



o



T H E
F L E E C E:
A
P O E M.

Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, quæ prima sit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbet Velamina.

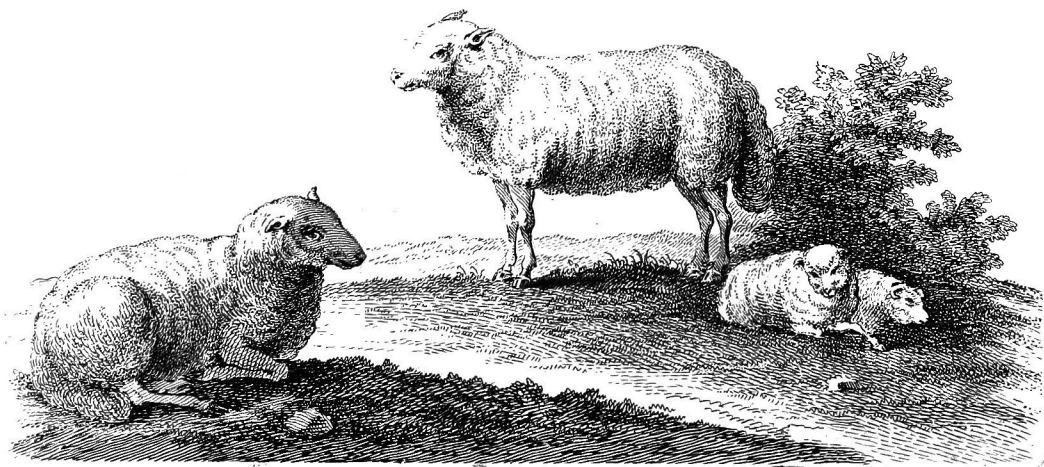
COLUMELLA.



THE
F L E E C E:
A
P O E M.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

By JOHN DYER, LL.B.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

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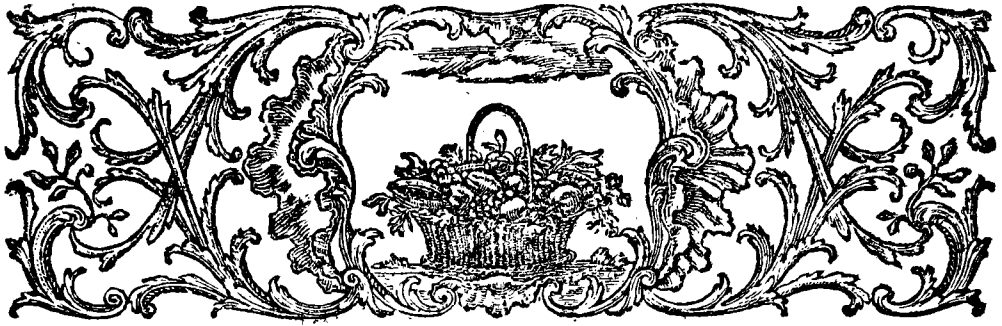


THE
F L E E C E.
BOOK I.

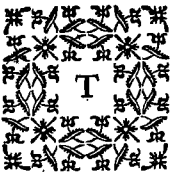


The ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pastures in general fit for sheep: for fine-wool'd sheep: for long-wool'd sheep. Defects of pastures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of English sheep: the two common sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers arising from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in tuppings time. Of the castration of lambs, and the folding of sheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and seasons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with respect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of sheep-shearing. Song on that occasion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-shearing feast and merriments on the banks of the Severn.



THE
F L E E C E.
B O O K I.

 HE care of Sheep, the labors of the Loom,
And arts of Trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye swains, and princely merchants, aid the verse.
And ye, high-trusted guardians of our isle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge assigns : ye good, of all
Degrees, all sects, be present to my song.
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,

The wide felicities of labor learn :

So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul 10

From our strong borders, like a broken wave,

In empty foam retire. But chiefly THOU,

The people's shepherd, eminently plac'd

Over the num'rous swains of ev'ry vale,

With well-permitted pow'r and watchful eye,

On each gay field to shed beneficence,

Celestial office ! THOU protect the song.

ON spacious airy downs, and gentle hills,

With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,

Where smiling PHOEBUS tempers ev'ry breeze, 20

The fairest flocks rejoice : they, nor of halt,

Hydropic tumors, nor of rot, complain ;

Evils deform'd and foul : nor with hoarse cough

Disturb the music of the past'ral pipe :

But, crouding to the note, with silence soft

The close-wov'n carpet graze ; where nature blends

Flowrets and herbage of minutest size,

Book I. The FLEECE.

5

Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

ALL arid soils, with sand, or chalky flint,
Or shells diluvian mingled ; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
Be thy regard : and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper arise ;
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech ;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust ;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.

SUCH are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woods,
And tow'ry villa's; such Dorcestrian fields,
Whose flocks innum'rous whiten all the land :
Such those slow-climbing wilds, that lead the step
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height ! and such the clover'd lawns
And funny mounts of beauteous Normanton,

Ver. 44. Normanton, a feat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandshire.

Health's

Health's chearful haunt, and the selected walk
 Of HEATHCOTE's leisure: such the spacious plain
 Of Sarum, spread like ocean's boundless round,
 Where solitary Stonehenge, grey with moss,
 Ruin of ages, nods: such too the leas
 And ruddy tilth, which spiry Rofs beholds, 50
 From a green hilloc, o'er her lofty elms;
 And Lemster's brooky tract, and airy Croft;
 And such Harleian Eywood's swelling turf,
 Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea:
 And Shobden, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
 Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
 And girt with all Siluria, fees around
 Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
 Pleasant Siluria, land of various views,
 Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves 60

Ver. 52. Croft, a feat of Sir Archer Croft.

Ver. 53. Eywood, of the Earl of Oxford.

Ver. 55. Shobden, of Lord Bateman.

Ver. 57. Siluria, the part of England which lies west of the Severn, viz. Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, &c.

Pomaceous,

Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the sides
Of treacherous Falernum; or that hill
Vesuvius, where the bow'rs of Bacchus rose,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.

BUT if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leicestrian fleeces, what the finewy arm
Combs thro' the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks
The black'ning show'r, and fattens with the draught,
Or marl with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields

70

Ver. 64. Treacherous Falernum, because part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

In

In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.

YET some defect in all on earth appears ; 80
All seek for help, all press for social aid.
Too cold the grassy mantle of the marl,
In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent sheep ; from broken slumber oft
They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch ;
Their wasted fides their evil plight declare.
Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet distance from the upland ridge,
To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank 90
Sow frequent sand, with lime, and dark manure ;
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a passage to the foe.
Plough not such pastures : deep in spongy grass
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
And foundest ; in new herbage coughs are heard.

NOR love too frequent shelter : such as decks
The vale of Severn, nature's garden wide,
By the blue steeps of distant Malvern wall'd, 100
Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade,
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remis
Dimetians, who along their mossy dales
Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour ;
While round them stubborn thorns and furze increase,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread 110
Their dust saline upon the deep'ning grass :
And oft with labor-strengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
To intercept the small meandering rills
Of upper hamlets : haughty trees, that four

Ver. 100. Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worcester.

Ver. 106. Dimetia, Caermarthenshire in South Wales.

The shaded grafs, that weaken thorn-fet mounds,
 And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd :
 Only a flender tuft of useful afh,
 And mingled beech and elm, fecurely tall,
 The little fmiling cottage warm embow'r'd ;
 The little fmiling cottage, where at eve
 He meets his rofy children at the door,
 Prattling their welcomes, and his honeft wife,
 With good brown cake and bacon flice, intent
 To cheer his hunger after labor hard.

120

NOR only foil, there alfo muft be found
 Felicity of clime, and afpect bland,
 Where gentle fheep may nourifh locks of price.
 In vain the filken fleece on windy brows,
 And northern ftopes of cloud-dividing hills
 Is fought, though foft Iberia fpreads her lap
 Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
 Bifcaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
 And dark Norwegian, with their choicelt fields,

130

Dingles,

Book I. The F L E E C E.

II

Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embow'r'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun
Libya's hot plains : what taste have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow dust of gold ? no more
Food to the flock, than to the miser wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and starves. 140
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the shining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Bafely from Albion, by th' ensnaring bribe,
The bait of av'rice, which, with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thousands steals.

How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond desire ! Those flow-descending show'rs,
Those hov'ring fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads shed, 150
Britannia's handmaids. As the bev'rage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her vallies laugh and sing.

HAIL noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bow'rs,
The vig'rous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of mists and vapours! These thy sons
With their cool arms compress; and twist their nerves 160
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our EDWARDS, HENRYS, CHURCHILLS, BLAKES,
Our LOCKES, our NEWTONS, and our MILTONS, rose.

SEE the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen snow'r,
How beautiful! How blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So flock, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green, 170
What other paradise adorn but thine,

Britannia?

Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific add, and stately ships
Innumerable. But whither strays my muse?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand
Arriv'd of bright Augusta: wild he roves
From deck to deck, thro' groves immense of masts;
'Mong crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind; 180
Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and domes,
In sweet surprize; unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
Each object singly; with discov'ries new
His native country studious to enrich.

YE shepherds, if your labors hope success,
Be first your purpose to procure a breed,
To soil and clime adapted. Ev'ry soil
And clime, ev'n ev'ry tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each,

The Great Invifible, and each to all,
 Through earth, and fea, and air, harmonious fuits.
 Tempeftuous regions, Darwent's naked peaks,
 Snowden and blue Plynlymmon, and the wide
 Aerial fides of Cader-yddris huge ;
 Thefe are beftow'd on goat-horn'd fheep, of fleece
 Hairy and coarfe, of long and nimble fhank,
 Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
 Alternate, to collect, with due difpatch,
 O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-fcatter'd meal. 200
 But hills of milder air, that gently rife
 O'er dewy dales, a fairer fpecies boaft,
 Of fhorter limb, and frontlet more ornate ;
 Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
 Near Cotfwold downs, or the delicious groves
 Of Symmonds, honour'd through the fand y foil
 Of elmy Rofs, or Devon's myrtle vales,

Ver. 193. Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyfhire.

Ver. 194, 195. Snowden, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.

Ver. 207. Rofs, a Town in Herefordfhire.

That

THUS to their kindred foil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will blefs thy skilful care,
That copies nature ; who, in ev'ry change,
In each variety, with wisdom works,
And pow'rs diversify'd of air and foil, 230
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marl, Ægyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's sand, in climes alike,
With diff'rent stores supply the marts of trade.
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear ;
Small are the Ruffian herds, and harsh their fleece :
Of light esteem Germanic, far remote
From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,
And summers bath'd in dew : on Syrian sheep
The costly burden only loads their tails : 240
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
Adorn ; but fleck of flix, and brown like deer,
Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along
The sands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,

Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,
 Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
 Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool
 Is grafs or herbage foft, that ever blooms
 In temp'rate air, in the delicious downs
 Of Albion, on the banks of all her fstreams.

250

O F graffes are unnumber'd kinds, and all
 (Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
 Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
 Oft mingle with the pearls of fummer fhew'rs,
 And fwell too haftily the tender plains :
 Then fnatch away thy fheep ; beware the rot ;
 And with deterfive bay-falt rub their mouths ;
 Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
 In hunger's kind diftreffs, on tedded hay ;
 Or to the marifh guide their eafy fteps,
 If near thy tufted crofts the broad fea fpreads.
 Sagacious care foreafts : when ftrong difeafe
 Breaks in, and ftains the purple fstreams of health,

260

Hard is the strife of art : the coughing pest
From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks away.

THAT dire distemper sometimes may the swain,
Though late, discern ; when, on the lifted lid,
Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale ;
The swelling liver then her putrid store 270
Begins to drink : ev'n yet thy skill exert,
Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms :
Again detensive salt apply, or shed
The hoary med'cine o'er their arid food,

IN cold stiff foils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the halt :
Those let the neighb'ring fold or ready crook
Detain ; and pour into their cloven feet
Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
Dry allum, verdegrise, or vitriol keen. 280
But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,
'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,
And salt again : th' utility of salt

Teach thy flow fwains : redundant humours cold
Are the difeafes of the bleating kind.

TH' infectious scab, arifing from extremes
Of want or furfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or foddren ftave-acre, or oil
Disperfive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous BERKELEY, whose benevolence 290
Explor'd its pow'rs, and eafy med'cine thence
Sought for the poor : ye poor, with grateful voice,
Invoke eternal bleffings on his head.

SHEEP alfo pleurifies and dropfies know,
Driv'n oft from nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns afide, with haughty hand,
Whom facred inftinct would fecurely lead.
But thou, more humble fwain, thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field ; 300
Noting the fickle feafons of the fky.

Rain-fated pastures let them shun, and seek
 Changes of herbage and salubrious flow'rs.
 By their all-perfect Master inly taught,
 They best their food and phyfic can discern;
 For HE, Supreme Existence, ever near,
 Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe
 With what a regular consent they crop,
 At ev'ry fourth collection to the mouth,
 Unfav'ry crow-flow'r ; whether to awake
 Languor of appetite with lively change,
 Or timely to repel approaching ills,
 Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
 And with her salutary rules entrusts,
 Benevolent MACKENZIE, say the cause.
 This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense ;
 Each strong affection of th' unconscious brute,
 Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,
 Is wisely giv'n ; harmonious they perform

310

Ver. 315. Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worcester, now of Drumfugh, near Edinburgh.

Book I. The F L E E C E.

21

The work of perfect reason, (blush, vain man,)
And turn the wheels of nature's vast machine.

320

SEE that thy scrip have store of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle ; nor forget
Thy sheers true-pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return :
So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal
Aside into the furrows or the shades,
Silent to droop ; or who, at ev'ry gate
Or hillock, rub their fores and loosen'd wool.
But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,
Banish before th' autumnal months : ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour ; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.

330

BEWARE the season of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent spirit pours ;
Ev'n sheep are then intrepid : the proud ram
With jealous eye surveys the spacious field ;

All

All rivals keep aloof, or desp'rate war
Suddenly rages ; with impetuous force,
And fury irresistible, they dash 340
Their hardy frontlets ; the wide vale resounds ;
The flock amaz'd stands safe afar ; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls :
As fell of old, before that engine's fway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous tow'rs of Salem to the dust.

Wise custom, at the fifth or sixth return,
Or ere they've past the twelfth of orient morn,
Castrates the lambkins : necessary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd. 350
But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has griev'd,
In those rough months, that lift the turning year :
Not tedious is the office ; to thy aid
Favonius hastens ; soon their wounds he heals,
And leads them skipping to the flow'rs of May ;
May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,

Like that of dreary, houseless, common fields,
Worn by the plough : but fold on fallows dry ;
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land :
Nor in too narrow bounds the pris'ners croud :
Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
Lies on the reeking pasture ; wait till all
The crystal dew, impearl'd upon the grass,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure sky.

360

IN teizing fly-time, dank, or frosty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their soft skins, between the parted locks ;
Thus the Brigantes ; 'tis not idle pains :
Nor is that skill despis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere summer heats, of filth and tagged wool.
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

370

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to foil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,

Ver. 359. The Brigantes, the inhabitants of Yorkshire.

Hurdles.

Hurdles to weave, and chearly shelters raise,
Thy vacant hours require : and ever learn
Quick æther's motions : oft the scene is turn'd ;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance ; these the moon will tell,
Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe : 380
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted ; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed :
Slight not the warning ; soon the tempest rolls,
Scatt'ring them wide, close rushing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains : forbear
Such nights to fold ; such nights be theirs to shift
On ridge or hillock ; or in homesteads soft,
Or softer cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils 390
Untractable ? Before harsh winter drowns
The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm :
There let them sojourn, 'till gay Procne flims

Book I. The F L E E C E.

25

The thick'ning verdure, and the rising flow'rs.
And while departing Autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields ; while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay ; then be their feet
Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or some warm umbrage ; left, in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run
Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift
Wide overwhelms : anxious, the shepherd swains
Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste ;
And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With still continued feeble pulse of life ;
The glebe, their fleece, their flesh, by hunger gnaw'd.

400

A gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all, that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless : lenient be thy care :
But spread around thy tend'rest diligence

410

In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him ; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet :

O guard his meek sweet innocence from all

Th' innum'rous ills, that rush around his life ;

Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone, 420

Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain ;

Observe the lurking crows ; beware the brake,

There the sly fox the careless minute waits ;

Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky :

Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.

Eurus oft flings his hail ; the tardy fields

Pay not their promis'd food ; and oft the dam

O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,

Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey

Alights, and hops in many turns around, 430

And tires her also turning : to her aid

Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,

Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,

Book I. The F L E E C E.

27

Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk :
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport :
Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daify flow'rs :
Nor yet forget him : life has rising ills : 440
Various as æther is the past'ral care :
Through flow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd
With deep attention : such as NUCLEUS sings
To the full vale near Soar's enamour'd brook,
While all is silence : sweet Hinclean swain !
Whom rude obscurity severely clasps :
The muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flow'rs, 450
Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.

Ver. 446. Soar, a river in Leicestershire.

SHEEP no extremes can bear : both heat and cold
Spread fores cutaneous ; but, more frequent, heat :
The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly nest,
Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,
In littleness and number dreadful foes.
Long rains in miry winter cause the halt ;
Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock ;
And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,
As fire destroys, as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame, 460
Which all extremes in ev'ry zone endures.

WITH grateful heart, ye British swains, enjoy
Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
Lo, in the sprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms
Th' Hyperborean tracts : his arrowy frosts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies ;
And burrows deep beneath the snowy world ;

A drear

A drear abode, from rose-diffusing hours, 470
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote ; where, by the squalid light
Of foetid oil inflam'd, sea-monster's spume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three flow gloomy months, with various ills
Sullen he struggles ; such the love of life !
His lank and scanty herds around him press,
As, hunger-stung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,
Their common sustenance. While ye, O swains, 480
Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
Feed on the open turf, or croud the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths
They scoop white turnips : little care is yours ;
Only, at morning hour, to interpose
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
The watry juices of the bossy root
Absorbing : or from noxious air to screen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence :

Of furze or copse-wood, in the lofty field, 490
Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds.
Or, if your Sheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
Silk'ning their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
Nor watchful dog, require ; where never roar
Of savage tears the air, where careless night
In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas ! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror strides : their stubborn rocks are rent ;
Their mountains sink ; their yawning caverns flame ; 500
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging ; Pompeian tow'rs,
And Herculean, and what riotous flood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
Mong solitary hills infectious lies.

SEE the swift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighb'ring realms,
And spread their plains with desolation wide :

Yet

Book I. The F L E E C E.

31

Yet your mild homesteads, ever-blooming, smile

Among embracing woods ; and waft on high

510

The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops

Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,

In airy azure ringlets, to the sky.

Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,

And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep ;

Expensive toil ; how'er expedient found

In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams

They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.

But those expensive toils are now no more,

Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds :

520

Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,

Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,

The shepherds kingdom : dreary solitude

Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale

Of Athens, which, in solemn silence, sheds

Her venerable ruins to the dust.

THE weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,

Guiding the languid herd in quest of food ;
And shift their little home's uncertain scene
With frequent farewell : strangers, pilgrims all, 530
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
May there be heard ; nor sweeter liquid lapse
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs : goaded by the rage of thirst,
Daily they journey to the distant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,
Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
Themselves and long posterity to serve.
There, at the public hour of fultry noon, 540
They share the bev'rage, when to wat'ring come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns : then is absent none,
Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats ;
In the same rustic scene, where J A C O B won

Book I. The F L E E C E.

33

Fair RACHAEL's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength remòv'd,
And to her circling sheep refreshment gave. 550

SUCH are the perils, such the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my muse;
Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

Now, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the founding caves
Of high Brigantium, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
The steady anvil and the glaring mass,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns, 560
Flatt'ning the steel: from their rough hands receive
The sharpen'd instrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads

Ver. 557. The caves of Brigantium — the forges of Sheffield in Yorkshire, where the shepherds shears and all edge-tools are made.

Her silver flow'rs; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grafs,
Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood :
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks, 570
With his white flakes, that glisten thro' the tide ;
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to seize him rising ; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil ;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

SHEAR them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Left touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin : 580
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute : 'tis the prudent part

To

To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
 The downy vesture from their tender sides.
 Press not too close ; with caution turn the points ;
 And from the head in reg'lar rounds proceed :
 But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
 Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat ;
 And careful house them, if the low'ring clouds
 Mingle their stores tumultuous : through the gloom 590
 Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,
 And breaks the crystal urns of heav'n : adown
 Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steeps
 Of Cambrian glades, (pity the Cambrian glades)
 Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
 And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields :
 Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
 Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
 And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
 Down with the rapid torrent to the deep. 600

At shearing-time, along the lively vales,

Rural festivities are often heard :

Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
 And lusty merriment : while on the grass
 The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
 We think the golden age again return'd,
 And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
 Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
 To the shrill pipe, and deep remurm'ring cords
 Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow found.

610

WHILE th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
 Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
 With ev'ry murmur of the sliding wave,
 And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir ;
 Music of paradise ! which still is heard,
 When the heart listens ; still the views appear
 Of the first happy garden, when content
 To nature's flow'ry scenes directs the sight.
 Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
 Then idly for the lost delight repine :

620

As

As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the lefs'ning shores retire,
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

COULD I recall those notes, which once the muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody fides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin. Yet the carols sweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed DAMON, venerable swain,
The soothest shepherd of the flow'ry vale.

630

" This is no vulgar scene: no palace roof
" Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
" Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
" Thus have expanded wide their shelt'ring arms,
" Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,
" Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

Ver. 627. Wreakin, a high hill in Shropshire.

" YES,

" YES, tuneful DAMON, for our cares are short,
 " Rising and falling with the chearful day," 640
 COLIN reply'd, " and pleasing weariness
 " Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
 " Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
 " The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
 " And the diseases of intemp'rate wealth.
 " Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise !

" MAY the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
 " May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-white lambs,
 " Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
 " Skip on the green, and race in little troops ; 650
 " May that great lamp, which sinks behind the hills,
 " And streams around variety of lights,
 " Recall them erring : This is DAMON's wish.

" HUG E Breaden's stony summit once I climb'd
 " After a kiddling : DAMON, what a scene !

Ver. 654. Breaden, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

“ What various views unnumber’d spread beneath !
 “ Woods, tow’rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent floods ;
 “ And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
 “ The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
 “ Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns, 660
 “ Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun :
 “ Yet flying from his quiet, thither crouds
 “ Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
 “ Which comes too late ; that courts the taste in vain,
 “ Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
 “ Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life ;
 “ And piping, careless, filly shepherds we ;
 “ We filly shepherds, all intent to feed
 “ Our snowy flocks, and wind the flecky fleece.”

“ D E E M not, howe’er, our occupation mean,” 670
 D A M O N reply’d, “ while the S U P R E M E accounts
 “ Well of the faithful shepherd, rank’d alike
 “ With king and priest : they also shepherds are ;
 “ For so th’ All-seeing stiles them, to remind

“ Elated

“ Elated man, forgetful of his charge.”

“ BUT haste, begin the rites : see purple eve
 “ Stretches her shadows : all ye nymphs and swains
 “ Hither assemble. Pleas’d with honours due,
 “ SABRINA, guardian of the crystal flood,
 “ Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear 680
 “ Skims o’er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds :
 “ Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon’s brow,
 “ Where precious min’rals dart their purple gleams,
 “ Among her sisters she reclines ; the lov’d
 “ Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol rough,
 “ Blithe Yftwith, and Clevedoc swift of foot ;
 “ And mingles various feeds of flow’rs and herbs
 “ In the divided torrents, ere they burst
 “ Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll.
 “ Nor taint-worm shall infect the yearning herds, 690
 “ Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort’s pois’nous leaf.”

Ver. 685, 686. Vaga, Ryddol, Yftwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the springs of which rise in the sides of Plynlymmon.

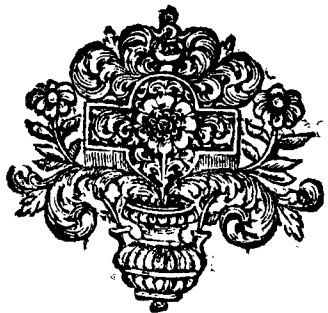
HE said : with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain ;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

SUCH custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till cease the rites : and now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly chear
Dispers'd in copious measure ; early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind ;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream

700

Ver. 699. Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Severn.

Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes ; and some apace 710
Whistle to roundelays : their little ones
Look on delighted : while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes : near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe : the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and coppy banks
To listen ; and to view the joyous scene.



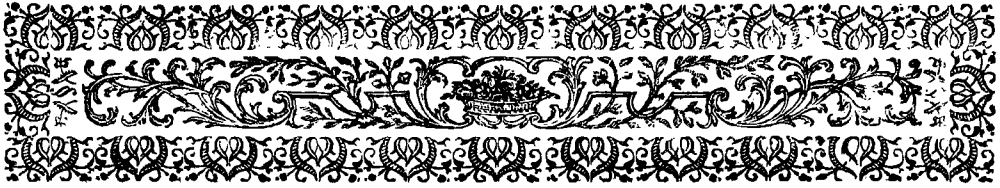


THE
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BOOK II.

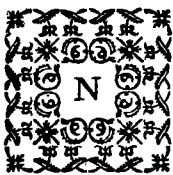


THE ARGUMENT.

I*ntroduction. Recommendation of mercifulness to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diversity of wool in the fleece: skill in the assorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common-fields: inconveniencies of common-fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet pastures: yet all pastures improveable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not esteemed for wool. Countries esteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, first at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the best of all the various materials for cloathing. The wool of our island, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this subject. Bishop Blaise the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Necessity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.*



T H E
F L E E C E.
B O O K II.

 O W, of the sever'd lock, begin the song,
With various numbers, thro' the simple theme
To win attention : this, ye shepherd swains,
This is a labor. Yet, O WRAY, if Thou
Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd muse, above the grassy vale,
And hills, and woods, shall, singing, soar aloft ;
And He, whom learning, wisdom, candor, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his fire,
ROYSTON approve, and patronize the strain.

TO

THRO'

THRO' all the brute creation, none, as sheep,
 To lordly man such ample tribute pay.
 For Him their udders yield nectareous streams ;
 For Him their downy vestures they resign ;
 For Him they spread the feast : ah ! ne'er may he
 Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
 His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
 Let wasted hunger, by destroying live ;
 And the permission use with trembling thanks,
 Meekly reluctant : 'tis the brute beyond ;
 And gluttons ever murder, when they kill.
 Ev'n to the reptile ev'ry cruel deed
 Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
 Not of the sanguinary tribe are all ;
 All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains,
 Like BRAMA'S healthy sons on Indus' banks,
 Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain,
 Ye are the sons of nature ; your mild hands
 Are innocent : ye, when ye shear, relieve.
 Come, gentle swains, the bright unfully'd locks

20

30

Collect ;

Collect ; alternate songs shall sooth your cares,
And warbling music break from ev'ry spray.
Be faithful ; and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round : nor alien flake, nor pitch enfold :
Stain not your stores with base desire to add
Fallacious weight : nor yet, to mimic those,
Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield,
Lessen, with subtle artifice, the fleece :
Equal the fraud. Nor interpose delay,
Left busy æther through the open wool
Debilitating pass, and ev'ry film
Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.
Guard too from moisture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious : she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,
Her lab'rinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
But in loose locks of fells she most delights,
And feeble fleeces of distemper'd sheep;
Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent
Allur'd ; as the swift eagle to the fields

49

Ver. 36. Urchinfield, the country about Ross in Herefordshire.

Of

Of flaught'ring war or carnage : such apart

59

Keep for their proper use. Our ancestors

Selected such, for hospitable beds

To rest the stranger, or the gory chief,

From battle or the chase of wolves return'd.

WHEN many-colour'd ev'ning sinks behind

The purple woods and hills, and opposite

Rises, full-orb'd, the silver harvest-moon,

To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield

His scatter'd sheaves collecting ; then expect

The artists, bent on speed, from pop'lous Leeds,

60

Norwich, or Froome : they traverse ev'ry plain,

And ev'ry dale, where farm or cottage smokes :

Reject them not ; and let the season's price

Win thy soft treasures : let the bulky wain

Through dusty roads roll nodding ; or the bark,

That silently adown the cerule stream

Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight

To copy villages on either side,

And

Book II. The F L E E C E.

49

And spiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like strong BRIAREUS, with his hundred hands.

76

IN the same fleece diversity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious skill to sort the sev'ral kinds.
But in this subtle science none exceed
Th' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want : their spacious domes
With boundless hospitality receive
Each nation's outcasts : there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd, 80
And unrejected age ; ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted : nimbly, with habitual speed,
They sever lock from lock, and long, and short,
And soft, and rigid, pile in sev'ral heaps.
This the dusk hatter asks ; another shines,
Tempting the clothier ; that the hosier seeks ;

The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs ;
 But often it deceives the artist's care,
 Breaking unuseful in the fleely comb : 90
 For this long spongy wool no more increase
 Receives, while winter petrifies the fields :
 The growth of autumn stops : and what tho' spring
 Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on
 The texture ? yet in vain she strives to link
 The silver twine to that of autumn's hand.
 Be then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks
 From winter's dead'ning frosts and whelming snows :
 Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,
 While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy, 100
 And swell their fleeces, equal to the worth
 Of cloath'd Apulian, by soft warmth improv'd :
 Or let them inward heat and vigor find,
 By food of cole or turnep, hardy plants.
 Besides, the lock of one continued growth
 Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.

Ver. 102. The shepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, used to clothe their sheep with skins, to preserve and improve their fleeces.

BUT

BUT lightest wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
 Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
 Of common-field : inclose, inclose, ye swains ;
 Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
 Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock,
 To mark your property ? The mark dilates,
 Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
 Unfit for beauteous tint : besides, in fields
 Promiscuous held, all culture languishes ;
 The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives ;
 Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats
 And barren furrows : none the rising grove
 There plants for late posterity, nor hedge
 To shield the flock, nor copse for chearing fire ;
 And, in the distant village, ev'ry hearth
 Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food
 Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
 Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain ;
 Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
 Increasing beggary and nature's frowns.

110

120

Add too, the idle pilf'rer eafier there
 Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
 From intermingled flocks he steals ; or when,
 With loofen'd tether of his horfe or cow, 130
 The milky ftalk of the tall green-ear'd eorn,
 The year's flow-rip'ning fruit, the anxious hope-
 Of his laborious neighbour, he deftroys.

THERE are, who over-rate our fpungy ftores,
 Who deem that nature grants no clime, but ours,
 To fpread upon its fields the dew's of heav'n,
 And feed the filky fleece ; that card, nor comb,
 The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er fubdue,
 To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
 Unless a third from Britain fwell the heap : 140
 Illufion all ; though of our fun and air
 Not trivial is the virtue ; nor their fruit,
 Upon our fnowy flocks, of fmall efteem :
 The grain of brighteft tincture none fo well
 Imbibes : the wealthy Gobelins muft to this

Bear

Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.

AND though, with hue of crocus or of rose,
No pow'r of subtle food, or air, or foil,
Can dye the living fleece ; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vase. 150
Therefore from herbage of old-pastur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl,
Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
Those fields regard not, through whose recent turf
The miry soil appears : not ev'n the streams
Of Yare, or silver Stroud, can purify
Their frequent-fully'd fleece ; nor what rough winds,
Keen-biting on tempestuous hills, imbrown.

YET much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of nature's rigor : the high heath, by trees 160
Warm-shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms :
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
And leave in dykes their soon-forgotten tears.

Labor and art will ev'ry aim atchieve
Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level, erst
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform ;
And, smiling with her lure of summer flow'rs,
The heavy ox, vain-struggling, to ingulph ;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name, 170
RUSSEL, arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,
Confin'd the waves, bid groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams :
Godlike beneficence ; from chaos drear
To raise the garden and the shady grove.

BUT see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeasurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,
Shudd'ring with fear : Ev'n such perfidious wilds, 180
By labor won, have yielded to the comb.

The fairest length of wool. See Deeping fens,
 And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
 Gives nature value, multiplies her stores,
 Varies, improves, creates : 'tis art and toil
 Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
 The pear and tasteful apple ; decks with flow'rs
 And foodful pulse the fields, that often rise,
 Admiring to behold their furrows wave
 With yellow corn. What changes cannot toil,
 With patient art, effect ? There was a time,
 When other regions were the swains delight,
 And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
 Inglorious, neither trade nor labor knew,
 But of rude baskets, homely rustic geer,
 Wov'n of the flexile willow ; till, at length,
 The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
 Of patient culture, and, o'er sinking woods,
 High Cotswold shew'd her summits. Urchinfield,
 And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake,
 Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives ;

190

200

And,

And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er less'ning vineyards spreads the growing turf.

IN eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were most renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides : 210
Twice with the murex, crimson hue, they ting'd
The shining fleeces : hence their gorgeous wealth ;
And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.

NEXT busy Colchis, blest'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece ;
When, o'er the deep by flying PHRYXUS brought,
The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.

THIS rising Greece with indignation view'd, 220
And

And youthful JASON an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold : along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the mufes' haunts,
He rous'd the brave to redemand the fleece.
Attend, ye British fwains, the ancient fong.
From ev'ry region of Ægea's fhore
The brave affembled ; thofe illuftrious twins,
CASTOR and POLLUX ; ORPHEUS, tuneful bard ;
ZETES and GALAIS, as the wind in fpeed ;
Strong HERCULES ; and many a chief renown'd. 230

ON deep Iolsos' fandy fhore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits ;
And foon, the laurel cord and the huge ftone
Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark ;
Whofe keel, of wond'rous length, the fkilful hand
Of ARGUS fafhion'd for the proud attempt ;
And in th' extended keel a lofty maft
Up-rai'd, and fails full-fwelling ; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects : now firft, now they learn'd

Their bolder steerage over ocean wave, 240
Led by the golden stars, as CHIRON's art
Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep : the cloudy isles,
Scyros, and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,
And Halonesos : soon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs :
While they, her flatt'ring creeks and op'ning bow'rs
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand. 250
Next to the Myfian shore they shape their course,
But with too eager haste : in the white foam
His oar ALCIDES breaks ; howe'er, not long
The chance detains ; he springs upon the shore,
And, rifting from the roots a tap'ring pine,
Renews his stroke. Between the threat'ning tow'rs
Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
To HERO's and LEANDER's ardent love
Fatal : then smooth Propontis' wid'ning wave,

That

Book II. The FLEECE.

59

That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Bosporus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach ; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thund'ring floods
Cleave their bold passage : nathless by the craggs
And torrents sorely shatter'd : as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in th' intangling net
Involv'd, breaks thro', yet leaves his plumes behind.
Thus, thro' the wide waves, their flow way they force 260
To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
Pass many perils, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves ;
Till in the long-fought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand

JASON advanc'd : the deep capacious bay, 280
 The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
 Wond'ring he view'd, and stately palace-domes,
 Pavilions proud of luxury : around,
 In ev'ry glitt'ring hall, within, without,
 O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets,
 Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crouds
 Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal,
 Attentive none he found : for he, their chief
 Of shepherds, proud ÆETES, by the name
 Sometimes of king distinguish'd, 'gan to flight 290
 The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance :
 Ev'n HYDRUS ceas'd to watch ; MEDEA'S songs
 Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,
 With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
 Till the bold heroes grasp'd the golden fleece.
 Nimble they wing'd the bark, furrounded soon
 By Neptune's friendly waves : secure they sped
 O'er the known seas, by ev'ry guiding cape,
 With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,

And glassy mirror of Iolcos lake, 300
 With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Ev'ry vale;
 And ev'ry hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
 Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.

Thus Phafis lost his pride : his flighted nymphs
 Along the with'ring dales and pastures mourn'd ;
 The trade-ship left his streams ; the merchant shunn'd
 His desert borders ; each ingenious art,
 Trade, liberty, and affluence, all retir'd,
 And left to want and servitude their feats ;
 Vile successors, and gloomy ignorance 310
 Following, like dreary night, whose sable hand
 Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.

SITHENCE, the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
 And Attic, and Theſſalian, bore eſteem ;
 And thoſe in Grecian colonies diſpers'd,
 Caria, and Doris, and Ionia's coaſt,
 And fam'd Tarentum, where Galeſus' tide,

Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through solitary vallies seeks the sea.
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps 320
High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast.
Those too of Bætica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage blest'd of highest taste,
What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd
The finest webs? where scarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.

Lo the revolving course of mighty time, 330
Who loftiness abases, tumbles down
Olympus brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,
The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,

And

And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cotes,
Or funny meadows, cloath'd with costly care?
All in the folitude of ruin loft,
War's horrid carnage, vain ambition's duft.

340

Long lay the mournful realms of elder fame
In gloomy defolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, firft of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy wafte emerg'd:
In Adria's gulph her clotted locks ſhe lav'd,
And roſe another Venus: each ſoft joy,
Each aid of life, her buſy wit reſtor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely arts,
And all the graces. Reſtituted trade
To ev'ry virtue lent his helping ſtores,
And chear'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the chearful lawn.

350

THE glosſy fleeces now of prime eſteem
Soft Afia boatts, where lovely Caſſimere,

Within

Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
 Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
 Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term'd
 The paradise of Indus. Next, the plains
 Of Lahor, by that arbor stretch'd immense,
 Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne 360
 Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law:
 Remote dominions; nor to ancient fame
 Nor modern known, till public-hearted ROE,
 Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
 Led to their distant climes advent'rous trade.

ADD too the silky wool of Lybian lands,
 Of Caza's bow'ry dales, and brooky Caus,
 Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
 While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.

NEXT proud Iberia glories in the growth 370
 Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades.

And

AND beauteous Albion, since great EDGAR chas'd
 The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
 Of filky lustre ; chief, Siluria, thine ;
 Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream ; from sheep minute
 On Cambria bred : a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
 Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams
 On Vecta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,
 With all its thunders : or Salopian stores,
 Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun : 380
 High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains
 Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
 Preys on its carpet : He, whose rustic muse
 O'er heath and craggy holt her wing display'd,
 And sung the bosky bourns of ALFRED'S shires,
 Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
 Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
 Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length
 Of whitest locks and magnitude of fleece
 Peculiar ; envy of the neighb'ring realms ? 390

Ver. 383. Drayton.

But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
 While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
 With bossy turnep, and luxuriant cole,
 Learns thro' the circling year their flocks to feed.

INGENIOUS trade, to clothe the naked world,
 Her soft materials, not from sheep alone,
 From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
 Collects sagacious: in Eubœa's isle

A wond'rous rock is found, of which are wov'n
 Vests incombustible: Batavia, flax;

400

Siam's warm marsh yields the fissile cane;

Soft Persia, silk; Balafor's shady hills

Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, grass;

And ev'ry fultry clime the snowy down

Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell

To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.

With glossy hair of Tibet's shaggy goat

Are light tiara's wov'n, that wreath the head,

Ver. 399. A wondrous rock — the Asbestos.

And

And airy float behind : the beavers flix
 Gives kindliest warmth to weak enervate limbs, 410
 When the pale blood flow rises through the veins.
 Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherds stores,
 For num'rous uses known : none yield such warmth,
 Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure ;
 So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

WILD rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they bear,
 In fervid climes : nature gives nought in vain.
 Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
 Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth :
 As the sleek ram from green to green removes, 420
 On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
 And glad resigns it for the hatter's use.

E v ' N in the new Columbian world appears
 The woolly covering : Apacheria's glades,
 And Canfes', echo to the pipes and flocks

Ver. 424, 425. Apacheria and Canfes, provinces in Louisiana, on the western side of the Mississippi.

Of foreign fwains. While time shakes down his sands,
 And works continual change, be none secure :
 Quickened your labors, brace your slack'ning nerves,
 Ye Britons ; nor sleep careless on the lap
 Of bounteous nature ; she is elsewhere kind. 430
 See Mississippi lengthen-on her lawns,
 Propitious to the shepherds : see the sheep
 Of fertile Arica, like camels form'd ;
 Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,
 And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.

COARSE Bothnic locks are not devoid of use ;
 They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
 Lab'ring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
 While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
 All may not Strou'ds or Taunton's vestures wear ; 440
 Nor what, from fleece Rataean, mimic flow'rs
 Of rich Damascus : many a texture bright

Ver. 432. These sheep are called Guanapos.

Ver. 433. Arica, a province of Peru.

Ver. 441. Rataean fleeces, the fleeces of Leicestershire.

Of that material in Prætorium wov'n,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.

IF any wool peculiar to our isle
Is giv'n by nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake.
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
This golden fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
From the dark hand of pilf'ring avarice,
Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When nature wide around him lies supine
And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumines the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvass, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.

450

HAPPY the patriot, who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave

Trade's open channels. Would a gen'rous aid 460
 To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
 Or where the Lune or Coker wind their streams,
 Be found sufficient? Far, their airy fields,
 Far from infectious luxury arise.
 O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides,
 With copious fleeces of Ierne shine,
 And gulphy Caledonia, wisely bent
 On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs;
 Then would the sister realms, amid their seas,
 Like the three graces in harmonious fold, 470
 By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
 And blest remotest climes — To this lov'd end
 Awake, Benevolence; to this lov'd end,
 Strain all thy nerves, and ev'ry thought explore.
 Far, far away, whose passions would immature,
 In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
 (Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
 Who claim all nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,

Ver. 462. Lune, a river in Cumberland. Coker, a river in Lancashire.

Book II. The F L E E C E.

71

All her profusion ; whose vile hands would grasp
The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite, 480
And in the sepulchre of Self entomb

Whate'er ye can, * whate'er ye cannot use.

Know, for superior ends th' Almighty Pow'r
(The Pow'r, whose tender arms embrace the worm)

Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,

And forms us manifold ; allots to each

His fair peculiar ; wisdom, wit, and strength ;

Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,

To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,

And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man, 490

With man united, is a nation strong ;

Builds tow'ry cities, satiates ev'ry want,

And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,

The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born

For the high business of the public good.

For me, 'tis mine to pray, that men regard
Their occupations with an honest heart,

And

And chearful diligence : like the useful bee,
 To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
 But wax, and each material ; pleas'd to find 500
 Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fall'n,
 In life's rough race : O be it as my wish !
 'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
 Kind nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

For this, I wake the weary hours of rest ;
 With this desire, the merchant I attend ;
 By this impell'd, the shepherd's hut I seek,
 And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
 Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity,
 And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep : 510
 Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
 To mark the ways of traffic ; Volga's stream,
 Cold Hudson's cloudy streights, warm Afric's cape,
 Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
 And China's long canals ; those noble works,
 Those high effects of civilizing trade,

Employ me, sedulous of public weal :
 Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge ;
 Thus also mindful, thus devising good,
 At vacant seasons, oft ; when ev'ning mild 520
 Purples the vallies, and the shepherd counts
 His flock, returning to the quiet fold,
 With dumb complacency : for Religion, this,
 To give our ev'ry comfort to distress,
 And follow virtue with an humble mind ;
 This pure Religion. Thus, in elder time,
 The rev'rend BLASIUS wore his leisure hours,
 And slumbers, broken oft : till, fill'd at length
 With inspiration, after various thought,
 And trials manifold, his well-known voice 530
 Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,
 With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb,
 Shew'd how the fleece might stretch to greater length,
 And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round ;
 Matrons and maids with songs reliev'd their toils ;
 And ev'ry loom receiv'd the softer yarn.

What poor, what widow, BLASIUS, did not bless,
 Thy teaching hand? thy bosom, like the morn,
 Op'ning its wealth? What nation did not seek,
 Of thy new-modell'd wool, the curious webs?

540

HENCE the glad cities of the loom his name
 Honour with yearly festivals: through their streets
 The pomp, with tuneful sounds, and order just,
 Denoting labor's happy progress, moves,
 Procession flow and solemn: first the rout;
 Then fervient youth, and magisterial eld;
 Each after each, according to his rank,
 His sway, and office, in the commonweal;
 And to the board of smiling plenty's stores
 Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
 Of ev'ry clime are pil'd; and with free hand,
 Unsparing, each his appetite regales.
 Toil only tastes the feast, by nerveless ease
 Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song resound;
 And oft they interpose improving talk,

550

Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience, that sometimes arise ;
Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's dawn
Rouses to labor, man to labor born.

THEN the fleck bright'ning lock, from hand to hand, 560
Renews its circling course : this feels the card ;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length ;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave ;
And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.

FOR it suffices not, in flow'ry vales, .
Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool :
Gums must be stor'd of Guinea's arid coast ;
Mexican woods, and India's bright'ning salts ;
Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain
The fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth 570
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen allum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye observe,
In what variety the tribe of salts,

Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
 Produce, absterfivè or reſtringent ; how
 Steel caſts the fable ; how pale pewter, fuſ'd
 In fluid ſpirit'ous, the ſcarlet dye ;
 And how each tint is made, or mixt, or chang'd,
 By mediums colourleſs : why is the fume
 Of ſulphur kind to white and azure hues, 580
 Pernicious elſe : why no materials yield
 Singly their colours, thoſe except that ſhine
 With topaz, ſapphire, and cornelian rays :
 And why, though nature's face is cloath'd in green,
 No green is found to beautify the fleece,
 But what repeated toil by mixture gives.

To find effects, while cauſes lie conceal'd,
 Reaſon uncertain tries : howe'er, kind chance
 Oft with equivalent diſcov'ry pays
 Its wand'ring efforts : thus the German ſage, 590
 Diligent DREBET, o'er alchymic fire,
 Seeking the ſecret ſource of gold, receiv'd

Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store.

Tyrian MELCARTUS thus (the first who brought

Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,

And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name

Of HERCULES acquir'd), when o'er the mouth

Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld

The wounded murex strike a purple stain,

The purple stain on fleecy woofs he spread,

600

Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,

And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.

OUR vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,

The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,

Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,

By which our naked ancestors obscur'd

Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,

Like Egypt's obelisks. The pow'rful sun

Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,

And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,

610

Which Trade to us conveys. Nor tints alone,

Trade

Trade to the good physician gives his balms ;
Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart ;
Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high ;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare ;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
HIM, the all-wise CREATOR, and declares
His presence, pow'r, and goodness, unconfin'd,
'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure Trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies ; passions swift
Forerunning reason ; strong contrarious bents,
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad
O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd ; for they
The clearest Sense of Deity receive,

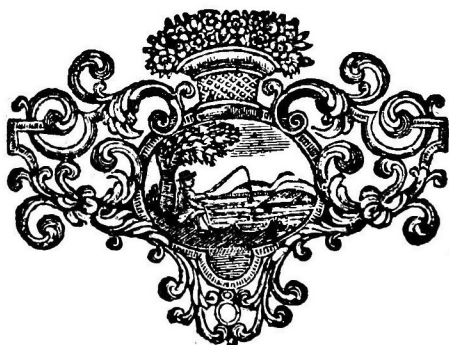
620

630

Who

Who view the widest prospect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade through various climes :
Who see the signatures of boundless love,
Nor less the judgments of Almighty Pow'r,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
From human justice : who, astonish'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires ;
The dust of Carthage ; desert shores of Nile ;
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old 640
With stately tow'rs ; whose merchants, from their isles,
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts ;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs ;
Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint,
And flow'ring shuttle. While th' admiring world
Crouded her streets ; ah ! then the hand of pride
Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
Which crept destructive up her lofty domes, 650
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk

Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain ;
Not ev'n the dust they sunk in ; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep :
Only the solitary rock remains,
Her ancient scite ; a monument to those,
Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride. 659



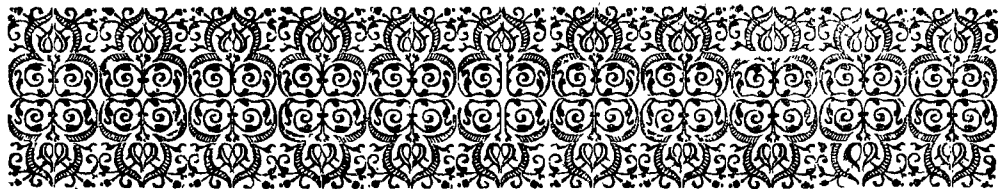


THE
F L E E C E.
BOOK III.




THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Recommendation of labor. The several methods of spinning. Description of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill described, and the progress of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill consequences of idleness. County-workhouses proposed; with a description of one. Good effects of industry exemplified in the prospect of Burstal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there described. Preference of the labors of the loom to other manufactures, illustrated by some comparisons. History of the art of weaving: its removal from the Netherlands, and settlement in several parts of England. Censure of those, who would reject the persecuted and the stranger. Our trade and prosperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapestry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapestries of Blenheim described. Different arts, procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their industry, the surest source of it. Hence a wish, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the seats of our manufactures: other countries less happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more easily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Description of the Thames, and the port of London.



T H E
F L E E C E.
B O O K III.


 P R O C E E D, Arcadian muse, resume the pipe
 Of Hermes, long diffus'd, tho' sweet the tone,
 And to the songs of nature's choristers
 Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
 Though few : for every note which virtue wounds,
 However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
 To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft
 Has false dissembling vice to am'rous airs
 The reed apply'd, and heedless youth allur'd :

Too oft, with bolder sound, inflam'd the rage 10
 Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
 Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
 When plains and sheepfolds were the muses' haunts.

So thou, the friend of ev'ry virtuous deed
 And aim, though feeble, shalt these rural lays
 Approve, O HEATHCOTE, whose benevolence
 Visits our vallies; where the pasture spreads,
 And where the bramble; and would justly act
 True charity, by teaching idle want
 And vice the inclination to do good, 20
 Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
 Through grateful toil. Ev'n nature lives by toil :
 Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
 All live by action : nothing lies at rest,
 But death and ruin : man is born to care ;
 Fashion'd, improv'd, by labor. This of old,
 Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
 Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,

To manual occupation ; and oft call'd
 Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough, 30
 Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
 Through all conditions ; hence the joys of health ;
 Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought ;
 Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
 Delectable. What simple nature yields
 (And nature does her part) are only rude
 Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground ;
 'Tis toil that makes them wealth ; that makes the fleece,
 (Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
 Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue, 40
 A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
 Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
 A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
 The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills ;
 Grey dawn appears ; the golden morn ascends,
 And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
 And flaming spires ; arise, begin your toils ;
 Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb.

Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor. 50

C O M E, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the soft material : with light step
Whether ye turn-around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye ; and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently-less'ning thread :
Even, unknotted twine will praise your skill.

A diff'rent spinning ev'ry diff'rent web
Asks from your glowing fingers : some require 60
The more compact, and some the looser wreath ;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy : scarce the cirque
Need turn-around, or twine the length'ning flake.

T H E R E are, to speed their labor, who prefer

Wheels

Wheels double-spol'd, which yield to either hand
 A sev'ral line: and many, yet adhere
 To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
 Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
 At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,
 Alike the work proceeds. This method still
 Norvicum favours, and the Icenian towns:
 It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
 This was of old, in no inglorious days,
 The mode of spinning, when th' Egyptian prince
 A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
 Too beauteous HELEN: no uncourtly gift
 Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
 Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
 That on experience works, from hour to hour,
 Sagacious, has a spiral engine form'd,
 Which, on an hundred spoles, an hundred threads,
 With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,

70

80

Ver. 72. The Icenî were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

Ver. 81. Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

Few hands requiring ; easy-tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom.

NOR hence, ye nymphs, let anger cloud your brows ;
The more is wrought, the more is still requir'd :
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed :
Fear not surcharge ; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the strife of trade, 90
These curious instruments of speed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
Which, ever-gliding, feed the flow'ry lawn.
Nor, should the careful State, feverely kind,
In ev'ry province, to the house of toil . . .
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
Yours, with the public good, shall ever rise, 100
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs,
The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard ;

While

While in the brook ye blanch the glitt'ning fleece,
And th' am'rous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd
By growing traffick, friend to wedded love.

THE am'rous youth with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
With beating breast: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich industry. First, he bespeaks a loom :
From some thick wood the carpenter selects
A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
Or saplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,
The posts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
The smith, with iron screws, and plated hoops,
Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt
That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe,
And graver's knife, the hollow shuttle add.
Various professions in the work unite;
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of subtle skill;

110

120

Howe'er, in vulgar use around the globe
 Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity
 No doubtful mark : th' advent'rous voyager,
 Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores,
 Hears on remotest shores the murm'ring loom ;
 Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd field,
 The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the discipline
 Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new ?

NEXT, the industrious youth employs his care 130
 To store soft yarn ; and now he strains the warp
 Along the garden-walk, or highway side,
 Smoothing each thread ; now fits it to the loom,
 And sits before the work : from hand to hand
 The thready shuttle glides along the lines,
 Which open to the woof, and shut, altern :
 And ever and anon, to firm the work,
 Against the web is driv'n the noisy frame,
 That o'er the level rushes, like a surge,
 Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,

140

Compacts

Compacts the trav'ler's road : from hand to hand
 Again, across the lines oft op'ning, glides
 The thready shuttle, while the web apace
 Increases, as the light of eastern skies,
 Spread by the rosy fingers of the morn ;
 And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

OR, if the broader mantle be the task,
 He chuses some companion to his toil.
 From side to side, with amicable aim,
 Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
 While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
 Kindles improvement in the op'ning mind.

150

WHAT need we name the sev'ral kinds of looms?
 Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads
 Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers guide
 The artist's hand : he, unseen flow'rs, and trees,
 And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
 Or that, whose num'rous needles, glitt'ring bright,

Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs :

Modern invention : modern is the want.

160

NEXT, from the flacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd ;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.

OF T the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,
Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank ;
And finewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
Wring out the latent water : then, up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun
Its level surface, reeking, it expands ;
Still bright'ning in each rigid discipline,
And gath'ring worth ; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears,
And burler's thistle, skim the surface sheen.

170

The round of work goes on, from day to day,
 Season to season. So the husbandman
 Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
 The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods 180
 The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
 The fickle labors, and the slow team strains;
 Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

Th' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
 The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
 Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
 In penetrating waves of boiling vats
 The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
 Fustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
 Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad, 190
 Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
 Like those, that canopy the bow'rs of Stow
 After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
 Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

FROM yon broad vâse behold the saffron woofs
 Beauteous emerge ; from these the azure rise ;
 This glows with crimson ; that the auburn holds ;
 These shall the prince with purple robes adorn ;
 And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.

FEW are the primal colours of the art ; 200
 Five only ; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red ;
 Yet hence innumerable hues arise.

THAT stain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
 Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
 And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
 With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
 To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,
 And purest gums ! since your whole skill consists
 In op'ning well the fibres of the woof,
 For the reception of the beauteous dye, 210
 And wedging ev'ry grain in ev'ry pore,
 Firm as a diamond in gold enchas'd.

BUT

BUT what the pow'rs, which lock them in the web ;
Whether incrusting falts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah ! wherefore have we lost our old repute ?
And who enquires the cause, why Gallia's sons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel ?
Yet yield not, Britons ; grasp in ev'ry art
The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
On crouded Smyrna's and Byzantium's strand,
The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.

Now see, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
The welcome traders, gath'ring ev'ry web
Industrious, ev'ry web too few. Alas!
Successful oft their industry, when cease
The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
Their motion stopt by wild intemperance,
Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life

Turns their rude steps ; while misery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mould'ring huts.

O WHEN, through ev'ry province, shall be rais'd
Houses of labor, seats of kind constraint,
For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent, 240
For sustenance unearn'd ; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune : Ho, ye lame, ye blind ;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart ;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness : the long-wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigor shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of trade, 250
Where-

Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion : here soft fleeces shine ;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel :
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm ;
No rain shall wet your pillow : here abounds
Pure bevragé ; here your viands are prepar'd ;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your MAKER praise.

BEHOLD, in Calder's vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villa's creep the shrubby hills, 260
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
ELIZA's image stands. By gentle steps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene ; where many a busy hand,

Ver. 252. Erect the mansion — This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

Ver. 259. Calder, a river in Yorkshire, whick runs below Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.

Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
 And ever-murm'ring found, th' unwonted fense
 Wrap in surprife. To fee them all employ'd,
 All blithe, it gives the fpreading heart delight, 270
 As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
 Corporeal, can beftow. Nor lefs they gain
 Virtue than wealth, while, on their ufeul works
 From day to day intent, in their full minds
 Evil no place can find. With equal fcale
 Some deal abroad the well-afforted fleece ;
 Thefe card the fhort, thofe comb the longer flake ;
 Others the harfh and clotted lock receive,
 Yet fever and refine with patient toil,
 And bring to proper ufe. Flax too, and hemp, 280
 Excite their diligence. The younger hands
 Ply at the eafy work of winding yarn
 On fwiftly-circling engines, and their notes
 Warble together, as a choir of larks :
 Such joy arifes in the mind employ'd.
 Another fcene difplays the more robuft,

Rasping or grinding tough Brazilian woods,
And, what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web ;
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honey-comb. We next are shown
A circular machine, of new design,
In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needle's hands.
A wheel, invifible, beneath the floor,
To ev'ry member of th' harmonious frame
Gives neceffary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he fays,
Is fmoothly lapp'd around thofe cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright fpindles, which, with rapid whirl
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

FROM this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil

Ver. 292. A circular machine — a most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at present contrived to spin cotton; but it may be made to spin fine carded wool.

Distributes) take we now our eastward course,
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile :
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops, appear,
Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving : all is joy ; 310
And trade and business guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work ;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
With warm affection to each other's aid ;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed. 320
Thus all is here in motion, all is life :
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn :
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads ;
The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board

Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths
 Come tripping on ; th' echoing hills repeat
 The stroke of ax and hammer ; scaffolds rise,
 And growing edifices ; heaps of stone,
 Beneath the chissel, beauteous shapes assume
 Of frize and column. . . Some, with even line, 330
 New streets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,
 And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
 Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
 And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
 Over the work presides. Such was the scene
 Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
 First view'd her growing turrets. So appear
 Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
 Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose redd'ning fields
 Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs, 340
 For ev'ry realm, the careful factors meet,
 Whisp'ring each other. In long ranks the bales,
 Like war's bright files, beyond the fight extend.
 Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,

Which

Which ends the hour of traffick, they conclude
 The speedy compact ; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
 With mutual benefit, superior wealth
 To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

W H A T E ' E R is excellent in art proceeds
 From labor and endurance : deep the oak 350
 Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
 That hopes to lift its branches to the skies :
 Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
 Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
 And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
 Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
 With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
 The metal purifies : with the fatigue,
 And tedious process of its painful works,
 The lusty sicken, and the feeble die. 360

B U T chearful are the labors of the loom,
 By health and ease accompany'd : they bring

Superior

Superior treasures speedier to the state,
 Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves
 (Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand,
 Pale palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
 Behold arising, in their fatt'ning flocks,
 A double wealth ; more rich than Belgium's boast,
 Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed ;
 Or the Cathayan's, whose ignobler care
 Nurses the silkworm ; or of India's sons,
 Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' stream.
 Nor do their toils and products furnish more,
 Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
 To the luxurious : but our kinder toils
 Give cloathing to necessity ; keep warm
 Th' unhappy wand'rer, on the mountain wild
 Benighted, while the tempest beats around.

370

No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,
 Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
 Your fem'ine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm

380

To

To cast the strong-flung shuttle, or the spear.
Can ye defend your country from the storm
Of strong Invasion? Can ye want endure,
In the besieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,
Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm,
Mid wild discordant waves, with steady course?
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious persecution driv'n,
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful pow'r of tyrants? These are deeds
To which their hardy labors well prepare
The finewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
Ye sons of Albion, with unyielding heart,
Your hardy labors: let the founding loom
Mix with the melody of ev'ry vale;
The loom, that long-renown'd, wide-envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd

390

400

From

From fair Venetia ; she from Grecian nymphs ;
They from Phenicé, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus, around the globe,
The golden-footed sciences their path
Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy ;
And, follow'd close by ignorance and pride,
Lead day and night o'er realms. Our day arose
When ALVA's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld. 410
With speedy wing, and scatter'd course, they fled,
Like a community of bees, disturb'd
By some relentless swain's rapacious hand ;
While good ELIZA, to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome ; as wise Ægypt erst
To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then, from fair Antwerp, an industrious train
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas ;
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks 420
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave

Of spacious Medway : some on gentle Yare,
And fertile Waveney, pitch'd ; and made their feats
Pleasant Norvicum, and Colcestria's tow'rs :
Some to the Darent sped their happy way :
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose
Antona's chalky plains, and stretch'd their tents
Down to Claufentum, and that bay supine
Beneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle.

Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread, 430
With cheer reviv'd ; and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd :
Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,
Nor those, by Vaga's stream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium : nor less pleas'd
With Salop's various scenes ; and that soft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embay'd, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd ;
Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
The fortunes of the fleece ; whose ancestors 440
Were fugitives from superstition's rage,

And

And erst, from Devon, thither brought the loom ;
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's tow'rs,
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
Lancastr's arms, emboss'd in mould'ring stone.

THUS then, on Albion's coast, the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld alighted ; and, alighting, sang
Grateful thanksgiving. Yet, at times, they shift
Their habitations, when the hand of pride,
Restraint, or southern luxury, disturbs
Their industry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes ; where, with happier care
Inspired, their art improves the fleece,
Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
We were their shepherds only ; from which state,
With friendly arm, they rais'd us : nathless some
Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd,
And envy'd, who enrich'd them ; envy'd those,

450

460

Whose virtues taught the varletry of towns
To useful toil to turn the pilf'ring hand.

AND still, when bigotry's black clouds arise
(For oft they sudden rise in papal realms),
They from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, un pitying, view the fiery bolts
Of superstition, and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling storm,
Which fierce pursues the suff'ers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by distresses oft
(Distresses for the sake of truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good
Where-ever they inhabit: this, our isle
Has oft experienc'd; witness all ye realms
Of either hemisphere, where commerce flows:
Th' important truth is stamp'd on ev'ry bale;
Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,

470

Receives

Receives th' impressi^on, ev'ry airy woof, 480
 Cheyney, and bayse, and serge, and alepine,
 Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list
 Of woollen webs ; and ev'ry work of steel ;
 And that crySTALLINE metal, blown or fus'd,
 Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
 Of mossy marble : not to name the aids
 Their wit has giv'n the fleece, now taught to link
 With flax, or cotton, or the filk-worm's thread,
 And gain the graces of variety :
 Whether to form the matron's decent robe, 490
 Or the thin-shading trail for Agra's nymphs ;
 Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds
 Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

THEY too the many-colour'd Arras taught
 To mimic nature, and the airy shapes
 Of sportive fancy : such as oft appear

Ver. 491. There is woven at Manchester, for the East Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton ; which is cooler than the manufactures of that country, where the material is only cotton.

In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
 Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field ;
 Or that, o'erfaded erst by Woodstock's bow'r,
 Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms 500
 Rife glowing tapestries, that lure the eye
 With MARLB'ROUH'S wars : here Schellenbergh exults,
 Behind furrounding hills of ramparts steep,
 And vales of trenches dark ; each hideous pass
 Armies defend ; yet on the hero leads
 His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
 Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
 And the red Danube. Here, the rescu'd states
 Crouding beneath his shield : there, Ramillies'
 Important battle : next, the tenfold chain 510
 Of Arleux burst, and th' adamantine gates
 Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
 A shade obscures the rest ---- Ah, then what pow'r
 Invidious from the lifted fickle snatch'd
 The harvest of the plain ? So lively glows
 The fair delusion, that our passions rife

Book III. The FLEECE.

III

In the beholding, and the glories share
Of visionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
While she assay'd with rage of holy war 520
To desolate their fields : but old the skill :
Long were the Phrygians' pict'ring looms renown'd ;
Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.

FAR-DISTANT Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwov'n,
And glutinous materials : the Chinese
Their porcelain, Japan its varnish boasts.
Some fair peculiar graces ev'ry realm,
And each from each a share of wealth acquires. 530

BUT chief by numbers of industrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted : numbers raise
Warm emulation : where that virtue dwells,
There will be traffick's feat ; there will she build

Her

Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy fwains,
With hospitality inflame your breast,
And emulation : the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.
Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,
Shall join their various stores, and amply feed 540
The mighty brotherhood ; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprising, or to teach
The stream a naval course, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coast
Should we submit our limits, while each wind
Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main
Wooes us in ev'ry port ? See Belgium build,
Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd pow'r ; 550
And, half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fishy regions. Thus our isle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.-----
But whither, by the visions of the theme

Smit with sublimè delight, but whither strays
The raptur'd muse, forgetful of her task ?

No common pleasure warms the gen'rous mind,
When it beholds the labors of the loom ;
How widely round the globe they are dispers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,

Through many a slender path, how sedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,
Or Armine, ancient works ; and thence explore,
Through ev'ry navigable wave, the sea,
That laps the green earth round : thro' Tyne, and Tees,
Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing Hull,
And Swale, and Aire whose crystal waves reflect

The various colours of the tinctur'd web ;
Through Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale, 570
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and, with the sober pace
Of cautious eld, meand'ring to the deep ;

Through Dart, and fullen Exe, whose murr'ring wave
 Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
 The ferge and kerfie to their blanching streams ;
 Through Towy, winding under Merlin's tow'rs,
 And Ufk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
 On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,
 Wild torrents, craggs, and woods, and mountain snows. 580
 The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
 Carry their labors on pigmean steeds,
 Of fize exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
 Yet strong and sprightly : over hill and dale
 They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales .
 In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walks
 Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
 And spreads the swelling sheet. For no-where far
 From some transparent river's naval course
 Arise, and fall, our various hills and vales, 590
 No-where far distant from the masted wharf.
 We need not vex the strong laborious hand
 With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,

Who join'd the fable waters of the Nile,
 From Memphis' tow'rs, to th' Erythræan gulph :
 Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
 Whose will imperious forc'd an hundred streams,
 Through many a forest, many a spacious wild,
 To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,
 That some unprofitable skiff might float
 Across irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.

600

FAR easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
 And through the centre of the isle conduct
 To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
 By plains alone disparted, woo to join
 Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns
 The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
 Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
 And celebrate the union ; and the light
 Wood-nymphs ; and those, who o'er the grots preside,
 Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
 In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,
 Long sitting at the loom ; and those besides,

616

Who crown, with yellow sheaves, the farmer's hopes ;
And all the genii of commercial toil :
These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And glossy web, to ev'ry port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thousand floods, the burden'd barks, 620
With white sails glist'ning, through the gloomy woods
Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamisis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream : in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, flow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world : the strand around
Close swarms with busy crouds of many a realm. 630
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets !
Lo, from the simple fleece how much proceeds.

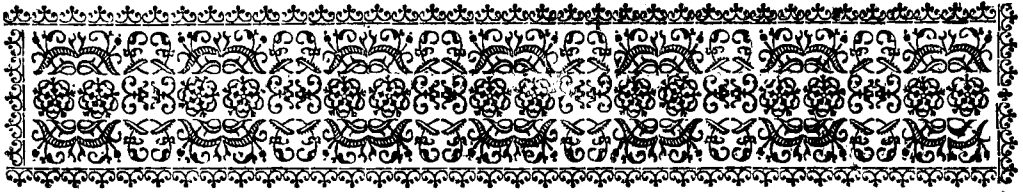


THE
F L E E C E.
BOOK IV.

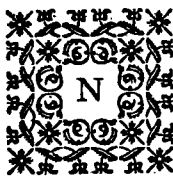


The ARGUMENT.

OUR manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the Coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave-trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Afric. Trade to Persia and Indostan, precarious through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Cormandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffick at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates: hence the passage through Hudson's Bay impracticable. Enquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffick, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.



T H E
F L E E C E.
B O O K IV.


 O W, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd,
 Glide the tall fleets into the wid'ning main,
 A floating forest : ev'ry sail, unfurl'd,
 Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.
 Mean time, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
 Steady ; with eye intent upon the steel,
 Steady, before the breeze, the pilot steers :
 While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
 Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin

To

To streak with various paths the hoary deep. 10
Batavia's shallow sounds by some are fought,
Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return : while some explore
Deep Finnic gulphs, and a new shore and mart,
The bold creation of that Kefar's pow'r,
Illustrious P E T E R, whose magnific toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn. 20
Soon sinks away the green and level beach
Of Rumney marsh, and Rye's silent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,
Like the pale moon in vapor, faintly bright.
An hundred opening marts are seen, are lost ;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene.
Yet steady o'er the waves they steer : and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,

In boundless magnitude, around them swells ; 30
O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft : heav'n's azure vault
Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted clear circumference ;
Till, rising o'er the flick'ring waves, the cape
Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
Again, and oft, th' advent'rous sails disperse ;
These to Iberia ; others to the coast 40
Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tharsis deem'd
Of Solomon ; fair regions, with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester ;
Light airy cloathing for their vacant swains,
And visionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft,
Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd ;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill

Pow'rful incentive ; or Hesperian fruits, 50
Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.

THOSE ships, from ocean broad, which voyage through
The gates of Hercules, find many seas,
And bays unnumber'd, op'ning to their keels ;
But shores inhospitable oft, to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
Reign their ruins : Tiber's boasted flood, 60
Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,
Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow dust,
While Neptune scarce perceives its murm'ring rill :
Such are th' effects, when virtue flacks her hand ;
Wild nature back returns : along these shores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting slender stores, the sun-dry'd grape,

Ver. 54. The freights of Gibraltar.

Or

Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand,
Bereft of human discipline, has lost
Its ancient lustre : Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the num'rous marts,
That in those glitt'ring seas with splendor rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar fite,
Remains in prosp'rous state ; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the muse.

70

To these resort the delegates of trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood ;
And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, dispense ; yet see, with vain regret,
Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or sought, or valued : copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,

80

On the throng'd strand alluring ; the great skill
 Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails ;
 That proud imperious foe. Yet ah --- 'tis not ----
 Wrong not the Gaul ; it is the foe within, 90
 Impairs our ancient marts : it is the bribe ;
 'Tis he, who pours into the shops of trade
 That impious poison : it is he, who gains
 The sacred seat of parliament by means,
 That vitiate and emasculate the mind ;
 By sloth, by lewd intemp'rance, and a scene
 Of riot, worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
 This, this the Tartar, and remote Chinese,
 And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

MEAN-TIME (while those, who dare be just, oppose 100
 The various pow'rs of many-headed vice),
 Ye delegates of trade, by patience rise
 O'er difficulties : in this sultry clime
 Note what is found of use : the flix of goat,
 Red-wool, and balm, and caufee's berry brown,

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125

Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug ;
Unnumber'd arts await them : trifles oft,
By skilful labor, rise to high esteem.

Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simois, or Meander flow,

110

Renown'd in story, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect ; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue and bust, of old magnificence

Beautiful reliques : oh, could modern time

Restore the mimic art, and the clear mein

Of patriot sages, WALSINGHAMS, and YORKEs,

And CECILs, in long-lasting stone preserve !

But mimic art, and nature, are impair'd----

Impair'd they seem ---- or in a varied dress

Delude our eyes : the world in change delights :

120

Change then your searches, with the varied modes

And wants of realms. Sabeian frankincense

Rare is collected now : few altars smoke

Now in the idol fane : Panchaia views

Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast :

Nor

Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs,
 Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
 Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
 With gloomy coul, majestic no more.

SEE the dark spirit of tyrannic pow'r. 130
 The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
 To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
 And the Mæotis, now is barr'd with chains,
 And forts of hostile battlement : in aught
 That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
 Delights not : insolent of rule, he spreads
 Thralldom and defolation o'er his realms.

ANOTHER path to Scythia's wide domains
 Commerce discovers : the Livonian gulph
 Receives her sails, and leads them to the port 140
 Of rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets
 Swell with the webs of Leeds : the Coffac there,
 The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales

In crouds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
 Delighted ; and the hardy Samoïd,
 Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
 Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage
 O'ertake his homeward step ; and they that dwell
 Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams ;
 And bord'ers of the Caspian, who renew
 That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
 With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

150

M A N Y have been the ways to those renown'd
 Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
 To Memphis ; to the port of wealthy Tyre ;
 To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
 Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails ;
 And sacred Salem, when her num'rous fleets,
 From Ezion-geber, pass'd th' Arabian gulph.

B U T later times, more fortunate, have found,
 O'er ocean's open wave, a surer course,

160

Sailing.

Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
 Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
 And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
 On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade ;
 But not of modern, by the virtue led
 Of GAMA and COLUMBUS. The whole globe
 Is now, of commerce, made the scene immense ;
 Which daring ships frequent, associated,
 Like doves, or swallows, in th' ethereal flood, 170
 Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

SOME, with more open course, to Indus steer ;
 Some coast from port to port, with various men
 And manners conversant ; of th' angry surge,
 That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with foam,
 Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,
 Porpoise, or grampus, or the rav'nous shark,
 That chase their keels ; or threat'ning rocks, o'erhead,
 Of Atlas old ; beneath the threat'ning rocks,
 Reckless, they furl their sails, and, bart'ring, take 180
 Soft

Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.

THE shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
And high Bojador; Zara too displays
Unfruitful desarts; Gambia's wave inisles
An ouzy coast, and pestilential ills
Diffuses wide; behind are burning sands,
Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.

ON Guinea's fultry strand, the drap'ry light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white iv'ry; yet the valued trade,
Along this barb'rous coast, in telling, wounds
The gen'rous heart, the sale of wretched slaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,

And various new production, that invite
Increasing navies to their crouded wharfs.

200

BUT let the man, whose rough tempestuous hours
In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce: wickedness is blind:
Their fable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And av'rice. There are ills to come for crimes.

HOT Guinea too gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy deserts rous'd by sudden storms,
All search forbid: howe'er, on either hand
Vallies and pleasant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous: their fable tribes,

210

In

In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,

And soft refreshing breezes : nor are lakes

Here wanting ; those a sea-wide surface spread, 220

Which to the distant Nile and Senegal

Send long meanders : whate'er lies beyond,

Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercasts

With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast

Is seldom visited ; and the rough shore

Of Cafres, land of savage Hottentots,

Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave

Their aged parents : what barbarity

And brutal ignorance, where social trade

Is held contemptible ! Ye gliding sails, 230

From these inhospitable gloomy shores

Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,

Which gives the chearful mariner good hope

Of prosp'rous voyage, steer : rejoice to view,

What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,

Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,

And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind :

There the capacious vase from crystal springs
Replenish, and convenient store provide, 240
Like ants, intelligent of future need.

SEE, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffick shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir ; in whose hills
Ev'n yet some portion of it's antient wealth
Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand
Of its clear streams, though unregarded now ;
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
The vessels glide ; unless their speed be stopp'd 250
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
While ev'ry zephyr sleeps : then the shrouds drop ;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not ; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire ; or like the marble floor

Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
 In old or later time, its marble floor
 Did ever temple boast as this, which here
 Spreads its bright level many a league around?
 At equal distances its pillars rise,
 Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
 And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,
 Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
 And glossy shells in elegance of form,
 For POND's rich cabinet, or SLOANE's, are found.
 Such calm oft checks their course, 'till this bright scene
 Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,
 That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
 The sail full-swellling to Socotra's isle,
 For aloes fam'd ; or to the wealthy marts
 Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
 With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
 From neighb'ring provinces and realms afar ;
 And fill'd with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
 Spread naked round ; so great the pow'r of trade.

260

270

PERSIA few ports ; more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few ?
Where wild ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up ; while fell revenge and famine leads
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies : oft in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand, whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd ;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,
He seeks ; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flow'r,
And various gums ; the clothier knows their worth ;
And wool-resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly ; whether mixt

280

290

In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
 Or softer filk's material: though its aid
 To vulgar eyes appears not; let none deem
 The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd;
 By ev'ry traffic aided; while each work
 Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
 And ev'ry loom employs each hand of art.
 Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
 Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
 Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
 Though all, unconscious of the union, act.

300

Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
 Or fultry Malabar; where it behoves
 The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,
 To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles;
 Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;
 Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
 And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
 Of Bees in summer, on a poplar's trunk,

310

Clust'ring

Cluſt'ring innumerable; theſe behind
His ſtern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whoſe volcano's riſe
Dark ſmoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Darted in air aloft; around whoſe feet
Blue cliffs aſcend, and aromatic groves, 320
In various proſpect; Ceylon alſo deem'd
The antient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vaſt globe the deepeſt, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich diſputed ſtrand
Of Cormandel, where traffic grieves to ſee
Diſcord and Avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, ſciences, and arts: 330
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wiſe defence,
Againſt ambition's wide-deſtroying pride,
Madraſs erected, and Saint-David's fort,
And thoſe which riſe on Ganges' twenty ſtreams,

From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confin'd ;
While gracious nature, with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er ev'ry region pours. 360

NEAR those delicious isles, the beauteous coast
Of China rears its fummits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of trade, that ever-flow'ry shore,
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks ?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart ;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall glossy tow'rs of porcelane,
And pillar'd pagods shine ; rejoic'd they see
The port of Canton op'ning to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor. 370

UPON the strand they heap their glossy bales,

And

And works of Birmingham in brass or steel,
 And flint, and pond'rous lead from deep cells rais'd,
 Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,
 That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn mast:
 These, for the artists of the fleece, procure
 Various materials; and, for affluent life,
 The flavour'd thea and glossy painted vase;
 Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
 In temp'rance us'd, delectable and good.

380

They too from hence receive the strongest thread
 Of the green filkworm. Various is the wealth
 Of that renown'd and antient land, secure
 In constant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
 Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars,
 Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
 And rock, and shady dale; ev'n on the waves
 Of copious rivers, lakes, and bord'ring seas,
 Rise floating villages; no wonder; when,
 In ev'ry province, firm and level roads,
 And long canals, and navigable streams,

390

Ever, with ease, conduct the works of toil
To fure and speedy markets, through the length
Of many a crouded region, many a clime,
To the imperial tow'rs of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown ;
Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Ruffic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's num'rous regions, waste and wild, 400
Journey immense! which, to th' attentive ear,
The muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.

FROM the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while
The wat'ry feat of desolation wide,
Issue these trading caravans, and urge,
Through dazzling snows, their dreary trackless road ;
By compass steering oft, from week to week,
From month to month ; whole seasons view their toils.
Neva they pass, and Kefma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone, 410
Threat'ning

Threat'ning in vain ; and many a cataract,
In its fall stopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.

CLOSE on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual frost ; and on the right
The Caspian lake, and ever-flow'ry realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are destin'd to the sword ; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot
Thick strown ; while, in their rough bewilder'd vales, 420
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

SOMETIMES o'er level ways, on easy fleds,
The gen'rous horse conveys the sons of trade ;
And ever and anon the docile dog ;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes ; now slow they climb

Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend
To hollow vallies, 'till the eye beholds 430
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the rising moon, through wat'ry mists :
Tobol, th' abode of those unfortunate
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war ;
Solemn fraternity ! where carl, and prince,
Soldier, and statesman, and uncrested chief,
On the dark level of adversity,
Converse familiar ; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,
Their little publick smiles, and the bright sparks 440
Of trade are kindled : trade arises oft,
And virtue, from adversity and want :
Be witness, Carthage, witness, ancient Tyre,
And thou, Batavia, daughter of distress.
This, with his hands, which erst the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts ; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow ; that the mattoc drives :
All are employ'd ; and by their works acquire

Of Oby, and Irtis, and Jenisca, swift,
 Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave 470
 Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

THESE rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,
 A new scene strikes their eyes : among the clouds
 Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
 Nature's proud work ; that matchless work of art,
 The wall of Sina, by ЧИНОХАМ's pow'r,
 In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
 Frequent are seen in haughty march along
 Its ridge, a vast extent, beyond the length
 Of many a potent empire ; tow'rs and ports, 480
 Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows
 At equal spaces, and in prospect 'round
 Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.

AT length the gloomy passage they attain
 Of its deep vaulted gates, whose op'ning folds
 Conduct at length to Pekin's glitt'ring spires,

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145

The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.

THUS are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of steadfast earth; for so
Fabled antiquity, ere peaceful trade
Inform'd the op'ning mind of curious man.

490

Now to the other hemisphere, my muse,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing:
Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnassus, the unweary'd toils
Of industry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.

HAPPY the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active RALEIGH made, and great the joy,
When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,
A rising coast, for future colonies,
Op'ning her bays, and figuring her capes,

500

U

Ev'n

Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
 No land gives more employment to the loom,
 Or kindlier feeds the indigent ; no land
 With more variety of wealth rewards
 The hand of labor : thither, from the wrongs
 Of lawless rule, the free-born spirit flies ;
 Thither affliction, thither poverty, 510
 And arts and sciences : thrice happy clime,
 Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind.

BUT joy superior far his bosom warms,
 Who views those shores in ev'ry culture dress'd ;
 With habitations gay, and num'rous towns,
 On hill and valley ; and his countrymen
 Form'd into various states, pow'rful and rich,
 In regions far remote : who from our looms
 Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes
 Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land, 520
 In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
 The comforts taught, and various new desires,

Which

Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And spread Britannia's flocks o'er ev'ry dale.

YE, who the shuttle cast along the loom,
The filkworm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor flight the green savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods arise
Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields
Up springs the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth?

530

FERTILE Virginia, like a vig'rous bough,
Which overshades some crystal river, spreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
The fleecy shuttle: to her growing marts
The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feath'ry ornaments uncouth,

540

For woolly garments ; and the cheers of life,
 The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
 Blush, Europeans, whom the circling cup
 Of luxury intoxicates ; ye routs,
 Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land ;
 And ye voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
 Seek easy habitations, void of care :
 The fons of nature, with astonishment,
 And detestation, mark your evil deeds ;
 And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveless arms, 550
 Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

SEE the bold emigrants of Accadie,
 And Massachusset, happy in those arts,
 That join the politics of trade and war,
 Bearing the palm in either ; they appear
 Better exemplars ; and that hardy crew,
 Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
 Hang their white fish amid the parching winds :
 The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield-wool,

Their

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Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth, 560
And frize of Cambria, worn by those, who seek,
Through gulphs and dales of Hudson's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain,
While winter's frosty rigor check's approach,
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travell'd sons of commerce, know),
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
By the same zone encircled, long enjoy 570
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, behold
Their plains and hillocks blush with clust'ring vines.

MUST it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty labor drain their guffy lakes,
Enlarge the bright'ning sky, and, peopling, warm
The op'ning vallies, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,

And

And through the great Pacific ev'ry joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles 580
Num'rous and large? Have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course
By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's isle
The standard of Britannia shall arise. 590
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,
The lab'ring vessel: neither may we trust
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffick there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry storms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye advent'rous mariners,

Be firm ; take courage from the brave. 'Twas there

Perils and conflicts inexpressible

600

ANSON, with steady undespairing breast,

Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd

His country's foes. Fast-gath'ring tempests rous'd

Huge ocean, and involv'd him : all around

Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror : now,

Rapidly, with the world of waters, down

Descending to the channels of the deep,

He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyfs ;

And now the stars, upon the loftiest point

Toss'd of the sky-mix'd furies. Oft the burst

610

Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas,

Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts ;

While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, reveal'd

Ruins of decks and shrouds, and fights of death.

YET on he far'd, with fortitude his chear,

Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath

Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,

Above

Above all height, by op'ning clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threat'ning Staten-lands o'erhanging shore, 620
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Posture of falling ; as when Pelion, rear'd
On Ossa, and on Ossa's tott'ring head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.

At length, through ev'ry tempest, as some branch,
Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet reascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
Smooth through the vallies ; so his way he won 630
To the serene Pacific, flood immense,
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.

Then Paita's walls, in wafting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
To shew humanity and continence,

REJOICE, ye nations, vindicate the sway
Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whose fertile earth
By ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd,
The armed host, and murd'ring sword of war, 660
And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her solemn compacts, in the lust of rule:
Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and spread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye swains;
Increasing commerce shall reward your cares. 670
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careless wealth,

Pernicious gift, bestows ; a day will come,
 When, through new channels sailing, we shall clothe
 The Californian coast, and all the realms
 That stretch from Anian's streights to proud Japan ;
 And the green isles, which on the left arise
 Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
 Not yet are figur'd on the sailors chart :
 Then ev'ry variation shall be told
 Of the magnetic steel ; and currents mark'd,
 Which drive the heedless vessel from her course:

680

THAT portion too of land, a tract immense,
 Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
 And new plantations on its coast arise.
 Then rigid winter's ice no more shall wound
 The only naked animal ; but man
 With the soft fleece shall ev'ry-where be cloath'd.
 Th' exulting muse shall then, in vigor fresh,
 Her flight renew. Mean while, with weary wing,

690

O'er

O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siluria's flow'ry vales, her old delight,
The shepherd's haunts, where the first springs arise
Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wide,
Wide as the' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

696

E N I S.

