

But, if my fair this cruel law impose,
 Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign ;
 To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
 Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
 To Earth's cold womb in silence I descend ;
 Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
 And with the weeping thron'd her sorrows blend.

Ah ! no, be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
 And all her soul from every anguish free :
 Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
 The joys of heaven would be no joys to me.

AN HYMN TO FORTITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

NIGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,
 In awful silence wraps her reign ;
 Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,
 Condense to solid gloom the skies.
 Portentous, thro' the foggy air,
 To wake the Dæmon of Despair,

The raven hoarse, and boding owl,
To Hecate curst anthems howl.

Intent with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallowed bones to raise,
Through funeral vaults and charnels strays;
Calls the damn'd shade from every cell,
And adds new labours to their hell.

And, shield me, heaven ! what hollow sound,
Like Fate's dread knell, runs echoing round ?
The bell strikes one, that magic hour,
When rising fiends exert their power.
And now, sure now, some cause unblest
Breathes more than horror thro' my breast :
How deep the breeze ! how dim the light !
What spectres swim before my sight !
My frozen limbs pale Terror chains,
And in wild eddies wheels my brains :
My icy blood forgets to roll,
And Death e'en seems to seize my soul.
What sacred power, what healing art,
Shall bid my soul herself assert ;
Shall rouse th' immortal active flame,
And teach her whence her being came ?
O Fortitude ! divinely bright,
O Virtue's child, and man's delight !
Descend, an amicable guest,
And with thy firmness steel my breast :

Descend,

Descend, propitious to my lays,
 And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,
 With energy divinely strong,
 Exalt my soul, and warm my song.

When raving in eternal pains,
 And loaded with ten thousand chains,
 Vice, deep in Phlegetor, yet lay,
 Nor with her visage blasted day;
 No fear to guiltless man was known,
 For God and Virtue reign'd alone.
 But, when from native flames and night,
 The curst monster wing'd her flight,
 Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
 Chas'd sweet Contentment from her reign;
 Plac'd Death and Hell before each eye,
 And wrapt in mist the golden sky;
 Banish'd from day each dear delight,
 And shook with conscious starts the night.

When, from th' imperial seats on high,
 The Lord of Nature turn'd his eye,
 To view the state of things below;
 Still blest to make his creatures so:
 From earth he saw Astræa fly,
 And seek her mansions in the sky;
 Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne,
 And white-rob'd Innocence was gone;
 While Vice, reveal'd in open day,
 Sole tyrant rul'd with iron sway;

And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
 And fled for refuge to his arms,
 Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd—
 Whom thus th' Essential Good address'd.

“ Thou, whom my soul adores alone,
 Effulgent sharer of my throne,
 Fair Empress of Eternity !
 Who uncreated reign'st like me ;
 Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,
 With pleasure infinite obey :
 To yon diurnal scenes below,
 Who feel their folly in their woe,
 Again propitious turn thy flight ;
 Again oppose yon tyrant's might ;
 To earth thy cloudless charms disclose,
 Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes :
 Thy triumphs man shall raptur'd see,
 A&I, suffer, live, and die for thee.
 But since all crimes their hell contain,
 Since all must feel who merit pain,
 Let Fortitude thy steps attend,
 And be, like thee, to man a friend ;
 To urge him on the arduous road,
 That leads to virtue, bliss, and God.
 To blunt the sting of every grief,
 And be to all a near relief.”

He said ; and she, with smiles divine,
 Which made all heaven more brightly shine,

To earth return'd with all her train,
 And brought the golden age again.
 Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,
 The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,
 She guardian of their joys no more,
 Could only leave them, and deplore :
 They, now the easy prey of Pain,
 Curst in their wish, their choice obtain !
 Till arm'd with heaven and fate, she came
 Her destin'd honours to reclaim.

Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,
 And fled like birds obscene from light,
 Back to th' abode of plagues return,
 To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.

Thou, Goddess ! since, with sacred aid,
 Hast every grief and pain allay'd,
 To joy converted every smart,
 And plac'd a heaven in every heart :
 By thee we act, by thee sustain,
 Thou sacred antidote of Pain !
 At thy great nod the ^m Alps subside,
 Reluctant rivers turn their tide ;
 With all thy force Alcides warm'd,
 His hand against Oppression arm'd :
 By thee his mighty nerves were strung,
 By thee his strength for ever young ;

^m Alluding to the history of Hannibal.

And whilst on brutal force he press'd,
 His vigour with his foes increas'd.
 By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,
 Ambition's havock to withstand,
ⁿ Timoleon rose, the scourge of fate,
 And hurl'd a tyrant from his state;
 The brother in his soul subdu'd,
 And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
 A foul by so much virtue fir'd,
 Not Greece alone, but heaven admir'd.

But in these dregs of human kind,
 These days to guilt and fear resign'd,
 How rare such views the heart elate!
 To brave the last extremes of fate;
 Like heaven's almighty power, serene,
 With fix'd regard to view the scene,
 When Nature quakes beneath the storm,
 And Horror wears its direst form.
 Tho' future worlds are now descry'd,
 Though Paul has writ, and Jesus dy'd,
 Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
 And all the heaven of heavens display'd;
 Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,
 How pale yon shivering wretch appears!

ⁿ Timoleon, having long in vain importuned his brother to resign the despotism of Corinth, at last restored the liberty of the people by stabbing him. Vid. Plut.

For him the day-light shines in vain,
 For him the fields no joys contain ;
 Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
 No more the woods their Music boast ;
 No more the meads their vernal bloom,
 No more the gales their rich perfume ;
 Impending mists deform the sky,
 And beauty withers in his eye.
 In hopes his terror to elude,
 By day he mingles with the croud ;
 Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
 In busy crouds, and open day.
 If night his lonely walk surprize,
 What horrid visions round him rise !
 That blasted oak, which meets his way,
 Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
 The midnight murderer's known retreat,
 Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late ;
 The clashing chain, the groan profound,
 Loud from yon ruin'd tower resound ;
 And now the spot he seems to tread,
 Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid :
 He feels fixt Earth beneath him bend,
 Deep murmurs from her caves ascend ;
 Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,
 Sees lurid phantoms croud the shade ;
 While shrouded manes palely stare,
 And beckoning wish to breathe their care :

Thus real woes from false he bears,
And feels the death, the hell he fears.

O thou ! whose spirit warms my song,
With energy divinely strong,
Erect his soul, confirm his breast,
And let him know the sweets of rest ;
Till every human pain and care,
All that may be, and all that are,
But false imagin'd ills appear,
Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear.
And, if I right invoke thy aid,
By thee be all my woes allay'd ;
With scorn instruct me to defy
Imposing fear, and lawless joy ;
To struggle thro' this scene of strife,
The pains of death, the pangs of life,
With constant brow to meet my fate,
And meet still more, Euanthe's hate.
And when some swain her charms shall claim,
Who feels not half my generous flame,
Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,
On whom she bends her heavenly smiles ;
For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,
On whom her treasur'd soul bestows ;
When perfect mutual joy they share,
Ah ! joy enhanc'd by my despair !
Mix beings in each flaming kiss,
And blest, still rise to higher bliss ;

Then,

Then, then, exert my utmost power,
 And teach me being to endure;
 Lest reason from the helm should start,
 And lawless fury rule my heart;
 Lest madness all my soul subdue,
 To ask her Maker, What dost thou?
 Yet, couldst thou in that dreadful hour,
 On my rack'd soul all Lethe pour,
 Or fan me with the gelid breeze,
 That chains in ice th' indignant seas;
 Or wrap my heart in tenfold steel,
 I still am man, and still must feel.

ODE AGAINST ILL-NATURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

I.

OFFSPRING of Folly and of Pride,
 To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
 Nurs'd up by Vice, by Pravity misled,
 By pedant Affectation taught and bred:
 Away, thou hideous hell-born spright,
 Go, with thy looks of dark design,
 Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
 Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.

Thy