

Hence, hence, ye hapless images; away
Delusive Fancy; with thy subtle heat

No more thy vain machinery display,
Now the dark grave, and now the green retreat:
Contentment's truth surpasses thy deceit.

Sister of Wisdom she; of aspect mild:
Who makes the golden mean her certain seat,
And looks on casualty as nature's child;
To heaven's behests still nobly reconcil'd.

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ODE ON TRUE GREATNESS.

BY THE SAME.

LET who will climb the towery steep
Of sovereignty, with slippery strides,
Where, on the bosom of the deep

Below, the pitchy pinnace rides:
A death's head flag, unfurl'd to view,
Waves ghastly; and a sable crew

Gaze from the deck, and seem to wait,
Dash'd down the pointed rocks, the rash unfortunate.

Mine be the low and level way,
Amid the quiet vale to stray;

Safe

Safe in some sylvan lodge to dwell,
 And lull'd by the clear stream that speeds
 By shallow fords to rustling reeds,
 And small lakes, fring'd with homely aspodel,

There sits the calm, the rural sage,
 With nature's volume fair in view;
 And meditates the shining page

Replete with wonders ever new:
 While Wisdom points, on either hand,
 Where plants, and herbs, and flowrets stand
 In emerald groves, and shadowy glades,
 In furzy moors, or musky-smelling meads.

Truth, in her liquid glass serene,
 To him explains each moral scene:
 Oft, in the downward skies, a train
 Of tinsel insects he surveys,
 Or glow-worm, with fallacious blaze,
 Just emblem of court greatness, frail and vain.

Oft in his woodland walk he stops to mark
 The spirited and youthful lark,
 Warn'd by the dawning in the dappled east,
 Lift his melodious flight thro' upper air;
 Late the low tenant of the rushy nest
 Now sings unrival'd in his radiant sphere.
 The pondering hermit then sees Merit roam,
 Above the nurslings of the courtly dome,
 On Glory's sparkling wheels, rais'd from its humble dome.

First

First of the families of fame,
That Rome's imperial city grace,
From rural huts and hamlets came

The Fabian and Fabrician race;
With that firm judge that could condemn
And banish the proud diadem.

To Sabine fields she owes the vine,
Whose tendrils yet round Virtue's column twine;

Which braves Oppression's wintry breath,
And stands the icy touch of Death.

The leafless flock, that Fortune dooms

To wither, with returning spring
(While the glad flocks of Freedom sing)

Profuse of promis'd sweets, with double vigour bloom.

Hark! hark! 'tis Brutus' name I hear,

Join'd with his fair, heroic bride;

To Honour's hallow'd fane they steer

Along the favourable tide;

To her and Safety there to place

The tablet, vow'd to human race:

Blow, every kind and gentle gale

Of gratitude, and fan the swelling sail.

High on a fleecy couch reclin'd,

Of white and amber clouds combin'd,

Rome's genius lifts his august head;

Now slow descending nearer draws,

Hail'd with the popular applause,

And bids the solemn pageantry proceed.

Go,

Go, the triumphal ornaments display;
 Ye sacred Salii lead the way:
 Next led the order of Patrician blood,
 In awful march a numerous train compose,
 And follow'd by the jubilating crowd;
 As Cybelé thro' Phrygian cities goes,
 Majestic, and with golden turrets crown'd:
 A hundred gods her gorgeous car surround,
 A thousand tongues acclaim; the clanging cymbals found.

ODE TO CONCORD.

BY THE SAME.

SOUL of the world, first mover, say,
 From thee what glorious being came,
 Powerful to raise this universal frame?
 Who taught the ponderous wheels to play?
 Gave beauty to look forth with radiant eyes,
 And cloath'd with ambient day the chrystal skies?
 'Twas Concord, who enthron'd above,
 With sevenfold adamant chains
 The path of wandering orbs restrains,
 Kindles the genial fire of love,
 And walks the courts of genuine light,
 (While all heaven hails the wonders of her sight)

Where