

From grief, inquietude, and fears,
 From scenes of riot, or of tears ;
 From passions, cankering day by day,
 That wear the inmost heart away ;
 From pale Detraction's envious spite,
 That worries where it fears to bite ;
 From mad Ambition's worldly chase ,
 Come, and in this shady place,
 Be thine Contentment's humble joys,
 And a life that makes no noise,
 Save when fancy, musing long,
 Turns to desultory song ; ¹
 And wakes some lonely melody,
 Like the water dripping by.
 Come, and where these runnels fall,
 Listen to my madrigal !

BREMHILL GARDEN, *Sept.* 1808.

PICTURES FROM THEOCRITUS.

FROM IDYL I.

Αδὺ τι τὸ ψθύρισμα, etc.

GOAT-HERD, how sweet above the lucid spring
 The high pines wave with breezy murmuring !
 So sweet thy song, whose music might succeed
 To the wild melodies of Pan's own reed.

THYRSIS.

More sweet thy pipe's enchanting melody
 Than streams that fall from broken rocks on high.
 Say, by the nymphs, that guard the sacred scene,
 Where lowly tamarisks shade these hillocks green,
 At noontide shall we lie ?

¹ " And Fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song."—*Parnell.*

No ; for o'erwearied with the forest chase,
 Pan, the great hunter god, sleeps in this place.
 Beneath the branching elm, while thy sad verse,
 O Thyrsis ! Daphnis' sorrows shall rehearse,
 Fronting the wood-nymph's solitary seat,
 Whose fountains flash amid the dark retreat ;
 Where the old statue leans, and brown oaks wave
 Their ancient umbrage o'er the pastoral cave ;
 There will we rest, and thou, as erst, prolong
 The sweet enchantment of the Doric song !

FROM THE SAME IDYL.

Mark, where the beetling precipice appears,
 The toil of the old fisher, gray with years ;
 Mark, as to drag the laden net he strains,
 The labouring muscle and the swelling veins !
 There, in the sun, the clustered vineyard bends,
 And shines empurpled, as the morn ascends !
 A little boy, with idly-happy mien,
 To guard the grapes upon the ground is seen ;
 Two wily foxes creeping round appear,—
 The scrip that holds his morning meal is near,—
 One breaks the bending vines ; with longing lip,
 And look askance, one eyes the tempting scrip.
 He plats and plats his rushy net all day,
 And makes the vagrant grasshopper his prey ;
 He plats his net, intent with idle care,
 Nor heeds how vineyard, grape, or scrip may fare.

FROM THE SAME.

Where were ye, nymphs, when Daphnis drooped with love ?
 In fair 'Peneus' Tempe, or the grove
 Of Pindus ! Nor your pastimes did ye keep,
 Where huge Anapus' torrent waters sweep ;

On Ætna's height, ah ! impotent to save,
Nor yet where Akis winds his holy wave !

FROM THE SAME.

Pan, Pan, oh mighty hunter ! whether now,
Thou roamest o'er Lyceus' shaggy brow,
Or Mœnalæus, outstretched in amplest shade,
Thy solitary footsteps have delayed ;
Leave Helice's romantic rock a while,
And haste, oh haste, to the Sicilian isle ;
Leave the dread monument, approached with fear,
That Lycaonian tomb the gods revere.
Here cease, Sicilian Muse, the Doric lay ;—
Come, Forest King, and bear this pipe away ;
Daphnis, subdued by love, and bowed with woe,
Sinks, sinks for ever to the shades below.

FROM IDYL VII.

He left us ;—we, the hour of parting come,
To Prasadamus' hospitable home,
Myself and Eucritus, together wend,
With young Amynticus, our blooming friend :
There, all delighted, through the summer day,
On beds of rushes, pillowed deep, we lay ;
Around, the lentils, newly cut, were spread ;
Dark elms and poplars whispered o'er our head ;
A hallowed stream, to all the wood-nymphs dear,
Fresh from the rocky cavern murmured near ;
Beneath the fruit-leaves' many-mantling shade,
The grasshoppers a coil incessant made ;
From the wild thorny thickets, heard remote,
The wood-lark trilled his far-resounding note ;
Loud sung the thrush, musician of the scene,
And soft and sweet was heard the dove's sad note between ;

Then yellow bees, whose murmur soothed the ear,
 Went idly flitting round the fountain clear.
 Summer and Autumn seemed at once to meet,
 Filling with redolence the blest retreat,
 While the ripe pear came rolling to our feet.

FROM IDYL XXII.

When the famed Argo now secure had passed
 The crushing rocks,¹ and that terrific strait
 That guards the wintry Pontic, the tall ship
 Reached wild Bebrycia's shores ; bearing like gods
 Her god-descended chiefs. They, from her sides,
 With scaling steps descend, and on the shore,
 Savage, and sad, and beat by ocean winds,
 Strewed their rough beds, and on the casual fire
 The vessels place. The brothers, by themselves,
 CASTOR and red-haired POLLUX, wander far
 Into the forest solitudes. A wood
 Immense and dark, shagging the mountain side,
 Before them rose ; a cold and sparkling fount
 Welled with perpetual lapse, beneath its feet,
 Of purest water clear ; scattering below,
 Streams as of silver and of crystal rose,
 Bright from the bottom : Pines, of stateliest height,
 Poplar, and plane, and cypress, branching wide,
 Were near, thick bordered by the scented flowers
 That lured the honeyed bee, when spring declines,
 Thick swarming o'er the meadows. There all day
 A huge man sat, of savage, wild aspect ;
 His breast stood roundly forward, his broad back
 Seemed as of iron, such as might befit
 A vast Colossus sculptured. Full to view

¹ Rocks which were supposed to strike one against the other, and so crush the ship that attempted to pass between.

The muscles of his brawny shoulders stood,
 Like the round mountain-stones the torrent wave
 Has polished ; from his neck and back hung down
 A lion's skin, held by its claws. Him first
 The red-haired youth addressed : Hail, stranger, hail,
 And say, what tribes unknown inhabit here !
 Take to the seas thy Hail : I ask it not,
 Who never saw before, or thee, or thine.
 Courage ! thou seest not men that are unjust
 Or cruel.

Courage shall I learn from thee !
 Thy heart is savage ; thou art passion's slave.
 Such as I am thou seest ; but land of thine
 I tread not.

Come, these hospitable gifts
 Accept, and part in peace.

No : not from thee.

My gifts are yet in store.

Say, may we drink

Of this clear fount ?

Ask, when wan thirst has parched

Thy lips.

What present shall I give to thee ?
 None. Stand before me as a man ; lift high
 Thy brandished arms, and try, weak pugilist,
 Thy strength.

But say, with whom shall I contend ?
 Thou seest him here ; nor in his art unskilled.
 Then what shall be the prize of him who wins ?
 Or thou shalt be my slave, or I be thine.
 The crested birds so fight.

Whether like birds

Or lions, for no other prize fight we !

He said : and sounded loud his hollow conch ;

The gaunt Bebrycian brethren, at the sound,
 With long lank hair, come flocking to the shade
 Of that vast plain.

Then Castor hied, and called
 The hero chiefs from the Magnesian¹ ship.

SKETCHES IN THE EXHIBITION, 1805.

WHAT various objects strike with various force,
 Achilles, Hebe, and Sir Watkin's horse !
 Here summer scenes, there Pentland's stormy ridge,
 Lords, ladies, Noah's ark, and Cranford bridge !
 Some that display the elegant design,
 The lucid colours, and the flowing line ;
 Some that might make, alas ! Walsh Porter² stare,
 And wonder how the devil they got there !

LADY M——VE.

How clear a strife of light and shade is spread !
 The face how touched with nature's loveliest red !
 The eye, how eloquent, and yet how meek !
 The glow subdued, yet mantling on thy cheek !
 M——ve ! I mark alone thy beauteous face,
 But all is nature, dignity, and grace !

HON. MISS MERCER.—HOPNER.

Oh ! hide those tempting eyes, that faultless form,
 Those looks with feeling and with nature warm ;
 The neck, the softly-swelling bosom hide,
 Nor, wanton gales, blow the light vest aside ;

¹ So called, from the country where it was built. — ² A gentleman well known for his taste and fine collection.