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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

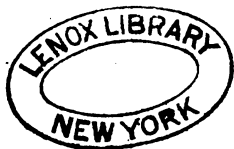
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M, DCC, LXXXV.



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A
POETICAL EPISTLE
TO AN
EMINENT PAINTER.
WITH
NOTES.

Συγγενεῖαι τινα πρὸς ποιητικὴν εἶναι ἢ τέχνην εὐρίσκειται, καὶ
κοινὴ τις ἀμφὸν εἶναι φαντασία.

— ἃ λέγει οἱ ποιηταὶ εἶχον ταῦτα ἐν τῷ γραμματικῷ
σημαίνεισθαι.

PHILOSTRATUS.

Patet omnibus Ars, nondum est occupata, multum ex illa
etiam futuris relicta est. SENEC. Epist. 33.

VOL. I.

B



THE

F I R S T P A R T .

B 2

A R G U M E N T.

*An introduction to the subject—The flourishing state
Art in this country—Disadvantages attending the mo-
dern painter of portraits—Short encomium on the
branch of Art, with the account of its origin in the
story of the maid of Corinth. Superiority of historic
painting—Some account of the Greeks who excelled in
it—Its destruction, and revival in Italy—Short account
of the most eminent Italian painters—Those of France
and Flanders.*

T O

MR. GEORGE ROMNEY.

P A R T I.

BLEST be the hour, when fav'ring gales restore
The travell'd artist to his native shore !
His mind enlighten'd, and his fancy fraught
With finest forms by ancient genius wrought ;
Whose magic beauty charm'd, with spell sublime, 5
The scythe of Ruin from the hand of Time,
And mov'd the mighty leveller to spare
Models of grace so exquisitely fair.

While you, whom Painting thus inspir'd to roam,
Bring these rich stores of ripen'd judgment home ; 10
While now, attending my accomplish'd friend,
Science and Taste his soften'd colours blend ;
Let the fond Muse, tho' with a transient view,
The progress of her sister art pursue ;
Eager in tracing from remotest time 15
The steps of Painting thro' each favour'd clime,
To praise her dearest sons, whose daring aim
Gain'd their bright stations on the heights of fame,
And mark the paths by which her partial hand
Conducts her ROMNEY to this radiant band. 20

Painting, sweet nymph ! now leaves in lifeless trance
Exhausted *Italy*, and *tinsel France*,

And sees in Britain, with exulting eyes,
 Her vot'ries prosper, and her glories rise.
 Yet tho', my friend, thy art is thus carest, 25
 And with the homage of the public blest,
 And flourishes with growing beauty fair,
 The child of Majesty's adoptive care,
 The youthful artist still is doom'd to feel
 Obstruction's chilling hand, that damps his zeal : 30
 Th' imperious voice of Vanity and Pride
 Bids him from Fancy's region turn aside,
 And quit the magic of her scene, to trace
 The vacant lines of some unmeaning face :
 E'en in this work his wishes still are crost, 35
 And all the efforts of his art are lost ;
 For when the canvas, with the mirror's truth,
 Reflects the perfect form of age or youth,
 The fond affections of the partial mind
 The eye of judgment with delusion blind : 40
 Each mother bids him brighter tints employ,
 And give new spirit to her booby boy ;
 Nor can the painter, with his utmost art,
 Express the image in the lover's heart :
 Unconscious of the change the seasons bring, 45
 Autumnal beauty asks the rose of spring,
 And vain self-love, in every age the same,
 Will fondly urge some visionary claim.
 The luckless painter, destin'd to submit,
 Mourns the lost likeness which he once had hit, 50
 And doom'd to groundless censure, bears alone
 The grievous load of errors not his own.

Nor is it Pride, or Folly's vain command,
 That only fetters his creative hand ;
 At Fashion's nod he copies as they pass 55
 Each quaint reflection from her crowded glass.

The

The formal coat, with intersecting line,
 Mars the free graces of his fair design ;
 The towering cap he marks with like distress,
 And all the motley mass of female dress. 60
 The hoop extended with enormous size,
 The corks that like a promontory rise ;
 The stays of deadly steel, in whose embrace
 The tyrant Fashion tortures injur'd Grace.
 But Art, despairing over shapes like these 65
 To cast an air of elegance and ease,
 Invokes kind Fancy's aid she comes to spread
 Her magic spells—the Gothic forms are fled ;
 And see, to crown the painter's just desire,
 Her free positions, and her light attire ! 70
 Th' ambitious artist wishes to pursue
 This brilliant plan with more extensive view,
 And with adopted character to give
 A lasting charm to make the portrait live ;
 All points of art by one nice effort gain, 75
 Delight the learned, and content the vain ;
 Make history to life new value lend,*
 And in the comprehensive picture blend
 The ancient hero with the living friend. }
 Most fair device ! “ but, ah ! what foes to sense, 80
 What broods of motley monsters rise from hence ! ”
 The strange pretensions of each age and sex
 These plans of fancy and of taste perplex ;
 For male and female, to themselves unknown,
 Demand a character unlike their own, 85
 Till oft the painter to this quaint distress
 Prefers the awkward shapes of common dress.
 Sweet girls, of mild and pensive softness, choose
 The sportive emblems of the comic Muse ;

* Ver. 77. See NOTE I,
B 4.

And sprightly damsels are inclin'd to borrow 90
 The garb of penitence, and tears of sorrow :
 While awkward pride, tho' safe from war's alarms,
 Round his plump body buckles ancient arms,
 And, from an honest justice of the peace,
 Starts up at once a demi-god of Greece ; 95
 Too firm of heart by ridicule to fall,
 The finish'd hero crowns his country hall,
 Ordain'd to fill, if fire his glory spare,
 The lumber-garret of his wiser heir.
 Not less absurd to flatter NERO's eyes* 100
 Arose the portrait of colossal size :
 Twice fifty feet th' enormous sheet was spread,
 To lift o'er gazing slaves the monster's head,
 When impious Folly sway'd Oppression's rod,
 And servile Rome ador'd the mimic God. 105

Think not, my friend, with supercilious air,
 I rank the portrait as beneath thy care.
 Blest be the pencil ! which from death can save †
 The semblance of the virtuous, wise, and brave,
 That youth and emulation still may gaze, 110
 On those inspiring forms of ancient days,
 And, from the force of bright example bold,
 Rival their worth, " and be what they behold."
 Blest be the pencil ! whose consoling pow'r,
 Soothing soft Friendship in her pensive hour, 115
 Dispels the cloud, with melancholy fraught,
 That absence throws upon her tender thought.
 Blest be the pencil ! whose enchantment gives
 To wounded Love the food on which he lives.

* Ver. 100. See NOTE II.

† Ver. 108. See NOTE III.

Rich in this gift, tho' cruel ocean bear 120
 The youth to exile from his faithful fair,
 He in fond dreams hangs o'er her glowing cheek,
 Still owns her present, and still hears her speak :
 Oh ! LOVE, it was thy glory to impart
 Its infant being to this magic art ! 125

Inspir'd by thee, the soft Corinthian maid,*
 Her graceful lover's sleeping form portray'd :
 Her boding heart his near departure knew,
 Yet long'd to keep his image in her view :
 Pleas'd she beheld the steady shadow fall, 130
 By the clear lamp upon the even wall :
 The line she trac'd with fond precision true,
 And, drawing, doated on the form she drew :
 Nor, as she glow'd with no forbidden fire,
 Conceal'd the simple picture from her fire ; 135
 His kindred fancy, still to nature just,
 Copied her line, and form'd the mimic bust.
 Thus from thy power, inspiring LOVE, we trace
 The modell'd image, and the pencil'd face !

We pity Genius, when by interest led, 140
 His toils but reach the semblance of a head ;
 Yet are those censures too severe and vain,
 That scorn the Portrait as the painter's bane.
 Tho' up the mountain winds the arduous road,
 That leads to pure Perfection's bright abode, 145
 In humbler walks some tempring laurels grow,
 Some flowers are gather'd in the vale below :
 Youth on the plain collects increasing force,
 To climb the steep in his meridian course.
 While nature sees her living models share 150
 The rising artist's unremitting care,

* Ver. 126. See NOTE IV.

She on his mind her every charm imprints,
 Her easy postures, and her perfect tints,
 Till his quick pencil, in maturer hour,
 Becomes her rival in creative power. 155

Yet in these paths disdain a long delay,
 While eager Genius points a nobler way :
 For see ! expanding to thy raptur'd gaze,
 The epic field a brighter scene displays !
 Here stands the temple, where, to merit true, 160
 Fame gives her laurel to the favour'd few :
 Whose minds, illumin'd with celestial fire,
 Direct the pencil, or awake the lyre ;
 Who trace the springs of nature to their source,
 And by her guidance, with resistless force, 165
 The tides of terror and of transport roll,
 Thro' every channel of the human soul !

How few, my friend, tho' millions boast the aim,
 Leave in this temple an unclouded name !
 Vain the attempt, in every age and clime, 170
 Without the slow conductors toil and time ;
 Without that secret, soul-impelling power,
 Infus'd by genius in the natal hour ;
 And vain wish these, if bright occasion's ray
 Fail to illuminate the doubtful way. 175

The elders of thy art, ordain'd to stand
 In the first circle of this honour'd band,
 (Whose pencil, striving for the noblest praise,
 The heart to soften and the mind to raise,
 Gave life and manners to the finish'd piece) 180
 These sons of glory were the sons of GREECE !
 Hail ! throne of genius, hail ! what mighty hand
 Form'd the bright offspring of this famous land ?

First

First in the annals of the world they shine :
 Such gifts, O LIBERTY, are only thine ; 185
 Thy vital fires thro' kindling spirits run,
 Thou fount of life, thou intellectual sun ;
 Thy rays call forth, profuse and unconfin'd,
 The richest produce of the human mind.
 First taught by thee, the Grecian pencil wrought 190
 The forceful lessons of exalted thought,
 And generously gave, at glory's call,
 The patriot picture to the public hall.

'Twas then PANÆUS drew, with freedom's train,*
 The chief of Marathon's immortal plain, 195
 In glorious triumph o'er the mighty host
 That Persia pour'd in torrents on their coast.

There POLYGNOTUS, scorning servile hire,†
 Display'd th' embattled scene from HOMER's lyre.
 His country view'd the gift with fond regard, 200
 And rank'd the painter with their noblest bard.

Thy tragic pencil, ARISTIDES, caught‡
 Each varied feeling, and each tender thought,
 While moral virtue sanctified thy art,
 And passion gave it empire o'er the heart. 205

Correct Parrhasius first to rich design ||
 Gave nice proportion, and the melting line,
 Whose soft extremes from observation fly,
 And with ideal distance cheat the eye.

* Ver. 194. See NOTE V.

† Ver. 198. See NOTE VI.

‡ Ver. 202. See NOTE VII.

|| Ver. 206. See NOTE VIII.

The gay, the warm, licentious ZEUXIS drew,* 2
 Voluptuous Beauty in her richest hue :
 Bade in one form her scatter'd rays unite,
 And charm'd the view with their collected light.

But Grace consign'd, while her fair works he plann
 Her softest pencil to APOLLO'S hand : 2
 Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove,†
 Such strong expression mark'd his mimic JOVE,
 Inimitably great he seem'd to tower,
 And pass the limits of the pencil's power.

Ye sons of art, tho' on the gulph of years, 2
 No floating relict of your toil appears,
 Yet glory shews, in every cultur'd clime,
 Your name still radiant thro' the clouds of time.

Thy pride, O ROME, inclin'd thee to abhor
 Each work that call'd thee from thy sphere of war : 2
 By freedom train'd, and favour'd by the Nine,
 The powers of eloquence and verse were thine,
 While chilling damps upon the pencil hung,‡
 Where TULLY thunder'd, and where VIRGIL sung
 Yet Grecian artists had the splendid fate, 2
 To triumph o'er the Romans' scornful hate,
 Their matchless works Profusion toil'd to buy,
 Their wonders glitter'd in the public eye,
 Till ROME'S terrific pomp, and letter'd pride,
 Were sunk in Desolation's whelming tide. 2

Oh ! lovely painting ! long thy cheering light
 Was lost and buried in barbaric night ;

* Ver. 210. See NOTE IX.

† Ver. 216. See NOTE X.

‡ Ver. 228. See NOTE XI.

The furious rage of Anarchy effac'd
 Each hallow'd character thy hand had trac'd,
 And Ign'rance, mutt'ring in her monkish cell, 240
 Bound thy free soul in her lethargic spell.

At length from this long trance thy spirit rose,
 In that sweet vale where silver Arno flows;
 There studious VINCI treasur'd every rule,*
 To form the basis of a rising school. 245
 Like early HESIOD, 'twas his fate to shine,
 The herald of a master more divine.

Inflam'd by Genius with sublimest rage,
 By toil unwearied, and unchill'd by age,
 In the fine phrenzy of exalted thought 250
 Gigantic ANGELO his wonders wrought; †
 And high, by native strength of spirit rais'd,
 The mighty HOMER of the pencil blaz'd.

Taste, Fancy, Judgment, all on RAPHAEL smil'd, ‡
 Of Grandeur and of Grace the darling child: 255
 Truth, passion, character, his constant aim,
 Both in the human and the heavenly frame,
 Th' enchanting painter rules the willing heart,
 And shines the finish'd VIRGIL of his art.

The daring JULIO, tho' by RAPHAEL train'd, § 260.
 Reach'd not the summit, where his master reign'd;
 Yet to no common heights of epic fame,
 True Genius guided his adventurous aim.

* Ver. 244. See NOTE XII.

† Ver. 251. See NOTE XIII.

‡ Ver. 254. See NOTE XIV.

§ Ver. 260. See NOTE XV.

Thus STATIUS, fraught with emulous regard,
 Caught not the spirit of the Mantuan bard : 265
 Tho' rival ardour his ambition fir'd,
 And kindred talents his bold verse inspir'd.

More richly warm, the glowing TITIAN knew*
 To blend with Nature's truth the living hue :
 O ! had sublime design his colours crown'd ! 270
 Then had the world a finish'd painter found :
 With powers to seize the highest branch of art,
 He fix'd too fondly on an humbler part ;
 Yet this low object of his partial care
 Grew from his toil so exquisitely fair, 275
 That dazzled judgment, with suspended voice,
 Fears to condemn the error of his choice.
 Thus pleas'd a flowery valley to explore,
 Whence never Poet cull'd a wreath before, †
 LUCRETIVUS chose the epic crown to lose 280
 For the bright chaplets of an humbler muse.

Soft as CATULLUS, sweet CORREGIO play'd †
 With all the magic charms of light and shade.
 Tho' PARMA claim it for her rival son, §
 The praise of sweetest grace thy pencil won : 285
 Unhappy genius ! tho' of skill divine,
 Unjust neglect, and penury were thine.
 Lamenting o'er thy labours unrepaid,
 Afflicted Art oppress'd with wrongs decay'd,

* Ver. 268. See NOTE XVI.

† Unde prius nulli velarunt Tempora Musæ.

Lucretius, Lib. iv. Ver. 5.

‡ Ver. 282. See NOTE XVII.

§ Ver. 284. See NOTE XVIII.

Till with pure judgment the CARACCI came, † 290
 And raising her weak powers and sinking frame,
 Reclaim'd the pencil of misguided youth,
 From Affectation's glare to tints of modest Truth.
 They form'd the Pencil, to whose infant fame
 Young ZAMPIERI ow'd his nobler name : § 295
 Profoundly skill'd his figures to dispose,
 The learned LANFRANC in their school arose, ¶
 And, train'd to glory, by their forming care,
 The tender GUIDO caught his graceful air. ¶¶

Oh ! gen'rous ITALY, thy genial earth 300
 Unnumber'd artists bore of splendid worth !
 And rais'd amidst them, in thy golden days,
 No mean historian to record their praise. *

On Thee, whom Art, thy patroness and pride,
 Taught both the pencil and the pen to guide ; 305
 Whose generous zeal and modest truth have known,
 To blazon others' skill, not boast thy own ;
 On Thee, VASARI, let my verse bestow
 That just applause, so freely seen to flow
 From thy ingenuous heart and liberal hand, 310
 To each great artist of thy native land !
 Tho' many shine in thy elaborate page,
 And more have risen since thy distant age,
 Their various talents, and their different fame,
 The Muse, unskilful, must decline to name, 315

† Ver. 290. See NOTE XIX.

§ Ver. 295. See NOTE XX.

§ Ver. 297. See NOTE XXI.

¶ Ver. 299. See NOTE XXII.

* Ver. 303. See NOTE XXIII.

Left in the nice attempt her judgment fail,
To poise their merits in Precision's scale.

E'er a public Taste, by no determin'd rule,
Has class'd the merit of each nobler school :
To ROME and FLORENCE, in expression strong, 3
The highest honours of Design belong ;
On her pure Style 'ee mild BOLOGNA claim †
Her fairest right to secondary fame ;
Tho' prouder VENICE would usurp that praise,
Upon the splendid force of TITIAN's golden rays.* 3
But ill they know the value of their art,
Who, flattering the eye, neglect the heart.
Tho' matchless tints a lasting name secure,
Tho' strong the magic of the clear-obscure,
These must submit, as a dependant part, 3
To pure Design, the very soul of Art ;
Or Fame, misguided, must invert her course,
And RAPHAEL's Grace must yield to REMBRAND:
Force ; †

Fancy's bold thought to Labour's patient touch,
And Rome's exalted genius to the Dutch.
Yet HOLLAND, thy unwearied labours raise †
A perfect title to peculiar praise :
Thy hum'rous pencil shuns the epic field,
The blazing falchion, and the sanguine shield ;
But hap'ly marks the group of rural Mirth,
In social circle round the chearful hearth,
And rustic Joy, from busy cares releas'd,
'To the gay gambols of the village feast :

† Ver. 322. See NOTE XXIV.

* Ver. 325. See NOTE XXV.

† Ver. 333. See NOTE XXVI.

‡ Ver. 336. See NOTE XXVII.

While Nature smiles her very faults to view,
 Trac'd with a skill, exquisitely true. 345
 These faults, O REMBRANDT, 'twas thy praise to hide !
 New pow'rs of ART thy fertile mind supplied ;
 With dazzling force thy gorgeous colouring glows,
 And o'er each scene an air of grandeur throws :
 The meanest Figures dignity assume, 350
 From thy contrasted light, and magic gloom.
 These strong illusions are supremely thine,
 And laugh at Imitation's vague design :
 So near to blemishes thy beauties run,
 Those who affect thy splendor are undone : 355
 While thy rash rivals, loose and incorrect,
 Miscall their shadowy want of truth *Eff:ct*,
 And into paths of affectation start :
 Neglect of Nature is the bane of Art.
 Proud of the praise by RUBENS' pencil won, * 360
 Let FLANDERS boast her bold inventive son !
 Whose glowing hues magnificently shine
 With warmth congenial to his rich design :
 And him, her second pride, whose milder care,
 From living beauty caught its loveliest air ! 365
 Who truth of character with grace combin'd,
 And in the speaking feature mark'd the mind,
 Her soft VANDYKE, while graceful portraits please, †
 Shall reign the model of unrivall'd ease.
 Painting shall tell, with many a grateful thought, 370
 From FLANDERS first the secret pow'r she caught, †
 To grace and guard the offspring of her toil,
 With all the virtues of enduring oil ;

* Ver. 360. See NOTE XXVIII.

† Ver. 368. See NOTE XXIX.

‡ Ver. 371. See NOTE XXX.

Tho' charm'd by ITALY's alluring views,
 (Where sumptuous LEO courted every Muse, † 375
 And lovely Science grew the public care)
 She fixt the glories of her empire there;
 There in her zenith soon she ceas'd to shine,
 And dated; passing her meridian line,
 From the CARACCI's death her period of decline. 380 }

Her sinking beams, from ITALY withdrawns,
 On colder FRANCE with transient lustre dawn:
 Where, in the arms of Roman Science nurs'd,
 In every work of ancient genius vers'd,
 The sage POUSSIN, with purest fancy fraught, || 385
 Portray'd the classic scene, as Learning taught:
 But Nature, jealous of her sacred right,
 And piqu'd that his idolatry should slight
 Her glowing graces, and her living air,
 To worship marble with a fonder care, 390
 Denied his pencil, in its mimic strife,
 The bloom of beauty, and the warmth of life.

Then rose LE BRUN, his scholar, and his friend, *
 More justly skill'd the vivid tints to blend;
 Tho' with exalted spirit he present 395
 The generous victor in the suppliant tent,
 Too oft the genius of his gaudy clime
 Mised his pencil from the pure sublime.

Thy dawn, LE SUEUR, announc'd a happier taste, †
 With fancy glowing, and with judgment chaste: 400

† Ver. 375. See NOTE XXXI.
 || Ver. 385. See NOTE XXXII.
 * Ver. 393. See NOTE XXXIII.
 † Ver. 399. See NOTE XXXIV.

But Art, who gloried in thy rising bloom,
Shed fruitless tears upon thy early tomb.

These lights withdrawn, Confusion and Misrule
Seize the vain pencil of the Gallic school :
Tho' FRESNOY teaches, in Horatian song, † 405
The laws and limits that to Art belong ;
In vain he strives, with Attic judgment chaste,
To crush the monsters of corrupted taste :
With ineffectual fire the poet sings,
Prolific still the wounded Hydra springs : 410
Gods roll'd on gods encumber every hall,
And faints, convulsive, o'er the chapel sprawl.
Bombast is Grandeur, Affectation Grace,
Beauty's soft smile is turn'd to pert grimace ;
Loaded with dress, supremely fine advance 415
Old HOMER'S heroes, with the airs of FRANCE.
Indignant Art disclaim'd the motley crew,
Resign'd their empire, and to BRITAIN flew.

† Ver. 405. See NOTE XXXV.



THE

SECOND PART.



A R G U M E N T.

The rise of painting in England, and the reasons for its happening so late—The rapidity of its improvement—A slight sketch of the most eminent living artists in England—The author's wish to see his friend among the first of that number—His reasons for hoping it—The reputation of a painter in some degree owing to a happy choice of subjects—A few recommended from national events—and from Milton and Shakspeare—Conclusion—Author's wishes for his friend's success.

P A R T II.

INGENUOUS ROMNEY, whom thy merits raise
To the pure summits of unclouded praise ;
Whom art has chosen, with successful hand,
To spread her empire o'er this honour'd land ;
Thy Progress Friendship with delight surveys, 5
And this pure Homage to thy Goddess pays.
Hail! heavenly Visitant! whose cheering powers
E'en to the happy give still happier Hours!
O! next to Freedom, and the Muse, design'd
To raise, ennoble, and adorn mankind! 10
At length we view thee in this favor'd Isle,
That greets thy Presence, and deserves thy Smile:
This favour'd Isle, in native Freedom bold,
And rich in Spirit as thy Greeks of old.

Tho' foreign Theorists, with System blind,* 15
Prescribe false limits to the British mind,
And, warp'd by Vanity, presume to hold,
Our northern Genius dark, confin'd, and cold:
Painting, sweet Nymph, unconscious of their chain,
In this fair Island forms her new Domain, 20

* Ver. 15. See NOTE XXXVI.

And freely gives to BRITAIN's eager view
Those charms which once her fav'rite ATHENS knew

'Tis true, when Painting, on ITALIA's shore,
Display'd those Graces, which all Realms adore,
No kindred forms of English growth appear;
Age after age the hapless Pencil here
Dropt unsuccessful from the Native's hand,
And fail'd to decorate this darker Land.
But freely let impartial History say,
Why Art on BRITAIN shone with later ray.

When on this Isle, the Gothic clouds withdrawn,
The distant light of Painting seem'd to dawn,
Pierce HARRY reign'd, who, soon with pleasure cloy'd
Now lov'd, now scorn'd, now worship'd, now destroy
Thee as his Wives, enchanting Art! he priz'd,
Now fought to crown thee, now thy death devis'd:
Now strove to fix with liberal support,
Thy darling RAPHAEL in his sumptuous Court;
Now o'er the hallow'd shrines, thy hand had grac'd
"Cried havock, and let slip the Dogs of Waste."
When timid Art saw ruin his delight,
She fled in terror from the Tyrant's fight.

The Virgin Queen, whom dazzled eyes admire,
The subtle Child of this imperious Sire,
Untaught the moral force of Art to feel, †
Prof.rib'd it as the slave of bigot Zeal,
Or doom'd it, throwing nobler works aside,
To drudge in flatt'ring her fantastic Pride:

* Ver. 33. See NOTE XXXVII.

† Ver. 45. See NOTE XXXVIII.

And hence the Epic pencil in the shade
 Of blank neglect, and cold obstruction laid, 50
 E'en while the Fairy-sprite, and Muse of fire,
 Hung high in Glory's hall the English lyre.

JAMES, both for Empire and for Arts unfit,
 (His sense a quibble, and a pun his wit)
 Whatever works he patroniz'd debas'd, 55
 But haply left the Pencil undisgrac'd.

With fairer mind arose his nobler Son,
 Seduc'd by Parasites, by Priests undone :
 Unhappy CHARLES ! oh ! had thy feeling heart
 But honour'd Freedom as it valued Art ! 60
 To merit just, thy bounty flow'd alike
 On bolder RUBENS, and the soft VANDYKE :
 To this ennobled realm thy judgment brought
 The sacred miracles that RAPHAEL wrought.
 But regal Pride, with vain Ambition blind, 65
 Cut off the promise of thy cultur'd mind.
 By wounded Liberty's convulsive hand
 Unbound, fierce Anarchy usurps the Land ;
 While trembling Art to foreign regions flies,
 To seek a refuge in serener skies. 70

These storms subsiding, see her once again,
 Returning in the second CHARLES's train !
 She comes to copy, in licentious sport,
 The Minions of a loose luxuriant Court ;
 From whence the modest Graces turn their eyes, 75
 Where Genius fees, and o'er the prospect fights,
 LELY's soft Tints, and DRYDEN's nobler Lyre,
 Made the mean Slaves of dissolute Desire.

Once more, alarm'd by War's terrific roar,
 The sweet Enchantress quits the troubled Shore ; 80
 VOL. I. C While

While sacred Freedom, darting in disdain
 Her vengeful Thunder on th' apostate Train,
 And, pleas'd the gloomy Tyrant to disown,
 Gives to NAUSSAU the abdicated Throne.

The peaceful Prince may rising Art defend,
 And Art shall crown her Patron and her Friend.
 In tumults, from the cradle to the grave,
 'Tis thine, O! WILLIAM, sinking realms to save.
 To thee no leisure mightier cares allow,
 To bind the laurel on the Artist's brow :
 'Tis thine to fix, with tutelary hand,
 The base of Freedom, on which Art must stand.
 Yet to thy Palace KNELLER's skill supplied *
 Its richest ornament in Beauty's pride.
 Unhappy KNELLER ! covetous though vain ;
 Thee glory yielded to seducing Gain :
 While partial Taste from modest RILEY turn'd, †
 By diffidence depriv'd of praise well earn'd.

Tho' in succeeding years the Muses taught,
 "How ANN commanded, and how MARLBRO' faul'd
 And THORNHILL's blaze of Allegory gilt ‡
 The piles, that WREN's superior genius built ;
 Contending Faction's, in her closing reign,
 Like winds imprison'd, shook fair Freedom's Fane.
 Painting, soft timid Nymph, still chose to roam,
 And fear'd to settle in this shaking Dome.

At length, the fury of each storm o'erblown,
 That threatened BRUNSWICK's race on BRITAIN
 throne,

* Ver. 93. See NOTE XXXIX.

† Ver. 97. See NOTE XL.

‡ Ver. 101. See NOTE XLI.

Rebellion vanquish'd on her native shore,
 Her clans extinguish'd and her chiefs no more : 110
 The Youthful Noble, on a princely Plan,
 Encourag'd infant Art, and first began *
 Before the studious eye of Youth to place
 The ancient Models of ideal Grace.

When BRITAIN triumph'd, thro' her wide domain,
 O'er FRANCE, supported by imperious SPAIN,
 And satiate with her Laurels' large increase,
 Began to cultivate the plants of Peace ;
 Fixt by kind Majesty's protecting hand,
 Painting, no more an alien in our land, 120
 First smil'd to see, on this propitious ground,
 Her Temples open'd and her Altars crown'd :
 And Grace, the first attendant of her train,
 She, whom APOLLO wooed, nor wooed in vain,
 To REYNOLDS gives her undulating line, 125
 And Judgment doats upon his chaste design.
 Tho' Envy whispers in the ear of Spleen,
 What thoughts are borrowed in his perfect scene,
 With glee she marks them on her canker'd scroll,
 Malicious Fiend ! 'twas thus that VIRGIL stole, 130
 To the bright Image gave a brighter Gloss,
 Or turn'd to purest Gold the foreign Dross.
 Excelling Artist ! long delight the eye !
 Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly, †
 BRITAIN shall then her own APOLLO see, 135
 And all the Grecian shall revive in thee.
 Thy manly spirit glories to impart
 The leading Principles of lib'ral Art ; ‡

* Ver. 112. See NOTE XLII.

† Ver. 134. See NOTE XLIII.

‡ Ver. 138. See NOTE XLIV.

To youthful Genius points what course to run,
 What Lights to follow, and what Rocks to shun; 1
 So ORPHEUS taught, by Learning's heavenly sway,
 To daring Argonauts their doubtful way,
 And mark'd to guide them in their bold Career,
 Th' unerring Glories of the starry Sphere.
 Thy Hand enforces what thy Precept taught, 1
 And gives new lessons of exalted thought;
 Thy nervous Pencil on the canvass throws
 The tragic story of sublimest woes:
 The wretched Sons, whom Grief and Famine tear,
 The Parent petrified with blank Despair, 1
 Thy UGOLINO gives the heart to thrill,*
 With Pity's tender throbs, and Horror's icy chill.

The offspring now of many a rival hand,
 Sublimity and Grace adorn the Land;
 Tho' but some few years past, this barren coast 1
 Scarce one fair grain of native Art could boast.
 Of various form, where'er we turn our eyes,
 With strong and rapid growth new wonders rise,
 Like seeds that Mariners, with generous toil,
 Have wisely carried to some kindred soil, 1
 Which, shooting quick and vig'rous in their birth,
 Speak the fond bounty of the virgin Earth:
 The Land o'erjoy'd a fairer fruit to see
 Adopts, with glad surprize, the alien Tree.
 Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay, † 1
 And BRITAIN glories in her rich display;
 Merit, who unassisted, and unknown,
 Late o'er his unseen labours sigh'd alone,

* Ver. 151. See NOTE XLV.

† Ver. 165. See NOTE XLVI.

Sees honour now his happier toils attend,
And in the generous Public finds a friend. 170

O lovely Painting, to whose charms I bow,
"And breathe my willing verse with suppliant vow,"
Forgive me, if by undiscerning Praise,
Or groundless censure, which false Judgment sways,
My failing line with faint resemblance wrong 175
Thy Sons, the subjects of no envious song!

Supremely skill'd the varied group to place,
And range the crowded scene with easy grace;
To finish parts, yet not impair the whole,
But on th' impassion'd action fix the soul; 180
Thro' wandering throngs the patriot Chief to guide,
The shame of CARTHAGE, as of ROME the pride;
Or, while the bleeding Victor yields his breath,
Give the bright lesson of heroic Death.
Such are thy Merits, WEST: by Virtue's hand 185
Built on the human heart thy praise shall stand,
While dear to Glory, in her guardian Fane,
The names of REGULUS and WOLFE remain.

To DANCE's pencil, in Precision strong,
Transcendent Force, and Truth of Line belong. 190
Not GARRICK's self, to SHAKESPEARE's spirit true,
Display'd that spirit clearer to our view,
Than DANCE expresses, in its fiercest flame,
The Poet's Genius in the Actor's Frame.
From GARRICK's features, with distraction fraught, 195
He copies every trace of troubled thought;
And paints, while back the waves of Battle roll,
The Storm of sanguinary RICHARD's soul.

The rapid **MORTIMER**, in Fancy strong,
 Marks the just horrors that to Vice belong,
 The murd'rous Ruffian, in the Dungeon's gloom,
 Stung with remorse, and shudd'ring at his doom.
 Yet still to nobler heights his Genius springs,
 And paints a lesson to tyrannic Kings:
 In his bright colour see the field appear
 To Freedom sacred, and to Glory dear,
 Where **JOHN**, proud Monarch, baffled on his throne
 Hears the brave Chief his lawless pow'r disown,
 And, for an injur'd Nation, nobly claim
 The glorious **CHARTER** of immortal Fame!

But see far off the modest **WRIGHT** retire!
 Alone he rules his Element of Fire:
 Like Meteors darting through the gloom of Night,
 His sparkles flash upon the dazzled sight;
 Our eyes with momentary anguish smart,
 And Nature trembles at the power of Art.
 May thy bold colours, claiming endless praise,
 For ages shine with undiminish'd blaze,
 And when the fierce **VESUVIO** burns no more,
 May his red deluge down thy canvas pour!

Art with no common gifts her **GAINSBROUGH** give
 Two different Pencils in his hand she plac'd;
 This shall command, she said, with certain aim,
 A perfect Semblance of the human Frame;
 This, lightly sporting on the village-green,
 Paint the wild beauties of the rural Scene.
 In Storms sublime the daring **WILSON** soars,
 And on the blasted Oak his mimic Lightning pours
APOLLO triumphs in his flaming skies,
 And classic Beauties in his scenes arise.

Thy Graces HUMPHREYS, and thy Colours clear,
 From Miniature's small circle disappear:
 May their distinguish'd Merit still prevail,
 And shine with lustre on the larger Scale.

Let candid Justice our attention lead, 235
 To the soft Crayon of the graceful READ:
 Nor GARD'NER, shall the Muse, in haste, forget
 Thy Taste and Ease; tho' with a fond Regret
 She pays, while here the Crayon's pow'r she notes,
 A Sigh of Homage to the shade of COATES. 240
 Nor, if her favour'd hand may hope to shed
 The flowers of glory o'er the skilful dead,
 Thy Talents, HOGARTH! will she leave unsung; *
 Charm of all eyes, and Theme of every tongue!
 A separate province 'twas thy praise to rule; 245
 Self-form'd thy Pencil! yet thy works a School,
 Where strongly painted, in gradations nice,
 The Pomp of Folly, and the Shame of Vice,
 Reach'd thro' the laughing Eye the mended Mind,
 And moral Humour sportive Art refined. 250
 While fleeting Manners, as minutely shewn
 As the clear prospect on the mirror thrown;
 While Truth of Character, exactly hit,
 And dress'd in all the dyes of comic wit;
 While these, in FIELDING's page, delight supply, 255
 So long the Pencil with his Pen shall vie.
 Science with grief beheld thy drooping age
 Fall the sad victim of a Poet's rage:
 But Wit's vindictive spleen, that mocks controul,
 Nature's high tax on luxury of soul! 260
 This, both in Bards and Painters, Fame forgives;
 Their Frailty's buried, but their Genius lives.

* Ver. 243. See NOTE XLVII.

Still many a Painter, not of humble Name,
 Appears the tribute of applause to claim ;
 Some alien Artists, more of English Race, 26
 With fair ANGELICA our foreign Grace,
 Who paints, with Energy and Softness join'd,
 The fond Emotions of the female Mind ;
 And CIPRIANI, whom the Loves surround,
 And sportive Nymphs in Beauty's Cestus bound : 27
 For him those Nymphs their every Charm display,
 For him coy VENUS throws her veil away.
 And ZAFFANI, whose faithful colours give
 The transient glories of the Stage to live ;
 On his bright canvas each dramatic Muse 28
 A perfect copy of her scene reviews ;
 Each, while those scenes her lost delight restore ;
 Almost forgets her GARRICK is no more.—
 O'er these I pass reluctant, lest too long
 The Muse diffusely spin a tedious Song. 29

Yet one short pause, ye Pow'rs of Verse allow
 To cull a Myrtle Leaf for MEYERS'S Brow !
 Tho' small its Field, thy Pencil may presume
 To ask a wreath where flowers immortal bloom.
 As Nature's self, in all her pictures fair, 30
 Colours her Insect works with nicest care,
 Nor better forms to please the curious eye,
 The spotted Leopard than the gilded Fly ;
 So thy fine Pencil, in its narrow space,
 Pours the full portion of uninjur'd Grace, 31
 And Portraits, true to Nature's larger line,
 Boast not an Air more exquisite than thine.
 Soft Beauty's charms thy happiest works express,
 Beauty thy model and thy Patroness.
 For her thy care has to perfection brought 32
 Th' uncertain toil, with anxious trouble fraught ; 33

Thy colour'd Crystal, at her fond desire,
 Draws deathless Lustre from the dang'rous Fire,
 And, pleas'd to gaze on its immortal charm,
 She binds thy Bracelet on her snowy arm. 300

While Admiration views, with raptur'd eye,
 These Lights of Art that gild the British sky
 Oh! may my Friend arise, with lustre clear,
 And add new Glory to this radiant Sphere.
 This wish, my ROMANZ Y, from the purest source, 305
 Has Reason's Warrant, join'd to Friendship's Force.
 For Genius breath'd into thy infant Frame
 The vital Spirit of his sacred Flame,
 Which frequent mists of Diffidence o'ercloud,
 Proving the vigour of the Sun they shroud. 310
 Nature in thee her every gift combin'd,
 Which forms the Artist of the noblest kind ;
 That fond Ambition, which bestows on Art
 Each talent of the Mind, and passion of the Heart ;
 That dauntless Patience, which all toil defies, 315
 Nor feels the labour while it views the prize.
 Enlight'ning Study, with maturing pow'r,
 From these fair seeds has call'd the op'ning flow'r ;
 Thy just, thy graceful Portraits charm the view
 With every tender tint that TITIAN knew. 320
 Round Fancy's circle when thy Pencil flies,
 With what terrific pomp thy Spectres rise !
 What lust of mischief marks thy Witch's form,
 While on the LAPLAND Rack she swells the storm !
 Tho' led by Fancy thro' her boundless reign, 325
 Well dost thou know to quit her wild domain.
 When History bids thee paint, severely chaste,
 Her simpler scene, with uncorrupted taste.
 While in these fields thy judging eyes explore,
 What spot untried may yield its secret ore, 330

Thy happy Genius springs a virgin Mine
 Of copious, pure, original Design;
 Truth gives it value, and, distinctly bold,
 The stamp of Character compleats thy Gold.
 Thy Figures rise in Beauty's noblest scale, 335
 Sublimely telling their heroic Tale;
 Still may thy Powers in full exertion blaze,
 And Time revere them with unrivall'd praise.
 May Art, in honour of a Son like thee,
 So justly daring, with a soul so free, 340
 Each separate Province to thy care commend,
 And all her Glories in thy Pencil blend:
 May tender TITIAN's mellow Softness join,
 With mighty ANGELO's sublimer Line;
 CORREGIO's Grace with RAPHAEL's Taste unite, 345
 And in thy perfect Works inchant the ravish'd sight.

How oft we find that when, with noblest aim,
 The glowing Artist gains the heights of Fame,
 To the well-chosen Theme he chiefly owes,
 That praise which Judgment with delight bestows. 350
 The Lyre and Pencil both this Truth confess,
 The happy Subject forms their full success.

Hard is the Painter's fate, when wisely taught
 To trace with ease the deepest lines of thought;
 By hapless Fortune he is doom'd to rove 355
 Thro' all the frolicks of licentious JOVE,
 That some dark PHILIP, phlegmatic, and cold,*
 (Whose needy TITIAN calls for ill-paid gold)
 May with voluptuous Images enflame
 The sated Passions of his languid frame. 360

* Ver. 357. See NOTE XLVIII.

Abuse like this awakens generous Pain,
 And just-Derision mingles with Disdain,
 When such a Pencil in a Roman hand,
 While the rich Abbess issues her command,
 Makes wild St. FRANCIS on the canvas sprawl, 365
 That some warm Nun in mimic Trance may fall,
 Or, fondly gazing on the pious whim,
 Feel faintly Love o'erload each lazy limb,
 Mistaking, in the cloister's dull embrace,
 The Cry of Nature for the Call of Grace. 370

But see th' historic Muse before thee stand,
 Her nobler subjects court thy happier Hand !
 Her Forms of reverend Age, of graceful Youth,
 Of public Virtue, and of private Truth :
 The sacred power of injur'd Beauty's charms, 375
 And Freedom, fierce in adamantin Arms ;
 Hence Sympathy, thro' thy assisting art,
 With floods of Joy may fill the human heart.

But while the bounds of Hist'ry you explore,
 And bring new Treasures from her farthest shore, 380
 Thro' all her various fields, tho' large and wide,
 Still make Simplicity thy constant guide :
 And most, my Friend, a Syren's wiles beware,
 Ah ! shun insidious Allegory's snare !
 Her Flattery offers an alluring wreath, 385
 Fair to the eye, but poisons lurk beneath,
 By which, too lightly tempted from his guard,
 Full many a Painter dies, and many a Bard.
 How sweet her voice, how dang'rous her spell,
 Let SPENSER'S Knights and RUBENS' Tritons tell ; 390
 Judgment at colour'd riddles shakes his head,
 And fairy Songs are prais'd, but little read ;

Where,

Where, in the Maze of her unbounded Sphere,
Unbridled Fancy runs her wild Career.

In Realms where Superstition's tyrant sway
" Takes half the vigour of the soul away,"
Let Art for subjects the dark Legend search,
Where Saints unnumber'd people every Church ;
Let Painters rule the wild of OVID o'er,
To hunt for monsters which we heed no more.
But here, my ROMNEY, where, on Freedom's v
The towering Spirit to Perfection springs ;
Where Genius, proud to act as heav'n inspires,
On Taste's pure Altars lights his sacred Fires ;
Oh ! here let Painting, as of old in GREECE,
With patriot passions warm the finish'd piece ;
Set BRITAIN, happy in a gen'rous Race,
Of manly Spirit, and of female Grace,
Let this frank Parent with fond eyes explore,
Some just memorials of the line she bore,
In tints immortal to her view recall
Her dearest Offspring on the storied Wall.

But some there are, who with pedantic scorn,
Despise the Hero, if in BRITAIN born :
For them Perfection has herself no charms,
Without a Roman robe, or Grecian arms :
Our slighted Country, for whose Fame they feel
No generous Interest, no manly Zeal,
Sees public Judgment their false Taste arraign,
And treat their cold contempt with due disdain ;
To the fair Annals of our Isle we trust,
To prove this patriot indignation just,

And, nobly partial to our native earth,
Bid English Pencils honour English Worth. *

Forgive the Muse, if haply she commend 425
A theme ill chosen to her skilful Friend ;
She, tho' its pow'r commands her willing heart,
Knows not the limits of thy lovely Art,
Yet boldly owns an eager wish to see
Her darling Images adorn'd by thee. 430

Shall BAYARD, glorious in his dying hour, *Sidney*
Of Gallic Chivalry the fairest Flow'r,
Shall his pure Blood in British colours flow,
And BRITAIN, on her canvas fail to shew
Her wounded SIDNEY, BAYARD's perfect peer, § 435
SIDNEY, her Knight, without Reproach or Fear,
O'er whose pale corse heroic Worth should bend,
And mild Humanity embalm her Friend !
Oh! ROMNEY, in his hour of Death we find 440
A Subject worthy of thy feeling Mind ;
Methinks I see thy rapid Hand display
The field of ZUTPHEN, on that fatal day,
When arm'd for freedom, 'gainst the guilt of SPAIN,
The Hero bled upon the Belgic plain ! 445
In that great moment thou hast caught the Chief,
When pitying Friends supply the wish'd relief,
While Sicknefs, Pain, and Thirst his pow'r subdue,
I see the draught he pants for in his view :
Near him the Soldier that expiring lies,
This precious Water views with ghastly eyes, 450

* Ver. 424. See NOTE XLIX.

§ Ver. 435. See NOTE L.

With eyes that from their sockets seem to burst,
 With eager, frantic, agonizing Thirst :
 I see the Hero give, oh ! generous Care !
 The Cup untasted to this silent Pray'r ;
 I hear him say, with Tenderness divine, 455
 " Thy strong Necessity surpasses mine."

Shall Roman Charity for ever share
 Thro' every various School each Painter's Care ?
 And BRITAIN still her bright examples hide
 Of female Glory, and of nilial Pride ? 460
 Instruct our eyes, my ROMNEY, to adore
 Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous MORE, *
 Resolv'd to save, or in th' attempt expire,
 The precious reliicks of her martyr'd Sire :
 Before the cruel Council let her stand, 465
 Press the dear ghastly Head with pitying Hand,
 And Plead, while Bigotry itself grows mild,
 The sacred duties of a grateful Child.

Oh ! let the Sisters, who, with friendly aid,
 The Grecian Lyre, and Grecian Pencil sway'd, 470
 Who join'd their rival Powers with fond delight,
 To grace each other with reflected Light,
 Let them in BRITAIN thus united reign,
 And double lustre from that union gain !
 Not that my Verse, adventurous, would pretend 475
 To point each varied subject to my Friend ;
 Far nobler guides their better aid supply :
 When mighty SHAKESPEARE to thy judging eye
 Presents that magic Glass, whose ample Round
 Reflects each Figure in Creation's bound, 480

* Ver. 462. See NOTE LI.

And pours, in floods of supernatural light,
 Fancy's bright Beings on the charmed sight.
 This chief Inchanter of the willing breast,
 Will teach thee all the magic he possesseth. 485
 Plac'd in his Circle, mark in colours true
 Each brilliant Being that he calls to view :
 Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or rob'd in light,
 His weird Sister or his fairy Sprite,
 Bold o'erleaping, in the great design,
 The bounds of Nature, with a Guide divine. 490

Let MILTON's self, conductor of thy way,
 Lead thy congenial spirit to portray
 In colours, like his Verse, sublimely strong,
 'The scenes that blaze in his immortal song.

See MICHAEL drawn, by many a skilful Hand, 495
 As suits the Leader of the Seraph-Band !
 But oh ! how poor the prostrate SATAN lies, *
 With bestial form debas'd and goatish eyes !
 How chang'd from him who leads the dire debate,
 Fearless tho' fall'n, and in Ruin great ! 500
 Let thy bold Pencil, more sublimely true,
 Present his Arch Apostate to our view,
 In worthier Semblance of infernal Pow'r,
 And proudly standing like a stately tow'r,
 While his infernal mandate bids awake 505
 His Legions, slumbering on the burning Lake.

Or paint him falling from the Realms of Bliss,
 Hurl'd in Combustion to the deep Abyss !
 In light terrific let the Flash display,
 His Pride, still proof against almighty Sway : 510

* Ver. 497. See NOTE LII.

Tho' vanquish'd, yet immortal, let his Eye
 The Lightning's flame, the Thunder's bolt defy,
 And still, with Looks of Execration, dare
 To face the Horrors of the last Despair.

To these great Lords of Fancy's wide domain, 515
 That o'er the human Soul unquesti'd reign,
 To their superior Guidance be consign'd
 Thy rival Pencil and congenial Mind.
 Yet O! let Friendship, ere the Verse she close,
 Which in just Tribute to thy Merit flows, 520
 The sanguine wishes of her heart express,
 With fond presages of thy full Success.

May Health and Joy, in happiest union join'd,
 Breathe their warm Spirit o'er thy fruitful Mind!
 To noblest Efforts raise thy glowing Heart, 525
 And string thy sinews to the toils of Art!
 May Independance, bursting Fashion's chain,
 To eager Genius give the flowing rein,
 And o'er thy epic Canvas smile to see
 Thy judgment active, and thy Fancy free! 530
 May thy just Country, while thy bold design
 Recalls the Heroes of her ancient Line;
 Gaze on the martial Group with dear delight!
 May Youth and Valour, kindling at the sight,
 O'er the bright Tints with Admiration lean, 535
 And catch new Virtue from the moral Scene!
 May Time himself a fond reluctance feel,
 Nor from thy aged hand the Pencil steal,
 But grant it still to gain increasing Praise,
 In the late Period of thy lengthen'd days, 540
 While fairest Fortune thy long Life endears,
 With RAPHAEL's Glory join'd to TITIAN's Years!

End of the Epistle to an Eminent Painter.

NOTES

N O T E S

ON THE

F I R S T P A R T.

AS there may possibly be some Readers of the foregoing Performance, who may wish to look into the sources from whence the Author has borrowed some of his ideas, he has thrown together the subsequent Notes, and disjoined them from the body of the Work, as they are intended only for the perusal of those who have leisure and disposition for such kind of reading.

NOTE I. VERSE 77.

MAKE history to life new value lend.] One of the most elegant writers of the present age, has made an ingenious effort to introduce History into the dull province of portrait-painting, "by representing a whole family in a single picture, under some interesting historical subject suitable to their rank and character." See Fitzosborne's Letters, p. 6. But as the beauties and advantages of this plan struck forcibly on the imagination of this amiable Author, the infinite difficulties attending its execution were likewise fully open to his discernment. The success must depend on the choice

of

of subject: where that is not very happily adapted, the picture will probably contain some most ridiculous absurdities—Perhaps the Reader may recollect an unfortunate instance or two of this kind.

N O T E II. VERSE 100.

Not less absurd to flatter Nero's eyes.] Pliny furnishes us with this singular anecdote, as an instance of the extravagant abuse of Portrait-painting in his days, which, as he informs us, had arrived to a degree of madness. “Nero had ordered himself to be painted under the figure of a Colossus, upon cloth or canvas, a hundred and twenty feet in height.” The same author informs us, that this preposterous picture, when it was finished, met with its fate from lightning, which consumed it, and involved likewise the most beautiful part of the gardens where it was placed in the conflagration. The Reader may find some ingenious remarks upon this subject, in the Notes sur l'Histoire de la Peinture ancienne extraite de l'Histoire naturelle de Plin. Fol. London, 1725.

N O T E III. VERSE 108.

Blest be the pencil! which from death can save.] The sweet illusion of this enchanting art is prettily expressed in a letter of Raphael's to his friend Francesco Raifolini, a Bolognese painter. The two artists had agreed to exchange their own portraits, and Raphael, on receiving his friend's picture, addresses him in the following words:

“Messer Francesco mio caro ricevo in questo punto il vostro ritratto - - - egli è bellissimo, e tanto vivo, che m'inganno talora, credendomi di essere con esso voi, e sentire le vostre parole.”

Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura, &c. Tom. i. page 82.

The charm of Portrait-painting is still more beautifully described in verse by a friend of Raphael's the amiable and accomplished Count Balthasar Castiglione.

Sola

Sola tuos Vultus referens Raphaelis imago
 Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas :
 Huic ego delicias facio, arrisunque jocoque
 Altoquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat
 Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur
 Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.
 Agnoscit balboque Patrem, puer ore salutat.
 Hoc solor, longos decipioque dies.

These elegant lines are part of an epistle, written in the name of his Countess, Hyppolyte, to her husband. See Pope's edition of the *Poemata Italorum*, Vol. ii. page 248.

NOTE IV. VERSE 126.

Inspir'd by thee the soft Corinthian Maid.] Pliny has transmitted to us the history of the Maid of Corinth and her father. "Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, first formed likenesses in clay at Corinth, but was indebted to his daughter for the invention; the girl being in love with a young man who was soon going from her into some remote country, traced out the lines of his face from his shadow upon the wall by candle-light. Her father, filling up the lines with clay, formed a bust, and hardened it in the fire with the rest of his earthen ware." Plin. Lib. 35.

Athenagoras, the Athenian philosopher, gives a similar account of this curious and entertaining anecdote, adding the circumstance that the youth was sleeping when the likeness was taken from his shadow. Περὶ γράψαν αὐτὸ κοιμῶν. ἢ ἐν τοίχῳ τῆς σκίας.

The same writer, who lived in the second century of the Christian æra, informs us that this monument of ancient art was extant at Corinth in his time, though Pliny seems to intimate that it did not survive the taking of that city by Mummius.

In the *Poesies de Fontenelle* there is an epistle from the Maid of Corinth, whom the author calls Dibutadis, to her imaginary lover Polemon. She describes her own work in the following Stanza :

Une

Une lampe pretois une Lumiere sombre
 Qui m'aidoit encore à rever :
 Je voyois sur un mur se depaindre ton ombre,
 Et m'appliquois à l'observer :
 Car tout plait, Polemon, pour peu qu'il represente
 L'objet de notre arttachment,
 C'est assez pour flater les Langueurs d'une amante
 Que l'ombre seule d'un amante.
 Mais je pouffai plus loin cette douce chimere,
 Je voulus fixer en ces Lieux,
 Attacher à comur une ombre passagere
 Pour la conserver à mes yeux.
 Alors en la suivant du Bout d'une baguette
 Je trace une Image de toi ;
 Une image, il est vrai, peu distincte, imparfaite,
 Mais enfin charmante pour moi.

N O T E V. VERSE 194.

[Twas then Pausias drew, with freedom's train.] Pausias was the brother of Phidias, the celebrated Sculptor, whom he is said to have assisted in his noblest works.—Pausanias in his Fifth Book, gives an account of several pictures by this early Artist, and particularly of the picture here alluded to. It was painted in the celebrated portico called Ποικίλη, Pæcile.

Besides a general representation of the conflict, the flight of the barbarians, a distant view of their ships, Theseus, Minerva, and Hercules were, according to this author, exhibited in the piece. The most conspicuous figures among the persons engaged were Callimachus, and Miltiades, and a hero called Echelus : he mentions also another hero, who is introduced into the picture, called Marathon, from whom, he says, the field had its name. Pausanias, fol. Lip. 1696. p. 37.

From Pliny's account of the same picture we learn that the heads of the generals were portraits—adeo jam colorum usus percrebuerat, adeoque ars perfecta erat ut in eo Prælio ICNICOS duces pinxisset tradatur.—

Plin. Lib. 35. c. 8.

Miltiades

Miltiades had the honour of being placed foremost in this illustrious group, as a reward for his having saved Athens, and all Greece.

Cor. Nep. in Vitâ Miltiadis.

Panæus flourished, according to Pliny, in the 83d Olympiad, little more than forty years after the battle he painted.

N O T E VI. VERSE 198.

There Polygnotus, scorning servile hire.] Of the talents of Polygnotus much honourable mention is made by many of the best authors of antiquity, as Aristotle and Plutarch, Dionysius Halicarnessensis, &c. Pausanias speaks of the pictures here alluded to, and in his Tenth Book, introduces a very long description of other pictures by the same artist, painted also from Homer in the Temple at Delphos. The passage however gives but a confused and imperfect idea of the painter's performance. How much the art is indebted to this ancient master, what grace and softness he gave to the human countenance, what embellishments he added to the female figure and dress, are much more happily described by Pliny. *Primus Mulieres lucidâ veste pinxit, capita earum mitris versicoloribus operuit, plurimamque picturæ primas contulit: siquidem instituit os adaperire, dentes ostendere, vultum ab antiquo rigore variare.* The same author likewise bears honourable testimony to the liberal spirit of this great artist, who refused any reward for his ingenious labours in the portico. — *Porticum gratuito, cum partem ejus Mycon mercede pingeret.* Plin. Lib. 35. cap. 8.

He flourished about the 90th Olympiad.

N O T E VII. VERSE 202.

Thy tragic pencil, Aristides, caught.] The city of Thebes had the honour of giving birth to this celebrated Artist. He was the first, according to Pliny, who expressed Character and Passion, the Human Mind, and its several emotions; but he was not remarkable for softness

softness of colouring. "His most celebrated picture was of an infant (on the taking of a town) at the mother's breast, who is wounded and expiring. The sensations of the mother were clearly marked, and her fear lest the child, upon failure of the milk, should suck her blood." "Alexander the Great," continues the same author, "took this picture with him to Pella."

It is highly probable, according to the conjecture of Junius, (in his learned *Treatise de Picturâ Veterum*) that the following beautiful epigram of Æmilianus was written on this exquisite picture :

Ελκε, ταλαν, παρα μητρος ον εκ επι μαζον αμελξεις
 Ελκυσει υψαλιον ταμα καλα φθιμενης.
 Ηδη γαρ ξιφεισσι λιποπνοος' αλλα τα μητρος
 Φιλτρα και εις αιδη παιδοκομειν ιμαθον.

It is not ill translated into Latin by Grotius :

Suge, miser, nunquam quæ posthac pocula fuges ;
 Ultima ab exanimo corpore poc'la trahe !
 Expiravit enim jam faucia ; sed vel ab orco
 Infantem novit pascere matris amor.

But this is far inferior, and so perhaps is the original itself, to the very elegant English version of it, which Mr. Webb has given us in his ingenious and animated "Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting."

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,
 Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives !
 She dies : her tenderness survives her breath,
 And her fond love is provident in death.

Webb, Dialogue 7. p. 161.

N O T E VIII. VERSE 206.

Correct Parrhasius first to rich design.] The name of Parrhasius is immortalized by many of the most celebrated ancient authors ; and his peculiar talents are thus recorded in Pliny : Primus summetriam picturæ dedit, primus argutias vultus, elegantiam capilli, venustatem oris : confessione artificum in lineis extremis pal-
 mam

nam adeptus.—He is one of the four ancient painters, whose lives are written by Carlo Dati.—This ingenious, Italian very justly questions the truth of the singular story concerning Parrhasius, preserved in Seneca where he is accused of purchasing an old Olynthian captive, and exposing him to a most wretched death, that he might paint from his agony the tortures of Prometheus. The same author contradicts on this occasion a similar falsehood concerning the great Michael Angelo, which was first circulated from the pulpit by an ignorant priest, as we learn from Gori's Historical Annotations to the Life of M. Angelo, by his scholar Condivi.

N O T E IX. VERSE 210.

The gay, the warm, licentious Zeuxis drew.] The Helen of Zeuxis is become almost proverbial: the Story of the Artist's having executed the picture from an assemblage of the most beautiful females is mentioned (though with some variation as to the place) by authors of great credit, Pliny, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Cicero. The last gives a very long and circumstantial account of it.

De Inventione, Lib. 2.

If the story is true, it is perhaps one of the strongest examples we can find of that enthusiastic passion for the fine arts which animated the ancients. Notwithstanding her præminence in beauty, it seems somewhat singular that the painter should have chosen such a character as Helen, as a proper decoration for the Temple of Juno. A most celebrated Spanish Poet, though not in other respects famous for his judgment, has, I think, not injudiciously metamorphosed this Helen of Zeuxis into Juno herself.

Zeuxis, Pintor famoso, retratando
De Juno el resto, las faciones bellas
De cinco perfectissimas donzellas
Estuvo attentamente contemplando.

Rimas de Lope de Vega.

Lisboa, 1605. p. 51-2.

Junica

Junius supposes this picture to have been rated a little too high.—

NOTE X. VERSE 216.

Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove.] Grace is the well-known excellence of Apelles, but that he sometimes very happily attempted the sublime, we learn both from Plutarch and Pliny, who speak of his force and energy—The Alexander of Philip, says Plutarch was invincible, the Alexander of Apelles inimitable.

He painted, says Pliny, things that surpass the power of painting, quæ pingi non possunt, Tonitrua, fulgura fulgetraque—

NOTE XI. VERSE 228.

While chilling damps upon the pencil hung.] That the Romans attained to no degree of excellence in Painting, or Sculpture, seems to be confessed, and accounted for in the following passage of Tully's Tusculan Disputations, Lib. 1.

An censemus, si Fabio, nobilissimo homini, laudi datum esset quod pingeret, non multos etiam apud nos futuros Polycletos, et Parrhasios fuisse? honos alit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad Studia Gloriâ, jacentque ea semper quæ apud quosque improbantur.

The fine arts necessarily languish without public protection or encouragement: but public honours at Rome flowed in a very different channel. While the Roman boasted his consummate skill in every art of empire and government, he avowed in many works of genius and taste, his inferiority with an air of triumph.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem vivos ducent de marmore vultus:
Orabunt causas melius, cælique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia Sidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populus, Romane, memento:
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem:
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Æneidos, Lib. VI.

NOTE

N O T E XII. VERSE 244.

There studious Vinci treasur'd every rule.] Lionardo da Vinci was born near Florence in 1445. He was perhaps a man as universally accomplished as ever existed. Not only admirable beyond his Predecessors in his own profession of Painting, but an excellent architect and musician, and of great skill as an Anatomist. Besides all these talents, he was, according to Vasari, the best extempore Rimer of his Time.—His History and Works are well known.—The singular circumstance of his dying in the arms of Francis the First, king of France, is mentioned by a French poet of the present age,

“Lorsque Francois premier, Roi digne d’être heureux,
Tint Leonarad mourant dans ses bras genereux.”

And the particulars of his death are thus curiously recorded by Vasari, who speaks in raptures of his various and exalted talents :

Finalmente venuto vecchio, stette molti mesi ammalato, et vedendosi vicino alla morte, si volse diligentemente informare de le cose catoliche, & della via buona, et santa religione christiana, et poi con molti pianti confesso e contrito, se bene e’ non poteva reggerli in piedi, soste nendosi nelle braccie di suoi amici, e servi, volse divotamente pigliare il santissimo sacramento, fuor del letto : sopra giunseli il Rè che spesso e amerevolmente le soleva visitare : per il che egli per riverenza rizzatosi a sedere sul letto, contando il mal suo & gli accidenti di quello mostrava tuttavia quanto aveva offeso dio, et gli huomini del mendo, non avendo operato nel arte come si conveniva : onde gli venne un parosismo messaggero della morte. Per la qual cosa rizzatosi il Rè, et presola la testa per aiutarlo, & porgerli Favore, accio che il male lo alleggerisse ; lo spirito suo, che divinissimo era, conoscendo non potere avere maggiore honore, spirò in braccio a quell rè nella età sua d’anni 75.

Vasari vita di Lionardo da Vinci, p. 10, 11.

N O T E XIII. VERSE 251.

Gigantic Angelo his wonders wrought.] Michael Angelo Buonaroti was born near Florence 1474, and died at Rome 1564.

This illustrious man is too well known, both as an Architect and a Painter, to need any encomium: he was also a Poet. His *Rime* were printed by the Giunta at Florence, in quarto, in 1623. The following Sonnet, which is to be found in Vasari, to whom it is addressed, is at once a proof of his poetical talents, and his religious turn of mind: it may serve also as a lesson to vanity, in shewing that even a genius of the sublimest class entertained great apprehension concerning the mortality of his fame.

Giunto è già 'l corso della vita mia,
 Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca,
 Al comun porto, ov' à render si varca
 Conto e ragion d' ogni opra trista, e pia.

Onde l' affettuosa fantasia
 Che l' arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
 Cognition hor ben quant' era d' error carca
 È quel ch' a mal suo grado ognun desia.

Gli amorosi pensier, già vani, e lieti
 Che fier or' s' a due morti mi avvicino ?
 D' una sò certo e l' altra mi minaccia.
 Ne pingere ne scolpire fia piu che quieti
 L' anima volta a quello amor divino
 Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.

A letter, addressed to his friend Vasari, on the death of Urbino, his old and faithful servant, shews, that he united the soft virtues of a most benevolent heart to the sublime talents of an elevated mind.—This letter is printed both in Vasari, and in the first volume of *Raccolta de Lettere sulla Pittura*, &c. p. 6.

N O T E XIV. VERSE 254.

Taste, Fancy, Judgment, all on Raphael smit' d.] Raffaello da Urbino was born in 1483, and died 1520.
 His

His amiable qualities as a Man were not inferior to his exalted talents as an Artist. The reader will not be displeas'd to see the singular eulogium which the honest Vasari has bestow'd on the engaging manners of this most celebrated Genius.

Certo fra le sue doti singolari ne scorgo una di tal valore che in me stesso stupisco ; che il cielo gli diede forza di poter mostrare nell' arte nostra uno effetto si contrario alle complessioni di noi pittori : questo è che naturalmente gli artefici nostri, non dico soli i bassi, ma quelli che hanno umore d' esser grandi (come di questo amore l'arte ne produce infiniti) lavorando nell' opere in compagnia di Raffaello, stavano uniti e di concordia tale che tutti i mali umori in veder lui s'ammorzavano : e ogni vile e basso pensiero cadeva loro di mente. La quale unione mai non fu piu in altro tempo che nel suo. E questo avveniva perche restavano vinti dalla cortesia e dall' arte sua, ma più dal genio della sua buona natura.

Vasari Vita di Raff. p. 88.

To atone for the imperfect sketch, which has been here attempted of these divine artists, (Michael Angelo and Raphael!) the author intended to have presented the reader with a long quotation from a most animated discourse of the President of the Royal Academy, in which he has placed these great masters in a light of comparison with each other. But as the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds are no longer scarce (a new edition being now published) he shall refer the reader to the Work itself. He will find this most happy and ingenious parallel in the discourse delivered at the Royal Academy, December 10, 1772.

N O T E X V. VERSE 260.

The daring Julio, though by Raphael train'd.] Julio Romano was born at Rome 1422, and died at Mantua, 1546.

His singular character is forcibly drawn by Vasari. He was, according to this writer, the most successful imitator of Raphael, the greater part of whose scholars

became eminent, and were almost infinite in number. Raphael was particularly attentive to Julio, and loved him with the affection of a parent.

Vafari Vita di Giulio.

N O T E XVI. VERSE 268.

[*More richly warm, the glowing Titian knew.*] We find frequent censures thrown upon Titian by the critics, for confining himself "to flattering the eye by the richness and truth of his colouring, without a proper attention to the higher branch of his art, that of interesting our feeling by affecting subjects;" the criticism is indeed extended to the Painters of the Lombard School in general.

Du Bos, Tom. I. Sect. 10.

Why Titian chose not to follow the finished method of his excellent cotemporaries, he declared to Francesco de Vargas, the ambassador of Charles the Vth at Venice.

"I fear, (replied this eminent Painter to the question of Vargas, I should never equal the extreme delicacy which distinguishes the pencils of Corregio, Parmegiano, and Raphael: and even though I should be successful enough to equal them, I should always rank below them, because I should be only accounted their imitator. In a word, ambition which always attends the fine arts, has induced me to choose a way entirely new, in which I might make myself famed for something, as the great Masters have done in the route they have followed."

Antoine Perez, dans la soixante unieme de ses Secondes Lettres.

This great Artist enjoyed a long life of uninterrupted health, and died during the plague at Venice in 1576 at the uncommon age of ninety-nine.

N O T E XVII. VERSE 282.

[*Soft as Catullus sweet Corregio play'd.*] Antonio da Corregio.—Very different accounts are given by different authors, of the birth and fortunes of this exquisite

site Painter. His capital pictures were executed about the year 1512, according to Vafari, who relates, in a very affecting manner, the circumstances of his poverty and death.

Having taken a journey on foot, in extremely hot weather, he imprudently drank cold water, which brought on a fever, of which he died at about the age of forty.

His colouring was most exquisitely adapted to the delicate softness of female beauty. To form a perfect picture of Adam and Eve (says an Italian writer on Painting) Adam should be designed by Michael Angelo, and coloured by Titian; Eve designed by Raphael, and coloured by Corregio.—

The ill fortune of Corregio, and the gross neglect of Art, in the very city, which he had adorned with the most exquisite productions of his pencil, are expressed with great feeling in a letter of Annibal Carracci, written while he was studying the works of Corregio, at Parma, to his cousin Lodovico, in 1580.—Vide Raccolta de Lettere, &c. Tom. I. p. 88.

N O T E XVIII. VERSE 284.

Though Parma claim it for her rival son.] Francesco Mazzuoli was born at Parma in 1504, and is thence usually called Parmegiano. His character is thus distinctly marked by Vafari :

“ Fu dal cielo largamente dotato di tutte quelle parti, che a un eccellente pittore sono richieste, poi che diede alle sue figure, oltre quello, che si è detto di molti altri, una certa venusta, dolcezza, e leggiadria nell'attitudini, che fu sua propria e particolare.”

—The same author gives us a particular description of the singular and admirable portrait, which this delicate artist drew of himself reflected from a convex mirror: he relates also some curious circumstances of his allegorical portrait of the emperor Charles the Vth, which he painted by memory, and by the recommendation of Pope Clement the VIIth. presented to the emperor at Bologna.—The honest biographer laments,

with great feeling, the errors and misfortunes of this most promising painter, who being seized, early in life, with the frenzy of turning alchemist, impaired his health and fortune by this fatal pursuit; his attachment to which however some authors have questioned: a delirious fever put a period to his melancholy days at the age of thirty-six, in his native city of Parma 1540.

N O T E XIX. V E R S E 290.

Till with pure judgment the Caracci came.] Lodovico Caracci, who with his cousins Annibal and Augustin established the famous Academy of Bologna, was born in that city 1555. The circumstance that occasioned his death, as related by a French author, affords a singular proof how dangerous it is for an artist to confide in the partial judgment of his particular friends.

Son dernier ouvrage qui est une Annonciation peinte à fresque, dans une des lunettes de la Cathedrale de Bologne, ne reussit pas; son age, une vuë affoiblie, & la grande elevation de l'Eglise furent cause qu'il se confia à un ami pour voir d'en bas l'effet de l'ouvrage. Cet ami lui dit qu'il étoit bien, & qu'il pouvoit faire ôter les Echaufauds: il fut trompé; on critiqua fort cette peinture: Louis s'en chagrina de maniere qu'il se mit au lit, et Bologne perdit ce grand Homme en 1619.—Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres. Paris 8vo. 1762. Tom. II. p. 50.

Augustin, who quitted the pencil for the engraver, and is much celebrated for his various accomplishments, died at Parma in 1602.—Annibal, the immortal Painter of the Farnese gallery, whom Poullin did not hesitate to rank with Raphael himself, died in a state of distraction at Rome 1609. His melancholy event is described in a very affecting letter written by an Italian prelate, who attended him in his last moments.

Raccolta, Tom. II. p. 384.

N O T E

N O T E XX. VERSE 295.

Young Zampieri ow'd his nobler name.] Domenico Zampieri, born at Bologna 1581, died at Naples, not without suspicion of poison, 1640.—He entered early in life into the school of the Caracci, and was there honoured with the affectionate appellation of Domenichino, from his extreme youth.—His Communion of St. Jerome was compared by the judicious Pouffin to the Transfiguration of Raphael: yet Du Fresnoy has past a severe censure on Domenichino, and affirms that he has less nobleness in his works than any other artist who studied in the school of the Caracci. So contradictory are the opinions of the two most enlightened judges in this delicate art!

N O T E XXI. VERSE 297.

The learned Lanfranc in their school arose.] Giovanni Lanfranco, born at Parma 1581, was knighted by Pope Urban the VIIIth, and died at Rome 1647.

N O T E XXII. VERSE 299.

The tender Guido caught his graceful air.] Guido Reni was born in Bologna 1595: exquisite in grace though deficient in expression, he was held during his life in the highest estimation. A fatal passion for gaming involved him in continued scenes of distress. His personal beauty was so great, that his master Lodovico Caracci is said to have drawn his angels from the head of Guido.

N O T E XXIII. VERSE 303.

No mean historian to record their praise.] Georg Vafari, to whom we are indebted for a most valuable history of Italian painters, was born at Arezzo in Tuscany 1511.—Though the fame of the author seems to have eclipsed that of the artist, he rose considerable eminence as a painter, and has left us particular and entertaining account of himself and pictures in the close of his great work—it is introd

with an apology, in which he speaks of his own talents, and extreme passion for his art, in the most modest and engaging manner.—His generous desire of doing justice to the merit of others is most happily rewarded in the following Elogy, by the great Thuanus :

“ Ob excellentiam artis, quam historia accurate eleganter scripta illustravit, Georgius Vafarius meruit ut inter viros ingenio & literis præstantes accenseretur. Is Aretii in Etruria natus, pictor & architectus nostræ ætate præstantissimus, diu magno Etruriæ Duci Cosmo omnium liberalium artium, inter quas pictura et architectura ut referrentur obtinuit, fautori eximio navavit ; editis passim ingenii sui ad stupendum omnium spectaculum monumentis, et tandem hoc anno climacterico suo v kalend Quintil, vivis exemptus est exinde sicuti testamento caverat, Florentia ubi decessit, Aretium in patriam translatus ; quo loco in principali secundum sedem Episcopalem templo in facella ab ipso juxta sumptuoso et admirando artificio extructo sepultus.”

Thuanus sub ann. 1574.

N O T E XXIV. VERSE 322.

On her pure Style see mild Bologna claim.] The French author quoted above, under the article Caracci, not only speaks with the greatest warmth of the obligation, which Painting owes to Lodovico Caracci, for having raised it from that state of corruption, into which it had fallen in all the schools of Italy ; but at the same time points out also the various manerists who had chiefly contributed to its debasement.

The style introduced by Lodovico is recommended by that excellent judge Sir Joshua Reynolds (See Discourse 1769) as better suited to grave and dignified subjects than the richer brilliancy of Titian.

N O T E XXV. VERSE 325.

—————*Titian's golden rays.]* This expression is borrowed from the close of that elegant sentence of
of

of modern Latin, which the author of Fizesborne's Letters has so justly commended, "Aureo Titiani radio, qui per totam tabulam gliscens eam verè suam denunciat." See his excellent letter on metaphors, P. 50.

N O T E XXVI. VERSE 333.

And Raphael's Grace must yield to Rembrant's Force.]
Rembrant Van Pryn, born near Leyden 1606, died at Amsterdam 1674, or, according to some accounts, 1668. The numerous works of this great master, both with the engraver and pencil, have rendered him universally known. His singular studies, and the pride which he seems to have taken in the natural force of his genius, appear strongly marked in the two following passages of his French Biographer.

"Les murs de son atelier couverts de vieux habits, de piques, et d'armures extraordinaires etoient toutes ses etudes, ainsi qu'une armoire pleine d'etoffes anciennes, & d'autres choses pareilles qu'il avoit coutume d'appeller ses antiques.—Rembrant, qui se glorifioit de n'avoir jamais vu l'Italie, le dit un jour que Vandick l'eroit venu visiter à Amsterdam: & qui lui repondit, "Je le vois bien." Rembrant naturellement brusque reprit: "Qui es tu pour me parler de la forte?"—Vandick repondit; "Monsieur, je suis Vandick, pour vous ferrir."—Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres, Tom. III. p. 113.

N O T E XXVII. VERSE 336.

Yet, Holland, thy unceas'd labours raise.] There is no article of taste, on which different writers have run more warmly into the opposite extremes of admiration and contempt, than in estimating the painters of Holland. Those who are enchanted by the sublime conceptions of the Roman school, are too apt precipitately to condemn every effort of the Dutch pencil as a contemptible performance; while those, who are satisfied with minute and faithful delineations of nature, find absolute perfection in the very pictures,

which are treated by others with the most supercilious neglect.—But sound and impartial judgment seems equally to disclaim this hasty censure, and this inordinate praise ;—and ranking the most eminent Dutch artists below the great Italian masters, yet allowing them considerable and peculiar merit.—A French author says, I think not unhappily, of the Dutch painters, that they are “ Dans la peinture, ce que le comique & le plaisant sont dans la poésie.” In design their fort is certainly humour, and they have frequently carried it to great perfection.

N O T E XXVIII. VERSE 360.

Proud of the praise by Rubens' pencil won.] Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who is happily stiled by Mr. Walpole, “ The Popular Painter,” was born at Cologne 1577, and died of the gout at Antwerp 1640. The history of his life furnishes a most striking incentive to the young painter's ambition.—The many accomplishments which he possessed, the infinitude of works which he produced, the reputation and esteem, the various honours and ample fortune, which he so justly acquired, present to the mind an animating idea of what may be expected from a happy cultivation of talents in a course of constant and spirited application. Though he visited the court of Charles the First in the public character of an ambassador, it does not appear how long he resided here ;—Mr. Walpole conjectures about a year.—His pictures in the ceiling at Whitehall were not painted in England ; which perhaps is the reason he has been at the pains of finishing them so neatly, that they will bear the nearest inspection ; for he must have well known how greatly the reputation of any work depends on its first happy impression on the public, and concluded his pictures would be viewed by the king and court instantly on their arrival, and that the critics would not be candid enough to delay their remarks on them till they were elevated to their intended height. This noble work was falling into decay, from which state it has been lately rescued by that excellent artist Mr. Cipriani, to whose care it has been most

most judiciously committed to be cleaned and repaired.—Rubens received for this work £3000.

N O T E XXIX. VERSE 368.

Her soft Vandyke, while graceful portraits please.]
Sir Anthony Vandyke, the celebrated scholar of Rubens, died of the same disorder which proved fatal to his master, and at a much earlier period of life. He was born at Antwerp 1598, expired in Black Fryars 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. On his first visit to England he received no encouragement from the Court, but Charles, becoming soon afterwards acquainted with his merit, sent him an invitation to return. Vandyke embraced the offer with joy, and the king, who shewed him, by frequent sittings, the most flattering marks of esteem, conferred on him the honour of knighthood in 1632, rewarding him also with the grant of an annuity of £200 for life.

N O T E XXX. VERSE 371.

From Flanders first the secret power she caught.]
The Low Countries, though little celebrated for inventive genius, have given to mankind the two signal discoveries, which have imparted, as it were, a new vital spirit both to Literature and to Painting. This honour however has been brought into question—Germany made a strong, but unsuccessful effort to rob Holland of the glory which she derives from the first invention of Printing: and Painting in oil (it has been said) was known in Italy before the time of John Van Eyck, or John of Bruges, as he is commonly called; to whom that discovery is generally ascribed, about the year 1410.—But Vafari, in his Life of Antonello da Messina, relates very particularly the circumstances of Van Eyck's invention, and the subsequent introduction of the secret into Italy. A most learned antiquarian and entertaining writer of our own time has supposed that Van Eyck might possibly “learn the secret of using oil in England, and take the honour of the invention to himself.”

himself, as we were then a country little known to the world of arts, nor at leisure, from the confusion of the times, to claim the discovery of such a secret."—Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, Vol. I. p. 29.—The conjecture is not without some little foundation,—but the conjectural claims which either Italy or England can produce to this excellent invention, are by no means sufficiently strong to annihilate the glory of the happy and ingenious Fleming.

N O T E XXXI. VERSE 375.

Where sumptuous Leo courted every Muse.] The name of Medicis is familiar to every lover of the fine arts. John de Medicis, the Cardinal, was raised the papal See 1513. He continued that liberal patronage and encouragement to learning, which had before distinguished his illustrious family. He was profuse and magnificent. The various, and celebrated productions of taste and genius under his pontificate, clearly mark the age of Leo the Xth. as one of the great æras of literature.

N O T E XXXII. VERSE 385.

The sage Poussin, with purest fancy fraught.] Nicolas Poussin was born at Andely in Normandy 1594: one of his first patrons was the whimsical Italian poet Marino, who being struck with some fresco works of the young painter at Paris, employed him in some designs from his own poem l'Adone, and enabled him to undertake an expedition to Rome. He was recalled from thence by Cardinal Richelieu in 1640, but upon the death of Richelieu and the king, he returned to Rome, where he ended a life of primitive simplicity and patient application in 1665.

N O T E XXXIII. VERSE 393.

Then rose Le Brun, his scholar, and his friend.] Charles Le Brun, universally known by his Battles of Alexander, and his treatise on the passions, was born in

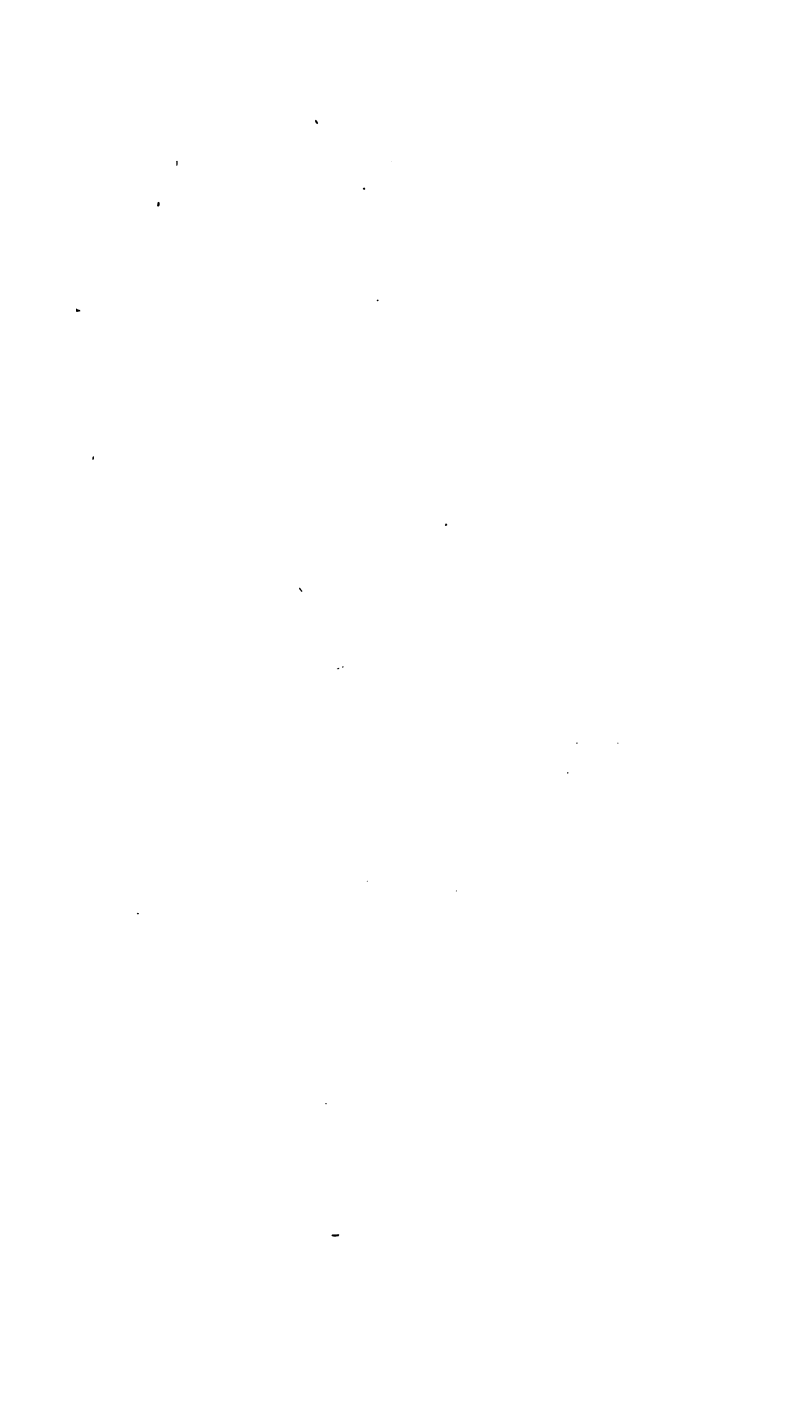
in Paris 1619: having presided over the French Academy, with great reputation, more than forty years, he died in 1690, partly, as the author of the *Abrégé* assures us, from the chagrin which he received from a cabal raised against him in favour of the rival Mignard: but neither his own works, nor the partial favour of his patron Louvois, nor the friendship of Moliere, who has written a long poem in his praise, have been able to raise Mignard to the level of Le Brun.

N O T E XXXIV. VERSE 399.

Thy dawn, Le Sueur, announc'd a happier taste.] Eustache Le Sueur, (who, without the advantage of studying in Italy, approached nearer than any of his countrymen to the manner of Raphael) was a native of Paris. Le Brun, who came to visit him in his last moments, is reported to have said on quitting his chamber, "Que la mort alloit lui tirer une grosse epine du Pied." If he was possible of uttering such a sentiment, at such a time, he thoroughly deserved the fate, which is mentioned in the preceding Note.

N O T E XXXV. VERSE 405.

Though Fresnoy teaches, in Horatian song.] Charles Alphonse du Fresnoy, author of the celebrated Latin poem de Arte graphicâ, very hastily translated into English prose by Dryden, was himself a painter of some eminence, and the intimate friend of Mignard. He died in a village near Paris, at the age of forty-four, in 1665.



N O T E S
ON THE
S E C O N D P A R T.

N O T E XXXVI. VERSE 15.

THOUGH *foreign Theorists, with System blind.*] The vain and frivolous speculations of some eminent French authors, concerning our national want of genius for the fine arts, are refuted with great spirit in an ingenious essay by Mr. Barry; entitled, "An Enquiry into the real and imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Arts in England." As this work highly distinguishes the elegance of his pen, his Venus rising from the sea does equal honour to his pencil.

N O T E XXXVII. VERSE 33.

Fierce Harry reign'd, who, soon with pleasure cloy'd.] In this short account of the influence which the different characters of our sovereigns have had on the progress of national Art, the Author is indebted principally to Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.

N O T E XXXVIII. VERSE 45.

Untaught the moral force of Art to feel.] An accomplished Critic of our own time has touch'd on *the moral efficacy of Picture*, with his usual elegance and erudition. After having illustrated the subject from the writings of Aristotle and Xenophon, he concludes his remarks

marks with the following reflection :—" Yet, considering its vast power in morals, one cannot enough lament the ill destiny of this divine art, which, from the chaste handmaid of Virtue, hath been debauched, in violence of her nature, to a shameless prostitute of Vice, and procuress of pleasure."—Hurd's Note on the following line of Horace :

" *Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella.*"

To this let me add one observation for the honour of our English artists!—The prostitution of the pencil, so justly lamented by this amiable writer, is perhaps less frequent in this kingdom, than in any country whatever, in which Painting has been known to rise to an equal degree of perfection.

N O T E XXXIX. VERSE 93.

Yet to thy Palace Kneller's skill supplied.] Sir Godfrey Kneller, born at Lubec 1646, settled in England 1674, was knighted by King William, created a Baronet by George the First, and died 1723.—No Painter was ever more flattered by the Muses; who gave him credit for talents which he never displayed. Dryden says, in his enchanting Epistle to Kneller :

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, or dares design
A more exalted work, and more divine. }

But the drudgery of the Poet arose from the most cruel necessity; that of the Painter, from avarice, the bane of excellence in every profession!—If Sir Godfrey had any talents for history, which is surely very doubtful, we have, as Mr. Walpole well observes, no reason to regret that he was confined to portraits, as his pencil has faithfully transmitted to us "*so many ornaments of an illustrious age.*"

Though I have partly subscribed to the general idea, that William, in whose reign this Painter principally flourished, "contributed nothing to the advancement of arts," yet I must observe, that his employing Kneller to paint the Beauties at Hampton Court, his rewarding him with knighthood, and the additional present of a gold

gold medal and chain, weighing £300, may justify those lines of Pope, which describe "The Hero, William" as an encourager of Painting.

NOTE XL. VERSE 97.

While partial taste from modest Riley turn'd] John Riley was born in London 1646: Mr. Walpole relates an anecdote of his being much mortified by Charles the Second; who, looking at his own picture, exclaim'd, "Is this like me? then, Ods-fish, I am an ugly fellow."—The same author says happily of this artist, "With a quarter of Sir Godfrey's vanity, he might have persuaded the world he was as great a master." Notwithstanding his extreme modesty, he had the good fortune to be appointed Principal Painter, soon after the Revolution, but died an early martyr to the gout 1691.

NOTE XLI. VERSE 101.

And Thornhill's blaze of Allegory gilt.] Sir James Thornhill, born in Dorsetshire 1676, was nephew to the celebrated Sydenham, and educated by the liberality of that great physician. He afterwards acquired a very ample fortune by his own profession; was in parliament for Weymouth, knighted by George the Second, and died 1732.—His talents, as a painter, are universally known, from his principal works at Greenwich, St. Paul's, &c.

NOTE XLII. VERSE III.

The youthful Noble, on a princely plan.] About twenty years ago, the present Duke of Richmond opened, in his house at Whitehall, a gallery for artists, completely filled with a small but well-chosen collection of casts from the antique, and engaged two eminent artists to superintend and direct the students.—This noble encouragement of art, though superseded by a royal establishment, is still entitled to remembrance and honour: it not only served as a prelude to more extensive institutions, but contributed much towards forming some capital artists of the present time. The name

of Mortimer is alone sufficient to reflect a considerable lustre on this early school.

NOTE XLIII. VERSE 134.

Teach but thy transient tints no more to fl.] Although the superior excellencies of this admirable artist make us peculiarly regret the want of durability in his exquisite productions; yet he is far from being the only artist, whose pictures soon discover an appearance of precipitate decay. Fugitive colouring seems indeed to be the chief defect among our present painters in oil; and it must be the most ardent wish of every lover of art, that so great an evil may be effectually remedied. As the Royal Academy is a society of enlightened artists, established for the improvement of every branch of painting, it may be hoped, that they will pay attention to this mechanical point, as well as to the nobler acquirements of art, and employ some person, who has patience and abilities for such an office, to discover, by a course of experiments, to what cause this important evil is owing. If it be found to arise from the adulteration of colours, oils, and varnishes, might it not be eligible for the Academy to follow the example of another profession, who, where health and life are concerned, obviate the difficulty of getting their articles genuine from the individual trader, by opening a shop at the expence of the Society, to prepare and sell the various ingredients, free from those adulterations which private interests might otherwise produce?

But there may be no just ground of complaint against the integrity of the colourman, and this failure may perhaps arise from the artist's mixing his colours, and their vehicles in improper proportions to each other; that is, instead of painting with oil properly thickened with colour, using oil only fully stained with it, to which a proper consistence (or body as the painters call it) is given by strong gum varnishes; in short, using more vehicle than colour; by which, although most brilliant and transparent effects may be produced, yet the particles of colour are too
much

much attenuated, and divided from each other, and consequently less able to withstand the destructive action of light. If the deficiency complained of originates from this source, the Academy, by a careful course of experiments, may be able clearly to ascertain what preparations of the more delicate colours are most durable; what oils and varnishes will best preserve the original brilliancy of the paint; what are the best proportions for this purpose in which they can be used; and how far glazing (that almost irresistible temptation to oil-painters) may or may not be depended on. All these points are at present so far from being known with certainty, that perhaps there are not two painters, who think perfectly alike on any one of them. The author hopes, that the gentlemen of the pencil will pardon his presuming to offer a hint on this delicate subject, with which he does not pretend to be intimately acquainted. The ideas, which he has thus ventured to address to them, arise only from the most ardent wish, that future ages may have a just and adequate sense of the flourishing state of painting in England in the reign of George the Third, and that our present excellent artists may not be reduced to depend on the uncertain hand of the engraver for the esteem of posterity.

A very liberal Critic, * in his flattering remarks on the Poem, seems, in speaking of this note, to mistake a little the meaning of its author, who alluded only to that defect in colouring, where the finer tints are so managed, for the sake of an immediate and short-lived brilliancy, that they sink very soon into no colour at all. He did not mean to touch on those changes in Painting, where the colours all grow darker, the lights become brown, and the shadows one mass of black. This is likewise a great evil, and calls aloud for redress. Perhaps the Critic above mentioned has pointed out the true cause of this defect, *viz.* the indiscriminate blending of the colours, and the not using pure, simple, uncompounded tints.

* *Vide the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1778, p. 526.*

NOTE XLIV. VERSE 138.

The leading principles of liberal Art.] I embrace with pleasure the opportunity of paying this tribute to the great artist here mentioned, who is not only at the head of his own profession, but may justly be ranked among the first writers of the age. His discourses, not merely calculated for the improvement of the young artists to whom they are addressed, contain all the principles of true and universal taste, embellished with great brilliancy of imagination, and with equal force of expression.

NOTE XLV. VERSE 151.

Tby Ugolino, &c.] As the subject of this admirable picture is taken from a poet so little known to the English reader as Dante, it may not perhaps be impertinent to say, that in Richardson's discourse on the Science of a Connoisseur, there is a translation of the story in English blank verse. A young and noble author, now living, has obliged the world with a translation of it in rhyme.—As to the picture, no artist could express more happily the wild and sublime spirit of the poet from whom he drew. We may justly apply to him the compliment which a lively Italian addressed to a great man of his own country, but of far inferior expression.

“Fabro gentil, ben fai,
Ch' ancor tragico caso e' caro Oggetto,
E che spello l' Horror va col Diletto.”

Marino.

NOTE XLVI. VERSE 165.

Now Art exults with annual triumphs gay.] While we are delighted with the increasing splendor of these annual entertainments, it is but just to remember, that we are indebted to the Society of Arts and Sciences for our first public exhibition of Paintings. The different societies of artists soon followed so excellent an example; and our rapid and various improvements

in this lovely art reflect the highest honour on this happy institution. Our exhibitions at once afford both the best nursery for the protection of infant genius, and the noblest field for the display of accomplished merit: nor do they only administer to the benefit of the artist, and the pleasure of the public: they have still a more exalted tendency; and when national subjects are painted with dignity and force, our exhibitions may justly be regarded as schools of public virtue. Perhaps the young soldier can never be more warmly animated to the service of his country, than by gazing, with the delighted public, on a sublime picture of the expiring hero, who died with glory in her defence. But, not to dwell on their power of inspiring material enthusiasm, our exhibitions may be said to have a happy influence on the manners and morals of those, who fill the different departments of more tranquil life. In support of this sentiment I beg leave to transcribe the following judicious remark from an anonymous author, who has lately obliged the public with two little volumes of elegant and spirited essays.—“They, whose natural feelings have been properly improved by culture, nor have yet become callous by attrition with the world, know from experience, how the heart is mollified, the manners polished, and the temper sweetened, by a well-directed study of the arts of imitation. The same sensibility of artificial excellence, extends itself to the perception of natural and moral beauty; and the student returns from the artists gallery to his station in society, with a breast more disposed to feel and to reverberate the endearments of social life, and of reciprocal benevolence.”—Knox’s Essays, moral and literary, 1775, p. 264, on Sculpture.

N O T E XLVII. VERSE 243.

Thy Talents, Hogarth! &c.] William Hogarth was born in London, 1698, and put apprentice to an engraver of the most ordinary Class; but his comic talents, which are said to have appeared first in the prints to Hudibras, soon raised him to fame and fortune.

tune.—He married a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and died 1764.—The peculiar merits of his pencil are unquestionable. His *Analysis of Beauty* has been found more open to dispute; but however the greater adepts in the science may differ on its principles, it may certainly be called an honourable monument of his genius and application.

N O T E XLVIII. VERSE 357.

Whose needy Titian calls for ill-paid Gold.] Richardson has fallen into a mistake concerning the famous Danae, and other pictures of Titian, which he says (in quoting a letter of Titian's without considering its address) were painted for Henry the VIIIth of England, a tyrant indeed, voluptuous, and cruel, but still less detestable than the fallen and unnatural Philip the 2d of Spain, who filled up the measure of his superior guilt by the horrid assassination of his son. Philip, on his marriage with Mary, assumed the title of King of England; and to him Titian addressed the letter, which speaks of the pictures in question: the painter frequently mentions his attachment to his unworthy patron.

His solicitude to ensure his protection and favour is strongly marked in the following short passage of a letter which he addressed to one of Philip's attendants, "Mando ora la poesia di venire e Adone, nella quale V. S. vedrà, quanto spirito e amore so mettere nell'opere di sua Maestà."—*Raccolta*, tom. ii. p. 21.

How poorly this great artist was rewarded for his ill-directed labour, appears very forcibly in a long letter of complaint, which he had spirit enough to address to the king on the many hardships he suffered in being unable to obtain the payment of the pension which had been granted to him by the emperor Charles the 5th.—*Raccolta*, tom. ii. p. 379.

N O T E XLIX. VERSE 424.

Bid English pencils honour English worth.] The great encouragement given our painters to select subjects from English history, has of late years been very observable.

ble. Many individuals of rank and fortune promoted this laudable plan with spirit and effect, and the Society of Arts and Sciences have conferred their premiums to subjects taken from the British

NOTE L. VERSE 435.

[wounded Sidney, Bayard's perfect Peer.] The amiable and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney be justly placed on a level with the noble, "Le Chevalier sans peur & sans reproche," whose glory has of late received new lustre from the Robertson and the pencil of West. The strike here alluded to, which preceded the death of Sidney, has not yet, I believe, appeared upon canvas; it is forcibly described by the noble and enthusiastic friend of Sidney, the Lord Brooke.—See Bio-Britan. Art. Sidney.

particulars also are minutely described, and with great feeling, in a letter from his uncle Leicester Thomas Heneage, quoted in Collin's Memoirs of Sidney. The tide of national admiration flowed strong in favour of Sidney, when Mr. Waller speaking of Lord Brooke, appeared to check the current; but the merits of Sidney are sufficient to overcome all opposition.—Instead of joining the elector I have mentioned, in considering Sir Philip as "an astonishing object of temporary admiration, I am surpris'd that so judicious an author should question so fair a title to universal regard. The greatness and magnificence, the courage and courtesy of which endeared him to every rank, and he justly challenge the lasting affection of his country from the closeness of his life, in which heroism and humanity beautifully blended. I never can think this excellent character any ways degraded by his having written a tedious romance (in which however there are touches of exquisite beauty and spirit) to amuse a young amiable sister, whom he tenderly loved; or by his having threatened an unworthy servant of his father with death in a hasty billet, merely to intimidate and

and deter him from the future commission of an infamous breach of trust, in opening his letters.

NOTE LI. VERSE 462.

Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous More.] Margaret, eldest daughter of the celebrated Sir Thomas More. The scene which I have proposed for the subject of a picture, is taken from the following passage in Ballard:

“After Sir Thomas More was beheaded, she took care for the burial of his body in the chapel of St. Peter’s ad Vincula, within the precincts of the Tower, and afterwards she procured his corpse to be removed, and buried in the chancel of the church of Chelsea, as Sir Thomas More, in his life-time, had appointed. His head having remained about fourteen days upon London Bridge, and being to be cast into the Thames to make room for others, she bought it. For this she was summoned before the council, as the same author relates, and behaved with the greatest firmness, justifying her conduct upon principles of humanity and filial piety. She was, however, imprisoned, but soon released, and dying nine years after her father, at the age of thirty-six, was buried at St. Dunstan’s, in Canterbury. The head of her father, which she had preserved with religious veneration, in a box of lead, was, at her particular request, committed with her to the grave. It was seen standing on her coffin in the year 1715, when the vault of the Roper (her husband’s) family was opened.”—See Ballard’s *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, p. 36.

The character of this amiable woman is happily drawn both by Addison and Walpole.—She married, at the age of twenty, William Roper, Esquire, of Kent, to the infinite satisfaction of her father; for she seems to have been the dearest object of his paternal affection, which is very strongly marked in his letters addressed to her. She was indeed most eminently distinguished by her learning, in an age, when the graces of the mind were regarded as an essential article in female education.

tion : but the beauty and force of her filial piety reflects a still superior lustre on this accomplished woman.— There is more than one passage in her life, which would furnish an admirable subject for the pencil. Her interview with her father, on his return to the Tower, is mentioned as such by Mr. Walpole.

N O T E LII. VERSE 497.

But, O! how poor the prostrate Satan lies.] It is remarkable, that the greatest painters have failed in this particular. Raphael, Guido, and West, are all deficient in the figure of Satan. Richardson observes, in his description of the pictures of Italy,—“ Je n'ai jamais vu d'aucun Maître une représentation du Diable, prince des Diables, qui me satisfit.” Page 500.

In recommending this subject to the pencil, it may be proper to observe, that it is not only extremely difficult, but even attended with danger, if we credit the following curious anecdote, in a medical writer of great reputation :—Spinello fameux Peintre Toscan ayant peint la chute des anges rebelles donna des traits si terribles à Lucifer, qu'il en fut lui même saisi d'horreur, & tout le reste de sa vie il crut voir continuellement ce Demon lui reprocher de l'avoir représenté sous une figure si hideuse.

Tiffot de la Santé des Gens de Lettres.

THE END OF THE NOTES.

E P I S T L E

T O

A F R I E N D,

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN THORNTON, Esq.

CUJUS EGO INTERITU TOTA DE MENTE PUGAVI
HÆC STUDIA, ATQUE OMNES DELICIAS ANIMI.

NOTESCATQUE MAGIS MORTUUS ATQUE MAGIS.
CATULLUS.

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E P I S T L E, &c.

IN vain, dear Monitor, thy kind desire
To wake the embers of poetic fire!
To clear the mind, where Grief's dark shadows lower,
And Fancy dies by Sorrow's freezing power!
In vain would Friendship's cheering voice suggest 5
Her flattering visions to the Poet's breast,
That public favour calls, with just demand,
Th' expected volume from his lingering hand:
Lost are those anxious hopes, that eager pride,
With thee, my THORNTON, they declin'd, they died. 10
Friend of my opening soul! whose love began
To hail thy Poet, ere he rank'd as man!
Whose praise, like dew-drops, which the early morn
Sheds with mild virtue on the vernal thorn,
Taught his young mind each swell of thought to shew, 15
And gave the germs of fancy strength to blow!
Dear, firm associate of his studious hour,
Who led his idler step to Learning's bower!

Tho' young, imparting to his giddier youth
 Thy thirst of science, and thy zeal for truth ! 20

Ye towers of Granta, where our friendship grew,
 And that pure mind expanded to my view,
 Our love fraternal let thy walls attest,
 Where Attic joys our letter'd evening blest ;
 Where midnight, from the chains of sleep reliev'd, 25
 Stole on our social studies unperceiv'd !

But not, my THORNTON ! in that calm alone
 Was thy mild genius, thy warm virtue known :
 When manhood mark'd the hour for busy strife,
 And led us to the crowded maze of life, 30
 From whence to sweet retirement's soothing shade,
 Love and the Muse thy willing friend convey'd ;
 Thy soul, more firm to join the struggling crowd,
 To nobler Themis toilsome homage vow'd,
 With zeal, devoting to her sacred throne 35
 A heart as uncorrupted as her own :
 Still as thy mind, with manly powers endued,
 The opening path of active life pursued,
 And round the ripening field of business rang'd,
 Thy heart, unwarp'd, unharden'd, unestrang'd, 40
 To early friendship still retain'd its truth,
 With all the warm integrity of youth.

Whene'er affliction's force thy friend oppress'd,
 Thou wer't the rock on which his cares might rest ;
 From thy kind words his rising hopes would own 45
 The charm of reason in affection's tone.
 Where is the soothing voice of equal power,
 To take it's anguish from the present hour ?
 Beneath the pressure of a grief so just,
 The lenient aid of books in vain I trust : 50
 They,

They, that could once the war of thought controul,
 And banish discord from the jarring soul,
 Now irritate the mind they used to heal,
 They speak too loudly of the loss I feel.

Thou faithful censor of the Poet's strain, 55
 No more shalt thou his sinking hope sustain,
 No more, with ardent zeal's enlivening fire,
 Call from inglorious shades his silent lyre :
 No more, as in our days of pleasure past,
 The eye of judgment o'er his labours cast ; 60
 Keen to discern the blemishes, that lurk
 In the loose texture of his growing work ;
 Eager to praise, yet resolute to blame,
 Kind to his verse, but kinder to his fame.

How may the Muse, who prosper'd by thy care, 65
 Now meet the public eye without despair ?
 Now, if harsh censures on her failings pour,
 Her warmest advocate can speak no more :
 Cold are those lips, which breath'd the kind defence,
 If spleen's proud cavil strain'd her tortur'd sense ; 70
 Which bade her song to public praise aspire,
 And call'd attention to her trembling lyre.
 Ah ! could she now, thus petrified with grief,
 Find in some lighter lay a vain relief,
 Still must she deem such verse, if such could be, 75
 A wound to friendship, and a crime to thee ;
 Profanely utter'd at this sacred time,
 When thy pale corse demands her plaintive rhyme,
 And Virtue, weeping whom she could not save,
 Calls the just mourner to thy recent grave. 80

Hail hallow'd vault ! whose darksome caverns hold
 A frame, though mortal, of no common mould ;
 A heart scarce fullied with a human flaw,
 Which shun'd no duty, and transgress'd no law ;
 In joy still guarded, in distress serene, 85
 Thro' life a model of the golden mean,
 Which friendship only led him to transgress,
 Whose purer spirit sanctifies excess.

Pure mind ! whose meekness, in thy mortal days,
 Pursuing virtue, still retir'd from praise ; 90
 Nor wish'd that friendship should on marble give
 That perfect image of thy worth to live,
 Which 'twas thy aim alone to leave impress'd
 On the close tablet of her faithful breast.
 If now her verse against thy wish rebel, 95
 And strive to blazon, what she lov'd so well,
 Forgive the tender thought, the moral song,
 Which would thy virtues to the world prolong ;
 That, rescued from the grave's oblivious shade,
 Their useful lustre may be still survey'd, 100
 Dear to the pensive eye of fond regret,
 As light still beaming from a sun that's set.
 Oft to our giddy Muse thy voice has taught
 The just ambition of poetic thought ;
 Bid her bold view to latest time extend, 105
 And strive to make futurity her friend.
 If any verse, her little art can frame,
 May win the partial voice of distant fame,
 Be it the verse, whose fond ambition tries
 To paint thy mind in truth's unfading dyes, 110
 Tho' firm, yet tender, ardent, yet refin'd ;
 With Roman strength and Attic grace combin'd.

What

What tho' undeck'd with titles, power, and wealth,
 Great were thy generous deeds, and done by stealth;
 For thy pure bounty from observance stole, 115
 Nor with'd applause, but from thy conscous soul.
 Tho' thy plain tomb no sculptur'd form may shew,
 No boastful witness of suspected woe;
 Yet heavenly shades, that shun the glare of day,
 To that dear spot shall nightly visits pay: 120
 Pale Science there shall o'er her votary strew
 Her flow'rs, yet moist with sorrow's recent dew.
 There Charity, Compassion's lovely child,
 In rustic notes pathetically wild,
 With grateful blessings bid thy name endure, 125
 And mourn the patron of her village-poor.
 E'en from the midnight strew with music gay,
 The soul of Beauty to thy tomb shall stray,
 In sweet distraction steal from present mirth,
 To sigh unnotic'd o'er the hallow'd earth, 130
 Which hides those lips, that glow'd with tender fire,
 And sung her praises to no common lyre:
 But Friendship, wrapt in sorrow's deepest gloom,
 Shall keep the longest vigils at thy tomb;
 Her wounded breast, disdainful of relief, 135
 There claims a fond præeminence in grief.

Short was thy life, but ah! its thread how fine!
 How pure the texture of the finish'd line!
 What tho' thy opening manhood could not gain
 Those late rewards, maturer toils attain; 140
 Hope's firmest promises 'twas thine to raise,
 That merit's brightest meed would grace thy lengthen'd
 days;
 For thine were Judgment's patient powers, to draw
 Entangled justice from the nets of law;

Thine firm Integrity, whose language clear 145
 Ne'er swell'd with arrogance, or shook with fear.
 Reason's mild power, unvex'd by mental strife,
 Sway'd the calm current of thy useful life;
 Whose even course was in no season lost,
 Nor rough with storms, nor stagnated by frost. 150
 In scenes of public toil, or social ease,
 'Twas thine by firm sincerity to please;
 Sweet as the breath of spring thy converse flow'd,
 As summer's noon-tide warmth thy friendship glow'd.
 O'er thy mild manners, by no art constrain'd, 155
 A pensive, pleasing melancholy reign'd,
 Which won regard, and charm'd th' attentive eye,
 Like the soft lustre of an evening sky:
 Yet if perchance excited to defend
 The injur'd merit of an absent friend, 160
 That gentle spirit, rous'd to virtuous ire,
 Indignant flash'd resentment's noble fire.

Tho' just observance in thy life may trace
 A lovely model of each moral grace,
 Thy last of days the noblest lesson taught: 165
 Severe instruction! and too dearly bought!
 Whose force from memory never can depart,
 But while it mends, must agonize the heart.
 Tho' thy shrunk nerves were destin'd to sustain
 Th' increasing horrors of slow-wasting pain; 170
 Those spirit-quenching pangs, whose base controul
 Cloud the clear temper, and exhaust the soul;
 Yet in that hour, when Death asserts his claim,
 And his strong summons shakes the conscious frame;
 When weaker minds, by frantic fear o'erthrown, 175
 Shrink in wild horror from the dread Unknown,
 Thy firmer soul, with Christian strength renew'd,
Nor lost in languor, nor by pain subdued,

(While

(While thy cold grasp the hand of Friendship press,
 And her vain aid in fault'ring accents blest) 180
 With awe, but not as Superstition's slave,
 Survey'd the gathering shadows of the grave ;
 And to thy God, in death, devoutly paid
 That calm obedience which thy life display'd.

Thou friend ! yet left me of the choicer few, 185
 Whom grief's fond eyes with growing love review ;
 O thou ! whom mutual sorrow will incline
 To mix thy sympathetic sighs with mine ;
 Still be it ours to pay, with just regret,
 At Friendship's sacred shrine our common debt ! 190
 Tho' doom'd (so Heaven ordains) to see no more
 The gentle Being, whom we both deplore ;
 Painting shall still, sweet soothing art ! supply
 A form so precious in affection's eye.
 Ah ! little thought we, in that happier hour, 195
 When our gay Muse rehears'd the Pencil's power ;
 To mourn that form in cold obstruction laid,
 And see him only by the Pencil's aid !
 Blest be that pencil, every art be blest,
 That stamps his image deeper on our breast ! 200

Of let us loiter on his favourite hill,
 Whose shades the sadly-pleasing thought instill ;
 Recount his kindness, as we fondly rove,
 And meet his spirit in the lonely grove.
 At evening's pensive hour, or opening day, 205
 He yet shall seem the partner of our way.
 Blest Spirit ! still thro' fancy's ear impart
 The calm of virtue to the troubled heart !
 Correct each fordid view, each vain desire,
 And touch the mortal with celestial fire ! 210

(84)

So may we still, in this dark scene of earth,
Hold sweet communion with thy living worth ;
And while our purer thoughts thy merit scan,
Revere the Angel, as we lov'd the Man.

END OF THE EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

ODE

O D E,

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F. R. S.

AUTHOR OF

“The State of English and Foreign Prisons.”

Ποσειδωνιαστικῆς κωμῆς.

EURIPIDES.



O D E, &c.

FAV'RITE of Heaven, and friend of Earth !
Philanthropy, benignant Power !
Whose sons display no doubtful worth,
The pageant of the passing hour !
Teach me to paint, in deathless song,
Some darling from thy filial throng,
Whose deeds no party-rage inspire,
But fill th' agreeing world with one desire,
To echo his renown, responsive to my lyre !]

Ah! whither lead'st thou ? whence that sigh ?
What sound of woe my bosom jars ?
Why pass, where Misery's hollow eye
Glares wildly thro' those gloomy bars ?
Is Virtue sunk in these abodes,
Where keen Remorse the heart corrodes,
Where Guilt's base blood with frenzy boils,
And Blasphemy the mournful scene embroils ?—
From *this infernal gloom* my shudd'ring soul recoils.
But

But whence those sudden sacred beams ?
 Oppression drops his iron rod !
 And all the bright'ning dungeon seems
 To speak the presence of a God.
 Philanthropy's descending ray
 Diffuses unexpected day !
 Loveliest of angels !—at her side
 Her favourite votary stands ;—her English pride,
 Thro' Horror's mansions led by this celestial guide.

Hail ! generous HOWARD ! tho' thou bear
 A name which Glory's hand sublime
 Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,
 In characters that fear not Time ;
 For thee she fondly spreads her wings,
 For thee from Paradise she brings,
 More verdant than her laurel bough,
 Such wreaths of sacred Palm, as ne'er till now
 The smiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal brow.

That Hero's * praise shall ever bloom,
 Who shielded our insulted coast ;
 And launch'd his light'ning to consume
 The proud Invader's routed host.
 Brave perils rais'd his noble name :
 But thou deriv'it thy matchless fame
 From scenes, where deadlier danger dwells ;
 Where fierce Contagion, with affright, repels
 Valour's advent'rous step from her malignant cells.

Wherein the dungeon's loathsome shade,
 The speechless Captive clanks his chain,
 With heartless hope to raise that aid
 His feeble cries have call'd in vain :

* CHARLES HOWARD, Earl of Nottingham.

Thine eye his dumb complaint explores ;
 Thy voice his parting breath restores ;
 Thy cares his ghastly visage clear
 From death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
 And to his thankful soul returning life endear.

What precious Drug, or stronger Charm,
 Thy constant fortitude inspires
 In scenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
 Med'cine *, with selfish dread, retires ?
 Nor Charm, nor Drug, dispel thy fears :
 Temperance, thy better guard, appears :
 For thee I see her fondly fill
 Her crystal cup from Nature's purest rill ;
 Chief nourisher of life ! best antidote of ill !

I see the hallow'd shade of HALEs †,
 Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
 And taught the health-diffusing gales
 Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,

* *Mussabat tacito Medicina timore.*

LUCRETIVS.

† STEPHEN HALEs, minister of Teddington ; he died at the age of 84, 1761 ; and has been justly called " An ornament to his profession, as a clergyman, and to his country, as a philosopher." I had the happiness of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young ; and well remember the warm glow of benevolence which used to animate his countenance, in relating the success of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleasure on the fortunate incident which led him to the discovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded.—He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms ; his carpenter not having prepared the work so soon as he expected, he thought the season improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his house, and gave orders for their being deposited in his barn ;—from their accidental position in that place, he caught his first idea of this useful invention.

As thy protecting angel wait,
 To save thee from the snares of Fate,
 Commission'd from the Eternal Throne :
 I hear him praise, in wonder's warmest tone,
 The virtues of thy heart, more active than his own

Thy soul supplies new funds of health
 That fail not, in thy trying hour,
 Above Arabia's spicy wealth
 And Pharmacy's reviving power.
 The transports of the generous mind,
 Feeling its bounty to mankind,
 Inspirit every mortal part ;
 And, far more potent than precarious art,
 Give radiance to the eye, and vigour to the heart.

Blest HOWARD ! who like thee can feel
 This vital spring in all its force ?
 New star of philanthropic zeal :
 Enlight'ning nations in thy course !
 And shedding Comfort's heavenly dew
 On meagre Want's deserted crew !
 Friend to the wretch, whom friends disclaim,
 Who feels stern Justice, in his famish'd frame,
 A persecuting fiend beneath an angel's name.

Authority ! unfeeling power,
 Whose iron heart can coldly doom
 The Debtor, dragg'd from Pleasure's bower,
 To sicken in the dungeon's gloom !
 O might thy terror-striking call,
 Profusion's sons alone intrall !
 But thou canst Want with Guilt confound :
 Thy bonds the man of virtuous toil surround,
 Driven by malicious Fate within thy dreary bound

How savage are thy stern decrees ?
Thy cruel minister I see
A weak, laborious victim seize,
By worth entitled to be free !
Behold, in the afflicting strife,
The faithful partner of his life,
In vain thy ruthless servant court,
To spare her little children's sole support
Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their sport.

Nor weeps she only from the thought,
Those infants must no longer share
His aid, whose daily labour bought
The pittance of their scanty fare.
The horrors of the loathsome jail
Her inly-bleeding heart assail :
E'en now her fears, from fondless bred,
See the lost partner of her faithful bed
Drop, in that murd'rous scene, his pale, expiring head.

Take comfort yet in these keen pains,
Pond mourner ! check thy gushing tears !
The dungeon now no more contains
Those perils which thy fancy fears :
No more Contagion's baleful breath
Speaks it the hideous cave of Death :
HowARD has planted safety there ;
Pure minister of light ! his heavenly care
Has purg'd the damp of Death from that polluted air.

His Care, exulting BRITAIN found
Here first display'd, not here confin'd !
No single tract of earth could bound
The active virtues of his mind.

To all the lands, where'er the tear,
 That mourn'd the Prisoner's wrongs severe,
 Sad Pity's glist'ning cheek impearl'd,
 Eager he steer'd, with every sail unfurl'd,
 A friend to every clime ! a Patriot of the World !

Ye nations thro' whose fair domain
 Our flying sons of joy have past,
 By Pleasure driven with loosen'd rein,
 Astonish'd that they flew so fast !
 How did the heart-improving fight
 Awake your wonder and delight,
 When, in her unexampled chace,
 Philanthropy outstript keen Pleasure's pace,
 When with a warmer soul she ran a nobler race !

Where'er her generous Briton went,
 Princes his supplicants became :
 He seem'd the enquiring angel, sent
 To scrutinize their secret shame *.
 Captivity, where he appear'd,
 Her languid head with transport rear'd ;
 And gazing on her godlike guest,
 Like those of old, whom Heaven's pure servant blest
 E'en by his shadow seem'd of demons dispossess'd.

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,
 Seeing their patron pass along ;
 " O ! who is he, whose daring eye
 Can search into our hidden wrong ?

* I am credibly informed that several Princes, or at least persons in authority, requested Mr. Howard not to publish a minute account of some prisons, which reflected disgrace on their government.

What monarch's Heaven-directed mind,
 With royal bounty unconfin'd,
 Has tempted Freedom's son to share
 These perils ; searching with an angel's care
 Each cell of dire Disease, each cavern of Despair ?"

No monarch's word, nor lucre's lust,
 Nor vain ambition's restless fire,
 Nor ample power, that sacred trust !
 His life-diffusing toils inspire :
 'Tis by no voice, save that whose cries
 Eternal bid the soul arise,
 'Tis from joys, that only seem to bless,
 'Tis from low pursuits, which little minds possess,
 'Tis to Nature's noblest aim, the Succour of Distress !

Taught by that God, in Mercy's robe,
 Who on his celestial throne resign'd,
 To free the prison of the globe
 'Tis from vice, th' oppressor of the mind !
 'Tis for thee, of misery's rights bereft,
 'Tis for thee, Captivity ! he left
 'Tis in Fair Fortune's lap, who, far from coy,
 Bade him with smiles his golden hours employ
 In her delicious bower, the festive scene of joy !

While to thy virtue's utmost scope
 I boldly strive my aim to raise
 As high as mortal hand may hope
 To shoot the glittering * shaft of Praise !

* αἶθρα δ' ὄγυ κτισσοῦ
 Αἰησαι μινοῖων, εἰπομαι
 Μη χαλκοπιραιον ακουθ' ασειν τ' αγω-
 νορ βαλεις ἐξω παλαμα δουτων.

PINDAR.

Say !

Say ! HOWARD, say ! what may the Muse,
 Whose melting eye thy merit views,
 What guerdon may her love design ?
 What may she ask for thee, from Power Divin
 Above the rich rewards which are already thine

Sweet is the joy when Science flings
 Her light on philosophic thought ;
 When Genius, with keen ardour, springs
 To clasp the lovely truth he sought :
 Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
 Flows from the spirit of the lyre ;
 When Liberty and Virtue roll
 Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,
 That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the p

Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
 Feels Consolation's lenient hand
 Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
 With Friendship's life-supporting band !
 And sweeter still, and far above
 These fainter joys, when purest Love
 The soul his willing captive keeps !
 When he in bliss the melting spirit steeps,
 Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he

But not the brightest joy, which Arts,
 In floods of mental light, bestow ;
 Nor what firm Friendship's zeal imparts,
 Blest antidote of bitterest woe !
 Nor those that Love's sweet hours dispense,
 Can equal the ecstatic sense,
 When, swelling to a fond excess,
 The grateful praises of reliev'd distress,
 Re-echoed thro' the heart, the soul of Bounty

These transports, in no common state,
Supremely pure, sublimely strong,
Above the reach of envious fate,
Blest HOWARD! these to thee belong :
While years encreasing o'er thee roll,
Long may the sunshine of thy soul
New vigour to thy frame convey !
Its radiance thro' thy noon of life display,
And with serene light adorn thy closing day !

And when the Power, who joys to save,
Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven ;
And calls the prisoners of the grave
To all the liberty of Heaven :
In that bright day, whose wonders blind
The eye of the astonish'd mind ;
When life's glad angel shall resume
His ancient sway, announce to Death his doom,
And from existence drive that tyrant of the tomb :

In that blest hour, when Seraphs sing
The triumphs gain'd in human strife ;
And to their new associates bring
The wreaths of everlasting life :
May'st thou, in Glory's hallow'd blaze,
Approach the Eternal Fount of Praise,
With those who lead the angelic van,
Those pure adherence to their Saviour's plan,
Who liv'd but to relieve the Miseries of Man !

END OF THE ODE INSCRIBED TO JOHN HOWARD,

ESQ.



AN
E S S A Y
ON
H I S T O R Y;
IN THREE EPISTLES
TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.
WITH
N O T E S.

της ιστορίας οικειον αμα και χρησημον εξεταξισθαι.
POLYBIUS, Lib. ii.

1

2

E P I S T L E

T H E [F I R S T .]

A R G U M E N T

OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

*Introduction—Relation between History and Poetry—
Decline of the latter.—Subject of the present Poem
slightly touched by the Ancients.—DIONYSIUS &
LUCIAN.—Importance and advantage of History—its
origin—subsequent to that of Poetry—disguised in its
infancy by Priestcraft and Superstition—brought from
EGYPT into GREECE.—Scarcity of great Historians—
Address to History, and Characters of many ancient
Historians—HERODOTUS—THUCYDIDES—XENO-
PHON—POLYBIUS—SALLUST—LIVY—TACI-
TUS.—Biography—PLUTARCH.—Baleful influence
of despotic power—AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS—
ANNA COMNENA.*

E P I S T L E I.

HIGH in the world of Letters, and of Wit,
Enthron'd like **JOVE**, behold Opinion sit!
As symbols of her sway, on either hand
Th' unfailling urns of Praise and Censure stand; *
Their mingled streams her motley servants shed 5
On each bold Author's self-devoted head.

ON thee, **OGIBSON!** in whole splendid page
ROME shines majestic 'mid the woes of age,
Mistaken Zeal, wrapt in a priestly pall,
Has from the baser urn pour'd darkest gall : 10
These strains to Learning would a Bard efface
With tides of glory from the golden vase,
But that he feels this nobler task require
A spirit glowing with congenial fire—
A **VIRGIL** only may uncur'd aim 15
To sing in equal verse a **LIVY**'s fame :
Yet while Polemics, in fierce league combin'd,
With savage discord vex thy feeling mind ;
And with a pure Religion's just defence,
Blend gross detraction and perverted sense ; 20
Thy wounded ear may haply not refuse
The soothing accents of an humbler Muse.

* Ver. 4. See NOTE L.

THE lovely Science, whose attractive air
 Derives new charms from thy devoted care,
 Is near ally'd to that bewitching Art,
 Which reigns the idol of the Poet's heart.
 Tho' sister Goddesses, thy guardian maid
 Shines in the robe of fresher youth array'd,
 Like PALLAS recent from the brain of JOVE,
 When Strength with Beauty in her features strove ;
 While elder Poesy, in every clime
 The flower of earliest fall, has pass'd her prime :
 The bloom, which her autumnal cheeks supply,
 Falls on the Public's philosophic eye.
 But tho' no more with Fancy's strong controul
 Her Epic wonders fascinate the soul ;
 With humbler hopes, she wishes still to please
 By moral elegance, and labour'd ease :
 Like other Prudes, leaves Beauty's lost pretence,
 And strives to charm by Sentiment and Sense.
 Yet deaf to Envy's voice, and Pride's alarms,
 She loves the rival, who eclips'd her charms ;
 Safe in thy favour, she would fondly stray
 Round the wide realm, which owns that Sister's sway
 Sing the just fav'rites of historic fame,
 And mark their purest laws and noblest aim.

My eyes with joy this pathless field explore,
 Cross'd by no ROMAN Bard, no GREEKS of yore
 Those mighty Lords of literary sway
 Have pass'd this province with a slight survey :
 E'en He, whose bold and comprehensive mind
 Immortal rules to Poesy assign'd,
 High Priest of Learning! has not fix'd apart
 The laws and limits of historic Art :

Yet one excelling * GREEK in later days, 55
 The happy teacher of harmonious phrase,
 Whose patient fingers all the thread untwine,
 Which in the mystic chain of Music join ;
 Strict DIONYSIUS, of severest Taste,
 His justly some historic duties trac'd, 60
 And some pure precepts into practice brought,
 Th' Historian proving what the Critic taught.
 And † LUCIAN ! thou, of Humour's sons supreme !
 Hast touch'd with liveliest art this tempting theme.
 When in the ROMAN world, corrupt and vain, 65
 Historic Fury madden'd every brain ;
 When each base GREEK indulg'd his frantic dream,
 And rose a ‡ XENOPHON in self-esteem ;
 Thy Genius satyriiz'd the scribbling slave,
 And to the liberal pen just lessons gave : 70
 O skill'd to season, in proportion fit,
 Severer wisdom with thy sportive wit !
 Breathe thy strong power ! thy sprightly grace infuse
 In the bold efforts of no servile Muse,
 If she transplant some lively flower, that throws 75
 Immortal sweetness o'er thy Attic Prose !

In Egypt || once a dread tribunal stood ;
 Offspring of Wisdom ! source of Public Good !
 Before this Seat, by holy Justice rear'd,
 The mighty Deed, in solemn pomp, appear'd ; 80
 For 'till its sentence had their rights expos'd,
 The hallow'd portals of the tomb were clos'd ;
 A sculptur'd form of Truth the Judges wore,
 A sacred emblem of the charge they bore !

* Ver. 55. See NOTE II.

† Ver. 63. See NOTE III.

‡ Ver. 68. See NOTE IV.

|| Ver. 77. See NOTE V.

The claims of Virtue their pure voice exprest, 85
 And bade the opening grave receive its honour'd guest.
 In such a court, array'd in Judgment's robe,
 With powers extensive as the peopled Globe;
 To her just bar impartial Hist'ry brings
 The gorgeous group of Statesmen, Heroes, Kings; 90
 With all whose minds, out-shining splendid birth,
 Attract the notice of th' enlighten'd earth.
 From artful Pomp she strips the proud disguise
 That flash'd delusion in admiring eyes;
 To injur'd Worth gives Glory's wish'd reward, 95
 And blazons Virtue in her bright record:
 Nature's clear Mirror! Life's instructive Guide!
 Her Wisdom sour'd by no-preceptive Pride!
 Age from her lesson forms its wisest aim,
 And youthful Emulation springs to Fame. 100

YET thus adorn'd with noblest powers, design'd
 To charm, correct, and elevate mankind,
 From darkest Time her humble Birth she drew,
 And slowly into Strength and Beauty grew;
 As mighty streams, that roll with gather'd force, 105
 Spring feebly forth from some sequester'd source.

THE fond desire to pass the nameless crowd,
 Swept from the earth in dark Oblivion's cloud;
 Of transient life to leave some little trace,
 And win remembrance from the rising race, 110
 Led early Chiefs to make their prowess known
 By the rude symbol on the artless stone:
 And, long ere man the wondrous secret found
 To paint the voice, and fix the fleeting sound,
 The infant Muse, ambitious at her birth, * 115
 Rose the young herald of heroic worth.

* Ver. 115. See NOTE VI.

The tuneful record of her oral praise,
 The Sire's achievements to the Son conveys :
 Keen Emulation, rapt in trance sublime,
 Drinks with retentive ear the potent rhyme ; 120
 And faithful Memory, from affection strong,
 Spreads the rich torrent of her martial song.
 Letters at length arise ; but envious Night
 Conceals their blest Inventor from our sight.
 O'er the wide earth his spreading bounty flew, 125
 And swift those precious seeds of Science grew ;
 Thence quickly sprang the Annal's artless frame,
 Time its chief boast ! and brevity its aim !
 The Temple-wall preserv'd a simple date,
 And mark'd in plainest form the Monarch's fate. 130

BUT in the center of those vast abodes,*
 Whose mighty mass the land of Egypt loads ;
 Where, in rude triumph over years unknown,
 Gigantic Grandeur, from his spiry throne,
 Seems to look down disdainful, and deride 135
 The poor, the pigmy toils of modern Pride ;
 In the close covert of those gloomy cells,
 Where early Magic fram'd her venal spells,
 Combining priests, from many an ancient tale,
 Wove for their hallow'd use Religion's veil, 140
 A wondrous texture ! supple, rich, and broad,
 To dazzle folly, and to shelter Fraud !
 This, as her cestus, Superstition wore ;
 And saw th' enchanted world its powers adore :
 For in the mystic web was every charm, 145
 To lure the timid, and the bold disarming,
 To win from easy Faith a blind esteem,
 And lull Devotion in a lasting dream.

* Ver. 131. See NOTE VII.

The Sorcerers, to spread her empire, dress
 History's young form in this illusive vest, 150
 Whose infant voice repeated, as she taught,
 The motley fables on her mantle wrought;
 Till Attic Freedom brought the Foundling home
 From the dark cells of her Egyptian dome;
 Drew by degrees th' oppressive veil aside, 155
 And, shewing the fair Nymph in nature's pride,
 Taught her to speak, with all the fire of youth,
 The words of Wisdom in the tone of Truth;
 To catch the passing shew of public life,
 And paint immortal scenes of Grecian strife. 160
 Inchanting Athens! oft as Learning calls
 Our fond attention to thy fost'ring walls,
 Still with fresh joy thy glories we explore,
 With new idolatry thy charms adore.
 Bred in thy bosom, the Historian caught 165
 The warmest glow of elevated thought.
 Yet while thy triumphs to his eye display,
 The noblest scene his pencil can pourtray;
 While thy rich language, grac'd by every Muse,
 Supplies the brightest tints, his hand can use; 170
 How few, O Athens! can thy genius raise
 To the bright summit of historic praise!
 But such hard fortunes human hopes attend:
 Tho' to each Science many myriads bend,
 Each gives, and with a coy, reluctant hand, 175
 Her badge of honour to a chosen band.

PURE, faultless writing, like transmuted gold,
 Mortals may wish, but never shall behold:
 Let Genius still this glorious object own,
 And seek Perfection's philosophic stone! 180
 For while the mind, in study's toilsome hours,
Tries on the long research her latent powers,

New

New wonders rise, to pay her patient thought,
Inferior only to the prize she fought.

BUT idle Pride no arduous labour fees, 185
And deems the Historian's toil a task of ease :
Yet, if survey'd by Judgment's steady lamp,
How few are justly grac'd with Glory's stamp !
Tho' more these volumes, than the ruthless mind
Of the fierce OMAR to the flames consign'd, * 190
When Learning saw the savage with a smile
Devote her offspring to the blazing pile !

O HISTORY ! whose pregnant mines impart
Unfailing treasures to poetic art ;
The Epic gem, and those of darker hues, 195
Whose trembling lustre decks the tragic Muse :
If justly conscious of thy powers, I raise
A votive tablet to record thy praise,
That ancient temple to my view unfold,
Where thy first Sons, on Glory's list enroll'd, 200
To Fancy's eye, in living forms, appear,
And fill with Freedom's notes the raptur'd ear !—
The dome expands !—Behold th' Historic Sire ! †
Ionic roses mark his soft attire ;
Bold in his air, but graceful in his mein 205
As the fair figure of his favour'd Queen, ‡
When her proud galley sham'd the Persian van,
And grateful XERXES own'd her more than man !

SOFT as the stream, whose dimpling waters play, §
And wind in lucid lapse their pleasurable way, 210

* Ver. 190. See NOTE VIII.

† Ver. 203. See NOTE IX.

‡ Ver. 206. See NOTE X.

§ Ver. 209. See NOTE XL.

His rich, Hometic elocution flows,
 For all the Muses modulate his prose:
 'Tho' blind Credulity his step misleads
 Thro' the dark mist of her Egyptian meads,
 Yet when return'd, with patriot-passions warm,
 He paints the progress of the Persian storm,
 In Truth's illumin'd field, his labours rear
 A trophy worthy of the Spartan spear:
 His eager country, in th' Olympic vale,
 Throngs with proud joy to catch the martial tale.
 Behold! where Valour, resting on his lance,
 Drinks the sweet sound in rapture's silent trance,
 Then, with a grateful shout of fond acclaim,
 Hails the just herald of his country's fame!—
 But mark the Youth, in dumb delight immers'd!*
 See the proud tear of emulation burst!
 O faithful sign of a superior soul!
 Thy prayer is heard:—'tis thine to reach the goal.
 See! blest OLORUS! see the palm is won!
 Sublimity and Wisdom crown thy Son:
 His the rich prize, that caught his early gaze,
 Th' eternal treasure of increasing praise!
 Pure from the stain of favour, or of hate,
 His nervous line unfolds the deep Debate;
 Explores the seeds of War; with matchless force;
 Draws Discord, springing from ambition's source,
 With all her Demagogues, who murder Peace,
 In the fierce struggles of contentious Greece.
 Stript by ingratitude of just command—
 Above resentment to a thankless land,
 Above all envy, rancour, pride, and spleen,
 In exile patient, in disgrace serene,

* Ver. 225. See NOTE XII.

And proud to celebrate as Truth inspires,
 Each patriot Hero, that his soul admires—
 The deep ton'd trumpet of renown he blows, 245
 In sage retirement 'mid the Thracian snows,
 But to untimely silence Fate devotes
 Those lips, yet trembling with imperfect notes,
 And base Oblivion threatens to devour
 Ev'n this first offspring of heroic power. 250
 A generous guardian of a rival's fame, *
 Mars the dark Fiend in this malignant aim :
 Accomplish'd XENOPHON ! thy truth has shewn
 A brother's glory sacred as thy own :
 O rich in all the blended gifts, that grace 255
 Minerva's darling sons of Attic race !
 The Sage's olive, the Historian's palm,
 The Victor's laurel, all thy name embalm !
 Thy simple diction, free from glaring art,
 With sweet allurements steals upon the heart, 260
 Pure, as the rill, that Nature's hand refines ;
 Clear, as thy harmony of soul, it shines.
 Two passions there by soft contention please,
 The love of martial Fame, and learned Ease :
 These friendly colours, exquisitely join'd, 265
 Form the enchanting picture of thy mind.
 Thine was the praise, bright models to afford
 To CÆSAR's rival pen, and rival sword :
 Blest, had Ambition not destroy'd his claim
 To the mild lustre of thy purer fame ! 270
 Thou pride of Greece ! in thee her triumphs end :
 And Roman chiefs in borrow'd pomp ascend.
 Rome's haughty genius, who enslav'd the Greek, †
 In Grecian language deigns at first to speak :

* Ver. 251. See NOTE XIII.

† Ver. 273. See NOTE XIV.

By slow degrees her ruder tongue she taught
 To tell the wonders that her valour wrought ;
 And her historic host, with envious eye,
 View in their glittering van a Greek ally.
 Thou Friend of SCIPIO ! vers'd in War's alarms !
 Torn from thy wounded country's struggling arms !
 And doom'd in Latian bosoms to instil
 Thy moral virtue, and thy martial skill !
 Pleas'd, in researches of elaborate length,
 To trace the fibres of the Roman strength !
 O highly perfect in each nobler part,
 The Sage's wisdom, and the Soldier's art !
 This richer half of Grecian praise is thine :
 But o'er thy style the slighted Graces pine,
 And tir'd Attention toils thro' many a maze,
 To reach the purport of thy doubtful phrase :
 Yet large are his rewards, whose toils engage
 To clear the spirit of thy cloudy page ;
 Like Indian fruit, its rugged rind contains
 Those milky sweets that pay the searcher's pains.

BUT Rome's proud Genius, with exulting claim,
 Points to her rivals of the Grecian name !
 Sententious SALLUST leads her lofty train ; †
 Clear, tho' concise, elaborately plain,
 Poising his scale of words with frugal care,
 Nor leaving one superfluous atom there !
 Yet well displaying, in a narrow space,
 Truth's native strength, and Nature's easy grace,
 Skill'd to detect, in tracing Action's course,
 The hidden motive, and the human source.

* Ver. 279. See NOTE XV.

† Ver. 227. See NOTE XVI.

His lucid brevity the palm has won, 305
By Rome's decision, from OLORUS' SON.

Of mightier spirit, of majestic fame,
With powers proportion'd to the Roman fame,
When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings unfurl'd,
And shadow'd with his plumes the subject world, 310
In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
Sublimier LIVY claims th' Historic throne ; *
With that rich Eloquence, whose golden light
Brings the full scene distinctly to the sight ;
That Zeal for Truth, which Interest cannot bend, 315
That Fire, which Freedom ever gives her friend.
Immortal artist of a work supreme !
Delighted Rome beheld, with proud esteem,
Her own bright image, of Colossal size,
From thy long toils in purest marble rise, 320
But envious Time, with a malignant stroke,
This sacred statue into fragments broke ;
In Lethe's stream its nobler portion sunk,
And left Futurity the wounded trunk.
Yet, like the matchless, mutilated frame, † 325
To which great ANGELLO bequeath'd his name,
This glorious ruin, in whose strength we find
The splendid vigour of the Sculptor's mind,
In the fond eye of Admiration still
Rivals the finish'd forms of modern skill. 330

NEXT, but, O LIVY † as unlike to thee,
As the pent river to th' expanding sea,

* Ver. 312. See NOTE XVII.

† Ver. 325. See NOTE XVIII.

Sarcastic TACITUS, abrupt and dark, *
 In moral anger forms the keen remark;
 Searching the soul with microscopic power,
 To mark the latent worm that mars the flower.
 His Roman voice, in base degenerate days,
 Spoke to Imperial Pride in Freedom's praise;
 And with indignant hate, severely warm,
 Shew'd to gigantic Guilt his ghastly form!
 There are, whose censures to his Style align
 A subtle spirit, rigid and malign,
 Which magnified each monster that he drew,
 And gave the darkest vice a deeper hue:
 Yet his strong pencil shews the gentlest heart,
 In one sweet sketch of Biographic art,
 Whose softest tints, by filial love combin'd,
 Form the pure image of his Father's mind.

O BLEST Biography! thy charms of yore,
 Historic Truth to strong Affection bore,
 And fostering Virtue gave thee as thy dower,
 Of both thy Parents the attractive power;
 To win the heart, the wavering thought to fix
 And fond delight with wise instruction mix.
 First of thy votaries, peerless, and alone,
 Thy PLUTARCH shines, by moral beauty, known
 Enchanting Sage! whose living lessons teach,
 What heights of Virtue human efforts reach.
 Tho' oft thy Pen, eccentrically wild,
 Ramble, in Learning's various maze beguil'd;
 Tho' in thy Style no brilliant graces shine,
 Nor the clear conduct of correct Design,

* Ver. 333. See NOTE XIX.

† Ver. 356. See NOTE XX.

Thy every page is uniformly bright
 With mild Philanthropy's diviner light.
 Of gentlest manners, as of mind elate, 365
 Thy happy Genius had the glorious fate
 To regulate, with Wisdom's soft controul,
 The strong ambition of a TRAJAN's soul.
 But O ! how rare benignant Virtue springs
 In the blank bosom of despotic kings ! 370

THOU bane of liberal knowledge ! Nature's curse !
 Parent of Misery ! pamper'd Vice's nurse !
 Plunging, by thy annihilating breath,
 The soul of Genius in the trance of death !
 Unbounded Power ! beneath thy baleful sway, 375
 The voice of Hist'ry sinks in dumb decay.

STILL in thy gloomy reign one martial Greek,
 In Rome's corrupted language dares to speak ;
 Mild MARCELLINUS ! free from servile awe ! *
 A faithful painter of the woes he saw ; 380
 Forc'd by the meanness of his age to join
 Adulterate Colours with his just Design !
 The slighted Attic Muse no more supplies
 Her pencil, dipt in Nature's purest dyes ;
 And Roman Emulation, at a stand, 385
 Drops the blurr'd pallet from her palsy'd hand.

BUT while Monastic Night, with gathering shades,
 The ruin'd realm of History invades ;
 While, pent in CONSTANTINE's ill-fated walls,
 The mangled form of Roman Grandeur falls ; 390
 And, like a Gladiator on the sand,
 Props his faint body with a dying hand ;

* Ver. 379. See NOTE XXL

While savage Turks, or the fierce Sons of Thor,
 Wage on the Arts a wild Titanian war ;
 While manly Knowledge hides his radiant head,
 As Jove in terror from the Titans fled ; 396
 See ! in the lovely charms of female youth,
 A second Pallas guards the throne of Truth !
 And, with COMNENA's royal name impress'd,*
 The zone of Beauty binds her Attic vest ! 400
 Fair star of Wisdom ! whose unrival'd light
 Breaks thro' the stormy cloud of thickest night ;
 Tho' in the purple of proud misery nurs'd,
 From those oppressive bands thy spirit burst ;
 Pleas'd, in thy public labours, to forget 405
 The keen domestic pangs of fond regret !
 Pleas'd to preserve, from Time's destructive rage,
 A Father's virtues in thy faith'ul page !
 Too pure of soul to violate, or hide
 Th' Historian's duty in the Daughter's pride ! 410
 The' base Oblivion long with envious hand
 Hid the fair volume which thy virtue plann'd,
 It shines, redeem'd from Ruin's darkest hour,
 A wond'rous monument of female power ;
 While conscious Hist'ry, careful of thy fame, 415
 Ranks in her Attic band thy filial name,
 And sees, on Glory's stage, thy graceful meir
 Close the long triumph of her ancient scene :

* Ver. 399. See NOTE XXII.

END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

EPISTLE.

E P I S T L E

T H E S E C O N D.

Sunt et alii Scriptores boni : sed nos genera degustamus,
non bibliothecas excutimus. QUINTIL. Lib. x.

A R G U M E N T
OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

Defects of the Monkish Historians—our obligations to the best of them.—Contrast between two of the most fabulous, and two of the most rational.—Indulgence due to Writers of the dark Ages.—Slow progress of the human Mind.—Chivalry.—FROISSART.—Revival of ancient Learning under LEO X.—Historians in Italy, MACHIAVEL, GUICCIARDIN, DAVILEA, and Father PAUL—in Portugal, OSORIUS—in Spain, MARIANA—in France, THUANUS.—Praise of Toleration.—VOLTAIRE.—Address to England.—CLARENDON—BURNET—RAPIN—HUME—LYTTLETON.—Reasons for not attempting to describe any living Historian.

E P I S T L E II.

AS eager Fossitists with ardour pore
On the flat margin of the pebbled shore,
Hoping some curious Shell; or Coral-root,
May pay the labours of their long pursuit;
And yield their hand the pleasure to display 5
Nature's neglected Gems in nice array:
So, GIBBON! toils the mind, whose labour wades
Thro' the dull Chronicle's monastic shades,
To pick from that drear coast, with learned care,
New shells of Knowledge, thinly scatter'd there; 10
Who patient hears, while cloister'd Dullness tells
The lying legend of her murky cells;
Or strangely mingles, in her phrase uncouth,
Disgusting Lies with unimportant Truth:
How Bishops give (each tort'ing Fiend o'ercome) 15
Life to the faint, and language to the dumb:

How

How fainted Kings renounce, with holy dread, *
 The chaste endearments of their marriage-bed :
 How Nuns, entranc'd, to joys celestial mount, †
 Made drunk with rapture from a sacred fount :
 How cunning Priests their dying Lord cajole,
 And take his riches to ensure his soul :
 While he endows them, in his pious will,
 With those dear gifts, the Meadow, and the Mi
 They wisely chronicle his Spirit's health,
 And give him Virtue in return for Wealth.
 So Hist'ry sinks, by Hypocrites deprest ;
 In the coarse habit of the cloister drest ;
 While her weak Sons that noxious air imbibe,
 Such are the tales of their monastic tribe !

- BUT let not Pride, with blind contempt, arra
 Each early Writer in that humble train !
 No ! let the Muse, a friend to every claim,
 That marks the Candidates for honest fame,
 Be just to patient Worth, severely sunk,
 And paint the merits of the modest Monk !

Ye purer minds ! who stopt, with native force
 Barbaric Ignorance's brutal course ;
 Who, in the field of Hist'ry, dark and waste,
 Your simple path with steady patience trac'd ;
 Blest be your labours ! and your virtues blest !
 Tho' paid with insult, and with scorn oppress'd,
 Ye rescu'd Learning's lamp from total night,
 And sav'd with anxious toil the trembling light,

* Ver. 17. See NOTE I.

† Ver. 19. See NOTE II.

‡ Ver. 24. See NOTE III.

In the wild storm of that tempestuous time, 45
 When Superstition cherish'd every crime ;
 When meaner Priests pronounc'd with falt'ring tongue,
 Nor knew to read the jargon which they sung ;
 When Nobles, train'd like blood-hounds to destroy,
 In ruthless rapine plac'd their savage joy ; 50
 And Monarchs wanted ev'n the skill to frame
 The letters that compos'd their mighty name.
 How strong the mind, that, try'd by ills like these,
 Could write untainted with the Time's disease !
 That, free from Folly's lie, and Fraud's pretence, 55
 Could rise to simple Truth, and sober Sense !
 Such minds existed in the darkest hour
 Of blind Barbarity's debasing power.

If mitred TURPIN told, in wildest strain, *
 Of giant-feats achiev'd by CHARLEMAIN ; 60
 Of spears, that blossom'd like the flowery thorn,
 Of ROLAND's magic sword, and ivory horn,
 Whose sound was wafted by an angel's wing,
 In notes of anguish, to his distant king ;
 Yet modest ÆGINHARD, with grateful care, † 65
 In purer colours, and with Nature's air,
 Has drawn distinctly, in his clear record,
 A juster portrait of this mighty Lord,
 Whose forceful lance, against the Pagan hurl'd,
 Shone the bright terror of a barbarous world. 70
 Nor on his master does he idly shower
 The priestly gifts of supernat'ral Power :
 This candid Scribe of Gratitude and Truth,
 Correctly paints the Patron of his youth,

* Ver. 59. See NOTE IV.

† Ver. 65. See NOTE V.

Th' imperial Savage, whose unletter'd mind
 Was active, strong, beneficent, and kind;
 Who, tho' he lov'd the Learned to requite,
 Knew not that simplest art, the art to write.

75

IF British GEFREY fill'd his motley page*
 With MERLIN'S spells, and UTHUR'S amorous rage;
 With fables from the field of Magic glean'd,
 Giant and Dragon, Incubus and Fiend;
 Yet Life's great drama, and the Deeds of men,
 Sage Monk of Malm'sbury! engag'd thy pen. †
 Nor vainly dost thou plead, in modest phrase,
 Thy manly passion for ingenuous praise:
 'Twas thine the labours of thy Sires to clear
 From Fiction's harden'd-spots, with toil severe;
 To form, with eyes intent on public life,
 Thy bolder sketches of internal strife;
 And warmly celebrate, with love refin'd,
 The rich endowments of thy GLO'STER'S mind;
 May this, thy Praise, the Monkish pen exempt
 From the ungenerous blame of blind Contempt!

8

8

9

THO' Truth appear to make thy works her cate,
 The lurking Prodigy still lingers there:
 But let not censure on thy name be thrown,
 For errors, springing from thy age alone!
 Shame on the Critic! who, with idle scorn,
 Depreciates Authors, in dark periods born,
 Because they want, irregularly bright,
 That equal Knowledge, and that steadier Light;

10

* Ver. 79. See NOTE VI.

† Ver. 84. See NOTE VII.

Which

Which Learning, in its wide meridian blaze,
Has haply lavish'd on his luckier days !

In all its various paths, the human Mind 105
Feels the first efforts of its strength confin'd ;
And in the field, where Hist'ry's laurels grow,
Winds its long march superlatively slow :
Like Fruit, whose taste to sweet luxuriance runs
By constant succour from autumnal suns, 110
This lovely Science ripens by degrees,
And late is fashion'd into graceful ease.

In those enlivening days, when Europe rose
From the long pressure of lethargic woes ;
When the Provençal lyre, with roses dress'd, 115 }
By ardent Love's extatic fingers prest,
Wak'd into Life the Genius of the West ;
When Chivalry, her banners all unfurl'd,
Fill'd with heroic fire the splendid world ;
In high-plum'd grandeur held her gorgeous reign, 120
And rank'd each brilliant Virtue in her train ;
When she imparted, by her magic glove,
To Honour strength, and purity to Love ;
New-moulded Nature on her noblest plan,
And gave fresh sinews to the soul of man ; 125
When the chief model of her forming hand,
Our sable EDWARD, on the Gallic strand,
Display'd that spirit which her laws bestow,
And shone the idol of his captive foe :
Unblest with Arts, th' unletter'd age could yield 130
No skilful hand, to paint from Glory's field
Scenes, that Humanity with pride must hear,
And Admiration honour with a tear.

YET Courtesy, with generous Valour join'd,
 Fair Twins of Chivalry ! rejoic'd to find
 A faithful Chronicler in plain FROISSART ;*
 As rich in honesty as void of art.
 As the young Peasant, led by spirits keen
 To some great city's gay and gorgeous scene,
 Returning, with increase of proud delight,
 Dwells on the various splendor of the fight ;
 And gives his tale, tho' told in terms uncouth,
 The charm of Nature, and the force of Truth,
 Tho' rude engaging ; such thy simple page
 Seems, O FROISSART ! to this enlighten'd age.
 Proud of their spirit, in thy writings shewn,
 Fair Faith and Honour mark thee for their own ;
 Tho' oft the dupe of those delusive times,
 Thy Genius, foster'd with romantic rhymes,
 Appears to play the legendary Bard,
 And trespass on the Truth it meant to guard.
 Still shall thy Name, with lasting glory, stand
 High on the list of that advent'rous band,
 Who, bidding History speak a modern Tongue,
 From her cramp hand the Monkish fetters flung,
 While yet depress'd in Gothick night she lay,
 Nor saw th' approaching dawn of Attic day.

ON the blest banks of Tiber's honour'd stream
 Shone the first glance of that reviving beam ;
 Enlighten'd Pontiffs, on the very spot
 Where Science was proscrib'd, and Sense forgot ;
 Bade Learning start from out her mould'ring tomb,
 And taught new laurels on her brow to bloom ;

* Ver. 136. See NOTE VIII.

Their Magic voice invok'd all Arts, and all
Sprung into Glory at the potent call. 165

As in Arabia's waste, where Horror reigns,
Gigantic tyrant of the burning plains !
The glorious bounty of some Royal mind,
By Heaven inspir'd, and friend to human kind,
Bids the rich Structure of refreshment rise, 170
To cheer the Traveller's despairing eyes ;
Who sees with rapture the new fountains burst,
And, as he slakes his soul-subduing thirst,
Blesses the hand which all his pains beguil'd,
And rais'd an Eden in the dreary wild : 175
Such praises, LEO ! to thy name are due,
From all, who Learning's cultur'd field review,
And to its Fountain, in thy liberal heart,
Trace the diffusive Stream of modern Art.
'Twas not thy praise to animate alone 180
The speaking Canvass, and the breathing Stone,
Or tides of Bounty round Parnassus roll,
To quicken Genius in the Poet's soul ;
Thy Favour, like the Sun's prolific ray,
Brought the keen SCRIBE of FLORENCE into Day ;*
Whose subtle Wit discharg'd a dubious shaft, 186
Call'd both the Friend and Foe of Kingly Craft,
Tho', in his maze of Politics perplex,
Great Names have differ'd on that doubtful text ;
Here crown'd with praise, as true to Virtue's side,
There view'd with horror, as th' Assassin's guide ; 191
High in a purer sphere, he shines afar,
And Hist'ry hails him as her Morning-star.

* Ver. 185. See NOTE IX.

NOR less, O LEO ! was it thine to raise
 The great Historic Chief of modern days, * 1
 The solemn GUICCIARDIN, whose pen severe,
 Unsway'd by favour, nor restrain'd by fear,
 Mark'd in his close of life, with keen disdain,
 Each fatal blemish in thy motley reign ;
 Who, like OLORUS' Son, of spirit chaste, 2
 And form'd to martial toils, minutely trac'd
 The woes he saw his bleeding country bear,
 And wars, in which he claim'd no trivial share.

WITH equal weaths let DAVILA be crown'd, †
 Alike in letters and in arms renown'd ! 2
 Who, from his country driv'n by dire mischance,
 Plung'd in the civil broils of bleeding France,
 Maintaining still, in Party's raging sea,
 His judgment steady, and his spirit free ;
 Save when the fierce religion of his Sires 3
 Drown'd the soft zeal Humanity inspires :
 Who boldly wrote, with such a faithful hand,
 The tragic story of that foreign land,
 The hoary Gallic Chief, whose tranquil age
 Listen'd with joy to his recording page,
 Tracing the scenes familiar to his youth,
 Gave his strong sanction to th' Historian's truth.

ON Italy ! tho' drench'd with civil blood,
 Tho' drown'd in Bigotry's foul-quenching flood,
 Historic Genius, in thy troubles nurs'd,
 Ev'n from the darkne's of the Convent burst.

* Ver. 195. See NOTE X.

† Ver. 204. See NOTE XI.

Venice may boast eternal Honour, won
 By the bright labours of her dauntless Son,
 Whose hand the curtains of the Conclave drew,
 And gave each priestly art to public view. 225

SARPI, blest name! from every foible clear,*
 Not more to Science than to virtue dear.
 Thy pen, thy life, of equal praise secure!
 Both wisely bold, and both sublimely pure!
 That Freedom bids me on thy merits dwell, 230
 Whose radiant form illum'd thy letter'd cell;
 Who to thy hand the noblest task assign'd,
 That earth can offer to a heavenly mind;
 With Reason's arms to guard invaded laws,
 And guide the pen of Truth in Freedom's cause. 235
 Too firm of heart at Danger's cry to stoop,
 Nor Lucre's slave, nor vain Ambition's dupe,
 Thro' length of days invariably the same,
 Thy Country's liberty thy constant aim!
 For this thy spirit dar'd th' Assassin's knife, 240
 That with repeated guilt pursu'd thy life;
 For this thy fervent and unwearied care
 Form'd, ev'n in death, thy patriotic prayer,
 And, while his shadows on thine eye-lids hung,
 "Be it immortal!" trembled on thy tongue. 245

But not restricted, by the partial Fates,
 To the bright cluster of Italian States,
 The light of Learning, and of liberal Taste,
 Diffusely shone o'er Europe's Gothic waste.

* Ver. 226. See NOTE XII.

ON Tagus' shore, from whose admiring strand
 Great GAMA sail'd, when his advent'rous hand
 The flag of glorious enterprize unfurl'd,
 To purchase with his toils the Eastern world,
 To clear OSORIOUS, in his classic phrase, *
 Pourtray'd the Heroes of those happier days,
 When Lusitania, once a mighty name,
 Outstripp'd each rival in the chace of Fame :
 Mild and majestic, her Historan's page
 Shares in the glory of her brightest age.
 Iberia's Genius bids just Fame allow
 An equal wreath to MARIANA's brow : †
 Skill'd to illuminate the distant scene,
 In diction graceful, and of spirit keen,
 His labour, by his country's love endear'd,
 'The gloomy chaos of her Story clear'd.
 He first aspir'd its scatter'd parts to class,
 And bring to juster form the mighty mass ;
 As the nice hand of Geographic art
 Draws the vast globe on a contracted chart,
 Where Truth uninjur'd sees, with glad surprize,
 Her shape still perfect, tho' of smaller size.
 Exalted Mind ! who felt the People's right,
 In climes, where souls are crush'd by Kingly might
 And dar'd, unaw'd before a tyrant's throne,
 To make the sanctity of Freedom known !

BUT short, O Genius ! is thy transient hour,
 In the dark regions of despotic Power.
 As the faint struggle of the solar beam,
 When vapours intercept the golden stream,

* Ver. 254. See NOTE XIII.

† Ver. 261. See NOTE XIV.

Pouring thro' parted clouds a glancing fire, 280
 Plays, in short triumph, on some glittering spire;
 But while the eye admires the partial ray,
 The pale and watery lustre melts away :
 Thus gleams of literary splendor play'd,
 And thus on Spain's o'erclouded realm decay'd : 285
 While happier France, with longer glory bright,
 Caught richer flashes of the flying light.

There, with the dignity of virtuous Pride,
 Thro' painful scenes of public service try'd, 290
 And keenly conscious of his country's woes,
 The liberal spirit of THUANUS rose : *
 O'er Earth's wide stage a curious eye he cast,
 And caught the living pageant as it past :
 With patriot care most eager to advance
 The rights of Nature, and the weal of France ! 295
 His language noble, as his temper clear
 From Faction's rage, and Superstition's fear !
 In Wealth laborious ! amid Wrongs sedate !
 His Virtue lovely, as his Genius great !
 Ting'd with some marks, that from his climate spring,
 He priz'd his Country, but ador'd his King ; 301
 Yet with a zeal from slavish awe refin'd,
 Shone the clear model of a Gallic mind.
 Thou friend of Science ! 'twas thy signal praise,
 A just memorial of her Sons to raise ; 305
 To blazon first, on History's brighter leaf,
 The laurel'd Writer with the laurel'd Chief !

BUT O ! pure Spirit ! what a fate was thine !
 How Truth and Reason at thy wrongs repine !

* Ver. 291. See NOTE XV.

How blame thy King, tho' rob'd in Honour's ray,
 Who left thy Fame to subtle Priests a prey,
 And tamely saw their murky wiles o'erwhelm
 Thy works, the light of his reviving realm ;

Tho' Pontiffs execrate, and Kings betray,
 Let not this fate your generous warmth allay,
 Ye kindred Worthies ! who still dare to wield
 Reason's keen sword, and Toleration's shield,
 In climes where Persecution's iron mace
 Is rais'd to massacre the human race !
 The heart of Nature will your virtue feel,
 And her immortal voice reward your zeal :
 First in her praise her fearless champions live,
 Crown'd with the noblest palms that earth can give,
 Firm in this band, who to her aid advance,
 And high amid th' Historic sons of France,
 Delighted Nature saw, with partial care,
 The lively vigour of the gay VOLTAIRE ;
 And fondly gave him, with ANACREON'S fire,
 To throw the hand of Age across the lyre :
 But mute that vary'd voice, which pleas'd so long !
 Th' Historian's tale is clos'd, the Poet's song !
 Within the narrow tomb behold him lie,
 Who fill'd so large a space in Learning's eye !
 Thou Mind unweary'd ! thy long toils are o'er ;
 Censure and Praise can touch thy ear no more :
 Still let me breathe with just regret thy name,
 Lament thy foibles, and thy powers proclaim !

ON the wide sea of Letters 'twas thy boast
 To croud each sail, and touch at every coast :
 From that rich deep how often hast thou brought
 The pure and precious pearls of splendid Thought !

How didst thou triumph on that subject-tide,
 Till Vanity's wild gust, and stormy Pride,
 Drove thy strong bark, in evil hour, to split
 Upon the fatal rock of impious Wit ! 345
 But be thy failings cover'd by thy tomb !
 And guardian laurels o'er thy ashes bloom !

From the long annals of the world thy art,
 With chemic process, drew the richer part ; 350
 To Hist'ry gave a philosophic air,
 And made the interest of mankind her care ;
 Pleas'd her grave brow with garlands to adorn,
 And from the rose of Knowledge strip the thorn.

Thy lively Eloquence, in prose, in verse,
 Still keenly bright, and elegantly terse, 355
 Flames with bold spirit ; yet is idly rash :
 Thy promis'd light is oft a dazzling flash ;
 Thy Wisdom verges to sarcastic sport,
 Satire thy joy ! and ridicule thy *fort* !
 But the gay Genius of the Gallic soil, 360
 Shrinking from solemn tasks of serious toil,
 Thro' every scene his playful air maintains,
 And in the light Memoir unrival'd reigns.
 Thy Wits, O France ! (as e'n thy Critics own) * 365
 Support not History's majestic tone ;
 They, like thy Soldiers, want, in feats of length,
 The persevering soul of British strength.

HAIL to thee, Britain ! hail ! delightful land !
 I spring with filial joy to reach thy strand :

* Ver. 364. See NOTE XVI.

And thou, blest nourisher of Souls, sublime 370
 As e'er immortaliz'd their native clime,
 Rich in Poetic treasures, yet excuse
 The trivial offering of an humbler Muse,
 Who pants to add, with fears by love o'ercome,
 Her mite of Glory to thy countless sum ! 375
 With vary'd colours, of the richest die,
 Fame's brilliant banners o'er thy Offspring fly :
 In native Vigour bold, by Freedom led,
 No path of Honour have they fail'd to tread :
 But while they wisely plan, and bravely dare, 380
 Their own achievements are their latest care.
 Tho' CAMDEN, rich in Learning's various store,
 Sought in Tradition's mine Truth's generous ore,
 The waste of Hist'ry lay in lifeless shade,
 Tho' RALEIGH's piercing eye that world survey'd. 385
 Tho' mightier Names there cast a casual glance,
 They'd seem'd to faunter round the field by chance,
 Till CLARENDON arose, and in the hour
 When civil Discord wak'd each mental Power,
 With brave desire to reach the distant Goal, 390
 Strain'd all the vigour of his manly soul.
 Nor Truth, nor Freedom's injur'd Power's, allow
 A wreath unspotted to his haughty brow :
 Friendship's firm spirit still his fame exalts,
 With sweet atonement for his smaller faults. 395
 His Pomp of Phrase, his Period of a mile,
 And all the maze of his bewilder'd Style,
 Illum'd by Warmth of Heart, no more offend :
 What cannot Taste forgive, in FALKLAND's friend ?
 Nor flow his praises from this single source ; 400
 One province of his art displays his force :
 His Portraits boast, with features strongly like,
 The soft precision of the clear VANDYKE :

Tho'.

Tho', like the Painter, his faint talents yield,
 And sink embarrass'd in the Epic field ; 405
 Yet shall his labours long adorn our Isle,
 Like the proud glories of some Gothic pile :
 They, tho' constructed by a Bigot's hand,
 Nor nicely finish'd, nor correctly plann'd,
 With solemn Majesty, and pious Gloom, 410
 An awful influence o'er the mind assume ;
 And from the alien eyes of every Sect
 Attract observance, and command respect.

IN following years, when thy great name, NASSAU !
 Stamp'd the blest deed of Liberty and Law ; 415
 When clear, and guiltless of Oppression's rage,
 There rose in Britain an Augustan age,
 And cluster'd Wits, by Emulation bright,
 Diffus'd o'er ANNA's reign their mental light ;
 That Constellation seem'd, tho' strong its flame, 420
 To want the splendor of Historic fame :
 Yet BURNET's page may lasting glory hope,
 Howe'er insulted by the spleen of POPE.
 Tho' his rough Language haste and warmth denote,
 With ardent Honesty of Soul he wrote ; 425
 Tho' critic censures on his work may shower,
 Like Faith, his Freedom has a saving power.

NOR shalt thou want, RAPIN ! thy well-earn'd praise ;
 The sage POLYBIUS thou of modern days !
 Thy Sword, thy Pen, have both thy name endear'd ;
 This join'd our Arms, and that our Story clear'd : 430
 Thy foreign hand discharg'd th' Historian's trust,
 Unsway'd by Party, and to Freedom just.
 To letter'd Fame we own thy fair pretence,
 From patient Labour, and from candid Sense. 435
 Yet

Yet Public Favour, ever hard to fix,
 Flew from thy page, as heavy and prolix.
 For soon, emerging from the Sophists' school,
 With Spirit eager, yet with Judgment cool,
 With subtle skill to steal upon applause, 440
 And give false vigour to the weaker cause ;
 To paint a specious scene with nicest art,
 Retouch the whole, and varnish every part ;
 Graceful in Style, in Argument acute ;
 Master of every trick in keen Dispute ! 445
 With these strong powers to form a winning tale,
 And hide Deceit in Moderation's veil,
 High on the pinnacle of Fashion plac'd,
 HUMERUS shone the idol of Historic Taste.
 Already, pierc'd by Freedom's searching rays, 450
 The waxen fabric of his fame decays.—
 Think not, keen Spirit ! that these hands presume
 To tear each leaf of laurel from thy tomb !
 These hands ! which, if a heart of human frame
 Could stoop to harbour that ungenerous aim, 455
 Would shield thy Grave, and give, with guardian care,
 Each type of Eloquence to flourish there !
 But public Love commands the painful task,
 From the pretended Sage to strip the mask,
 When this false tongue, averse to Freedom's cause, 460
 Profanes the spirit of her antient laws.
 As Asia's soothing opiate Drugs, by stealth,
 Shake every slacken'd nerve, and sap the health ;
 Thy Writings thus, with noxious charms refin'd,
 Seeming to soothe its ills, unnerve the Mind. 465
 While the keen cunning of thy hand pretends
 To strike alone at Party's abject ends,
 Our hearts more free from Faction's Weeds we feel,
 But they have lost the Flower of Patriot Zeal.

Wild as thy feeble Metaphysic page, 470
 Thy Hist'ry rambles into Sceptic rage ;
 Whose giddy and fantastic dreams abuse
 A HAMPDEN'S Virtue, and a SHAKESPEARE'S Muse.

WITH purer Spirit, free from Party strife,
 To soothe his evening hour of honour'd life, 475
 See candid LYTTLETON at length unfold
 The deeds of Liberty in days of old !
 Fond of the theme, and narrative with age,
 He winds the lengthen'd tale thro' many a page ;
 But there the beams of Patriot Virtue shine ; 480
 There Truth and Freedom sanctify the line,
 And laurels due to Civil Wisdom, shield
 This noble Nestor of th' Historic field.

THE living Names, who there display their power,
 And give its glory to the present hour, 485
 I pass with mute regard ; in fear to fail,
 Weighing their worth in a suspected scale :
 Thy right, Posterity ! I sacred hold,
 To fix a stamp on literary Gold ;
 Blest ! if this lighter Ore, which I prepare 490
 For thy supreme Assay, with anxious care,
 Thy current sanction unimpeach'd enjoy,
 As only tinctur'd with a slight alloy !

END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

EPISTLE



E P I S T L E

T H E T H I R D.

Ventum est ad partem operis destinati longe gravissimam—nunc quoque, licet major quam unquam moles premat, tamen prospicienti finem mihi constitutum est vel deficere potius, quam desperare—nostra temeritas etiam mores ei conabitur dare, et assignabit officia.

QUINTIL. Lib. xii.

A R G U M E N T

OF THE THIRD EPISTLE.

The sources of the chief defects in History—Vanity national and private—Flattery, and her various arts—Party-spirit, Superstition, and false Philosophy—Character of the accomplish'd Historian.—The Laws of History—Style—Importance of the subject—Failure of KNOLLES from a subject ill chosen—Danger of dwelling on the distant and minute parts of a subject really interesting—Failure of MILTON in this particular.—The worst defect of an Historian, a system of tyranny—Instance in BRADY.—Want of a General History of England: Wise for its accomplishment.—Use and delight of other Histories—of Rome.—Labour of the Historian—Cavils against him.—Concern for GIBBON'S irreligious spirit—The idle censure of his passion for Fame—Defence of that passion.—Conclusion.

E P I S T L E III.

SAY thou! whose eye has, like the Lynx's beam,
Pierc'd the deep windings of this mazy stream,
Say, from what source the various Poisons glide,
That darken History's discolour'd tide;
Whose purer waters to thy mind dispense 5
The wealth of Virtue, and the fruits of Sense!
These Poisons flow, collective and apart,
From Public Vanity, and Private Art.
At first Delusion built her safe retreat
On the broad base of National Conceit: 10
Nations, like Men, in Flattery confide,
The slaves of Fancy, and the dupes of Pride.
Each petty region of the peopled earth,
Howe'er debas'd by intellectual dearth,
Still proudly boasted of her claims to share 15
The richest portion of celestial care:
For her she saw the rival Gods engage,
And Heaven convuls'd with elemental rage.
To her the thunder's roar, the lightning's fire,
Confirm'd their favour, or denounc'd their ire. 20

To seize this foible, daring Hist'ry threw
 Illusive terrors o'er each scene she drew ;
 Nor would her spirit, in the heat of youth,
 Watch, with a Vestal's care, the lamp of Truth ;
 But, wildly mounting in a Witch's form, 25
 Her voice delighted to condense the storm ;
 With showers of blood th' astonish'd earth to drench,
 The frame of Nature from its base to wrench ;
 In Horror's veil involve her plain events,
 And shake th' affrighted world with dire portents.* 30
 Still softer arts her subtle spirit try'd,
 'To win the easy faith of Public Pride :
 She told what Powers, in times of early date,
 Gave consecration to the infant state ;
 Mark'd the blest spot by sacred Founders trod, 35
 And all th' atchievements of the guardian God.
 Thus while, like Fame, she rests upon the land,
 Her figure grows ; her magic limbs expand ;
 Her tow'ring head, towards Olympus tost,
 Pierces the sky, and in that blaze is lost. 40

Yet bold Philosophy at length destroy'd
 The brilliant phantoms of th' Historic void ;
 Her scrutinizing eye, whose search severe
 Rivals the pressure of Ithuriel's spear,
 Lets neither dark nor splendid Fraud escape, 45
 But turns each Marvel to its real shape.
 The blazing meteors fall from Hist'ry's sphere ;
 Her darling Demi-gods no more appear ;
 No more the Nations, with heroic joy,
 Boast their descent from Heaven-descending Troy : 50

* Ver. 30. See NOTE L

ON FRANCIO now the Gallic page is mute, *
 And British Story drops the name of BRUTE,
 What other failings from this fountain flow'd,
 Ill-measur'd fame on martial feats bestow'd,
 And heaps, enlarg'd to mountains of the slain, 55
 The miracles of valour, still remain.
 But of all faults, that injur'd Truth may blame,
 Those proud mistakes the first indulgence claim,
 Where Public Zeal the ardent Pen betrays,
 And Patriot Passions swell the partial praise. 60
 Ev'n private Vanity *by* pardon find,
 When built on worth, and with Instruction join'd :
 In British Annalists more rarely found,
 This venial foible springs on foreign ground ;
 'Tis theirs, who scribble near the Seine or Loire, 65
 Those lively Heroes of the light Memoir !

DEFECTS more hateful to ingenuous eyes,
 In Adulation's servile arts arise :
 Mean Child of Int'rest ! as her Parent base !
 Her charms Deformity ! her wealth Disgrace ! 70
 Dimm'd by her breath, the light of Learning fades ;
 Her breath the wisest of mankind degrades,
 And BACON's self, for mental glory born, †
 Meets, as her slave, our pity, or our scorn.
 Unhappy Genius ! in whose wond'rous mind 75
 The fordid Reptile and the Seraph join'd ;
 Now traversing the world on Wisdom's wings,
 Now basely crouching to the last of Kings :
 Thy fault, which Freedom with regret surveys,
 This useful Truth, in strongest light, displays ; 80

* Ver. 51. See NOTE II.

† Ver. 73. See NOTE III.

That not sufficient as those shining parts,
 Which shed new radiance o'er concenter'd arts ;
 To reach with glory the Historic goal
 Demands a firm, and independent soul,
 An eagle-eye, that with undazzled gaze 85
 Can look on Majesty's meridian blaze.
 But Adulation, in the worst of times,
 Throws her broad mantle o'er imperial crimes ;
 In Hist'ry's field, her abject toils delight
 To shut the scenes of Nature from our sight, 90
 Each human Virtue in one m. to fling,
 And of that mountain make the statue of a King.*
 Yet oft their labours, slighted or abhorr'd,
 Receive in present scorn their just reward ;
 Scorn from that Idol, at whose feet she lays 95
 The sordid offering of her venal praise.

As crown'd with Indian laurels, nobly won, †
 His conquest ended, Philip's warlike Son
 Sail'd down th' Hydaspes in a voyage of sport,
 The chief Historian of his sumptuous court 100
 Read his description of a single fight,
 Where Porus yielded to young Ammon's might ;
 And, like a Scribe in courtly arts adroit,
 Most largely magnify'd his Lord's exploit :
 Tho' ever on the stretch to Glory's goal, 105
 Fame the first passion of his fiery soul !
 Fierce from his seat the indignant Hero sprung,
 And o'er the vessel's side the volume flung ;
 Then, as he saw the fawning Scribbler shrink,
 " Thus should the Author with his Writing sink, 110
 " Who stifles Truth in Flattery's disguise,
 " And buries honest Fame beneath a load of Lies."

* Ver. 92. See NOTE IV.

† Ver. 97. See NOTE V.

BUT modern Princes, having less to lose,
 Rarely these insults on their name accuse :
 In Dedications quietly inurn'd, * 115
 They take more lying Praise than Ammon spurn'd ;
 And Learning's pliant Sons, to flattery prone,
 Bend with such blind obeisance to the throne,
 The basest King that ever curst the earth,
 Find many a witness to attest his worth : 120
 Tho' dead, still flatter'd by some abject slave,
 He spreads contagious poison from his grave,
 While fordid hopes th' Historian's hand entice
 To varnish ev'n the tomb of Royal Vice.

THO' Nature wept with desolated Spain, 125
 In tears of blood, the second Philip's reign ;
 Tho' such deep sins deform'd his sullen mind,
 As merit execration from mankind :
 A mighty empire by his crimes undone ;
 A people massacred ; a murder'd son : 130
 Tho' Heaven's displeasure stopt his parting breath,
 To bear long loathsome pangs of hideous death ;
 Flattery can still the Russian's praise repeat,
 And call this waster of the earth discreet :
 Still can HERRERA, mourning o'er his urn, § 135
 His dying pangs to blissful rapture turn,
 And paint the King, from earth by curses driven,
 A Saint, accepted by approving Heaven !

BUT arts of deeper guile, and baser wrong, 140
 To Adulation's subtle Scribes belong :
 They off, their present idols to exalt,
 Profanely burst the consecrated vault ;

* Ver. 115. See NOTE VI.

§ Ver. 135. See NOTE VII

Steal from the buried Chief bright Honour's plume,
 Or stain with Slander's gall the Statesman's tomb : 145
 Stay, sacrilegious slaves ! with reverence tread
 O'er the blest ashes of the worthy dead !
 See ! where, uninjur'd by the charnel's damp,
 The Vestal, Virtue, with undying lamp,
 Fond of her toil, and jealous of her trust,
 Sits the keen Guardian of their sacred dust, 150
 And thus indignant, from the depth of earth,
 Checks your vile aim, and vindicates their worth ;
 " Hence ye ! who buried excellence belied,
 " To soothe the fordid spleen of living Pride ;
 " Go ! gild with Adulation's feeble ray 155
 " Th' imperial pageant of your passing day !
 " Nor hope to stain, on base Detraction's scroll,
 " A TULLY's morals, or a SIDNEY's foul !"— *
 Just nature will abhor, and Virtue scorn,
 That Pen, tho' eloquence its page adorn, 160
 Which, brib'd by Interest, or from vain pretence
 To subtler Wit, and deep-discerning Sense,
 Would blot the praise on public toils bestow'd,
 And Patriot passions, as a jest, explode.

LESS abject failings spring from Party-rage, 165
 The pest most frequent in th' Historic page ;
 That common jaundice of the turbid brain,
 Which leaves the heart unconscious of a stain,
 Yet suffers not the clouded mind to view
 Or men, or actions, in their native hue : 170
 For Party mingles, in her feverish dreams,
 Credulity and Doubt's most wild extremes :
 She gazes thro' a glass, whose different ends
 Reduce her foes, and magnify her friends :

* Ver. 158. See NOTE VIII.

Delusion ever on her spirit dwells; 175
 And to the worst excess its fury swells,
 When Superstition's raging passions roll
 Their savage frenzy thro' the Bigot's soul.

NOR less the blemish, tho' of different kind, *
 From false Philosophy's conceits refin'd! 180
 Her subtile influence, on History shed,
 Strikes the fine nerve of Admiration dead,
 (That nerve despis'd by sceptic sons of earth,
 Yet still a vital spring of human worth.)
 This artful juggler, with a skill so nice, 185
 Shifts the light forms of Virtue and of Vice,
 That, ere this wakens scorn, or that delight,
 Behold! they both are vanish'd from the sight;
 And Nature's warm affections, thus destroy'd,
 Leave in the puzzled mind a lifeless void. 190

FAR other views the liberal Genius fire,
 Whose toils to pure Historic praise aspire;
 Nor Moderation's dupe, nor Faction's brave,
 Nor Guilt's apologist, nor Flattery's slave:
 Wise, but not cunning; temperate, not cold; 195
 Servant of Truth, and in that service bold;
 Free from all bias, save that just controul
 By which mild Nature sways the manly soul,
 And Reason's philanthropic spirit draws
 To Virtue's interest, and Freedom's cause; 200
 Those great ennoblers of the human name,
 Pure springs of Power, of Happiness, and Fame!
 To teach their influence, and spread their sway,
 The just Historian winds his toilsome way;

* Ver. 179. See NOTE IX.

From silent darkness, creeping o'er the earth, 205
 Redeems the sinking trace of useful worth;
 In Vice's bosom marks the latent thorn,
 And brands that public pest with public scorn.
 A lively teacher in a moral school!
 In that great office steady, clear, and cool! 210
 Pleas'd to promote the welfare of mankind,
 And by informing meliorate the mind!
 ● Such the bright task committed to his care?
 Boundless its use; but its completion rare.

CRITICS have said, "Tho' high th' Historian's charge,
 His Law's as simple as his Province large; 216
 Two obvious rules ensure his full success—
 To speak no Falshood; and no Truth suppress: †
 Art must to other works a lustre lend,
 But History pleases, howsoe'er it's penn'd." 220

It may in ruder periods; but in those,
 Where all the luxury of Learning flows,
 To Truth's plain fare no palate will submit,
 Each reader grows an Epicure in Wit;
 And Knowledge must his nicer taste beguile 225
 With all the poignant charms of Attic style.
 The curious Scholar, in his judgment choice,
 Expects no common Notes from History's voice;
 But all the tones, that all the passions suit,
 From the bold Trumpet to the tender Lute: 230
 Yet if thro' Music's scale her voice should range,
 Now high, now low, with many a pleasing change,
 Grace must thro' every variation glide,
 In every movement Majesty preside:
 With ease not careless, tho' correct not cold; 235
 Soft without langour, without harshness bold.

† Ver. 218. See NOTE X.

Tho'

Tho' Affectation can all works debase,
 In Language, as in Life, the bane of Grace !
 Regarded ever with a scornful smile,
 She most is censur'd in th' Historic style : 240
 Yet her insinuating power is such,
 Not ev'n the Greeks escap'd her baleful touch ;
 And hence th' unutter'd Speech, and long Harangue,
 Too oft, like weights, on ancient Story hang.
 Less fond of labour, modern Pens devise 245
 Affected beauties of inferior size :
 They in a narrower compass boldly strike
 The fancied Portrait, with no feature like ;
 And Nature's simple colouring vainly quit,
 'To boast the brilliant glare of fading Wit. 250
 Those works alone may that blest fate expect
 To live thro' time, unconscious of neglect,
 That catch, in springing from no sordid source,
 The ease of Nature, and of Truth the force.

But not ev'n Truth, with bright Expression grac'd,
 Nor all Description's powers, in lucid order plac'd ; 256
 Not even these a fond regret engage,
 Or bind attention to th' Historic page,
 If distant tribes compose th' ill-chosen Theme,
 Whose savage virtues wake no warm esteem ; 260
 Where Faith and Valour spring from Honour's grave,
 Only to form th' Assassin and the Slave.
 From Turkish tyrants, stain'd with servile gore,
 Enquiry turns ; and Learning's sighs deplore,
 While o'er his name Neglect's cold shadow rolls, 265
 A waste of Genius in the toil of KNOWLES. †

† Ver. 266: See NOTE XL.

There are, we own, whose magic power is such,
 Their hands embellish whatsoe'er they touch :
 Their bright Mosaic so enchants our eyes,
 By nice Arrangement, and contrasted Dies, 270
 What mean materials in the texture lurk,
 Serve but to raise the wonder of the work.
 Yet from th' Historian (as such power is rare)
 The choice of Matter claims no trifling care.

'Tis not alone collected Wealth's display, 275
 Nor the proud fabric of extended Sway,
 That mark (tho' both the eye of Wonder fill)
 The happy Subject for Historic skill :
 Wherever Nature, tho' in narrow space,
 Fosters, by Freedom's aid, a liberal race; 280
 Sees Virtue save them from Oppression's den,
 And cries, with exultation, " These are Men,"
 Tho' in Bœotia or Batavia born,
 Their deeds the Story of the World adorn.

THE Subject fix'd, with force and beauty fraught,
 Just Disposition claims yet deeper thought; 286
 To cast enlivening Order's lucid grace
 O'er all the crowded fields of Time and Space ;
 To shew each wheel of Power in all its force,
 And trace the streams of Action from their source; 290
 To catch with spirit and precision join'd,
 The varying features of the human Mind ;
 The Grace, the Strength, that Nature's children draw
 From Arts, from Science, Policy, and Law ;
 Opinion's fashion, Wisdom's firmer plan, 295
 And all that marks the character of Man.
 Of all the parts, that History's volume fill,
 The just Digression claims the nicest skill ;

As the swift Hero, in the Olympic race,
 Ran with less toil along the open space ; 300
 But round the Goal to form the narrow curve,
 Call'd forth his utmost strength from every nerve.

THE Subject's various powers let Study tell !
 And teach th' Historian on what points to dwell !
 How in due shades to sink each meaner part, 305
 And pour on nobler forms the radiance of his art !
 Tho' Patriot Love the curious spirit fires
 With thirst to hear th' achievements of his Sires ;
 And British story wins the British mind
 With all the charms that fond attention bind ; 310
 Its early periods, barbarous and remote,
 Please not, tho' drawn by pens of noblest note :
 O'er those rude scenes Confusion's shadows dwell,
 Beyond the Power of Genius to dispel ;
 Mists ! which ev'n MILTON's splendid mind enshroud ;
 Lost in the darkness of the Saxon cloud ! 316

NEGLECT alone repays their slight offence,
 Whose wand'ring wearies our bewilder'd sense :
 But just Abhorrence brands his guilty name,
 Who dares to vilify his Country's fame ; 320
 With Slander's rage the pen of History grasp,
 And pour from thence the poison of the Asp ;
 The murd'rous falsehood, stifling Honour's breath !
 The slavish tenet, Public Virtue's death !
 With all that undermines a Nation's health, 325
 And robs the People of their richest wealth !
 Ye tools of Tyranny ! whose servile guile
 Would thus pollute the records of our isle,

Behold your Leader curst with public hate,
And read your just reward in BRADY'S fate ! * 33

O SACRED Liberty ! shall Faction's train
Pervert the reverend archives of thy reign ?
Shall slaves traduce the blood thy votaries spilt,
Blaspheming Glory with the name of Guilt ? 335
And shall no Son of thine their wiles o'erwhelm,
And clear the story of thy injur'd realm ?
To this bright task some British spirit raise,
With powers surpassing ev'n a LIVY'S praise !
Thro' this long wilderness his march inspire,
And make thy temperate flame his leading fire ! 340
Teach his keen eye, and comprehensive soul,
To pierce each darker part, and grasp the whole !
Let Truth's undoubted signet seal his page,
And Glory guard the work from age to age !
That British minds from this pure source may draw 345
Sense of thy Rights, and passion for thy Law,
Wisdom to prize, and Honour, that inspires
To reach that virtue which adorn'd our Sires !

BUT not alone our native land attracts ;
Far different Nations boast their splendid facts : 350
In ancient Story the rich fruits unite
Of civil Wisdom and sublime Delight :
At Rome's proud name Attention's spirits rise,
Rome, the first idol of our infant eyes !
Use and Importance mark the vast design, 355
Clearly to trace her periods of Decline.
Yet here, O GIBBON ! what long toils ensue ?
How winds the labyrinth ? how fails the clue ?

* Ver. 330. See NOTE XII.

No' rude materials Time's deep trenches fill,
 radiant structure rises from thy skill; 360
 whose splendor, springing from a dreary waste,
 enchants the wondering eye of Public Taste.
 Thus to the ancient traveller, whose way
 crosses the hideous sands of Syria lay,
 the Desert blaz'd with sudden glory bright; 365
 and rich Palmyra rufi'd upon his sight.

BUT O! what foes beset each honour'd Name,
 advancing in the path of letter'd fame!
 O stop the progress, and insult thy pen,
 the fierce Polemic issues from his den. 370

THINK not my Verse means blindly to engage
 in rash defence of thy profaner page!
 who' keen her spirit, her attachment fond,
 whose service cannot suit with Friendship's bond;
 too firm from Duty's sacred path to turn, 375
 she breathes an honest sigh of deep concern,
 and pities Genius, when his wild career
 gives Faith a wound, or Innocence a fear.
 Humility herself, divinely mild,
 sublime Religion's meek and modest child, 380
 like the dumb Son of CROESUS, in the strife,*
 Where Force assail'd his Father's sacred life,
 breaks silence, and with filial duty warm,
 bids thee revere her Parent's hallow'd form!

FAR other sounds the ear of Learning stun,
 from proud Theology's contentious Son, 385

* Ver. 381. See NOTE XL.

Rage in his voice! and Rancour in his style!
 Less eager to correct, than to revile, *
 His idle scoffs with coarse reproof deride
 Thy generous thirst of Praise, and liberal Pride; 3
 Because thy spirit dares that wish avow,
 Which Reason owns; and Wisdom must allow!
 The noble Instinct, Love of lasting Fame, †
 Was wisely planted in the human frame:
 From hence the brightest rays of History flow; 36
 To this their Vigour and their Use they owe.
 Nor scorns fair Virtue this untainted source,
 From hence she often draws her lovely force:
 For Heaven this passion with our life combin'd,
 Which, like a central power, impels the languid mind—
 When, clear from Envy's cloud, that general pest! 40
 It burns most brightly in the Author's breast,
 Its soothing hopes his various pains beguile,
 And give to Learning's face her soothing smile:
 What joy, to think his Genius may create 40
 Existence far beyond the common date!
 His Wealth of Mind to latest ages give,
 And in Futurity's affection live!
 From unborn Beauty, still to Fancy dear,
 Draw with soft magic the delightful tear; 41
 Or thro' the bosom of far distant Youth,
 Spread the warm glow of Liberty and Truth!

O GIBBON! by thy frank ambition taught,
 Let me like thee maintain th' enlivening thought,
 That, from Oblivion's killing cloud secure, 415
 My Hope may prosper, and my Verse endure:

* Ver. 387. See NOTE XIV.

† Ver. 393. See NOTE XV.

bright Name, on History's car sublime,
It triumph o'er the field of Time,
altering, thy long march attend,
O Slave ! but an applauding Friend ! 420
 imperfect sketch I fondly drew,
The province, where thy laurels grew,
Sur'd with a wreath of humble bays,
And Pæan of thy lasting praise !

1

2

N O T E S.

Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti.



100

100

100

100

100

N O T E S

TO THE

F I R S T E P I S T L E.

NOTE I. VERSE 4.

Two unfailing urns of Praise and Censure stand.]

Δοιοὶ γὰρ τε κ' ἔθου κατακλίεται ἐν Διὸς ἕδρῃ
Δάμων, οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν, ἴτερος δὲ ἰάνων.

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good.

POPE'S *Iliad* xxiv. v. 663.

NOTE II. VERSE 55.

Yet one excellent Greek, &c.] Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the celebrated historian and critic of the Augustan age, who settled in Italy, as he himself informs us, on the close of the civil war. He has addressed a little treatise, containing a critique on the elder historians, to his friend Cnæus Pompeius, whom the French critics suppose to be Pompey the Great; but Reiske, the last editor of Dionysius, has sunk him into a petty Greek grammarian, the client or freedman of the illustrious Roman.

In this treatise of Dionysius, and in one still longer, on the character of Thucydides, there are some excel-

lent.

cellent historical precepts, which Mr. Spelman has judiciously thrown together in the preface to his admirable translation of the Roman Antiquities.——He introduces them by the following observation, which may serve perhaps to recommend the subject of the present poem. “So much has been said, both by the antients and the moderns, in praise of the advantages resulting from the study of History, particularly by Diodorus Siculus among the former, in the noble preface to his Historical Collections; and by the late Lord Bolingbroke, among the moderns, in his admirable letter on that subject; that I am astonished no treatise has ever yet appeared in any age, or any language, professedly written to prescribe rules for writing History, a work allowed to be of the greatest advantage of all others to mankind, the repository of truth, fraught with lessons both of public and private virtue, and enforced by stronger motives than precepts—by examples. Rules for Poetry and Rhetoric have been written by many authors, both ancient and modern, as if delight and eloquence were of greater consequence than instruction: however, Rhetoric was a part of History, as treated by the antients; not the principal part indeed, but subservient to the principal; and calculated to apply the facts exhibited by the narration. I know it may be said, that many ancient Histories are still preserved, and that these models are sufficient guides for modern Historians, without particular rules: To had the Greeks Poets of all denominations in their hands, and yet Aristotle thought it necessary to prescribe particular rules to his countrymen applying those examples to every branch of poetry: I wish he had done the same in History; if he had, it is very probable that his precepts would have rendered the best of our modern Histories more perfect, and the worst, less abominable.—Since the resurrection of letters, the want of such a guide has been complained of by many authors, and particularly by Rapin, in the preface to his History of England.”——Spelman, page 15. But *this ingenious and learned writer speaks a little too strongly, in saying no treatise has ever appeared in any age or language, containing rules for History.* There is

is one in Latin by the celebrated Vossius, entitled *Ars Historica*; another by Hubertus Folietta, an elegant Latin writer, of the 16th century, on whom Thuanus bestows the highest commendation; and Mascardi, an Italian critic, patronized by Cardinal Mazarine, has written also *dell'Arte Historica*. The curious reader may find a singular anecdote relating to the publication of this work in Bayle, under the article Mascardi. But to return to Dionysius, in comparing Herodotus and Thucydides, he censures the latter with a degree of severity unwarranted by truth and reason: indeed this severity appeared so striking to the learned Fabricius, that he seemed to consider it as a kind of proof, that the critical works of Dionysius were composed in the hasty fervor of youth. They are however in general, to use the words of the same ingenious author, *eximia & lectu digna*; and a valuable critic of our own country, who resembles Dionysius in elegance of composition, and perhaps in severity of judgment, has spoken yet more warmly in their favour.—See Warton's *Essay on Pope*, 3d edition, page 175.

NOTE III. VERSE 63.

And Lucian 'thou of Humour's sons supreme!] The little treatise of Lucian "How History should be written," may be considered as one of the most valuable productions of that lively author; it is not only written with great vivacity and wit, but is entitled to the superior praise of breathing most exalted sentiments of liberty and virtue. There is a peculiar kind of sublimity in his description of an accomplished Historian.

Τωπος οὐ μοι ὁ συγγραφεὺς ὤτων, ἀφύβας, ἀδικαστος, ἀλευθερος, παρρησιας καὶ ἀληθείας φίλος, ὡς ὁ Κωμικὸς φησὶ, τὸ σικκὸν, τὴν σπαστὴν δὲ σκαφὴν οὐμαζόν, ἢ μισοῖ, ἢ φίλια κρινῶν, ἢ φιλοδοξοῦν, ἢ ἐλεῖν, ἢ ἀισχυροφάνης, ἢ δυσωπτικῆς ἰσος διακρίτης, ἰσὴν ἀπασῶν, ἀχρὶ τοῦ μὴ θάπτεω τὴ πικροῖμαι κλειῶν τῆ δόξης ἕνεος ἐν τοῖς βίβλιος, καὶ ἀπυλῆς, αὐτανομῆς, ἀβασίλευτος, οὐ τι τὰδὲ, ἢ τὰδὲ ἀξίη λογιζόμενος, ἀλλὰ τὴ πικροῖμαι ἀχρῶν.

.. It is a piece of justice due to our own country to remark, that in the 3d volume of the *World*, there is a *ludicrous essay on History* by Mr. Cambridge, which

is written with all the spirit and all the humour of Lucian.

N O T E I V. VERSE 68.

And rise a Xenophon in self-esteem.] Ουδεις ος ιστοριαν συγγραφει μαλλον δι' Θουκυδιδαι, και Ηροδοτου Εισοφωντις ημιαπαυτις LUCIAN edit. Riolla.

N O T E V. VERSE 77.

In Egypt once a dread tribunal stood.] This institution, which is alluded to by many of our authors, is related at large in the First Book of Dionysius Siculus, and as the passage is curious, the following free translation of it may afford entertainment to our English reader—"Those who prepare to bury a dead man, give notice of the day intended for the ceremony to the judges, and to all the friends of the deceased, informing them, that the body will pass over the lake, that district to which the dead belonged: when the judges being assembled, to the number of more than forty, and ranging themselves in a semicircle on the farther side of the lake, the vessel is set afloat, and those who superintend the funeral have prepared for this purpose. This vessel is managed by a pilot, in the Egyptian language Charon; and hence the poet says, that Orpheus, travelling in old times into the infernal regions, partly from what he saw, and partly from invention. The vessel being launched on the lake before the coffin which contains the body is put on board, the law permits all, who are so inclined, to produce an accusation against it.—If any one does so, and proves that the deceased has led an evil life, the judges pronounce sentence, and the body is excluded from burial; but if the accuser is convicted of injustice in his charge, he falls himself under a considerable penalty. When no accuser appears, or the accuser is proved to be an unfair one, the judges who are assembled, change their expressions of

into encomiums on the dead: yet do not, like the Greeks, speak in honour of his family, because they consider all Egyptians as equally well-born; but they set forth the education and manners of his youth, his piety and justice in maturer life, his moderation, and every virtue by which he was distinguished; and they supplicate the infernal Deities to receive him as an associate among the blest. The multitude join their acclamations of applause in this celebration of the dead, whom they consider as going to pass an eternity among the just below*.”—Such is the description which Diodorus gives of this funeral judicature, to which even the kings of Egypt were subject. The same author asserts, that many sovereigns had been thus judicially deprived of the honours of burial by the indignation of their people: and that the terrors of such a fate had the most salutary influence on the virtue of their kings.

The Abbé Terrasson has drawn a sublime picture of this sepulchral process, and indeed of many Egyptian Mysteries, in his very learned and ingenious romance, *The Life of Sethos.*

NOTE VI. VERSE 115.

*The infant Muse, ambitious at her birth,
Rose the young herald of heroic worth.*] “Not only the Greek writers give a concurrent testimony concerning the priority of historical Verse or Prose; but the records of all nations unite in confirming it. The oldest compositions among the Arabs are in Rhythm or rude Verse; and are often cited as proofs of the truth of their subsequent History. The accounts we have of the Peruvian story confirm the same fact; for Garcilasso tells us, that he compiled a part of his Commentaries from the ancient songs of the country—Nay, all the American tribes, who have any compositions, are found to establish the same truth—Northern Europe contributes its share of testimony: for there too we find the Scythian or Runic songs (many of them historical) to be the oldest compositions among these barbarous nations.”

BROWNE’S Dissertation on Poetry, &c. Pag. 50.

* *Diodor. Siculi Lib. i. Τα δὲ μάλιστα θαυτισθαι, &c.*

N O T E VII. VERSE 131.

But in the center of those vast abodes,

Whose mighty mass the land of Egypt loads.] The count of the Pyramids I have adopted from the learned Mr. Bryant, part of whose ingenious observations upon them I shall here present to the reader.—

One great purpose in all eminent and expensive structures is to please the stranger and traveller, and to attract their admiration. This is effected sometimes by the splendor of their nature of magnificence and beauty: at other times by the immensity and grandeur. The latter seems to be the object in the erecting of those celebrated structures in Egypt: and they certainly have answered their design. For not only the vastness of their structure, the area which they occupy, but the ages they have endured, and the very uncertainty of their history, have run so far back into the depths of antiquity, produced together a wonderful veneration; to which building so exquisite and embellished are seldom entitled. It has been supposed, that they were designed for places of sepulchre: and it has been affirmed by Herodotus and other ancient writers. But they spoke by guess: and have shewn by many instances, how usual it was to the Grecians to mistake temples for tombs. If the pyramid were designed for a place of burial, what could have been there for a well, and for passages of communication which led to other buildings? Near the Pyramids are the apartments of a wonderful fabric, which extend in length one thousand four hundred feet, and about thirty feet in depth. They have been cut out of the hard rock, and brought to a perpendicular by the artist's care, and through dint of labour fashioned as they now are. They were undoubtedly designed for the reception of the priests; and consequently were not appendages to a tomb, but to a temple of the Deity. The people of Egypt delighted in obscurity; and they preferred to come by the subterraneous passages of the building to the dark chambers within; where they performed their sacrifices, lustrations, and other nocturnal rites. Many of the ancient temples in this country were caverns in the

enlarged by art, and cut out into numberless dreary apartments: for no nation upon earth was so addicted to gloom and melancholy as the Egyptians.

BRYANT'S Analysis, Vol. III. Page 529.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 190.

Of the fierce Omar, &c.] The number of Volumes destroyed in the plunder of Alexandria is said to have been so great, that although they were distributed to heat four thousand baths in that city, it was six months before they were consumed. When a petition was sent to the Chaliph Omar for the preservation of this magnificent library, he replied, in the true spirit of bigotry, "What is contained in these books you mention, is either agreeable to what is written in the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) or it is not: if it be, then the Alcoran is sufficient without them: if otherwise, 'tis fit they should be destroyed."

OCKLEY'S Hist. of the Saracens, Vol. I. page 313.

NOTE IX. VERSE 203.

The dome expands!—Behold th' Historic Sire!—] Herodotus, to whom Cicero has given the honourable appellation of The Father of History, was born in Halicarnassus, a city of Caria, four years before the invasion of Xerxes, in the year 404 before Christ. The time and place of his death are uncertain; but his countryman Dionysius informs us, that he lived to the beginning of the Peloponnesian war; and Marcellinus, the Greek author who wrote a life of Thucydides, affirms there was a monument erected to these two great Historians in a burial-place belonging to the family of Miltiades.

There is hardly any author, antient or modern, who has been more warmly commended, or more vehemently censured, than this eminent Historian. But even the severe Dionysius declares, he is one of those enchanting writers, whom you peruse to the last syllable with pleasure, and still wish for more.—Plutarch himself, who has made the most violent attack on his veracity, allows him all the merit of beautiful composition. From the heavy charges brought against him by the antients, the famous
Henry

Henry Stephens, and his learned friend Camerarius, have defended their favourite Historian with great spirit. But Herodotus has found a more formidable antagonist in a learned and animated writer of our own times, to whom the public have been lately indebted for his having opened to them new mines of Oriental learning.—If the ingenious Mr. Richardson could effectually support his Persian system, the great Father of the Grecian story must sink into a fabulist as low in point of veracity as Geoffrey of Monmouth. It must be owned, that several eminent Writers of our country have treated him as such. Another Orientalist, who, in his elegant Preface to the Life of Nader Shaw, has drawn a spirited and judicious sketch of many capital Historians, declares, in passing judgment on Herodotus, that “his accounts of the Persian affairs are at least doubtful, if not fabulous.”—Hume, I think, goes still further, and says, in one of his essays—“The first page of Thucydides is, in my opinion, the commencement of real History.” For my own part, I confess myself more credulous: the relation, which Herodotus has given of the repulse of Xerxes from Greece, is so delightful to the mind, and so animating to public virtue, that I should be sorry to number it among the Grecian fables.

——Et madidis cantat quæ Sotratus alis.

N O T E X. VERSE 206.

As the fair figure of his favour'd Queen.] Artemisia of Halicarnassus, who commanded in person the five vessels, which she contributed to the expedition of Xerxes. On hearing that she had sunk a Grecian galley in the sea-fight at Salamis, he exclaimed, that his men had proved women, and his women men.

HEROD. Lib. VIII. p. 660. Edit. West.

N O T E XI. VERSE 209.

Soft as the stream, whose dimpling waters play.] Sine ullis salebris quasi sedatus amnis fluit.

CICERO in Oratore.

N O T E

NOTE XII. VERSE 225.

But mark the Youth, in dumb delight immers'd.] Thucydides, the son of Olorus, was born at Athens in the year 471 before Christ, and is said, at the age of fifteen, to have heard Herodotus recite his History of the Olympic games.—The generous youth was charmed even to tears, and the Historian congratulated Olorus on these marks of genius, which he discovered in his son.—Being invested with a military command, he was banished from Athens at the age of 48, by the injustice of faction, because he had unfortunately failed in the defence of Amphipolis.—He retired into Thrace, and is reported to have married a Thracian lady possessed of valuable mines in that country.—At the end of 20 years his sentence of banishment was revoked. Some authors affirm that he returned to Athens, and was treacherously killed in that city. But others assert that he died in Thrace, at the advanced age of 80, leaving his History unfinished.

MARCEL. and DODWELL, *Annales* Thucydid.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 251.

A generous guardian of a rival's fame.] It is said by Diogenes Laertius, that Xenophon first brought the History of Thucydides into public reputation, though he had it in his power to assume to himself all the glory of that work. This amiable Philosopher and Historian was born at Athens, and became early a disciple of Socrates, who is said by Strabo to have saved his life in battle. About the 50th year of his age, according to the conjecture of his admirable translator Mr. Spelman, he engaged in the expedition of Cyrus, and accomplished his immortal retreat in the space of 15 months. The jealousy of the Athenians banished him from his native city, for engaging in the service of Sparta and of Cyrus.—On his return therefore he retired to Scillus, a town of Elis, where he built a temple to Diana, which he mentions in his Epistles, and devoted his leisure to philosophy and rural sports. But commotions arising in that country, he removed to Corinth, where he is supposed to have written his Grecian History, and to have died.

died at the age of ninety, in the year 360 before Christ. By his wife Philefia he had two sons, Diodorus and Gryllus. The latter rendered himself immortal by killing Epaminondas in the famous battle of Mantinea, but perished in that exploit, which his father lived to record.

N O T E XIV. VERSE 273.

*Rome's haughty genius, who enslav'd the Greek,
In Grecian language deigns at first to speak.]* Some of the most illustrious Romans are known to have written Histories in Greek. The luxuriant Lucullus, when he was very young, composed in that language a History of the Marfi, which, Plutarch says, was extant in his time—Cicero wrote a Greek Commentary on his own consulship—and the elegant Atticus produced a familiar work on the same subject, that did not perfectly satisfy the nice ear of his friend, as we learn from the following curious passage in a letter concerning the History in question:—"Quæquam tua illa (legi enim libenter horridula mihi atque incompta visa sunt: sed tamen erant ornata hoc ipso, quod ornamenta neglexerant, et ut mulieres, ideo bene olere, quia nihil olebant, videbantur."

Epist. ad ATTICUM. Lib. II. Ep. 1

N O T E XV. VERSE 279.

Thou friend of Scipio! vers'd in War's alarms.] Polybius, born at Megalopolis in Arcadia, 205 years before Christ. He was trained to arms under the celebrated Philopœmen, and is described by Plutarch carrying the urn of that great but unfortunate General in his funeral procession. He arose to considerable honours in his own country, but was compelled to visit Rome with other principal Achæans, who were detained there as pledges for the submission of their state. From hence he became intimate with the second Scipio Africanus, and was present with him at the demolition of Carthage. He saw Corinth also plundered by Mummius, and thence passing through the cities of Achaia, reconciled them to Rome. He extended his travels into Egypt, France, and Spain, that he might avoid such geographical errors as he

has censured in other writers of History. He lived to the age of 82, and died of an illness occasioned by a fall from his horse.

FABRICIUS, Bibliotheca Græca.

In closing this concise account of the capital Greek Historians, I cannot help observing, that our language has been greatly enriched, in the course of the present Century, by such translations of these Authors as do Great honour to our country, and are at least equal to any which other nations have produced.

In the chief Roman Historians we seem to have been less fortunate; but from the specimen which Mr. Aikins has lately given the public in the smaller pieces of Tacitus; we may hope to see an excellent version of that valuable author, who has been hitherto ill treated in our language, and among all the antients there is none perhaps whom it is more difficult to translate with fidelity and spirit.

NOTE XVI. VERSE 297.

Sententious Sallust leads her lofty train.] This celebrated Historian, who from the irregularity of his life, and the beauty of his writings, has been called, not unhappily, the Bolingbroke of Rome, was born at Amiternum, a town of the Sabines. For the profligacy of his early life he was expelled the senate, but restored by the interest of Julius Cæsar, who gave him the command of Numidia, which province he is said to have plundered by the most infamous extortion, purchasing with part of this treasure those rich and extensive possessions on the Quirinal Hill, so celebrated by the name of the Horti Sallustiani.—He died in the 70th year of his age, four years before the battle of Actium, and 35 before the Christian æra. His enmity to Cicero is well known, and perhaps it had some influence on the peculiarity of his diction—personal animosity might make him endeavour to form a style as remote as possible for the redundant language of the immortal Orator, whose turbulent wife, Terentia, he is said to have married after her divorce. This extraordinary woman is reported

ed, to have lived to the age of 103, to have Messala, her third husband, and Vibius Rufus fourth. The latter boasted, with the joy of a Quarian, that he possessed two of the greatest curiosities of the world, namely Terentia, who had been the wife, and the chair in which Cæsar was killed. JEROM; and DIO CASIUS, quoted by Middleton in his life of Cicero.—But to return to Sallust, his Roman History, in six books, from the death of Cæsar to the conspiracy of Catiline, the great work from which he chiefly derived his glory among the Antients, unfortunately lost, excepting a few fragments; two detached pieces of History, which happily preserved, are sufficient to justify the great encomium which he has received as a writer.—He has had the singular honour to be twice translated by a royal hand—our Elizabeth, according to Camden; and first by the present Infant of Spain, whose version, elegant Historian, lately printed in folio, is one of the most beautiful books that any country has produced since the invention of printing.

N O T E XVII. VERSE 311.

*In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
Sublimèr Livy claims th' Historic throne.]*
A little personal account, that can be collected of Livy amounts only to this—that he was born at Patavium, the modern Padua; that he was chosen Augustus to superintend the education of the studious Tiberius; that he was rallied by the Emperor for his attachment to the cause of the Republic; and that he died in his own country in the 4th year of Tiberius, at the age of 76.—There is a passage in one of Pliny's letters, which, as it shews the high and extensive reputation of our Historian during his life, I shall present the reader in the words of Pliny's most elegant Historian. "Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was so struck by the illustrious character of Livy, that he travel

Rome on purpose to see that great Genius; and as soon as he satisfied his curiosity, returned home again?" MELMOTH'S Pliny, Vol. I. page 71.—A veneration still more extraordinary was paid to this great author by Alphonso King of Naples, who in 1451 sent Panormita as his Ambassador to the Venetians, in whose dominion the bones of Livy had been lately discovered, to beg a relic of this celebrated Historian. They presented him with an arm-bone, and the present is recorded in an inscription preserved at Padua, which the curious reader may find in Vossius de Historicis Latinis. This singular anecdote is also related in Bayle, under the article Panormita.—Learning perhaps never sustained a greater loss, in any singular author, than by the destruction of the latter and more interesting part of Livy. Several eminent moderns have indulged the pleasing expectation that the entire work of this noble Historian might yet be recovered. It has been said to exist in an Arabic version: and even a compleat copy of the original is supposed to have been extant as late as the year 1631, and to have perished at that time in the plunder of Magdeburgh. The munificent patron of learning, Leo the Xth, exerted the most generous zeal to rescue from oblivion the valuable treasure, which one of his most bigotted predecessors, Gregory the Great, had expelled from every Christian library.—Bayle has preserved under the article Leo, two curious original letters of that Pontiff, concerning his hopes of recovering Livy; which afford most honourable proofs of his liberality in the cause of letters.

NOTE XVIII. VERSE 325.

*Yet, like the matchless, mutilated frame,
To which great Angelo bequeath'd his name.]* The trunk of a statue of Hercules by Apollonius the Athenian, universally called the Torso of Michael Angelo, from its having been the favourite study of that divine Artist. He is said to have made out the compleat figure in a little model of wax still preserved at Florence, and representing Hercules reposing after his labours. The figure

figure is sitting in a pensive posture, with an elbow resting on the knee.

N O T E XIX. VERSE 333.

Sarcastic Tacitus, abrupt and dark.] Tacitus was born, according to the conjecture of Lipsius, in the close of the reign of Claudius: passing through various public honours, he rose at length to the consular dignity, under Nerva, in the year of Christ 97. The date of his death is unknown, but he is said to have lived happily to an advanced age with his wife, the amiable daughter of the virtuous Agricola, whose life he has so beautifully written. By this lady he is supposed to have left children; and the emperor Tacitus is conjectured to have been a remote descendant from the historian, to whose works and memory he paid the highest regard. It is reported by Sidonius Apollinaris, that Tacitus recommended the province of writing History to Pliny the Younger, and that he did not himself engage in that employment, till his friend had declined it.

This is not mentioned, indeed, in any of the beautiful letters still remaining from Pliny to Tacitus; but it is an instance of delicacy, unparallel'd among the Ancients, as will appear from the following remark by one of the most elegant and liberal of modern critics. "The Roman Poet, who was not more eminent by his genius than amiable in his moral character, affords perhaps, the most remarkable instance that any where occurs, of the concessions which a mind strongly impregnated with the sentiments of genuine amity, is capable of making. Virgil's superior talents rendered him qualified to excel in all the nobler species of poetical composition: nevertheless, from the most uncommon delicacy of friendship, he sacrificed to his intimacy with Horace, the unrivall'd reputation he might have acquired by indulging his lyric vein; as from the same refined motive he forbore to exercise his dramatic powers, that he might not obscure the glory of his friend Varius.

Aurum et opes et rura, frequens donabit amicus :
 Qui velit ingenio cedere, rarus erit."

MART. VIII. 18.

MELMOTH'S Remarks on LÆLIUS, page 292.

As to Tacitus, it is clear, I think, from the letters of Pliny, as well as from his own most pleasing Life of Agricola, that he possessed all the refined and affectionate feelings of the heart in a very high degree, though the general cast of his historical works might lead us to imagine, that austerity was his chief characteristic. It would be easy to fill a volume in transcribing the great encomiums, and the violent censures, which have been lavished by modern writers of almost every country on this profound Historian. The last critic of eminence, who has written against him, in Britain, is, I believe, the learned Author of The Origin and Progress of Language; who, in his third volume of that work, has made many curious remarks on the composition of the ancient Historians, and is particularly severe on the diction of Tacitus. He represents him as the defective model, from which modern writers have copied, what he is pleased to call, "*the short and priggish cut of style so much in use now.*"

NOTE XX. VERSE 356.

Thy Plutarch shines, by moral beauty known.] It is to be wished, that this most amiable Moralist and Biographer had added a Life of himself, to those which he has given to the world: as the particulars, which other writers have preserved of his personal History, are very doubtful and imperfect. According to the learned Fabricius, he was born under Claudius, 50 years after the Christian æra, raised to the consular dignity under Trajan, whose preceptor he is said to have been, and made Procurator of Greece in his old age by the Emperor Adrian—in the 5th year of whose reign he is supposed to have died, at the age of 70. He was married to a most amiable woman of his own native town Chæroneæ, whose name was Timoxena, and to whose sense

and virtue he has borne the most affectionate testimony in his moral works; of which it may be regretted that we have no elegant translation. Indeed, even the Lives of Plutarch, the most popular of all the antient historical compositions, were chiefly known to the English reader by a motley and miserable version, till a new one, executed with fidelity and spirit, was presented to the public by the Langhorns in 1770.

NOTE XXI. VERSE 379.

Mild Marcellinus! free from servile awe!] Ammianus Marcellinus, a Grecian and a Soldier, as he calls himself, flourished under Constantius and the succeeding emperors, as late as Theodosius. He served under Julian in the East, and wrote a History from the reign of Nerva to the death of Valens, in 31 books, of which 18 only remain.—The time and circumstances of his own death are unknown.—Bayle has an article on Marcellinus, in which he observes, that he has introduced a most bitter invective against the Practitioners of Law into his History.—He should have added, that the Historian bestows great encomiums on some illustrious characters of that profession, and even mentions the peculiar hardship to which Advocates are themselves exposed.—The curious reader may find this passage, Lib. xxx. Cap. 4.

NOTE XXII. VERSE 399.

And, with Comnena's royal name impress.] Anna Comnena was the eldest daughter of the emperor Alexius Comnenus, and the empress Irene, born 1083.—She wrote the History of her father, in 15 books, first published, very imperfectly by Hæschelius, in 1610, and since printed in the collection of the Byzantine Historians, with a diffuse and incorrect Latin version by the Jesuit Posimus, but with excellent notes by the learned Du Fresne.

Considering the miseries of the time in which she lived, and the merits of her work—which some Critics have declared superior to every other in that voluminous

ous collection—this Lady may be justly regarded as a singular phenomenon in the literary world: and, as this mention of her may possibly excite the curiosity of my fair Readers, I shall close the Notes to this Epistle with presenting to them a Translation of the Preface to her History, as I believe no part of her Works have yet appeared in any modern language. I found that I could not abridge it without injuring its beauty, and though long, I flatter myself it will escape the censure of being tedious, as she feelingly displays in it the misfortunes of her life, and the character of her mind.

THE PREFACE OF THE PRINCESS
ANNA COMNENA.

FROM THE GREEK.

Prefixed to her ALEXIAD, or History of her Father the Emperor ALEXIUS.

TIME, which flows irresistibly, ever encroaching, and stealing something from human life, seems to bear away all that is mortal into a gulph of darkness; sometimes destroying such things as deserve not utterly to be forgotten, and sometimes, such as are most noble, and most worthy of remembrance. Now (to use the words of the tragic poet *)

Discovering things invisible; and now
Sweeping each present object from our sight.

But History forms the strongest barrier against this tide of Time: it withstands, in some measure, the violence of the torrent, and, by collecting and cementing such things as appear worthy of preservation, while they are hurried along the stream, it allows them not to sink into the abyss of oblivion.

On this consideration, I Anna, the daughter of the emperor Alexius, and his consort Irene, born and educated in imperial splendor—not utterly void of literature, and solicitous to distinguish myself by that Gre-

* Sophocles.

cian characteristic—as I have already applied myself to Rhetoric, and having thoroughly studied the Principles of Aristotle and the Dialogues of Plato, have endeavoured to adorn my mind with the * four usual branches of education (for I think it incumbent on me, even at the risque of appearing vain, to declare what qualifications for the present task I have received from nature, or gained by application; what Providence has bestowed upon me, or time and opportunity supplied.) On these accounts I am desirous of commemorating, in my present work, the actions of my father, as they deserve not to be buried in silence, or to be plunged, as it were, by the tide of Time, into the ocean of Oblivion: both those actions which he performed after he obtained the diadem, and those before that period, while he was himself a subject of other Princes. I engage in this narration, not so much to display any little talent for composition, as to prevent transactions of such importance from perishing unrecorded: since even the brightest of human achievements, if not consigned to memory under the guard of writing, are extinguished, as it were, by the Darkness of Silence.

My father was a man, who knew both how to govern, and to pay to governors a becoming obedience: but in chusing his actions for my subject, I am apprehensive, in the very outset of my work, lest I may be censured as the Panegyrist of my own family for writing of my father; that if I speak of him with admiration, my whole History will be considered as a false and flattering encomium; and if any circumstance, I may have occasion to mention, leads me, as it were by force, to disapprove some part even of his conduct, I am apprehensive, on the other hand, not from the character of my father, but from the very nature of things, that some malignant censures may compare me to Cham, the son of Noah; since there are many, whom envy and malevolence will not suffer to form a fair judgment, and who, to speak in the words of Homer,

Are keen to censure, where no blame is due.

* Astrology, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Music.

For whoever engages in the province of History, is bound to forget all sentiments both of favour and aversion; and often to adorn his enemies with the highest commendations, when their actions are entitled to such reward; and often to censure his most intimate friends, when the failings of their life and manners require it.— These are duties equally incumbent on the Historian, which he cannot decline. As to myself, with regard to those who may be affected either by my censure or my praise, I would wish to assure them, that I speak both of them, and their conduct, according to the evidence of their actions themselves, or the report of those who beheld them; for either the fathers, or the grandfathers, of many persons now living were ocular witnesses of what I shall record. I have been chiefly led to engage in this History of my father by the following circumstance:—It was my fortune to marry Cæsar Nicephorus, of the Bryennian family, a man far superior to all his cotemporaries, not only in personal beauty, but in sublimity of understanding, and all the charms of eloquence! for he was equally the admiration of those who saw, and those who heard him. But that my discourse may not wander from its present purpose, let me proceed in my narration!—He was then, among all men, the most distinguished; and when he marched with the emperor John Comnenus, my brother, on his expedition against Antioch, and other places in possession of the Barbarians, still unable to abstain from literary pursuits, even in those scenes of labour and fatigue, he wrote various compositions worthy of remembrance and of honour. But he chiefly applied himself to the writing an account of what related to my father Alexius, emperor of the Romans, at the request of the press; reducing into proper form the transactions of his reign, whenever the times would allow him to devote short intervals of leisure from arms and battle to works of literature, and the labour of composition. In forming this History, he deduced his accounts from an early period, being directed in this point also by the instruction of our royal mistress; beginning from the

emperor Diogenes, and descending to the person, whom he had chosen for the Hero of his Drama—for this reason first shewed my father to be a youth of expectation. Before this period he was a mere infant; and of course performed nothing worthy of being recorded: unless even the occurrences of his childhood should be thought a fit subject for History. Such then was the design and scope of Cæsar's composition: but he failed in the hope he had entertained, of bringing his History to its conclusion: for having brought it to the times of the emperor Nicephorus Botoniates, he there broke off, having no future opportunity allowed him of continuing his narration: a circumstance, which has proved a severe loss to Literature, and robbed his readers of delight!—On this account I have undertaken to record the actions of my father, that such achievements may not escape posterity. What degree of harmony and grace the writings of Cæsar possessed, all persons know, who have been fortunate enough to see his compositions. But having executed his work to the period I have mentioned, in the midst of hurry and fatigue, and bringing it to us half-finished from his expedition, he brought home, alas! at the same time, a disorder that proved mortal, contracted, perhaps, from the hardships of his passage, or perhaps from that harrassing scene of perpetual action, and possibly indeed from his infinite anxiety on my account; for anxiety was natural to his affectionate heart, and his labours were without intermission. Moreover the change and badness of climates might prepare him for this draught of death. For notwithstanding the dreadful state of his health, he persevered in the campaign against the Syrians and Cilicians, till at length he was conveyed out of Syria in a most infirm state, and was brought through Cilicia, Pamphylia, Lydia, and Eithynia, home to the metropolis of the empire, and to his family. But his vitals were now affected by his infinite fatigue.—Even in this state of weakness he was desirous of displaying the events of his expedition; but this his disorder rendered him unable to execute, and indeed we enjoined him not to attempt it, lest by the effort of such a narration he should burst open his wound.—

wound.—But in the recollection of these things, my whole soul is darkened, and my eyes are covered with a flood of tears.—O what a director of the Roman counsels was then torn from us ! O what an end was there to all the treasures of clear, of various, and of useful knowledge, which he had collected from observation and experience, both in regard to foreign affairs, and the internal business of the empire !—O what form was then destroyed !—Beauty, that seemed not entitled to dominion, but bearing even the semblance of lividity !—I indeed have been conversant with every calamity ; and have found, even from the imperial cradle, an unpropitious fortune : some perhaps might esteem that fortune not unpropitious, which seemed to smile upon my birth, in giving me sovereigns for my parents, and nursing me in the imperial purple : but for the other circumstances of my life, alas, what tempests ! alas, what perturbations ! The melody of Orpheus affected even inanimate nature ; and Timotheus, in playing the Orphic song to Alexander, made the Macedon start to arms.

The relation of my miseries would not, indeed, produce such effects ; but it would move every auditor to tears ; it would force not only beings endued with sensibility, but even inanimate nature to sympathize in my sorrow.—This remembrance of Cæsar, and his unexpected death, tears open the deepest wound of my soul : indeed, I consider all my former misfortunes, if compared to this immeasurable calamity, but as a drop of water to the Atlantic sea : or rather, my earlier affliction were a kind of prelude to this : they first involved me, as it were, like a smoke preceding this raging fire : they were a kind of heat, that portended a conflagration, which no words can describe. O thou fire, that blazest without fuel, preying on my heart without destroying its existence ; piercing through my very bones, and drinking up my soul !——But I perceive myself hurried away from my subject : this mention of Cæsar, and what I suffer in his loss, has led me into the proximity of grief : wiping therefore the tear from my eyes, and re-

straining myself from this indulgence of sorrow, proceed in order; yet, as the * tragic poet says

Still adding tear to tear,

as recollecting misfortune after misfortune: fortering on a history of such a king, so eminent virtues, revives in my mind all the wonders formed, which move me to fresh tears: and share in common with all the world; for the brance of him, and the recital of his reign, sup me a new subject of lamentation, and must remind of the loss they have sustained.

But let me at length begin the History of my from the period most proper:—now the most proper is that, which will give to my narration the est, and most historical appearance.—

* Euripides.

N O T E S

TO THE

S E C O N D E P I S T L E.

N O T E I. V E R S E 17.

HOW *sainted Kings renounce, with holy dread,*
[*The classte endearments of their marriage bed.*] It is well known how Edward the Confessor is celebrated for his inviolable chastity by the Monkish Historians—one of them, in particular, is so solicitous to vindicate the piety of Edward in this article, that he passes a severe censure on those, who had imputed his singular continence to a principle of resentment against the father of his queen—*Hanc quoque Rex ut conjugem tali arte tractavit ; quod nec thoro removit ; nec eam virili more carnaliter cognovit : quod utrum patris illius, qui proditor convictus erat, et familiaræ ejus odio quod prudentior pro tempore dissimulabat ; an amore castitatis id fecerit, incertum est aliquibus, qui in dubiis sinistra interpretantur. Veruntamen non benevoli, et veritati, ut videtur, dissoni dicere præsumunt. Quod Rex charita-*

tis et pacis munere ditatus, de genere proditoris hæredes, qui sibi succederent, corrupto semine noluerit procreare. Sciebat enim rex pacificus quod filia nihil criminis commisit cum patre proditore, & ideo non respuit thorum virginis; sed ambo unanimi assensu castitatem voverunt, parique voluntate. THOMÆ RUDBORNE, Hist. major. in Anglia Sacra. Tom. I. p. 241.

The very high degree of merit, which the writers of the dark ages attributed to this matrimonial mortification, is still more forcibly displayed in a miraculous story related by Gregory of Tours, which the curious reader may find in the First Book and 42d chapter of that celebrated Historian.

N O T E II. VERSE 19.

How Nuns, entranc'd, to joys celestial mount,

Made drunk with rapture from a sacred fount.] The Monkish Historians seem to have considered a vision as the most engaging embellishment that History could receive.—Even the sage Matthew Paris delights in these heavenly digressions. But the visions, to which the preceding verses particularly allude, are those of the Virgin Flotilda, printed in the second volume of the Historiæ Francorum Scriptores, by the learned Du Chesne: A very short specimen may satisfy the curiosity of the Reader—Videbatur Canis candidus eidem adgaudere, quem tamen illa timens pertransiit, & ad quendam locum in medium decentium clericorum pervenit, qui eam gratanter excipiebant, et potum ei in vase pulcherrimo quali aquam clarissimam offerebant.—P. 624.

N O T E III. VERSE 24.

Wish those dear gifts the Meadow, and the Mill.] The usual legacy of the old Barons to their monastic dependants.

N O T E IV. VERSE 59.

If mitred Turpin told, in wildest strain.] It is now generally agreed, that the History which bears the name

name of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, was the forgery of a Monk, at the time of the Crusades, though Pope Calixtus the Second declared it to be authentic. — But, as it was generally intended to pass as genuine History, whenever it was composed, and actually did so for some ages, this poetical mention of it appeared not improper. For the entertainment of the curious Reader, I shall transcribe the two miraculous passages alluded to in the poem.—*Ante diem belli, castris et armetibus & turmis præparatis in pratis, scilicet quæ sunt inter castrum, quod dicitur Talaburgum, & urbem, juxta fluvium Caranta, intulerunt Christiani quidam hastas suas erectas in terra ante castra, crastina vero die hastas suas corticibus & frontibus decoratas invenerunt; hi scilicet qui in bello præfenti accepturi erant martyrii palmam pro Christi fide.—Qui etiam tanto miraculo Dei gavis, abscissis hastis suis de terra, simul coaduniti primum in bello perierunt, & multos Saracenos occiderunt, sed tandem Martyrio coronantur. Cap. X.*

After the soliloquy of Roland, addressed to his sword, which most readers have seen quoted in Mr. Warton's excellent Observations on Spenser, the Historian proceeds thus:—*Timens ne in manus Saracenorum deveniret, percussit spatam lapidem marmoreum trino ictu; a summo usque deorsum lapis dividitur, & gladius biceps illæsus educitur.—Deinde tuba sua cæpit altifona tonitruare, si forte aliqui ex Christianis, qui per nemora Saracenorum timore latitabant, ad se venirent. Vel si illi, qui portas jam transierant, forte ad se redirent, suoque funeri adessent, spatamque suam & equum acciperent, et Saracenos persequerentur. Tunc tanta virtute tuba sua eburnea insonuit, quod flatu omnis ejus tuba per medium scissa, & venæ colli ejus & nervi rupti fuisse feruntur, cujus vox ad aures Caroli, qui in valle quæ Caroli dicitur, cum exercitu suo tentoria fixerat, loco scilicet, qui distabat a Carolo octo miliaribus versus Gasconium, Angelico ductu pervenit.*

Cap. xxii. & xxiii.

NOTE.

N O T E V. V E R S E 65.

Yet modest Æginhard, with grateful care.] The celebrated Secretary and supposed Son-in-law of Charlemain; who is said to have been carried through the snow on the shoulders of the affectionate and ingenious Imma, to prevent his being tracked from her apartments by the Emperor her father: a story which the elegant pen of Addison has copied and embellished from an old German Chronicle, and inserted in the 3d volume of the Spectator.—This happy lover (supposing the story to be true) seems to have possessed a heart not unworthy of so enchanting a mistress, and to have returned her affection with the most faithful attachment; for there is a letter of Æginhard's still extant, lamenting the death of his wife, which is written in the tenderest strain of connubial affliction—it does not however express that this lady was the affectionate Princess, and indeed some late critics have proved, that Imma was not the daughter of Charlemain.—But to return to our Historian.—He was a native of Germany, and educated by the munificence of his imperial master, of which he has left the most grateful testimony in his Preface to the Life of that Monarch—the passage may serve to shew both the amiable mind of the Historian, and the elegance of his style, considering the age in which he wrote: *Suberat & alia non irrationabilis, ut opinor causa, quæ vel sola sufficere posset, ut me ad hæc scribenda compelleret; nutrimentum videlicet in me impensum, & perpetua, postquam in aula ejus conversari cœpi, cum ipso ac liberis ejus amicitia, qua me ita sibi devinxit, debitoremque tam vivo quam mortuo constituit; ut merito ingratus videri & judicari possem, si tot beneficiorum in me collatorum immemor clarissima & illustrissima hominis optime de me meriti gesta silentio præterirem: patererque vitam ejus quasi qui nunquam vixerit sine literis ac debita laude manere; cui scribendæ atque explicandæ non meum ingenium, quod exile & parvum imo nullum pene est, sed Tullianam par erat desudare facundiam.*—The terms in which he

he speaks of Charlemain's being unable to write are as follow :—*Tentabat & scribere fabulæque & codi cellos ad hoc in lectulo sub cervicalibus circumferre solebat, ut cum vacuum tempus esset, manum effigiundis literis assuefaceret. Sed parum prosperè successit labor præposterus, ac serò inchoatus.*—Æginhard, after the loss of his lamented wife, is supposed to have passed the remainder of his days in religious retirement, and to have died soon after the year 840—His Life of Charlemain, his Annals from 741 to 889, and his Letters, are all inserted in the 2d volume of Duchesne's *Scriptores Francorum*. But there is an improved edition of this valuable Historian, with the Annotations of Hermann Schmincke, in Quarto 1711.

NOTE VI. VERSE 79.

*If British Geoffrey fill'd his motley page
With Merlin's spells and Uther's amorous rage.]* The first of the two excellent dissertations prefixed to Mr. Warton's History of English Poetry, gives the most perfect account of this famous old Chronicler, and his whimsical performance.—“About the year 1100, Gualter, Archdeacon of Oxford, a learned man, and a diligent collector of Histories, travelling through France, procured in Armorica an antient Chronicle, written in the British or Armorican language, entitled *Brut-y-Brenbined*, or the History of the Kings of Britain. This book he brought into England, and communicated it to Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh Benedictine Monk, an elegant writer of Latin, and admirably skilled in the British tongue. Geoffrey, at the request and recommendation of Gualter the Archdeacon, translated the British Chronicle into Latin, executing the Translation with a tolerable degree of purity, and great fidelity, yet not without some interpolations.—It was probably finished after the year 1138.”—“The simple subject of this Chronicle, divested of its romantic embellishments, is a deduction of the Welsh Princes from the Trojan Brutus to Cadwallader, who reigned in the seventh century.” To this extract from Mr. Warton, it may

may be proper to add a concise account of that romantic embellishment, to which I have particularly alluded:—Uther Pendragon, at the festival of his coronation, falls in love with Igera, the wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall; and being prevented from pursuing his addresses by the vigilance of the husband, he applies to the magical power of Merlin for the completion of his desire. This he obtains by being transformed into the person of Gorlois, and thus introducing himself to the deluded Igera, as Jupiter visited Alcmena, he gives birth to the celebrated Arthur.—*Manfit itaque rex ea nocte cum Igera & sese desiderata venere refecit. Deceperat namque illam falsa species quam assumpserat: deceperat etiam fictitiis sermionibus, quos ornate componebat,—unde ipsa credula nihil quod poscebatur abnegavit. Conceptit itaque eadem nocte celeberrimum illum Arthurum, qui postmodum ut celebris effect, miro probitate promeruit.*

GALFRIDUS Mon. Lib. vi. cap. 2.

N O T E VII. VERSE 83.

*Yet Life's great drama, and the Deeds of men,
Sage Monk of Malm'sbury! ev'rag'd thy pen.]* William, surnamed of Malmesbury, from being a member of that church, was a native of Somersetshire, and is supposed to have received his education at Oxford. He is justly called, by almost every writer on English History, the most liberal and judicious of all our monastic Historians. His principal work is a History of our Kings, from the arrival of the Saxons to the 20th year of Henry the First. This was followed by two books of later History, which close with the celebrated escape of the Empress Matilda from the Castle of Oxford, 1142. These works are both addressed to that munificent patron of merit, Robert Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry the First, who was perhaps the most exalted and accomplished character, that ever flourished in so barbarous an age. The Historian speaks of his noble friend with all the simplicity of truth, and all the warmth of virtuous admiration. He died, according to Pitts,
in

in 1143, three years before his generous patron; and this is probable, from his not pursuing his History, which he intimates a design of refusing.—Yet there is a passage preserved in Tanner, from the Preface to his Comments on Jeremiah, which seems to prove, that he lived to a later period, since he mentions his historical works as the production of his younger days, and speaks of his age as devoted to religious composition. Besides his four books *de gestis Pontificum Anglorum*, he wrote many works of the same pious turn, which the curious reader may see enumerated in Tanner's Bibliotheca.

N O T E VIII. VERSE 136.

A faithful Chronicler in plain Froissart.] John Froissart, Canon and Treasurer of the collegiate church of Chimay, in Henault, was born at Valenciennes, a city of that province, in 1337, according to the conjecture of that elaborate and ingenious antiquarian Mr. de St. Palaye; who has amply illustrated the Life and Writings of this engaging Historian, in a series of dissertation among the Memoirs of the French Academy, Vol. X. XIII. XIV.—St. Palaye imagines, from a passage in the MS Poems of Froissart, that his father was a painter of Armories:—and it is certain the Historian discovers a passion for all the pomp and all the minutiae of heraldry: it was indeed the favourite study of that martial age; and Froissart, more the priest of gallantry than of religion, devoted himself entirely to the celebration of love and war.—At the age of 20, he began to write History, at the request *de son cher Seigneur & Maître Messire Robert de Namur, Chevalier Seigneur de Beaufort*.—The anguish of unsuccessful love drove him early into England, and his first voyage seems a kind of emblem of his future life; for he sailed hither in a storm, yet continued writing a rondeau in spite of the tempest, till he found himself on that coast, où l'on aime mieux la guerre, que la paix, & où les estrangers sont très-bien venus, as he said of our country *in his verses*, and happily experienced in his kind reception at court,
where

where Philippa of Hainault, the Queen of Edward the Third, and a Patroness of learning, distinguished the young Historian, her countryman, by the kindest protection; and, finding that love had rendered him unhappy, supplied him with money and with horses, that he might present himself with every advantage before the object of his passion.—Love soon escorted him to his mistress—but his addresses were again unsuccessful; and, taking a second voyage to England, he became Secretary to his royal patroness Philippa, in 1361, after having presented to her some portion of his History.—He continued five years in her service, entertaining her majesty *de beaux usages & traictes amoureux*: in this period he paid a visit to Scotland, and was entertained 15 days by William Earl of Douglas.—In 1366, when Edward the Black Prince was preparing for the war in Spain, Froissart was with him in Gascony, and hoped to attend him during the whole course of that important expedition:—but the prince sent him back to the Queen his mother.—He continued not long in England, as he visited many of the Italian courts in the following year, and during his travels sustained the irreparable loss of that patroness, to whose bounty he had been so much indebted.—Philippa died 1369, and Froissart is reported to have written the life of his amiable protectress; but of this performance the researches of St. Palaye could discover no trace.

After this event, he retired to his own country, and obtained the benefice of Lestines, in the diocese of Cambrai.—But the cure of souls was an office little suited to the gay and gallant Froissart.—His genius led him still to travel from castle to castle, and from court to court, to use the words of Mr. Warton, who has made occasional mention of our author, in his elegant History of English Poetry.—Froissart now entered into the service of the Duke of Brabant; and, as that Prince was himself a poet, Froissart collected all the compositions of his master, and adding some of his own, formed a kind of romance, which *he calls*

Un Livre de Meliador
Le Chevalier au soleil d'or,

and of which, in one of his latter poems, he gives the following account :

Dedans ce Romant font enclofes
Toutes les chançons que jadis,
Dont l'ame foit en paradis,
Que fit le bon Duc de Braibant,
Wincelaus, dont on parla tant ;
Car un prince fu amoureux,
Gracious & chevalerous,
Et le livre me fit ja faire,
Par très grant amoureux à faire,
Coment qu'il ne le veift oncques.

The Duke died in 1384, before this work was completed ; and Froissart soon found a new patron in Guy Earl of Blois, on the marriage of whose Son he wrote a Pastoral, entitled *Le Temple d'Honneur*.—The Earl having requested him to resume his History, he travelled for that purpose to the celebrated court of Gaston Earl of Foix, whose high reputation for every knightly virtue attracted to his residence at Orlaix, those martial adventurers, from whose mouth it was the delight of Froissart to collect the materials of his History.—The courteous Gaston gave him the most flattering reception : he said to him with a smile (& en bon François) “ qu'il le connoissoit bien, quoyqu'il ne l'eust jamais veu, mais qu'il avoit bien oui parler de luy, & le retint de son hostel.”—It became a favourite amusement of the Earl, to hear Froissart read his Romance of Meliador after supper.—He attended at the castle every night at 12, when the Earl sat down to table, listened to him with extreme attention, and never dismissed him, till he made him vuidier tout ce qui estoit resté du vin de sa bouche.—Froissart gained much information here, not only from his patron, who was himself very communicative, but from various Knights of Arragon and England, in the retinue of the Duke
of

of Lancaster, who then resided at Bourdeaux.—After a long residence in this brilliant court, and after receiving a present from the liberal Gaston, which he mentions in the following verses :

Je pris congé & li bons Contes
 Me fit par sa chambre des comptes
 Delivrer quatre vins florins
 D'Arragon, tous pesans & fins
 Et mon livre, qu'il m'ot laisse.

Froissart departed in the train of the Countess of Boulogne, related to the Earl of Foix, and just leaving him, to join her new husband the Duke of Berry.—In this expedition our Historian was robbed near Avignon, and laments the unlucky adventure in a very long poem, from which Mr. de St. Palaye has drawn many particulars of his life. The ground-work of this poem (which is not in the list of our Author's poetical pieces, that Mr. Warton has given us from Pasquier) seems to have a strong vein of humour.—It is a dialogue between the Poet and the single Florin that he has left out of the many which he had either spent, or been obliged to surrender to the robbers.—He represents himself as a man of the most expensive turn : in 25 years he had squandered two thousand franks, besides ecclesiastical revenues. The composition of his works had cost him 700; but he regretted not this sum, as he expected to be amply repaid for it by the praise of posterity.

After having attended all the festivals on the marriage of the Duke of Berry, having travelled many parts of France, and paid a visit to Zeland, he returned to his own country in 1390, to continue his History from the various materials he had collected.—But not satisfied with the relations he had heard of the war in Spain, he went to Middleburgh in Zeland, in pursuit of a Portuguese Knight, Jean Ferrand Fortelet, vaillant homme & sage, & du Conseil du Roy de Portugal. From this accomplished soldier Froissart expected the most perfect information, as an ocular witness of the scenes, which he now wished to record.—The courteous Fortelet received

ceived our indefatigable Historian with all the kindness which his enthusiasm deserved, and in six days, which they passed together, gave him all the intelligence he desired.—Froissart now returned home, and finished the third book of his History.—Many years had past since he had bid adieu to England: taking advantage of the truce then established between France and that country, he paid it another visit in 1395, with letters of recommendation to the King and his uncles.—From Dover he proceeded to Canterbury, to pay his devoirs at the shrine of Thomas of Becket, and to the memory of the Black Prince.—Here he happened to find the son of that hero, the young King Richard, whom devotion had also brought to make his offerings to the fashionable Saint, and return thanks to Heaven for his successes in Ireland.—Froissart speaks of this adventure, and his own feelings on the great change of scene that had taken place since his last visit to England, in the following natural and lively terms:—*Le Roy . . . vint . . . a trez grant arroy, et bien accompaigne de seigneurs, de dames et demoiselles, et me mis entre eulx, & entre elles, et tout me sembla nouvel, ne je ny congnoissoye personne; car le tems estoit bien change en Angleterre depuis le tems de vingt & huyt ans: et en la compagnie du roy n'avoit nuls de ses oncles . . . si fus du premier anfi que tout esbahy . . .* Tho' Froissart was thus embarrassed in not finding one of his old friends in the retinue of the King, he soon gained a new Patron in Thomas Percy, Master of the Household, who offered to present him and his letters to Richard; but this offer happening on the eve of the King's departure, it proved too late for the ceremony—*Le Roy estoit retrait pour aller dormir.*—And on the morrow, when the impatient Historian attended early at the Archbishop's palace, where the King slept, his friend Percy advised him to wait a more convenient season for being introduced to Richard—Froissart acquiesced in this advice, and was consoled for his disappointment by falling into company with an English Knight, who had attended the King in Ireland, and was very willing

to gratify the curiosity of the Historian by a relation of his adventures.—This was William de Lisle, who entertained him, as they rode along together, with the marvels of St. Patrick's Cave, in which he assured him he had passed a night, and seen wonderful visions.—Though our honest Chronicler is commonly accused of a passion for the marvellous, with an excess of credulity, he says very sensibly on this occasion, *de cette matiere je ne luy parlay plus avant, et m'en cessay, car voulentiers je luy eusse demande du voyage d'Irlande, et luy eu voulaye parler, et mettre en voye.*—It appears plainly from this passage, that our Historian was more anxious to gain information concerning the scenes of real action, than to listen to the extravagant fictions of a popular legend.—But here he was again disappointed.—New companions joined them on the road, and their historical conference was thus interrupted.—These mortifications were soon repaid by the kind reception he met with from the Duke of York, who said to him, when he received the recommendatory letter from the Earl of Henault, “*Maistre Jehan tenez vous toujours deles nous, & nos gens, nous vous ferons tout amour & courtoisie, nous y sommes tenus pour l'amour du tems passe & de notre dame de mere à qui vous futes; nous en avons bien la souvenance.*”—With these flattering marks of remembrance and favour the Duke presented him to the King, lequel me receut jayeulement et doucement (continues Froissart) . . . et ne dist que je fusse le bien venus, et si j'avoie este de l'hostel du Roy son Ayeul & de Madame son Ayeule encores estoys je de l'hostel d'Angleterre.—Some time however elapsed, before he had an opportunity of presenting his romance of *Meliador*, which he had prepared for the King.—The Duke of York and his other friends at length obtained for him this honour: He gives the following curious and particular account of the ceremony: *et voulut voir le Roy mon livre, que je luy avoie apporte. Si le vit en sa chambre: car tout pourveu je l'avoie, et luy mis sur son liect. Et lors il l'ouvrit et regarda dedans, et luy pleut tres grandement. Et plaire bien luy devoit:*

car il estoit enlumine, escrit et Histoire, & couvert de vermeil veloux a dix cloux d'argent dorez d'or et refes d'or ou meillieu a deux gros fermaux dorez et richement ouvrez ou meillieu rosiers d'or. Adonc me demanda le Roy de quoy il traitoit: et je luy dis d'amours. De ceste responce fut tout resjouy, et regarda dedans le livre en plusieurs lieux, et y lysit, car moult bien parloit et lytoit François, et puis le fist prendre par ung sien Chevalier, qui se nomme Messire Richard Credon, et porter en sa chambre de retrait dont il me fist bonne chere.

After passing three months in this court, Froissart took his leave of the munificent but ill fated Richard. In the last chapter of his History, where he mentions the unfortunate end of this Monarch, he speaks with an honest and affecting gratitude of the liberal present he received from him on his departure from England.—It was a goblet of silver gilt, weighing two marks, and filled with a hundred nobles.

On leaving England, he retired to his own country, and is supposed to have ended his days at his benefice of Chimay, but the year of his death is uncertain.—There is an antient tradition in the country, says Mr. de Saint Palaye, that he was buried in the chapel of St. Anne belonging to his own church.—That ingenious antiquarian produces an extract from its archives, in which the death of Froissart is recorded, but without naming the year, in the most honourable terms —His obit bears the date of October, and is followed by 20 Latin verses, from which I select such as appears to me the most worthy transcribing.

Gallorum sublimis honos, & fama tuorum,
 Hic Froissarde jaces, si modo sorte jaces.
 Historie vivus studuisti reddere vitam,
 Defuncto vitam reddet at illa tibi.
 Proxima dum propriis florebit Francia scriptis,
 * Fama dum ramos,* Blancaque fundet aquas,
 Urbis ut hujus honos, templi sic fama vigebis,
 Teque ducem Historie Gallia tota colet,
 Belgica toto colet, Cymaeque vallis amabit,
 Dum rapidus proprios Scaldis obibat agros.

* * A forest and a river near Chimay.

As I have never met with any satisfactory account of Froissart's life in our language, I have been tempted to swell this Note to an inordinate length; yet it seems to me still necessary to add a few lines more concerning the character both of the Historian and the Poet.—A long series of French Critics, to whom even the judicious Bayle has been tempted to give credit, have severely censured Froissart, as the venal partizan of the English, and they have accused his last Editor, Sauvage, of mutilating his author, because they could find in his edition no proofs of their charge.—The amiable St. Palaye has defended le bon Froissart, as he is called by honest Montaigne, from this unjust accusation, and done full justice at the same time to the injured reputation of his exact and laborious editor.

It may serve as a kind of memento mori to poetical vanity to reflect, that Froissart is hardly known as a Poet, though his fertile pen produced 30,000 verses, which were once the delight of Princes, and the favourite study of the gallant and the fair.—How far he deserved the oblivion, into which his poetical compositions have fallen, the reader may conceive from the following judgment of his French Critic; with whose ingenious reflection on the imperfections attending the early state both of Poetry and Painting, I shall terminate this Note.

On peut direne général an sujet des Poésies de Froissart, que l'invention pour les sujets lui manquoit autant que l'imagination pour les ornemens; du reste le style qu'il employe, moins abondant que diffus, offre souvent la répétition ennuyeuse des mêmes tours, & des mêmes phrases, pour rendre des idées assez communes: cependant la simplicité et la liberté de sa versification ne sont pas toujours dépourvues de graces, on y rencontre de tems en tems quelques images & plusieurs vers de suite dont l'expression est assez heureuse.

Tel étoit alors l'état de notre Poésie Française, et le sort de la Peinture étoit à peu près le même. Ces deux arts que l'on a toujours comparez ensemble paroissent avoir eu une marche presque uniforme dans leur progrès. Les Peintres au sortir de la plus grossière barbarie,

barbarie, faifissant d'abord en détail tous les petits objets que la nature leur presentoit, s'attachèrent aux insectes, aux fleurs, aux oifeaux, les parèrent des couleurs les plus vives, les dessinèrent avec une exactitude que nous admirons encore dans les vignettes & dans les miniatures des manuscrits; lorsqu'ils vinrent à représenter des figures humaines, ils s'étudèrent bien plus à terminer les contours & à exprimer jusqu' aux cheveux les plus fins, qu'à donner de l'ame aux visages & du mouvement aux corps; et ces figures dont la nature la plus commune fournissoit toujours les modelles, étoient jettées ensemble au hazard, sans choix, sans ordonnance, sans aucun goût de composition.

Les Poetes aussi stériles que les Peintres, bornoient toute leur industrie à seavoir amener des descriptions proportionnées à leur talens, et ils ne les quittoient qu'après les avoir épuisées; ils ne savent guères parler que d'ue d'un beau printems, de la verdure des campagnes, de l'émail des prairies, du ramage de mille especes d'oifeaux, de la clarté et de la vivacité d'une belle fontaine ou d'un ruisseau qui murmure; quelquefois cependant ils rendent avec naïveté les amusemens enfantins des amans, leurs ris, leurs jeux, les palpitations ou la joie d'un cœur amoureux; ils n'imaginent rien au delà, incapable d'ailleurs de donner de la suite et de la liaison à leurs idées.

Notice des Poésies de Froissart; Memoires de l'Academie, Tom. xiv. p. 295.

N O T E IX. VERSE 184.

*Thy Favour, like the Sun's prolific ray,
Brought the keen Scribe of Florence into day.*] Nicholas Machiavel, the celebrated Florentine, was first patronized by Leo, who caused one of his comedies to be acted with great magnificence at Rome, and engaged him to write a private Treatise de Reformatione Republicæ Florentinæ. His famous political Essay, entitled, "The Prince," was published in 1515, and dedicated to the Nephew of that Pontiff. The various judgments that have been passed on this singular performance

formance are a striking proof of the incertitude of human opinion.—In England it has received applause from the great names of Bacon and Clarendon, who suppose it intended to promote the interest of liberty and virtue. In Italy, after many years of approbation, it was publicly condemned by Clement the VIII, at the instigation of a Jesuit, who had not read the book. In France it has even been supposed instrumental to the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, as the favourite study of Catherine of Medicis and her Sons, and as teaching the bloody lessons of extirpation, which they so fatally put in practice. Yet one of his French Translators has gone so far as to say, that “Machiavel, who passes among all the world for a teacher of Tyranny, detested it more than any man of the age in which he lived.” It must however be owned, that there is a great mixture of good and evil in his political precepts. For the latter many plausible apologies have been made; and it should be remembered to his honour, that his great aim was to promote the welfare of his country, in exciting the House of Medicis to deliver Italy from the invasion of foreigners.

He is said to have been made Historiographer of Florence, as a reward for having suffered the torture on suspicion of conspiring against the government of that city, having supported the severe trial with unflinching resolution. His History of that republic he wrote at the request of Clement the VIth, as we are informed in his Dedication of it to that Pontiff. The style of this work is much celebrated, and the first Book may be regarded as a model of Historical abridgement.—He died, according to Paul Jovius, in 1530.

N O T E X. VERSE 194.

Nor less, O Leo, was it thine to raise.

The great Historic Chief of modern days.] Francis Guiccardin, born at Florence 1482, of an ancient and noble family, was appointed a Professor of Civil Law in that city at the age of 23. In 1512 he was sent Ambassador to Ferdinand king of Arragon; and soon after his return deputed by the Republic to meet Leo the

the Xth at Cortona, and attend him on his public entry into Florence.——That discerning Pontiff immediately became his Patron, and raised him to the government of Modena and Reggio. He succeeded to that of Parma, which he defended with great spirit against the French, on the death of Leo.——He rose to the highest honours under Clement the VIIth, having the command of all the ecclesiastical forces, and being Governor of Romagna, and lastly of Bologna, in which city he is said to have received the most flattering compliments from the Emperor Charles V.——Having gained much reputation, both civil and military, in various scenes of active life, he passed his latter days in retirement, at his villa near Florence, where he died soon after completing his History, in the 59th year of his age, 1540. Notwithstanding the high reputation of Guicciardin, his History has been violently attacked, both as to matter and style.——The honest Montaigne inveighs with great warmth against the malignant turn of its author; and his own countryman Boccacini, in whose whimsical but lively work there are many excellent remarks on History and Historians, supposes a Lacedæmonian thrown into agonies by a single page of Guicciardin, whom he is condemned to read, for having himself been guilty of using three words instead of two. The poor Spartan cries for mercy, and declares that any tortures are preferable to the prolixity of such a Writer.—This celebrated Historian was also a Poet. The three following verses are the beginning of an Epistle, which he entitled *Supplicazione d'Italia al Christianissimo Rè Francesco I.*

Italia affitta, nuda, e miseranda,
Ch' or de Principi suoi stanca si lagna
A Te, Francesco, questa Carta manda.

They are preserved in Crescimbeni della volgar Poesia. Vol. V. p. 132.

N O T E XI. VERSE 204.

With equal crowns let Davila be crown'd.] Henry Catherine Davila was the youngest son of Antonio Davila.
VUL. I. K

Davila, Grand Constable of Cyprus, who had been obliged to retire into Spain on the taking of that island by the Turks in 1570. From Spain Antonio repaired to the court of France, and settled his son Lewis and two daughters under the patronage of Catherine of Medicis, whose name he afterwards gave to the young Historian, born 1576, at an ancient castle in the territories of Padua, though generally called a native of Cyprus. The little Davila was brought early into France; at the age of 18, he signalized himself in the military scenes of that country. His last exploit there was at the siege of Amiens, where he fought under Henry IV. and received a wound in the knee, as he relates himself in his History.——After peace was established in France, he withdrew into Italy, and served the Republic of Venice with great reputation till a most unfortunate adventure put an end to his life in 1631.——Passing through Verona with his wife and family, on his way to Crema, which he was appointed to defend, and demanding, according to the usual custom of persons in his station, a supply of horses and carriages for his retinue, a brutal Veronese, called il Turco, entered the room where he and his family were at supper, and being mildly reprimanded for his intrusion by Davila, discharged a pistol at the Historian, and shot him dead on the instant.——His accomplices also killed the Chaplain of Davila, and wounded many of his attendants. But his eldest son Antonio, a noble youth of eighteen, revenged the death of his father, by killing the murderer on the spot. All the confederates were secured the next morning, and publicly executed at Verona. *Memoire Historique*, prefixed to the London edition of Davila, 4to, 1755.——It is very remarkable, that Davila passed no censure on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.—His character of the Queen Mother has that partiality, which it was natural for him to shew to the Patroness of his family; but his general veracity is confirmed by the great authority of the first Duke of Epernon, who, (to use the words of Lord Bolingbroke) “had been an actor, and a principal actor too,

too, in many of the scenes that Davila recites." Girard, Secretary to this Duke, and no contemptible Biographer, relates, that this History came down to the place where the old man resided in Gascony, a little before his death; that he read it to him; that the Duke confirmed the truth of the narrations in it; and seemed only surpris'd by what means the author could be so well informed of the most secret councils and measures of those times.—
Letters on History.

N O T E XII. V E R S E 226.

Sarpi, blest name! from every foible clear.] Father Paul, the most amiable and exalted character that was ever formed in monastic retirement, was the son of Francesco Sarpi, a merchant of Venice, and born in that city, 1552. He took the religious habit in the monastery of the Servites, 1565. After receiving priest's orders in 1574, he passed four years in Mantua, being appointed to read Lectures on Divinity and Canon Law, by the Bishop of that diocese; and in this early part of his life, he is conjectured to have conceived the first idea of writing his celebrated History, as he formed an intimate friendship, during his residence in Mantua, with Camillo d'Oliva, who had been Secretary to Cardinal Gonzaga at the Council of Trent, and excited the learned Venetian to the arduous task, which he so happily accomplished in a future period. He was recalled from Mantua, to read Lectures on Philosophy in his own convent at Venice, which he did with great reputation, during the years 1575, 1576, and 1577.— He went to Rome as Procurator General in 1585. Passing from thence to Naples, he there formed an acquaintance with the famous Baptista Porta, who has left this honourable testimony of his universal knowledge.—
Eo doctiorem, subtiliorem, quotquot adhuc videre contigerit, neminem cognovimus; natum ad Encyclopediam, &c. Nor is this an exaggerated compliment, as there is hardly any science which escaped his active mind. His discoveries in Optics and Anatomy would be alone sufficient to immortalize his name, had he not gained
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immortality

immortality by a still nobler exertion of his mental powers, in defending the liberties of his country against the tyranny of Rome. On the first attack of Pope Paul V. on two laws of Venice, very wisely framed to correct the abuses of the clergy, Father Paul arose as the literary champion of the Republic, and defended its cause with great spirit and temper, in various compositions: though he is said not to be the Author of the Treatise generally ascribed to him on the occasion, and entitled, *The Rights of Sovereigns, &c.*—His chief performance on the subject was *Considerazioni sopra le Censure di Paolo V.* The Venetians shewed a just admiration of the sublime virtue of a Monk, who defended so nobly the civil rights of his country against the separate interest of the church. In 1606 the Council passed a decree in his favour; which I shall transcribe in this note, because it is not found in the common Lives of Father Paul, and because there is hardly any object more pleasing to the mind, than the contemplation of a free state rewarding one of its most virtuous servants with liberality and esteem.—Continuando il R. P. M. Paolo da Venezia dell'ordine de' Serviti a prestare alla Signoria Nostra con singolar Valore quell'ottimo servizio, ch'è ben conosciuto, potendosi dire, ch'egli fra tutti con le sue scritture piene di profonda dottrina sostenuti con validissimi fondamenti le potentissime e validissime ragioni nostre nella causa, che ha di presente la Repubblica con la corte di Roma, antepo- nendo il servizio e la soddisfazione nostra a qualsivoglia suo particolare ed importante rispetto. E perciò cosa giusta e ragionevole, e degna dell'ordinaria munificenza di questo Consiglio, il dargli modo, con che possa assicurare la sua Vita da ogni pericolo, che gli potesse soprastare, e sovvenire insieme alli suoi bisogni, benchè egli non ne faccia alcuna istanza, ma piuttosto si mostri alieno da qualsivoglia ricognizione, che si abbi intenzione di ufargli. Tal è la sua modestia, e così grande il desiderio, che ha di far conoscere, che nessuna pretensione di premio, ma la sola divozione sua verso la Repubblica, e la giustizia della Causa lo muovano adoperarsi con tanto studio

studio e con tante fatiche alli servizi nostri. Perciò anderà parte, che allo stipendio, il quale a' 28 del Meta di Gennaio passato fu assegnato al sopradetto R. P. M. Paolo da Venezia di Ducati duecento all'anno, siano accresciuti altri ducati duecento, sicchè in avvenire abbia ducati quattrocento, acciòche restando consolato per questa spontanea e benigna dimostrazione publica, con maggior ardore abbia a continuare nel suo buono e divoto servizio, e possa con questo asseguamento provvedere maggiormente alla sicurezza della sua Vita.—

The generous care of the Republic to reward and preserve so valuable a servant, could not secure him from the base attempts of that enemy, whom his virtue had provoked. In 1607, after Venice had adjusted her disputes with Rome, by the mediation of France, the first attack was made on the life of Father Paul. He recovered, under the care of the celebrated Acquapendente, appointed to attend him at the public charge; to whom, as he was speaking on the depth of the principal wound, his patient said pleasantly, that the world imputed it *stylo Romanæ Curiaë*.—The crime is generally supposed to have proceeded from the Jesuits; but the secret authors of it were never clearly discovered, though the five ruffians were traced by the Venetian Ambassador in Rome, where they are said to have been well received at first, but failing afterwards in their expected reward, to have perished in misery and want. The Senate of Venice paid such attention to Father Paul, as expressed the highest sense of his merit, and the most affectionate solicitude for his safety. They not only doubled his stipend a second time, but entreated him to chuse a public residence, for the greater security of his person. The munificence and care of the Republic was equalled by the modesty and fortitude of their servant. He chose not to relinquish his cell; and, though warned of various machinations against his life, he continued to serve his country with una ating zeal; discovering, in his private letters to his friends, the most heroic calmness of mind, and saying, in answer to their admonitions, that “no man lives well, who is too anxious for the preservation of life.”—— Yet the apprehensions

of his friends had too just a foundation. In 1609 another conspiracy was formed, to murder him in his sleep, by some persons of his own convent—but their treachery was happily discovered.—From this time he lived in more cautious retirement, still devoting himself to the service of the Republic on various occasions, and acquiring new reputation by many compositions. At length the world was surprised by his History of the Council of Trent, first published in London, 1619; with the fictitious name of Pietro Soave Polano; and dedicated to James the Ist, by Antonio de Dominis, the celebrated Archbishop of Spalatro, who speaks of the concealed Author as his intimate friend, who had entrusted him with a manuscript, on which his modesty set a trifling value, but which it seemed proper to bestow upon the world even without his consent.—The mystery concerning the publication of this noble work has never been thoroughly cleared up, and various falsities concerning it have been reported by authors of considerable reputation.—It had been said that James the Ist had some share in the composition of the book—if he had, it was probably in forming the name Pietro Soave Polano, which is an anagram of Paolo Sarpi Veneziano, and the only part of the book which bears any relation to the style or taste of that Monarch.—Father Paul was soon supposed to be the real Author of the work in question. The Prince of Condé, on a visit to his cloyster, expressly asked him, if he was so—to which he modestly replied, that at Rome it was well known who had written it.—He enjoyed not many years the reputation arising from this masterly production—in 1623 a fever occasioned his death, which was even more exemplary and sublime than his life itself.—He prepared himself for his approaching dissolution with the most devout composure, and, as the liberty of his country was the daring object of his exalted mind, he prayed for its preservation with his last breath, in the two celebrated words *Esto Perpetua*.

There is a singular beauty in the character of Father Paul, which is not only uncommon in his profession, but is rarely found in human nature.—Though he passed a long life in controversy of the most exasperating kind,

and

and was continually attacked in every manner that malignity could suggest, both his writings and his heart appeared perfectly free from a vindictive spirit—devoting all the powers of his mind to the defence of the public cause, he seemed entirely to forget the injuries that were perpetually offered to his own person and reputation.

His constitution was extremely delicate, and his intense application exposed him to very frequent and violent disorders: these he greatly remedied by his singular temperance, living chiefly on bread, fruits, and water. This imperfect account of a character deserving the noblest elogium, is principally extracted from an octavo volume, entitled, *Memoire Anedote spettanti a F. Paolo da Francesco Grifelimi Veneziano, &c.* edit. 2d, 1760. The author of this elaborate work has pointed out several mistakes in the French and English accounts of Father Paul; particularly in the anecdotes related of him by Burnet, in his *Life of Bp. Bedell*, and by Mr. Brent, the son of his English Translator.—Some of these had indeed been observed before by Writers of our own.—See the General Dictionary under the article *Father Paul*.—For the length and for the deficiencies of this Note, I am tempted to apologize with a sentence borrowed from the great Historian who is the subject of it:—*Chi mi offerverà in alcuni tempi abbondare, in altri andar ristretto, si ricordi che non tutti i campi sono di ugnal fertilità, ne tutti li grani meritano d'esser conservati, e di quelli che il mietitore vorrebbe tenerne conto, qualche spica anco sfugge la presa della mano, o il filo della falce, così comportando la conditione d'ogni mietitura che resti anco parte per rispigolare.*

N O T E XIII. V E R S E 254.

To clear Orosius, in his classic phrase.] Jerom Orosius was born of a noble family at Lisbon, 1506. He was educated at the university of Salamanca, and afterwards studied at Paris and Bologna. On his return to Portugal, he gradually rose to the Bishopric of Sylves, to which he was appointed by Catherine of Austria, Regent of the kingdom in the minority of Sebastian. At the request of Cardinal Henry of Portugal, he wrote

his History of King Emanuel, and the expedition of Gama—which his great contemporary Camoens made at the same time the subject of his immortal *Lusiad*; a poem which has at length appeared with due lustre in our language, being translated with great spirit and elegance by Mr. Mickle. It is remarkable, that the History of Oforius, and the Epic Poem of Camoens, were published in the same year, 1572: but the fate of these two great Authors were very different; the Poet was suffered to perish in poverty, under the reign of that Henry, who patronized the Historian: yet, allowing for the difference of their professions, I am inclined to think they possessed a similarity of mind. There appear many traces of that high heroic spirit even in the *Trist* Oforius, which animated the Soldier Camoens: particularly in the pleasure, with which he seems to describe the martial manners of his countrymen, under the reign of Emanuel.—*Illius ætate* (says the Historian, in the close of his manly work) *inopia in exilium pulsa videbatur: mæstitiæ locus non erat: querimoniæ fitebant: omnia chorice & cantibus personabant: ejusmodi ludis aula regia frequenter oblectabatur. Nobiles adolescentes cum virginibus regiis in aula sine ulla libidinis significatione saltabant, et quamvis honestissimis amoribus indulgerent, virginibus erat insitum, neminem ad familiaritatem admittere, nisi illum qui aliquid fortiter & animose bellicis in rebus effecisset. Pueris enim nobilibus, qui in aula regia verlabantur, non erat licitum pallium virile sumere, antequam in Africam trajicerent, & aliquod inde pecus egregium reportarent. Et his quidem moribus erat illius temporis nobilitas instituta, ut multi ex illius domo viri omnium aude cumulati proci-*—This is a striking picture of the manners of chivalry, to which Portugal owed much of its glory in that splendid period. There is one particular in the character of Oforius, which, considering his age and country, deserves the highest encomium; I mean his tolerating spirit. In the first book of his History, he speaks of Emanuel's cruel persecution of the Jews in the following generous and exalted Language:—*Fuit quidem hoc nec ex lege nec ex religione factum. Quid enim? Tu rebelles animos nullaque ad id suscepta religione*

religione constrictos, adigas ad credendum ea, quæ summa contentione aspernantur & respuunt? Idque tibi assumas, ut libertatem voluntatis impediās, & vincula mentibus effrænatis injicias? at id neque fieri potest, neque Christi sanctissimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim sacrificium, non vi et malo coactum ab hominibus expetit, neque vim metibus inferri sed voluntates ad studium veræ religionis allici & invitari jubet. . . . Postremo quis non videt. . . . et ita religionem per religionis simulationem indignissime violari?—Oforius is said to have used many arguments to dissuade Sebastian from his unfortunate expedition into Africa, and to have felt so deeply the miseries which befel the Portuguese after that fatal event, that his grief was supposed to accelerate his death.—He expired in 1580, happy, says De Thou (who celebrates him as a model of Christian virtue) that he died just before the Spanish army entered Portugal, and thus escaped being a witness to the desolation of his country.—His various works were published at Rome in 1592, by his nephew Oforius, in four volumes folio, with a Life of their Author. Among these are two remarkable productions; the first, an admonition to our Queen Elizabeth, exhorting her to return into the Church of Rome: the second, an Essay on Glory, written with such classical purity, as to give birth to a report, that it was not the composition of Oforius, but the last work of Cicero on that subject.

N O T E XIV. VERSE 260.

*Iberia's Genius bids just Fame allow,
An equal wreath to Mariana's brow*] John Mariana was born 1537, at Talavera (a town in the diocese of Toledo) as he himself informs us in his famous *Essay de Rege*, which opens with a beautiful romantic description of a sequestered spot in that neighbourhood, where he enjoyed the pleasures of literary retirement with his friend Calderon, a Minister of Toledo; whose death he mentions in the same Essay, commemorating his learning and his virtues in the most pleasing terms of affectionate admiration.—Mariana was admitted into the order of Jesuits at the age of 17. He travelled afterwards

wards into Italy and France, and returning into Spain in 1574, settled at Toledo, and died there in the 87th year of his age, 1624.—Hearing it frequently regretted, in the course of his travels, that there was no General History of his country, he engaged in that great work on his return; and published it in Latin at Toledo, 1597, with a dedication to Philip the IIId; where he speaks of his own performance with modesty and manly freedom, and perhaps with as little flattery as ever appeared in any address of that nature, to a Monarch continually fed with the grossest adulation.—This elaborate work he translated into Spanish, but, as he himself declares, with all the freedom of an original author. He published his Version in 1601, with an address to Philip the IIIId, in which he laments the decline of Learning in his country, and declares he had himself executed that work from his apprehension of its being mangled by an ignorant Translator. He had closed his History (which begins with the first peopling of Spain) with the death of Ferdinand, in 1516; but in a subsequent edition, in 1617, he added to it a short summary of events to the year 1612: but in the year before he first published the Spanish Version of his History, he addressed also to the young Monarch Philip the IIIId, his famous Essay, which I have mentioned, and which was publicly burnt at Paris about 20 years after its publication, on the supposition that it had excited Ravillac to the murder of Henry IVth; though it was asserted, with great probability by the Jesuits, that the Assassin had never seen the book.—It is true, indeed, that Mariana, in this Essay, occasionally defends Clement the Monk, who stabbed Henry the IIIId; and it is very remarkable, that he grounds this defence, not on the bigotted tenets of a Priest, who thinks every thing lawful for the interest of his church, but on those sublime principles of civil liberty, with which an ancient Roman would have vindicated the dagger of Brutus. Indeed, this Essay contains some passages on Government, which would not have dishonoured even Cicero himself, but, it must be owned, they are grievously disgraced by the last chapter of the Work, which breathes a furious
spirit

spirit of ecclesiastical intolerance, and yet closes with these mild and modest expressions: *Notrum de regno et Regis instituone iudicium fortasse non omnibus placeat; qui uolet sequatur, aut suo potius stet, si potioribus argumentis nitatur, de quibus rebus tantopero asseueravi in his libris, eas nunquam ueriores quam alienam sententiam affirmabo. Potest enim non solum mihi aliud, aliud aliis uideri, sed et mihi ipsi alio tempore. Suam quisque sententiam per me sequatur. . . et . . . qui nostra leget . . . memor conditionis humanæ, si quid erratum est, pio studio rempublicam iuuantiam benignus concedat et facili.*—This is not the only work of Mariana which fell under a public proscription; he was himself persecuted and suffered a year's imprisonment, for a treatise, which seems to have been dictated by the purest love to his country; it was against the pernicious practice of debasing the public coin, and as it was supposed to reflect on the duke of Lerma, called the *Sejanus of Spain*, it exposed the Author, about the year 1609, to the persecution of that vindictive Minister; from which it does not appear how he escaped.—Indeed the accounts of Mariana's life are very imperfect: Bayle, whom I have chiefly followed, mentions a life of him by De Vargas, which he could not procure. I have sought after this Biographer with the same ill success, as I wished to give a more perfect account of this great Author, whose personal History is little known among us, though it is far from being unworthy of attention.

N. O. T E X V. V E R S E 291.

The liberal spirit of Thuanus rose.] James Augustus De Thou was the youngest son of Christopher De Thou, first President of the Parliament of Paris, and born in that city, 1553. His own Memoirs give a pleasing account of the early activity of his mind:—As his health, during his childhood, was so tender and infirm, that his parents rather restrained him from the usual studies of his age, he devoted much of his time to drawing, and copied with a pen the engravings of Albert Durer, before he was ten years old. At that age he was settled in the college of Burgundy; but this plan
of.

of his education was soon interrupted by a fever, in which his life was despaired of, and in which the mother of his future friend, the Duke of Montpensier, watched him with an attention singularly happy, after his physicians and his parents had considered him as dead. In a few years after his recovery, he repaired to Orleans to study the civil law; from thence he was drawn to Valence in Dauphiny, by the reputation of Cuiacius, who was then reading lectures there; on his road he embraced an opportunity of hearing Hotoman, the celebrated author of *Franco Gallia*, who was reading lectures also at Bourges.—During his residence at Valence, he contracted a friendship with Joseph Scallieger, which he cultivated through life.—In 1572, his father recalled him to Paris, just before the massacre of St. Bartholomew.—He mentions in his *Memoirs* the horrors which he felt in seeing a very small part of that bloody scene.—He resided in the house of his uncle Nicholas De Thou, promoted to the bishopric of Chartres: He was then designed for the church; and, beginning to collect his celebrated library, applied himself particularly to the Civil Law, and to Grecian literature.

He travelled into Italy in 1573, with Paul De Foix, going on an embassy to the Pope and the Italian Princes. Of De Foix, he gives the most engaging character, and speaks with great pleasure of the literary entertainment and advantages which he derived from this expedition.—He returned to Paris, and devoted himself again to his studies, in the following year.—On the dissensions in the Court of France, in 1576, he was employed to negotiate with the Marechal Montmorancy, and engage him to interpose his good offices to prevent the civil war; which he for some time effected.—The same year he visited the Low Countries, and on his return was appointed to a public office, on which he entered with that extreme diffidence which is so natural to a delicate mind.

In 1579 he travelled again, with his elder brother, who was sent by his physicians to the baths of Plombières.

eres in Lorraine : from hence he made a short excursion into Germany, and was received there with the jovial hospitality of that country, which he describes in a very lively manner.—But affection soon recalled him to Plombieres, to attend his infirm brother to Paris, who died there in a few months after their return.

In 1580, on the plague's appearing in the capital, our Historian retired into Touraine, and after visiting the principal places in Normandy, returned to Paris in the winter.—In the following year, he was of the number chosen from the Parliament of Paris to administer justice in Guienne, as two ecclesiastics were included in that commission.—In this expedition he embraced every opportunity of preparing the materials of his History, seeking, as he ever did, the society of all persons eminent for their talents, or capable of giving him any useful information. He speaks with great pleasure of a visit which he paid at this time to the celebrated Montaigne, whom he calls a man of a most liberal mind, and totally uninfected with the spirit of party.—After various excursions, he was now returning to Paris, when he received the unexpected news of his father's death, an event which affected him most deeply, as filial affection was one of the striking characteristics of his amiable mind.—He consoled himself under the affliction of having been unable to pay his duty to his dying parent, by erecting a magnificent monument to his memory, expressive of the high veneration in which he ever held his virtues.—He engaged again in public business, devoting his intervals of leisure to mathematical studies and to the composition of Latin verse, which seems to have been his favourite amusement. In 1584, he published his Poem, *de re Accipitraria*, which, though much celebrated by the critics of his age, has fallen, like the subject of which it treats, into universal neglect.—In 1585, he bid adieu to the Court, on finding himself treated with such a degree of coldness, as his ingenious nature could not submit to; and being eager to advance in his work, which he had already brought down to the reign of Francis II.—In 1587,
having

having been often pressed to marry by his family, and being absolved from his ecclesiastical engagements for that purpose, he made choice of Marie Barbenfon, of an ancient and noble family; but as her parents were suspected of a secret inclination to the reformed religion, it was thought proper that the lady should undergo a kind of expiation in a private conference with two Catholic Divines; a circumstance of which the great Historian speaks with an air of triumph in his Memoirs, as a proof of his own inviolable attachment to the faith of his fathers. In 1588, he lost his affectionate mother; who is described, by her son, as meeting death with the same gentleness and tranquillity of mind, by which her life was distinguished. When the violence of the league had reduced Henry the III^d to abandon Paris, our Historian was sent into Normandy to confirm the Magistrates of that province in their adherence to the King.—He afterwards met Henry at Blois, and while he was receiving from him in private some commissions to execute at Paris, the King pressed his hand, and seemed preparing to impart to him some important secret; but after a long pause dismissed him without revealing it.—This secret was afterwards supposed to have been the projected assassination of the Duke of Guise: the supposition is probable, and it is also probable, that if Henry had then revealed his design, the manly virtue and eloquence of De Thou might have led him to relinquish that infamous and fatal measure.—He, was however, so far from suspecting the intended crime of the King, that when he first heard at Paris, that Guise was assassinated, he believed it a false rumour, only spread by that faction, to introduce, what he supposed had really happened, the murder of the King.—In the commotions which the death of Guise produced in Paris, many insults were offered to the family of De Thou: his wife was imprisoned for a day in the Bastile; but obtaining her liberty, she escaped from the city in a mean habit, attended by her husband, disguised also in the dress of a soldier. Having sent his wife in safety into Picardy, he repaired to the King who was almost deserted, at
Blois,

Blois ; and was greatly instrumental in persuading his master to his coalition with Henry of Navarre.—The King determined to establish a Parliament at Tours, and De Thou was considered as the proper person to be the President of this assembly ; but with his usual modesty he declined this honour, and chose rather to engage with his friend Mr. de Schomberg in an expedition to Germany for the service of the King.—He was at first designed for the embassy to Elizabeth, but at the request of Schomberg declined the appointment, and accompanied his friend.

He first received intelligence of the King's death at Venice, where he had formed an intimacy with the celebrated Arnauld d'Ossat, at that time Secretary to the Cardinal Joyeuse.—In consequence of their conversation on this event, and the calamities of France, De Thou addressed a Latin Poem to his friend, which he afterwards printed at Tours.

In leaving Italy, he passed a few days at Padua, with his friend Vicenzio Pinella ; from whom he collected many particulars concerning the most eminent Italian and Spanish Authors, whom he determined to celebrate in his History, in the hope, as he honestly confesses, that his liberal attention to foreign merit might entitle his own Works to the favour both of Italy and Spain ; but he was disappointed in this fair expectation, and laments the ingratitude which he experienced from both.

On his return to France, he was graciously received by Henry the IVth ; and in giving that Prince an account of Italy, suggested to him the idea of a connection with Mary of Medicis. After the battle of Ivry, he complimented the King in a short Poem, which closes with the following lines :

Auspiciis vulgo peraguntur prælia regum,
 Perque duces illis gloria multa venit :
 Tu vincis virtute tua, nec militis hæc est ;
 Ista tibi propria laurea parta manu.

As he was travelling, soon afterwards, with his wife and family, which he designed to settle at Tours, his party was intercepted by the enemy, and he was obliged to abandon his wife and her attendants, being prevailed on by their intreaties to secure his own escape by the swiftness of his horse.—He repaired to the King at Gisors, and soon obtained the restitution of his family.—On the death of Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, well known by his various Translations from the Greek language, the King appointed De Thou his principal Librarian. In 1592, our Historian was very near falling a victim to the plague, but happily struggled thro' that dangerous distemper by the assistance of two skilful physicians who attended him at Tours.—In 1593, he began the most important part of his History: and under this year he introduces in his Memoirs a long and spirited Poem addressed to Posterity, in which he enters into a justification of himself against the malignant attacks, which the manly and virtuous freedom of his writings had drawn upon him. It concludes with the following animated appeal to the spirit of his father:

Vos O majorum Cineres, teque optime longis
Soliciti genitor defuncte laboribus ævi,
Testor, pro patria nullas regnique salute
Vitavisse vices, vestra virtute meaque
Indignum nil fecisse, et si fata tulissent,
Prodessem ut patriæ, patriæ succurrere, livor
Absistat, pietate mea meruisse petenti.
Pura ad vos anima atque hodiernæ nescia culpæ
Descendam, quandoque novissima venerit hora,
Nostraque sub tacitos ibit fama integra manes.

In 1594, he succeeded his uncle Augustin as President a Mortier.—In 1596, he lost his valuable and learned friend Pithon, who first solicited him to undertake his History, and had greatly assisted him in the prosecution of that laborious work.—How deeply the affectionate mind of De Thou was wounded by this event, appears from his long letter to Casaubon on the occasion.—In 1597, he began to be engaged in those negociations, which happily terminated in the famous edict of Nantes.—It may be proper to observe

here

here, that De Thou was accused of being a Calvinist, in consequence of the part he acted in this business, as well as from the moderate tenor of his History; and it is remarkable, that Sully seems in his Memoirs to countenance the accusation.

In 1601, our Historian suffered a severe domestic affliction in the loss of his wife.—He celebrated her virtues, and his own connubial affection, in a Latin Poem: with this, and a Greek epitaph on the same lady, written by Casaubon, he terminates the Commentary of his own Life, of which the preceding account is an imperfect abridgement. His first wife leaving him no children, he married, in 1603, Gasparade de la Chaffre, an accomplished lady of a noble family; who having brought him three sons and three daughters, died at the age of 39, 1616.—There is a fine letter of Daniel Heinsius, addressed to our author on this occasion, exhorting him to fortitude: but this unexpected domestic calamity, and the miseries which befel his country on the murder of Henry the Great, are said to have wounded his feeling mind so deeply, as to occasion his death, which happened in May 1617.—Under the regency of Mary of Medicis, he had been one of the Directors general of the finances, maintaining the same reputation for integrity in that department, which he had ever preserved in his judicial capacity.

The first part of his History appeared in 1604, with a Preface addressed to Henry IV. justly celebrated for its liberal and manly spirit.—But I must observe, that the following compliment to the King—*Quicquid de ea statueris iustissime, pro divinæ vocis oraculo mihi erit*—was more than even that most amiable of Monarchs deserved, as he ungratefully deserted the cause of our Historian, in suffering his work to be proscribed by the public censure of Rome in 1609, as De Thou plainly intimates, in the following passage from one of his letters, written 1611:—*Publicata prima parte [Historiæ meæ] immane quam commoti sunt plerique, sive invidi, factiosi, qui mox proceres quosdam qui perse in talibus rebus nihil vident, per calumnias artificiose confectas, ut scis, in me concitaverunt, remque e vestigia*

tigio Roman detulerunt, et auctore maligne exag- facile pervicerunt, ut morosi illi censores omnia sinistre interpretarentur, et præjudicio personæ integrum, cujus ne tertiam quidem partem lege præcipitato ordine damnarent. Rex causam mentionis quidem tuebatur, quamdiu proceres in aula in- habui. Sed paulatim ipse eorundem astu infr- est; cognitoque Romæ per emissarios labare regem, Ossati et Serafini Cardinalium mihi amicissimorum tum, et illustrissimi Perronii ex urbe discessum, postremo in me directus est, qui facile vitari potu- qui circa regem erant, tantæ injuriæ sensum ad- regni dignitatem pertinere vel minima significa- præ se tulissent. Ita in aula omni opæ destitutus- cile Romæ oppressus sum.—De Thou was prepari- new edition of his History at the time of his dea- His passion for Latin verse appears never to have- saken him, as the latest effusion of his pen was a- poem descriptive of his last illness, and an épita- which he draws the following just character of him

Mihi veritatis cura vitæ commodis:
 Antiquiorque charitatibus fuit,
 Nullique factò, voce nulli injurius,
 Injurias patienter aliorum tuli.
 Tu quisquis es, qualisque, quantusque, O bi
 Si cura veri est ulla, si pietas movet,
 A me meisque injuriam, quæso, abstine.

The pious paternal prayer in the last line was far from being crowned with success. Francis, the- dest son of De Thou, fell a victim to the resentment which Cardinal Richelieu is said to have conc- against him, from a passage in the great Historian- sisting on the Richelieu family.—He was behead- Lyons, 1642, for having been privy to a consp- against the Cardinal.—Voltaire, with his usual- laanthropy and spirit, inveighs against the iniqui- this execution, in his Melanges, tom. iii.—The- ous reader may find a particular account of this tra-

event in the last volume of that noble edition of Thucydus, which was published under the auspices of Dr. Mead, and does great honour to our country.—I shall close this Note by transcribing from it the following spirited epitaph on the unfortunate victim.

Historiam quisquis vult scribere, scribere veram
 Nunc vetat Exitium, magne Thuane, tuum.
 Richeliæ stirpis proavos lænisse, Paterni
 Crimen erat calami, quo tibi vita perit.
 Sanguine delentur nati monumenta parentis :
 Quæ nomen dederant scripta, dedere necem.
 Tanti morte viri sic est sancita Tyrannis :
 Verâ loqui si vis, disce cruenta pati.

N O T E XVI. VERSE 364.

*Thy Wits, O France! (as ev'n thy Critics own)
 Support not History's majestic tone.]* To avoid every appearance of national prejudice, I shall quote on this occasion some passages from a very liberal French Critic, who has passed the same judgment on the Historians of his country. The Marquis d'Argenson, in a memoir read before the French Academy, 1755, not only confesses that the French Writers have failed in History, but even ventures to explain the cause of their ill success.

Nous avons, says he, quelques morceaux, ou l'on trouve tout à la fois la fidélité, le gout, et le vrai ton l'Histoire ; mais outre qu'ils sont en petit nombre, et tres-courts, les auteurs, à qui nous en sommes redevables, se sont défié de leurs forces ; ils ont craint de manquer d'haleine dans des ouvrages de plus longue étendue.

Pourquoi les anciens ont-ils eu des Thucydides, des Xenophons, des Polybes, & des Tacites ? pourquoi ne pouvons nous leur comparer que des St. Réals, des Vertots, des Sarrasins ? nous ne devons point attribuer cette difette à la decadence de l'Esprit humain. Il faut

faut en chercher, si j'ose m'exprimer ainsi, quelque raison nationale, quelque cause, qui soit particulière aux François

Quatre qualités principales son nécessaires au Historiens.

1. Une critique exacte & savante, fondée sur des recherches laborieuses, pour la collection des faits.

2. Une grande profondeur en morale & en politique.

3. Une imagination sage, & fleurie, qui peigne les actions, qui deduise les causes, & qui presente les reflexions avec clarté & simplicité ; quelquefois avec feu, mais toujours avec gout & élégance.

4. Il faut de plus la constance dans la travail, un style égal & soutenu, & une exactitude infatigable, qui ne montre jamais l'impatience d'avancer, ni de lassitude pendant le cours d'une longue carrière.

Qu'on separe ces qualités, on trouvera des chefs-d'œuvres parmi nous, des Critiques, des Moralistes, des Politiques, des Peintres, & des literateurs laborieux, dont le produit nous surprend. Mais qu'on cherche ces qualités rassemblées, on manquera d'exemples à citer entre nos Auteurs.—The critic then takes a rapid review of the French Historians, and proceeds to make the following lively remarks on the difficulty of writing History in France, and the volatile character of his countrymen—J'ai déjà prévenu l'une des plus grandes difficultés pour les auteurs ; ils devroient etre en meme tems hommes de cabinet et hommes du monde. Par l'étude on ne connoit que les anciens, & les mœurs bourgeoises ; & dans la bonne compagnie, on perd son tems, l'on écrit peu, et l'on pense encore moins.

L'haleine manque à un écrivain François faute de constance ; il entreprend légèrement de grands ouvrages, il les continue avec nonchalance, il les finit avec dégout : s'il les abandonne quelque tems, il ne les reprend plus, & nous voyons que tous nos continuateurs

ont

ont échoué. La lassitude du soir se ressent de l'ardeur du matin. C'est delà qu'il nous arrive de n'avoir de bon, que de petits morceaux, soit en poésie, soit en prose . . . nous n'avons que . . . des morceaux Historiques, & presque pas une Histoire générale digne de louange.

Choix des Memoires de l'Academie, &c.
Londres, 1777, tom. iii. p. 627.

END OF THE NOTES TO THE SECOND EPISTLE

NOTES



N O T E S

TO THE

T H I R D E P I S T L E .

N O T E I . V E R S E 30.

AND shake th' affrighted world with dire portents.]
There is a curious treatise of Dr. Warburton's on this subject, which is become very scarce; it is entitled, "A critical and philosophical Enquiry into the causes of prodigies and miracles, as related by Historians, with an Essay towards restoring a method and purity in History." It contains, like most of the compositions of this dogmatical Writer, a strange mixture of judicious criticism and entertaining absurdity, in a style so extraordinary, that I think the following specimens of it may amuse a reader, who has not happened to meet with this singular book.—Having celebrated Raleigh and Hyde, as writers of true historic genius, he adds: "almost all the rest of our Histories want Life, Soul, Shape, and Body: a mere hodge-podge of abortive

tive embryos and rotten carcases, kept in an unnatural ferment (which the vulgar mistake for real life) by the rank leaven of prodigies and portents. Which can't but afford good diversion to the Critic, while he observes how naturally one of their own fables is here mythologized and explained, *of a church-yard carcase, raised and set a strutting by the inflation of some bellish succubus within.*" He then passes a heavy censure on the antiquarian publications of Thomas Herne; in the close of which he exclaims—"Wonder not reader, at the view of these extravagancies. The Historic Muse, after much vain longing for a vigorous adorer, is now fallen under that indisposition of her sex, so well known by a depraved appetite for trash and cinders."—Having quoted two passages from this singular Critic, in which his metaphorical language is exceedingly gross, candour obliges me to transcribe another, which is no less remarkable for elegance and beauty of expression. In describing Sallust, at one time the loud advocate of public spirit, and afterwards sharing in the robberies of Cæsar, he expresses this variation of character by the following imagery:—No sooner did the warm aspect of good fortune shine out again, but all these exalted ideas of virtue and honour, raised like a beautiful kind of frost-work, in the cold season of adversity, dissolved and disappeared."

Enquiry, &c. London, 1727, page 17.

N O T E II. VERSE 51.

*On Francio now the Gallic page is mute,
And British Story drops the name of Brute.*] The origin of the French nation was ascribed by one of the Monkish Historians to Francio, a son of Priam: Mr. Warton, who mentions this circumstance in his Dissertation on the origin of romantic fiction in Europe, supposes that the rival of Virgil's *Æneid*, about the sixth or seventh century, inspired many nations with this chimerical idea of tracing their descent from the family of Priam. There is a very remarkable proof in the His-
torian

torian Matthew of Westminster, how fond the English were of considering themselves as the descendants of the Trojan Brutus. In a letter from Edward the first to the Pope Boniface, concerning the affairs of Scotland, the King boasts of his Trojan predecessor in the following terms:—Sub temporibus itaque Ely & Samuelis prophetarum, vir quidam strenuus et insignis, Brutus nomine, de genere Trojanorum post excidium urbis Trojanzæ cum multis nobilibus Trojanorum applicuit in quendam Insulam tunc Albion vocatam, a gigantibus inhabitatam, quibus sua et suorum seductis potentia et occisis, eam nomine suo Britanniam sociosque suos Britannos appellavit, & ædificavit civitatem quam Trinoyantum nuncupavit quæ modo Londinum nuncupatur.

MATT. WESTMON. p. 439.

N O T E III. VERSE 73.

And Bacon's self, for mental glory born,

Meets, as her slave, our pity, or our scorn.] I wish not to dwell invidiously on the failings of this immortal Genius; but it may be useful to remark, that no Historical work, though executed by a man of the highest mental abilities, can obtain a lasting reputation, if it be planned and written with a servility of spirit.—This was evidently the case in Bacon's History of Henry the VIIth: it was the first work he engaged in after his disgrace, and laid as a peace-offering at the feet of his master, the despicable James, who affected to consider his great grandfather, the abject and avaricious Henry, as the model of a King. It was therefore the aim of the unfortunate Historian to flatter this phantasy of the royal pedant, for whom he wrote, and he accordingly formed a colossal statue to represent a pigmy.—It is matter of astonishment that Lord Follingbroke, who in his political works has written on the vices of this very King, with a force and beauty so superior to the History in question, should speak of it as a work possessing merit sufficient to bear a comparison with the ancients: on the contrary, the extreme

treme awkwardness of the task, which the Historian imposed upon himself, gave a weakness and embarrassment to his style, which in his nobler works is clear, nervous, and manly. This will particularly appear from a few lines in his character of Henry.—“This King, to speak of him in terms equal to his deserving, was one of the best sort of wonders, a wonder for wise men. He had parts, both in his virtues and his fortune, not so fit for a common-place as for observation. . . . His worth may bear a tale or two that may put upon him somewhat that may seem divine.”—He then relates a dream of Henry’s mother, the Lady Morgaret: but the quotations I have made may be sufficient to justify my remark; and, as Dr. Johnson says happily of Milton, “What Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages, which if they lessen the reputation of Bacon, diminish in some degree the honour of our country?”

NOTE IV. VERSE 92.

And of that mountain make the statue of a King.] An allusion to the Architect Dinocrates, who offered to cut Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander the Great.

NOTE V. VERSE 97.

As crown’d with Indian laurels, nobly won, &c. This story is told on a similar occasion by Lucian. Having asserted that Historical flatterers often meet with the indignation they deserve, he proceeds in this example: *ὡςπερ Ἀριστοβουλου μοιομαχίαν γραψάντος Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ Πάρου, καὶ ἀναγιγνόμενος αὐτῷ τὸ τοιοῦτον μαλιγα τὸ χάριον τῆς γραφῆς. (ἤνιτο γὰρ χάρισθαι τὰ μεγάλα τῷ βασιλεῖ, ἐπιψευδόμενος ἀριστείας τινα; αὐτῷ, καὶ ἀνακλατῶν ἔργα μείζων τῆς ἀληθείας) λαβὼν ἐκεῖνος τὸ βιβλίον (πλειότες δ’ ἐτιγχαίον ἐν τῷ ποταμῷ Ὑδάσκει) ἐρρίψεν ἐπὶ κεφαλῆν ἐς τὸ ὕδωρ, σκεπτικῶν “Καὶ σὶ δὲ οὕτως ἔχρησ, ἢ Ἀριστοβουλε, τοιαῦτα ὑπερ ἑμῶν μοιομαχίηται, καὶ ἐλεφαντας ἐν ἀκοίτην φοινοῦντα.*

LUCIAN. Edit. Riollay, p. 28.

The

The critics are much divided on this passage: I have followed an interpretation very different from that adopted by a learned and judicious author, who has lately entered into a thorough discussion of all the anecdotes relating to this celebrated Conqueror, in a very elaborate and spirited dissertation, entitled, "Examen critique des Historiens d'Alexandre," Paris, 4to. 1775. But there is great probability in his conjecture, that the name of Aristobulus has slipped into the story by some mistake; and that the sycophant so justly reprimanded was Onesicritus, who attended the hero of Macedon in quality of Historiographer, and is censured by the judicious Strabo as the most fabulous of all the Writers who have engaged in his History. For the reasons which support this conjecture, see the book I have mentioned, p. 19.

NOTE VI. VERSE 115.

In Dedications quietly inurn'd,

They take more tying Praise than Ammon spun'd.

As History is the composition most frequently addressed to Princes, modern Historians have been peculiarly tempted to this kind of adulation.—Indeed Dedications in general are but too commonly a disgrace to letters. Perhaps a concise History of this species of writing, and the fate of some remarkable Dedications, might have a good influence towards correcting that prostitution of talents, which is so often observed in productions of this nature; and such a work might be very amusing to the lovers of literary anecdote.—The two most unfortunate Dedications that occur to my remembrance, were written by Joshua Barnes and Dr. Pearce, late Bishop of Rochester: The first dedicated his History of Edward the IIIrd, to James the IIrd, and unluckily compared that Monarch to the most valiant of his predecessors, just before his timidity led him to abdicate the throne: the second dedicated his edition of Tully de Oratore to Lord Macclesfield, and as unluckily celebrated his patron as a model of public vir-

tue, not many years before he was impeached in parliament, and fined £. 30,000 for the iniquity of his conduct in the office of Chancellor.

N O T E VII. VERSE 135.

*Still can Herrera, mourning o'er his urn,
His dying pangs to blissful rapture turn.*] Antonio de Herrera, a Spanish Historian of great reputation, describes the death of Philip II. in the following terms:—
Y fue cosa de notar, que aviendo dos, o tres horas antes que espirasse, tenido un paraxismo tan violento, que le tuvieron por acabado, cubriendole el rostro con un panno, abrio los ojos con gran espiritu, y tomó el crucifixo de mano de Don Hernando de Toledo con gran devocion y ternura le besò muchas voces, y a la imagen de neustra Sennora de Monferrate, que estava en la candela. Pareció al Arçobispo de Toledo, a los confessores, y a quantos se hallaron presentes, que era imposible, que natural mente huviesse podido bolver tan presto, y con tan vivo espiritu, sino que devio de tener en aquel punto alguna vision y favor del cielo, y que mas fue rapto que paraxismo: luego bolvio al agonia, y se feu acabando poco a poco, y con pequenno movimiento se le arrancò el alma, domingo a treze de Setiembre a las cinco horas de la manana, siendo sus ultimas palabras, que moria como Catolico en la F. y obedieneja de la santa Iglesia Romana; y assi acabò este gran Monarca con la misma prudencia, con que xivio: por lo qual (meritamente) se le dio el atributo de prudente.

Hist. General del Mundo, por Ant. Herrera,
Madrid 1612. Tom. iii. f. 777.

After speaking so freely on the vices of this Monarch, it is but just to observe, that Philip, who possessed all the sedate cruelty of the cold-blooded Octavius, resembled him also in one amiable quality, and was so much a friend to letters, that his reign may be considered as the Augustan age of Spanish literature.—His most bloody minister, the merciless Alva, was the Mæcenas of that wonderful and voluninous Poet, Lope de Vega.

Vega. I cannot help regretting that the two eminent Writers, who have lately delineated the reigns of Charles the Vth, and his Son Philip, so happily in our language, have entered so little into the literary History of those times.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 158.

*Nor hope to stain, on base Detraction's scroll,
A Tully's morals, or a Sidney's soul!*] Dion Cassius, the sordid advocate of despotism, endeavoured to depreciate the character of Cicero, by inserting in his History the most indecent Oration that ever disgraced the page of an Historian.—In the opening of his 46th book, he introduces Q. Fufius Calenus haranguing the Roman senate against the great ornament of that assembly, calling Cicero a magician, and accusing him of prostituting his wife, and committing incest with his daughter. Some late historical attempts to sink the reputation of the great Algernon Sidney, are so recent, that they will occur to the remembrance of almost every Reader.

NOTE IX. VERSE 179.

*Nor less the blemish, tho' of different kind,
From false Philosophy's conceits refin'd! &c.]* The ideas in this passage are chiefly borrowed from the excellent observations on History in Dr. Gregory's *Comparative View*. As that engaging little volume is so generally known, I shall not lengthen these Notes by transcribing any part of it; but I thought it just to acknowledge my obligations to an Author, whose sentiments I am proud to adopt, as he unites the noblest affections of the heart to great elegance of mind; and is justly ranked among the most amiable of moral writers.

NOTE X. VERSE 218.

To speak no Falsehood, and no Truth suppress.] Quis nescit, primam esse Historiæ legem ne quid falsi dicere audeat? deinde, ne quid veri non audeat. De Oratore, Lib. ii.

Voltaire has made a few just remarks on the second part of this famous Historical maxim, and it certainly is to be understood with some degree of limitation. The sentence of the amiable Pliny, so often quoted—*Historia quoquo modo scripta defectat*—is liable, I apprehend, to still more objections.

N O T E XI. VERSE 266.

A waste of Genius in the toil of Knolles.] Richard Knolles, a native of Northamptonshire, educated at Oxford, published, in 1610, a History of the Turks. An Author of our age, to whom both criticism and morality have very high obligations, has bestowed a liberal encomium on this neglected Historian; whose character he closes with the following just observation:

“Nothing could have sunk this Author in obscurity, but the remoteness and barbarity of the people whose story he relates. It seldom happens, that all circumstances concur to happiness or fame. The nation which produced this great Historian, has the grief of seeing his genius employed upon a foreign and uninteresting subject; and that Writer, who might have secured perpetuity to his name, by the History of his own country, has exposed himself to the danger of oblivion, by recounting enterprises and revolutions, of which none desire to be informed.”

RAMBLER, Vol. III. No. 122.

N O T E XII. VERSE 330.

And read your just reward in Brady's fate!] Robert Brady, born in Norfolk, was Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge, which he represented in Parliament.—He was master of Caius College, and Physician in ordinary to James II. He published, in 1684, a History of England, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the death of Richard the Second, in three volumes folio: and died in 1700.—His character cannot be more justly or more forcibly expressed, than in the words of a living author, who has lately vindicated

cated the antient constitution of our country with great depth of learning, and with all the energy of genius inspirited by freedom.

"Of Dr. Brady it ought to be remembered, that he was the slave of a faction, and that he meanly prostituted an excellent understanding, and admirable quickness, to vindicate tyranny, and to destroy the rights of his nation."

STUART'S View of Society in Europe.
Notes, page 327.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 381.

Like the dumb son of Cræsus, in the strife.] Herodotus relates, that a Persian soldier, in the storming of Sardis, was preparing to kill Cræsus, whose person he did not know, and who, giving up all as lost, neglected to defend his own life; a son of the unfortunate Monarch, who had been dumb from his infancy, and who never spake afterwards, found utterance, in that trying moment, and preserved his father, by exclaiming "O kill not Cræsus!"

NOTE XIV. VERSE 387.

Less eager to correct, than to revile.] This is perhaps a just description of *The polemical Divine*, as a general character: but there are some authors of that class, to whom it can never be applied.—Dr. Watson in particular, will be ever mentioned with honour, as one of the happy few, who have preserved the purity of justice and good manners in a zealous defence of religion; who have given elegance and spirit to controversial writing, by that liberal elevation of mind, which is equally removed from the meanness of flattery and the insolence of detraction.

NOTE XV. VERSE 393.

The noble instinct, Love of lasting Fame.] There is a most animated and judicious defence of this Passion in Fitzosborne's Letters.—But I must content myself

with barely referring my Reader to that a list, as I fear I have already extended th such a length, as will expose me to the criticism. Indeed I tremble in reviewing this Comment, which I cannot close with my Reader to believe, that its bulk has a vain ideas of the value of my own Poem a desire to throw collected light on a subject appeared to me of importance, and to do in my power to many valuable writers, w to celebrate.—— Those who are incline will perhaps think this apology insufficient see that some hasty Critics will compare the Poem with that of the Annotations, ar down the book without perusing either, th perhaps (not unhappily) to the Author lively couplet of Dr. Young:

Sure, next to writing, the most idle
Is gravely to harangue on what we

END OF THE NOTES TO THE THIRD

T H E
TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER;
A
P O E M.
IN SIX CANTOS.

O VOI CH' AVETE GL' INTELLETTI SANI
MIRATE LA DOTTRINA, CHE SI ASCONDE
SOTTO, IL VELAME DEGLI VERSI STRANI
DANTE, Inferno, Canto 9.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 439

STATISTICAL MECHANICS

LECTURE NOTES

BY

JOHN H. VAN VLECK

AND

JOHN H. VAN VLECK, JR.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1967

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

5720 S. UNIVERSITY AVENUE

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P R E F A C E.

IT seems to be a kind of duty incumbent on those who devote themselves to Poetry, to raise, if possible, the dignity of a declining Art, by making it as beneficial to Life and Manners as the limits of Composition, and the character of modern Times will allow: The ages, indeed, are past, in which the song of the Poet was idolized for its *miraculous effects*; yet a Poem, intended to promote the cultivation of good-humour, may still, perhaps, be fortunate enough to prove of some little service to society in general; or, if this idea may be thought too chimerical

P R E F A C E.

cal and romantic by sober Reason, it is at least one of those pleasing and innocent delusions, in which a poetical Enthusiast may be safely indulged.

THE following production owes its existence to an incident in real life, very similar to the principal action of the last Canto ; but in forming the general plan of the work, it seemed to me absolutely necessary to introduce both the agency and the abode of SPLEEN, notwithstanding the difficulty and the hazard of attempting a subject so happily executed by the masterly pencil of Pope. I considered his Cave of Spleen as a most exquisite cabinet picture; and, to avoid the fervidity of imitation, I determined to sketch the mansion of this gloomy Power on a much wider canvass: Happy, indeed, if the judgment of the Public may enable me to exclaim, with the honest vanity of the Painter,

P R E F A C E.

Painter, who compared his own works to the divine productions of Raphael,

“ E son Pittore anch’ Io !”

THE celebrated Alessandro Tassoni, who is generally considered as the inventor of the modern Heroi-comic Poetry, was so proud of having extended the limits of his art by a new kind of composition, that he not only spoke of it with infinite exultation in one of his private letters, but even gave a MS. copy of his work to his native city of Modena, with an inscription, in which he styled it a new species of Poetry, invented by himself.

A FEW partial friends have asserted, that the present performance has some degree of similar merit; but as I apprehend all the novelty it possesses, may rather require an apology, than entitle its Author to challenge commendation,

P R E F A C E.

mendation, I shall explain how far the conduct of the Poem differs from the most approved models in this mode of writing, and slightly mention the poetical effects, which such a variation appeared likely to produce.

It is well known, that the favourite Poems, which blend the serious and the comic, represent their principal characters in a satirical point of view : It was the intention of Tassoni (though prudence made him attempt to conceal it) to satirize a particular Italian Nobleman, who happened to be the object of his resentment. Boileau openly ridicules the French Ecclesiastics in his *Lutrin* ; Garth, our English Physicians, in his *Dispensary* ; and the Rape of the Lock itself, that most excellent and enchanting Poem, which I never contemplate but with new idolatry, is denominated *the best Satire extant*, by the learned Dr. Warton, in his

P R E F A C E.

his very elegant and ingenious, but severe Essay on Pope: A sentence which seems to be confirmed by the Poet himself, in his letter to Mrs. Fermor, where he says, "The character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty." Though I think, that no composition can surpass, or perhaps ever equal this most happy effort of Genius, as a sportive Satire, I imagined it might be possible to give a new Character to this mixed species of Poetry, and to render it by its Object, though not in its Execution, more noble than the most beautiful and refined Satire can be. We have seen it carried to inimitable perfection, in the most delicate raillery on Female Foibles:—It remained to be tried, if it might not also aspire to delineate the more engaging features of
Female

P R E F A C E.

Female Excellence: The idea appeared to me worth the experiment; for, if it succeeded, it seemed to promise a double advantage; first, it would give an air of novelty to the Poem; and, secondly, what I thought of much greater importance, it would render it more interesting to the heart. On these principles, I have endeavoured to paint SERENA as a most lovely, engaging, and accomplished character; yet I hope the colouring is so faithfully copied from *general Nature*, that every man, who reads the Poem, may be happy enough to know many Fair ones, who resemble my Heroine.

THERE is another point, in which I have also attempted to give this Poem an air of novelty: I mean, the manner of connecting the real and the visionary scenes, which compose it; by
shifting

P R E F A C E

Shifting these in alternate Cantos, I hoped to make familiar Incident and allegorical Picture afford a strong relief to each other, and keep the attention of the Reader alive, by an appearance particularly diversified. I wished, indeed (but I feared most ineffectually) for powers to unite some touches of the sportive wildness of Ariosto, and the more serious sublime painting of Dante, with some portion of the enchanting elegance, the refined imagination, and the moral graces of Pope; and to do this, if possible, without violating those rules of propriety, which Mr. Cambridge has illustrated, by example as well as precept, in *The Scribleriad*, and in his sensible Preface to that elegant and learned Poem.

I HAVE now very frankly informed my Reader of the *extent*, or rather of
the

P R E F A C E.

the *extravagance* of my desire ; for I will not give it the serious name of *design* : They, whom an enlightened taste has rendered thoroughly sensible how very difficult it must be to accomplish such an idea, will not only be the first to discern, but the most ready to pardon those errors, in which so hazardous an attempt may perhaps have betrayed me. I had thoughts of introducing this performance to the Public, by a Dissertation of considerable length on this species of Poetry ; but I forbear to indulge myself any farther in such preliminary remarks, as the anxiety of authors is so apt to produce, from the reflection, that, however ingeniously written, they add little or nothing to the success of a good Poem, and are utterly insufficient to prevent that neglect, or oblivion, which is the inevitable fate of a bad one.

IN

P R E F A C E.

IN dismissing a work to my Fair Readers, which is intended principally for their perusal, I shall only recommend it to their attention; and bid them farewell, in the words of the pleasant and courteous Taffoni—

“ Vaglia il buon voler, s’ altro non
“ lice,
“ E chi la leggera, viva felice!

BARTHAM,
JAN. 31, 1781.

T H E



The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly related to a historical or scientific record. The text is scattered across the upper half of the page and includes some recognizable words such as "1848", "1849", "1850", "1851", "1852", "1853", "1854", "1855", "1856", "1857", "1858", "1859", "1860", "1861", "1862", "1863", "1864", "1865", "1866", "1867", "1868", "1869", "1870", "1871", "1872", "1873", "1874", "1875", "1876", "1877", "1878", "1879", "1880", "1881", "1882", "1883", "1884", "1885", "1886", "1887", "1888", "1889", "1890", "1891", "1892", "1893", "1894", "1895", "1896", "1897", "1898", "1899", "1900".

T H E
T R I U M P H S
O F
T E M P E R.

C A N T O I.

TH E Mind's soft Guardian, who, tho' yet unsung,
Inspires with harmony the female tongue,
And gives, improving every tender grace,
The smiles of angels to a mortal face ;
Her powers I sing ; and scenes of mental strife, 5
Which form the maiden for th' accomplish'd wife ;
Where the sweet victress sees, with sparkling eyes,
Love her reward, and Happiness her prize.
Daughters of Beauty, who the song inspire,
To your enchanting notes attune my lyre ! 10
And

And O ! if haply your soft hearts may gain
 Or use, or pleasure from the motley strain,
 Tho' formal critics, with a furlly frown,
 Deny your artless Bard the laurel crown,
 He still shall triumph, if ye deign to spread 15
 Your sweeter myrtle round his honour'd head.

IN your bright circle young SERENA grew ;
 A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew ;
 For the fond Graces form'd her easy mien,
 And Heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen. 20
 She seem'd a rose-bud, when it first receives
 The genial sun in its expanding leaves ;
 For now she enter'd those important years,
 When the full bosom swells with hopes and fears ;
 When conscious Nature prompts the secret sigh, 25
 And sheds sweet languor o'er the melting eye ;
 When nobler toys the female heart trepan,
 And Dolls rejected, yield their place to Man.

BENEATH a Father's care SERENA grew ;
 The good Sir Gilbert, to his country true, 30
 A faithful Whig, who, zealous for the state,
 In Freedom's service led the loud debate ;
 Yet every day, by transmutation rare,
 Turn'd to a Tory in his elbow chair,
 And made his daughter pay, howe'er absurd, 35
 Passive obedience to his sovereign word.

IN his domestic sway he borrow'd aid
 From prim PENELOPE, an ancient maid,
 His upright sister, conscious of her worth,
 Who valued still her beauty, and her birth ; 40
 Tho'

Tho' from her birth no envied rank she gain'd,
 And of her beauty but the ghost remain'd ;
 A restless ghost ! that with remembrance keen
 Proclaim'd incessant what it once had been ;
 Delighted still the steps of youth to haunt, 45
 To watch the tender nymph, and warm gallant ;
 And, with an eye that petrified pursuit,
 Hang like the dragon o'er th' Hesperian fruit.

Tho' strictly guarded by this jealous power,
 The mild SERENA no restraint could sour : 50
 Pure was her bosom, as the silver lake,
 Ere rising winds the ruffled water shake,
 When the bright pageants of the morning sky,
 Across th' expansive mirror lightly fly,
 By vernal gales in bright succession driven, 55
 While the clear glass reflects the smile of heaven.
 In gay content a sportive life she led,
 The child of Modesty, by Virtue bred :
 Her light companions Innocence and Ease :
 Her hope was Pleasure, and her wish to please : 60
 For this to Fashion early rights she paid :
 For this to Venus secret vows she made ;
 Nor held it sin to cast a private glance
 O'er the dear pages of a new romance,
 Eager in Fiction's touching scenes to find 65
 A field, to exercise her youthful mind :
 The touching scenes new energy impress
 On all the virtues of her feeling breast.
 Sweet Evelina's fascinating power
 Had first beguil'd of sleep her midnight hour : 70
 Possess'd by Sympathy's enchanting way,
 She read, unconscious of the dawning day.

The

The Modern Anecdote was next convey'd
 Beneath her pillow by her faithful maid.
 The nymph, attentive as the brooding dove, 75
 Pored o'er the tender scenes of Franzel's love :
 The sinking taper now grew weak and pale ;
 SERENA sigh'd, and dropt th' unfinish'd tale ;
 But, as warm clouds in vernal æther roll,
 The soft ideas floated in her soul : 80
 Free from ambitious pride, and envious care,
 To love, and to be lov'd, was all her prayer :
 While these fond thoughts her gentle mind possess'd,
 Soft slumber settled on her snowy breast.

SCARCE had her radiant eyes began to close, 85
 When to her view a friendly vision rose :
 A fairy Phantom struck her mental sight,
 Light as the gossamer, as æther bright ;
 Array'd like Pallas was the pigmy form,
 When the sage Goddess stills the martial storm. 90
 Her casque was amber, richly grac'd above
 With down, collected from the callow dove :
 Her burnish'd breast-plate, of a deeper dye,
 Was once the armour of a golden fly :
 A lynx's eye her little ægis shone, 95
 By fairy spells converted into stone,
 And worn of old as elfin poets sing,
 By Ægypt's lovely queen, a favourite ring :
 Mysterious power was in the magic toy,
 To turn the frowns of care to smiles of joy. 100
 Her tiny lance, whose radiance stream'd afar,
 Was one bright sparkle from the bridal star.
 A filmy mantle round her figure play'd,
 Fine as the texture, by Arachne laid

O'er some young plant, when glittering to the view 105
 With many an orient pearl of morning dew.
 The Phantom hover'd o'er the conscious Fair
 With such a lively smile of tender care,
 As on her elfin lord Titania cast,
 When first she found his angry spell was past. 110
 Round her rich locks SERENA chanc'd to tie
 An ample ribband of cærulean dye :
 High o'er her forehead rose the graceful bow,
 Whose arch commanded the sweet scene below :
 The hovering Spirit view'd the tempting spot, 115
 And lightly perch'd on this unbending knot ;
 As the fair flutterer, of Psyche's race,
 Is seen to terminate her airy chace,
 When, pleas'd at length her quivering wings to close,
 Fondly she settles on the fragrant rose. 120

Now in soft notes, more musically clear
 Than ever Fairy breath'd in mortal ear,
 These words the visionary voice convey'd
 To the charm'd spirit of the sleeping maid :

" THOU darling of my care ! whose ripen'd worth 125
 Shall spread my empire o'er the smiling earth ;
 Whom Nature blest, forbidding modish Art
 To cramp thy spirit, or contract thy heart ;
 Screen'd from thy thought, nor in thy visions felt,
 Long on thy opening mind I've fondly dwelt ; 130
 In childhood's sorrows brought thee quick relief,
 And dry'd thy April showers of infant grief ;
 Taught thee to laugh at the malicious boy,
 Who broke thy playthings with a barbarous joy,

To bear what ills the little Female haunt,
 The testy Nurse, the imperious Governante,
 And that tyrannic pest, the prying maiden Aunt.
 Now ripening years a nobler scene supply ;
 For life now opens on thy sparkling eye :
 Thy rising bosom swells with just desire
 Rapture to feel, and rapture to inspire :
 Not the vain bliss, the transitory joys,
 That childish woman feels in radiant toys ;
 The costly Diamond, or the lighter Pearl,
 The massive Nabob, or the tinsel Earl.
 Thy heart demands, each meaner aim above,
 Th' imperishable wealth of sterling love ;
 Thy wish, to please by ev'ry softer grace
 Of elegance and ease, of form and face !
 By lively fancy and by sense refin'd,
 The stronger magic of the cultur'd mind !
 Thy pure ambition, and thy virtuous plan,
 To fix the variable heart of Man !
 Short is the worship paid at Beauty's shrine ;
 But lasting Love and Happiness are mine :
 Mine, tho' the earth's mistaken, blinded race
 Despise my influence, and my name debase ;
 Nor breathe one vow to that ætherial friend,
 On whom the colours of their life depend.
 But to thy innocence I'll now display
 The mystic marvels of my secret sway ;
 And tell, in this thy fate-deciding hour,
 My race, my name, my office, and my power.

FIRST, hear what wonders human forms co:
 And learn the texture of the Female brain !

By Nature's care in curious order spread,
 This living net is fram'd of tender thread ;
 Fine, as thy hand, some favour'd youth to grace,
 Knits with nice art to form the mimic lace. 170
 Within the center of this fretted dome,
 Her secret tower, her heaven-constructed home,
 Soft Sensibility, sweet Beauty's soul !
 Keeps her coy state, and animates the whole,
 Invisible as Harmony, who springs,
 Wak'd by young Zephyr, from Æolian strings : 175
 Her subtle power, more delicately fine,
 Dwells in each thread, and lives in every line,
 Whose quick vibrations, without end, impart
 Pleasure and pain to the responsive heart.
 As Zephyr's breath the willing chord inspires, 180
 Whispering soft music to the trembling wires,
 So with fond care I regulate, unseen,
 The softer movements of this nice machine ;
 TEMPER my earthly name, the nurse of Love !
 But call'd SOPHROSUNE in realms above ! 185
 When lovely Woman, perfect at her birth,
 Blest with her early charms the wond'ring earth,
 Her soul, in sweet simplicity array'd,
 Nor shar'd my guidance, nor requir'd my aid.
 Her tender frame, nor confident nor coy, 190
 Had every fibre tun'd to gentle joy :
 No vain caprices swelled her pouting lip ;
 No gold produc'd a mercenary trip ;
 Soft innocence inspir'd her willing kifs,
 Her love was nature, and her life was blifs. 195
 Guide of his reason, not his passion's prey,
 She tam'd the savage, Man, who bless'd her sway.

No jarring wishes fill'd the world with woes,
But youth was ecstacy, and age repose.

THE Powers of Mischief met, in dark Divan, 200
To blast these mighty joys of envied Man :
The Fiends, at their infernal Leader's call,
Fram'd their base wiles in Demogorgon's hall,
In the deep center of that dreadful dome,
An hellish cauldron boil'd with fiery foam : 205
In this wide urn the circling spirits threw
Ingredients harsh, and hideous to the view ;
While the terrific master of the spell
With adjurations shook the depths of hell,
And in dark words, unmeet for mortal ear, 210
Bade the dire offspring of his art appear.
Forth from the vase, with fullen murmurs, broke
A towering mass of pestilential smoke :
Emerging from this fog of thickest night,
A Phantom swells, by slow degrees, to sight ; 215
But ere the view can seize the forming shape,
From the mock'd eye its lineaments escape :
It seem'd all passions melted into one,
Assum'd the face of all, and yet was none :
Hell stood aghast at its portentous mien, 220
And shuddering Demons call'd the spectre Spleen
Hie thee to earth ! its mighty master cried,
O'er the vex'd globe in heavy vapours ride !
Within its center fix thy shadowy throne !
With shades thy subjects, and that hell thy own ! 225
Reign there unseen ! but let thy strong controul
Be hourly felt in Woman's wayward soul !
With darkest poisons from our deep abyss,
Taint that pure fountain of terrestrial bliss !

Th'

enormous Phantom, at this potent sound, 230
 forth obedient from the vast profound :
 quaking Fiends recover'd from their dread,
 all grew lighter, as the monster fled.
 Now round earth the gliding vapours run,
 the rich æther, and eclipse the sun ; 235
 nature sickens ; and her fairest flower,
 the young Woman, feels the baneful power :
 her soul the clouds of Spleen arise,
 the bright effence of her beauty flies :
 Youth's gay prime, in hours with rapture warm, 240
 looks astonish'd on her altering form :
 the pleasing frolics, and enchanting wiles,
 the flattering looks, and soul-subduing smiles,
 the whims succeed : thick-coming fancies fret ;
 the sudden passion, and the hasty pet ; 245
 the swelling lip, the tear-distended eye,
 the evil question, the perverse reply ;
 the moody humour, that like rain and fire,
 the cold disgust with unsubdu'd desire,
 what it loves, and petulantly coy, 250
 the proud abhorrence of the proffer'd joy :
 the nature's artless aim, the wish to please
 to ruin modesty, and simple ease,
 the man's pert tricks the crowded brain oppress
 all the poor parade of tawdry dress : 255
 the rickly bosom pants for noise and shew,
 for every bauble, and for every beau ;
 the voice, that Health made harmony, disowns
 the native charm for Langour's mimic tones ;
 the signs disease, till, feeling what it feigns, 260
 the cur'd maladies are real pains.
 And a thousand still superior woes,
 the Spleen's new empire o'er the earth arose :

Each simple dictate of the soul forgot,
 Then first was form'd the mercenary plot ; 265
 And Beauty practis'd that pernicious art,
 The art of angling for an old man's heart ;
 Tho' crawling to his bride with tottering knees,
 His words were dotage, and his love disease.
 From sex to sex this base contagion ran, 270
 And Gold grew Beauty in the eyes of Man :
 Courtship was traffic ; and the married life
 But one loud jangle of incessant strife.

THE gentle Sprite, who, on his radiant car,
 Shines the mild regent of the evening-star, 275
 And joys from thence those genial rays to shed,
 That lead the bridegroom to the nuptial bed,
 While earth's new ills his friendly soul absorb,
 From Cynthia call'd me to his kindred orb ;
 And, eager to redress the woes of Man, 280
 The brilliant Son of Vesper thus began :
 " Thou softest Being of the ætherial kind,
 Be thy benignant cares no more confin'd
 To smooth the ruffled plume of Zephyr's wing,
 To guard from cruel frost the infant spring, 285
 To drive gross atoms from the rays of noon,
 Or chase the halo from the vapourish moon !
 Thy friendly nature will not now deny
 To quit for nobler toils thy native sky ;
 Thou seest how Spleen's infernal vapours roll 290
 Across the sweet serene of Woman's soul ;
 And earth, which darkens as her beauties fade,
 Must grow a second hell without thy aid :
 Take then thy station ! fix thy nobler reign
 O'er those fine chords, that form the Female brain, 295

That

That us'd, ere injur'd by the rust of Spleen,
 To fill with harmony the human scene!
 Go! lest her touch their tender tones destroy,
 Teach them to vibrate to thy notes of joy!
 Go! and restore, by stilling mental strife, 300
 Health to faint Love, and happiness to Life!"
 So spake that friend of Man, who lights above
 His heavenly lamp of Hymenæal love:
 In his just aim my kindred spirit join'd,
 And flew obedient to the charge assign'd. 305
 Hence, as the bias sways the unconscious bowl,
 I long unseen have sway'd the careless soul;
 Tho' oft I feel my power by Spleen subdu'd,
 In the shrill Vixen, and the sullen Prude,
 In some fair forms my soft dominion grows, 310
 Like fragrance, rising from the opening rose:
 Still I preserve, in many a lovely face,
 That gay good-humour, and that constant grace,
 Which heavenly Powers united to infold
 In perfect Woman's new-created mould; 315
 When Nature, in her infant beauty blest,
 The last and loveliest of her works carest.
 But of those Nymphs, who delicately fair,
 Draw their soft graces from my forming care,
 My young *SERENA* shines her peers above, 320
 Pride of my hopes, and darling of my love.
 Hence I to thee such mysteries unfold,
 As Man's pedantic eye shall ne'er behold;
 Whose narrow science, tho' it proudly boast
 To pierce the sky, and count the starry host, 325
 Sees not the lucid band of airy Powers,
 Who flutter round him in his secret hours:
 But if to me, thy guardian now display'd,
 Thy duteous orisons are justly paid,
 M 4 Thou

Thou to those realms shalt pass with me thy guide, 330
 Where Spleen's pale victims, after death, reside ;
 Then to that orb, in vision shalt thou rise,
 Unseen by mortal astronomic eyes,
 Where I—but first let me thy soul prepare
 To meet our secret foe's insidious snare ! 335
 'Tis my fond purpose in thy form to shew
 The sweetest model of my skill below ;
 A Youth I destine to thy dear embrace,
 Crown'd with each mental charm, and manly grace,
 With whom thy innocence, secure from strife, 340
 Shall reap the beauteous joys of blameless life.
 Pleas'd I observe thy little heart begin
 To ask, what charms the mighty prize may win :
 But know, tho' elegance herself be seen
 To guide thy motion, and to form thy mein ; 345
 Tho' Beauty o'er thy filial cheek diffuse
 The soft enchantment of her roseate hues,
 Not from their favour shall this glory rise!
 TEMPER shall singly gain the splendid prize :
 The sudden conquest shall be mine alone, 350
 And Love with transport shall my triumph own.
 Such are my hopes ; but I with pain relate
 What hard conditions are annex'd by Fate :
 As chemic fires, that patient labour blows,
 Draw the rich perfume from the Persian rose, 355
 So must thou form, by fiery toils refin'd,
 The living essence of thy sweeter mind.
 Dimly I see, on Destiny's dull glass,
 Three dangerous trials 'tis thy doom to pass ;
 And oh ! if once forgetful of my power, 360
 Good-humour fail thee in the fatal hour,
 Farewell those joys, that wait the happy wife !
 Farewell the vision of unclouded life !

FAIRN would my love thy secret perils shew,
 Which Fate allows not even me to know : 365
 In Spleen's dark court a thousand agents dwell,
 Who bind her victims in the wayward spell ;
 Perchance three prime supporters of her sway,
 The busiest of her Friends, may cross thy way :
 Stern Contradiction, her ill-favour'd child, 370
 Of fierce demeanor, and of spirit wild,
 Bane of delight ! and horror of the sex !
 His plan to puzzle, and his pride to vex !—
 Or Scandal, filthy hag ! who blindly limps
 Round the wide earth, supported by her Imps, 375
 Her inky Demons, who delight to print
 Her base suggestion, and her envious hint :—
 Or groundless Jealousy, pert changeling ! born
 Of amorous Vanity, and angry Scorn,
 Whose bitter taunts with public insult dare 380
 Basely to wound the unoffending Fair,
 Proud the sweet joys of Innocence to crush,
 And spread o'er Beauty's cheek the burning blush.
 Whether these kindred Fiends, or one or all,
 Shall aim thy airy spirit to enthrall, 385
 Are points, my fondness tries in vain to reach ;
 But trust my caution ! and beware of each ! :

LEST to thy lively mind my words may seem :
 The vain chimera of a common dream,
 By one unquestionable sign be taught 390
 To prize my presence in thy waking thought !
 An azure ribband, on the toilet thrown,
 Shall make the magic of my empire known :—
 On this thy sportive needle tried its powers,
 And silver spangles form'd the mimic flowers ; 395

On these my love shall breathe a secret charm ;
 With this, my Cæstus, thy soft bosom arm !
 Above it let the decent tucker rise,
 To hide the mystic band from mortal eyes !
 When Spleen's dark Powers would teach that breast to
 swell, 400

This guardian cincture shall those Powers repel :
 As the touch'd talisman, more swift than thought,
 To save her charge, th' Arabian Fairy brought ;
 So shall this zone, if justly I'm obey'd,
 Bring my soft spirit to thy certain aid. 405
 In Love's great name observe this high behest !
 Revere my power!—Be gentle, and be blest !”

HERE the kind Sprite her friendly counsel clos'd,
 And lightly vanish'd—Still SERENA doz'd ;
 Still in sweet trance she fondly seem'd to hear 410
 The soft persuasion vibrate in her ear.
 But waking now far different notes she found ;
 Less pleasing echos in her chamber found :
 For now the heralds of the London day
 Sing their loud mattins in th' uncrowded way ; 415
 Th' impatient Milk-maid now, with early din,
 Screams to the rattle of her pail of tin ;
 With Sweep's faint cry, and, latest of the crew,
 The deep-ton'd music of the murmuring Jew.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO

C A N T O II.

E radiant Nymphs ! whose opening eyes convey
 smth to the world, and lustre to the day !
 nk what o'ershadowing clouds may cross your brain,
 ore those lovely lids shall close again !
 at funds of Patience twelve long hours may ask, 5
 en cold Discretion claims her daily task !
 think betimes ! and, while your morning care
 ls foreign odors o'er your fragrant hair,
 ge your soft spirit with that mental sweet,
 ich may not be exhal'd by Passion's heat ; 10
 charm the sense, with undecaying power,
 ough every chance of each diurnal hour ;
 ight you all perceive your toilets crown'd
 h such cosmetics as SERENA found !
 to the warning vision fondly true, 15
 / the quick Fair one to the toilet flew :
 h keen delight her ravish'd eye survey'd
 mystic ribband on her mirror laid :
 ht shone the azure, as Aurora's car,
 every spangle seem'd a living star. 20

With

With sportive grace the smiling damsel prest
 The guardian cincture to her snowy breast,
 More lovely far than Juno, when she strove
 To look most lovely in the eyes of Jove ;
 And willing Venus lent her every power, 25
 That sheds enchantment o'er the amorous hour :
 For spells more potent on this band were thrown,
 Than Venus boasted in her beauteous zone.
 Her dazzling Cæstus could alone inspire
 The sudden impulse of short-liv'd desire : 30
 These finer threads with lasting charms are fraught,
 Here lies the tender, but unchanging thought,
 Silence, that wins, where eloquence is vain,
 And Tones, that harmonize the mad'ning brain,
 Soft Sighs, that Anger cannot hear, and live, 35
 And Smiles, that tell, how truly they forgive ;
 And lively Grace, whose gay diffusive light
 Puts the black phantoms of the brain to flight,
 Whose cheering powers thro' every period last,
 And make the present happy as the past. 40

SUCH secret charms this richer Zone possess,
 Whose flowers, now sparkling on SERENA'S breast,
 Give, tho' unseen, those swelling orbs they bind,
 Smiles to her face, and beauty to her mind :
 For now, observant of the Sprite's behest, 45
 The Nymph conceals them by her upper vest :
 Safe lies the spell, no mortal may descry,
 Not keen PENELOPE'S all-piercing eye ;
 Who constant, as the steps of morn advance,
 Surveys the household with a searching glance, 50
 And entering now, with all her usual care,
 Reviews the chamber of the youthful Fair.

Beneath

1 the pillow, not completely hid,
 ovel lay—She saw—the seiz'd—the chid :
 age and glee her glaring eye-balls flash, 55
 cked age ! she cries, ah filthy trash !
 the first page my just abhorrence springs ;
 odern anecdotes are monstrous things :
 will I see what dangerous poisons lurk,
 taint thy youth, in this licentious work. 60
 said : and rudely from the chamber rush'd,
 pallid cheek with expectation flush'd,
 th ardent hope her eager spirit shook,
 in hope ! to banquet on a luscious book.
 if a Priest, of the Arabian sect, 65
 Turkish hands forbidden wine detect,
 he sacred Mussulman, with pious din,
 rraigns the culprit, and proclaims the sin,
 curses with holy zeal th' inflaming juice,
 But cursing takes it for his secret use. 70

THE gay SERENA, with unruffled mind,
 The pleasing Novel, thus unread, resign'd.
 The Vision on her soul such virtue left,
 She only smil'd at the provoking theft ;
 The teasing incident she deem'd a jest, 75
 Nor felt the Zone grow tighter on her breast.

Now in full charms descends the finish'd Fair,
 For now the morning banquet claims her care ;
 Already at the board, with viands pil'd,
 Her Sire impatient sits, and chides his tardy child, 80
 On his imperial lips rude Hunger reigns,
 And keener Politics usurp his brains ;
 But when her love-inspiring voice he hears,
 When the soft magic of her smile appears,

In that glad moment he at once forgets 85
 His empty stomach, and the nation's debts :
 He bends to Nature's more divine controul,
 And only feels the Father in his soul.
 Quick to his hand behold her now present
 The Indian liquor of celestial scent ? 90
 Not with more grace the nectar'd cup is given
 By rose-lip'd Hebe to the Lord of Heaven.
 While her fair hands a fresh libation pour,
 Fashion's loud thunder shakes the sounding door.
 The light SERENA to the window springs, 95
 On Curiosity's amusive wings :
 Her quick eyes sparkle with surprize, to see
 The glories of a golden vis-à-vis :
 Its glittering tablet gleam'd with mimic pearl,
 And the rich coronet announc'd an Earl. 100
 The good old Knight grew somewhat proud to hear
 Of this new visit from the early Peer :
 SERENA recollects the Vision's truth,
 And fluttering, hopes it is the promis'd Youth :
 PENELOPE from her high chamber peeps ; 105
 There her unfinish'd charms she coyly keeps ;
 With sage reserve her modesty abhorr'd
 To shew her morning face before a Lord.

THE Peer alights : the well-rang'd vassals bawl
 His sounding title thro' the spacious hall, 110
 Till in the deep saloon's extremest bound
 Th' ear-tickling words, "LORD FILLIGREE," resound!
 As when great Hector, setting war apart,
 Advanc'd to parley, with his spear athwart,
 The Greeks beheld him with a still delight ; 115
 And silent reverence stopt the rising fight ;
 With such respect, but unchastis'd by fear,
 Sir GILBERT and the Nymph first meet the Peer ;
 And,

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And, while his morning compliments commence,
 The slighted breakfast stands in cold suspense. 120
 But far unlike to Hector's ruder grace
 His modern stature, and his modish face!
 Nor less he differs from those Barons old,
 Whose arms are blazon'd on his car of gold;
 Whose prostrate castle guarded once the lands, 125
 Where, spruce in motley pride, his villa stands,
 By Taste erected, in her trimmest mode,
 Her mushroom structure, and her quaint abode.

As the neat Daisy to the sun's broad flower,
 As the French Boudoir to the Gothic Tower, 130
 Such is the Peer, whom Fashion much admires,
 Compar'd in person to his ancient sires:
 For their broad shoulder, and their brawny calf,
 Their coarse, loud language, and their coarser laugh,
 His finer form, more elegantly slim, 135
 Displays the fashionable length of limb:
 With foreign shrugs his country he regards,
 And her lean tongue with foreign words he lards;
 While Gallic Graces, who correct his style,
 Forbid his mirth to pass beyond a smile. 140
 As the nice workman in the wooden trade,
 Hides his coarse ground with finest woods o'erlaid,
 Thus our young Lord, with Fashion's phrase refin'd,
 Fineer'd the mean interior of his mind:
 And hence, in Courtesy's soft lustre seen, 145
 His spirit shone, as graceful as his mein.
 The artless Fair, on Fashion's kind report,
 Thought him the mirror of a matchless Court:
 Much she his dress, his language much observes,
 Whose finer accents prove his feeling nerves. 150
 Her

Her fancy now the destin'd Lover spies,
 But her free heart abjures the quick surmise ;
 Yet as he spoke, at every flattering word
 The Vision's promise to her thought recurr'd.
 Far more parental pride contrives to blind 155
 The good Sir GILBERT's more experienc'd mind,
 Who fondly saw, and at the prospect smil'd,
 A future Countess in his favourite child.
 But what new flutterings shook SERENA's breast,
 What hopes and fears the modest Nymph oppress'd, 160
 When with a simpering smile, and soft regard,
 The Peer display'd a mirth-expressive card,
 Where the gay Graces, in a sportive band,
 Shew the sweet art of Cipriani's hand ;
 Where, in their train, his airy Cupids throng, 165
 And laughing drag a comic mask along !
 " We," cries my Lord, with self-sufficient joy,
 Twirling, with lordly airs, the graceful toy,
 " We, who possess true science, we, who give
 The world a lesson in the art to live, 170
 We for the Fair a splendid Fête design,
 And pay our homage thus at Beauty's shrine."
 He spoke ; and speaking, to the blushing Maid,
 With modish ease, th' inviting card convey'd,
 Where Mirth announc'd her masque devoted hour 175
 In characters intwin'd with many a flower :
 The blushing Maid, with eyes of quick desire,
 View'd it, and felt her little soul on fire ;
 For of all scenes she had not yet survey'd,
 Her heart most panted for a Masquerade : 180
 But her gay hopes increasing terrors drown,
 And dread forebodings of her father's frown.
 In mute suspense to read his thought she tries,
 And strongly pleads with her prevailing eyes,

Her

Her eyes, for doubt enchain'd her modest tongue, 185
 While on his sovereign word her pleasure hung.
 With such a tender, and persuasive air
 Of soft endearment, and of anxious care,
 Thetis attending from th' almighty Sire
 His fateful answer to her fond desire : 190
 The good old Knight, like the Olympian God,
 Blest the fair Suppliant with his gracious nod ;
 Her lively spirit the kind signal took,
 And her glad heart, in every fibre, shook.
 The party settled, it imports not how, 195
 The Peer politely made his parting bow :
 The Nymph, with eyes that sparkled joyous fire,
 Kiss'd the round cheek of her complying Sire,
 Then swiftly flew, and summon'd to her aid
 Th' important council of her favourite maid. 200
 To vent her joy, and, as the moments press,
 To fix that first of points, a Fancy-dress.

QUICK as the Poet's eyes o'er Nature fly,
 Piercing the deep, or traversing the sky,
 With such light speed her fond ideas glance 205
 O'er play and poem, story and romance,
 While all the Characters, she e'er has read,
 Flash on her brain, and fill her busy head.

Now in Diana's form she hopes to meet
 A fond Endymion fighting at her feet ; 210
 Now her proud thought terrestrial pomp assumes,
 And Dian's crescent yields to Indian plumes ;
 Now, in the habit of the Grecian Isles,
 She hears some Osman suing for her smiles,
 And sees his soul that blaze of dress outline, 215
 Whose wealth impoverish'd a diamond-mine ;

Now

Now simpler charms her quick attention draw,
 The rose-crown'd bonnet, and the hat of straw,
 A Village-maid she seems, in neat attire,
 A faithful Shepherd now her sole desire. 220
 Thus, as new figures in her fancy throng,
 "She's every thing by starts, and nothing long;"
 But, in the space of one revolving hour,
 Flies thro' all states of Poverty and Power,
 All forms, on whom her veering mind can pitch, 225
 Sultana, Gipsy, Goddess, Nymph, and Witch.
 At length, her soul with Shakespear's magic fraught,
 The wand of Ariel fixt her roving thought;
 Ariel's light graces all her heart possess,
 And Jenny's order'd to prepare the dress. 230
 It seems already bought, with fond applause;
 An azure tiffue, and a silver gauze;
 Too soon, alas! that garb of heavenly hue
 The ready Mercer flashes to her view.
 * Ah blind to Fate! how oft the youthful belle 235
 Feels her gay heart at sight of tiffue swell!
 And thinks the fashionable silk must prove
 Her robe of triumph, and a spell to Love!
 To thee, sweet Maid, whose pleasure-darting eyes
 Joy in this favourite vest, an hour shall rise, 240
 When thou shalt hate the silk so fondly sought,
 And with thy silver-spotted gauze unbought:
 For busy Spleen thy trial now prepares;
 Darkly she forms her unsuspected snares,

* Nescia mens hominum fati fortisque futuro,
 Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis.

↳ Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
 Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
 Oderit. Æneid. x. v. 501. & seq.

And,

And, keen to raise her pleasure-killing storm, 245
 Assumes PENELOPE'S congenial form.
 In that prim shape, which all the Graces shun,
 See the four Fiend to good Sir GILBERT run!
 Where, deeply pondering the public Debt,
 Silent he muses o'er a new Gazette! 250
 Ent'ring, she view'd, with eyes of envious spite,
 The card, that spoke the masque-devoted night;
 Eager she darted on the graceful toy,
 And, fiercely pointing to each naked boy,
 "Canst thou," she cried, in a discordant scream, 255
 That rous'd the Politician from his dream,
 While with her voice the echoing chamber rings,
 " * Say! canst thou suffer these flagitious things?
 " Are these devices to thy daughter brought,
 " That wake such gross impurity of thought? 260
 " In vain are all the prudent words I preach,
 " The modest maxims that I strive to teach,
 " By foolish fondness of your sense beguil'd,
 " You still indulge, and spoil the sippant child:
 " For me, whate'er I say is deem'd absurd; 265
 " She scorns my sage advice:—but mark my word,
 " If to this ball you let the Hoyden run,
 " Your power is ended, and the Girl undone."

THE patri ot Knight, by interruption vext,
 In his political pursuits perplext, 270
 While he with wrath th' intruding Mischief eyed,
 Stern to the false PENELOPE replied;
 " Go! teasing Prude, cease in my ears to vent
 " Thy envious pride, and peevish discontent!

* Ζευ πατριε, η νημισιζη, ορην ταδε καρτερα εργα, &c.

ILIAD 6. V. 872. & seq.

" To

" To me of prudence canst thou vainly boast? 275
 " Of all my household, thou hast plagu'd me most :
 " The joys thou blamest are thy dear delight,
 " By day the Visit, and the Ball by night :
 " And, tho' too old a Lover to trepan,
 " Thy midnight dream, thy morning thought, is Man.
 " Wert thou less closely to my blood allied, 281
 " Thou should'st, to cure thee of thy canting pride,
 " Be sent to sigh alone o'er purling brooks,
 " Scold village maids, and croak to croaking rooks."

HE spoke indignant : the sly Fiend withdrew, 285
 Nor inly griev'd ; for well her force she knew.
 As Indian females, in a jealous hour,
 Of secret poison try the subtlest power,
 Which sure, tho' slow, corrodes th' unconscious prey,
 And ends its triumph on a distant day : 290
 Thus the departing Fury left behind
 Her venom, latent in Sir GILBERT'S mind.
 The hidden mischief tho' no eye observes,
 He feels it fretting on his alter'd nerves ;
 But the kind-habit of his healthy soul 295
 Still struggled hard against its base controul.
 Now Spleen's dark vapours, in his bosom hid,
 Prompt him the promis'd pleasure to forbid ;
 Now Love's soft pleadings that dire thought destroy,
 And save the blossom of his daughter's joy, 300
 Her envious Aunt now serves him for a jest,
 And gay good-humour reassumes his breast.

WHILE Spleen's dark pow'r now sinks, and now revives,
 At length the day, th' important day, arrives,

Which

Which in his breast must end the close debate, 305
 And fix the colour of SERENA'S fate.

Now comes the hour, when the convivial Knight
 Waits to begin the dinner's chearful rite :
 His fond heart ever, with a Father's pride,
 Joys to behold his darling at his side ; 310
 But most the absence of her smile he feels
 In the gay season of his social meals :
 Hence, while for her the rich repast attends,
 His hasty summons to the Nymph he sends :
 The happy Nymph superior cares induce 315
 To risk his anger by a rash excuse :
 She craves his pardon ; but, for time distressed,
 She still is busy on her magic vest ;
 To range her diamonds in a sparkling zone,
 She begs to snatch her scanty meal alone. 320

THE Knight in sullen state begins to dine :
 Spleen, like a Harpy, flutters o'er his wine :
 Invisible she poisons every dish,
 Tinging with gall his mutton, fowl, and fish.
 The more he eats, the more perverse he grows ; 325
 For as his hunger sunk, his cholera rose.
 The cloth remov'd, he cries, with vapours sick,
 The Pears are mellow, and the Port is thick ;
 Tho' nicer fruit Pomona never knew,
 And his rich wine surpass'd the ruby's hue ! 330

A THOUSAND times his dizzy brain revolves
 A stern command : now doubts, and now resolves
 To bid the Nymph descend, and, disarray'd,
 Quit her dear object of the Masquerade :

As oft kind Nature to his heart recurr'd, 335
And Love parental stopp'd the cruel word.

MEAN time, unconscious of the brooding storm,
The Nymph exults in her improving form :
Gay is her smile, as those the Queen of Love
Darts on the Graces in her court above, 340
While they contrive, with love-inspiring cares,
New modes of beauty for the robe she wears.
At length, each duty of the toilet past,
The glance of triumph on the mirror cast,
Now the light wand our finish'd Ariel arms ; 345
Glad Jenny glories in her Lady's charms ;
And gives full utterance, as she smooths her vest,
To the sweet bodings of SERENA's breast.

O! LOVELY bias of the Female soul !
Which trembling points to Pleasure's distant pole ; 350
Which with fond trust on flattering Hope relies,
O'erleaps each peril, that in prospect lies, }
And, springing to the goal, anticipates the prize !
Such was SERENA's fear-discarding state ;
Her eye beheld not the dark frowns of Fate : 355
She only saw, the combat all forgot,
'The triumph promis'd as her glorious lot.

Now eager to display her light attire,
The sprightly Damsel seeks her sullen Sire ;
His gloomy brow with sportive air she kist : 360
Ah ! how could Spleen that magic lip resist ?
That voice, whose melting music might assuage
The scorpion Anger's self-tormenting rage ?
For ne'er did Nature to a Sire's embrace
Present a filial form of softer grace ; 365
Or

Or Fancy view a shape of lovelier kind
In the bright mirror of her Shakespear's mind.

THE sulky Fiend, in spite of all her art,
Had now been banish'd from the Father's heart,
But that, resolv'd her utmost force to try, 370
She summon'd to her aid her old ally,
The fiery Demon, temper-troubling Gout,
Who sinks the lively, and appals the stout:
Who now, assisting Spleen's malignant aim,
Shoots in quick throbbings thro' Sir GILBERT's frame,
Thus forely pester'd by a double foe, 376
Galling his giddy brain, and burning toe,
The testy Knight, with stern and sullen air,
Denounc'd his humour to the shudd'ring Fair:
"Go change your drefs! give up this vain delight! 380
"I will not hear of Masquerades to-night:
"Your Chaperone's inform'd, she need not wait,
"So change your drefs! and sit with me sedate."

As the proud dame, whose avaricious glee
Built golden castles in the rich South Sea, 385
Gaz'd on her Broker, when he told her first
Her wealth was vanish'd, and the bubble burst:
So gaz'd the Nymph, hearing her Sire destroy
Her airy palace of ideal joy.
First her fond thoughts to flattering doubt incline, 390
And deem the harsh command no fix'd design,
But the quick fall of a peevish word,
That Love revokes, the moment it is heard:
Or haply mirth, in mimic wrath express,
A feign'd forbiddance utter'd but in jest: 395
To this short hope her sinking spirit clung,
To see his softning eyes refute his tongue.

Ah

Ah fruitless hope ! for there she cannot find
 The well-known signals of the friendly mind.
 Stern Contradiction, with the frown of Fate, 400
 On his dark visage reign'd in fullen state ;
 Felt in each feature, in each accent shewn,
 Lower'd in his look, and thunder'd in his tone.
 Hence the warm bosom of the lively Fair
 Now shivers with the chill of blank despair : 405
 Now Disappointment's thick'ning shadows roll
 A cloud of horror o'er the darken'd soul,
 And Fancy, in a sick delirium tost,
 Gives double value to each pleasure lost.
 The blasted joys, she labours to forget, 410
 Rush on her mind, and waken keen regret :
 Her cheek turns pale—the tear prepares to start,
 And palpitation heaves her swelling heart.
 But here, ΣΟΦΗΡΟΣΥΝΗ ! thy guardian aid
 Saves from her potent foe the sinking Maid. 415
 Her bosom, into strong emotions thrown,
 Now feels the pressure of thy friendly Zone.
 Swift thy kind cautions to her soul recur,
 More quick to cancel faults, than prone to err.
 As the rough swell of the insurgent tides 420
 By the mild impulse of the Moon subsides :
 So, by her mystic Monitor repress,
 The flood of passion leaves her lighten'd breast,
 From her clear brain each cloudy vapour flies,
 And Joy's bright ray rekindles in her eyes. 425
 Reviving Gaiety full lustre spread
 O'er all her features, and with smiles she said :
 " Let others drive to pleasure's distant dome !
 " Be mine the dearer joy to please at home !"
 Scarce had she spoke, when she with sportive ease 430
 Preft her Piano-forte's fav'rite keys,
 O'er

O'er softest notes her rapid fingers ran,
Sweet prelude to the Air she thus began!

SOPHROSUNE! thou Guard unseen!
Whose delicate controul 435
Can turn the discord of Chagrin
To Harmony of Soul!
Above the lyre, the lute above,
Be mine thy melting tone,
Which makes the peace of all we love 440
The basis of our own!

So sung the Nymph, not uninspir'd: the Sprite
Invok'd so fondly in the mystic rite,
With richest music swell'd her warbling throat,
And gave new sweetness to her sweetest note. 445
As when the seraph Uriel first begun
His carol to the new-created Sun,
The sacred echo shook the vast profound,
And Chaos perish'd at the potent sound:
So, at the magic of SERENA'S strain, 450
Spleen vanish'd from her Sire's chaotic brain,
Whose fibres, lighten'd of that load, rejoice,
In the dear accents of her dulcet voice.
Much he inclines his mandate to recall,
And send the Fair one to the promis'd Ball; 455
But stubborn Pride forbids him to revoke
The solemn sentence which Ill-humour spoke.
Still conscious of her power, the Nymph prolongs
The soft enchantment of her soothing songs;
Which his fond mind in firm attention keep, 460
To his sixth hour of supper and of sleep:
This now arriv'd, the Knight retiring, shed
A double blessing on his darling's head;

And with unusual exultation prest
His lovely child to his parental breast. 465

THUS while to rest the happy Sire withdrew,
The Nymph more happy, to her chamber flew;
And, Jenny now dismiss'd, the grateful Fair
Breathes to her guardian Sprite this tender prayer:
"Thou kind Preserver! whose attentive zeal 470
"Gives me in this contented hour to feel
"That dearest pleasure of a soul refin'd,
"The triumph of the self-corrected mind;
"If happy in the strength thy smiles impart,
"I own thy favour in no thankless heart, 475
"Still let me view thy form, so justly dear!
"Still in kind Visions to these eyes appear!
"Thy friendly dictates teach me to fulfil!
"And let thy aid avert each future ill!"

WHILE fond devotion taught her thus to speak, 480
The soft Down sinks beneath her lovely cheek,
And settling on her lips, that sweetly close,
Silence, enamour'd, lulls her to repose.

C A N T O III.

YE kind Transporters of the excurfive soul !
 Ye Vifions ! that, when Night enwraps the Pole,
 The lively wanderer to new worlds convey,
 Escaping from her heavy houfe of clay,
 How could the gentle fpirit, foe to strife, 5
 Bear without you this coil of waking life ?
 Its grief-embitter'd cares, its joylefs mirth,
 And all the flat realities of earth ?
 'Tis you, fweet Phantoms, who new powers infpire,
 Who give to Beauty charms, to Fancy fire, 10
 When, foaring like the eagle's kindred frame,
 The Poet dreams of everlafting Fame ;
 Or, tickled by the feather of the dove,
 The fofter Virgin dreams of endlefs Love.
 There was a time, when Fortune's bright decrees 15
 Were feen to realize fuch dreams as thefe :
 Now dangerous vifions the fond mind decoy
 Vainly to hope for unexifting joy,
 While Belles and Bards with mournful fighs exclaim,
 Mortality has feiz'd both Love and Fame. 20

AH fair SERENA, might the boast be ours
 To clear from such a charge these heavenly Powers!
 Blest! might thy Bard deserve in Fame to see
 A guard as faithful, as Love proves to thee!
 Blest! if that airy Being gild his life, 25
 Who sav'd thee trembling on the brink of strife,
 And now, kind prompter of thy nightly dream,
 Fill'd thy rapt spirit with her sacred beam!
 For soon as Slumber fet thy soul at large,
 Thy Guardian Power revisited her charge; 30
 And, lightly hovering o'er th' illumin'd bed,
 Thus with fond smiles of approbation said :
 " Well hast thou past, sweet Maid, one trying scene,
 " One fiery ordeal of the tyrant Spleen :
 " Thus, my SERENA, may thy force sustain 35
 " Each harder trial, that may yet remain!
 " Against the Fiend to fortify thy soul,
 " By useful knowledge of her dark controul,
 " I come to shew thee, what no mortal eye,
 " Save thine, was e'er permitted to descry; 40
 " The realms, where Spleen's infernal agents goad
 " The ghostly tenants of her drear abode.
 " Now summon all thy strength! throw fear aside,
 " And firmly trust in thy ætherial Guide!"

SHE spoke : and thro' the Night's surrounding shade 45
 The obedient Nymph, not unappall'd convey'd;
 Thro' long, long tracts of darkness, on they past
 With speed that struck the trembling Maid aghast,
 Till now, recovering by degrees, she found
 Her soft foot press upon the solid ground. 50
 Encourag'd by her Guide, at length she tries
 To search the gloomy scene, with anxious eyes.

“ THRO’

* " THRO' me ye pass to Spleen's terrific dome :
 Thro' me, to Discontent's eternal home :
 Thro' me, to those, who sadden'd human life, 55
 By fullen humour, or vexatious strife ;
 And here, thro' scenes of endless vapours hurl'd,
 Are punish'd in the forms, they plagued the world ;
 Justly they feel no joy, who none bestow,
 All ye who enter, every hope forego !" 60
 O'er an arch'd cavern, rough with horrid stone,
 On which a feeble light, by flukes, shone,
 These characters, that chill'd her soul with dread,
 SERENA, fixt in silent wonder, read.
 As she began to speak, her voice was drown'd 65
 By the shrill echo of far other sound :
 Forth from the portal lamentable cries
 Of wailing Infants, without number, rise.
 Compassion to this poor and piteous flock
 Led the soft Maid still nearer to the rock. 70
 The pining band within she now espied,
 And, touch'd with tender indignation, cried,
 " How could these little forms, of life so brief,
 " Deserve this dire abode of lasting grief ?"
 " —Well may thy gentle heart be sore concern'd 75
 " At sight so moving," the mild Sprite return'd :
 " Thou seest in those, whose wailings wound thy ears,
 " The puny progeny of modern Peers :

* Per me si va nella citta dolente,
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore,
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente,
 * * * * *
 Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' intrate.
 Queste parole di colore oscuro
 Vid' io scritte al sommo d'una porta.

DANTE, Inferno. 3.

" Their Sires, by Avarice or Ambition led,
 " Aliens to Love, approach'd the nuptial bed ; 80 <
 " With proud indifference, and with cold distaste,
 " Their homely brides reluctantly embrac'd,
 " And by such union gave disastrous birth
 " To these poor pale incumbrances of earth,
 " Who, bred in Vanity, with Pride their dower, 85
 " Where Spleen's sure victims from their natal hour,
 " And in their splendid cradles pul'd and pin'd,
 " Till Fate their ill-spun thread of life untwin'd,
 " And to this vestibule convey'd their ghosts,
 " To form the van-guard of th' infernal hosts. 90
 " But let not Pity's ineffectual charm
 " Impede thy progress, or thy strength disarm !
 " Follow and fear not ! guarded by my care,
 " From all the phantoms, that around thee glare."

SHE spoke, and enter'd, ere the Nymph replied, 95
 A pass, that open'd in the cavern's side,
 Low, dark, and rocky—with her body bent,
 SERENA follow'd down the dire descent.
 A sudden light soon struck her dazzled view ;
 But 'twas a light of such infernal hue, 100
 As double horror to the darkness gave,
 With dread reflection from a dusky wave.
 Round a black water tatter'd spectres stand,
 With each a tiny taper in its hand ;
 Pierce Mendicants ! who strive some alms to win 105
 From the fair Wanderer, with incessant din.
 The Guardian Spirit saw SERENA grieve,
 To hear of wants she knew not to relieve ;
 And to the generous Nymph in pity cries :
 " The Gulph of Indolence before us lies, 110
 " O'er whose dull flood, to which no bank is seen,
 " A boat must wait thee to the dome of Spleen.
 " These

“ These pallid figures, that around thee press,
 “ And haunt thee with importunate distress,
 “ On earth were Beggars of each different class, 115
 “ Tho’ blended here in one promiscuous mass.
 “ The Poor, who spurn’d kind Industry’s controul,
 “ The Rich, who begg’d from penury of soul :
 “ Both by their abject pride alike debas’d
 “ Blasphem’d that nature, which they both disgrac’d,
 “ And, hither by the sullen Fiend convey’d 121
 “ Here still they ply their ineffectual trade ;
 “ In chase of each new passenger they run,
 “ Condemn’d to beg from all, to gain by none.
 “ But from these wretches turn thy fruitless care ! 125
 “ Behold the gulph before thee, and beware !
 “ Nor touch the stream, which mortal sense o’ercomes,
 “ And by its baleful charm the soul benumbs !”
 “ —Can mortal pass ?” the shudd’ring Nymph replied,
 “ **This sullen, slow, unavigable tide,** 130
 “ **In whose black current this enormous mound**
 “ **Of shapeless stone appears, this horrid bound,**
 “ That seems an everlasting guard to keep
 “ O’er the dull waters, that beneath it creep ?”

WHILE yet she spoke, with a resounding shock, 135
 Forth from the arch of the impending rock,
 Which o’er the murmuring eddy hung so low,
 The lazy river scarce had room to flow,
 Of rude construction, and in roughest plight,
 A boat now issued to SERENA’S sight ; 140
 An empty boat, that slowly to the shore
 Advanc’d, without the aid of sail or oar ;
 Self-mov’d it seem’d, but soon the Nymph beheld
 A grizly figure, who the stern impell’d.
 Wading behind, the horrid Form appear’d ; 145
 Above the water his strong arm he rear’d
 And cross the creeping flood the crazy vessel steer’d. }

The heavenly Sprite observed her trembling Ward,
 Whose growling fears the hideous pass abhorr'd,
 And cheering thus she spake : " This Spectre boasts 15
 " The chief dominion of these dreary coasts :
 " To him, thy Pilot, without dread consign,
 " And place thy body in his bark supine ;
 " So thro' this arching rock thou'lt pass alone,
 " Safe from the perils of th' incumbent stone : 155
 " Embark undaunted !—on the farther side
 " Thou'lt surely find me thy unfailing Guide.
 " Nor let this Pilot raise thy groundless dread,
 " This sullen Charon of the froward dead,
 " A Phantom, never blest with human life, 160
 " Tho' oft on earth his noxious power is rife ;
 " And in that region, ne'er from error free,
 " The words he dictates are assign'd to me.
 " Observe this Fiend, that Nature scorn'd to frame,
 " Offspring of Pride, and Apathy his name ! 165
 " Passions he ne'er can feel, and ne'er impart,
 " A miscreated Imp, without a heart,
 " In place of which, his subtle parent pinn'd
 " A bladder, fill'd with circulating wind,
 " Which seems with mimic life the mass to warm, 170
 " And gives false vigour to his bloated form.
 " But place thee in the boat, his arms direct,
 " My love shall watch thee, and my power protect."

So spake the friendly Sprite ; th' obedient Maid
 Her form along the narrow vessel laid : 175
 But oh ! what terrors shake her tender soul,
 As from the shore the bark begins to roll ;
 And, sever'd from her Friend, her eyes discern
 'The steering Spectre wading at the stern !
 Far stronger fears her resolution melt, 180
 Than those, which erst the Bard of Florence felt,

When,

When, by the honour'd shade of Virgil led
 Thro' all the dreary circles of the dead,
 Hell's fiercest Demons threatened to divide
 The living Poet from his shadowy Guide ; 185
 And bade him, friendless, and alone, return
 Thro' the dire horrors of the dark sojourn.
 Not long the lovely Fair one's terrors last ;
 For safely thro' th' impending rock she past :
 And slow advancing to the gloomy strand, 190
 The sullen Pilot brings her safe to land.
 There, fondly hovering on her guardian plumes,
 The heavenly Monitor her charge resumes ;
 And smiling, leads along the rocky road,
 Whose windings open into Spleen's abode. 195

THOU Queen of Shades ! whose spirit-damping spell
 Too oft is seen the Poet's pride to quell,
 When the sharp workings of unrelish'd wit
 Plunge thy pale victim in a bilious fit ;
 May I, unpunish'd by thy subtle power, 200
 Dare to display thy subterranean bower,
 And to this wond'ring upper world explain
 The shadowy horrors of thy secret reign ?

ENTERING beneath a wide fantastic arch,
 Round the drear circuit of the dome they march ; 205
 Which a pale flash from many a fiery Sprite
 Frequent illumes with intermitting light ;
 Such, as on earth, to Superstition's eye,
 Denounces ruin from the northern sky
 While she discerns, amid the nightly glare, 210
 Armies embattled in the blazing air.

AROUND the Nymph unnumber'd phantoms glide ;
 Here swell the bloated race of bulky Pride :

In close and horrid union, there appear
 The wilder progeny of frantic Fear; 215
 Mis-shapen monsters! whose stupendous frame
 Abhorrent Nature has refus'd to name.
 Here, in Cameleon colours, lightly fit
 The motley offspring of disorder'd Wit.
 All things prodigious the wide cave contain'd, 220
 And forms, beyond what Fable ever feign'd:
 But, as the worm, that on the dewy green
 Springs half to view, and half remains unseen,
 Perceiving near its cell a human tread,
 Slinks back to earth, and hides its timid head: 225
 So, where the heavenly Spirit deign'd to lead,
 The startled spectres from her step recede;
 And, as abash'd they from her eye retire,
 Sink into mist, or melt in fluid fire.

HIGH on an ebony throne, superbly wrought 230
 With each fierce figure of fantastic thought,
 In a deep cove, where no bright beam intrudes,
 O'er her black schemes the sullen Empress broods.
 The Shriek-Owl's mingled with the Raven's plume
 Shed o'er her furrow'd brows an awful gloom; 235
 A garb, that glares with stripes of lurid flame;
 Wraps in terrific pomp her haggard frame;
 Round her a Serpent, as her zone, is roll'd,
 Which writhing, stings itself in every fold.

NEAR her pavilion, in barbaric state, 240
 Four Mutes the mandates of their Queen await.
 From sickly Fancy bred, by sullen Sloth,
 Both parents' curse, yet pamper'd still by both,
 First stands Disease; an hag of magic power,
 Varying her frightful visage every hour, 245
 Her horrors heightening, as those changes last,
 And each new form more hideous than the past.

Detraction

ction next, a shapeless Fiend, appears,
 se shrivell'd hand a misty mirror rears ;
 'd by malignant Art, th' infernal toy 250
 ts the lovely mien of smiling Joy,
 roseate Beauty of attractive Grace,
 gives a stepdame's frown to Nature's face.
 third in place, but with a fiercer air,
 ie true Gorgon Disappointment glare ! 255
 hose petrific power Delight's o'erthrown ;
 Hope's warm heart becomes an icy stone.
 in a gorgeous robe, that, ill bestow'd,
 her mean body by its cumbrous load,
 s fretful Discontent, of Fiends the worst, 260
 gnity debas'd, by blessings curst,
 poisons Pleasure with the fourest leaven,
 makes a Hell of Love's extatic Heaven.

IE Guide celestial, near this ghastly group,
 iv'd her tender Charge with terror droop : 265
 ur not, sweet Maid," she cries, " my steps pursue !
 ur gaze too long on this infernal crew !
 urn from Detraction's fascinating glass !
 silence cross the throne ! observe, and pass !
 yond this dome, the palace of the Queen, 270
 r empire winds thro' many a dreary scene,
 here she torments, as their deserts require,
 r various victims, that on earth expire ;
 ch class apart : for in a different cell
 ie Fierce, the Fretful, and the Sullen dwell : 275
 ese shalt thou slightly view, in vapours hurl'd,
 d swiftly then regain thy native world.
 t first remark, within that ample nich,
 ith every quaint device of splendor rich,
 n Phantom, who, from vulgar eyes withdrawn, 280
 ears to stretch in one eternal yawn :

" Of empire here he holds the tottering helm,
 " Prime Minister in Spleen's discordant realm,
 " The pillar of her spreading state, and more,
 " Her darling offspring, whom on earth she bore ; 285
 " For, as on earth his wayward mother stray'd,
 " Grandeur, with eyes of fire, her form survey'd,
 " And with strong passion starting from his throne,
 " Unloos'd the sullen Queen's reluctant zone.
 " From his embrace, conceiv'd in moody joy, 290
 " Rose the round image of a bloated boy :
 " His nurse was Indolence ; his tutor Pomp,
 " Who kept the child from every childish romp ;
 " They rear'd their nursling to the bulk you see,
 " And his proud parents call'd their imp ENNUÏ. 295
 " This realm he rules, and in superb attire
 " Visits each earthly palace of his Sire :
 " A thousand shapes he wears, now pert, now prim,
 " Pursues each grave conceit, or idle whim ;
 " In arms, in arts, in government engages, 300
 " With Monarchs, Poets, Politicians, Sages ;
 " But drops each work, the moment it's begun,
 " And, trying all things, can accomplish none :
 " Yet o'er each rank, and age, and sex, his sway
 " Spreads undiscern'd, and makes the world his prey.
 " The light Coquet, amid Flirtation, sighs, 306
 " To find him lurk in Pleasure's vain disguise ;
 " And the grave Nun discovers, in her cell,
 " That holy water but augments his spell.
 " As the strange monster of the serpent breed, 310
 " That haunts, as travellers tell, the marshy mead,
 " Devours each nobler beast, tho' firmly grown
 " To size and strength superior to his own ;—
 " For on the grazing Horse, or larger Bull,
 " Subtly he springs, of dark saliva full, 315
 " With swiftly-darting tongue his prey anoints
 " With venom, potent to dissolve its joints,
 " And

“ And, while its bulk in liquid poison swims,
 “ Swallows its melting bone, and fluid limbs :—
 “ So this Ennui, this wonder-working Elf, 320
 “ Can vanquish powers far mightier than himself :
 “ Nor Wit, nor Science soar his reach above,
 “ And oft he seizes on successful Love.
 “ Of all the radiant host who lend their aid
 “ To light mankind thro’ life’s bewildering shade, 325
 “ Bright Charity alone, with cloudless ray,
 “ May boast exemption from his baleful sway :
 “ Hasten then, sweet Nymph, nor let us longer roam
 “ Round the drear circle of this dangerous dome !
 “ Left e’en thy Guide, entangled in his spell, 330
 “ Should fail to guard thee from a Fiend so fell !”

So speaking, the kind Spirit’s anxious care
 Led from the palace the attentive Fair,
 And, winding thro’ a passage dark and rude,
 Thus the mild Monitor her speech renew’d : 335
 “ ’Gainst Fear and Pity now thy bosom steel,
 “ For fights more horrible I now reveal !
 “ Spleen’s tortur’d victims view with dauntless eyes ;
 “ For lo ! her penal realms before thee rise !”
 The Nymph advancing saw, with mute amaze, 340
 A dismal, deep, enormous dungeon blaze.
 Stones of red fire the hideous wall compos’d ;
 And massive gates the horrid confine clos’d.
 Th’ infernal Portress of this doleful dome,
 With fiery lips, that swell’d with poisonous foam, 345
 Pale Discord, rag’d ; with whose tormenting tongue,
 Thro’ all its caves th’ extensive region rung :
 A living Vulture was the Fury’s crest ;
 And in her hand a Rattlesnake she prest,
 Whose angry joints incessantly were heard 350
 To sound defiance to the screaming Bird.

“ THE

" THE boundless depth of this dire prison holds
 " The untam'd spirits of imperious Scolds :
 " Nor think that Females only fill the cave !
 " Male Termagants have liv'd, and here they rave. 355
 " All of each sex are pent within this pale,
 " Who knew no use of language, but to rail."
 Thus to her Charge exclaim'd the heavenly Guide,
 And, as she spoke, the portals open'd wide,
 And to th' observance of the shuddering Maid, 360
 Th' immeasurable den was all display'd.
 But oh ! what various noises from within
 Fill the next air with one stupendous din ;
 Mourning's deep groan, and Anger's furious call,
 Terror's loud cry, and Affectation's squall, 365
 The sob of Passion, the Hysterick scream,
 And shrieks of Frenzy, in its fierce extreme !
 In this wild uproar every sound's combin'd,
 That stuns the senses, and distracts the mind.
 " Mark," (to the Nymph SOPHROSUNE began) 370
 " The fierce Xantippe flaming in the van,
 " The vase, she emptied on the Sage's head,
 " Hangs o'er her own, a different shower to shed ;
 " For, drop by drop, distilling liquid fire,
 " It fills the Vixen with new tropes of ire. 375

" BEYOND the Grecian dame extend your view,
 " And mark the spectre of a modern Shrew !
 " She, who whene'er she din'd, with furious look,
 " Spurn'd her nice food, and bellow'd at her cook,
 " Here justly feels a culinary rack, 380
 " Bound, like Ixion, to a whirling jack.

" BUT to the Tityus of this realm ! whose hulk
 " Is stretch'd supine, and whose enormous bulk

" To

" To such extent in this wide scene is spread,
 " Nine acres seem too narrow for his bed ! 385
 " This form was once (but many years are past,
 " Since in his Civic furs he breath'd his last)
 " Lord Mayor of London; his whole life one treat,
 " And all his business but to rail and eat.
 " The circling group of Fish, and Fowl, and Beasts, 390
 " Once crown'd his tables and compos'd his feasts;
 " For all the creatures (mark this strange event!)
 " Which he devour'd with growling discontent,
 " O'er him their reunited limbs display,
 " The grumbling G'utton's flesh they rend away, 395 }
 " And find his swelling form a never-failing prey. }
 " See! where nine Bucks have gor'd his monstrous haunch,
 " See! fifty Turkeys gobble on his paunch!
 " O'er his broad side twelve creeping Turtles spread,
 " And Fowls unnumber'd flutter round his head." 400
 SERENA gaz'd, but soon she turn'd away,
 Sick with disgust, and shuddering with dismay.
 " To scenes less hideous let us now repair!"
 (Said the kind Guard of the dejected Fair)
 And, cheering her faint Charge, her step she led 405
 To the near dwelling of the fretful dead.

OF dusky adamant the dungeon rose;
 A dingy mirror its dark sides compose,
 Reflecting, with a thousand quaint grimaces,
 The pale inhabitants' distorted faces. 410
 " Here, like a Dame of Quality array'd,
 " Sits Pœvishness, presiding o'er the shade,
 " And frowning at her own uncomely mein,
 " Whose coarse reflection on the wall is seen.
 " A snarling Lap-dog her right-hand restrains, 415
 " Her lap an infant Porcupine contains,

" Which,

“ Which, while her fondness tries its wrath to still,
“ Wounds her each moment with a pointed quill.
“ The forward Spirits here in durance fret,
“ Whose teasy life was one continued pet ; 420
“ Here they in trifles that vexation find,
“ Which teaz’d on earth their irritated mind.
“ Observe the Phantom, who with eyes askance
“ Still to the mirror turns her eager glance !
“ While on her cheek, at every anxious turn, 425
“ Blushes of new mortification burn.
“ Beauty for lasting bliss had form’d the Maid ;
“ Love to her charms his faithful homage paid ;
“ But, all this swelling tide of joy to check,
“ A fatal Freckle rises on her neck : 430
“ Her soft cosmetics the next Nymph applies,
“ Success attends her, and the Freckle dies :
“ But ah ! this victory avails her not ;
“ She finds an Hydra in the teasing spot :
“ Fast as one flies, another still succeeds, 435
“ And with eternal food her fretful humour feeds.

“ NEAR to the Nymph, in a more moody fit,
“ See the pale Phantom of a peevish Wit !
“ Mark with what frowns his eager eyes peruse,
“ Wet from the press, three Critical Reviews ! 440
“ With wounded Vanity’s distracting rage
“ How rapidly he runs thro’ every page !
“ He finds some honours lavish’d on his Verse,
“ And Joy’s faint gleams his gloomy spirit pierce.
“ But oh ! too soon these feeble sparks decay ; 445
“ And keen Vexation reassumes her prey.
“ Hating reproof, in every fibre sore,
“ One censur’d particle torments him more,

“ More

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“ More than a hundred happier lines delight,
 “ Which liberal favour condescends to cite. 450

“ BUT time will fail us, if we pause to view
 “ The various torments of the testy crew ;
 “ These wretched chymists, whose o’erhated brain
 “ Extracts from nothing a substantial pain.
 “ Yet, ere to different districts we advance, 455
 “ Take of one fretful tribe a transient glance !
 “ Their unsuspected punishments supply
 “ A lesson, useful to the Female eye.
 “ Spleen’s liveliest agent here beguiles the gay,
 “ Fair to attract, and flattering to betray.” 460
 As thus the kind ætherial Guardian spoke,
 Within a rock, whence plaintive murmurs broke,
 She touch’d a secret spring, whose power was such,
 Two jarring doors unfolded at the touch,
 And, with the charms of regal splendor bright, 465
 A chearful banquet sparkles to the sight.
 Viands so light, so elegantly grac’d,
 Might tempt e’en Temperance herself to taste ;
 For Fruit, alone compos’d th’ inticing treat,
 Fair to the eye, and to the palate sweet. 470
 In such bright juice the Peach and Cherry swim,
 As makes the Topaz and the Ruby dim.
 Here crown’d with every flower, and gaily drest
 In all the glitter of a Gallic vest,
 Whose ample folds her loathsome body screen’d, 475
 A child of Luxury reigns, a subtle Fiend !
 Who, with a grace that every heart allures,
 Smiles on the lustre of her rich *liqueurs* ;
 Her fatal smiles their utmost power exert
 To poison Beauty at her dire dessert ; 480
 To

To blast the rose that Health's bright cheek adorns,
And fill each festive heart with latent thorns :
For the sly Fiend, of every art possest,
Steals on th' affection of her Female guest ;
And, by her soft address seducing each, 485
Eager she plies them with a Brandy Peach :
They with keen lip the luscious fruit devour ;
But swiftly feel its peace-destroying power.
Quick thro' each vein new tides of frenzy roll :
All evil passions kindle in the soul, 490
Drive from each feature every chearful grace,
And glare ferocious in the fallow face ;
The wounded nerves in furious conflict tear,
Then sink, in blank dejection and despair.
Effects more dire, thus tempting to deceive, 495
The Apple wrought not in the soul of Eve ;
Howe'er disguis'd, in Jelly or in Jam,
Spleen has no poison surer than a Dram.

“ BUT haste we now,” (the heavenly Leader cries)
“ To where this penal world's last wonder lies !” 500
She spoke ; and led the Nymph thro' deeper dells,
Low-murmering vaults, and horror-breathing cells.
And now they pass a perforated cage
Where rancorous Spectres without number rage.
“ Avert thine eye !” (the heavenly spirit said) 505
“ Nor view these abject tribes of envious dead !
“ Who pin'd to hear the voice of Truth proclaim
“ A Sister's beauty, or a Brother's fame !
“ Tho' crown'd with all Prosperity imparts,
“ High in their various ranks, and several arts ; 510
“ Yet, meanly sunk by Envy's base controul,
“ They died in that consumption of the soul ;

“ And

“ And here, thro’ bars that twisted Adders make,
 “ And the long volumes of th’ envenom’d Snake,
 “ O’er this dark road they dart an anxious eye, 515
 “ Still envying every Fiend that flutters by.
 “ Pafs! and regard them not!”—Th’ attentive Maid
 In silent tremor the behest obey’d.

THIS dungeon crost, her weary feet she drags
 Thro’ winding caverns, and o’er icy crags: 520
 Soul-chilling damps in the dark passage reign,
 Which issues on a vast and dreary plain,
 Fann’d by no breezes, with no verdure crown’d ;
 The black horizon is its only bound.
 And now advancing, in a drizzly mist, 525
 Thro’ sullen Phantoms, hating to exist,
 SERENA spies, high o’er his subjects plac’d
 The ghastly Tyrant of the gloomy waste.
 Murmuring he sits upon a rocking stone,
 Th’ unstable base of his ill-founded throne : 530
 Hideous his face, and horrible his frame,
 Misanthropy the grisly Monster’s name !
 Him to fierce Pride, with raging passion sore,
 The frowning Gorgon, Disappointment, bore ;
 On earth detested, and by heaven abhor’d, 535
 Of this drear wild he reins the moody lord.
 Few are the subjects of his waste domain.
 And scarce a Female in his frightful train ;
 Except one changing corps of ancient Prudes ;
 Reluctant here the prying band intrudes. 540
 Each, who on earth, behind her artful fan,
 Feign’d coarse aversion to the creature Man
 Is doom’d, in this dark region, to abide
 Some transient pains for hypocritic pride.

Here

Here ever-during chains those Scoffers bind, 545
 Whose writings deaden and debase the mind;
 Who mock Creation with injurious scorn,
 And feel a fancied void in Plenty's horn.

In his right-hand, an emblem of his cares,
 A branch of Aconite the Monarch bears; 550
 And those four Phantoms, who this region haunt,
 He feeds with berries from this deadly plant;
 For, strange to tell! tho' sever'd from its root,
 The bough still blackens with successive fruit.
 The tribes, who taste it, burst into a fit, 555
 Of raving mockery and rancorous wit;
 And, pleas'd their Tyrant's ghastly smile to court,
 By vile distortions make him various sport.
 The frantic rabble, who his sway confess,
 Before his throne an hideous Puppet dress; 560
 When in unseemly rags they have array'd
 The image, from their own dark semblance made,
 In horrid gambols round their work they throng,
 With antic dance and rude discordant song;
 Satire's rank offals on the block they fling, 565
 And call it Nature, to delight their King:
 While in their features he exults to see
 The frowns of Torture, mixt with grins of Glee.
 For, as these abject toils engage the crew,
 Their own grim idol darkens to their view! 570
 Wide and more wide its horrid stature spreads,
 And o'er the tribe new consternation sheds:
 For each forgets, in his bewilder'd gaze,
 'Tis but a Monster, which he help'd to raise.
 As o'er its form their dizzy glances roll, 575
 't strikes a cheerless damp thro' all the soul.

Vainly

Vainly to shun the baleful sight they try,
 It draws for ever the reluctant eye :
 At each review with deeper dread they start ;
 A colder chaos numbs each freezing heart. 580
 No mutual confidence, no friendly care,
 Relieves the panic they are doom'd to bear ;
 For as they shrink absorb'd in wild affright,
 When each to each inclines his wounded fight,
 They feel, for social comfort, sour disgust, 585
 And all the sudden anguish of distrust.

“ Now mark, SERENA ! ” (the mild Guide began)
 “ The proudest Phantom of the gloomy clan
 “ Appointed, by this surly Monarch’s grace,
 “ High-priest of all this Misanthropic race ! 590
 “ See o’er the croud a throne of vapours lift
 “ That strange and motely form, the shade of SWIFT !
 “ Now shalt thou view ” (the guardian Sprite pursues)
 “ His horrid penance, that each day renews :
 “ Perchance its terrors may o’erwhelm thy sense, 595
 “ But trust my care to bear thee safely hence ! ”
 As thus she spoke, above the gazing throng,
 High in a sailing cloud the Spectre swept along.
 Vain of his power, of elocution proud,
 In mystic language he harangu’d the crowd ; 600
 The bonds he mark’d, with measure so precise,
 Of Equine virtue, and of Human vice,
 That, cursing Nature’s gifts, without remorse,
 Each sullen hearer wish’d himself a Horse.
 Pleas’d with the pure effect his sermon wrought, 605
 Th’ ambitious Priest a rich Tiara caught,
 Which, hovering o’er his high-aspiring head,
 Sarcastic Humour dangled by a thread.

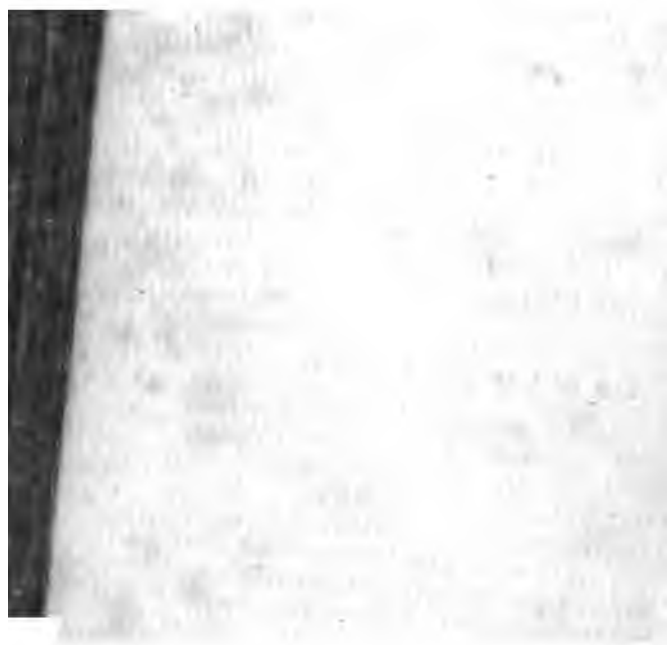
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The rich Tiara, for his temples fit,
 Blaz'd with each polish'd gem of brilliant wit; 610
 And sharp-fac'd Irony, his darling Sprite,
 Who rais'd her patron to this giddy height,
 Fast on his brow the dangerous honour bound,
 But, in the moment that her Priest was crown'd,
 His airy throne dissolv'd, and thunder rent the ground. }
 Forth from the yawning earth, with lightning's speed, 616
 Sprung the fierce phantom of a fiery Steed,
 Spurring his sides, whence bloody poison flow'd
 The ghastly-grinning Fiend, Derision, rode.
 In her right-hand a horrid whip she shakes, 620
 Whose founding lash was form'd of knotted snakes :
 An uncouth bugle her left-hand display'd,
 From a grey monkey's skull by Malice made ;
 As her distorted lips this whistle blew,
 Forth rush'd the Spectre of a wild Yahoo. 625
 See the poor Wit in hasty terror spring,
 And fly for succour to his grizzly King!
 In vain his piercing cries that succour court :
 The grizzly King enjoys the cruel sport.
 Behold the fierce Yahoo, her victim caught, 630
 Drive her sharp talons thro' the seat of thought !
 That copious fountain, which too well supplied
 Perverted Ridicule's malignant tide.
 Quick from her steed the grinning Fiend descends,
 From the pierc'd skull the spleenful brain she rends, 635
 To black Misanthropy, her ghastly King,
 See the keen Hag this horrid present bring !
 Her daily gift ! for, as each day arrives,
 Her destin'd victim for new death revives.
 The Huntress now, this direst pageant past, 640
 On her wild bugle blew so dread a blast,

The sharp sound pierc'd thro' all the depths of Hell ; }
The Fiends all answer'd in one hideous yell, }
And in a fearful trance the soft SERENA fell. }
Hence from the lovely Nymph her senses fled, 645
Till, thro' the parted curtains of her bed,
The amorous Sun, who now began to rise,
Kist, with a sportive beam, her opening eyes.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

CANTO



C A N T O IV.

ALL, thou enlighten'd Globe of human joy!
 Where social cares the soften'd heart employ :
 Where cheering rays of vital comfort roll
 Through bright regions o'er the rescued soul,
 Where, 'scaping from the dark domain of Spleen, 5
 We sighs with new warmth to thy attractive scene!
 Where more I bless thy pleasure-breathing gale,
 Whose gaze enchanted on thy flowery vale,
 Where smiling Innocence, and ardent Youth,
 Go hand in hand with Beauty and with Truth. 10
 Where thou, sweet travellers! in rosy bowers,
 From th' intrusion of all evil Powers!
 Where ruitless wish of the benignant Muse,
 Where such to this chequer'd world the Fates refuse!
 Where round its precincts many an ugly Sprite 15
 Where odds undiscern'd to poison pure delight :
 Where dost the foremost of this haggard band,
 Where reared poster of the sea and land,
 Where apt in dark mists, malignant Scandal flies,
 Where vile Envy's poison'd breath the buoyant gale supplies.

Tho' **SHERIDAN**, with shafts of comic wit, 21
 Pierc'd, and expos'd her to the laughing Pit,
 Th' immortal Hag still wears her paper crown,
 The dreaded Empress of the idle Town :
 O'erleaping her prerogative of old, 25
 To sink the noble, to defame the bold ;—
 In chace of Worth to slip the dogs of Strife,
 Thro' all the ample range of public life ;—
 The Tyrant now, that sanctuary burst
 Where Happiness by Privacy is nurs'd, 30
 Her fury rising as her powers encrease,
 O'eturns the altars of domestic Peace.
 Pleas'd in her dark and gall-distilling cloud
 The sportive form of Innocence to shroud,
 Beauty's young train her baleful eyes survey, 35
 To mark the fairest, as her favourite prey.
 Hence, sweet **SERENA**, while thy spirit stray'd
 Round the deep realms of subterranean shade,
 This keenest agent of th' infernal Powers
 On earth was busied in those tranquil hours, 40
 To blast thy peace, and poison'd darts to aim
 Against the honour of thy spotless name :
 For Scandal, restless Fiend, who never knows
 The balmy blessing of an hour's repose,
 Worn, yet unfated with her daily toil, 45
 In her base work consumes the midnight oil.
 O'er fiercer Fiends when heavy slumbers creep,
 When wearied Avarice and Ambition sleep,
 Scandal is vigilant, and keen to spread
 The plagues that spring from her prolific head. 50
 On Truth's fair basis she her falsehood builds,
 With tinsel sentiment its surface gilds,
 To nightly labour from their dark abodes
 The Demons of the groaning Press she goads,

And

And smiles to see their rapid art supply
Ten thousand wings to every infant lye. 55

IN triumph now behold the Hag applaud
Her keen and fav'rite Imp, ingenious Fraud,
Her quick Compositor, whose flying hand
Has clos'd the paragraph she keenly plann'd. 60
No Nymph she nam'd, yet mark'd her vile intent,
That Dullness could not miss the fame she meant :
In Satire's tints the injur'd Fair she drew,
In form an Angel, but in soul a Jew.

IT chanc'd her Sire among his friends inroll'd 65
A wealthy Senator, infirm and old ;
Who, dup'd too early by a generous heart,
Rashly assum'd a Misanthropic part :
Tho' peevish fancies would his mind incrust,
Good-nature's image lurk'd beneath their rust ; 70
And gay SERENA, with that sportive wit
Which heals the folly that it deigns to hit,
Would oft the sickness of his soul beguile,
And teach the fullen humorist to smile ;
Pleas'd by her virtuous frolics to assuage 75
The mental anguish of distemper'd age.
This ancient friend, in a sarcastic sketch,
Was mark'd by Scandal as a monied wretch,
For whom the young, yet mercenary Fair
Had subtly spread a matrimonial snare. 80
With such base matter, more diffusely wrought,
The spirit-piercing paragraph was fraught,
O'er which with glee the eye of Scandal glar'd,
Which for the opening Press herself prepar'd ;
She on the types her inky wad let fall, 85
And smear'd each letter with her bitterest gall ;

The Press, whose ready gripe the charge receives,
 Stamps it successive on ten thousand leaves,
 Which pil'd in heaps impatient seem to lie,
 They only wait the dawn of day to fly. 90

Now, as the trembling child, which long has laid
 Mute in the dark, and of itself afraid,
 When, haply conscious of the pain it feels,
 The watchful mother to its pillow steals,
 Springs to her breast, and shakes off all alarms, 95
 Feeling its safety in her fostering arms.
 With such quick joy, in innocence as young,
 The soft SERENA from her pillow sprung,
 Pleas'd to awake from her terrific dream,
 And feel the chearful Sun's returning beam. 100
 Eager she rose, in busy thought, nor staid
 The wonted summons of her punctual Maid,
 And as her own fair hands adjust her vest,
 The guardian Cincture flutters on her breast ;
 For fondly, when she wak'd, or when she slept, 105
 Still round her heart th' important Zone she kept.
 Thou happy Girdle ! to thy charge be just !
 Firm be thy threads, and faithful to their trust ;
 For hours approach, when all the stores they hide
 Of magic virtue must be strongly tried !— 110
 Now, while her kind domestic heart intends
 To please her early Sire, the Nymph descends ;
 But sleep, who left the Fair with sudden flight,
 With late wings hover'd o'er the good old Knight ;
 And the chill circle of the lone saloon 115
 Informs the shiv'ring Maid she rose too soon.
 'Tis true, attentive John's unfailing care
 Began the rites of breakfast to prepare ;
 But yet no fires on the cold altar burn,
 No smoke arises from the silver urn, 120
 And

And the blank tea-board, where no viands lay,
Only supplied the Paper of the day.

THO' mild SERENA'S peace-devoted mind
The keen debate of politics declin'd,
And heard with cold contempt, or generous hate, 125
The frauds of Party and the lies of State ;
Nor car'd much more for Fashion's loose intrigues,
Than factious bickerings, or foreign leagues ;
Yet, while she faunters idle and alone,
Her careless eyes are on the Paper thrown. 130

As some gay Youth, whom sportive friends engage
To view the furious Ourang in his cage,
If while amus'd he sees the monster grin,
And trusts too careless to the bolts within,
If the sly Beast, as near the grate he draws, 135
Tear him unguarded with projected paws,
Starts at the wound, and feels his bosom thrill
With pain and wonder at the sudden ill !
So did SERENA start, so wildly gaze,
In such mixt pangs of anguish and amaze, 140
Feeling the wound which Scandal hath design'd
To lacerate her mild and modest mind.
Startled, as one who from electric wire,
Unheeding catches unsuspected fire,
She reads, then almost doubts that she has read, 145
And thinks some vision hovers round her head.
Now, her fixt eyes some striking words confine,
And now she darts it thrice thro' every line ;
Nor could Amazement more her senses shake,
Had every letter been a Gorgon's snake. 150
Now rising Indignation takes his turn,
And her flush'd cheeks with tingling blushes burn,

With restless motion and with many a frown,
 Thro' the wide room she paces up and down :
 Now, musing, makes a momentary stand, 155
 The fatal Paper fluttering in her hand.
 So the sly Bird, by cruel sportsmen sprung,
 And by their random fire severely stung,
 Scar'd, not disabled, by the distant wound,
 Now trembling flies, now skims along the ground, 160
 Now vainly tries, in some sequester'd spot,
 From her gor'd breast to shake the galling shot.

YE tender Nymphs ! whose kindling souls would flame,
 Touch'd, like SERENA's, by injurious blame,
 O let your quick and kindred spirits form 165
 A vivid picture of the mental storm
 In which she labour'd, and whose force to paint
 The Muse's strongest tints appear too faint ;
 In sympathetic thought her suffering see !
 But O, for ever from such wrongs be free ! 170

HER faithful Girdle try'd its power to save,
 And oft a monitory impulse gave ;
 Still unregarded, still unfelt, it prest
 With useless energy her heaving breast,
 Her mind, forgetful of the magic Zone, 175
 Full of the burning shaft by Scandal thrown,
 With blended notes of sorrow and disdain,
 Thus in disorder'd language vents its pain :
 " Had Malice dar'd my honour to defame,
 " The self-refuted lie had lost its aim : 180
 " But here the world, deceiv'd by stand'rous art,
 " Must think SERENA has a venal heart."
 A venal heart ! at that detested sound,
 In swelling anguish her sunk voice was drown'd.

Now

Now was a fearful crisis of her fate : 185
 Distended now by Passion's growing weight,
 And for its Mistress fill'd with conscious dread,
 The magic Girdle crack'd thro' every thread,
 And inapp'd perchance by Scandal's force accurst,
 From her full heart the guardian Zone had burst, 190
 And, spite of all the virtues of the Fair,
 The spell of Happiness had sunk in air,
 But that SOPHROSUNE, whose friendly fear
 Timely foresaw this trial too severe,
 An early succour gain'd from secret Love, 195
 From the fell Kite to snatch the falling Dove.

As Nature studies, in her wide domain,
 To blend some antidote with every bane;
 Thus her kind aid the friendly Power contriv'd,
 That, from the quarter whence the wound arriv'd, 200
 There flow'd, the anguish of that wound to calm,
 A soothing, soft, and medicinal balm.
 As in her agitated hand the Fair
 Wav'd the loose Paper with disorder'd air,
 In capitals she saw SERENA flame; 205
 She blush'd, she shudder'd, as she view'd the name;
 Her ready fears subside in new surprize,
 And eager thus she reads with lighten'd eyes :—

“ Go, faithful Sonnet, to SERENA say,
 “ What charms peculiar in her features reign: 210
 “ A stranger, whom her glance may ne'er survey,
 “ Pays her this tribute in no flattering strain.
 “ Tell her, the Bard, in Beauty's ample reign,
 “ Has seen a virgin cheek as richly glow,
 “ A bosom, where the blue meandering vein 215
 “ Sheds a soft lustre thro' the lucid snow,
 “ Eyes,

" Eyes, that as brightly flash with joy and youth,
 " And locks, that like her own luxuriant flow :
 " Then say, for then she cannot doubt thy truth,
 " That the wide earth no Female form can shew 220
 " Where Nature's legend so distinctly tells,
 " In this fair shrine a fairer spirit dwells."

With curious wonder the reviving Maid
 View'd this fond homage to her beauty paid ;
 A second glance o'er every line she cast, 225
 And half pronounc'd and half suppress'd the last,
 While modest Pleasure, and ingenuous Pride,
 Her burning cheek with deeper crimson dy'd.

O PRAISE ! thy language was by Heaven design'd
 As manna to the faint bewilder'd mind : 230
 Beauty and Diffidence, whose hearts rejoice
 In the kind comfort of thy cheering voice,
 In this wild wood of life, wert thou not nigh,
 Must, like the wandering Babes, lie down and die :
 But thy sweet accents wake new vital powers, 235
 And make this thorny path a path of flowers :
 As oil on Ocean's troubled waters spread,
 Smooths the rough billow to a level bed,
 The soothing Rhyme thus soften'd into rest
 The painful tumult of SERENA's breast. 240

Now, to herself restor'd, the conscious Maid
 The lurking Fiend's insidious snare survey'd ;
 Her nerves, with grateful trepidation, own
 A slighter pressure from the faithful Zone ;
 And in fond thought she breathes a thankful prayer 245
 For her ætherial Guardian's constant care ;

Ye^t

Yet with a keen desire her bosom glow'd
 To hear from whom the gentle Sonnet flow'd;
 But kind SOPHROSYNÆ, who watch'd unseen,
 To shield her votary from the wiles of Spleen, 250
 As friendly Love had fixt a future time,
 When to reveal the secret of the Rhyme,
 Strove till that hour her fancy to restrain,
 Nor let her anxious wishes rise to pain.

As Gaiety's fresh tide began to roll, 255
 Fast in the swelling channel of her soul,
 The good old Knight descends, tho' eager, slow,
 The Gout still tingling in his tender toe;
 And now, paternal salutations past,
 His eyes he keenly on the Paper cast, 260
 While his sweet Daughter, with attentive grace,
 Before him flies his ready cup to place;
 For Tea and Politics alternate share,
 In friendly rivalry, his morning care.
 Tho' smooth as oil the Knight's good-humour flows, 265
 When the mild breeze of pleasant fortune blows,
 Yet, quick to catch the casual sparks of ire,
 Like oil it kindles into mountain fire;
 And fiercely now his flaming spirit blaz'd,
 While on those galling words he wildly gaz'd, 270
 Whose force had almost work'd into a storm
 The gentler elements in Beauty's form.
 As the sarcastic sentence caught his view,
 Back from the board his elbow-chair he drew
 And, by sharp stings of sudden fury prick'd, 275
 Far from his foot his gouty stool he kick'd.
 Fierce as Achilles, by Atrides stung,
 He pour'd the stream of vengeance from his tongue.

But ah, those angry threats he deign'd to speak,
 Had sounds, alas ! far different from the Greek. 280
 Rage from his lips in legal language broke ;
 Of Juries and of Damages he spoke,
 And on the Printer's law-devoted head,
 He threaten'd deep revenge in terms most dread ;
 Terms, that with pain the ear of Beauty pierce, 285
 And oaths too rough to harmonize in verse.

WHILE thus the good old Knight, with passion hot,
 His toast neglected, and his Tea forgot,
 The discord of the drama to increase,
 Now Prim PENELOPE assails her Niece ; 290
 For, as Sir GILBERT now, with choler dumb,
 Points her the period with his angry thumb,
 " Ah ! Brother," cries the stiff, malignant chrone,
 (Her sharp eye swiftly thro' the sentence thrown)
 " Scandal could never rise to heights like this, 295
 " But from the manners of each modern Miss ;
 " Had but my Niece, less giddy and more grave,
 " Observ'd the prudent hints I often gave——"

THE honest Knight her vile conclusion saw,
 And quick curtail'd it with a tefty " Pshaw ! " 300
 Mean while the gentle Maid, who heard the raunt,
 Survey'd without a frown her prudish Aunt :
 Far other thoughts employ'd her softer mind,
 To one sweet purpose all her soul inclin'd ;
 How she might close th' unpleasant scene, how best 305
 Restore good-humour to her Father's breast.
 Her airy Guardian with delight survey'd
 These tender wishes in the lovely Maid,
 And, to accomplish what her heart desir'd,
 Trains of new thought above her age inspir'd. 310

As Venus on her son's enlightened face
 Shed richer charms, and more attractive grace,
 When, issuing forth from the dissolving cloud,
 His bright form burst on the admiring croud :
 So kind SOPHROSINE, unseen, supplies 315
 A livelier radiance to SERENA's eyes!
 And, ere she speaks, to captivate her Sire,
 Touches her lips with patriotic fire.

It chanc'd, that, tofs'd upon a vacant chair,
 A volume of that Wit lay near the Fair, 320
 Whose value, try'd by Fashion's varying touch,
 Once rose too high, and now is sunk too much ;
 The book, which Fortune plac'd within her reach,
 Contain'd, O CHESTERFIELD, the liberal speech
 In which thy spirit, like an Attic Sage, 325 }
 Strove to defend the violated Stage
 From Fetters basely forg'd by Ministerial rage.
 From this the Nymph her useful lesson took,
 And thus began, reclining on the Book :—
 “ If on this noble Lord we may rely, 330
 “ Scandal is but a speck on Freedom's eye ;
 “ And Public Spirit, then, will rather bear
 “ The casual pain it gives by growing there,
 “ Than, by a rash attempt to move it thence,
 “ Hazard the safety of a precious Sense, 335
 “ And, by the efforts of a vain desire,
 “ Rob this life-darting eye of all its fire.
 “ Tho' the soft breast of Innocence may smart,
 “ By cruel Calumny's corroding dart,
 “ Yet would she rather ache in every nerve, 340
 “ And bear those pangs she knows not to deserve,
 “ Much rather than be made a senseless tool,
 “ To aid the frenzy of tyrannic rule,

Or

“ Or forge one dangerous bolt for Power to aim
 “ At sacred Liberty’s superior frame.” 345

As ancient Chiefs were wont of old to gaze,
 With eyes of tender awe and fond amaze,
 On the fair Priestess of the Delphic fane;
 When first she utter’d her prophetic strain,
 Entranc’d in wonder, thus Sir GILBERT view’d 350
 His child, yet more inspir’d, who thus pursu’d :
 “ For me, I own; these lines, with gash replete,
 “ Shot thro’ my simple heart a sudden heat ;
 “ But happier thoughts my rising rage repress,
 “ And turn’d the pointless insult to a jest : 355
 “ And O ! should Slander still new wrath awake,
 “ Still may my Father, for his Daughter’s sake,
 “ Disdain the vengeance of litigious strife,
 “ And let SERENA’s answer be—her life !”

SHE ended with a smile, whose magic flame 360
 Shot youthful vigour thro’ her Father’s frame :
 His Age, his Anger, and his Gout, are fled ;
 “ Enchanting Girl !” with tears of joy, he said,
 “ Enchanting Girl !” twice echoed from his tongue,
 As, speaking; from his elbow-chair he sprung, 365
 “ Come to thy Father’s arms !—By Heaven, thou art,
 “ His own true offspring, and a Whig in heart.”

HE spoke ; and his fond arms around her curl’d
 With proud grasp, seeming to infold the world.
 Her conscious heart she feels with triumph beat ; 370
 And joys to find that triumph is compleat ;
 For stiff PENELOPE, who near them stood,
 “ Albeit unused to the melting mood ;”

Squeez’d

Squeez'd from her eye-lid one reluctant tear,
 And soften'd with a smile her brow severe ; 375
 But 'twas a smile of such a gloomy grace,
 As lighten'd once upon Alecto's face,
 When Orpheus past her, leading back to life,
 From Pluto's regions, his recover'd wife,
 When Love connubial, join'd to Music's spell, 380
 Moist'n'd with tender joy the eyes of Hell.
 Far other smiles, with Pleasure's softest air,
 Gild the gay features of the youthful Fair :
 She looks like sportive Spring, when her young charms
 Wind round her hoary Sire's reluctant arms, 385
 And, by a frolic infantine embrace,
 Banish the rugged frown from Winter's face.

THRO' the long day she felt the glowing tide
 Of exultation thro' her bosom glide ;
 And oft she wish'd for slow-approaching Night, 390
 To hold sweet converse with her guardian Sprite.
 At length the hour approach'd her heart desir'd,
 And, in her lonely chamber now retir'd,
 Her tender fancy gave the fondest scope
 To ardent Gratitude and eager Hope. 395
 " Dear airy Being !" (the soft Nymph exclaim'd)
 " Whose power can break the spell that Spleen has fram'd,
 " Can, by the waving of thy viewless wing,
 " O'er darkest forms a golden radiance fling,
 " And make, in minds by sorriest thoughts perplex, 400
 " This moment's grief the triumph of the next ;
 " I bless thy succour in each trial past ;
 " Be present still, and save me in the last."

THUS, with her lovely eyes devoutly fixt,
 Where rays of hope, and fear, and reverence mixt, 405
 The

Robb'd by stern Method of her rosy crown,
 Chill her faint votaries by a wintry frown ?
 No ; thou sweet friend of Man, as suits thee best,
 Shine forth in Fable's rich-embroider'd vest !
 O make my Verse thy vehicle, thy arms, 25
 To spread o'er social life thy potent charms !
 And thou, SOPHROSUNE, mysterious Sprite !
 If haply I may trace thy steps aright,
 Roving thro' paths untrud by mortal feet,
 To paint for human eyes thy heavenly feat, 30
 Shed on my soul some portion of that power,
 Which sav'd SERENA in the trying hour,
 To bear those trials, which, however hard,
 As Bards all tell us, may befall the Bard ;
 The Fop's pert jest, the Critic's frown severe, 35
 Learning's proud cant, with Envy's artful sneer,
 And, the vex'd Poet's last and worst disgrace,
 His cold blank Bookseller's rhyme-freezing face.
 Hence ! ye dark omens, that to Spleen belong,
 Ye shall not check the current of my song, 40
 While Beauty's lovely race, for whom I sing,
 Fire my warm hand to strike the ready string.

As Quiet now her lightest mantle laid
 O'er the still senses of the sleeping Maid,
 Her nightly Visitant, her faithful Guide, 45
 Descends in all her Empyrean pride,
 That Fairy shape no more she deigns to wear,
 Whose light foot smooths the furrow plough'd by care
 In mortal faces, while her tiny spear
 Gives a kind tingle to the caution'd ear. 50
 Now, in her nobler shape, of heavenly size,
 She strikes her votary's soul with new surprize.

s favourite daughter, arm'd in all her powers,
 ar'd less brilliant to th' attending Hours,
 1, on the golden car of Juno rais'd, 55
 venly pomp the Queen of Battles blaz'd :
 all her lustre, but without the dread
 h from her arm the frowning Gorgon shed,
 ROSYNE descends, with guardian Love,
 aft her gentle Ward to worlds above. 60
 her faint brow a radiant diadem
 n twelve stars, and every separate gem
 nagic rays, of virtue to controul
 passion hostile to the human soul.
 i her sweet form a robe of æther flow'd, 65
 n a wonderous car the smiling Spirit rode ;
 is pure ivory, it charm'd the sight
 finer polish and a softer white.
 and of Beauty, with an easy swell,
 'd the free concave like a bending shell ; 70
 n its rich exterior, Art display'd
 riumphs of the Power the car convey'd.
 in celestial tints, surpassing life,
 ovely Gentleness, disarming Strife ;
 , young Affection, born of tender Thought, 75
 / chains the fiercer Passions caught ;
 ion, with his sceptre snapt in twain,
 Avarice, scorning what his chests contain.
 l the tame Vulture flies the fearless Dove ;
 innocence embraces playful Love ; 80
 oughing Sport, the frolic Child of Air,
 in ~~the~~ flowers the sinking form of Care.

ESE figures; pencil'd with a touch so light,
 every image seem'd an heavenly Sprite,

Breathe

Breathe on the car; whose light-enchancing frame 85
 Four wheels sustain, of pale and purple flame;
 For no fleet animals, to earth unknown,
 Bear thro' ætherial fields this flying throne.
 As by the subtle electrician's skill,
 Globes seem to fly, obedient to his will; 90
 So these four circles of instinctive fire
 Move by the impulse of their Queen's desire,
 Mount or descend by her directing care,
 Or rest, supported by the buoyant air.

Now, springing from her car, that hovering staid 95
 High in the chamber of the sleeping Maid,
 The Goddess, with a voice divinely clear,
 Breath'd these kind accents in her Votary's ear:—

“ Come, my fair Champion, who so well hast fought
 “ The useful battles of contentious Thought; 100
 “ To aid thy gentle spirit to sustain
 “ The final conflict of thy destin'd pain,
 “ View the rewards that, in my realm of bliss,
 “ Wait the sweet Victor in such war as this!
 “ So haply may thy mind, with strength renew'd, 105
 “ The dark devices of the Fiend elude;
 “ By one blest effort seal thy triumphs past,
 “ And gain thy promis'd guerdon in the last.”

As thus she spake, her heavenly arms embrac'd,
 And in the car the conscious Maiden plac'd. 110
 Quick at her wish the flaming wheels ascend,
 No clouds impede them, wheresoe'er they bend.
 As thro' the empire of the winds they rush'd,
 The winds were all in mute submission hush'd!
 And now SRENA, from th' exalted car, 115
 Look'd down, astonish'd, on each sinking star;

Flying

Flying o'er lucid orbs, whose distant light
 Yet has not reach'd the scope of human sight :
 And now, not distant from the bounds of Space,
 The guardian Sprite suspends their rapid race ; 120
 And, while in deep amaze the Nymph admires
 The circling meteors' inoffensive fires,
 Pleas'd at her wonder, the mild Power address,
 With kind intelligence, her earthly guest :—
 " Of those three Orbs, that in yon chrystal sphere 125
 " A separate system in themselves appear,
 " The last whose luminous and steady form
 " Shines softly bright, and moderately warm,
 " Contains my palace and the gentle train
 " Whom I have wafted to this pure domain 130
 " At equal distance my dominions lie
 " From these two larger worlds, more near thine eye :
 " Observe their difference as our wheels advance,
 " And passing take of each a transient glance."

So speaking, to the grosser globe she sprung; 135
 Her car suspended o'er its surface hung,
 In heavy air ; for round this orb was roll'd
 A circling vapour, dull, and damp, and cold.
 " Here," says SOPHROSUNE, " those Beings dwell,
 " Who wanted soul to act or ill or well ; 140
 " Who faunter'd thoughtless thro' their mortal time
 " Without a Care, a Virtue, or a Crime :
 " Here still they faunter, in this languid scene ;
 " But pass the dozing crowd, and mark their Queen."
 And now, slow riding on a Tortoise' back, 145
 Her features lifeless, and each fibre slack,
 Full in their view the Nymph Indifference came ;
 The quick SERENA soon perceived her name ;

For,

For, as in solemn creeping state she rode,
 In her lax hand she held fair GREVILLE's Ode. 150
 Ne'er did the Muse from her sweet treasure cull
 Incense so precious for a Power so dull.
 Still, as she mov'd along her even way,
 The heavy Goddess try'd to read the lay ;
 But at each pause her inattentive eye 155
 Stray'd from the paper, which she held awry ;
 Nor could her lips a single line repeat,
 Tho' the soft Verse, most ravishingly sweet,
 Thro' Time's dull ear will lasting pleasure spread,
 And charm the poppy from Oblivion's head. 160
 Thus like a City Mayor, whose heavy barge
 Steers its dull progress at the public charge,
 This Power, so cumber'd by her empire's weight,
 Makes her slow circuit round her sluggish state.
 Around her, tribes of rambling Sceptics crawl, 165
 Tho' moving, dubious if they move at all.
 Before her, languid Pomp, her Marshal, creeps,
 Whose half her banner half unfolded keeps :
 Its quaint device her dull dominion spoke—
 An Eagle, numb'd by the Torpedo's stroke. 170

" ENOUGH of scenes so foreign to thy soul,"
 SOPHROSYLE exclaimed, " from this dark goal
 " Pass we to regions opposite to this."
 She spoke ; and darting o'er the wide abyss,
 Her car, like lightning in soft flashes hurl'd, 175
 Shot to the confines of a clearer world.
 Now lovelier views the Virgin's mind absorb ;
 For now they hover'd o'er a lucid orb.
 Here the soft air, luxuriantly warm,
 Imparts new lustre to SERENA's form : 180
 Her

Her eyes with more expansive radiance speak,
 And richer roses open on her cheek.
 Here, as she gaz'd, she felt in every vein
 A blended thrill of pleasure and of pain ;
 Yet every object opening to her view, 185
 Her quick regard with soft attraction drew.
 SOPHROSUNE, who saw the gentle Fair
 Lean o'er these confines with peculiar care,
 Smil'd at the tender interest she display'd,
 And spoke regardful of the pensive Maid : 190
 " Well may'st thou bend o'er this congenial sphere ;
 " For Sensibility is Sovereign here.
 " Thou seest her train of sprightly damsels sport,
 " Where the soft Spirit holds her rural court :
 " But fix thine eye attentive to the plain, 195
 " And mark the varying wonders of her reign."
 As thus she spoke, she pois'd her airy feat
 High o'er a plain exhaling every sweet ;
 For round its precincts all the flowers that bloom,
 Fill'd the delicious air with rich perfume ; 200
 And in the midst a verdant throne appear'd,
 In simplest form by graceful Fancy rear'd,
 And deck'd with flowers ; not such whose flaunting dyes
 Strike with the strongest tint our dazzled eyes ;
 But those wild herbs that tenderest fibres bear, 205
 And shun the approaches of a damper air.
 Here stood the lovely Ruler of the scene,
 And Beauty, more than Pomp, announc'd the Queen.
 The bending Snow-drop, and the Briar-rose,
 The simple circle of her crown compose ; 210
 Roses of every hue her robe adorn,
 Except th' insipid Rose without a thorn.
 'T thro' her thin vest her heighten'd beauties shine ;
 For earthly gauze was never half so fine.

Of that enchanting age her figure seems, 215
 When smiling Nature with the vital beams
 Of vivid Youth, and Pleasure's purple flame,
 Gilds her accomplish'd work, the Female frame,
 With rich luxuriance tender, sweetly wild,
 And just between the Woman and the Child. 220
 Her fair left arm around a vase she flings,
 From which the tender plant Mimosa springs :
 Towards its leaves, o'er which she fondly bends,
 The youthful Fair her vacant hand extends
 With gentle motion, anxious to survey 225
 How far the feeling fibres own her sway :
 The leaves, as conscious of their Queen's command,
 Succellive fall at her approaching hand ;
 While her soft breast with pity seems to pant,
 And shrinks at every shrinking of the plant. 230

AROUND their Sovereign, on the verdant ground,
 Sweet airy Forms in mystic measures bound.
 The mighty master of the revel, Love,
 In notes more soothing than his mother's Dove,
 Prompts the soft strain that melting virgins sing, 235
 Or sportive trips around the frolic ring,
 Coupling, with radiant wreaths of lambent fire,
 Fair fluttering Hope and rapturous Desire.
 Unnumber'd damsels different charms display,
 Pensive with blifs, or in their pleasures gay ; 240
 And the wide prospect yields one touching sight
 Of tender, yet diversified delight.
 But, the bright triumphs of their joy to check,
 In the clear air there hangs a dusky speck ;
 It swells—it spreads—and rapid, as it grows, 245
 O'er the gay scene a thrilling shadow throws,

The

The soft SERENA, who beheld its flight,
 Suspects no evil from a cloud so light ;
 For harmless round her the thin vapours wreath,
 Not hiding from her view the scene beneath ; 250
 But ah ! too soon, with Pity's tender pain,
 She saw its dire effect all o'er the plain,
 Sudden from thence the sounds of Anguish flow,
 And Joy's sweet carols end in shrieks of woe ;
 The wither'd flowers are fall'n, that bloom'd so fair, 255
 And poison all the peñilential air.
 From the rent earth dark Demons force their way,
 And make the sportive revellers their prey.
 Here gloomy Terror, with a shadowy rope,
 Seems, like a 'Turkish Mute, to strangle Hope ; 260
 There jealous Fury drowns in blood the fire
 That sparkled in the eye of young Desire ;
 And lifeless Love lets merciless Despair
 From his crush'd frame his bleeding pinions tear.
 But pangs more cruel, more intensely keen, 265
 Wound and distract their sympathetic Queen :
 With fruitless tears she o'er their misery bends ;
 From her sweet brow the thorny Rose she rends,
 And, bow'd by Grief's insufferable weight,
 Frantic she curses her immortal state : 270
 The soft SERENA, as this curse she hears,
 Feels her bright eye suffus'd with kindred tears ;
 And her kind breast, where quick compassion swell'd,
 Shar'd in each bitter suffering she beheld.

THE guardian Power survey'd her lovely grief, 275
 And spoke in gentle terms of mild relief :
 " For this soft tribe thy heaviest fear dismiss,
 " And know their pains are transient as their bliss :
 " Rapture

" Rapture and Agony, in Nature's loom,
 " Have form'd the changing tissue of their doom; 28
 " Both interwoven with so nice an art,
 " No power can tear the twisted threads apart :
 " Yet happier these, to Nature's heart more dear,
 " Than the dull offspring in the torpid sphere,
 " Where her warm wishes, and affections kind, 285
 " Lose their bright current in the stagnant mind.
 " Here grief and joy so suddenly unite,
 " That anguish serves to sublimate delight."

SHE spoke; and, ere SERENA could reply,
 The vapour vanish'd from the lucid sky; 290
 The Nymphs revive, the shadowy Fiends are fled;
 The new-born flowers a richer fragrance shed;
 The gentle Ruler of the changeful land,
 Smiling, resum'd her symbol of command;
 Replac'd the roses of her regal wreath, 295
 Still trembling at the thorns that lurk beneath:
 But, to her wounded subjects quick to pay
 The tender duties of imperial sway,
 Their wants she succour'd, they her wish obey'd,
 And all recover'd by alternate aid; 300
 While, on the lovely Queen's enchanting face,
 Departed Sorrow's faint and fainter trace,
 Gave to each touching charm a more attractive grace. }
 Now, laughing Sport, from the enlighten'd plain,
 Clear'd with quick foot the vestiges of Pain; 305
 The gay scene grows more beautifully bright,
 Than when it first allur'd SERENA'S sight.
 Still her fond eyes o'er all the prospect range,
 Flashing sweet pleasure at the blissful change:
 Her curious thoughts with fond attachment burn, 310
 Yet more of this engaging land to learn.

She

he chief attendants of the Queen,
 nales, wafed from our human fcene ;
 chanc'd, while all the realm reviv'd,
 mafculine from earth arriv'd : 315
 guides conduct the gentle Shade ;
 n robes of braided flames array'd,
 taftic Nymph, in manners nice,
 deck'd with many an odd device ;
 im, whose luminous attire 320
 th unextinguifhable fire ;
 in features, in her look as wild,
 ilarity by mortals ftyl'd.
 Queen, and all her fmiling Court,
 the welcome Shade in gentle fport ; 325
 ir new affociate all rejoice,
 o hear the accents of his voice.
 his frame th' Armenian robe was flung,
 ing Stranger fpoke the Gallic tongue ;
 t language his enchanting art 330
 ew energy, that feiz'd the heart ;
 o eloquent, fo sweetly bold,
 ditatrous love he told,
 with fympathy, the lift'ning train,
 paufe, with dear delicious pair, 335 }
 n to renew the fufcinating ftain.
 SERENA, with fufpended breath,
 and caught the tale of JULIA's death ;
 : fhe cries, ere tears had time to flow,
 ' this hour !f or now I fee ROUSSEAU.' 340
 : gaz'd, till the enchanting found
 potent fpell her fpirit bound,
 : in fweet ilufion, fhe forget
 is'd fcenes of the fublimer fpot ;

Till now her mild Remembrancer, whose care 345
 Stray'd not a moment from the mortal Fair,
 Rous'd her rapt mind, preparing her to meet
 The brighter wonders of her blissful feat ;
 While her instinctive car's obedient frame
 Now upward rose, like undulating flame. 350

As when some victor on the watery world,
 Bright honour gilding all his sails unfurl'd,
 Steers into port, while to the laughing sky
 His streamers tell his triumph as they fly ;
 Expecting thousands line the crowded strand, 355
 Swell the glad voice, or wave the joyous hand,
 Pressing to view the sight their vows implor'd,
 And hail their glory and their strength restor'd :
 So the blest Beings of this smiling scene
 Flock'd round the car of their returning Queen. 360
 The radiant car, from which they now alight,
 Careful she gives to a selected Sprite,
 A Nymph of snowy vest and lovely frame,
 Fidelity her fair and spotless name ;
 Then, happy to review her hallow'd home, 365
 Leads her sweet Guest to her celestial dome.

GENTLEST of Powers ! for every purpose fit,
 To strengthen Wisdom, and embellish Wit :—
 Thou whose soft arts, possess'd by thee alone,
 Can give to Virtue's voice a sweeter tone ; 370
 Allay the frost of Age, or fire of Youth,
 And lend attraction to severest Truth ;
 Improve e'en Beauty by thy graceful ease,
 Or teach Deformity herself to please ;—
 Inspire the Bard, whose just ambition pants 375
 To guide weak mortals to thy heavenly haunts !

Grant

Grant him, in notes that, like thy soft controul,
 Allure attention, and possess the soul;
 Grant him to shew, in luminous display,
 The mystic wonders of thy secret sway ! 380

Now, at the sight of the presiding Power,
 Wide spread the gates of a stupendous tower,
 On whose firm height, commanding Nature's bound,
 The faithful warder of the fort they found
 Wakeful Intelligence, a trusty Sprite, 385
 Whose eyes are piercing as the solar light,
 And ever on the watch to sound alarm,
 If aught of dusky hue, portending harm,
 Should, in defiance of her mandate, dare
 Approach the palace of th' imperial Fair. 390
 Within his ward, magnificently great,
 Lies the rich armoury that guards her state.
 Here stands Conviction's strong and lucid spear,
 Whose touch annihilates Suspense and Fear;
 Here, Truth's unfullied adamant shield, 395
 Which, save SOPHROSUNE, no Power can wield,
 And Reason's trenchant blade of blazing steel,
 Its edge and polish form'd by friendly Zeal;
 And, not less sure their destin'd mark to hit,
 Pointed by Virtue's hand, the shafts of Wit; 400
 And Ridicule's strong bolt, whose stunning blow
 Lays towering Vice and fearless Folly low.
 Here too the Goddess kept, in mystic state,
 Those sweet rewards that on her champions wait,
 Guerdons more precious than triumphant palms :— 405
 The glance of Gratitude for mental alms,
 Peace's soft kiss, and Reconciliation's tear,
 And smiles of Sympathy, are treasur'd here.

THESE precincts pass, now hand in hand they came
 To the rich fabric of majestic frame ; 410
 Instinct with joy their Sovereign to behold,
 The gates of massive adamant unfold ;
 And, as the gently-moving valves unclose,
 Mysterious music from their motion flows ;
 The airy notes thro' all the palace roam, 415
 And dulcet echoes fill the festive dome :
 A gorgeous hall amaz'd SERENA's eyes,
 Compar'd to which, in splendor, strength, and size,
 The nobler works of which Tradition sings,
 Judaic shrine, or seat of Memphian kings, 420
 Would seem more humble than the waxen cell
 In which the skilful Bee is proud to dwell.
 Here sits a Power, in whose angelic face
 Beauty is sweeten'd by maternal grace ;
 Her radiant seat, surpassing mortal art, 425
 Supports an emblem of her liberal heart,
 A Pelican, who rears her callow brood,
 And from her vitals seems to draw their food.
 Around this Spirit flock a filial host,
 Who bless her empire, and her guidance boast. 430
 Here every Science, all the Arts attend,
 In her they hail their parent and their friend ;
 Each to her presence brings the happy few,
 Whose dearest glory from her favour grew.
 Here, in her simple charms, with youthful fire, 435
 Proud to display the magic of her lyre,
 Soul-soothing Harmony presents her band :
 Beside her Orpheus and Amphion stand.
 Here, mild Philosophy, whose thoughtful frown
 Is sweetly shaded by her olive crown, 440
 (In all her attic elegance array'd,
 Strong to convince, and gentle to persuade)

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To her, whose breath inspir'd his every rule,
Leads the blest Sire of the Socratic school.
Each animating Bard and moral Sage, 445
The heaven-taught minds of every clime and age,
Who soften'd manners, and refin'd the soul,
Flock to this presence, as to Glory's goal ;
And, as the mother's heart, that yearns to bless
The rival innocents that round her press, 450
Delights to see them, as her love they share,
Sport in her sight, and flourish by her care ;
Fondly responsive to their every call,
Tender of each, and provident for all :
So this sweet Image of Celestial Grace, 455
Who sits encircled by her lovely race,
To every Science vital strength imparts,
And rears the circle of the Social Arts ;
With such solicitude she gives to each,
Pow'rs of sublimer aim and wider reach. 460
And now SOPHROSYNÉ, who near her press,
Thus spoke her title to her earthly guest :—
“ Behold the honour'd Form, without whose aid :
“ My strength must vanish, and my glory fade !
“ Source of my being, and my life's support ! 465
“ EUNOIA call'd in this celestial Court,
“ BENEVOLENCE the name she bears on earth,
“ The guard of Weakness, and the friend of Worth.”

SHE ended : and the mild maternal Form
Embrac'd SERENA with a smile as warm 470
As the gay spirit Vegetation wears,
When she to crown her favourite Nymph prepares,
When, pleas'd her flowery treasures to display,
She powers them in the lap of youthful May.

BUT how, SERENA ! how may human speech 475
 Thy heavenly raptures in this moment reach ?
 If aught of earthly sentiment may vie
 With the pure joy these happy scenes supply,
 'Tis when, unmixt with trouble and with pain,
 Love glides in secret thro' the glowing vein ; 480
 When some fond Youth, unconscious of its fire,
 Free from chill Fear and turbulent Desire,
 With every thought absorb'd in soft delight,
 Sees all creation in his Fair one's sight,
 And feels a blissful state without a name, 485
 Repose of soul with harmony of frame.
 So, plung'd in pleasure of the purest kind,
 SERENA gaz'd on the maternal Mind ;
 Gaz'd till SOPHROSYLE's directing aid
 Thus summon'd to new sights th' obedient Maid :— 490
 " Haste, my fair Charge, for of this ample state,
 " Tracts yet unseen thy visitation wait.
 " The pressing hours forbid me to unfold
 " Each separate province which these confines hold ;
 " But I will lead thee to that blissful crew, 495
 " Whose kindred spirits best deserve thy view."

So speaking, her attentive Guest she led
 Thro' scenes, that still increasing wonder bred.
 Where'er she trod, thro' all her gorgeous feat,
 Soft music echoed from beneath her feet : 500
 Passing a portal, on whose lucid stone
 Emblems of Innocence and Beauty shone,
 They reach a lawn with verdant lustre bright,
 And view the bowers of permanent delight.
 No fiery Sun here forms a scorching noon, 505
 No baleful Meteor gleams, no chilling Moon :
 But, from a latent source, one soothing light,
 Whose constant rays repel the mist of night,

Tho'

Tho' tender, chearful, and tho' warm, serene,
 Gives lasting beauty to the lovely scene. 510
 No sensual thought this paradise profanes ;
 For here tried Excellence in triumph reigns,
 Benignant cares eternal joy supply,
 And blifs angelic beams in every eye.

“ In yon' three groups,” the leading Spirit cried, 515
 “ My fav'rite Females see, my fairest pride.
 “ The first in rank is that distinguish'd train,
 “ Whose strength of soul was tried by Hymen's chain :
 “ Tho' Beauty blest their form, and Love their guide,
 “ Their nuptial band with happiest omens tied, 520
 “ Beauty and Love, they felt, may lose the art
 “ To fix inconstant Man's eccentric heart ;
 “ Yet, conscious of their Lord's neglected vow,
 “ No Virtue frown'd outrageous on their brow, }
 “ To keep returning Tendernefs aloof, 525
 “ By coarse upbraiding, and despis'd reproof :
 “ With Sorrow smother'd in Attraction's smile,
 “ They strove the sense of misery to beguile ;
 “ And, from wild Passion's perilous abyfs,
 “ Lure the lost wanderer back to faithful blifs. 530
 “ See mild OCTAVIA o'er this band preside,
 “ Voluptuous ANTONY's neglected bride,
 “ Whose feeling heart, with all a Mother's care,
 “ Rear'd the young offspring of a rival Fair.
 “ Far other trials rais'd yon lovely crew, 535
 “ Tho' in connubial scenes their merit grew :
 “ It was their chance, ere judgment was mature,
 “ When glittering toys the infant mind allure,
 “ Following their parents' avaricious rule,
 “ To wed, with hopes of blifs, a wealthy fool. 540
 “ When Time remov'd Delusion's veil by stealth,
 “ And shew'd the drear vacuity of wealth ;

" When sad Experience prov'd the bitter fate
 " Of Beauty coupled to a senseless Mate,
 " These gentle Wives still gloried to submit ; 545
 " These, tho' invited by alluring Wit,
 " Refus'd in paths of lawless joy to range,
 " Nor murmur'd at the lot they could not change :
 " But, with a lively sweetness, unoppress'd
 " By a dull Husband's lamentable jest, 550
 " Their constant rays of gay good-humour spread
 " A guardian glory round their idiot's head.
 " The next in order are those lovely Forms,
 " Whose patience weather'd all paternal storms ;
 " By filial cares, the mind's unfailing test, 555
 " Well have they earn'd these seats of blissful rest :
 " They, unrepining at severe restraint,
 " Peevish commands, and undeserv'd complaint ;
 " Bent with unwearied kindness to appease
 " Each fancied want of querulous Disease ; 560
 " Gave up those joys which youthful hearts engage,
 " To watch the weakness of parental age.

" SUCH are these gentle tribes, the happy few
 " Who share the triumph to their victory due :
 " Angelic aims their spotless minds employ, 565
 " And fill their measure of unchequer'd joy.
 " Behold ! where some with generous ardor wait
 " Around yon Seer, who holds the book of Fate ;
 " Those awful leaves with eager glance they turn,
 " Thence with celestial zeal they fondly learn 570
 " What dangers threaten thro' the vale of earth,
 " Their kindred pilgrims, ere they rise to birth :
 " To earth they still invisibly descend,
 " In that dark scene congenial minds defend,

" From

“ From Pleasure’s Bud drive Spleen’s corroding worm,
 “ And in my votaries’ heart my power confirm. 576

“ DELIGHTS more calm yon listening band employ,
 “ Who deeply drink of intellectual joy.
 “ See them around that speaking Nymph rejoice,
 “ Their pleasures varying with her varied voice! 580
 “ What graces in the sweet enthusiast glow!
 “ Repeating here whate’er she learns below.
 “ Memory her name, her charge o’er earth to flit,
 “ And cull the fairest flowers of human wit.
 “ Whatever Genius, in his happiest hour, 585
 “ Has penn’d, of moral grace and comic power,
 “ To warm the heart, the spells of Spleen unbind,
 “ And pour gay sunshine o’er the misty mind;
 “ Teach men to cherish their fraternal tie,
 “ And view kind nature with a filial eye; 590
 “ This active Spirit catches in her flight,
 “ Skill’d to retain, and happy to recite.
 “ Here she delivers each bright work, and each
 “ Derives new beauty from her graceful speech.
 “ Warpt by no envy, by no love milled, 595
 “ Equal she holds the living and the dead;
 “ Alike rehearsing, as they claim their turn,
 “ The song of ANSTEV, and the tale of STERNE.

“ BUT Morning calls thee hence.—Yet one scene more,
 “ My fostering love shall lead thee to explore. 600
 “ This, thy last sight, with careful eyes survey,
 “ And mark th’ extensive nature of my sway.”

THUS with fond zeal the guardian Spirit said,
 And to new precincts of her palace led;

The scene she enter'd of her richest state, 605
 Where on her voice the subject Passions wait :
 Here rose a throne of living gems, so bright
 No breath could fully their benignant light ;
 This, her immortal seat, the gracious Guide
 Assum'd : her Ward stood wondering at her side. 610
 Swift as they felt their ruling Power inthron'd,
 Ætherial Beings, who her empire own'd,
 Crowded in glittering pomp the gorgeous scene,
 To pay their homage to their heavenly Queen.

FIRST came chaste Love, whose sweet harmonious form
 Ne'er felt Suspicion's soul-convulsing storm ; 616
 No baleful arrow in his quiver lies,
 No blinding veil enwraps his sparkling eyes ;
 There all the rays of varied joy unite,
 And jointly shed unspeakable delight. 620
 With him was Friendship, like a virgin drest,
 The soft Asbestos form'd her simple vest,
 Whose wond'rous folds, in fiercest flames entire,
 Mock the vain ravage of consuming fire :
 Around this robe, a mystic chain she wore, 625
 Each golden link a star of diamonds bore ;
 Force could not tear the finish'd work apart,
 Nor Int'rest loose it by his subtlest art :
 But, strange to tell, if the presiding Power,
 Who to her Favourite gave this precious dower, 630
 If kind SOPHROSYLE could fail to breathe
 Her vital virtue on this magic wreath,
 The parts must sever, faithless to their trust,
 The gold grow dross, and every diamond dust.
 These Valour follow'd, deck'd with verdant palm, 635
 Gracefully bold, majestically calm.
 A mingled troop succeed, with festive sound,
 Wisdom with olive, Wit with feathers crown'd ;

Here,

Here, hand in hand they move, no longer foes,
 Their charms encreasing as their union grows ; 640
 Pure Spirits all, who hating mental strife,
 Exalt creation, and embellish life ;
 All here attend, and, in their Sovereign's praise,
 Their circling forms the song of glory raise.

THE blest SERENA drinks, with raviſh'd ear, 645
 The melting music of the tuneful ſphere.
 Now in its cloſe the ſoothing echoes roll
 O'er her rapt fancy, and in trance her ſoul ;
 Her ſenſes ſink in ſoft Oblivion's bands,
 'Till faithful Jenny at her pillow ſtands, 650
 Recalls each mental and corporeal power,
 While ſhe proclaims aloud the paſſing hour ;
 And, in a voice expreſſive of ſurprize,
 Too ſhrill to ſeem the music of the ſkies,
 Informs the ſtartled Fair 'tis time to riſe. 655 }

END OF THE FIFTH CANTO.

CANTO



C A N T O VI.

BLEST be the heart of sympathetic mould,
 Whatever form that gentle heart infold,
 Whose generous fibres with fond terror shake,
 When keen affliction threatens to o'ertake
 Young artless Beauty, as alarm'd she strays, 5
 Thro' the strange windings of this mortal maze!
 To such, SERENA, be thy story known,
 Whose bosom best can make thy lot their own,
 And, kindly sharing in thy trials past,
 Attend with sweet anxiety the last. 10
 The hour approaches, the tremendous hour,
 In whose dark moments deeper perils lower;
 Still so enwrapt in Pleasure's gay disguise,
 They lurk invisible to Caution's eyes;
 And, unsuspected to the fair one, wait 15
 To cancel or confirm her blissful fate.

HER lively mind with bright ideas stor'd,
 She takes her station at the Breakfast-board;
 Still her soft soul the heavenly Vision fills,
 And sweeter graces in her smiles instills; 20

New

New hopes of triumph glide thro' every nerve,
 And arm her glowing heart with firm reserve ;
 Conscious the final trying chance impends,
 To bear its force her every power she bends ;
 In her quick thought ambitious to presage 25
 How Spleen's dark agents may exert their rage,
 She ponders on what perils may befall,
 And fondly deems her mind a match for all.
 Ah, lovely Nymph ! this dangerous pride forego ;
 Pride may betray—Security's thy foe. 30

WHILE fancied Prudence thus, a foreign guest,
 Sits doubly cherish'd in SERENA's breast,
 Behold a billet her attention steal,
 No common arms compose its ample seal ;
 'Th' unfolding paper breathes a roseate scent, 35
 Sweet harbinger of joy, its kind intent.
 Of courteous FILLIGREE it bears the name,
 Clear symptom of the Peer's increasing flame !
 The gracious Earl, lamenting pleasure lost,
 And fair SERENA in her wishes crost, 40
 Has plann'd, in honour of the lovely Maid,
 A fancied Ball, a private Masquerade,
 And supplicates her Sire, with warm esteem,
 To smile indulgent on the festive scheme.
 All arts he uses to insure the grant, 45
 Nor leaves unask'd the eager maiden Aunt.
 Quick at the sound SERENA's glowing heart
 Throbs with gay hopes ; but soon those hopes depart ;
 Reflection, in her soul a faithful guard,
 The opening avenues of pleasure barr'd : 50
 She deem'd the plan of this delightful shew,
 But the new ambush of her secret foe ;
 The bliss too bright to realize, she guess'd,
 And chas'd th' idea from her guarded breast.

While

While these discreet resolves her thought employ, 55
 Tranquil she triumphs o'er her smother'd joy.
 Not so the Knight—to his parental eyes,
 In dazzling pomp delusive visions rise :
 That Coronet the object of his vow,
 He sees suspended o'er his daughter's brow ; 60
 Eager he burns to snap the pending thread,
 And fix the glory on his Darling's head.
 Far wiser aims the ancient Maiden caught,
 No empty gew-gaw flutters in her thought !
 But while more keenly she applauds the plan, 65
 Her hope is solid and substantial Man ;
 Nor for her infant Niece, whose baby frame
 She holds unfit for Hymen's holy flame ;
 But for her riper self, whose strength may bear
 The heaviest burden of connubial care. 70

Tho' different Phantoms dance before their sight,
 Niece, Aunt, and Father, in one wish unite,
 To join their banquet is their common choice,
 The business past with no dissenting voice ;
 And the warm Sire, in whom ambition burn'd, 75
 A note of grateful courtesy return'd :
 His billet seal'd, the glad good-humour'd Knight
 Launch'd forth, like Nestor, on his youthful might :—
 “ O could I now, in spite of age, retain
 “ That active vigour, and that sprightly vein, 80
 “ Which led me once the lively laugh to raise
 “ Among the merrier Wits of former days,
 “ When rival Beauties would around me throng,
 “ And gay Ridottos listen on my song !
 “ Such were I now, as on the festive night, 85
 “ When Ch——l's charms amaz'd the public sight

“ When

" When the kind Fair one, in a veil so thin
 " That the clear gauze was but a lighter skin,
 " Mask'd like a Virgin just prepar'd to die,
 " Gave her plump beauties to each greedy eye! 90
 " On that fun'd night, (for then with frolic fire
 " Youth fill'd my heart, and Humour strung my lyre)
 " Pleas'd in the sunshine of her smile to bask,
 " I danc'd around her in a Devil's mask;
 " And idly chaunted an infernal ode, 95
 " In praise of all this Female tempter shew'd.
 " The jocund crowd, who throng'd with me to gaze,
 " Extoll'd my unpremeditated lays,
 " And Sport, who still of this old revel brags,
 " * Styl'd her the first of Maids, and me of Wags. 100
 " Then a light Devil, now, reduc'd to limp,
 " I am but fit to play the hag-born Imp;
 " Still, not to cross the frolic of this Bail,
 " Still as the Tortoise Caiban I'll crawl,
 " And if with Gout my burning ankles pinch, 105
 " I'll call it Prospero's tormenting pinch;
 " Still in this shape I'll shew them what I am,
 " And PEN. shall go as Sycorax, my dam."

So spoke the Knight and spoke with so much weight,
 The listening Females saw his word was fate; 110
 For ne'er did Jove with so resolv'd a brow
 To smiling Love his joyous scheme avow,
 When he concerted, for his special mirth,
 A masquerading on the stage of earth,
 And of the Swan's soft plume, or Bull's rough hair, 115
 Order'd the Fancy-dress he chose to wear.

* ΘΕΩΝ ΔΙΙ, ΝΗΣΟΩΝ, Τ'ΑΙΔΩΝ.

See Nestor's Speech in the 11th Iliad.

whence let sapient Antiquarians shew
 ancient use of Masquerades below.
 NA smil'd to see this joyous fire
 : new youth in her determin'd Sire ; 120
 nute PENELOPE with half a sigh,
 th one auspicious and one dropping eye,"
 d the firm Knight, his fixt resolve impart,
 ling at once and torturing her heart.
 Ball she relish'd, but abhorr'd the task 125
 ide her beauties in a Beldam's mask :
 ida's name would better suit her plan,
 ple Maiden, not afraid of Man ;
 is'd, alas ! her Brother's law to feel,
 nows that law admits not of repeal. 130
 ing her charms will any garb enrich,
 cigns to take the habit of a Witch.
 r did Sorcerers in the shades of night
 to illuminate a filthy Sprite
 fonder efforts or with worse success, 135
 : PEN. now labour'd, in this wayward dress,
 ive the sprightly shew of living truth
 ie poor ghost of her departed youth.
 /itches o'er their magic cauldron bend,
 ous to see their menial Imps ascend ! 140
 her glass the ancient Maiden pricks,
 dreams new graces in her person rise.
 ich delights, whose dear delusions please,
 mild SERENA in her mirror sees ;
 at whose toilet Beauty's latent Queen 145
 ds, enchanted with her filial mein,
 o'er her Favourite's unconscious face
 hes her own roseate glow and vivid grace.
 astes her glittering garments to adjust,
 all the modest charms of sweet distrust, 150
 Doubting

Doubting that beauty, which she doubts alone,
 Which dazzles every eye except her own.
 The native diffidence which sway'd her mind,
 Now feels new terrors with its own combin'd;
 'The robes of Ariel to the Nymph recall 155
 Those disappointments that may yet befall;
 As her fair hands the gauze or tiffue touch,
 They fondly warn her not to hope too much.
 She feels the friendly counsel they impart,
 And Caution reigns protector of her heart. 160

THE fateful evening comes—the coach attends,
 And first the gouty Caliban ascends;
 Then, in Deformity's well-suited pride,
 Sour Sycorax is station'd by his side;
 And last, with sportive smiles, divinely sweet, 165
 Light Ariel perches on the vacant seat.
 Fancy now paints the scene of pleasure near,
 Yet fluttering Gaiety is check'd by Fear.
 Her wish to view the festive sight runs high;
 But the fond Nymph remembers, with a sigh, 170
 From Hope's keen hand the cup of joy may slip,
 And fall untasted, tho' it reach the lip.
 As the fine Artist, whose nice toils aspire
 To fame eternal by encaustic fire;
 If he, with grief, has seen the faithless heat 175
 Marr the rich labour it should make compleat,
 When next his hands, with trembling care, confide
 To the fierce element his pencil's pride,
 Watches unceasing the pernicious flame,
 Terror and Hope contending in his frame, 180
 While his fair work the dangerous fire sustains,
 Feels it in all his sympathetic veins,
 And

And at each trivial sound that Chance may cause,
 Hears the Gem crack, and sees its cruel flaws :
 With such solicitude the panting Maid 185
 Past the long street, of every noise afraid.
 Now, while around her rival flambeaus fire,
 And the coach rattles thro' the crowded square,
 She fears some dire mischance must yet befall,
 Some Demon snatch her from the promis'd Ball ; 190
 And dreams no trial more severe than this,
 So bright she figures the new scene of bliss :
 Yet, horrid as it seems, her heart is bent,
 To bear, e'en this, and bear it with content.

But, whirl'd at length within the Porter's gate, 195
 She thinks what perils at the Ball may wait ;
 And, as she now alights, the fluttering Fair
 Invokes her Guardian to protect her there,
 Till thoughts of danger, thoughts of caution, fly
 Before the magic blaze that meets her eye. 200
 Th' advancing Nymph, at every step she takes,
 Pants with amazement, doubtful if she wakes ;
 Far as her eyes the glittering scene command,
 'Tis all enchantment, all a Fairy land ;
 No vestiges of modern pomp appear, 205
 No modern melody salutes her ear :
 With Moorish notes the echoing mansion rings,
 And its transmuted form to Fancy brings
 The rich * Alhembra of the Moorish kings. }
 The Peer, who keenly thirsts for Fashion's praise, 210
 To gild his revel with no common rays,
 Summon'd his modish Architect, whose skill
 Can all the wishes of Caprice fulfil.

* See the Views of this Palace in Swinburne's Travels.

His genius equal to the wildest task,
 Gave to the house itself a Gethick mask. 215
 The chaplain, that no guest might feel neglect,
 As a Magician of the Arab sect,
 Wav'd a presiding wand throughout the Ball,
 And well provided for the wants of all.

THE Peer himself, his prowess to evince, 220
 Shines in the semblance of a Moorish Prince;
 And round the brilliant mimic Hero wait
 All pomp and circumstance of Moorish state:
 'Tis all his splendid dome no eye could find
 Aught unembellish'd, save the Master's mind. 225
 There, tho' repress'd by Courtesy's controul,
 Lurks the low n:over of the little soul,
 Mean Vanity; whose slave can never prove
 The heart-refining flame of genuine love.
 While her cold joys his abject mind amuse, 230
 His thoughts are busied on connubial views,
 His house compleat, its decorations plac'd
 By the sure hand of fashionable Taste,
 He only wants, to crown his modish life,
 That last and finest moveable—a Wife. 235
 She too must prove, to fix his coy desire,
 Such as the eye of Fashion will admire.
 His Ball is but a jury, to decide
 Upon the merit of his fancied Bride. 240
 If sweet SERENA, on this signal night,
 Shines the first idol of the public sight;
 If Gallantry's fixt eyes pronounce her fair,
 By the sure sign of one unceasing stare;
 And if, prophetic of her nobler doom,
 Each rival Beauty shudders at her bloom; 245
 The

The die is cast—he weds—the point is clear ;
She cannot flight the vows of such a Peer.
Thus argued in his mind the festive Earl,
And, lest he lightly chuse an awkward Girl,
Wifely conven'd, on this important case, 250
Each fashionable judge of Female grace.
Here Beaux Esprits in various figures lurk,
Of Jew and Gentile, Bramin, Tartar, Turk ;
But of the manly Masks, a youthful Bard
Seem'd most to challenge Beauty's soft regard : 255
Adorn'd with native elegance, he wore,
In simplest form, the minstrel drefs of yore :
They call him EDWIN, who around him throng,
EDWIN, immortaliz'd in BEATTIE's song ;
And, sooth to say, within a comely frame, 260
He bore a heart that answer'd to the name ;
For this neat habit deck'd a generous Youth,
Of gentlest manners, and sincerest truth.
Tho' on his birth propitious fortune smil'd,
No proud parental folly spoil'd the Child ; 265
And Genius, more beneficently kind,
Blest with superior wealth his manly mind.
Of years he barely counted twenty-one ;
But, like a brilliant morn, his opening life begun.
Fain would the Muse on this her votary dwell, 270
And fully paint the Youth she loves so well ;
His figure's charms, the music of his tongue,
What Nymphs his lays allur'd, what lays he sung :
But higher cares her rambling song controul ;
SERENA's perils summon all her soul ; 275
For Spleen, ambitious to exert her force,
Conscious this trial is her last resource,
Most keenly bent on her pernicious task,
Has shifted round the Ball from mask to mask,

Watching

Watching the moment, with infernal care, 280 }
 To form with deepest art her final snare,
 And manacle the mind of the unguarded Fair. }

It comes, the moment that must fix her lot,
 By her, ah thoughtless Maid! by her forgot;
 Tho' the light Hours, e'en in their frolic ring, 285
 Trembling perceive the fearful chance they bring,
 And, shuddering at the Nymph's terrific state,
 Seem anxious to suspend her doubtful fate.

Now social Ease the place of Sport supplied,
 The hot oppressive mask was thrown aside, 290 }
 And Beauty shone reveal'd in all her blushing pride. }

Superior still in features as in form,
 With admiration flush'd, with pleasure warm,
 The gay SERENA every eye allur'd;
 The hearts her figure won her face secur'd: 295
 A tender sweetness still the Nymph maintain'd,
 And Modesty o'er all her graces reign'd.
 Well might her soul to brilliant hopes incline,
 A thousand Youths had call'd her charms divine;
 A thousand friends had whisper'd in her ear, 300
 That fate had mark'd her for the festive peer.
 Her youthful fancy, tho' by pomp amus'd,
 Wish'd not those offers, which her heart refus'd:
 That tender heart, by no vain pride possess'd,
 With indecisive trembling shook her breast, 305
 Like a young bird, that, fluttering in the air,
 Wishes to build her nest, yet knows not where.

THE busy Earl, his puny love to raise,
 Hunted the circling whisper of her praise;

Heard

Heard Envy own her lovely charms, tho' loth, 310
 Heard Taste attest them with a modish oath ;
 And, nuptial projects thickening in his mind,
 Now his fair partner in the dance rejoin'd.
 As now the sprightly music paus'd, my Lord
 Eager resolv'd to touch the softer chord ; 315
 Secure of all repulse, he vainly meant
 Half to display, half hide his fond intent,
 And, in dissembled Pailion's flowery tropes,
 To sport at leisure with the Virgin's hopes :
 For this he fram'd a motley speech, replete 320
 With amorous compliment and vain conceit.
 The labour'd nothing with complacent pride
 He spoke ; but to his speech no Nymph replied :
 For in the moment, the lost Fair devoted
 Her willing ear to more attractive notes. 325
 The Minstrel happen'd near the Nymph to walk,
 Rapt with a bosom-friend in secret talk,
 And, at the instant when the Earl began
 Half to unfold his matrimonial plan,
 EDWIN, in whispers, from the crowd retir'd, 330
 Chanc'd to repeat the Sonnet she inspir'd :
 The sounds, tho' faint, her recollection caught,
 Drew her quick eye, and fixt her wondering thought.
 Lost in this sweet surprize, she could not hear
 A single accent of the amorous Peer. 335
 Spleen saw the moment that she soug't to gain,
 And perch'd triumphant on the Noble's brain.
 With jealous Envy stung, and baffled Pride,
 " Contemtuous Girl !" with sudden rage he cried,
 " If here to happier Youths thy views incline, 340
 " I want not fairer Nymphs who challenge mine.
 " Thy breast in vain with penitence may burn ;
 " But once neglected, I no more return."

Thus loudly speaking, with distemper'd heat,
 Rudely he turn'd, with rancorous scorn replete. 345
 SERENA, startled at th' injurious sound,
 Survey'd th' insulting Peer, who sternly frown'd ;
 Shame and resentment thro' her bosom rush,
 Swell every vein, and raise the burning blush.
 Love, new-born Love, but in its birth conceal'd, 350
 Nor to the Nymph herself as yet reveal'd,
 And just Disdain, and Anger's honest flame,
 With complicated power convulse her frame :
 Contending passions every thought confound,
 And in tumultuous doubt her soul is drown'd. 355
 Now treacherous Pride, who tempts her tongue to trip,
 Forms to a keen reply her quivering lip :
 Insidious Spleen now hovers o'er the Fair,
 Deems her half lock'd within her hateful snare ;
 In her new slave preparing to rejoice, 360
 To taint her spirit, and untune her voice.
 Hapless SERENA ! what can save thee now ?
 The Fiend's dark signet stamps thy clouded brow,
 In thy swollen eye I see the starting drop ;
 This fatal shower, ætherial Guardian ! stop : 365
 Hasten to thy votary, haste, her soul sustain,
 Nor let the trials she has past be vain.
 Ah me ! while yet I speak, with shuddering dread
 I hear the magic Girdle's bursting thread.
 This horrid omen, ye kind Powers ! avert : 370
 Nor thou, bright Zone ! thy brighter Charge desert.
 Ah, fruitless prayer ! her panting breast behold !
 See ! the gauze shakes in many a ruffled fold !
 Forc'd from their station by her heaving heart,
 From the strain'd Girdle thrice three spangles start : 375
 Thro' her disorder'd dress a pass they've found,
 And fallen, see, they glitter on the ground !

O blessed

O bleſſed chance ! with life-recalling light
 The glittering monitors attract her ſight !
 Like ſtars emerging from the darken'd pole, 380
 They ſparkle ſafety to her harras'd ſoul.
 See from her brow the clouds of trouble fly,
 Vexation's tear is vaniſh'd from her eye !
 Her roſy cheeks with Joy's ſoft radiance burn,
 Like Nature ſmiling at the Sun's return ; 385
 The Nymph, no more with mental darkneſs blind,
 Shines the ſweet Ruler of her reſcued mind.
 Hence, hateful Spleen ! thy fancied prize reſign,
 Renounce for ever what ſhall ne'er be thine ;
 For, conſcious of her airy Guardian's aid, 390
 She feels new ſpirit thro' her heart convey'd,
 And, inly bleſſing this victorious hour,
 Her ſoul exults in its recover'd power.
 In ſuch mild terms ſhe hails th' inſulting Peer,
 As Spleen, if mortal, muſt expire to hear ; 395
 But, driven for ever from the lovely Girl,
 The foul Fiend riots in the captive Earl.
 He answers not ; but, with a ſullen air,
 On happier EDWIN, who approach'd the Fair,
 Darts ſuch a glance of rage and envious hate, 400
 As Satan caſt on Eden's bliſſful ſtate,
 When on our Parents firſt he fixt his ſight,
 And undelighted gaz'd on all delight :
 So doom'd to look, and doom'd ſuch pangs to feel,
 Scornful he turn'd on his elastic heel. 405

“ O lovely Mildneſs ! oh angelic Maid !
 “ Deſerving homage, tho' to ſcorn betray'd ;
 “ Riſe ſtill, ſweet Spirit, riſe theſe wrongs above,
 “ Turn from injurious Pride to faithful Love ;

“ Tho’ on my brow no Coronet may shine, 410 }
 “ Wealth I can offer at thy beauty’s shrine,
 “ And, worthier thee, a heart that worship’s thine.” }
 Thus, with new-kindled Love’s aspiring flame,
 Spoke the fond Youth conceal’d by EDWIN’S name,
 The gallant FALKLAND, rich in inborn worth, 415
 By Fortune blest, and not of abject birth.
 Warmly he spoke, with that indignant heat
 With which the generous heart ne’er fails to beat,
 When Worth insulted wakens virtuous ire,
 And injur’d Beauty sets the soul on fire. 420
 Quick to his voice the startled Virgin turn’d
 With wonder, hope, and joy, her bosom burn’d;
 With sweet confusion, flurried and amaz’d,
 On his attractive form she wildly gaz’d
 Full on her thought the friendly visions rush’d; 425
 Blushing she view’d him, view’d him still and blush’d;
 And, soft Affection quickening at the sight,
 Perchance had swoon’d with fullness of delight,
 But that her Father’s voice, with quick controul,
 Recall’d the functions of her fainting soul. 430
 When on the distant seat, where, fondly fixt,
 He view’d the Nymph as in the dance she mixt,
 He indistinctly heard, with wounded ear,
 The spleenful outrage of the angry Peer.
 Swift at th’ imperfect sound, with choler wild, 435
 He sprung to succour his insulted Child;
 But ere his fury into language broke,
 Love calm’d the storm that Arrogance awoke.
 The sudden burst of FALKLAND’S tender flame,
 His winning manners, his distinguish’d name, 440
 His liberal soul, by Fortune’s smile carest,
 All join’d to harmonize the Father’s breast.

His

His fiery thoughts subside in glad surprize,
 And to the generous Youth he warmly cries :
 " Ingenuous FALKLAND ! by thy frankness won, 445
 " My willing heart would own thee as my Son ;
 " But on thy hopes SERENA must decide :—
 " Haste me together from this house of Pride."

So spoke the Sire ; for, to her Votary kind,
 SOPHROSUNE inspir'd his soften'd mind. 450
 Speaking, he smil'd, to see that on his word
 The Lover hung, and blest the sounds he heard ;
 That his embarrass'd Child his sentence caught ;
 With each tumultuous sign of tender thought ;
 Whose blushes, springing from the heart, declare 455
 The dawn of fondness in the modest Fair.
 TH' enchanted Youth with ecstasy convey'd
 Forth from the troubled Feast the trembling Maid.

As the keen Sailor, whom his daring soul
 Has drawn, too vent'rous, near the freezing pole; 460
 Who, having flighted Caution's tame advice,
 Seems wedg'd within impervious worlds of ice ;
 If, from each chilling form of peril free,
 At length he reach the unincumber'd sea,
 With joy superior to his transient pain, 465
 Rushes, exulting, o'er th' expansive main :
 Such strong delight SERENA's bosom shar'd,
 When sweet Reflector to her heart declar'd,
 That all the trials of her Fate were past,
 And Love's decisive plaudit seal'd the last. 470
 Her airy Guard prepares the softest down,
 From Peace's wing, to line the nuptial crown :
 Her smiles accelerate the bridal morn,
 And clear her Votary's path from every thorn.

On the quick match the Prude's keen censures fall, 475
 Blind to the heavenly Power who guided all ;
 But mild SERENA scorn'd the prudish play,
 To wound warm Love with frivolous delay ;
 Nature's chaste child, not Affectation's slave,
 The heart she meant to give, she frankly gave. 480
 Thro' her glad Sire no gouty humours run,
 Jocund he glories in his destin'd Son.
 PENELOPE herself, no longer seen
 In the fair semblance of tormenting Spleen,
 Buys for her Niece the robes of nuptial state, 485
 Nor scolds the Mercer once thro' all the long debate.
 For quick dispatch, the honest Man of law,
 Toils half the night the legal ties to draw ;
 At length th' enraptur'd Youth all forms compleat,
 Bears his sweet Bride to his paternal seat ; 490
 On a fair lawn the chearful mansion stood,
 And high behind it rose a circling wood.
 As the blest Lord of this extensive reign
 Led his dear partner thro' her new domain,
 With fond surprize, SERENA soon descried 495
 A temple rais'd to her ætherial Guide.
 Its ornaments she view'd with tender awe,
 Their fashion such as she in vision saw ;
 For the kind Youth, her grateful smile to gain,
 Had, from her clear description deck'd the fane. 500
 Joyful he cried, to his angelic Wife,
 " Be this kind Power the worship of our life !"
 He spoke ; and led her to the inmost shrine ;
 Here, link'd in rosy bands, two Votaries shine ;
 The pencil had imparted life to each, 505
 With energy that seem'd beyond its reach.
 First stood Connubial Love, a manly Youth,
 Whose bright eye spoke the ardent vows of truth ;

Friendship.

Friendship, sweet smiling, fill'd the second place,
In all the softer charms of Virgin grace, 510
Their meeting arms a mystic tablet raise,
Deck'd with these lines, the moral of my Lays:—
“ VIRTUE's an ingot of Peruvian gold,
“ SENSE the bright ore, Potosi's mines unfold;
“ But TEMPER's image must their use create, 515
“ And give these precious metals sterling weight.”

F I N I S .

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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial data. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income. The text suggests that a consistent and thorough record-keeping system is essential for identifying trends and making informed decisions.

In the second section, the author addresses the challenges of budgeting and financial planning. It notes that many businesses struggle to stay within their budgets due to unforeseen expenses or changes in market conditions. The document provides several strategies to mitigate these risks, such as creating a contingency fund and regularly reviewing the budget to adjust for any deviations. It also highlights the importance of having a clear financial goal and a plan to achieve it.

The third part of the document focuses on the role of technology in modern accounting. It discusses how software solutions can streamline the accounting process, reduce errors, and provide real-time insights into the company's financial health. The text mentions various types of accounting software, from basic spreadsheets to advanced enterprise systems, and offers advice on how to choose the right one for a business's needs. It also touches upon the importance of data security and backup procedures when using digital tools.

Finally, the document concludes with a section on the future of accounting. It predicts that as technology continues to advance, the role of accountants will evolve from traditional bookkeeping to more strategic financial advisory roles. The text encourages accountants to stay updated on the latest industry trends and to embrace new technologies to remain competitive in the market. It also emphasizes the value of soft skills, such as communication and problem-solving, in the accounting profession.