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## SPECIMENS OF OLD ENGLISH POETS.

No. 11.—EDMUND SPENSER.

[This poet flourished about a century after Chaucer, and is one of the galaxy of stars, as they are sometimes called, who rendered famous the age of Queen Elizabeth. The taste of Spenser's times ran upon allegories and far fetched similitudes, sometimes termed Euphuism; and though his poetry is what we moderns call extremely long winded, and therefore very little read, yet it has much poetical merit, and once enjoyed extraordinary popularity. His chief poem is an allegory entitled the "Faery Queen," from which we extract one of the best similitudes as a favorable specimen of his style, and an indication of the taste of the age.]

## THE CHARIOT OF PRIDE DRAWN BY THE PASSIONS.

Sudden upriseth from her stately place

→ The royal dame, and for her coach doth call;  
All hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,  
(As fair Aurora in her purple pall,  
Out of the East the dawning day doth call)  
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze.  
The heaps of people, thronging in the hall,  
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:  
Her glorious glittering light doth all men's eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,  
Adorned all with gold, and garlands gay,  
That seemed as fresh as Flora in her prime,  
And strove to match, in royal rich array,  
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say  
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride  
To Jove's high house through heaven's brass-paved way,  
Drawn of fair peacocks, that excel in pride,  
And full of Argus eyes their tails disspreaden wide.

But this was drawn of six unequal beasts,  
On which her six sage counsellors did ride,  
Taught to obey their bestial behests,  
With like conditions to their kinds applied;  
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,  
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin;  
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,  
Array'd in habit black, and amice thin,  
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

And in his hand his portice still he bare,  
That much was worn, but therein little read:  
For of devotion he had little care,  
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead;  
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,  
To looken whether it were night or day.  
May seem the wain was very evil led,  
When such an one had guiding of the way,  
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares he did himself essoine,  
And greatly shunned manly exercise:  
From every work he challenged essoine,  
For contemplation-sake; yet otherwise,  
His life he led in wless riotise,  
By which he grew to grievous malady:  
For in his listless limbs through evil guise  
A shaking fever reign'd continually:  
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine;  
His belly was up-blown with luxury,  
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne:  
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,

With which he swallowed up excessive feast,  
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;

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In green fine leaves he was right fitly clad;  
For other clothes he could not wear for hard,  
And on his head an ivy garland had,  
From under which fast trickled down the sweat.  
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,  
And in his hand did bear a boozing can,  
Of which he sapt so oft, that on his seat  
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can;  
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,  
And eke unable once to stir or go;  
Not meet to be of counsel to a king,  
Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned so,  
That from his friend he seldom knew his foe;  
Full of diseases was his carcase blue,  
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow;  
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:  
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustful Lechery,  
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged hair  
And whaly eyes (the sign of jealousy)  
Was like the person's self, whom he did bear;  
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,  
Unseemly man to please fair Lady's eye;  
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved dear,  
When fairer faces were bid standen by:  
O! who does know the bent of woman's fantastic?

In a green gown he clothed was full fair,  
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,  
And in his hand a burning heart he bare,  
Full of vain follies, and new fangleness:  
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,  
And learned had to love with secret looks,  
And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,  
And fortunes tell, and read in loving books,  
And thousand other ways to bait his fleshy hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,  
And lusted after all that he did love,  
Nor would his looser life be tied to law,  
But joy'd weak woman's heart to tempt and prove,  
If from their loyal loves he might them move;  
Which lewdness filled him with reproachful pain  
Of that foul evil, which all men reprove,  
That rots the marrow, and consumes the brain:  
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this train.

*To be continued.*

## A THRILLING SCENE.

The subjoined stirring sketch is from a new work by Judge Hale, entitled "The Wilderness and the War Path," and is descriptive of the coolness and presence of mind of Col. George Roger Clark, at a council at North Bend.

An Indian council is one of the most imposing spectacles in savage life. It is one of the few occasions in which the warrior exercises his right of suffrage, his influence and his talents, in a civil capacity, and the meeting is conducted with all the gravity, and all the ceremonious ostentation with which it is possible to invest it. The matter to be considered, as well as all the details, are well digested beforehand, so that the utmost decorum must prevail,