



T H E
E N G L I S H G A R D E N :

A

P O E M.

B O O K T H E S E C O N D.

B Y

W. M A S O N, M. A.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

Y O R K:

Printed by A. WARD; and fold by J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall; T. CADELL,
in the Strand; and H. DENOYER, in Lisle-street, London; also
by J. TODD, in Stonegate, York.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

T H E
E N G L I S H G A R D E N .

B O O K T H E S E C O N D .

HAIL to the Art, that teaches Wealth and Pride
How to possess their wish, the world's applause,
Unmixt with blame! that bids Magnificence
Abate its meteor glare, and learn to shine
Benevolently mild; like her, the Queen 5
Of Night, who failing thro' autumnal skies,
Gives to the bearded product of the plain
Her ripening lustre, lingering as she rolls,
And glancing cool the salutary ray
Which fills the fields with plenty*. Hail that Art 10

A Ye

* This simile, founded on the vulgar error concerning the Harvest Moon, however false in philosophy, may, it is hoped, be admitted in poetry.

Ye swains! for, hark! with lowings glad, your herds
 Proclaim its influence, wandering o'er the lawns
 Restor'd to them and Nature; now no more
 Shall Fortune's Minion rob them of their right,
 Or round his dull domain with lofty wall 15
 Oppose their jocund presence. Gothic Pomp
 Frowns and retires, his proud behests are scorn'd;
 Now Taste inspir'd by Truth exalts her voice,
 And she is heard. "Oh let not man misdeem,
 "Waste is not Grandeur; Fashion ill supplies 20
 "My sacred place, and Beauty scorns to dwell
 "Where Use is exil'd." At the awful sound
 The terrace sinks spontaneous; on the green,
 Broider'd with crisped knots, the tonfile yews
 Wither and fall; the fountain dares no more 25
 To fling its wasted crystal thro' the sky,
 But pours salubrious o'er the parched lawn
 Rills of fertility. Oh best of Arts
 That works this happy change! true Alchymy,
 Beyond the Rosicrucian boast, that turns 30

Deformity to grace, expence to gain,
 And pleas'd returns to Earth's maternal lap
 The long-lost stores of AMALTHEA'S horn.

When such the theme, the Poet smiles secure
 Of candid audience, and with touch assur'd 35
 Resumes his reed ASCRÆAN; eager he
 To ply its warbling stops of various note
 In Nature's cause, that Albion's listening youths,
 Inform'd erewhile to scorn the long-drawn lines
 Of straight formality, alike may scorn 40
 Those quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths,
 That, like the snake crush'd by the sharpen'd spade,
 Writhe in convulsive torture, and full oft,
 Thro' many a dank and unfunn'd labyrinth,
 Mislead our step; till giddy, spent, and foil'd, 45
 We reach the point where first our race began.
 These Fancy priz'd erroneous, what time Taste,
 An infant yet, first join'd her to destroy
 The measur'd platform; into false extremes

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What marvel if they stray'd, as yet unskill'd 50

To mark the form of that peculiar curve,

Alike averſe to crooked and to ſtraight,

Where ſweet Simplicity reſides ; which Grace

And Beauty call their own ; whoſe lambent flow

Charms us at once with ſymmetry and eaſe. 55

'Tis Nature's curve, inſtinctively ſhe bids

Her tribes of Being trace it. Down the ſlope

Of yon wide field, ſee, with its gradual ſweep,

The ploughing ſteers conduct their fallow ridge ;

The peaſant, driving thro' each ſhadowy lane 60

His team, that bends beneath th' incumbent weight

Of laughing CERES, marks it with his wheel ;

At night, and morn, the milkmaid's careleſs ſtep

Has, thro' yon paſture green, from ſtile to ſtile,

Impreſt a kindred curve ; the ſcudding hare 65

Draws to her dew-ſprent feat, o'er thymy heaths,

A path as gently waving ; mark them well ;

Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in ſize,

Their forms are kindred all ; go then, convinc'd

That

THE ENGLISH GARDEN. 5

That Art's unerring rule is only drawn 70
From Nature's sacred source; a rule that guides
Her ev'ry toil; or, if she shape the path,
Or scoop the lawn, or, gradual, lift the hill.
For not alone to that embellish'd walk,
Which leads to ev'ry beauty of the scene, 75
It yields a grace, but spreads its influence wide;
Prescribes each form of thicket, copse, or wood,
Confines the rivulet, and spreads the lake.

Yet shall this graceful line forget to please,
If border'd close by sidelong parallels, 80
Nor duly mixt with those opposing curves
That give the charm of contrast. Vainly Taste
Draws thro' the grove her path in easiest bend,
If, on the margin of its woody sides,
The measur'd greensward waves in kindred flow; 85
Oft let the turf recede, and oft approach,
With varied breadth, now sink into the shade,
Now to the sun its verdant bosom bare.

As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill
 To meet thy right-hand view, if, to the left, 90
 An equal hill ascends; in this, and all
 Be free, be various, as is Nature's self.

For in her wildness is there oft an art,
 Or seeming art, which, by position apt,
 Arranges shapes unequal, so to save 95
 That correspondent poize, which unprefer'd
 Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.
 Yet fair Variety, with all her powers,
 Assists the Balance; 'gainst the barren crag
 She lifts the pastur'd slope; to distant hills 100
 Opposes neighb'ring shades; and, central oft,
 Relieves the flatness of the lawn, or lake,
 With studded tuft, or island. So to poize
 Her objects, mimic Art may oft attain;
 She rules the foreground; she can swell or sink 105
 Its surface; here her leafy screen oppose,
 And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,

And

And croud them there in one promiscuous gloom,
As best befits the Genius of the scene.

Him then, that sov'reign Genius, Monarch sole, 110
Who, from creation's primal day, derives
His right divine to this his rural throne,
Approach with meet obeifance; at his feet
Let our aw'd art fall prostrate. They of Ind,
The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race, 115
Or they in Persia thron'd, who shake the rod
Of power o'er myriads of enervate slaves,
Expect not humbler homage to their pride
Than does this sylvan Despot*. Yet to those
Who do him loyal service, who revere 120
His dignity, nor aim, with rebel arms,
At lawless usurpation, is he found

Patient

* See Book the First, line 84. See also Mr. Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, line 57,

Consult the Genius of the place in all, &c.

A fundamental rule, which is here further enlarged upon from line 126.

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Patient and placable, receives well pleas'd
Their tributary treasures, nor disdains
To blend them with his own internal store. 125

Stands he in blank and desolated state,
Where yawning crags disjointed, sharp, uncouth,
Involve him with pale horror? in the clefts
Thy welcome spade shall heap that fost'ring mould
Whence sapling Oaks may spring; whence clust'ring crouds
Of early underwood shall veil their sides, 131
And teach their rugged heads above the shade
To tow'r in shapes romantic: Nor, around
Their flinty roots, shall ivy spare to hang
Its gadding tendrils, nor the moss-grown turf, 135
With wild thyme sprinkled, there refuse to spread
Its verdure. Awful still, yet not austere,
The Genius stands; bold is his port, and wild,
But not forlorn, nor savage. On some plain
Of tedious length, say, are his flat limbs laid? 140
Thy hand shall lift him from the dreary couch,

Pillowing

Pillowing his head with swelling hillocks green,
 While, all around, a forest-curtain spreads
 Its waving folds, and blesses his repose.

What, if perchance in some prolific foil, 145

Where Vegetation strenuous, uncontroll'd,
 Has push'd her pow'rs luxuriant, he now pines
 For air and freedom? soon thy sturdy axe,
 Amid its interwifted foliage driv'n,

Shall open all his glades, and ingrefs give 150

To the bright darts of day; his prison'd rills,
 That darkling crept amid the rustling brakes,
 Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,
 Free to salubrious Zephyrs, cease to weep.

Meanwhile his shadowy pomp he still retains, 155

His Dryads still attend him; they alone
 Of race plebeian banish'd, who to croud
 Not grace his state, their boughs obtrusive flung.

But chief consult him ere thou dar'ft decide
 Th' appropriate bounds of Pleasure, and of Use; 160

For Pleasure, lawless robber, oft invades
 Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waste
 Her treasures; curb her then in scanty bounds,
 Whene'er the scene permits that just restraint:
 The curb restrains not Beauty; sov'reign she 165
 Still triumphs, still unites each subject realm,
 And blesses both impartial. Why then fear
 Left, if thy fence contract the shaven lawn,
 It does her wrong? She points a thousand ways,
 And each her own, to cure the needful ill. 170
 Where'er it winds, and freely must it wind,
 She bids, at ev'ry bend, thick-blossom'd tufts
 Croud their inwoven'd tendrils; is there still
 A void? Lo Lebanon her cedar lends!
 Lo all the stately progeny of Pines 175
 Come, with their floating foliage richly robed,
 To fill that void! meanwhile across the mead
 The wand'ring flocks that browse between the shades
 Seem oft to pass their bounds; the dubious eye
 Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn. 180.

Browſe then your fill, fond Foreſters! to you
 Shall ſturdy Labour quit his daily taſk
 Well pleas'd; nor longer o'er his ufeleſs plots
 Dip in the dew the ſplendor of his ſcythe.
 He, leaning on that ſcythe, with carols gay 185
 Salutes his fleecy ſubſtitutes, that ruſh
 In bleating chace to their delicious taſk,
 And, ſpreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
 Devour it into verdure. Browſe your fill
 Fond Foreſters! the ſoil that you enrich 190
 Shall ſtill ſupply your morn and evening meal
 With choiceſt delicates; whether you chooſe
 The vernal blades, that riſe with feeded ſtem
 Of hue purpureal; or the clover white,
 That in a ſpiked ball collects its ſweets; 195
 Or trembling feſcue: ev'ry fav'rite herb
 Shall court your taſte, ye harmleſs epicures!
 Meanwhile permit that with unheeded ſtep
 I paſs beſide you, nor let idle fear
 Spoil your repaſt, for know the lively ſcene, 200

That you still more enliven, to my soul
 Darts inspiration, and impells the song
 To roll in bolder descant; while, within,
 A gleam of happiness primæval seems
 To snatch me back to joys my nature claim'd, 205
 Ere vice defil'd, ere slavery funk the world,
 And all was faith and freedom: Then was man
 Creation's king, yet friend; and all that browse
 The plain, or skim the air, or dive the flood,
 Paid him their liberal homage; paid unaw'd. 210
 In love accepted, sympathetic love
 That felt for all, and blest them with its smiles.
 Then, nor the curling horn had learn'd to sound
 The savage song of chace; the barbed shaft
 Had then no poison'd point; nor thou, fell tube! 215
 Whose iron entrails hide the sulphurous blast,
 Satanic engine, knew't the ruthless power
 Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
 Were ye innocuous thro' your ev'ry tribe,
 Or brute, or reptile; nor by rage or guile 220

Had

Had giv'n to injur'd man his only plea
 (And that the tyrant's plea *) to work your harm.
 Instinct, alas, like wayward Reason, now
 Veers from its pole. There was a golden time
 When each created being kept its sphere 225
 Appointed, nor infring'd its neighbour's right.
 The flocks, to whom the grassy lawn was giv'n,
 Fed on its blades contented; now they crush
 Each scion's tender shoots, and, at its birth,
 Destroy, what, sav'd from their remorseless tooth, 230
 Had been the tree of Jove. Ev'n while I sing,
 Yon wanton lamb has cropt the woodbine's pride,
 That bent beneath a full-blown load of sweets,
 And fill'd the air with perfume; see it falls;
 The busy bees, with many a murmur sad, 235
 Hang o'er their honied lofs. Why is it thus?
 Ah, why must Art defend the friendly shades
 She rear'd to shield you from the noontide beam?

Traitors,

* Alluding to Milton.

So spake the Fiend, and with *necessity*,

The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.

Paradise Lost, book iv. line 393.

Traitors, forbear to wound them! say, ye fools!

Does your rich herbage fail? do acrid leaves 240

Afford you daintier food? I plead in vain;

For now the father of the fleecy troop

Begins his devastation, and his ewes

Croud to the spoil, with imitative zeal.

Since then, constrain'd, we must expel the flock 245

From where our saplings rise, our flow'rets bloom,

The song shall teach, in clear preceptive notes,

How best to frame the Fence, and best to hide

All its foreseen defects; defective still,

Tho' hid with happiest art. Ingrateful sure 250

When such the theme, beseems the Poet's task:

Yet must he try, by modulation meet

Of varied cadence, and selected phrase,

Exact yet free, without inflation bold,

To dignify the subject; try to form 255

That magic sympathy of sense with sound

Which pictures all it sings; while Grace awakes

At

At each blest touch, and, on the lowliest things,
 Scatters her rainbow hues.—The first and best
 Is that, which, sinking from our eye, divides, 260
 Yet seems not to divide the shaven lawn,
 And parts it from the pasture; for if there
 Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering teeth
 Will, smoothly as the scythe, the herbage shave,
 And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep 265
 Heed that thy labourer scoop the trench with care;
 For some there are who give their spade repose,
 When broad enough the perpendicular sides
 Divide, and deep descend: To form perchance
 Some vulgar drain, such labour may suffice, 270
 Yet not for beauty: here thy range of wall
 Must lift its height erect, and, o'er its head
 A verdant veil of swelling turf expand,
 While smoothly from its base with gradual ease
 The pasture meets its level, at that point 275
 Which best deludes our eye, and best conceals
 Thy lawn's brief limit. Down so smooth a slope

The fleecy foragers will gladly browse;
 The velvet herbage free from weeds obscene
 Shall spread its equal carpet, and the trench 280
 Be pasture to its base. Thus form thy fence
 Of stone, for stone alone, and pil'd on high,
 Best curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
 Unlimited; but where tame heifers feed,
 Or innocent sheep, an humbler mound will serve 285
 Unlin'd with stone, and but a green-sward trench.
 Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
 Plant thy thick row of thorns, and, to defend
 Their infant shoots, beneath, on oaken stakes,
 Extend a rail of elm, securely arm'd 290
 With spiculated pailing, in such fort
 As, round some citadel, the engineer
 Directs his sharp stoccade. But when the shoots
 Condense, and interweave their prickly boughs
 Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard, 295
 They've done their office; scorn thou to retain,
 What frowns like military art, in scenes,

Where

Where Peace should smile perpetual. These destroy'd,
 Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
 New shoots to birth, to trim the hedge assaut, 300
 And mould it to the roundness of the mound,
 Itself a shelving hill; nor need we here
 The rule or line precise, a casual glance
 Suffices to direct the careless sheers.

Yet learn, that each variety of ground 305
 Claims its peculiar barrier. When the fofs
 Can steal transverse before the central eye,
 'Tis duly drawn; but, up yon neighb'ring hill
 That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve
 The yawning chasm, 'twill meet, not cross our view; 310
 No foliage can conceal, no curve correct
 The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'st
 Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
 And wisely dost thou mean; for its broad eye
 Catches the sudden charms of laughing vales, 315
 Rude rocks and headlong streams, and antique oaks

Loft in a wild horizon ; yet the path

That leads to all these charms expects defence :

Here then suspend the sportsman's hempen toils,

And stretch their meshes on the light support.

320

Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire

In fivefold parallel ; no danger then

That sheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,

And pastur'd steeds an opener fence oppose,

Form'd by a triple row of cordage strong,

325.

Tight drawn the stakes between. The simple deer

Is curb'd by mimic snares ; the slenderest twine *

(If

* Linnæus makes this a characteristical property of the fallow deer ; his words are, *arcetur filo horizontali*. (See Syst. Nat. Art. *Dama*.) I have sometimes seen feathers tied to this line for greater security, though perhaps unnecessarily. They seem however to have been in use in Virgil's time from the following passage in the Georgicks :

Stant circumfusa pruinis

Corpora magna boum : confertoque agmine cervi
Torpent mole novâ, et summis vix cornibus extant.

Hos non emissis canibus, non cassibus ullis,

Puniceæve agitant pavidos formidine pennæ :

Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem

Cominus obruncant ferro.

GEORG. lib. 3. v. 368.

Ruæus's comment on the fifth line is as follows: *linea, aut funiculus erat, cui Plumæ implicabantur variis tinctæ coloribus, ad feras terrendas, ut in retia agerentur*. And a simile, which Virgil uses in the twelfth book of the *Æneid*, v. 749, and another in Lucan, *Pharf.* lib. 4. v. 437, clearly prove that the learned Jesuit has rightly explained the passage.

(If fages err not) that the Beldame spins,
 When by her wintry lamp she plies her wheel,
 Arrests his courage; his impetuous hoof, 330
 Broad chest, and branching antlers nought avail;
 In fearful gaze he stands; the nerves that bore
 His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of stone,
 A single thread defies. Such force has Fear,
 When visionary Fancy wakes the fiend, 335
 In brute, or man, most powerful when most vain.

Still must the swain, who spreads these corded guards,
 Expect their swift decay. The noontide beams
 Relax, the nightly dews contract the twist.
 Oft too the coward hare, then only bold 340
 When mischief prompts, or wintry famine pines,
 Will quit her rush-grown form, and steal, with ear
 Up-prick'd, to gnaw the toils; and oft the ram
 And jutting steer drive their entangling horns
 Thro' the frail meshes, and, by many a chasm, 345
 Proclaim their hate of thraldom. Nothing brooks

Confinement, save degenerate Man alone,
 Who deems a monarch's smile can gild his chains.
 Tir'd then, perchance, of nets that daily claim
 Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form, 350
 With elm and oak, a rustic balustrade
 Of firmest juncture; happy could thy toil
 Make it as fair as firm; but vain the wish,
 Aim not to grace, but hide its formal line.

Let those, who weekly, from the city's smoke, 355
 Croud to each neighb'ring hamlet, there to hold
 Their dusty sabbath, tip with gold and red
 The milk-white palisades, that Gothic now,
 And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both,
 Checquer their trim domain. Thy sylvan scene 360
 Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.

Come then, thou handmaid of that sister Muse!
 Who, when she calls to life and local form
 Her mind's creation, on thy aid depends

For half her mimic power ; sweet Colouring ! come, 365
 Lend thy delusive help, and pleas'd descend
 Ev'n to thy meanest office ; grind, compound,
 Decide, what kindred hues may surest veil
 The barrier rude, and lose it in the lawn.

She comes, and first, with snowy ceruse, joins 370
 The ochr'ous atoms that chalybeate rills
 Wash from their mineral channels, as they glide,
 In flakes of earthly gold ; with these unites
 A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
 Form'd from the calcin'd fibres of the vine ; 375
 And, if she blends, with sparing hand she blends
 That base metallic drug then only priz'd,
 When, aided by the humid touch of Time,
 It gives a Nero's or some tyrant's cheek,
 Its precious canker. These with fluent oil 380
 Attemper'd, on thy length'ning rail shall spread
 That sober olive-green which nature wears
 Ev'n on her vernal bosom ; nor misdeem,

For that, illumin'd with the noontide ray,
 She boasts a brighter garment, therefore Art 385
 A livelier verdure to thy aid should bring.
 Know when that Art, with ev'ry varied hue,
 Portrays the living landscape; when her hand
 Commands the canvass plane to glide with streams,
 To wave the foliage, or with flowers to breathe, 390
 Cool olive tints, in soft gradation laid,
 Create the general herbage: there alone,
 Where darts, with vivid force, the ray supreme,
 Unfullied verdure reigns; and tells our eye
 It stole its bright reflection from the sun. 395

The paint is spread; the barrier pales retire,
 Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
 So, when the fable ensign of the night,
 Unfurl'd by mist-impelling Eurus, veils
 The last red radiance of declining day, 400
 Each scatter'd village, and each holy spire
 That deck'd the distance of the sylvan scene,
 Are

Are sunk in sudden gloom : The plodding hind,
 That homeward hies, kens not the chearing fite
 Of his calm cabbin, which, a moment past, 405
 Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
 Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
 Of warm domestic welcome from his toil.

Nor is that Cot, of which fond Fancy draws
 This casual picture, alien from our theme. 410
 Revisit it at morn ; its opening latch,
 Tho' Penury and Toil within reside,
 Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny
 Glowing with health and beauty : (such the dower
 Of equal heav'n) see, how the ruddy tribe 415
 Throng round the threshold, and, with vacant gaze,
 Salute thee ; call the loiterers into use,
 And form of these thy fence, the living fence
 That graces what it guards. Thou think'st, perchance,
 That, skill'd in nature's heraldry, thy art 420
 Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,

Marshall'd.

Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June
 Spreads its peculiar crimson; do not err,
 The loveliest still is wanting; the fresh rose
 Of Innocence, it blossoms on their cheek, 425
 And, lo, to thee they bear it! striving each,
 In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
 Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas!
 Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
 In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs 430
 Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow,
 Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
 Sits sweet Simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop
 In such a russet garb as best befits
 Their pastoral office; let the leathern scrip 435
 Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with steel,
 And braid their hat with rushes, then to each
 Assign his station; at the close of eve,
 Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
 The flock, and when the matin prime returns, 440
 Their care to set them free; yet watching still

The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
 Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog
 Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
 From wrong or robbery. The livelong day 445
 Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads ;
 They bask on sunny hillocks, or desport
 In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace,
 Which only lives in action unrestrain'd,
 To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm. 450

Pride of the year, purpureal Spring ! attend,
 And, in the cheeks of these sweet innocents
 Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud
 That weeps its moment from thy sapphire heav'n,
 They frown with causeless sorrow ; as the beam, 455
 Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they smile.
 Stay, pitying Time ! prolong their vernal bliss.
 Alas ! ere we can note it in our song,
 Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon

By cold autumnal care, till wintry age 460
Sinks in the froze feverity of death.

Ah! who, when such life's momentary dream,
Would mix in hireling senates, strenuous there
To crush the venal Hydra, whose fell crests
Rife with recruited venom from the wound! 465
Who, for so vain a conflict, would forego
Thy sylvan haunts, celestial Solitude!
Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-content,
Await to bless thy votary. Nurtur'd thus
In tranquil groves, list'ning to nature's voice, 470
That preach'd from whispering trees, and babbling brooks,
A lesson seldom learnt in reason's school,
The wise Sidonian liv'd *: and, tho' the pest
Of lawless tyranny around him rag'd;
Tho' Strato, great alone in Persia's gold, 475
Uncall'd,

* Abdalominus. The fact, on which this episode is founded, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Justin, and Q. Curtius; the last is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metaftasio have both of them treated the subject dramatically.

Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
 Ufurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors ;
 Yet was his foul all peace ; a garden's care
 His only thought, its charms his only pride.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon 480
 Had humbled Perfia. Now Phœnicia's realm
 Receives the Son of Ammon ; at whose frown
 Her tributary kings or quit their thrones,
 Or at his smile retain ; and Sidon, now
 Freed from her tyrant, points the Victor's step 485
 To where her rightful Sov'reign, doubly dear
 By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the Sun
 Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil
 Hid his ascending splendour ; yet thro' each 490
 Her cedar-vested sides, his flaunting beams
 Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main ;
 Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted wealth,

With languid streamers, and with folded sails,
 Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd; 495
 And, to the beech, each slowly-lifted wave,
 Creeping with silver curl, just kiss the shore,
 And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour
 Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host,
 Led by the conqueror of the world, approach 500
 The secret glade that veil'd the man of toil.

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
 Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe screen,
 Entwin'd with myrtle, met in tangled brakes,
 That bar'd all entrance, save at one low gate, 505
 Whose time-disjointed arch with ivy chain'd,
 Bad stoop the warrior train. A pathway brown
 Led thro' the pass, meeting a fretful brook,
 And wandering near its channel, while it leapt
 O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art 510
 Perchance had help'd, but not prescrib'd its way.

Clofe was the vale and shady; yet, ere long
 Its forest fides retiring, left a lawn
 Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
 Now, o'er its pebbled channel, nimbly tript 515
 In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
 Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
 Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants,
 Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and nard,
 Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where, apart, 520
 The patriarch Palm his load of sugar'd dates
 Shower'd plenteous; where the Fig, of standard strength,
 And rich Pomegranate wrapt, in dulcet pulp,
 Their racy seeds; or where, with golden fruit
 Mature, the Citron wav'd its splendid bough. 525
 Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
 Spread its serene extent; a stately file
 Of circling Cyprefs mark'd the distant bound.

Now, to the left, the path ascending pierc'd
 A smaller sylvan theatre, yet deck'd 530
 With

With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,
 Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
 Spread wide their giant arms; whence, from a rock
 Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
 The stream fell headlong; yet still higher rose, 535
 Ev'n in th' eternal snow of Lebanon,
 That hallow'd spring; thence, in the porous earth
 Long while ingulph'd, its crystal weight here forc'd
 Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd;
 A bed of native marble pure, receiv'd 540
 The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
 Till with o'er-flowing pride it skim'd the lawn.

Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grot,
 O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
 Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof 545
 An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums
 That altar pil'd, and there with torch of pine
 The venerable Sage, now first descry'd,
 The fragrant incense kindled. Age had shed

That

THE ENGLISH GARDEN. 31

That dust of silver o'er his sable locks, 550
Which spoke his strength mature beyond its prime,
Yet vigorous still, for from his healthy cheek
Time had not cropt a rose, or on his brow
One wrinkling furrow plow'd; his eagle eye
Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb 555
The finewy strength that toil demands and gives.

The warrior saw and paus'd: his nod withheld
The crowd at awful distance, where their ears,
In mute attention, drank the sage's prayer.
“ Parent of good (he cried) behold the gifts 560
“ Thy humble votary brings, and may thy smile
“ Hallow his custom'd offering. Let the hand
“ That deals in blood, with blood thy shrines distain,
“ Be mine this harmless tribute. If it speaks
“ A grateful heart, can hecatombs do more? 565
“ Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple Pomp
“ May call thy preference to a prouder fane
“ Than this poor cave; but will thy preference there
“ Be

“ Be more devoutly felt ? Parent of Good !

“ It will not. Here then, shall the prostrate heart, 570

“ That deeply feels thy presence, lift its pray’r. —

“ But what has he to ask who nothing needs,

“ Save, what unask’d, is, from thy heav’n of heav’ns

“ Giv’n in diurnal good ? Yet, holy Power !

“ Do all that call thee Father thus exult 575

“ In thy propitious presence ? Sidon sinks

“ Beneath a tyrant’s scourge. Parent of Good !

“ Oh free my captive country.”—Sudden here

He paus’d and sigh’d. And now, the raptur’d crowd

Murmur’d applause : he heard, he turn’d, and saw 580

The King of Macedon with eager step

Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,

Who bore its state, the conqueror’s own right hand

Snatch’d the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.

His swift attendants o’er his shoulders cast 585

The robe of empire, while the trumpet’s voice

Proclaim’d him king of Sidon. Stern he stood,

Or, if he smil’d, ’twas a contemptuous smile,

That

That held the pageant honours in difdain.
 Then burst the people's voice, in loud acclaim, 590
 And bad him be their Father. At the word,
 The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, flush'd his cheek ;
 His brow expanded ; his exalted step
 March'd firmer ; graciously he bow'd the head,
 And was the Sire they call'd him. " Tell me, King," 595
 Young Ammon cried, while o'er his bright'ning form
 He cast the gaze of wonder, " how a soul
 " Like thine could bear the toils of Penury ?"
 " Oh grant me, Gods !" he answer'd, " so to bear
 " This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd 600
 " With blessings lost to Kings ; yet, righteous Powers !
 " If to my country ye transfer the boon,
 " I triumph in the loss. Be mine the chains
 " That fetter Sov'reignty ; let Sidon smile
 " With, your best blessings, Liberty and Peace." 605

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

