

HEAVEN. A VISION.

BY MR. SCOTT.

FULL many a tedious hour, with care oppress'd,
 Stretch'd on my weary bed, I wakeful lay,
 Sad troublous thoughts, like hornets, stung my breast,
 And brush'd the dews of balmy sleep away.
 Ah! what avails, I cry'd, with painful toil,
 By Virtue's steadfast star the bark to guide,
 Far from ^m Acrasia's wily-wandering isle,
 Where ease and pleasure the frail heart divide;
 If Life's short voyage undistinguish'd tends
 To darkness, and the land where all forgotten ends?

Shall Worth lie hid in Sorrow's baleful shade?
 And no reward shall suffering Goodness find,
 While Vice triumphant lifts her pamper'd head,
 Nor hears the steps of Vengeance close behind?—
 Then take me, Power of Beauty, to thy arms,
 And lull, ah lull to peace my troubled soul!
 Disclose, O God of Wine, thy purple charms,
 I'll drown reflection in the mantling bowl!
 'Gainst wind, and tide, let Stoic dulness sail,
 Be mine the calmest sea, and Pleasure's briskest gale.

^m Spenser's Faery Queen, Book II.ⁿ Antecedentem scelestum deseruit pœna.

Hor.

Pensive I mus'd, 'till rose the blushing Morn,
 And spread her saffron mantle o'er the skies ;
 When pitying Morpheus shook his opiate horn,
 And slumbrous humours drown'd my weary'd eyes :
 Yet Fancy still awake, to sooth my pain,
 Sweet scenes of joy in liveliest hue pourtray'd ;
 She call'd forth all her bright ideal train,
 And pleasing truths in mystic dreams convey'd :
 Oh fail me not, thou fair enchanting Power,
 At Sorrow's grim approach, and Care's distressful hour !

Born thro' the yielding air, methought I flew
 To some more blissful clime, sequester'd far
 From this frail world, that just appear'd to view,
 Like the faint glimmering of a distant star.
 Deep in the sea's encircling wave 'twas plac'd,
 As gems in silver ; hoary Ocean smil'd,
 Cheer'd with the pleasing sight ; ° and from his breast
 Sent his sweet children, breezes fresh and mild :
 No clouds nor darkness veil'd the cheerful scene,
 Nor wintry blasts deform'd the ground's eternal green.

Lo to the West a large and spacious plain,
 Where meet in concert, wood, and hill, and dale ;
 Brighter than all that muse-led poets feign
 Of Ida's grove, and Tempe's hallow'd vale :

• Εὐθα μακάρων γασάν οὐρανὸς αὐραὶ περιπνευσί. Pind.

Tho' Peneus there revolves his p amber stream,
 And suppliant Daphne spreads her branching arms;
 Still trembling lest the sun's prolific beam,
 Too fiercely wanton, blast her virgin charms:
 Would'st thou escape? Go, coy relentless maid,
 Go chuse some worse retreat, some less luxurious shade!

There blooming groves, gay smiling with delight,
 From her fair womb spontaneous Nature brings;
 Where percht on every bough, all richly dight
 With painted plumes, some 1 harmless firen sings:
 Pleas'd with the wild notes Zephyr flits unseen,
 And on his musky wings the sound conveys;
 While trickling soft, each varying pause between,
 The murmuring rivulets roll their silver base;
 Winds, waters, birds in seemly sort agree,
 And amorous Echo blends the liquid melody.

Nor there alone was charm'd one scanty sense:
 The loaded trees ambrosial fruitage bear;
 The 2 weeping shrubs their spicy gums dispense,
 Whose fragrance fresh imbalms the buxom air;

^p Ἀλκυονίδες. CALLIM.—Annis purior Electro. Virg.

¹ Nemoris firen, innoxia firen. Strada's Nightin.

² Flet tamen et tepidæ manant ex arbore guttæ. Ovid Met.

Thousands of flowers their silken webs unfold;
 Amarantbs, immortal amarantbs arise,
 These beaming bright with ^s vegetable gold,
 And these with azure, these with Tyrian dyes;
 There laughing sweetly red the roses glow,
 While from their breathing souls celestial odours flow.

But hark, a voice soft-warbling strikes my ear!
 " Behold, O man, fair Virtue's ample meed;
 " Behold these radiant plains, this star-girt sphere,
 " By righteous Jove her portion are decreed!
 " Mould not, ah mould not then in idle cell,
 " But strive these rapturous mansions to attain;
 " Here all the wise, the brave, the virtuous dwell,
 " Eternal ^t ages free from care and pain;
 " Here in Elysian seats, their calm abodes,
 " Live in communion blest", with heroes and with gods!

Eastward to this methought a different scene
 Of equal beauty charm'd my raptur'd sight:
 Wide spacious lawns with swelling hills between,
 And groves of bliss, and gardens of delight.

^s Ανθεμα δε χρυσον φλεγει. Pind.

^t Αθανυσιν νομιναί αιωνος. Ibid.

["] Παρεα μεν τιμαιοις Θεων. Ibid.

There

There lotes and palms their copious branches twine,
 And over-arching form delicious bowers ;
 There gush nectareous rills of dulcet wine,
 And honey'd streams revolve their milky stores ;
 Fresh bleeding myrrh and cassia shed perfume,
 Ananas swell with sweets, and wild pomegranates bloom,

Fast by a fount *, whose spicy waters glide
 In amorous mazes, on the velvet ground,
 With blushing flowers all goodly beautify'd,
 A smiling troop of virgins dance around ;
 Fairer than Delia's silver-buskin'd train,
 When erst, Ladona, by thy lillied banks,
 Or cool γ Eurota's laurel-fringed plain,
 To breathing lutes they tript in seemly ranks ;
 And fairer, Cypris, than thy wanton quire,
 That melt the soul to love, and kindle fierce desire.

Their eyes z , like pearls within their shells conceal'd,
 Beauteous and black ; their lips with rubies vye ;
 On their fair cheeks, with white and red anneal'd,
 What thousand dimpling smiles in ambush lie !

* Called by the Arabic writers Zenzebil, and promised by Mahomet to all the faithful.

γ — In Eurotæ ripis
 Exercet Diana choros ——— Virg.

z See Sale's Koran, chapter the 56th.

See, see they point to yon embowering shade,
 Where cool gales fan their odoriferous wings,
 And Flora's freshest, softest couch is spread ;
 The whiles some one this lovely ditty sings !
 Thro' all my veins what thrilling transport flew
 To hear the nectar'd words, dropping like honey'd dew !

" Haste, gentle youth, for lo, the way is plain !
 " Haste, gentle youth, and hear the Prophet's call !
 " These are the joys that true believers gain,
 " Immortal joys that never know to pall.
 " Come then, ah come thy weary limbs recline
 " On filken beds of roses sweetly strow'd,
 " Where to thy touch compliant bows the vine,
 " All faint, and labouring with the luscious load ;
 " Where Nymphs of Paradise their charms reveal,
 " And with their amorous spoils thy greedy eyes regale !"

She ceas'd—and molten with excess of joy,
 Voluptuous Hope was busy in my breast :
 When lo ! swift-darting from th' extremest sky,
 With seraph-plumes, an Angel stood confest !
 A pure immortal crown adorn'd her head,
 Of gold inwove with jewels ; in her hand,
 The book of life, and mercy was display'd,
 With ruddy drops of dying martyrs stain'd ;
 Her eagle-eyes were quick, and passing bright,
 Yet beam'd serene, and mild, with heaven's celestial light.
 " And

“ And O fond foolish man,” she cry’d, “ forbear
“ Idly to glote on forms so light, and vain !
“ What are these jocund scenes, but empty air,
“ The fleeting coinage of a phrenzy’d brain ? ——
“ Yet ev’n in these, as ^a darkly thro’ a glass,
“ Some faint, some glimmering view the eye may gain
“ Of those unmingled joys, that far surpass
“ Whate’er of bliss the wit of man can feign ;
“ Those pure delights, that flow in streams divine,
“ Where thy imperial towers, O heavenly Salem, shine !

“ For know, my son, that they whose worth is try’d,
“ As gold by fire, by great and virtuous deeds,
“ Soon as the carnal fetters are unty’d,
“ That chain the soul, and stript these mortal weeds ;
“ Haply shall soar, in robes of glory clad,
“ To heavenly mansions, bright abodes, prepar’d
“ ^b Ere the foundations of the deep were laid,
“ Or the firm pillars of the earth were rear’d ;
“ Ere God his golden compasses employ’d,
“ And markt this beauteous world on chaos dark, and void.

“ There shall they live, O happy, happy spirits !
“ There shall they live remov’d from all the cares,
“ And thousand ills, that feeble flesh inherits :
“ No greedy Want, nor wayard Lust, that tears

^a 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

^b Prov. viii. 6. 24, 25. 27, &c.

" With viperous rage the breast from whence it sprung,
 " Their deep-embofom'd peace shall e'er torment ;
 " But hymning sweet, the angel troops among,
 " Their undisturbed lays of pure content,
 " The smiling hours immortal shall employ
 " In trance of holy ease, or extacy of joy.

" Then shall their eyes, from cloudy films secure,
 " With lightning-glance unmeasur'd space behold ;
 " And all the thousand stars, that pave the floor
 " Of heaven, with orient pearl, or living gold ;
 " Then floating thro' the boundless deep of air,
 " An azure sea, like gems of richest hue,
 " Myriads of worlds thick-scatter'd shall appear,
 " With all their bright inhabitants to view :
 " Their active minds shall traverse, quick as thought,
 " Creation's ample fields, the range 'twixt God and nought.

" And oh what streams of music sweet, and clear,
 " Shall drown in deep delight their raptur'd souls !
 " Ay me, in vain to man's unpurged ear
 " Their heavenly notes each tuneful planet rolls !
 " Ay me, in vain with softly-thrilling voice,
 " Thro' every land they hymn their Maker's praise,
 " While choirs of young-ey'd cherubims rejoice,
 " And to their golden harps mellifluous lays

“ Attuning, holy, holy, holy, sing,
“ O Lord, Almighty God, the saints’ eternal king !

“ But not in vain the tuneful planets raise
“ To pure ethereal souls their voice divine ;
“ Nor yet in vain their great Creator’s praise
“ Do gladsome choirs of young-ey’d cherubs join :
“ No blessed spirit but hears the sacred song,
“ And wakes his lyre melodious part to bear
“ In the sweet symphony ; while all the throng
“ Of angels, and arch-angels, nay, the ear
“ Of God delighted listens to the strains.—
“ In heaven, and heaven-born minds such rapturous concord
“ reigns !

“ But where, ah where can glowing tints be found
“ To paint the charms of ^d Sion’s sacred place,
“ ^e Where Christ the lamb in radiance sits enthron’d,
“ The ^f lively image of his Father’s grace ?
“ O flower of love ! O ^g glorious morning star !
“ O ^h sun of righteousness, whose healing wings
“ Brought life, and peace, and mercy from afar !
“ From thee the light, thou beaming fountain, springs,
“ That guides poor mortals in their weary way,
“ Thro’ black Affliction’s night, to Pleasure’s endless day !

^d Heb. xii. 22.

^e Psal. ii. 6. ^f Heb. i. 3.

^g Rev. xxii. 16.

^h Mal. iv. 2.

" Jesus !— and didst thou leave thy bowers of joy ?
 " And didst thou leave thy Father's dear embrace,
 " Content with agonizing pangs to die
 " For man's forlorn, rebellious, sinful race ?
 " What bliss to hear the high mysterious story ;
 " By all the prophets, all th' apostles sung,
 " And noble army of martyrs, crown'd with glory ;
 " Where blest, the six-wing'd seraphims among,
 " They drink immortal, from thy rapturous sight,
 " Conceiveless draughts of Love's ineffable delight !

" Hail saints of light ! who once the patient train
 " Of silent Sorrow, thro' the thorny road
 " Of Misery toil'd, and unappall'd by pain,
 " With pilgrim-feet the long, long journey trod !
 " O taught by them, thou man of earth, sustain
 " With firm unwear'd arm the dangerous fight !
 " The ⁱ prize of thy high-calling dare to gain,
 " ^k Victorious palms, and robes of spotless white ;
 " So in ^l the book of life thy name shall shine,
 " And heaven's eternal joys and transports all be thine."

Scarce had she spoke, when that ^m cherubic car,
 Instinct with soul, and those self-moving wheels,
 That whirl'd the holy sage from Chebar far,
 Appear'd :—my breast the rushing impulse feels !

ⁱ Phil. iii. 14.

^m Ezek. i. 5.

^k Rev. vii. 9.

^l Rev. iii. 5.

I see, I see thy glittering turrets rise,
 Celestial Salem, all of ⁿ lucid gold,
 Inlaid with gems of thousand, thousand dyes!
 And lo, the everlasting gates unfold
 Their ^o doors of pearl, and o'er my aching sight
 Full tides of glory flow, and streams of living light!

Of light surpassing far thy glimmering ray,
 (More bright, more clear, more glorious, more divine)
 Tho' drest by thee, ^p O golden eye of day,
 In gaudy robes the sparkling diamonds shine;
 Tho' yon fair moon to thee her lustre owes,
 Gilding with borrow'd light the mountain's brow;
 And Iris steals from thee each tint that glows
 In the gay forehead of the showery bow:
 Faint is thy feeble blaze, O beauteous Sun!
 Such peerless beams appear from Truth's eternal throne.

See thro' the streets, ^q like liquid jasper clear,
 The fount of life in mazy error flows!
 Thro' the bright ^r crystal sands of gold appear,
 And heaps of pearly grain; while blooming grows,
 On either bank of dainty flowers profuse,
 The tree of life superior o'er the rest,
 Whose teeming branches nectar'd fruits produce:
^c Twelve various fruits of sweetly-vary'd taste,

ⁿ Rev. xxi. 18, 19.^o Rev. xxi. 21.^p Ω χρυσεας αμερας βλεφαρον.

Soph.

^q Rev. xxi. 11,^r Ibid,^c Rev. xxii. 2.

From every leaf 'salubrious dews exhale,
And pure elixirs breathe in every balmy gale.

Lo there, diffus'd along the sacred brink,
Angelic choirs replete with love and joy,
Conceive their God, and from his presence drink
Beatitude past utterance !—There they lie
On flowering beds of balsam, cassia, nard,
And myrrh, a wilderness of rich perfumes ;
Embalm'd they lie, like that Arabian bird,
'Midst odorous shrubs, and incense-breathing gums,
Whose life springs recent from the sun-born fire,
While clouds of spicy smoke in bluish wreaths aspire.

But spare, O spare me, heaven !—My fainting soul
Sickens with bliss too great for mortal sense !
Come, o'er my limbs thy quickening waters roll,
Life-giving stream, and all thy balm dispense !
And thou, fair tree, the source of all our woes,
(That bloom'd so fatal erst in Eden's glade,
Transplanted since to heaven) thy friendly boughs
Extend, and wrap me in the brownest shade !
O veil me from the Lamb's too glorious sight,
From majesty's full blaze, insufferably bright !

Trembling I wak'd with sweet excess of joy,
And on the wings of sleep, more swift than wind,
Away the fickle, fond delusions fly ;
Yet leave their fairy-steps the trace behind :

Hear then, ye fainted myriads, from your spheres,
 And gently beam your kindest influence down ;
 Lift, lift my thoughts above life's groveling cares,
 To joys sublime, and Virtue's glorious crown !
 O guide my virgin-soul the high abode,
 To reach, the heaven of heavens, where reigns th' eternal God !

O D E O N S L E E P .

BY THE SAME.

WH Y, gentle God, this long delay,
 Since night, and careless quiet reigns ?
 O hither take thy silent way,
 And sooth, ah sooth my wakeful pains !
 So shall my hands for thee the wreath entwine,
 And strew fresh poppies at thy votive shrine.

When from the North, all wan and pale,
 The sun withdraws his chearful light,
 And arm'd with whirlwind, frost, and hail,
 The big clouds bring the half-year's night,
 Quick to their caves the shivering natives tend,
 And hear without the rattling storms descend.

Then