection of proofs belonging to Mr. R. A. Potts, to which there is a reference at p. 574 P. W. Mr. Campbell had spent much labour and time upon these “curiosities,” and although it can hardly be hoped that their sale will be large, it has been thought worth while to publish them. They
were already printed, and there may be a few students and lovers of Coleridge to whom any record of his ways and methods may be precious. They are also evidence, although no additional evidence is needed, of the religious care with which Mr. Campbell discharged his duty as biographer and editor. I cannot attempt to supply a substitute for what he left undone. I should fear the comparison between anything I might venture to say and conjectures of what my friend would have said, and I must confine myself to a few words of description and explanation.

Mr. Potts has kindly lent me his little volume. It is bound in boards and the corrections are in Coleridge's own hand. On the back is written "Coleridge's MSS. Corrected copy of a work." On the side in Coleridge's hand are the words "Mr. Cottle's." In part it is a copy of the Poems of 1796 prepared for the printer, but it is not a final revise. It is interleaved in MS., and in addition to a portion of the text of 1796 it contains proofs of the notes of 1797 and of the Ode to the Departing Year. The 1796 text in the present reprint is on white paper. The MS-
interleaving and the proofs of notes are on blue paper. The proofs of the *Ode* are on white paper. Erased letters, words and passages, are printed in italics and are enclosed in brackets. The paging of the reprint is at the bottom.

*Advertisement.*—This is to be found at p. 243 of the *Poems* of 1797. The list of poems following the advertisement is the list of Coleridge's poems in the supplement to that edition excluding *On the Christening of a Friend's Child.*

*Religious Musings* (p. 55).—The passage about Priestley which is here struck out was restored in 1797, but without the two and a half lines beginning at "Whom that" expressing "impotent regret" that the author had never seen him.

*Notes.*—There are three sets of proofs of the notes which follow those on *Religious Musings*, but the first ends in the middle of note 13 about light from plants. The third proof is uncorrected. There is also an uncorrected proof of the note on the Chatterton Monody. Mr. Campbell has printed only one set incorporating in it all the corrections with the exception of one or two which are of no importance.
Note on the Monody to Chatterton.—This is the suppressed note to which Cottle refers (Early Recollections, i. 34—Reminiscences, 24). He says, "on this note being shown to me, I remarked that 'Captain Blake, whom he occasionally met, was the son-in-law of Dean Milles.' 'What,' said Mr. Coleridge, 'the man with the great sword?' 'The same,' I answered. 'Then,' said Mr. C. with an assumed gravity, 'I will suppress this note to Chatterton; the fellow might have my head off before I am aware!' To be sure there was something rather formidable in his huge dragoon's sword, constantly rattling by his side! This Captain Blake was a member of the Bristol Corporation, and a pleasant man, but his sword was prodigious! 'The sight of it,' Mr. C. said, 'was enough to set half-a-dozen poets scampering up Parnassus, as though hunted by a wild mastadon.'" Cottle then professes to give the note, but his version differs from that of the MS. now printed.

Note to the Sonnet on Burke.—The cancelled passage is taken from the Watchman, No. i. p. 22, (See P. W., p. 574). The last paragraph of the
note seems to assume the existence of the *Watchman*, and it may have been actually written before 13 May, 1796, when the *Watchman* came to an end, although the proof is set up for the edition of 1797.

**Note to The Composition of a Kiss.**—Mr. E. R. Norris Mathews, the City Librarian at Bristol, has kindly given me the following description of the *Carmina Quadragesimalia* to which Coleridge refers.

"[The title-page: vol. i.] Carmina | quadragesimalia | ab | ædis Christi | Oxon. | Alumnis composita | et ab | ejusdem ædis | Baccalaureis Determinantibus | in | Schola | Naturalis Philosophiae | publice recitata.

Oxonii, | e Theatro Sheldoniano | MDCCXXIII. |

[The title page of the second volume is identical as far as “recitata,” then—] Volumen Secundum. | Oxonii, | e Theatro Sheldoniano, | MDCCXLVIII.  

Coleridge alters "Adiddit" (*sic*) to "Addit et," but it is "Additit" in the original. Who "L. Thomas" was is not known. The title of the poem is "An Omne Corpus Componatur? Aff."

Ode on the Departing Year.—There are two proofs, neither of them final revises, but the second comes after the first in order of time. This is evident from Coleridge’s remark at p. 97 and Cottle’s reply at p. 111. Cottle and his printer have therefore paid but small attention to Coleridge’s directions, and Cottle’s note on the second proof to the line In the black chamber, etc., is wrong, as it is clearly struck out in the first proof. The reference on p. 88 is to Bishop Lowth’s Short Introduction to English Grammar. The list of poems (p. 98) is a list of all Charles Lloyd’s poems included in the edition of 1797.

The remainder of Mr. Campbell’s facsimile consists of extracts from the British Museum MSS. quoted on p. 113. They are bound in a thin volume, which was bought of Mr. H. Bohn in 1868. It contains To Lesbia, Morienti Superstes, The Death of the Starling, three lines from Dejection, and a prose note besides the poems now printed. The leaves are separate and belong to different dates.

The Dark Ladie.—This was first printed in the Morning Post of 21 Dec., 1799. It next appeared,
greatly altered, as *Love*, in the second (1800) edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*. There are four forms of it known to me, that of the present transcript, the *Morning Post*, the Longman MS.,¹ and the *Lyrical Ballads*. It would be interesting to print a variorum edition of the poem, but as this is impossible in the space allotted to me, reference must be made by the reader who wishes to understand the relationship between these four forms to *P. W.*, pp. 612-614. The MS. of our facsimile is clearly prior to the *Morning Post*. The two stanzas following the fifth to the left and right are essays in the construction of two stanzas in the *Morning Post*. The last line of the 28th stanza is to be found in a remodelled stanza in the *Post* and in the Longman MS., but Coleridge has obliterated the whole verse in the latter. This is enough to show, independently of all the other obvious considerations, that it is an early, if not the first draft, which we have before us. The exquisite 25th stanza has not before

¹ *A Description of the Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS. in the possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman*. Edited with notes by W. Hale White, 1897.
been printed. To my mind and ear it is inimitable, and it is of itself sufficient to justify the publication of Mr. Campbell's labours.

The second MS. is an incomplete copy of *Love*. Those stanzas which are found in the MS. vary but slightly from those in the final version, with the exception of the last two on p. 127. The first of these is in the *Post* and Longman MSS., but, as I have just said, has been struck out in the latter, and is consequently not in the *Lyrical Ballads*. The second of the two stanzas corresponds with the *Post* and Longman MSS. The date of this portion of the MS. of the facsimile is probably after that of the *Post* and before that of the Longman MSS.

*Lewti.*—It may be worth while to note that Coleridge most likely takes his "Tamaha" from the "Alatamaha" of Bartlett's *Travels in North America* (p. 12).

W. Hale White.
MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. POTTs.
ADVERTISEMENT.

N.B. To be placed before the poems which I have retained.
ADVERTISEMENT.

I have excepted the following Poems from those, which I had determined to omit. Some intelligent friends particularly requested it, observing, that what delighted me, when I was "young in writing poetry, would probably best please those, who are young in reading poetry: and a man must learn to be pleased with a subject before he can [give] that attention to it, which is requisite in order to acquire a just taste." I however was fully convinced, that he, who gives to the Press what he does not thoroughly approve in his own closet, commits an act of disrespect [or] both against himself and his fellow-citizens. The request & the reasoning would not therefore have influenced me, had they not been assisted by other motives. The first in order of these Verses, which I
have thus endeavoured to reprieve from immediate oblivion, was originally addressed "To the Author of Poems published anonymously, at Bristol." A second Edition of these poems has lately appeared with the Author's name prefixed, and I could not refuse myself the gratification the name of that man among my poems, without whose kindness they would probably have remained unpublished; and to whom I know myself greatly & variously obliged, as a poet, a man, and a Christian.—The second is entitled "an Effusion on an autumnal Evening, written in early youth." In a note to this poem I had asserted, that the Tale of Florio in Mr Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory" was to be found in the Loch leven I did (and still do) perceive a certain likeness between the two stories; but certainly not a sufficient to justify my
assertion. I feel it my Duty therefore to apologize to the Author & the Public for this rashness; and my sense of honesty would not have been satisfied by the bare omission of the note. No one can see more clearly than myself the littleness & futility of imagining plagiarisms in the works of men of Genius; but nemo omnibus horis sapit, and my mind, at the time of writing that note, was sick & sore with anxiety, and weakened thro' much suffering.

I have not the most distant knowledge of Mr Rogers, except as a correct & elegant Poet. If any of my readers should know him personally, they would oblige me by informing me that I have expiated a sentence of unfounded detraction by an unfolicted & self-originating apology.

Having from these motives two, & those the longest of the poems, I had omitted, I gave a
yielded a passport to the three others, which were recommended by the greatest number of votes.—There are some Lines too of Lloyd’s & Lambs in this appendix. They had been omitted in the former part of the volume partly by accident; but I have reason to believe, that the Authors regard them, as of inferior merit; & they are therefore rightly placed, where they will receive some beauty from their vicinity to others much worse.

1. To Joseph Cottle, Author of &c
2. An Effusion on an Autumnal Evening, written in early Youth.
3. Verses in the manner of Spencer.
4. The Composition of a Kiss.
5. To an Infant.

Then Lamb’s & Lloyd’s.
Yet thou more bright than all the Angel Blaze
That harbinger'd thy birth, thou, Man of Woes
Despised GALILÆAN! For the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)
Seems with peculiar & unfilled light
To shine from forth th' oppressed Good Man's face,
Religious Musings, a desultory Poem written on the Christmas Eve of 1794.

This is the time, when, most divine to hear
The voice of Adoration rouses me,
As with a Cherub's trump: till high upborne
Yea, mingling with the Quire, I seem to view
The Vision of the heavenly Multitude,
That hymned the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields
[Making the midnight glorious

Yet more bright,]

Yet thou more bright than all the Angel Host
That harbinger'd thy birth, thou, Man of Woes
Despised Galilæan! For the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)
With a peculiar and surpassing Light  
Shines from the visage of th' oppress'd Good Man,  
When heedless of himself the scourged Saint  
Mourns for the' Oppressor.  

Preeminent]  
Fair [is] the Vernal mead,  
Fair [the high] Grove, the Sea, the Sun, the Stars;  
Yet nor high Grove nor many-col[ou]r'd mead  
[Bright Imprefs each of their creating Sire!]  
Nor the green Ocean with his thousand Isles  
Nor the Starr'd Azure, nor the Sovran Sun  
E'er with such majesty of portraiture  
Imaged the unimaginable God  
As thou, meek Saviour! at that fearful hour  
When thy insulted Anguish &c.]
[When all of Self regardless the scourg'd Saint
Mourns for th' Oppressor. O thou meekest Man! 25
Meek Man and lowliest of the Sons of Men!
Who thee beheld thy imag'd Father saw.
His Power and Wisdom from thy awful eye
Blended their beams, and loftier Love fate there
Musing on human weal, and that dread hour]  [30]
When thy insulted Anguish wing'd the prayer
Harp'd by Archangels, when they sing of Mercy! [25]
Which when th' Almighty heard, from forth his
Throne
fill'd Heaven with extacy—
Diviner light [flash'd extacy o'er Heaven!]
Heav'n's hymnings paus'd: and Hell her yawning
mouth  [35]
Clos'd a brief moment.

[9]
Lovely was the Death

Of Him, whose Life was Love! Holy with power [30]

He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beam'd [30]

Manifest Godhead, melting into day [40]

What [Mists dim-floating of] Idolatry

Broke [Split] and mishap'd the Omnipresent Sire:

[And first by Terror, Mercy's startling prelude, Soul Uncharm'd the [Spirit] spell-bound with earthly lusts] 35

Till of it's nobler Nature it 'gan feel [45]

Dim recollections; and thence soar'd to Hope,

Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good [40]

Th' Eternal dooms for his Immortal Sons, [40]

From Hope and [Stronger] Faith to perfect Love 40

Attracted and absorb'd: and center'd there [50]

God only to behold, and know, and feel,

Till by exclusive Consciousness of God

[10]
Note to line 34.

Τό Νοητόν διηρήκασιν εἰς πολλῶν
Θεῶν ἰδιότητας. Damas. de myt, Αἰγυπτ.

34th [& 35th] line[s] thus

[Renewer of the ancient Truth! And first

By TERROR be uncharm'd the slumb'ring Spirit,]

And first by Fear uncharm'd the droused soul,
Till of it's nobler &c.
[MS.]

Note to line 44.

See this demonstrated by vide Hartley & Piistorius

[12]
All self-annihilated it shall make

God it's Identity: God all in all!

We and our Father one!

And blest are they,

Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,

Their strong eye darting thro' the deeds of Men

Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze

Him, Nature's Essence, Mind, and Energy! [60] 50

And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend

Treading beneath their feet all visible things

As steps, that upward to their Father's Throne

Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor lov'd.

They nor Contempt imbosom nor Revenge: [65] 55

For they dare know of what may seem deform

The Supreme Fair sole Operant: in whose fight

[13]
All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
Alike from all educating perfect good.

Their's too celestial courage, inly arm'd—— [70] 60
Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
On their great Father, great beyond compare!
And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
His waving Banners of Omnipotence.

Who the Creator love, created might [75] 65
Dread not: within their tents no Terrors walk.
For they are Holy Things before the Lord
Aye-unprofan'd, tho' Earth should league with Hell!
God's Altar grasping with an eager hand
Fear, the wild-visag'd, pale, eye-starting wretch, [80] 70
Sure-refug'd hears his hot pursuing fiends

[14]
All things of terrible seeming: yea, unmov'd
Views e'en th' immitigable Ministers
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial Mercy-seat they come,
And at the revovating Wells of Love
Have fill'd their Vials with salutary Wrath
Yell at vain distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles: a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eye: his swimming eye uprais'd:
And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming.  [Yea, and there,
Unshudder'd, unaghaasted, he shall view
E'en the Seven Spirits, who in the latter day
Will shower hot pestilence on the sons of men.
For he shall know, his heart shall understand,
That kindling with intenser Deity
They from the Mercy-seat—like rosy flames,
From God's Celestial Mercy-seat will flash,
And at the wells of renovating Love
Fill their Seven Vials with salutary wrath,]
To sickly Nature more medicinal
That what soft balm the weepinggood manpours [100]
Into the lone despoiled trav’ller’s wounds!

Thus from th’ Eleft, regenerate thro’ faith,
Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares 90
Drink up the spirit and the dim regards
Self-center. Lo they vanish! or acquire [105]
New names, new features — by supernal grace
Enrob’d with Light, and naturaliz’d in Heaven.
As when a Shepherd on a vernal morn 95
Thro’ some thick fog creeps tim’rous with slow foot,
Darkling he fixes on th’ immediate road [110]
His downward eye: all else of fairest kind
Hid or deform’d. But lo, the bursting Sun!

[18]
Note to Line 90.

Our evil passions under the influence of Religion become innocent & may be made to animate our virtues—in the same manner as the thick mist melted by the Sun increases the Light, which it had before excluded.

In the preceding paragraph agreeably to this Truth we had allegorically narrated the transfiguration of Fear into holy Awe.
Touch'd by th' enchantment of that sudden beam
Strait the black vapor melteth, and in globes
Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree:
On every leaf, on every blade it hangs!
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
And wide around the landscape streams with glory!

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With blest outstarting! From himself he flies,
Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation, and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the most High! Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's Throne. [130]
But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
And that in his vast family no Cain
Injures uninjur'd (in her best-aim'd blow
Victorious Murder a blind Suicide) [135]
Haply for this some younger Angel now
Looks down on Human Nature: and, behold!
A sea of blood bestrew'd with wrecks, where mad
Embattling Interests on each other rush
With unhelm'd Rage! [140]

"Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves [22]
If to make aught but the supreme Reality the object of final pursuit the [our ruling Passion] be Superstition, if [falsely to] attributing of sublime properties to things, or persons, which those things or persons neither do or can possess, be superstition; then Avarice & Ambition are Superstitions: and he, who wishes to estimate the evils of Superstition, should transport himself, not to the temple[s] of [Mex] the Mexican Deities but the plains of Flanders, or the coast of Africa.—Such is the sentiment convey[ing] in this & the subsequent Lines.
Parts and proportions of one wond'rous whole:
This fraternizes man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffus'd thro' all, that doth make all one whole;
This the worst superlition, him except,
Aught to desire, Supreme Reality!
The plenitude and permanence of bliss!

[O Fiends of Superstition! not that oft
Your pitiless rites have floated with man's blood
The skull-pil'd Temple, not for this scall wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One!
But (whether ye th' unclimbing Bigot mock
With secondary Gods, or if more pleas'd
Ye petrify th' [imbrothell'd] Atheist's heart,
The Atheist your worst slave) I o'er some plain
Peopled with Death, and to the silent Sun

L 3

[25]
Steaming with tyrant-murder'd multitudes;

Or where mid groans and shrieks loud-laughing

TRADE

More hideous packs his bales of living anguish;

I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends!
And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith;
Hiding the present God; whose presence loft,

The moral world's cohesion, we become

An Anarchy of Spirits! Toy-bewitch'd,
Made blind by lufts, disherited of soul,
No common center Man, no common fire

Knoweth! A fordid solitary thing,

Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart

Thro' courts and cities the smooth Savage roams

Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole,
When he by sacred sympathy might make
O Fiends of Superstition! not that, oft
The erring Priest hath slain'd with Brother's blood,
Your grisly Idols, not for this may Wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One!
But o'er some plain, that streameth to the Sun
Peopled with Death; or where more hideous Trade
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish;
January 21st 1794, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the Speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an amendment to the following effect: "That the House hoped, His Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to [a] conclude a peace with France &c." [Op] This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who "considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservation of the Christian Religion. May 30th, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of Resolutions with a view to the establishment of a Peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these remarkable words; "The best road to Peace, my Lords! is War; and War carried on in the same manner, in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, & with all our strength."
The whole one self! self, that no alien knows! 155
Self, far diffus'd as Fancy's wing can travel! [175]
Self, spreading still! Oblivious of it's own,
Yet all of all possess'Dng! This is Faith!
This the Messiah's destin'd victory!

But first offences needs must come! Even now 160
(Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff!) [180]
Thee to defend, meek Galilæan! Thee
And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,
Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
Of social Peace; and lift'ning Treachery lurks 165
With pious fraud to snare a brother's life; [185]
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread!
Thee to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind!

[29]
Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace!

From all sides rush the thirsty brood of war! [190]

Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,
The lustful Murd'rs of her wedded Lord!

And he, connatural Mind! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feign'd)

Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,

Bidding her serpent hair in [tortuous folds]

Lick his young face, and at his mouth breathe

Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these

Each petty German Princeling, nurs'd in gore!

Soul-harden'd barterers of human blood!

Death's prime Slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!

Nor leaft in savagery of holy zeal,

Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,

Whom Britain erst had blush'd to call her sons!

[30]
Note to Line 193.

Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for Judgment, &c. Habakkuk I. 12. In this paragraph the Author recalls himself from his indignation against the instruments of Evil, to contemplate the uses of these Evils in the great process of divine Benevolence. In the first age Men were innocent from ignorance of vice; they fell, that by the knowledge of consequences they might attain intellectual security—i.e. *which* Virtue, which is a wise & strong-nerv’d Innocence.

[32]
Thee to defend the Moloch Priest prefers
The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd
That Deity, accomplice Deity
In the fierce jealousy of waken'd wrath
Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
With blessedness, Lord of unsleeping Love,
From everlastling Thou! We shall not die.
These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
Teachers of Good thro' Evil, by brief wrong
Making Truth lovely, and her future might
Magnetic o'er the fix'd untrembling heart.

In the primeval age a dateless while
The vacant Shepherd wander'd with his flock
Pitching his tent where'er the green grass wav'd. [220]
But soon Imagination conjur'd up
An host of new desires: with busy aim,
Each for himself, Earth's eager children toil'd.
So Property began, twy-streaming fount,
Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall. [225]
Hence the soft couch, and many-colour'd robe,
The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast
With all th' inventive arts, that nurs'd the soul
To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
Unsensualiz'd the mind, which in the means
Learnt to forget the grossness of the end,
Best-pleasur'd with it's own activity.
And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm,
The dagger'd Envy, spirit-quenching Want,
Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the ills [235]
[34]
Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst 224

= A new paragraph.
That vex and desolate our mortal life:
Wide-wafting ills! yet each th' immediate source
Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
To ceaseless action goading human thought
Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord; [240]
And the pale-featur'd Sage's trembling hand
Strong as an host of armed Deities[!],
From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War
Sprang heavenly Science: and from Science Freedom.
O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards [245]
Spread in concentric circles: they whole souls
Conscious of their high dignities from God
Brook not Wealth's rivalry; and they who long
Enamour'd with the charms of order hate
Th' unseemly disproportion; and whoe'er
Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car
[37]
And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
On that blest triumph, when the patriot sage
Call'd the red lightnings from th' o'er-rushing cloud
And dash'd the beauteous Terrors on the earth
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
Measur'd firm paces to the calming sound
Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day,
When, flung to rage by Pity, eloquent men
Have rous'd with pealing voice th' unnumber'd tribes

That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind,
These hush'd awhile with patient eye serene
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm;
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame th' outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding Confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont, bright visions of the day!
To float before them, when, the Summer noon,
Beneath some arch’d romantic rock reclin’d
They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks,
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet inhal’d
The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods
And many-tinted streams and setting Sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
Extatic gaz’d! then homeward as they stray’d
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mus’d
Why there was Misery in a world so fair.

Ah far remov’d from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
They gape at pageant Power, nor recognize
Their cots’ transmuted plunder! From the tree
Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen,
Rudely disbranch'd! [Blessed O bleff] Society! [285]
Fitliest depicted by some sun-scorch'd waste,
Where oft majestic thro' the tainted noon
The Simoom fails, before whose purple pomp [270]
Who falls not prostrate dies! And where, by night,
Faft by each precious fountain on green herbs [290]
The lion couches; or hyaena dips
Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws;
Or serpent [rolls] his vast moon-glittering bulk, [275]
Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth yells,
His bones loud crash'nig!

O ye numberless,
Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony
Drives from life's plenteous feast! O thou poor Wretch, [40]
276. Behemoth in Hebrew signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the elephant, some the Hippopotamus, some affirm it is the wild-bull. Poetically it designates any large Quadruped.
O loathly Supplicants! ye, that unreceiv'd
Totter heart-broken from the closing Gates
Of the full Lazar-house; or gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
Forc'd or ensnar'd, who as ye gasp in death
Bleed with new wounds beneath the Vulture's Beak!
Who nurs'd in darkness and made wild by want
Roamer,
[Doft roam] for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Doft lift
[Lifte'st] to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed Form,
The victim of seduction, doom'd to know
Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;
Who in loath'd orgies with lewd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd Home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged Women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel toft by law-forc'd Charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder!

[O loathly-visag'd Suppliants! ye that oft]
Rack'd with disease, from the unopen'd gate
Of the full Lazar-house, heart-broken crawl!
O ye to scepter'd Glory's gore-drench'd field
Forc'd or ensnar'd, who swept by Slaughter's scythe,
(Stern nurse of Vultures!) Steam in putrid heaps!]

O thou poor Widow, who in dreams doft view
Thy husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
Start'lt with a shriek: or in thy half-thatch'd cot
Wak'd by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold, 300

Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise,
More blood must steam, or ere your wrongs be full.
Yet is the day of Retribution nigh:
The Lamb of God hath open'd the fifth seal: 305
And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
Th' innumerable multitude of Wrongs
By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh:
And lo! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men, 310
The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World, [330]
Note 316.

This passage alludes to the French Revolution: paragraph and the subsequent to the downfall of Religious Establishments. I am convinced, that the Babylon of the Apocalypse does not apply to Rome exclusively; but to the union of Religion with Power & Wealth, wherever it is found.
With all that fix'd on high like stars of Heaven
Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm. 315
Ev'n now the storm begins: each gentle name, [335]
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
Tremble far-off— for lo! the Giant Frenzy
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm
Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell 320
Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge, [340]
Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin, fits
Nursing th' impatient earthquake.

O return!

Pure Faith! meek Piety! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp, [345]
Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,

M

[47]
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hath met the horrible judgement! Whence that cry?
The mighty army of foul Spirits shriek'd,
Disherited of earth! For She hath fallen
On whose black front was written Mystery;
She that reel'd heavily, whose wine was blood;
She that work'd whoredom with the Daemon Power
And from the dark embrace all evil things
Brought forth and nurtur'd: mitred Atheism
And patient Folly who on bended knee
Gives back the steel that flabb'd him; and pale Fear
Hunted by ghastlier terrors than surround
Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight!
Return pure Faith! return meek Piety!
The kingdoms of the world are your's: each heart
Self-govern'd, the vaft family of Love
Rais'd from the common earth by common toil
When [on] some [high and] solemn jubilee

The [mighty] Gates of Paradise are thrown

Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild

Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,

And Odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth,
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!

When on some solemn jubilee of Saints [saintly] *

The sapphire-blazing gates of Paradise
Are thrown wide open, and thence voyage forth

Detachments wild of seraph-warbled airs,

And odors snatch'd from beds of amaranth,] [370] 350

And they, that from the chrysal river of life
Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales!

The favor'd good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks

Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven. [375]

And such delights, such strange beatitude

Seize on my young anticipating heart

When that blest future rushes on my view!

* [Sainfly] is in Cottle's hand.—Ed.
For in his own and in his Father's might

The Saviour comes! While as [to solemn strains] Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts!

[The THOUSAND YEARS lead up their mystic dance,]

Old Ocean claps his hands! [the DESERT shouts!]

[And soft gales wafted from the haunts of Spring]

Melt the primeval North! The mighty Dead

Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time

With conscious zeal had urg'd Love's wond'rous plan,

Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump

The high Groves of the renovated earth

[The odorous groves of earth reparadis'd]

Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hush'd

Adoring Newton his serener eye

Rises to heaven: and he of mortal kind

Wiseft, he* first who mark'd the ideal tribes

Up thro' [Down] the fine fibres [from] the sentient brain

* David Hartley.
360. The Millennium: in which I suppose that man will continue to enjoy the highest glory, of which his human nature is capable. That all who in past ages have endeavoured to ameliorate the state of man, will rise & enjoy the fruits & flowers, the imperceptible seeds of which they had sown in their former Life: and that the wicked will during the same period be suffering the remedies adapted to their several bad habits. [that] I suppose that this period will be followed by the passing away of this Earth, & by our entering [on] the state of pure intellect; when all creation shall rest from its labors.
Ye swept before me in as lovely Hues
As stream, reflected, from the veiling plumes
Of them, that aye before the Jasper Throne
Adoring bend. Blest Years! ye too depart,

Note to Line 385.

[The] Revel. Ch. IV. v. 2 & 3rd.—And immediately I was in the Spirit; and behold a Throne was set in Heaven, and one fat on the throne. And he that fat was to look like a jasper & sardine stone, &c.
Roll subtly-surging. Pressing on his steps

Lo! Priestley there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage, Whom that my fleshy eye hath never seen

A childish pang of impotent regret

Hath thril'd my heart. Him from his native land

Statesmen blood-stain'd and Priest's idolatrous

[By dark lies mad'ning the blind multitude] Drove with vain hate: calm, pitying he retir'd, And must expectant on these promis'd years.

O Years! the blest preeminence of Saints!

[Sweeping before the rapt prophetic Gaze Bright as what glories of the jasper throne Stream from the gorgeous and face-veiling plumes Of Spirits adoring! Ye, blest Years! must end,] And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange[!],
Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.

For who of woman born may paint the hour, [410]

When seiz'd in his mid course the Sun shall wane [390]

Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born

May image in [his wildly-working thought,] [390]

How the black-visag'd, red-eyed Fiend outstretcht

Beneath th' unsteady feet of Nature groans, [415]

In feverish slumbers — deslin'd then to wake, [395]

When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name

And Angels shout, Destruction! How his arm

The [mighty] Spirit lifting high in air

Shall swear by him, the ever-living One,

Time is no more!

Believe thou, O my soul, [400]

Life is a vision shadowy of Truth,

[MS.] Note to line [400]. This paragraph is intelligible [who] to those who, like the Author, believe & feel the sublime system of Berkley; & the doctrine of the final Happiness of all men.
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave, 400
Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire, [425]
And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
Forth flashing unimaginable day [405]
Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er 405
With 'untir'd gaze th' immeasurable fount [430]
Ebullient with creative Deity!
And ye of plastic power, that interfus'd [410]
Roll thro' the grosser and material mass
In organizing surge! Holies of God! 410
(And what if Monads of the infinite mind?) [435]
I haply journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir! Till then [415]
I discipline my young noviciate thought

[57]
In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing
Soaring aloft I breathe th' empyreal air
Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love,
Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
As the great Sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.
NOTES
ON
RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.

LINE 8.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly Host, praising God and saying glory to God in the highest and on earth peace.

Luke II. 13.]

12th Line [27.]

Philip faith unto him, Lord! shew us the Father and it sufficeth us. Jesus faith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.

John XIV. 9.

[59]
And I heard a great voice out of the Temple saying to the seven Angels, pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth.

Revelation XVI. 1.

That Despot, who received the wages of an hireling that he might act the part of a swindler, and who skulked from his impotent attacks on the liberties of France to perpetrate more successful iniquity in the plains of Poland.

The Father of the present Prince of Hesse Cassell supported himself and his trumpets at Paris by the vast sums which he received from the British Government during the American war for the flesh of his subjects.
Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord! thou hast ordained them for judgment, &c.

**Habakkuk I. 12.**

I deem that the teaching of the gospel for hire is wrong; because it gives the teacher an improper bias in favor of particular opinions on a subject where it is of the last importance that the mind should be perfectly unbiased. Such is my private opinion; but I mean not to censure all hired teachers, many among whom I know, and venerate as the best and wisest of men—God forbid that I should think of these, when I use the word PRIEST, a name, after which any other term of abhorrence
would appear an anti-climax. By a PRIEST I mean a man who holding the scourge of power in his right hand and a bible (translated by authority) in his left, doth necessarily cause the bible and the scourge to be associated ideas, and so produces that temper of mind that leads to Infidelity—Infidelity which judging of Revelation by the doctrines and practices of established Churches honors God by rejecting Christ. See "Address to the People," Page 57, sold by Parsons, Paternoster-Row.]

LINE [253] 235.

DR. FRANKLIN.

LINE [288] 270.

At eleven o'clock, while we contemplated with great pleasure the rugged top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to
folace ourselves with plenty of good water, Idris cried out with a loud voice, 'Fall upon your faces, 'for here is the Simoom.' I saw from the S. E. an haze come on, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick.—It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground.—We all lay flat on the ground, as if dead, till Idris told us it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze, which I saw, was indeed passed; but the light air that still blew was of heat to threaten suffocation.

Bruce's Travels, vol. 4. page 557.

*LINE 294.*

*Used poetically for a very large quadruped; but in general it designates the Elephant.*

[MS.] *The Simoom is here introduced as emblematical of the pomp & powers of Despotism.*
NOTES ON

Line [324] 305.

See the sixth chapter of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. — And I looked and beheld a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the Earth to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with pestilence, and with the beasts of the earth. — And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also, and their brethren, that should be killed as they were should be fulfilled. And I beheld when he
had opened the sixth seal, the stars of Heaven fell unto the Earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind:
And the Kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, &c.

[LINE 335.]

*The French Revolution.*]

LINE [343] 325.

And there came one of the seven Angels which had the seven vials and talked with me, saying unto me, come hither! I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great Whore, that sitteth upon many waters: with whom the Kings of the earth have committed fornication, &c. Revelation of St. John the Divine, chapter the seventeenth. [MS.] This (the 17th) & the thirteenth Scaliger

deem'd the only intelligible chapters of the whole Apocalypse.

*Scaligerianis* II. pag. 14 & 15.

[65]
NOTES

[ON THE

MONODY TO ‘CHATTERTON’]

Poor Chatterton! Herbert Croft has written with feeling concerning him; and Vice-

simus Knox has attempted to write with feeling. — Hayley [who (so future. Antiquarians

will inform our posterity) has written sundry things in the reign of King George the Third,]
describes [the death of] Chatterton in his Essay on Poetry—as tearing the strings of his lyre in

the agonies of death! — By far the best poem on this subject is “Neglected Genius or Tributary

“Stanzas to the memory of the unfortunate Chatterton,” written by Rushton, a blind Sailor.

Walpole writes thus. All the house of Forgery

are relations. Although it be but just to Chatter-

N

[67]
TON's Memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the more enriching branches yet he who could so ingeniously counterfeit styles and (the asserter believes) hands, might easily have been led to the more facile imitation of prose promissory notes!" — [O ye who honor the name of MAN, rejoice that this Walpole is called a LORD!]

[MIKES] too, the Editor of his Poems—a Priest who though only a Dean, in dullness and malignity was most episcopally eminent, soul[y] calumniated him—An Owl mangling a poor dead Nightingale!—

[Most inspired Bard!

To him alone in this benighted age

Was that divine Inspiration given,

Whichglores in MILTON's and in SHAKESPEARE'S page,

The pomp and prodigality of Heaven.]
NOTES.

Note 1 — Page 37.

Lee Boo, the son of Abba Thule, Prince of the Pelew Islands came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich Church-yard. See Keate's Account.

Note 2. — Page 37.

And suffering Nature weeps that one should die.

Southey's Retrospect.

Page 46.

Yet never Burke! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!

When I composed this line, I had not read the following paragraph in the Cambridge Intelligencer (of Saturday, November 21, 1795.)

"When Mr. Burke first crossed over the House of Commons from the Opposition to the Ministry, he
received a pension of 1200l. a-year charged on the King's Privy Purse! When he had completed his labors, it was then a question what recompence his service deserved. Mr. Burke wanting a present supply of money, it was thought that a pension of 2000l. per annum for forty years certain, would sell for eighteen years purchase, and bring him of course 36,000l. But this pension must, by the very unfortunate act, of which Mr. Burke was himself the author, have come before Parliament. Instead of this Mr. Pitt suggested the idea of a pension of 2000l a-year for three lives, to be charged on the King's Revenue of the West India 4½ per cents. This was tried at the market, but it was found that it would not produce the 36,000l. which were wanted. In consequence of this a pension of 2500l.
per annum, for three lives on the 4½ West India Fund, the lives to be nominated by Mr. Burke, that he may accommodate the purchasers, is finally granted to this disinterested patriot! He has thus retir'd from the trade of politics, with pensions to the amount of 3700l. a-year."

[We feel not for the Public in the present instance: we feel for the honor of genius; and mourn to find one of her most richly gifted children associated with the Youngs, Wynhams, and Reeveses of the day; "match'd in mouth" with

"Mastiff, bloodhound, mungril grim
Cur and spaniel, brache and lym
Bobtail tike and trundle-tail;"

And the rest of that motley pack, that open in most hideous concert, whenever ou[?] State-Nimrod pro-
vokes the scent by a trail of rancid plots and false insurrections! For of the rationality of these animals I am inclined to entertain a doubt, a charitable doubt! Since such is the system which they support that we add to their integrity whatever we detract from their understanding:

— Fibris increvit optimum

Pingue: carent culpa.

It is consoling to the lovers of human nature to reflect that Edmund Burke the only writer of that faction "whose name would not fully the page of an opponent" learnt the discipline of genius in a different corps. At the flames which rise from the altar of Freedom, he kindled that torch with which he since endeavored to set fire to her temple. Peace be to his spirit, when it departs from us: this is the severest punishment I wish him—that he may be
appointed under-porter to St. Peter, and be obliged to open the gates of Heaven to Brissot, Roland, Condorcet, Fayette, and Priestley!—See Number I. of the Watchman, a miscellany published every eighth day by the Author of these Poems, and by Parsons, Paternoster Row, London.]

Note 3. — Page 50.

Hymettian Flowrets. Hymettus a mountain near Athens, celebrated for its honey. This alludes to Mr. Sheridan’s classical attainments, and the following four lines to the exquisite sweetness and almost Italian delicacy of his poetry.—In Shakespeare’s “Lover’s Complaint” there is a fine stanza almost prophetically characteristic of Mr. Sheridan.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of argument and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong
For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laughers weep:
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:
That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young and old.

Note 4.—Page 52.

When Kosciusko was observed to fall, the Polish ranks set up a shriek.

Note 5.—Page 62.

This little Poem was written when the Author was a boy.

Note 6.—Page 65.

One night in Winter, on leaving a College-
friend’s room, with whom I had supped, I carelessly took away with me “The Robbers” a drama, the very name of which I had never before heard of:—

[74]
NOTES.

A Winter midnight—the wind high—and "The Robbers" for the first time!—The readers of Schiller will conceive what I felt. Schiller introduces no supernatural beings; yet his human beings agitate and astonish more than all the goblin rout—even of Shakespeare.

Note 7. — Page

\[\text{[From the Carmina Quadragesimalia—Vol II. To the copy in the Bristol Library there is a manuscript signature of L. Thomas to this beautiful composition.]}\]
NOTES.

Ex his composuit Dea basia; et omnia libans
Invenias nitidæ sparsa per ora Cloës.

Note 8.—Page 84.

The flower hangs its head waving at times to the gale. Why doft thou awake me, O G[ale]! it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of Heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, they will not find me. So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field.—Berrathon, bid. Ossian's Poems, vol. 2.

Note 9.—Page 86.

How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. My feast was

[76]
spread in Torthoma's Hall. The youths beheld me in my loveliness. They blessed the dark-haired Nina-thomà. —— Berrathon.

Note 10. —— Page 99.

L'athee n'est point à mes yeux un faux esprit; je puis vivre avec lui aussi bien et mieux qu'avec le devot, car il raisonne davantage, mais il lui manque un sens, et mon ame ne se fond point entièrement avec la sienne: il est froid au spectacle le plus ravissant, et il cherche un syllogisme lorsque je rends une action de grâce.


Page 105.

O (have I sigb'd) were mine the Wizard's rod!

I entreat the Public's pardon for having carelessly suffered to be printed such intolerable stuff as this
and the thirteen following lines. They have not the merit even of originality; as every thought is to be found in the Greek Epigrams. The lines in this poem from the 27th to the 36th, I have been told are a palpable imitation of the passage from the 355th to the 370th line of the Pleasures of Memory part 3. I do not perceive so striking a similarity between the two passages; [but if it exist,] at all events I had written the Effusion several years before I had seen Mr. Rogers' Poem.—It may be proper to remark that the tale of Florio in "the Pleasures of Memory" is to be found in Lochleve[r]; a Poem of great merit, by Michael Bruce.—In Mr. Rogers' Poem the names are FLORIA and JULIA; in the Lochl[era] ven Lomond and Levina—and this is all the difference. We seize the opportunity of describing from the Lochleve[r] of Bruce the following exquisite passage, n [78]
describing the effects of a fine day on the human heart.

Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side
Large droves of oxen and the fleecy flocks
Feed undisturbed, and fill the echoing air
With Music grateful to their Master's ear.
The Traveller stops and gazes round and round
O'er all the plains that animate his heart
With Mirth and Music. Even the mendicant
Bow-bent with age, that on the old gray stone
Solo-sitting sans him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

Note II.—Page III.
The expression "green radiance" is borrowed from Mr. Wordsworth, a Poet whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure; but whom I deem unrivalled among the
writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring.  

Note 13. — Page 118. [Insertion intended]

Light from plants. In Sweden a very curious phenomenon has been observed on certain flowers by M. Haggern, lecturer in natural history. One evening he received a faint flash of light repeatedly dart from a marigold. Surprised at such an uncommon appearance, he resolved to examine it with attention; and, to be assured it was no deception of the eye, he placed a man near him, with orders to make a signal at the moment when he observed the light. They both saw it constantly at the same moment.

The light was most brilliant on marigolds of an orange or flame colour; but scarcely visible on pale ones.
The flash was frequently seen on the same flower two or three times in quick succession; but more commonly at intervals of several minutes: and when several flowers in the same place emitted their light together, it could be observed at a considerable distance.

[MS.] Good heavens! what a Gap!

This phenomenon was remarked in the months of July and August at sun-set, and for half an hour, when the atmosphere was clear; but after a rainy day, or when the air was loaded with vapours nothing of it was seen.

[MS.] Good heavens! what a Gap!

The following flowers emitted flashes, more or less vivid, in this order:

[MS.] Good Heavens! what a Gap!

1. The Marigold, _galendula officinalis_.

[81]

3. The orange-lily, *lilium bulbiferum*.

4. The Indian pink, *tagetes patula & erecta*.

From the rapidity of the flash, and other circumstances, it may be conjectured that there is something of electricity in this phenomenon.

ERRATA.

Page 22. For froths read froth, and omit the comma at waves.—Page 24. For obedience read obeisance.

—Page 74. For Like snowdrop opening to the solar ray read As night-clos'd Flowret to the orient ray.

—Page 124. For An antic huge read antic small.—Page 126. Divide the third from the second Stanza.

—Page 127. For the semicolon after at you will; put a comma.—Page 128. For Frst read First.—Ditto, For tempest honor'd read tempest-honor'd.

FINIS

[MS.] From Monk's-hood to phenomenon may very well be printed in the 191nd Page—and then let the Errata [be] occupy the last.
Ode

on the

Departing Year.

A

[83]
The Motto —! where is the
Motto —? I would have
not
lost the motto for a kingdom
\twas the best part of the
Ode
ARGUMENT.

The Ode commences with an Address to [the] Divine Pro-
vidence, [that] regulates into one vast Harmony all which
the events of time, however calamitous some of them
may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on
men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and
devote them for awhile to the cause of human nature in
general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of
Russia, who died of an Apoplexy on the 17th of
November 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary
treaty with the Kings combined against France. The
first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the
departing year, &c. as in a vision. The second Epode
prophecies in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this
Country.

A 2

[85]
ODE

on the

DEPARTING YEAR

[MS.]

(Composed Decembr 23rd, 1796)

STROPHE I.

Spirit! who sweepest the wild Harp of Time,

It is most hard with an untroubled Ear

Thy dark inwoven Harmonies to hear!

Yet, mine eye fixt on Heaven's unchang'd clime,

Long had I listened free from mortal fear,

With inward stillness, and a bowed mind:

When lo! far onwards waving the wind

I saw the skirts of the Departing Year!

Starting from my silent sadness,

Then with no unholy madness,

Ere yet the entered cloud forbade my sight,

I rais'd th' impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

[87]
STROPHE II.

Hither from the recent Tomb;
From the prison's direr gloom;
From Poverty's heart-wasting languish;
From Distemper's midnight anguish:
Or where his two bright torches blending
Love illumines Manhood's maze;
Or where o'er cradled infants bending
Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze:
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes, and young-eyed Joys, advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the Hand
Whose indefatigable Sweep
Forbids its fateful strings to sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixt tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;

O that they would read Bishop Lowth!
And with a loud and yet a louder voice
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!

[O'er Nature struggling with portentous birth!]
Name,
Still echoes the dread [name] that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm and woke the brood of Hell:
And now advance in saintly Jubilee[.]

Justice & Truth[.] They too have heard the spell,

They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

EPODE.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array;
I heard the mailed Monarch's troubous cry —
"Ah! whither does the Northern Conqueress stay?
"Groans not her Chariot o'er its onward way?"

Fly, mailed Monarch, fly!

Stunn'd by Death's "twice mortal" mace,

No more on Murder's lurid face

Th' insatiate Hag shall glote with drunken eye!

[89]
Manes of th' unnumbered Slain!
Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin chok'd the streams,
Fell in Conquest's glutted hour
Mid Women's shrieks and Infant's screams;
Whose shrieks, whose screams were vain to stir
Loud-laughing, red-eyed Massacre!
Spirits of th' uncoffin'd Slain,
Sudden blasts of Triumph swelling
Oft at night, in misty train
Rush around her narrow Dwelling!
Th' exterminating Fiend is fled—
(Foul her Life and dark her Doom!)
Mighty Army of the Dead,
Dance, like Death-fires, round her Tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some sceptered Murderer's fate!

[90]
When shall sceptered Slaughter cease?

Awhile he crouch'd O Victor France!

Beneath the lightning of thy Lance,

With treacherous dalliance wooing Peace.

But soon up-springing from his dastard trance

The boastful, bloody son of Pride betrayed

His hatred of the blest and blessing Maid.

One cloud, O Freedom! cross'd thy orb of Light

And sure, he deem'd, that Orb was quench'd in night:

For still does Madness roam on Guilt's bleak dizzy height!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore

My soul beheld thy Vision. Where, alone,

"With treacherous dalliance wooing peace."—At the time this Ode was being composed, our Ambassador had returned from Paris; the French Directory professing to consider his ultimatum as an insult to the Republic.
Voiceless and stern, before the Cloudy Throne
Aye Memory sits; there, garmented with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storiedst thy sad Hours! Silence ensued:
Deep Silence o'er th' ethereal Multitude,
Whose wreathed Locks with snow-white Glories shone.

Then, his eye wild ardors glancing,
From the choired Gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up beautiful before the Cloudy Seat!

ANTISTROPHE II.

On every Harp, on every Tongue,
While the mute Enchantment hung [·]
Like Midnight from a thunder cloud
Spake the sudden Spirit loud—
"Thou in stormy Blackness throning
"Love and uncreated Light,
"By the Earth's unsolaced groaning

"Seize thy terrors, Arm of Might!

"By Belgium's corse impeded flood!

"By Vendee steaming Brother's blood!

"By Peace with proffer'd insult scar'd,

"Masked hate and envying scorn!

"By Years of Havoc yet unborn;

"And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bar'd!

"But chief by Afric's wrongs

"Strange, horrible, and foul!

"By what deep Guilt belongs

"To the deaf Senate, "full of gifts & lies!"

"By Wealth's insensate laugh! By Torture's howl!

"Avenger, rise!

"For ever shall the bloody Island scowl?

"By Belgium's corse impeded flood!"—The Rhine.
"For aye, unbroken, shall her cruel Bow
"Shoot Famine's arrows o'er thy ravaged World?
"Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below—
"Rise, God of Nature, rise! Ah why those Bolts unhurl'd?

EPODE II.
The voice had ceas'd, the Phantoms fled,
Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread[.]
And ever when the dream of night
Renews the vision to my sight,
Cold sweat-damps gather on my limbs;
My Ears throb hot; my eyeballs start;
My Brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my Heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of Death!
No stranger agony confounds
The Soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil & wounds,

Death-like he dozes among heaps of Dead!

(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,

And the Night-wind clamours hoarse;

See the startful Wretch's head

Lies pillow'd on a Brother's Corse!)

O doom'd to fall, enslav'd and vile,

O Albion! O my mother Isle!

Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,

Glitter green with sunny showers;

Thy grassy Uplands' gentle swells

Echo to the Bleat of Flocks;

(Those grassy Hills, those glitt'ring Dells

Proudly ramparted with rocks)

And Ocean mid his uproar wild

Speaks safety to his Island-child.

Hence for many a fearless age

Has social Quiet lov'd thy shore;
Nor ever sworded Foeman's rage
Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with gore.
Disclaim'd of Heaven! mad Av'rice at thy side
At coward distance, yet with kindling pride[
Safe 'mid thy herds and corn-fields thou hast stood,
And join'd the yell of Famine and of Blood.
All nations curse thee; and with eager wond'ring
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction, who with many a dream
Of central [flames] thro' nether seas upthund'ring
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet as she lies

"Disclaim'd of Heaven!" We have been preserved by
our insular situation from suffering the actual horrors of
War ourselves; and we have shewn our gratitude to Provi-
dence for this immunity, by our eagerness to spread those
horrors over other nations less happily [situated] circumstanc
Of the one hundred and seven last years fifty have
been years of War.

[96]
By livid fount or roar of blazing stream,

[In the black chamber of a sulphur'd mount,]

If ever to her lidless dragon eyes,

O Albion! thy predestin'd ruins rise,

The Fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,

Mutt'ring distemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

Away, my soul, away!

In vain, in vain, the birds of warning sing—

And hark! I hear the famin'd brood of prey

Flap their [dark] pennons on the groaning wind!

Away, my soul, away!

I unpartaking of the evil thing,

With daily prayer[,] and daily toil[,]  

Soliciting for food my scanty soil,

Have wail'd my country with a loud lament.

Now I recenter my immortal mind

[MS.] I suspect, almost suspect, that the word "dark" was intentionally substituted for "lank"—if so, 'twas the most tasteless thing thou ever didst,
In the long sabbath of high self-content;
Cleans'd from the fears and anguish that bedim
God's image, Sister of the Seraphim.

[MS.] Decemb. 23rd 1796

[MS.]

The Melancholy Man
The Maniac
The infant
To the Genius of Shakespere
Stanzas after a Journey into N. Wales.

The Sonnets

= Lines to S. T. Coleridge

Christmas, a Poem

Poems on the Death

Priscilla Farmer

[98]
Ode

on the

Departing Year.

A

[99]
Motto

I beseech you, let the Motto be printed; and printed accurately.
Spirit! who sweepest the wild Harp of Time,
It is most hard with an untroubled Ear
Thy dark inwoven Harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixt on Heaven's unchang'd clime,
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and a bowed mind:
When lo! far onward waving the wind
I saw the skirts of the Departing Year!

Starting from my silent sadness
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud forbade my sight,
I rais'd th' impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

[MS.] "Ode on the departing Year." This Ode was written on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December, 1796; and published separately on the last day of the year.
Hither from the recent tomb;
From the prison's direr gloom;
From Poverty's heart-wasting languish;
From Distemper's midnight anguish:
Or where his two bright torches blending
Love illumine['']s Manhood's maze;
Or where o'er cradled infants bending
Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze:
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes, and young-eyed Joys, advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the Hand
Whose indefatigable Sweep
Forbids its fateful strings to sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixt tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;

[102]
And with a loud & yet a louder voice
O'er Nature struggling with portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!

Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm and woke the brood of Hell:
And now advance in saintly Jubilee,
Justice and Truth: they too have heard the spell,
They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

EPODE.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array;
I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—
Therefore
"Ah! [whither] does the Northern Conqueress stay?"
"Groans not her Chariot o'er its onward way?"
Fly, mailed Monarch, fly!
Stunn'd by Death's "twice mortal" mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
Th' insatiate Hag shall glote with drunken eye!

[MS.] O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!

[103]
Manes of th' unnumbered Slain!
Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human [R]uin chok'd the streams,
Fell in Conquest's glutted hour
Mid Women's shrieks and Infant's screams;
Whose shrieks, whose screams were vain to stir
Loud-laughing, red-eyed Massacre!
Spirits of th' uncoffin'd Slain,
Sudden blasts of Triumph swelling
Oft at night, in misty train
Rush around her narrow Dwelling!
Th' exterminating Fiend is fled—
(Foul her Life and dark her Doom!)
Mighty Army of the Dead,
Dance, like Death-fires, round her Tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some sceptered Murderer's fate!

[MS.] * NB  Print the line thus—
Mid Women's shrieks & Infant's screams,
the ' put after the s' in infant's

[104]
[When shall sceptered Slaughter cease?
Awhile He croucb'd O Victor France!
Beneath the lightning of thy Lance,
With treacherous dalliance wooing Peace.
But soon up-springing from his dastard trance
The boastful, [bloody] son of Pride betrayed
His hatred of the blest and blessing Maid.
One cloud, O Freedom! cross'd thy orb of Light
And sure, he deem'd, that Orb was quench'd in
night:
For still does MADNESS roam on GUILT'S bleak
'dizzy height!]

ANTISTROPHE I.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy Vision. Where, alone,

["With treacherous dalliance wooing peace."—At the
time this Ode was being composed, our Ambassador had
returned from Paris; the French Directory professing to
consider his ultimatum as an insult to the Republic.]

[MS.] ["One cloud, O Freedom!"—At the time our Ambassador delivered in his ultimatum, the French had received a check from the Arch-duke Charles.]
Voiceless and stern, before the Cloudy Throne
Aye Memory sits; there garmented with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storiedst thy sad Hours! Silence ensued:
Deep [S]ilence o'er th' ethereal Multitude,
Whose wreathed Locks with snow-white Glories shone.

Then, his eye wild ardors glancing,
From the choired Gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up beautiful before the Cloudy Seat!

ANTISTROPHE II.

On every Harp, on every Tongue,
While the mute Enchantment hung [:]
Like Midnight from a thunder cloud
Spake the sudden Spirit loud—
"Thou in stormy Blackness throning
"Love and uncreated Light,
“By the Earth’s unsolaced groaning
“Seize thy terrors, Arm of Might!
“By Belgium’s corse impeded flood!
“By Vendee steaming Brother’s blood!
“By Peace with proffer’d insult scar’d,
“Masked hate and envying scorn!
“By Years of Havoc yet unborn;
“And Hunger’s bosom to the frost-winds bar’d!
“But chief by Afric’s wrongs
“Strange, horrible, & foul!
“By what deep Guilt belongs
“To the deaf Senate, “full of gifts and lies!”
“By Wealth’s insensate laugh! By Tortures howl!
“Avenger, rise!
“For ever shall the bloody Island scowl?

“By Belgium’s corse impeded flood!” — The Rhine.
"For aye, unbroken, shall her cruel Bow

"Shoot Famine's arrows o'er thy ravaged World?

"Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below—
Rise, God of Nature, rise! Ah why those Bolts unhurl'd?

EPODE II.

The voice had ceas'd, the Phantoms fled,
Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread.
And ever when the dream of night
Renews the vision to my sight,
Cold sweat-damps gather on my limbs;
My Ears throb hot; my eyeballs start;
My Brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my Heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of Death!
No stranger agony confounds
The Soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredome with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of Dead!
(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
And the Night-wind clamours hoarse;
See! the startful Wretch's head
 Lies pillow'd on a Brother's Corse!)
O doomed to fall, enslav'd and vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy Uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the Bleat of Flocks;
(Those grassy Hills, those glitt'ring Dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his Island-child.
Hence for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet lov'd thy shore;
Nor ever sworded Foeman’s rage
Or sack’d thy towers, or stain’d thy fields with gore.
Disclaim’d of Heaven! mad Av’rice at thy side
At coward distance, yet with kindling pride—
Safe ’mid thy herds and corn-fields thou hast stood,
And join’d the yell of Famine and of Blood.
All nations curse thee: and with eager wond’ring
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction, who with many a dream
Of central [flames] thro’ nether seas upthund’ring
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet, as she lies

[“Disclaim’d of Heaven!” We have been preserved
by our insular situation from suffering the actual horrors
of War ourselves; and we have shewn our gratitude to
Providence for this immunity, by our eagerness to spread
those horrors over other nations less happily situated.
Of the one hundred and seven last years, fifty have
been years of War.]
By livid fount or roar of blazing stream,

[In the black chamber of a sulphur’d mount,]

If ever to her lidless dragon eyes,

O Albion! thy predestin’d ruins rise,

The Fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,

Mutt’ring distemper’d triumph in her charmed sleep.

Away, my soul, away!

In vain, in vain, the birds of warning sing—

And hark! I hear the famin’d brood of prey

Flap their [dark] pennons on the groaning wind!

Away, my soul, away!

I unpartaking of the evil thing,

With daily prayer, and daily toil[,

Soliciting for food my scanty soil,

Have wail’d my country with a loud lament.

Now I recenter my immortal mind

[MS.] That this line was to be omitted is not [to be] clearly expressed in your directions as I will show you. [All the MS. notes on this page are in Cottle’s hand.—Ed.]
In the [long] sabbath of [high] self-content;
Cleans'd from the fears and anguish that bedim
God's Image, Sister of the Seraphim.
THE DARK LADĪÈ.

THE STRIPLING'S WAR-SONG.

LEWTI.

[British Museum, Add. MSS. No. 27, 902.]
THE DARK LADIE.

1
O leave the Lily on its stem;
O leave the Rose-bud on the spray;
O leave the Elder-bloom, [fair dear] Maids!
And listen to my lay.

2
A cypress and a myrtle bough
This morn around my Harp you twin'd,
Because it fashion'd sad and sweet
It's murmurs to the wind;

3
And now a tale of Love and Woe,
A woful tale of Love I sing:
Hark, gentle Maidens! hark—it sighs
And trembles on the string!

[115]
But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come, and hear what cruel wrongs
Befell the Dark Ladiè.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My Hope, my Joy, my Genevieve;
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

[O ever in my lonely walk]
I feed upon that blissful hour,
we
midway on the Mount [I stood] [Isate]
When [we two stood upon the Hill]
Beside the ruin'd tow'r.

[stole] [upon] shine stealing o'er scene
The Moon [be] [blended] [on] the [ground]
Had [And] blended with the lights of Eve—
stood near,
And she [was there,] my Hope, my Joy,

My own dear Genevieve!
[I played a soft and [mournful] air,  
I sang an old and moving story—

An old [wild] song, that fitted well

The Ruin wild and hoary.

With flitting Blush and downcast eyes,
In modest melancholy grace,
The Maiden stood: perchance, I gaz’d
Too fondly on her face.—]

* *

Against a grey Stone rudely carv’d,
The Statue of an armed Knight,
She lean’d, [the] melancholy mood,

[An] To watch’d the lingering Light.—

[O ever in my waking dreams]
[That ruddy eve, that blissful hour]

When midway on the Mount I [stood]  
Beside the ruin’d Tower.

[117]
9
The Moonshine stealing o'er the Scene
Had blended with the lights of Eve;
And she was there, my Hope, my Joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

[She lean'd against a tall Stone,
The Statue of a]

10
She lean'd against an armed man,
The Statue of an armed Knight;
She stood and listen'd to my Harp
Amid the lingering light.

11
I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that fitted well
The Ruin wild and hoary.

[118]
She listen'd with a flitting Blush

[With flitting Blush & downcast eyes,]

With downcast eyes [in] modest grace

[She listen'd; [and] perchance, I gaz'd]

Too fondly on her face.

I4

[I gaz'd, and when] I sang of Love, told her how he pin'd: & ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading 'Tone
With which I sang another's Love,

Interpreted my own.

15

She listen'd with a flitting Blush
With down-cast eyes & modest grace;

And she forgave me, that I gaz'd

Too fondly on her face

16

But when I sang the cruel scorn,
That craz'd this bold & lovely Knight
And how he cross'd the mountain woods,

Nor rested day nor night—

[119]
How sometimes from the hollow Trees
And sometimes from the darksome Shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
   In green & sunny glade

There came, and he him in the Face
And how he knew it was a fiend,
   And yell'd with strange affright—

And how unknowing what he did
He leapt amid a murderous band;
And sav'd from outrage worse than death
   The Lady of the Land—
And how she wept & kiss'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain;
And how she strove to expiate
The scorn that craz'd his Brain—

And how she nurs'd him in a cave—;
And how his madness went away—
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay—

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My [trembling] Voice & pausing Harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity.—

All impulses of Soul & Sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The Music & the doleful Tale,
The rich & balmy Eve;
And Hopes, and Fears that kindle Hope,  
An undistinguishable Throng;  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
—Subdued & cherish’d long—

While Fancy, like the nuptial Torch  
That bends & rises in the wind,  
Lit up with wild and broken lights  
The Tumult of her Mind.—

She wept with pity & delight;  
She blush’d with love & maiden shame  
like the of a dream,  
[The] And [in a] murmur [faint and sweet]  
[I heard her breathe my name]  
[She half-pronounced my name]  
She breathed her Lover’s name—

I saw her gentle Bosom heave  
Th’ inaudible & frequent sighs;  
modest  
And ah! the [bashful] Maiden mark’d  
The wanderings of my eye[s]—
And closely to my heart she press'd,
And closer still with bashful art,
[And ask'd me with her swimming eyes] might
That I [would] rather feel than see
The swelling of her Heart
[Her gentle Bosom rise.—]

And now serene, serene & chaste,
I calm'd her fears; & she was calm
[But soon in calm and solemn tone]
And [She] told her love with maiden pride;

And so I won my Genevieve,
dear

And now once more a tale of Woe,
A woful tale of love I sing
For thee, my Genevieve, it sighs
And trembles on the string.

When last I sang of Him whose heart
Was broken by a Woman's scorn—
And how he cross'd the mountain woods
All frantic & forlorn;

[123]
I promis'd thee a moving Tale
Of Man's perfidious cruelty—
Come then & hear what cruel wrongs
Befell the dark Lady.

The Dark Lady.——

[124]
[ANOTHER MS.]

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
All, all that stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love
And fan his sacred flame.

O ever in my waking dreams
I feed upon that happy hour
When midway on the mount I sate
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the Scene
Had blended with the lights of Eve;
And she was there, my Hope, my Joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed Man,
The statue of the armed Knight;
She stood and listen'd to my Harp
Amid the lingering Light.

[125]
I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story;
   And old rude song that fitted well
      The ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting Blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
   For well she knew I could not choose
      But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning Brand,
   And how for ten long years he woo'd
      The Lady of the Land.

[MS. ends here, in the middle of the page—the following begins on a fresh leaf—Ed.]
And Hopes, and Fears that kindle Hope,
    An undistinguishable Throng,
And gentle Wishes long subdued
    Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and maiden shame;
    And like the murmur of a dream
    I heard her breathe my name.

I saw her Bosom heave and swell,
    Heave and swell with inward sighs—
I could not chuse but love to see
    Her gentle Bosom rise.

Her wet cheeks glow'd: she stepp'd aside—
As conscious of my Look she stepp'd:
Then suddenly with timorous eye,
    She fled to me and wept.

[127]
She half-inclos'd me with her arms,
She prest me with a meek embrace,
And [Then] bending back her head, look'd up
And gaz'd upon my face.

'Twas partly, Love & partly [f] Fear,
And partly twas a bashful Art,
That [rather] I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her Heart

I calm'd her Fears, & she was calm,
And told her Love with maiden pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright & beauteous Bride.

[MS. ends here near the top of the page.]
THE STRIPLING'S WAR-SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

My noble old Warrior! this Heart has beat high
Since you told of the Deeds that our Countrymen
wrought—
Ah give me the [Falchion], that h[angs] by thy Thigh,
And I too will fight as my Forefathers fought.

O despise not my Youth/ for my Spirit is steel'd
And I know, there is strength in the grasp of my Hand:
Yea, as firm as thyself would I move to the Field
And as proudly would die for my dear Native-land!

In the sports of my Childhood I mimick'd the Fight;
[And t] The [sound] of a Trumpet suspended my
breath;
And my fancy still wander'd by [d] Day and by Night
Amid tumults and perils, 'mid conquest and Death!

[129]
My own eager Shout [when the Armies advance]
How oft it awakes me from dreams full of Glory,
[As] I meant to have leapt on the Hero of France
And have dash'd him to earth pale and breathless and gory!

[When] late thro' the City with bannerets streaming
[The] To the [Sound] of [the] Trumpets
[With a terrible beauty] the Warriors flew by:
(With helmet & scymitar naked and gleaming
On their proud trampling thunder-hoof'd Steeds did they fly;)

[And the Host pacing after in gorgeous parade
All mov'd to one measure in front and in rear;
And the [Flute,] Drum & Trumpet such harmony made
As the souls of the Slaughter'd would loiter to hear!]

[130]
I sped to yon Heath that is lonely & bare—
For [And] each nerve
[For my Soul] was unquiet, each pulse in alarm!
I hurl'd my mock-lance thro' the objectless Air
And in open-ey'd Dream prov'd the strength of my Arm.

Yes! noble old Warrior! this Heart has beat high
Since you told of the Deeds that our Countrymen wrought:
Ah! give me the Falchion that hung by thy [thig]
Thigh
And I too will fight as my [illeg.] Forefathers fought!

S. T. Coleridge.
or, The Circassian's Love Chant.

High o'er the silver rocks I roved
To forget the form I loved
In hopes fond fancy would be kind
And steal my Mary from my mind
'Twas twilight & the lunar beam
Sailed slowly o'er Tamaha's stream
As down its sides the water strayed
Bright on a rock the moonbeam play'd
It shone half-sheltered from the view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew

[132]
True, true to love but false to rest,
So fancy whispered to my breast,
So shines her forehead smooth & fair
Gleaming through her sable hair
I turned to heaven—but viewed on high
The languid lustre of her eye
The moons mild radiant edge I saw
Peeping a black-arched cloud below
Nor yet its faint & paly beam
Could tinge its skirt with yellow gleam
I saw the white waves o'er & o'er
Break against a curved shore
Now disappearing from the sight
Now twinkling regular & white
Her mouth, her smiling mouth can shew
As white & regular a row
Haste [H]haste, some God indulgent prove
And bear me, bear me to my love
Then might—for yet the sultry hour
Glows from the sun's oppressive power

[133]
Then might her bosom soft & white
Heave upon my swimming sight
As yon two swans together heave
Upon the gently-swelling wave
Haste—haste some God indulgent prove
And bear—oh bear me to my love
Recently published

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By WILLIAM HALE WHITE
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